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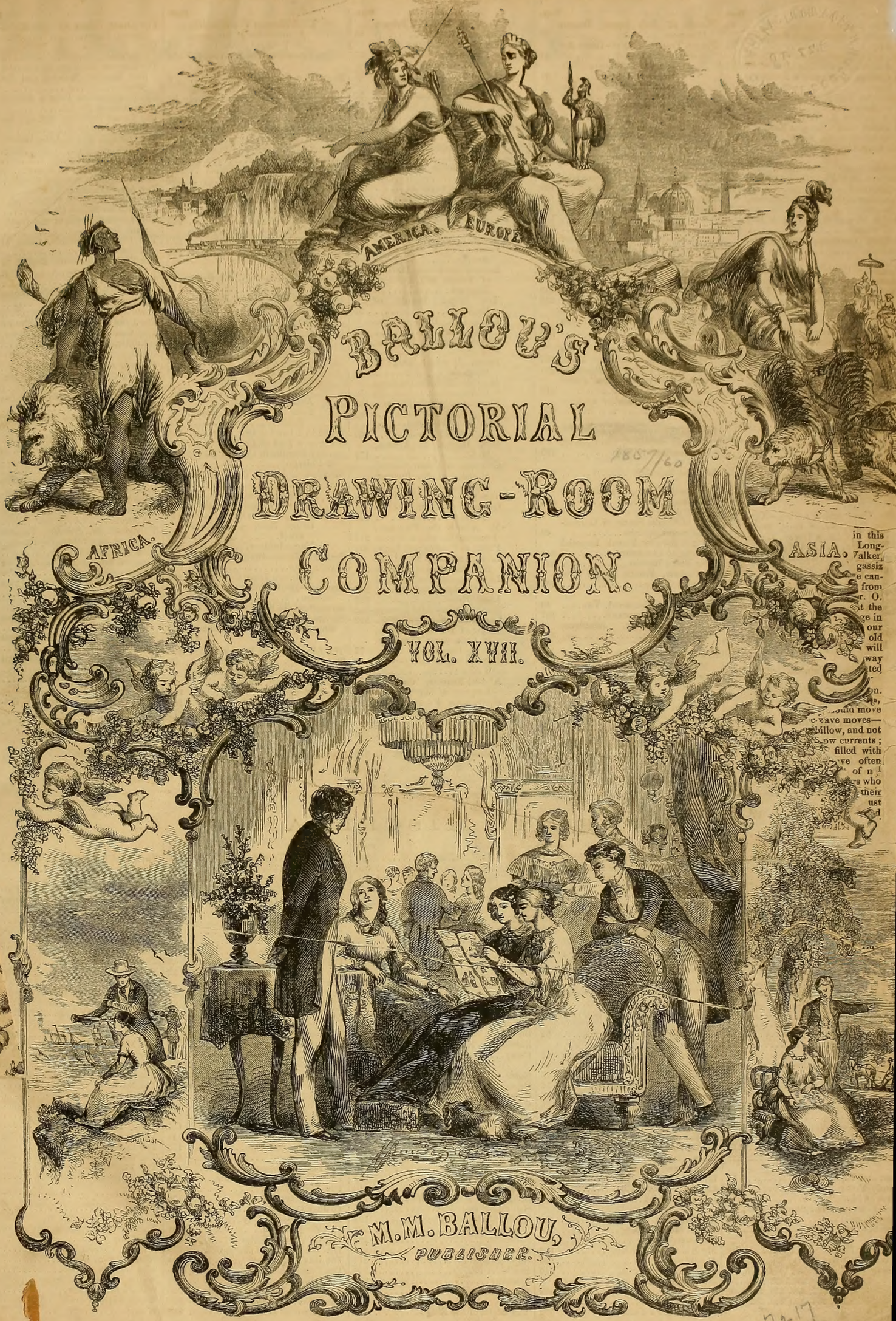
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BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859. $2 50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVII., No. 1...WHOLE No. 419.

PAUL MORPHY,

THE YOUNG AMERICAN CHESS CHAMPION.

We take great pleasure in laying before our readers the accompanying portrait of Paul Morphy, the young American chess champion, drawn expressly for us by Homer from a very fine photograph taken by Mr. S. Masury, during Mr. Morphy's recent visit to Boston. Our readers may rest assured that no pains have been spared either by artist or engraver to render this portrait perfectly accurate and reliable, and hence it must prove acceptable, not only to lovers of the noble game of chess, but to all Americans who love to cherish mementoes of such of their countrymen who have done our republic honor at home and abroad. Mr. Morphy well deserves all that is said in his praise, for he has triumphed in the most intellectual of games, one sanctioned by the countenance of men of commanding position in all ages, and yet wears his laurels with commendable modesty. In the case of Mr. Morphy, American enthusiasm, always generous though often ill-regulated, has prompted some demonstrations which good taste might not sanction, but Mr. Morphy himself has added no fuel to the flame. His speech at the New York chess club, on the occasion of the presentation of the most magnificent chess-board and set of chess men in the world, was a model of sound sense, good taste, kindly and modest feeling. In the whirl of lionizing to which he has been subjected, he has preserved his presence of mind and won esteem by his quiet and gentlemanly bearing. Paul Morphy, the winner of the first prize in the American Chess Congress of 1857, and the recent victory over the greatest chess players in Europe, was born in New Orleans, June 22, 1837, and has consequently just entered on his twenty-third year. In appearance he is quite as youthful as these dates show him to be. His father was born in Charleston, S. C., but his grandfather was a native of Spain, and, by the maternal side, he is of French extraction. This blending of nationalities renders him a fair type of the energetic and many-sided race that now holds proud possession of the best part of the North American continent. After passing some of his earlier years at Jefferson Academy, New Orleans, he entered St. Joseph's College, at Spring Hill, Mobile, Alabama, in December, 1850, and was graduated with honor from this institution in October, 1854. He remained, however, an additional year at the college as a resident graduate. He now turned his attention to the study of the law, with a view to practising at the Louisiana bar—a purpose which he has not relinquished. He was initiated into the mysteries of chess at the early age of ten, his father being an ardent lover of the game. Two years after this he had attained a remarkable proficiency, and was able to vanquish some of the most excellent players of his native city. Then as now his playing was remarkable for its boldness. He would sacrifice his pawns without hesitation, deeming them an impediment to the sweep of his queen, rooks, knights and bishops, with which he vigorously dashed at his opponent, his audacity being often crowned with victory. While some distinguished players often consume an hour in a move, Mr. Morphy was never known to pause for more than fifteen minutes in meditation. During the years 1849 and 1850 he contested over fifty parties with Mr. Eugene Rousseau (well known for his famous match with Stanley in 1845), winning fully nine-tenths. After invariably triumphant contests with his uncle, Mr. Ernest Morphy, he met the distinguished Hungarian, Lowenthal, who in 1850 passed through New Orleans. On the 22d and 25th of May, in that year, Paul, then not thirteen years of age, played with Lowenthal. The first game was drawn, while the second and third were won by Morphy. No one has done more honor to the skill of Morphy than Lowenthal, now resident in London. In a late number of the "Era" he speaks thus:—"The annals of chess do not furnish anything like a parallel to the short and brilliant career of Mr. Morphy. He came among us, it is true, with a great reputation; but this was a questionable advantage. It was said, and we believe thought by many, that he had been vastly overrated, and that here in Europe he would find his level below that of a score of worthy antagonists. It was said that Fame herself, who is indeed prone to such vagaries, had but exalted Paul Morphy so high on the western side of the Atlantic in order to precipitate him on the eastern shore of that ocean. How signally have all these predictions been falsified! How inaccurate the data on which they are based! It may here suffice to say that Paul Morphy, although a genius, is not a precocity. His powers have been developed with more rapidity than is usual with Anglo-Saxon men. Mr. Morphy began the study of chess early in life, and has devoted himself with exceeding ardor for several years to its intricacies. No unprejudiced person can for a moment now doubt the solidity of Paul Morphy's chess character. It has grown quickly, but it has grown. There are no indications of forcing in his play; a reputation created by adventitious means and in any sense unreal would have broken down under the conflict with such veterans as Anderssen, Harrwitz and others. Let no one be absurd enough to dispute the honors of Paul Morphy. They have been won fairly and sit easily on his brow. It is but just to say that no conqueror ever showed less vanity or egotism than the American. Paul Morphy is a man of culture, and a gentleman. We thank him with entire sincerity and heartiness for the services he has rendered the cause of chess, which knows no distinction of class or country. Our good wishes attend the progress of a man who combines in such fair proportions the qualities which command admiration and those which exalt esteem." He played some thirty games with Mr. James McConnell of New Orleans, and beat him in all but one. He was completely successful in six games with Judge A. B. Meek, played at Mobile, March 1, 1855. On the same day, he beat Dr. Ayres of Alabama in two games. In January, 1857, he played four games with Judge Meek, winning them all. His splendid achievements at the American Chess Congress in 1857 are familiar to every one, and the newspapers keep us posted in his European career of 1858, when he beat the greatest chess players of Europe in fair combat. His playing eight games, blindfolded, at the same time, in the Café de la Regence, Paris, was the most wonderful feat on record. On his return to this country, he was received with deserved honor. New York gave him a generous welcome, and at the Revere House banquet in this city such men as Everett, Longfellow, Holmes, Sparks, Walker, Shaw, Lowell, Fields and Agassiz united to do him honor. We cannot do better than to quote from the felicitous address of Dr. O. W. Holmes, who presided at the banquet, the following passage in reference to the subject of our sketch: "And when the old world gets impatient that we will not do everything in the best way at once, when it is not contented with our material triumphs, or that greatest of all triumphs—self-government of thirty empires, not contented that we should move on as the great tide-wave moves—one broad-breasted billow, and not a host of special narrow currents; when the old world, filled with those experts, who have often gained their skill for want of nobler objects, like the prisoners who carve cunning devices in their cells, becomes impatient, we must send over sometimes a man and sometimes a boy to try conclusions with its people in some peaceful contest of intelligence. And he (Morphy) went. It was not we that sent him. It was Honor. And when we meet to welcome his triumphant return, we know what his victories mean. We have had one more squeeze at the great dynamometer which measures the strength of the strongest of the race. There it lies in the central capital of Europe. The boy has squeezed it, and it is not now the index that moves, but the very springs that are broken. The test is as true a one of cerebral powers as if a hundred thousand men lay dead upon the field where the question was decided—as if a score of line-of-battle-ships were swinging, blackened wrecks, upon the water after a game between two mighty admirals. Where there is a given maximum there is always a corresponding average, and there is not one of us who does not think better of the head he carries on his own shoulders, since he finds what a battery it is that lies beneath the smooth forehead of this young brother American." It is astonishing what an impulse has been given to the study of chess by the success of Morphy, although long before that it was rapidly growing into general favor. But the fever culminated with the triumph of our young countryman. In Europe and America there are many men who devote their entire time to the game, it having become a dominant passion. Mr. Morphy himself does not sanction this complete sacrifice; he himself regards his own chess career as simply an episode in his life, a means of amusement and intellectual training, not an end.

PAUL MORPHY, THE CHESS CHAMPION.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SECRET OF THE RING.

BY MRS. AGNES L. CRUIKSHANK.

We were a merry party at Major Norwood's—gay, pretty Mrs. Cathcart, with her noble looking husband and two little cherub children; Elinor Norwood, our host's amiable and beautiful niece; the gallant major and his blooming wife; and my insignificant self, who, if not capable of adding to the general amusement, could well enjoy the happiness of others. The major loved to see pleasant faces about him; perfectly contented with his lot, he enjoyed life to the full, and insisted on others enjoying it with him. I think his wife and he were, without exception, the gayest, the kindest and best-natured people I ever met.

Elinor, their niece, was the only child of the major's elder brother, a country clergyman, who yearly overcome his horror of the warlike profession sufficiently to allow his daughter to pay her childless relatives a visit. I know not what the fair Elinor may have been like, when under the restraints of home, but at her uncle's, where she was idolized and spoiled to the utmost, she was certainly the most charming girl it was possible to imagine, always willing to contribute her share to the general amusement, and winning all hearts by her amiability and unaffected goodness.

Newport was a depot where the soldiers were sent before being shipped off, and, at the time I write, swarmed with military. Of course our visitors were all of the red-coat order; but the major knew whom to introduce at his own fireside, and our gentlemen callers were unexceptionable, both in manners and morals. The Norwoods were musical—the major played the flute, his wife displayed her plump white hands upon a [illegible] old harp, in its day a magnificent instrument, and Elinor sang like a bird. Do you doubt that we had pleasant evenings, especially when our circle was enlivened by the presence of young Edward Derinzey, an English lieutenant, rich, light-hearted and handsome, who, with Francis Leibenham, of the German Legion, were our most frequent visitors? The German was my favorite, but Edward was the one to win hearts, and both loved Elinor.

The young girl showed little preference; if [illegible] she smiled the most on Derinzey—but [illegible] smiling at his witty speeches? [illegible]ence when Leibenham spoke. [illegible]nything, [illegible] she might bestow [illegible] who could help [illegible] She listened in si[illegible] In my secret heart I wis[illegible] of the treasure of her love on the gentlemanly, well-bred and well-looking foreigner, whose reserve had far greater charms in my eyes than all Derinzey's fascinating frivolity. There came occasionally to the house one Captain Jones, a distant connection of Mrs. Norwood. He was a pleasant, chatty sort of a man, forever brimfull of gossip and news, and liked nothing better than the opportunity of imparting his knowledge to others. Of all his stories I remember but one, and that only because it was recalled to my mind by the strange events which followed. He was at the house one evening with Leibenham, when the conversation turned upon Edward Derinzey, who was absent on duty.

"Did you ever hear the strange story of Gen. Derinzey's wife, Edward's mother?" asked Jones of the major.

"No. I never knew him at all until fifteen years ago, and he was then a widower," was the reply.

"Well, now, to tell the truth, the old general never has been quite sure yet that he was a widower," said Jones, making himself very comfortable in his easy chair, preparatory to a long story.

"Why, how is that?" asked the major, while every one looked up in astonishment.

"Why, simply because he never was certain that his wife was dead."

Captain Cathcart and his wife exchanged looks. "My dear, do you remember that we were told once that there had been a mystery in the general's early life, something unpleasant, about which he permitted no one to speak in his presence? Captain Jones, if you know what that mystery was, and it is no harm to tell it, and all present are willing, I must say I should like to know it."

"O, by all means tell it, Jones," said the major, and every one echoed the wish. Elinor laid down the pen with which she had been copying music, Mrs. Cathcart commenced a new breadth of the little dress she was embroidering, Leibenham closed the sketch book he held, and all gave themselves up to the pleasure of listening.

"You must know," said Jones, after a preparatory cough or two, "that the old gentleman did not marry until he was forty or thereabouts, and when he chose a bride it was no other than the daughter of General G., who, you may remember, spent some of his best years in India. Now I hate to talk scandal, and especially among the ladies, but there were a good many strange whispers about the origin of the very beautiful daughter old G. brought home with him. The old fellow was immensely rich, and had a dangerous temper. People soon found that it was not safe to question him about family matters, and so they let him alone, content to find out all they could from those who had known him abroad; and that was enough to prove that he had no wife, and never had had one. The mother of Amina G. was a Circassian, stolen from the seclusion of the harem, and hidden with jealous care by G. from the gaze of vulgar eyes. Few saw her—but those few reported her lovely beyond description. None knew her fate; but when, years after, G. came home, he brought a grown up daughter with him, the same I tell you that Derinzey married.

"So carefully had the young Amina been kept secluded, that I fancy Derinzey knew but little of her temper, and the honeymoon was scarcely over, when reports began to spread of the dissensions of the newly-married pair, and these continued during the two years and a half they lived together.

"At the end of the first year a son was born, the heir to all the Derinzey property, as well as the estate the grandfather had left to be inherited by the eldest boy. The old man died soon after his daughter's marriage. At the end of another year there was another boy, the very Edward whom you all know."

"But the other child?" inquired the major. "I always thought Edward was the heir."

"Have patience, and I will tell you how it was," said Jones.

"In less than six months after this boy's birth Mrs. Derinzey disappeared, with her first-born. Every effort was made to find her, but ineffectually; and after several years of constant searching, Derinzey gave it up, and resumed his duties. The child was brought up as the heir, and the father has always been thought and called a widower."

"It would make a decided change in Edward's prospects, if the elder brother should some day turn up," said the major, thoughtfully, and gaz[illegible] ing unconsciously [illegible] spoke.

"O, I should not think there was any danger of that," said Mrs. Cathcart. "Doubtless the poor woman made way with it and herself, or something must have been heard of them in all these years."

"She did not die in England, then," said Jones, "for they were traced to France, and thence to Germany, where all further tidings were lost. There were many false reports of their accidental death, but all proved to be some other unfortunate mothers and children, and nothing has ever been cleared up about them."

It was so strange and sorrowful a story, that our whole party was unconsciously saddened; but none appeared so deeply interested as Leibenham, whose cheek and dark, flashing eyes only too evidently told the interest he felt in the recital.

I saw Elinor look at him, and meeting his glance, full of a strange sorrow, her own eyes were cast down, and I fancied I saw a tear fall on her hand, but it might have been only fancy, for she got up instantly and went to the window. We had no music that evening, and the party soon separated.

"It will be necessary to keep a strict guard on our men, to-night," Leibenham said, while standing hat in hand at the parlor-door. "They have been aggravated almost beyond endurance."

"I don't know what we shall do about it," said the major. "It is a state of things which cannot continue long. I wish from my heart the transport would make her appearance, that we might send off those turbulent Irishmen."

The young officer bowed and went out. I thought he had lingered for Elinor, who had left the room. He met her in the doorway, and for one brief second I know they clasped hands, involuntarily on her part, impulsively on his.

"Well, what tidings have we to-day?" asked Mrs. Cathcart, as she entered the parlor where Mrs. Norwood was busy among her roses and geraniums. "I could not get away from Willie in time to hear whether the report was peace or strife."

Mrs. Norwood looked uncommonly grave as she bent over the flowers, nipping off the dead leaves. "Matters are gradually getting worse; your husband says there must be an outbreak before the week is over, but some of them think it may be prevented. There was a fight in the barrack-yard last night, but it was instantly stopped, or the consequences would have been serious."

Mrs. Cathcart turned slightly pale as her friend spoke. "These Germans will bear almost everything for peace's sake, but once set them fighting, and the Irish soldiers will pay dearly for the aggravation they have given."

"I fear so," said Mrs. Norwood. "You know numbers of the German soldiers are gentlemen of birth and breeding, and would scorn to take notice of the low-bred insults of the Irish; but when roused, they have fearful passions, and their vengeance will be as certain as the provocation has been undeserved. You know what Leibenham said the other night, that once get them in collision with their enemies, and nothing could part them. His own men would destroy him if he came in their way, and you know how great a favorite he is."

"Aunt, is there really any danger of the men fighting?" asked Elinor, who came in in time to hear the last words. "Nancy has been telling me her troubles; the silly girl is afraid that young man we saw walking with her on Sunday, will either kill or get killed, and she seems sure there will be trouble soon."

Elinor spoke with seeming carelessness, but I saw that it was assumed; her white lips told a different story.

Nancy, her pretty waiting-maid, had completely lost her heart to a handsome young German, and in spite of a strong prejudice against foreigners, had consented to give her hand when her lover should leave the army and settle down quietly to make a living at his trade. Nancy's father, a well-to-do mason, lived in Newport, and we had all taken an interest in the quiet courtship of these young folks, even the gentlemen having a pleasant word to say about the handsome if humble couple.

There had long been trouble brewing in the town, between the many opposite characters brought in contact, and several fights had taken place. The Germans refused to drink or join in the noisy revels of the Irish, who of course resented such slights, and kept up endless petty annoyances. The popular feeling was generally [illegible] with the Germans, who, quiet and [illegible] folks, gave no cause of complaint to the town[illegible] the spending their hours of recreation in singing [illegible] of praises of their beautiful Rhineland, instead [illegible] quarrelling in the streets and getting sober in the guard-house.

Of course we women sympathized with the persecuted foreigners, Elinor as strong as any of us, except before Leibenham, when she never mentioned the subject. She also pretended to laugh at Nancy and her swain, but never could a mistress be kinder than Elinor was to this girl, and every opportunity was given her to walk out with Mrs. Cathcart's children, when we knew she generally met her young soldier.

It was about this time I remarked that Elinor became very much more friendly with Edward Derinzey, singing with him, wearing the flowers he gave her, talking about their favorite books, and laughing and joking more than ever. Leibenham, always reserved, became more silent and shy than ever. Elinor and he seldom spoke, and when they did, it was in the most formal manner and on the most commonplace subjects. I fancied neither of them was at rest; for when the young officer talked with me (and he was very kind to the lonely old maid), I noticed that he glanced sadly at the merry pair, who made the room ring with their gay laughter, and heavy sighs frequently escaped from Elinor, when she forgot there was any one near.

The Reverend Mr. Norwood was soon expected at Newport, to take his daughter home, and Edward Derinzey hourly expected his father's arrival.

The troubles among the soldiers grew worse, and the officers were constantly on the alert to prevent mischief; still we did not apprehend any particular danger, trusting to their care and the good discipline of the Englishmen to keep the belligerent parties peaceable. One very fine morning, when all seemed more than usually quiet, Nancy was allowed to take Mrs. Cathcart's two children out to walk. With the infant boy in her arms, and the little girl by her side, we watched them up the street, little dreaming how much we should all suffer ere they returned.

About an hour afterwards we saw Captain Cathcart marching two tipsy soldiers to the guard-room. They had been fighting, and were bleeding profusely. His wife leaned against the window, pale as death. "O, the children, I wish I had not let them go!" I thought she would have fainted, so great was her terror.

"Nancy is very careful," said Mrs. Norwood. "If there is any danger, she will be sure to hasten home."

"But if they should begin to fight in the streets? O, how I wish I had not let them go!"

The mother's anxiety was pitiable, and strangely enough her fears were prophetic. A quarrel commenced at the door of a tavern not very far from Major Norwood's house. A party of Germans seated on a bench outside, had as usual refused to drink with a still larger party of Irish. The latter, in a rage, began the accustomed taunts, and at last, by raising the end of the seat, tipped the whole party into the street. Aggravated beyond endurance, several of them, on regaining their feet, rushed upon their tormentors, and thus gave the signal for a general fight. The owners of the tavern soon pushed them all outside and secured their doors, but the storm once raised was not to be easily quelled. Doors and shutters all along the street were immediately closed, townspeople and soldiers, officers and civilians, came pouring into the street, and the fight became general and the scene awful.

In silent terror we watched from the upper windows of Major Norwood's house—Mrs. Cathcart suffering fearfully from the knowledge that her husband's energetic efforts to keep the peace had made him many enemies among the rioters, and that her little children and the girl were possibly exposed to their fury. To leave the house was impossible, as fierce fights were going on in every street, while in the open square before our house the thickest of the battle raged.

Three times we saw Captain Cathcart down, his hat off and the weapons of the combatants clashing above his head, but he always recovered himself, and with the other officers did his utmost to quell the disturbance. But for their efforts much greater mischief must have been done. We saw an old brewer, whose shop was just opposite our window, attack a young German officer with a great wooden bar used to fasten the window-shutters. Twice the old fellow ran out and knocked off the young man's cap, and twice he quietly replaced it. The third time he whipped out his sword, gave one cut across his tormentor's nose, and a thrust which sent the point of the weapon through both cheeks. Then picking up his cap he went on, leaving the old man making vain efforts to staunch the bleeding with his coarse canvass apron. The fight lasted in the town until a detachment was marched down from the garrison, to clear the streets and pick up the [illegible] wounded.

Mrs. Cathcart [illegible] had fainted, and was under Mrs. Norwood's care, when Elinor [illegible] saw Leibenham making his way through the crowd towards us. She flew down stairs to meet him, and before he could speak, informed him of the danger of the children. He turned from the door instantly to seek them, and both Elinor and I remarked how strangely he walked, little dreaming that he was wounded and well nigh fainting.

Nancy had taken the children to her mother's, and when the riot broke her, had watched from the cottage windows in apparent safety. Suddenly two of the Germans, wounded and bleeding and closely pursued by a party of the Irish, rushed into the room. They were Nancy's lover and his comrade. Without a moment's thought she pushed them into a little room off the kitchen, where her father kept his lime barrels and tools, and, with the infant in her arms, stood before the door. She had scarcely done so, when, with wild yells and imprecations, the others came tearing into the yard, where nothing separated them from her lover but a few thin boards. But Nancy's presence of mind did not forsake her.

"There! Over there!" she cried, with animation, pointing to where part of the yard fence was broken away, and as the last of them disappeared, she shut and bolted the door and her lover was saved.

The fighting was all over when Leibenham returned with the children, the sight of whom did more to hasten their mother's recovery than all our officious efforts. The major and Captain Cathcart had arrived only a few minutes pre-

viously, and I heard the former make a loud exclamation about Leibenham's looks.

"What is the matter, man? You look like a ghost. Have the rascals wounded you?"

We heard no reply; there was perfect silence for a few minutes, and then Cathcart's heavy step hurrying through the hall, and we saw him almost running up the street, Elinor and I standing at the window, she with her face blanched to deadly whiteness, and her slender fingers grasping my hand with a pressure that I felt for an hour after. There was a short consultation below after the doctor came, and then we heard them taking him up stairs, past the door of Elinor's room, where we were, into the "guest chamber." Mrs. Norwood came to us sometime after.

"Poor Leibenham is badly wounded, but I must leave him to your care a little while, Martha, for Jones has sent for me. He has got hurt too, poor fellow, and has no one to look after him."

"Come back presently and tell me how he is," Elinor said, in a strange, suppressed tone. "If anything happens to him, it is I who killed him, for I sent him after the children when he was scarcely able to stand."

The gentlemen had gone off to the barracks, Mrs. Cathcart was shut up in her room rejoicing over her recovered treasures, and Elinor was still alone, when I went back to her.

"He has rather a bad wound in one arm, and another in the side, but is suffering very little pain. He is quite conscious, only weak from loss of blood." This was in answer to her questions.

"I wish I could see him. Would it be very wrong for me to speak to him for a few minutes?"

I undertook to say that I did not think it was wrong, and that she might go with me. Of course I was very busy during the five minutes they spoke together, and then Elinor hurried away again. I think her visit did him good, for he soon got well enough to sit up. I was present at their first interview the day he came down to the parlor.

Elinor was much changed. She went about the house so quietly, spoke so seldom and laughed so little, that her uncle became alarmed. "He knew the fright had been too much for her on that day; she was not like the same girl. She must not get sick, or her father would not trust her with them again."

"I do not ask you to love me, Elinor," Leibenham said. "I have no right to until I have seen your father; but let what will come, we must always be friends. You were not intended for a poor man's wife, and I have nothing to depend on but my profession, but we can always be friends; I dare not entertain the hope of a nearer tie." He placed a ring upon her finger as he spoke. "This was given to me by a dear friend. I give it to you, my *dearest* friend" They were both much affected, and others coming in, Elinor left the room.

Her father came the next day, and in the evening was closeted for a long time with the young soldier. It was scarcely a surprise to Leibenham when his proposal was rejected.

"I could not give my child to a soldier, least of all to a foreigner, and I am sorry you have asked me."

The young man mused for a time, evidently pondering on a difficulty.

"I love Elinor," he said at last, "and would do much to change your decision. There are some mysteries which I am not at liberty to explain; but if it will help my cause, there is no harm in my confession that I am of English birth, though reared in a foreign country,"

Mr. Norwood looked surprised. "Your name is a foreign one; your friends here all believe you to be a German; there must be some guilt about this secret, or why such a disguise?"

"I cannot tell you more," said Leibenham. "I judged how this would be." They parted mutually dissatisfied.

The next evening General Derinzey came with his son. The old gentleman appeared much pleased with Elinor, and they were soon in a discussion about flowers, the young girl gathering a few choice buds for a bouquet for the gray-haired veteran. As she handed them to him, his eyes fell upon the ring on her finger, and he started back violently, but some one spoke to him at the instant, and he made no further remark.

Elinor avoided Edward, and he in consequence was gloomy and silent. All the evening Leibenham's interview with Norwood had obliged him to keep his room; he was still too weak for excitement. The major was the only cheerful one present. The ball he carried in his shoulder saved the elder Derinzey's life, and they had for ten years or more been on most brotherly terms at meeting. The wife could not think upon her husband's most wonderful escape from death without a shudder; she liked the general, but was never very cheerful in his presence.

Elinor soon left us on plea of a headache; she knew that her father had seen Leibenham, but nothing further, only guessing that there was some unpleasantness. The general was uncommonly absent, and several times fell into a deep reverie. There was a gloom on the whole party.

The next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Cathcart rallied Elinor upon her conquest of the old gentleman. "It was quite plain to her that he was smitten, and she knew his son thought so too. Why, Ned sighed like a furnace all the evening." All joined in the laugh this speech raised, save the good clergyman, who broke his egg spitefully, and resolved to get Elinor away as soon as possible from all these worldly people, who jested and laughed about love and marriage in a manner that made him shudder. The laugh was increased, when, just as we rose frombreak fast, a servant announced that Gen. Derinzey was in the drawing-room, and wished to see Miss Norwood.

"What an impatient lover!" cried Mrs. Cathcart.

"Shall I go with you, my child?" asked Mr. Norwood, rising in great haste from the table. He evidently thought it was not safe to trust her out of his sight an instant among so many lovers. Elinor blushed crimson, as she thanked her father, but told him she would rather go alone. The old gentleman looked bewildered as she left the room. "Had I not better go, brother?" he asked, turning to the major.

"By no means," was the laughing answer. "The general has most probably come to plead for his son, who has long been attentive to Elinor, and as she does not care anything for Ned, you may rest quite contented that she wont accept him."

"Well, if that's the case perhaps I had better not go;" and, with a sigh of relief, the good man sank into one of his brother's luxurious chairs, while Mrs. Cathcart ran away to indulge her mirth unseen.

A strange interview was taking place in the parlor. The general met Elinor as she went in, and led her to a chair. "I have come at an unusual hour, my child," he said with much agitation [illegible] but I could not rest until I had seen you. I noticed [illegible] your hand last night a brilliant ring, a ring that I believe I once possessed myself, and to ask you to allow me to examine it was my errand this morning."

Elinor instantly drew the circlet from her finger and presented it to him; but she was shocked at the emotion he displayed, as he looked at the inside where some small letters were faintly visible. As he gazed, he trembled in every limb, his face grew ashy white, and at last great tears rolled down his cheeks and fell on the carpet. His companion dared not speak, but when he had in some degree conquered his feelings, he turned to her. "My child, will you tell me where you got this ring?"

It was an awkward question. She never mentioned Leibenham's name to any one; she would have given worlds to escape now.

"A friend, that is, an acquaintance, gave it to me," she stammered. He saw her confusion, and guessed the cause.

"My child, this ring once was mine. I gave it to one whom I have vainly sought for these twenty years and more; one whom I loved with all my soul, and who cruelly deceived and betrayed me. I know you do not wish to betray your secret, but it will be safe with me. You may trust to my gratitude and honor."

Of course she told him, laying considerable stress on the fact that they were "only friends." She had "read to him, and played the harp for his amusement, and this was a token of gratitude."

"But where is he now, this young German? I must see him instantly," said the general.

Elinor rung for a servant to take the old gentleman to Leibenham's room, and went herself to tell her uncle as much of the conversation as she thought proper.

The young German and his guest were almost equally agitated on meeting, for Leibenham evidently knew something of the cause which led to it. The general soon made known his errand: "From whom had he derived the ownership of the ring?"

"From my mother," Leibenham replied.

"But of your mother; O, tell me something of her. Was this always in her possession?"

"Always."

The young man rose and stood before his visitor. "General Derinzey, I know all that you would ask, but I cannot tell you more without bringing shame upon her who, whatever might have been her treatment of *you*, was a good mother to me. For her sake, and that she may rest undisturbed in the grave where I laid her, I willingly resign my birthright; I resign even my father's love, if it is only to be purchased by the shame of her who was the kind friend of my youth. Other reasons besides would have made me keep silence, had not this unfortunate affair of the ring disclosed all. I have unconsciously done Edward a great wrong. Nothing would tempt me to add to it by taking from him the possessions so long considered his. Had my hopes been gratified, I should scarce have done justice to her I love in withholding my claim, but as things have turned out, it is all right. I shall soon leave England, where I should only be considered an intruder, and I trust that this will ever remain a secret."

The general was too much overcome at first to listen to this most unexpected speech, but he soon convinced his son that, if unknown during all these years, he had not been unloved; that, without robbing Edward, he would still be wealthy in the possession of the immense property left him by the grandfather; and that, so far from being an intruder, there were warm hearts in plenty to welcome him home. Whatever had been the sins of the mother—and they were not few—they remained buried in the hearts of those two who had so truly loved her, and her name was never spoken.

You may well imagine that there was a sensation in Mrs. Norwood's parlor when the facts were announced. Mrs. Cathcart talked incessantly of "the romance of the thing." Elinor said little, but her heart was full, and her father could speak of nothing else but "the providential discovery."

The change in Leibenham's circumstances made considerable difference in the good man's opinion of him, and when a future event—which I will explain presently—caused the young man to leave the army, Mr. Norwood no longer refused his consent to his paying his addresses to Elinor. To Edward's credit be it said, he warmly welcomed his brother; was most earnest that he should take his lawful possessions, and, when he found that Elinor could never be his, treated her with brotherly kindness, hiding in his own breast the bitter [illegible] to him to see her another's wife.

When the affray between the soldiers was inquired into, the commanding officer had all the soldiers called out. The Germans were then ordered to march half way across the parade ground and lay down their arms, when the Irish soldiers took them up. It was a deep and undeserved disgrace, and most cruel injustice, for they had borne insult until it could be borne no longer; but some party had to suffer, and it was considered best policy to punish the Germans, of whom there were but few in comparison to the others. Leibenham left immediately, and in the happiness of his after life, forgot the shame, the poverty, trouble and anxiety of his early days.

I had almost forgotten to say that the pretty Nancy and her soldier lover were also married, and through Leibenham's kindness found a pleasant home near his own in England.

EXTRACT OF WORDS.

The following anecdote is related of an Eastern monarch, and is exceedingly suggestive. We once heard of a distinguished physician who thanked God because he was deaf, since it saved him from hearing a world of nonsense. But we are inclined to think that quite as much nonsense enters through the eye as the ear.

The monarch had a library containing books enough to load a thousand camels. "I cannot read all this," said he. "Select the cream and essence of it, and let me have that." Whereupon the librarian distilled this ocean of words down to thirty camel loads. "Too bulky, yet," said the monarch. "I have not time to read that." Whereupon the thirty loads were doubly distilled, and a selection was made, sufficient to load a single ass. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch. Whereupon it was trebly distilled, and the only residuum was these three lines written on a palm-leaf:

"This is the sum of all science: Perhaps.

"This is the sum of all morality: Love what is good and practise it.

"This is the sum of all creeds: Believe what is true, and do not tell all you believe."—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SCENE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY WILLIAM C. DANA.

The promenade deck of the steamer had been rendered untenable—with the slightest degree of comfort—by a genuine Mississippi fog, to escape which the passengers had taken refuge in her ample saloons; a few retiring to their staterooms, possibly to avoid witnessing one of those scenes of wild disorder which were of such frequent occurrence on the bosom of that mighty river some fifteen or twenty years ago, and which the presence of numerous members of the gambling fraternity seemed to foreshadow on this particular occasion.

The last named gentry had already taken possession of the majority of the tables in the saloon, and were engaged in their nefarious trade, when, accompanied by a friend, I entered, and proceeded to find seats and space amid the motley throng for our special accommodation. I had succeeded, and we had just assumed the only vacant chairs I could discover, when Waldron laid his hand upon my arm, and in a low and hurried tone called my attention to a tall, dark and remarkably handsome man, who, leaning on the arm of a second Adonis—evidently a foreigner—was in the act of passing towards the stern.

"Harry Trevor, as I live!" exclaimed Waldron, as they passed.

"Who?" demanded I, slightly mystified.

"Harry Trevor; or, as he is generally styled, Colonel Trevor."

"What! That Adonis, the famous gambler?"

"The same, Frank. His fame has reached you on the ocean, it seems."

"If not on the ocean, at least in the north. I have heard of him in England, even; but from the description had imagined him to be a different being."

"He is just as you see him; a perfect gentleman in manner and exterior, until his passions are aroused, when he is all a demon. Indeed, a more dangerous character than Harry Trevor never pursued the gambler's craft on this river."

"I should judge so, from his foreign reputation. But you betray surprise at his presence—"

"I am surprised, and with good reason. Eighteen months since he fought a duel on the "Aleck Scott," on her up trip, and pinked man, foully, some said. Be that as it may, a party of the dead man's friends took up the quarrel, when a general fight ensued, in which four of the party lost their lives. They were all Red River planters, and possessed large circles of relatives, who vowed to avenge them on the person of Trevor, should he ever venture into the region of Lower Mississippi. But they watched for him in vain. Since that time I have never heard of him in this section; nor do I think he has ventured down river until recently, this being doubtless his first trip to and from Orleans. Ah, he has obtained a table with his companion. I pray Heaven that this night may pass in peace. Trevor seldom plays with a stranger without a quarrel, and his present companion is evidently a stranger."

"He should be warned of Trevor's character. Can you find no opportunity to breathe a word in his ear?"

"Yes, and be shot for my officiousness. No indeed. You forget, Frank, I live among those gentry, and must avoid crossing their path if I desire to retain my life."

Adroitly changing the conversation, Waldron drew me to speak of our northern home, and the scenes of our boyhood which we had passed together, and in this manner several hours were passed, until the majority of the crowd thronging the vast saloon at our entrance had retired to rest, leaving as our companions only those engaged at play, and perhaps an equal number of spectators.

We were on the eve of retiring, when W. proposed a tour of the saloon and a glance at the players. I assented, and had made the circuit of nearly half the saloon, when we found ourselves in the vicinity of the table at which Trevor and his friend were testing the favor of the blind goddess. A crowd had formed round the table, barring our progress, when we inquired the cause of one of the number.

"They're playin' for thousand dollar stakes in thar, stranger," replied the hoosier; adding: "'Taint every day a feller sees sich a pile as that ar, I reckon; so I take it every wun wants to

hev a squint at the rhino." And elbowing his way towards the table, he opened for us a path through the crowd, which we hastened to take advantage of.

It was as the stranger had said. A heavy stake lay on the board, while the stranger's manner betrayed but slight if any interest in the game, in which he had evidently been a loser to a large amount. Behind his chair stood a youth—evidently his servant, and like himself a foreigner—whose extreme beauty at once riveted my attention, rendering me in a great measure oblivious of the game and the varying emotions of the antagonist.

The youth betrayed a much deeper interest in the fortunes of his master than is usual among menials, and at the announcement of the result of that game, bent and accosted the latter in a low tone.

"Nonsense, Perrie! Retire! I do not require your attendance!" exclaimed the gentleman, impatiently, when he proceeded to count some gold on the table at his side.

The youth regarded him with an expression of despair; but regardless of his command remained stationary, until he pushed the gold towards Trevor, when a second attempt to attract attention was repulsed more angrily than before; and with a despairing gesture he fell back momentarily, resuming his former position, however, ere the first hand of the new game was dealt.

I was still engrossed by the youth's appearance, when a violent nudge of Waldron's elbow called my attention to him, to be by him directed to the movements of Trevor. I regarded the latter closely, but failed to detect the slightest motion calculated to arouse suspicion until the fourth hand was about to be dealt, when I detected a card drop from the pack into his lap, where he suffered it to remain until the trump was turned, when, gathering up his cards, he let one of them drop through apparent carelessness, and stooping to regain, concealed it in his sleeve, replacing it by that dropped, when: "Pass!" said the stranger, laconically; and resting his hand, bent a keen regard upon his antagonist, who turned the trump down, and leaning back in his chair, returned the regard.

"What does monsieur do?" demanded he, at length, observing no evidence of decision on the part of the former.

A slight tap with his cards on the table, in token that he "passed" a second time, was the only answer vouchsafed by the stranger, when Trevor added, quietly: "Then you give me the game, Monsieur St. Clare." And throwing down his cards, he added, "Diamonds are trumps, and there are the right and left bowers, ace and king."

"I see," rejoined the stranger, calmly; adding, with some irony: "But of what suit [illegible] that card which you but now placed [illegible] sleeve?" [illegible] There came [illegible]

"Thafty to the house one Captain Jo[illegible] your [illegible]tant connection of Mrs N[illegible] [illegible]leasant [illegible] card! My sleeve! S'death, sir! What [illegible] you mean?"

"*Colonel Trevor* needs no explanations from *me* of those measures which ensure his success at cards."

"Liar!" exclaimed Trevor, bounding from his chair.

"Ha! Scoundrel! Dare you apply such a term to me?" demanded St. Clare. And as he spoke he struck the gambler a ringing blow on the cheek, which caused him to measure his length on the deck.

Regaining his feet, the latter glanced furtively at the group of excited spectators around him, and encouraged by the presence of several professional brethren, bounded towards his antagonist, aiming a blow which the latter avoided by a side spring, while several hastened to interfere. In an instant Trevor became calm, and retreating a step, said:

"I presume you are aware of the nature of, and are ready to afford me the only satisfaction I can expect for this outrage upon my person?"

"I am at your service, sir, when and where you will, my only desire being to rid the world of so base a scoundrel."

"Beware, sir! 'Tis immaterial, however. Since you have no objection, we will settle this affair at the first landing."

"Quite agreeable."

"Name your weapons."

"Your choice is mine."

"Pistols, then. If you are unprovided, I have an excellent pair at your service."

"I thank you! I am amply supplied with weapons on which I can depend."

Trevor now attempted to take possession of the funds upon the table, but St. Clare interposed, saying: "Not so fast, sir. Permit me to suggest that those funds be placed in the captain's possession until our quarrel is decided."

"Why so?"

"Because I claim the right to the disposal of at least a portion of them, holding them to be unfairly won."

"Enough! I understand you, and agree to the proposal. The survivor becomes their owner?"

St. Clare bowed, when with a shudder I turned away, being unable to consider the forthcoming duel an *affaire d' honneur*, but rather a prize fight, and the enormous sum at stake as the reward of cold-blooded murder. Hurrying from the scene, I was followed by my friend; but we had not reached our state-room ere a violent shock and a sudden cessation of the jar of the machinery, warned us that the boat had met with some impediment to her progress, the nature of which was soon explained by the hurried orders of the pilot to run out the bow and stern fasts. We had run against the levee in the fog, and from the orders issued, we rightly inferred we were to lay by until a clear atmosphere or daylight enabled us to pursue our way through the tortuous windings of the "father of waters."

At an early hour, all who had witnessed the quarrel were astir, and apparently resolved to witness the hostile meeting, some being even clamorous for the appearance of the combatants, who did not keep them long in suspense; but issuing from their respective state-rooms, attended by their seconds, proceeded to the levee, accompanied by the captain and clerk, and followed by all who were aware of their intent.

The ground was soon chosen and the preliminaries arranged, when the seconds placed their principals, and resigning to them their weapons, retired to a short distance, Trevor's second preparing to give the fatal signal.

At this instant, St. Clare's servant bounded to his side, and winding his arms about him, besought him with tears to desist. For nearly a minute the former struggled to free himself, his countenance expressing a depth of emotion I could not account for; when being unable to effect his object without violence, he signalized his second, who hastened to his aid, and only by the exercise of extreme strength removed the boy, who was borne a short distance, struggling, weeping, and calling on his master in tones which betrayed a depth of anguish painful to behold.

Trevor's second now proceeded to give the signal, at the first word of which St. Clare moved, as if about to deliver his fire, when Trevor, observing the motion, fired on the instant, the report of the weapon [illegible] word "two" on the li[illegible] [illegible]g the [illegible] momenta not think there was [illegible] [illegible]iend. For sev- of that," said Mrs [illegible] St. Clare wavered, vainly endeavoring to recover his aim, when discharging his weapon in the air, he reeled backward and sank into the arms of the boy, who had broken from the grasp of his custodian.

Hastening to the wounded man's side, a single glance assured me he was beyond aid, and turning away, I glanced towards his antagonist, who was already surrounded by a group of angry passengers, who were loudly denouncing his act as murderous, and threatening to lynch him on the spot. And that threat would have been carried into instant execution had not Captain Warbeck interposed his influence to obtain him a respite, at least until the nature of St. Clare's wound was made known, for which purpose he summoned a physician, who was fortunately on board, but retiring early, had remained ignorant of the intended duel, and consequently an inmate of his state-room.

While awaiting his arrival at the scene, I joined my friend in an endeavor to staunch the blood which flowed from the unfortunate man's wound, and while doing so, was deeply pained by a view of the intense anguish manifested by the youth in question, who repulsed all offers of consolation, and supporting the wounded man's head, remained with his face bowed on the latter's shoulder, giving free vent to his grief.

For nearly ten minutes St. Clare remained in that state of partial insensibility which had succeeded his fall, when he rallied, and recognizing the youth, uttered a deep and prolonged groan, an expression of keen agony settling on his features. More than a minute he remained gazing sadly at the anguish-stricken youth; then touching him lightly, the latter turned his dim gaze upon his pallid features, and observing that he was recognized, bent quickly and pressed a frenzied kiss upon the pallid brow of the wounded man, murmuring: "O, Cecil—"

"*Mon pauvre* Celeste!"

Both Waldron and I started, half amazed, and gazed searchingly at the boy on hearing him addressed by a name so inappropriate to his apparent sex, and we might have deemed the speaker deranged had he not continued after a brief pause, his words clearly evincing a sound intellect, while they betrayed to all those who heard and understood them, a secret none had suspected. My readers will pardon me if I attempt a translation of that brief but touching address:

"My own sweet one. My dream is over, and your fears are about to be realized. 'Tis my fate, therefore 'tis useless to murmur. The sybil's prophecy will be fulfilled. My bones will rest in a strange land, and my ashes mingle with a strange soil, far, far away from sunny France. Would to Heaven I had left thee there, a guardian to our boy; you had then been spared the pain of this hour, and he would still have one parent. Ha, tears and for me! No no, you must not weep, my Celeste. I implore you do not grieve for me, so utterly unworthy as I; one who has proved only the bane of your life, the fell destroyer of your happiness."

"No no, Cecil, my life, my best beloved, my all!" And with a heart-rending moan the disguised girl strained his recumbent form to her heart, again hiding her face on his shoulder.

At this instant the physician came bursting through the crowd, followed by an old man, who paused a few paces in his rear while he knelt to examine the wound. Our suspense was but momentary, ere he bounded from his knee, and turning to his companion, said, hastily:

"Your aid may be of service here, Father Eustace; this man is already beyond the reach of mine."

"A priest," murmured the wounded man; "thank Heaven, I can at least do justice ere I die!"

"You may, my son," said the priest, advancing and kneeling at his side. "Confess and be absolved."

"I will, good father. Look up, Celeste—"

"What! a woman? and in this disguise?" demanded the priest.

"Yes, good father, a woman, dearer to me than life; against whom I have sinned deeply, and to whom I must atone."

The crowd now fell back at a signal from the priest, who then addressed a few words to the weeping girl, when she rose, and supported by Captain Warbeck, retired to a short distance, leaving her dying lover alone with his confessor [illegible], who of course [illegible] The [illegible] such slights, and kept [illegible] priest now inclined his ear to the lips of the dying man; but ere a minute elapsed started and gazed earnestly on the countenance of his penitent, while a half stifled cry of horror and amazement broke from his lips; then clasping his hands, he raised his eyes heavenward, seemingly to pray for a brief space, while the crystal tears which bedewed his cheeks indicated the existence of some deep and powerful emotion in his bosom.

Resuming his task, it was soon concluded, when having pronounced the absolution, he beckoned the captain to approach with his charge, whose hand he clasped in his own, as she paused, saying: "My daughter, you have been grievously wronged by this unfortunate youth, whose sole desire, next to his soul's salvation, is to make thee a suitable atonement. He desires to invest you—here, and in this, his last hour—with his name and fortune. Will you accept this atonement?"

The lady made no reply, but gently disengaging her hand, sank on her knees beside her lover, who, encircling her form, and drawing her fondly towards him, said: "You will consent, my Celeste? Remember our boy, and let no imaginary unworthiness prevent you from aiding me to invest him with a legal claim to my name and inheritance."

"O, Cecil, my beloved—" But sobs choked her utterance; and laying her hand in his, she signified the consent she was unable to utter. The crowd had closed round the striking group, and the venerable priest proceeded at once with the ceremony, which was fated to unite the hapless pair but a few brief moments, ere death unrelentingly severed the tie.

It was truly a solemn scene. That dying bridegroom, weltering in his life's blood, and that scarce conscious bride, arrayed in habiliments foreign to her sex, and alive to nothing save the boundlessness of that desolation which threatened her future, plighting to each other their vows, kneeling on that blood-stained, green sward.

At the close of the ceremony St. Clare sank fainting into the arms of his supporters, who laid him gently down; while the priest, using the crown of a hat as a desk, prepared a certificate of marriage, to which, with the signatures of Captain Warbeck and the physician, he requested mine. Judge of my amazement on learning therefrom that the wounded man was a no less personage than the Viscount St. Croisy, a scion of the princely line of Burgundy.

The form of signing the certificate was scarce concluded, when St. Clare inquired for his antagonist, who was instantly led to his side by those having him in charge; when perceiving him a prisoner, he demanded: "Why do you hold my *friend* a prisoner, *messieurs*?"

"Your friend? I reckon ye mean your murderer, don't ye, 'squire?" responded a burly trader, who had assumed the duties of keeper; adding: "Yer, see, stranger, we consider he tuk an onfair start on ye in this yer doel, an' havin' pinked ye mighty onhansum', we've concluded to gin him a sample o' Judge Lynch."

"Release him, messieurs. 'Tis my desire that no evil befall him. He did but that I would have done. Had he reserved his fire ten seconds, he and not I would now be taking leave of life."

"My son speaks wisely," interposed the aged priest. "Release this man. Leave him in the hands of his Eternal Judge, who will not fail to deal with him according to his deserts."

"O, I haint nary a word tu say," rejoined the trader, releasing Trevor at once. "Circumstances alter cases. Ef that feller was reckonin' on takin' an onfair start of the curnel, he got sarved about right." And turning on his heel, the trader made his way down the bank to the boat, leaving the duellist free beside his victim.

His departure was the signal for a general stampede, the tide of sympathy in behalf of the dying man undergoing a sudden revulsion on his acknowledgement of murderous intent, when but few of the passengers lingered to witness the closing scenes of the drama.

St. Clare, in the meantime, expressed his regret that their quarrel had subjected his *assassin* to inconvenience, assuring him of his forgiveness, and requesting him to spare himself reproach, which would be all unmerited. The priest then went through the ceremony of anointing him, when he addressed his weeping bride:

"I am going now, Celeste, but I leave you in good hands—under the care of one who will [illegible] be faithful to the trust. Return to France as early as possible, and convey to my father intelligence of his bereavement. Kneel to him, if need be, for that pardon he hath so long withheld. I know he will accord it, ay, and deeply regret having withheld it so long, when he hears of this expiation of my crimes.

"Embrace me for the last time, my poor, deeply wronged, but ever faithful Celeste. Would that I could live to reward thy fond love and unwavering truth, but it may not be. We must part. Adieu, my best beloved, we will meet again, will we not, good father? Ha!" he exclaimed, his eye brightening as his glance rested on the countenance of the venerable priest. "Have we not met before? Speak, father, you know my name and lineage?"

"Be calm, my son. Yes, we have met."

"Where, father?" demanded the dying man, raising himself from the supporting arms of the captain. "Where?"

"In France, my son. You were but a babe, and can scarce remember—"

"Eustace—Count St. Croisy!" exclaimed the dying man, with startling energy; adding, as he extended his arms: "My long lost and dearly loved uncle!"

This, then, was the key to the old man's emotion. He had recognized a near relative in the wounded man, and—as I subsequently learned—one whom he had loved fondly, ere the fall of Napoleon had driven him an exile from France to the French exile's home in our own loved land, where he entered the church, devoting to monastic duties the evening of a life, the prime of which had been passed amid the splendor of the court and on the battle-field, beneath the victorious tri-color of the empire.

"Yes, Cecil, my beloved boy, I am indeed your Uncle Eustace!" And the old man wound his arms round the sinking form of his nephew, giving vent to the emotions he had struggled with so long; while the latter, addressing his wife, said:

"In good hands indeed, Celeste. He will be a more than father, and you will be to him, in

my stead, the staff and stay of his declining years. Forgive me my wild career, uncle, and train up my boy so that he may bear our family name honorably, handing it down to future generations untarnished. And you, Celeste, will aid him in the task. Adieu, *ma cher*. Kiss me!" he added, faintly.

She bowed her head to obey the expressed wish, and pressing her lips fondly to his, unconsciously inhaled his latest breath.

The old priest's grief for his nephew's untimely death was evidently as profound as the lady's was violent; and as neither seemed conscious of our presence, or the necessity of prompt decision regarding the corpse, Captain Warbeck ordered its instant removal to the boat, whither they followed it, and where it was resigned to their charge.

An hour later the boat was unmoored, and dropping off into the stream, began to tremble anew beneath the influence of her powerful engines, while as day advanced and the atmosphere rarified, her speed increased to a degree which soon placed many a dreary mile between us and the scene of that strange duel and bridal.

FRANCIS JOSEPH,
EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

In a recent number of the Pictorial we published a group of portraits of European sovereigns, but to gratify those who desire an authentic likeness of this youthful emperor on a larger scale, depicting his personal appearance and costume, we present the accompanying engraving. Francis Joseph, the Austrian despot, hated by all liberals as a representative of a detestable policy, is only twenty-nine years of age. He has entered on the dreadful business of war with a bold spirit, as evinced by his famous proclamation, posted in Vienna, April 29, a translation of which, made expressly for the Pictorial, we subjoin as an important document of contemporary history, worthy of preservation:

"To my people:—I have ordered my faithful and brave army to put an end to the hostile acts which, for many years, have been committed by the neighboring State of Sardinia against the incontestable rights of my throne, and against the integrity of the kingdom which God has confided to my care, acts which have been pushed recently to the last extremities. In taking this step, I have fulfilled the painful but inevitable duty of a sovereign. As my conscience is at peace, I can lift my eyes to God Almighty and patiently await his decrees. I confidently submit my decision to the impartial judgment of contemporaries or future generations. I am sure of the approbation of my faithful subjects.

"More than ten years ago, the same enemy—in violation of the laws of nations and the laws of war, and without any provocation on our part—entered the Lombardo-Venetian territory, with the design of taking possession of it. Although the enemy, twice totally defeated by my brave army, was at the mercy of the victor, I acted with generosity and proposed a reconciliation to him. I did not seize on a single inch of his territory, I did not encroach on a single one of the rights the crown of Sardinia enjoyed as a member of the family of European nations. I did not insist on obtaining the slightest guarantee against the repetition of similar events. The hand I offered sincerely in token of peace, and which was accepted, seemed to me a sufficient guarantee. I sacrificed on the altar of peace the honor and the rights of Austria. The reward of this rare generosity was the uninterrupted continuation of inimical sentiments, which have increased from year to year, and a perfidious agitation against the peace and welfare of my Lombardo-Venetian kingdom.

"I patiently endured these new hostilities, knowing how precious a benefit peace was to my people and to Europe. My patience was not entirely exhausted, when the important measures I was compelled to take, in consequence of revolutionary agitation on the frontiers of my Italian provinces, and in these latter, became the pretext of an increase of hostilities. Willingly accepting the well-meant mediation of friendly powers for the maintenance of peace, I consented to take part in a congress of the five great powers. The four points proposed by the royal government of Great Britain as the basis of the deliberations of the congress, were sent to my cabinet, and I accepted them, on conditions which would produce a true, sincere and durable peace. Conscious that no movement on the part of my government could conflict with peace even in the most indirect manner, I asked that the power which was the cause of the complication and which had brought on the danger of war, should disarm, as a preliminary measure. Nevertheless, yielding to the importunity of friendly powers, I consented to the proposition of a general disarmament. The mediation failed in consequence of the inadmissible conditions on which Sardinia based her consent. I had then but one way of preserving peace. I addressed myself directly to the Sardinian government, summoning it to put its army on a peace footing and to disband its free corps; and as Sardinia has not acceded to my demand, the moment has arrived for cutting the question short by an appeal to arms.

"I have ordered my army to enter Sardinia.

"I appreciate the full bearing of this measure, and if my duties as a monarch have ever weighed heavily upon me, it is assuredly now. War is the scourge of humanity. It is not without regret that I behold the lives and property of many of my subjects imperilled, and I deeply feel what a terrible trial the war will be for my empire, which, entirely occupied in internal improvements, has the utmost need of a continuance of peace. But the heart of a monarch must be silent, when honor, as well as duty, speaks. An armed enemy is on the frontiers, who, in alliance with the revolutionary party, openly announces his intention of obtaining possession of the Austrian dependencies in Italy. To sustain him, he who reigns in France—interfering, on futile pretexts, in the legally-established relations of the Italian peninsula—has put his troops in motion, and some of their detachments have already crossed the frontier of Sardinia.

"The crown I have received from my ancestors, pure from soil or spot, has already passed through severe trials. The glorious history of our country teaches us that when dangers arise, threatening all that is dearest to humanity in Europe, Providence has often employed the sword of Austria to scatter these dangers. We are again on the eve of a similar period. The overthrow of existing establishments is not the dream of factions only, but of thrones. The sword that I have been forced to draw is hallowed in that it will defend the honor and the rights of all people and States, and of all that humanity holds most dear.

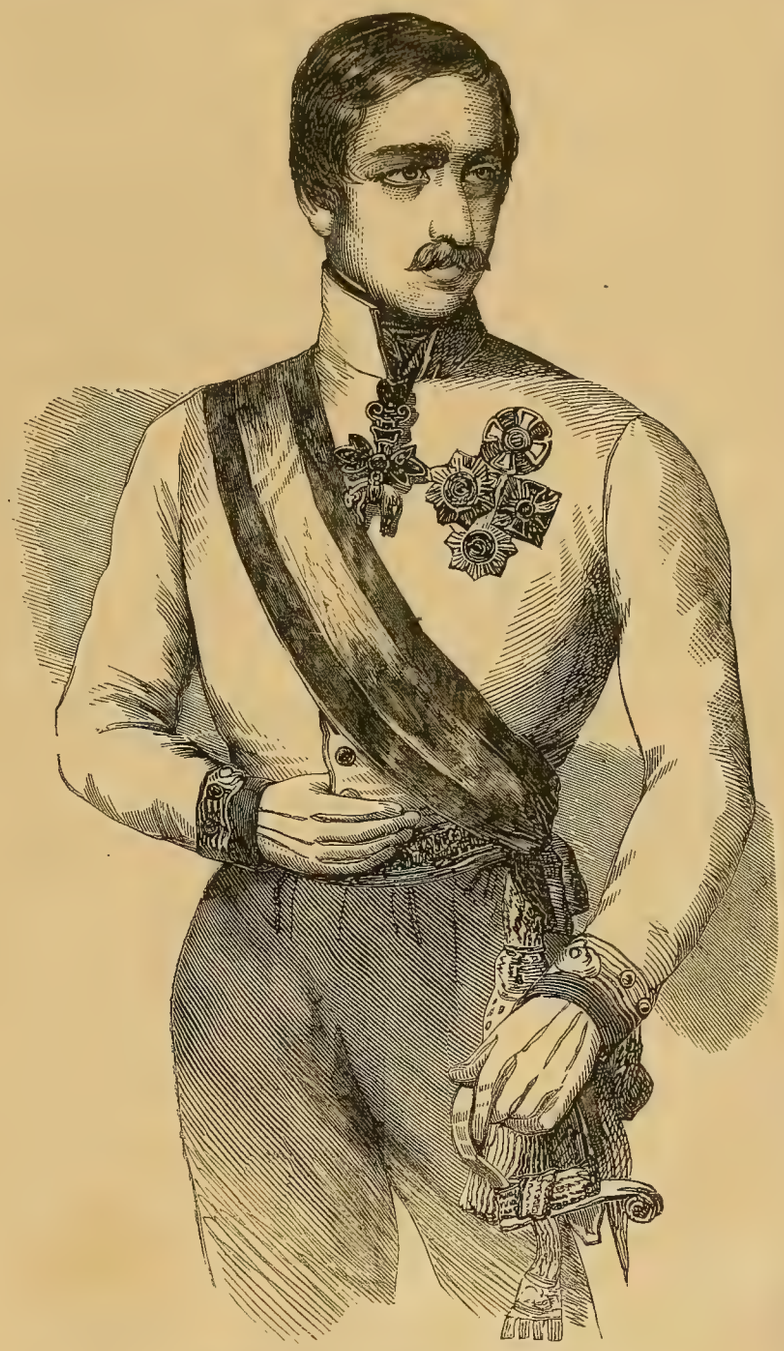
"It is to you, my people, that I now address myself, to you, whose devotion to the hereditary reigning family may serve as a model to all the nations of Europe. In the conflict which has commenced, you will preserve your fidelity and your devotion, so often tried. To your sons whom I have taken into my army, I, their commander, send my martial salute. You can look on them with pride, for, thanks to them, the Austrian eagle will take a lofty sweep.

"Our struggle is just, and we begin it with courage and confidence. But we hope that we shall not be alone. The soil on which we have to fight has been fertilized by the blood shed by our German brethren to win those ramparts they have guarded till this hour. It is there that the cunning enemies of Austria have generally commenced their game, when they wished to ruin its internal power. The feeling that a similar danger is now imminent prevails throughout Germany, from the cottage to the throne and from one frontier to the other. I speak as a sovereign member of the Germanic confederation, when I call attention to a common danger, and evoke the memory of the glorious days when Europe owed her deliverance to the general and fervent enthusiasm of Germany.

"*For God and Fatherland!*

"Given at my residence and metropolis of Vienna, this 28th day of April, 1859.

"Franz Joseph."



FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

GENERAL GARIBALDI.

The New York Courier and Enquirer takes from the autobiography of this eminent Italian patriot, which has been translated but not published in this country, the following particulars of his eventful and stirring life: "A native of Piedmont, Garibaldi, like his father and grandfather, early in life became a sailor, and performed numerous voyages in the Mediterranean and Levant, until, having joined the Secret Society of Italian Patriots, he was condemned to death, and escaped from Genoa to Marseilles in disguise. In one of his early voyages he had visited Rome.

Having subsequently spent a few months at Rio Janeiro, and learned the condition of the Republic of Rio Grande, which had rebelled against the tyranny of the Brazilian Empire, he embarked with Gen. Rosetti in a small vessel to go to their assistance, and captured a few coasting vessels on his way, under the authority of the flag of the new State. He was soon after attacked in the Parana, by a Brazilian vessel of much superior force, and laid senseless on his deck by a shot in the neck, which rendered him unconscious till after the repulse of the enemy. Here commenced his military life, which continued fourteen years in South America, and through the revolutions of 1848-9 in Italy, and afforded a variety of scenes, of alternate trial, success and disaster, seldom paralleled. A chief object at which he constantly aimed, in his romantic South American career, was to train to arms Italians who were in exile in those regions, and to prepare them to fight for their own country. Such was his success, that, although he commenced under many adverse circumstances, 'The Italian Legion' soon began to reap laurels, and at length took the front rank in the armies for discipline, daring constancy and success. In his services in Italy during the last revolution, he had many of his old soldiers in his files, and doubtless some of the survivors must be with him now, to struggle against the Austrians. Some of the most interesting passages in Garibaldi's life relate to his wife. He married a lady of extraordinary qualities, a native of one of the States of South America. She was trained to horsemanship and the most athletic habits which prevail among the females of those countries. Though like him, noble hearted, affectionate and disinterested, she also possessed a similar degree of personal courage and fortitude which have seldom been displayed, and still more rarely depicted, by any authentic pen. After her marriage, she accompanied him in his battles, by sea and land; and, although usually unarmed, and keeping at his side only as his companion, she sometimes aided in his most desperate conflicts, by dealing out powder, loading guns and even firing them at the enemy. The suffering which she endured among the mountains, in times of adversity and seasons of tempests, were severe and almost incredible. The short account of her escape from a Brazilian guard after capture in an engagement, and her journey of several days and nights, on horseback and alone, through wild forests, swimming swollen torrents, on her way, by holding to the mane or the tail of her horse, is exceeded only by the sad narrative of her death, in 1849, on the banks of the Po, when, after resolutely accompanying Garibaldi on his retreat from Rome, she landed with him, in one of the boats, in which he was seeking to reach Venice, then the only place in Italy which held out against the enemy. Garibaldi declined the proffered honors of a public reception, on his arrival in New York in 1849; urgently recommending to his exiled countrymen here, to apply themselves to such honest employments as they could obtain, for their independent support, 'not hesitating at accepting the most humble—even sweeping the streets.' As soon as his feeble health was restored, in strict consistency with his precepts, he set the example of engaging in daily labor, in the candle manufactory of his friend and countryman, Signor Mencci, on Staten Island. While thus employed by day, he continued at evening, for some time to add to his manuscripts, at the request of the American friend to whom he had committed them, until he found it necessary to intermit his literary labors, in consequence of his physical fatigue. He afterwards spent several years in commanding commercial vessels between Peru and China, and then returned to Piedmont, his native country, where he was allowed to reside by the government, and where he superintended the education of his two young sons, and endeavored to colonize the little island of Caprea, on the coast of Sardinia, which he had purchased with money bequeathed to him by his brother. When the present war was threatened, he was placed in command of a division of the army of Piedmont, and assigned to an important advanced post on the left wing, where his standard has been joined by thousands of the most enthusiastic Italian soldiers, viz., the volunteers who have flocked, in arms, from every part and corner of the Peninsula."

HEARING THROUGH THE THROAT.

I will state a fact: a friend who is so utterly deaf as to be almost beyond relief from any of the mechanical inventions now in use for the aid of persons afflicted with deafness, walked into a chapel, and took his seat on one of the open benches. He heard nothing of the sermon then and there delivered, until, from mere listlessness, he placed the rim of the crown of his hat in his mouth: he could hear distinctly. He has frequently repeated the experiment in my presence with the same result; and where the opportunity is afforded him, he places his hat between his lips, and carries on a conversation, speaking in the usual way, and hearing as I have described. I have made the experiment with many deaf persons, and generally with success. I leave the learned in acoustics to explain; I only state the fact, and every one can make the experiment. Is it the open mouth, or has the vibration of sound on the hat anything to do with the effect produced? Look on a crowd of listeners, eager to catch the voice of the speaker—they sit with open mouth: "With locks thrown back and *lips apart*," "in listening mood," etc, is the poet's description of the "Lady of the Lake." It is almost impossible to make use of the hat as an auricle; but I venture to think that if science would apply its efforts to hearing through the throat, following nature as a guide, more would be done for the sorest evil that can afflict humanity than has yet been effected.—*Notes and Queries.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OUTWARD BOUND.

A token to one who "westward takes his way."

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

God speed the ship that carries thee,
My friend, to other lands!
And give safe passage o'er the sea
To reach those distant strands.
When you shall pass the golden gate,
And with the toilers stand,
I need not write what scenes await
The honest heart and hand.

God speed the ship that bears thee hence,
Friend of my younger days,
Whose riper years and soberer sense,
And knowledge of life's ways,
Have in meet lessons made me learn
Those truths that ever tend
To make those sacred faggots burn
That faith and wisdom blend.

God speed thee to the golden sand,
And give thee strength of heart,
A champion with the brave to stand,
And nobly act life's part.
I know thy purpose and thy aim;
And when the day shall dawn,
Whose halo shall enwreath thy name
Beyond all worldly scorn,—

Think thou of hearts in Eastern lands,
Of eyes that looked on thee,
Of hands once clasped in thine own hands,
And think, my friend, of me.
My wishes go out after thee;
Both night and day they start,
And reach across the restless sea
Until they touch thy heart.

And as I think of thee to-night,
The wind and wave combine
To carry thee away from sight;
But memory's priceless wine,
In friendship's golden chalice, waits
My lips; O, friend, to thee,
Whose feet shall pass the golden gates,
I say, Remember me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BURNING TRANSPORT.

BY HENRY S. MASON.

THE fleet lay off "North-fleet Hope" awaiting the flag of Rear Admiral Coffin, who had been appointed to succeed the gallant Collingwood—the efficient aid of the gallant Nelson in the memorable battle of Trafalgar—and a heavy gale prevailing at the time, the ships were riding to the wind, regardless of tide, when night closed around us.

Some thirty sail of merchantmen, under convoy of one of our fastest frigates, were anchored in the entrance of the "Downs," and between us and them lay two convict ships, while a fleet of transports, with troops for the East Indies, were anchored just astern of us, the largest—the "Wellesley"—being anchored on our starboard quarter, and scarce three cables length distant.

Being senior passed midshipman of the old "Sovereign" at the time, I was honored with supreme command of a whole anchor-watch, and having the first watch that night enjoyed the happiness (?) of strutting the quarter-deck exposed to the wind and rain, while my more humble, and consequently more fortunate watchmates sought shelter in the lee of the bulwarks, or stowed snugly away beneath the guns, whiled away the dreary watch with yarns of dangers and battles past.

The bell had struck three, and save the measured tread of the sentinels on duty, the pattering of the driving rain, and the deep breathings of full six hundred sleepers, scarce a sound broke the silence reigning throughout the vast hull of the old "Sovereign." Even I had halted, half-deeming our dreary watch at an end, and half supported by the cabin sky-light, was indulging in visions of calm repose.

While standing thus, with face averted from the driving storm, a deep red gleam illumined the darkness on our starboard quarter, increasing so rapidly, that ere a minute elapsed, the upper works, lower mast and yards of the "Wellesley" were plainly defined in the red glare. In an instant the truth flashed upon me, she was on fire; and bounding to the sky-light I shouted:

"Forward gun of the starboard forward division on the spar-deck, fire!"

It was our signal gun, and kept continually loaded, so that my order was obeyed on the instant, while I followed up the report with the order: "Bo'sen's mate, pipe all hands to quarters."

The first lieutenant was at my side ere the sound of the mate's shrill whistle had ceased reverberating on our main, gun and berth decks, when he instantly divined the cause of the alarm, and assuming command, shouted:

"Fire! fire! Pipe down all boats! Waist and afterguard pass the engines up from below! Top-men hook yard and stay tackles. Forecastle men and sail-trimmers pass the messenger and take to."

In an instant all was bustle and preparation, and ere a lapse of two minutes the report of "messenger passed" was followed by that of "boats all ready;" when Captain Wilmer, who had gained the deck, shouted:

"Officers in charge of boats, to your stations! Bo'sen, pipe all boats away!" When I sprang from the rail, grasping the yard tackle, and in an instant later landed in the launch of which I had command.

We experienced no little difficulty in avoiding collisions with the ship while attempting to unhook the bow-tackle, which was foul aloft and would not run; but a sharp knife at length set us free, when we fell off, and in a few moments were scudding swiftly towards the burning ship. It is almost needless to add that our example was followed by the various commanders in the fleet, and on dropping alongside the Wellesley we mustered a fleet of some sixty boats, capable of accommodating at least nine hundred souls, a larger number, fortunately, than were placed in peril.

The moment the first boat reached the transport the work of debarkation commenced, but owing to the tremendous gale and heavy sea, progressed but slowly, while the rapid advance of the fire king drove numbers from the deck to seek safety in the sea, from which they were rescued as promptly as possible.

It was truly a thrilling scene. The hull of the transport was evidently converted into a perfect volcano, while from each of her hatches leaped a tongue of flame, which, seizing on her fresh-tarred rigging, transformed the whole mass into a delicate tracery of fire, and speedily consuming it, left her taut spars to tumble one after another over the stern, killing and wounding numbers in their descent.

This catastrophe, although resulting in death to many, proved a means of safety to many others who might otherwise have perished, as it established a direct means of communication with many of the boats which could not gain a position alongside. And thus the work went on, boat after boat departing with its load of scorched, half naked and shivering troops, with a slight sprinkling of women and children, until nearly all were saved; when the task of lowering the insensible forms of those who had been hurt by the falling spars, in the rush which had taken place on the discovery of the fire, or had fainted from excessive fright, commenced.

Our boat being scarce one third full, we hauled alongside to receive our quota of the unfortunate wretches, whom we handled as tenderly as possible, laying them in a tier in the stern-sheets to the number of ten, when having as many as we could accommodate, we dropped astern, and shipping our oars, we made a futile attempt to regain the "Royal Sovereign." Finding that we could not gain an inch, I seized upon the first lull in the gale to put the tiller hard up, when the launch swung off, and catching the next sea broad on her bow, careened so heavily that she half filled, when the second caught her fairly astern and fortunately righted her, bearing off some eight or ten fathoms on its boiling, bubbling crest, and leaving us in a proper position to scud with safety.

The briny bath exercised a reanimating effect upon several of our insensible cargo, one of whom—a female—betrayed the fact of her restoration by loudly demanding her child.

"My child! my child! Where is my little Edward?" she demanded, in tones of thrilling anguish. "Tell me, for the love of God, if any of you have seen my child?"

"Merciful Heaven! what do I hear? the voice of my benefactress?" exclaimed a young man, who sat on the after thwart, supporting the form of a young and lovely woman, who had evidently sustained fearful injuries prior to her rescue from the burning wreck. "Is that Mrs. Clifford?" he demanded, gently, relinquishing his insensible burden.

"It is!" responded the lady, instantly, adding, "Whoever you are, you evidently know me, and must know something of my darling. O, have you seen him? Is he safe? Tell me, I conjure you."

"Would to Heaven I could!" exclaimed the man, passionately. "Paul Hunter would be only too happy to prove his gratitude to the benefactress of his wife."

"O, Paul, my child, my Edward, and my husband—"

"Nay, madam, Captain Clifford must be safe," rejoined the man, hastily. "I saw him myself actively employed in removing the insensible from below, and he may have saved the child."

"May have? But you are not certain, Paul. O, you are not certain, and this suspense is worse than death!" And the poor bereaved mother groaned in her anguish, and clasping her hands over her eyes, sat rocking her body to and fro, and uttering that deep, convulsive sob, which betrays so fully a breaking heart.

"And she interceded so eloquently in our behalf that my Ada might accompany me!" murmured the soldier, in an audible tone, as he resumed his seat and his former burden, on the pallid brow of which he pressed a fond kiss, adding: "My poor wife! Would to Heaven you had remained with my parents; you would have escaped this suffering and perhaps death!" And the gallant fellow bowed his head, concealing his face in his hands, probably to hide the tears, which were an honor to his manhood, since called forth by the suffering and probable fate of one who had forsaken friends and home to follow his uncertain fortunes.

A minute later we rounded to under the counter of, and received a line from the Delmar Transport, alongside of and into which one boat was already discharging her freight of rescued.

"Ship ahoy! Can you accommodate twenty more?" I demanded, as my bowman made fast the line.

"Ay, my lad, a hundred!" was the trumpet-toned reply. "Haul up, haul up at once, and clear the track for others!"

We obeyed, gaining a position beneath the gangway with difficulty, when the debarkation of our freight commenced, the insensible wife of the young soldier being the first attached to the whip by which the helpless were taken on board. Mrs. Clifford was the second, the soldier having devoted himself to her as soon as he beheld his wife in safety; while I, seizing upon the first opportunity, bounded into the Delmar's main chains and gained her deck at the moment that the bereaved mother was relieved from the whip, when, recognizing me, she rushed to my side and grasping my arm, exclaimed:

"What shall I do? How shall I discover the fate of my husband and child?"

"You must be quiet, madam," responded I, gently. "It is impossible to learn anything regarding them just now, or indeed before this gale subsides, when I have no doubt you will find them safe and sound. They may have reached some other vessel ere this. Indeed, 'tis more than probable that they have done so, since to my certain knowledge but few of the 'Wellesley's' company are lost."

"Bless you! May Heaven bless you for your consoling words, yet I apprehend the worst. Do you think that they have reached this vessel?"

"It might be, madam, but I will ascertain." And advancing a few paces with the trembling mother still clinging to my arm, I was about to demand if any of the rescued answered to the name of Captain Clifford, when the young soldier elbowed his way through the crowd, exclaiming: "Mrs. Clifford! Mrs. Clifford! I have found him!"

"Found who?" she demanded, wildly. "Whom have you found, Paul Hunter?"

"Captain Clifford, your husband, ma'am—"

"And my child—my Edward? Speak! What of him? But lead me to my husband, he will tell me all."

The young soldier guided her through the crowd in silence, while deeply interested in the meeting about to take place, I followed to where a gentleman in the partial undress of an infantry officer lay partially supported by a half naked soldier, his countenance expressing at once the keenest physical anguish, and a supreme degree of mental happiness.

"Thank Heaven! You are safe, my beloved Lucy, but where is—"

"Edward! O, Father of mercies! I came to *you*, my husband, for tidings of our boy. Can it be that you are as ignorant as myself?"

"I never saw him but once after the alarm, Lucy, and then it was in the nurse's arms. She was seeking you, and I, deeming him safe with her—O, God, my child! and I disabled and cannot search for him!"

"In the nurse's arms," muttered the young soldier. "Why, that was Ada. "Did you mean you saw Master Edward with my wife, captain?"

"Ay, Hunter. Where is your wife? The child must be with her!"

"Alas, no, sir. My wife is here. See, she is insensible." And as he spoke he bent over the form I had failed to observe, adding: "I found her beneath a prostrate spar, by which she had been struck down, and wrenching it aside, grasped the precious burden and escaped with it as you see."

"Then, Lucy, darling, our child is lost!" murmured the stricken officer, gently drawing the crouching form of his wife to his breast, where she fainted, while the young soldier, bounding to his feet, exclaimed:

"Not yet! No, no, not yet! I know the spot where my Ada lay. The fire has not reached it yet, and Master Edward must be there, if not among the rescued. Who'll go with me to the burning wreck?"

"I will, my man!" I shouted, seized with a wild ambition to aid him in restoring the child to its parents; and grasping his arm, I fairly dragged him to the rail, on which I leaped, shouting: "Volunteers for the wreck! Sovereigns, ahoy! You have followed my lead amid the smoke and thunder of action, to deal death to the foe. A child is left in yonder burning ship. Who dare follow me to the rescue?"

The demand was instantly responded to by the unanimous shout of the launch's crew, "Sovereigns to the rescue!" when I turned inboard, shouting: "A lighter boat! In Heaven's name let us have a lighter boat!"

"Lower away the gig!" shouted some one on deck, when pausing no longer, I leaped from the rail into the launch, followed by the intrepid soldier.

Scarce a minute elapsed ere the Delmar's gig was down, and five of my men, the soldier and myself, safely seated on her thwarts, when an unrestrained use of our knives severed the davit-tackles, and we were free.

"Bear her off with your oars, and ship all, my lads!" I exclaimed, vainly endeavoring to find the rudder, when abandoning the search, I grasped the loom of the after oar, which the soldier had secured, and lent my strength towards the impulsion of the buoyant craft through or over the maddened billows, while from the Delmar's deck came a cheering shout: "Give way, my lads, my noble hearts, and may God speed you on your errand!"

We did give way, each stroke of the oars making the little boat fairly leap from the brine, while the life-boat-model on which she was constructed rendered us secure from all danger of being swamped. And it was fortunate for us that her thwarts, stern-sheets and dais were air-tight lockers. Had they been otherwise, nothing could have prevented us from going down, inasmuch as we were half full of water ere we had accomplished half the distance to the wreck.

We had made the passage to the Delmar in the short space of four minutes, but our passage from her to the wreck consumed four times that period, and tenfold the exertion, while in a few words the young soldier informed me of the cause of his daring.

He had married without the consent of his colonel, and the regiment being soon after ordered on foreign service, he besought permission for his wife to accompany him, in vain. Colonel Ross was inexorable, until his pet daughter—the young wife of Captain Clifford—espoused the cause of the anguish-stricken bride, and ventured to intercede in her behalf. He could deny his daughter nothing, so he consented, premising that she should take the fair Ada Hunter into her service, by which means he would be spared the charge of suspending an established military rule in favor of any. In this manner had the youthful soldier and his lovely wife been spared the pain of separation, and in return for that kind intercession he was now proving his gratitude."

At length we reached the burning wreck, when a new difficulty presented itself. How were we to board it? To attempt such a feat to leeward was worse than folly, for the wreck, relieved of its top-hamper, rode partly to the ebb, which was now setting down strong, heaving the dismantled hull into the trough of the sea, which made frequent breaches over her, retarding the progress of the flames, and preserving almost entire her starboard side.

An attempt to board to windward would have been equal madness, and we were debating upon

the feasibility of an attempt to board by the wreck of the mizzen top-mast which hung drooping to the surface, from the stern, when Hunter demanded:

"How near can you go with safety, sir?"

"Within two boats' length."

"Then sheer in, and I will swim the rest."

"Nonsense! You couldn't!" responded I, startled by the proposition.

"I have accomplished feats as dangerous for a less momentous object. Try it. I can but fail!"

"Give way gently, men!" said I, avoiding a reply for the moment, in order to consider the proposal in all its bearings, when the boat, losing headway and being to windward, began to close with the wreck.

We were three boats' length, when he dropped his oar and was about to spring; but I restrained him, saying: "Hold on! You will have a better chance by that spar over the stern; but how can you reach the boat if you are fortunate enough to find the child?"

"Let me but find it," he exclaimed, "and I can afford to trust for safety in Him who rules the winds and waves."

We were stern to, and within a boat's length of the wreck at the moment, when signing to the crew to give way, I exclaimed: "Go, then, in His name, and here's to go with you!" And the next instant we were both struggling in the hissing brine.

A minute later and we were clambering up the top-mast, from which we passed on deck, where we were obliged to pause, our passage being cut off by the destruction of the main deck from the main hatch aft, a portion of the weather-side forward remaining unscathed.

"If the child lives, unrescued, it is there, sir," said Hunter, indicating a portion of the foremast, with a heap of smoking canvass which lay along the weather-side, just forward the chesstree.

"Follow me, then," said I, briefly; and clambering over the quarter-rail, I crawled along outside the bulwark, clinging to the chained hammock rail, until I reached the forward channels, when I bounded inboard, followed by my gallant companion.

"It was here I found my wife; and, thank Heaven, the child is here, alive!" he exclaimed, as the faint wail of an infant saluted our ears.

It was but the work of a minute to clear away the mass which concealed the infant, whom we found lying beside the wreck of the spar, while the charred weather rigging had fallen in such a manner as afforded it protection against injury from the feet of those who must have passed and re-passed the spot in the hurry and excitement of abandonment.

Hunter clasped the child in his embrace, and spurning all my offers of aid, preceded me to the taffrail by the same dangerous path we had previously trodden, when the boat being near at hand, he fearlessly committed himself and charge to the mercy of the waves. My gallant crew, being prepared for the event, were ready, and fortunately able to render him prompt and efficient aid, scarce a minute elapsing ere they had him safe on board. My rescue followed, of course, and was effected with greater difficulty, a mountain billow breaking while I was immersed, and heaving the boat and I asunder, when nearly two minutes passed ere she came within my reach. At length I was in her stern sheets again, and a few minutes later we dropped alongside of the Delmar, where our success was already known, and where our presence was hailed with a general manifestation of joy. Need I tell you, a view of that reunion of parents and child rewarded me tenfold for my share in the rescue of the latter? I think not. But I must add that I was delighted when Colonel Ross approached the young soldier, as he stood supporting his now conscious wife, and receiving the congratulation of his friends, and extending his hand, which the young man humbly clasped, said:

"Brave men should be rewarded when and wherever found. I understand the mainspring of your gallant act, Paul Hunter, but let me add, your reward is still to come, when I trust to it to prove that Harry Ross knows how to reward a grateful man as well as a gallant soldier."

If I didn't sleep soundly the remainder of that night, in the hammock swung for me in the ward-room of the Delmar—I did not—perhaps I never retired to rest in my life so perfectly contented with myself and all mankind as on that night, rendered memorable by the burning of the Wellesley Transport.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BELLE OF FLORENCE.

BY CLINTON S. HAYES.

TOWARD the middle of the seventeenth century, Florence still groaned under the terrible guardianship of the Medici, and crimes of the deepest dye stain the annals of those years. Nothing prospered under the misrule, save vice and knavery.

At that time, the belle of Florence was Caterina Torella, a young and singularly interesting girl, who had been deprived of her parents by an epidemic, the year before. Lovely as an angel in person, Caterina was gifted with all the qualities of a refined, sensitive and generous mind. Her education had been of the first order, and her talents almost amounted to genius.

Fairer than most of the Florentine women, her arms and neck were dazzling in their purity and smoothness. Her hair, scarcely what might be called black, but rather the deepest shade of brown, fell over her superb shoulders in a luxuriance seldom equalled, and, when unbound, it almost covered her perfect figure.

Unprotected as she was, Caterina was induced to contract a marriage which was every way unfitting, and which eventually brought sorrow and anguish to many hearts that loved the young and beautiful orphan.

At the church of Saint Ambrogio, she attracted the attention of Giustino Canacci, a Florentine gentleman who, although he had a son by a former marriage, whose age would have been far more suitable to hers, succeeded in engaging the interest and sympathy of Caterina.

She married him, and perhaps felt a sense of protection in his love; but her affections were never his. She became sad, dull and melancholy, and they who had known the lively and fascinating girl, could scarcely recognize the grave, thoughtful woman who had presided over Canacci's house and was called *mother* by the grown-up son, Bartolommeo.

But although the youth called her by that sacred name, he had ever felt dislike towards her—whether on her own account, or from unwillingness to see his dead mother's place occupied; and he neglected no opportunity of making her feel that she was an unwelcome inmate of the house, as far as he was concerned.

Nothing, however, could weaken the passion which Canacci felt for his young and beautiful wife. He lavished money and jewels in profusion, and allowed her the utmost latitude both in expense and liberty of action. She went into society constantly, or received guests of distinction for wealth and talents at her own house.

Among these guests was Jacopo Salviata, the Duke of San Guiliano, and on his first introduction to her, she resumed a portion of the light-hearted manner which was so essentially her own. They talked together, and mutual sympathy was at once established. The duke had married unhappily. His wife was Veronica Cibo, of the Princes of Massa, a haughty, exacting woman, who was jealous of her young and handsome husband, and who had hitherto been quite unable to attach him to herself.

Private interviews soon succeeded this introduction. It was a fearful ordeal for two young, beautiful and passionate creatures, of whom one was wedded to age, and the other to ugliness and pride, and they did not pass through unscathed.

Long and secretly were they beloved by each other, unsuspected by the duchess or the husband of Caterina. At length one evening the former received a note of so startling a nature, that she summoned the writer to an immediate conference. A low-browed, sallow man obeyed her summons.

"Are you prepared to furnish proofs to sustain the assertions you make in this note?" she asked, holding out the paper which she had crumpled in her wrath, and which he recognized as his own.

"I am, madame."

"By what token?"

"By my own name, which is also dishonored. I am the son of Caterina Canacci's husband. My father as yet regards his wife as innocent. He is an old man. I would not bring the task of punishment upon his hands, but I willingly take part with yourself."

"Good! my revenge will be *sure*, depend on it. I will not spare."

It was the 31st of December, 1638. The day had been chilly, but the Italian sunset had been glorious, and had faded away into the soft twilight, which had again given place to darkness. Under cover of this darkness, Caterina Canacci had left her house unsuspected, and taken her way towards a house at the end of the *Via de Pilastri*, close to the church of Saint Ambrogia, where she first met her husband, and which she never passed without a feeling of profound regret that she had ever entered it.

She had, perhaps, appointed to meet the duke but he had not appeared. Several friends who were in his confidence, were present, and Caterina had prepared a little entertainment to pass away the time—glad to escape from the insupportable dulness of home, from the odious attentions of her husband, and the intolerable stupidity of Bartolommeo, who persisted in making a part of the evening circle, although he could well see that his presence was disagreeable and annoying to Caterina.

But he knew what he was about. Many an evening he had tracked her, disguised as she was, to the Via de Pilastri, and this evening of all others, he intended to enter and enjoy the confusion which he knew she must feel most keenly at sight of him.

He had just received a note from the duchess, in which she told him that he was to meet three persons at a certain place, conduct them to the house in question, and leave them to perform her orders. What these orders were, in justice to Bartolommeo, we must record that he was far from imagining—but that it would be *exposure*, he doubted not.

He went to the place appointed, and found, as the duchess had forewarned him, three men, apparently of rank and fashion. In those days, however, men of that stamp frequently joined the various associations of lawless ruffians who preyed upon society and reaped gold from their crimes.

He conducted them, without a word, toward the church of San Ambrogio. Standing for a moment under its sacred portal, aided by the feeble light that burned before the image of the patron saint of the church, he selected a key from many others. This he caused to be made from one stolen from the cabinet of his young stepmother, and which he had already used to open the house in the Via de Pilastri.

The men followed him in, and proceeded to an inner apartment, of which the door stood ajar. By this door they took up their station, watching and listening. Sounds of laughter, mingled with song, greeted their ears. Two or three women and as many men, sat around a table on which were wines and refreshments. Gaiety ruled the hour. Caterina alone did not join it. There was a shadow over her beautiful face, and her large lustrous eyes seemed to shine only through unshed tears. Already, perhaps, she sickened over the thought that she might be betrayed to her husband. Or, it may be, that penitence had already begun, and the sad, upward look of those eyes might be asking the pity and forgiveness due to her errors.

Canacci had liked to see his young wife richly dressed, and had loaded her with jewels and trinkets of the most costly nature. But this evening she was indebted to none of these. She wore a plain gray dress, without a single ornament. The long tresses were gathered in a style of the severest simplicity at the back of her head, and the arms and neck were scrupulously covered. Still she was never more perfectly lovely, now that her beauty was not dependent on flower or gem, or costly fabric. The pure marble of her face was not lighted up by the faintest shade of crimson, but her lips had not yielded their rich color to the sadness that was evidently growing upon her. But the paleness, the sadness—were they not prophetic?

How felt the hard, cold, cruel Veronica on this eventful evening? "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." How eagerly she waited for her coadjutor, Bartolommeo Canacci, himself as cold, as hard and cruel as she? She hears a step, and in a moment, breathless and trembling with his first great crime, he appears before her with a wooden box, the seams of which have been closed with some resinous substance.

"Where are the men?" she asked, hastily.

"Safe out of harm's way," returned Bartolommeo. "I gave them their reward, and I come now to claim mine. Did you not promise a caress from those lips, if I did your bidding."

She leaned towards him, and pressed her large, full lips to his. He received it—the kiss of a duchess—not because he loved *her*, or even that he sought to return it. His cold, dispassionate self-love only suggested that it would answer his purpose sometime to boast of having been kissed by the Duchess of San Guiliano. It was the first and last kiss that Bartolommeo Canacci ever received from woman.

The morning of the first of January rose bright and clear over Florence. It was the morning of the Sabbath, and the first of a new year. Christmas wreaths hung in all the dwellings, Christmas offerings lay on every table, mingled with those of the dawning year.

The Duke of San Guiliano opened his eyes that morning in terror and affright from a painful and agonizing dream. The sun shone warm and bright into his apartment, but he did not heed it for some moments. His whole soul was absorbed in the frightful visions of the night. From another apartment he heard the voice of his wife. Latterly he had hated its very sound. It seemed to him now that it was that of some condemned spirit, so fiendish and shrill it had become.

He rose to get rid of the sound by opening the windows and leaning far out. The fresh morning air soothed and tranquillized him. His thoughts reverted to Caterina Canacci, and he felt a momentary pang of remorse that he had ever sought to lead that beautiful and innocent being into guilt. He felt condemned and miserable that he had brought her to the possibility of shame or disgrace. Momentary, because when far above all pleasant sounds of morning, the voice of his household fiend rose, shrill and tempestuous on his ear, and he felt that, compared with *her*, Caterina, fallen as she was, was an angel of light.

He closed the window impatiently, and prepared to dress. It was the custom then, to send up the clean linen in a basin or basket covered with silk, and the one which he used for that purpose—a large one—stood on the dressing table. He opened it, and saw that it contained a wooden box. In the lock was a small key, which he turned.

O, what a pitiful sight met his distracted gaze! Worse even than his last night's hideous dream, for there, from that casket, the eyes of Caterina were upturned to his face, though the lustre had forever departed! Two hours after, the duke's attendant, who had been awaiting the sound of his bell, ventured to enter his room.

He found him in the delirium of fever, with the beautiful head lying beside him on the pillow, and his fingers twining among the long dark locks that swept from the bed to the floor. A long illness followed, from which he recovered to find that the duchess had fled from the terrible vengeance threatened by the populace, more than from any terror of the law, which would probably have not been enforced against one of her rank, such was the impunity with which the nobles at that period could commit the greatest crimes.

Bartolommeo Canacci was not of noble birth, and therefore suffered the punishment, by death, of his crime. He was condemned to lose his head. The duke never saw his wife again, nor were the three *sgherri*, who murdered the beautiful Caterina, ever again seen in Florence. The house in the Via de Pilastri is said to be standing at the present day, although more than two hundred years have elapsed—one of the monuments of the reign of the Medici.

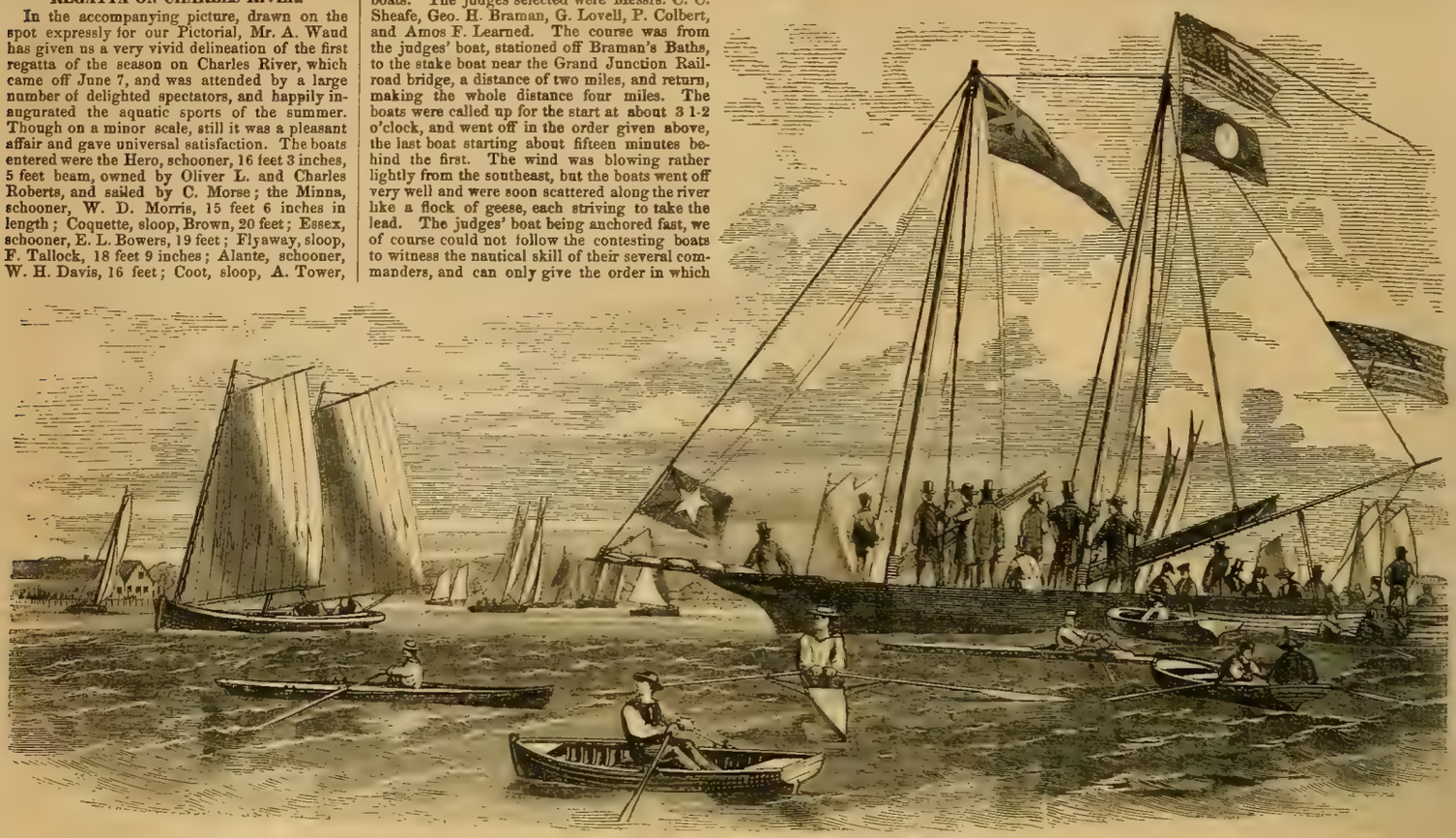
THE SEAT OF THE TASTE.

The Chinique Europaenne contains an account of certain experiments made by MM. Klaatsch and Stich, to ascertain the real seat of those senses of taste, which is generally and erroneously supposed to exist on the whole surface of the tongue. It appears, on the contrary, from these experiments, that the only portion of that organ which is sensible to taste is a narrow space all round. The breadth of this sensible zone varies in different subjects—in some it is not more than two lines, in others double that breadth, and it rarely extends to the interior surface. In the experiments alluded to, a substance having a strong taste was first placed on the centre of the tongue, where it produced no effect; it was then gradually spread out until the perception of taste was announced, this occurring generally on the border, but in some individuals beginning at the distance of a line from it. The *velum pendulum* of the palate is also sensible to taste, but the pharynx and tonsils are deprived of the gustative faculty. This is proved by the fact that if they be touched with stick caustic, the patient experiences no taste, provided he keep his tongue and the *velum pendulum* away from the spot.

Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.—*Dryden.*

REGATTA ON CHARLES RIVER.

In the accompanying picture, drawn on the spot expressly for our Pictorial, Mr. A. Waud has given us a very vivid delineation of the first regatta of the season on Charles River, which came off June 7, and was attended by a large number of delighted spectators, and happily inaugurated the aquatic sports of the summer. Though on a minor scale, still it was a pleasant affair and gave universal satisfaction. The boats entered were the Hero, schooner, 16 feet 3 inches, 5 feet beam, owned by Oliver L. and Charles Roberts, and sailed by C. Morse; the Minna, schooner, W. D. Morris, 15 feet 6 inches in length; Coquette, sloop, Brown, 20 feet; Essex, schooner, E. L. Bowers, 19 feet; Flyaway, sloop, F. Tallock, 18 feet 9 inches; Alante, schooner, W. H. Davis, 16 feet; Coot, sloop, A. Tower, 14 feet 8 inches; Plover, schooner, C. W. Lovett, Jr., 14 feet 6 inches; Ysabel, sloop, W. S. Hooper, 14 feet; Trotter, sloop, D. James, 12 feet; Nellie, schooner, 21 feet; Spray, schooner, 13 feet 9 inches; Maria, schooner, G. Leveson, 21 feet 8 inches; Julia, sloop, Geo. B. Cushing, 21 feet; Mystery, sloop, Everett, 13 feet 10 inches; New York, sloop, J. D. Braman, 15 feet 11 inches. The reporter of the Boston Herald says: By the rules of the regatta one minute per foot was allowed in the measurement of the boats. The judges selected were Messrs. C. C. Sheafe, Geo. H. Braman, G. Lovell, P. Colbert, and Amos F. Learned. The course was from the judges' boat, stationed off Braman's Baths, to the stake boat near the Grand Junction Railroad bridge, a distance of two miles, and return, making the whole distance four miles. The boats were called up for the start at about 3 1-2 o'clock, and went off in the order given above, the last boat starting about fifteen minutes behind the first. The wind was blowing rather lightly from the southeast, but the boats went off very well and were soon scattered along the river like a flock of geese, each striving to take the lead. The judges' boat being anchored fast, we of course could not follow the contesting boats to witness the nautical skill of their several commanders, and can only give the order in which they rounded the stake boat, as follows: Trotter, Spray, Isabel, Mystery, Coot, Plover, Minna, Alante, Hero, Nellie, Coquette, Flyaway, Essex, Julia, Maria, New York. The breeze slackened a little when the boats had turned the stake-boat, and the larger ones stood off to the north, making a long tack to Cambridge bridge, while some of the smaller ones hugged to the south, keeping close to the Mill Dam, until they had passed the Heustis House, when they made short tacks, keeping the channel, then running in their favor, as much as possible. They came home in the following order and time, deducting the allowance made for the difference in length of boats: Hero, 54 minutes 59 1-2 seconds; Minna, 58 min. 12 sec.; Coquette, 58 min. 56 sec: Essex, 1 hour 45 sec.; Flyaway, 1 hour 1 min. 13 1-2 sec; Alante, 1 hour 1 min. 46 sec.; Coot, 1 hour 4 min. 55 sec.; Plover, 1 hour 5 min. 5 sec.; Ysabel, 1 hour 5 min. 14 sec.; Trotter, 1 hour 7 min. 54 sec.; Nellie, 1 hour 8 min. 22 sec; Spray, 1 hour 12 min. 52 1-2 sec.; Maria, 1 hour 11 min. 13 sec.; Julia, 1 hour 13 min. 30 sec.; Mystery, 1 hour 15 min. 50 sec.; New York, 1 hour, 56 min. 16 1-2 sec. The three first named boats won the prizes, each one-third of the whole amount of entrance fees, and their success was greeted with loud cheering. There were, as usual, several other boats that would have won the prizes if the wind had been lighter or stronger, or from a different quarter, or if they had taken different courses, or fifty more reasons which might be suggested; but we can simply



THE LATE REGATTA ON CHARLES RIVER, BOSTON.

CAMBRIDGE CATTLE MARKET.

CUIRASSIERS OF THE GUARD.

say that they didn't win. On the return of the last boat the judges announced the names of the winners, and distributed the prizes, which were gracefully received in silence by the nautical champions." We proceed to point out the different craft represented in our illustration. The yacht dressed with flags is the judges' boat, the schooner Nettle. Astern of it, among other boats, is the police boat. The two wherries seen in front are owned by two of the best scullers in Boston, Messrs. R. Clarke and A. Whitman. The long boat with outriggers on the left is the Nick Bottom of the Union Club. The Hero, the winner in the regatta, is represented as having just passed the judges' boat, and the Minna, which won the second prize, is beating up towards the goal, and is seen just over and abaft the mainmast of the Nettle. On the extreme left is seen the sloop Coquette, which made the next best time, while the Plover, Alante, Trotter and Ysabel (a Bermuda-rigged sloop) are all recognizable, coming up, closely followed by the Essex, Flyaway, Coot, Spray, Nellie, Mystery, etc.

THE CATTLE PENS AT NORTH CAMBRIDGE.

In the second picture on the preceding page, our artist, Mr. Homer, gives a very vivid appearance of the cattle-pens at North Cambridge, on the Fitchburg Railroad, about four miles from Boston. Porter's far-famed hotel is seen in the centre of the middle distance with its extensive stables, the cattle pens being in the rear of it. There are extensive pasturage grounds in the vicinity. The fair for the sale of these dumb victims to human voracity takes place every Wednesday, that at Brighton on the following day. Cattle from a great distance in the interior come down on the long trains, and thus reach the market in far better condition than in the old times, when they were driven on foot. Still, closely packed as they necessarily are in the cars, their wildness on being liberated gives rise to such amusing scenes as those delineated in the left hand corner of the picture, which shows the peculiar way drovers have of handling restive calves. The cattle in the pens seem to have a prophetic vision of the fate reserved for them, and the bellowing of cows and oxen, blended with the bleating of sheep and the grunting of pigs, makes up a concert which would drive an Italian musician mad. Interesting specimens of humanity are also to be seen at these fairs, and altogether they are well worth visiting by mere lookers-on.

SKETCHES OF FRENCH TROOPS.

The universal interest felt in the operations of the French allies of Sardinia in northern Italy and Lombardo-Venetia, has induced us to present the accompanying authentic sketches representing some important bodies of the French army. The first of these shows the cuirassiers of the guard executing a charge, the colonel directing their movements, and the trumpeter sounding the appropriate call. The cuirassiers are all picked men, and have steel body armor and helmets with crests and flowing horsetail plumes, buckskin breeches and long boots. They are mounted on horses up to their weight, bred with particular care from the best stock in Europe. The charge of a column of such horse is terrific and must sweep away light cavalry like chaff, or infantry incapable of a steady formation. An idea is prevalent that the French cavalry is inferior to the same arm of other services, but those who have encountered them on the field of battle tell a different story.—The second engraving shows a group of the famous Zouaves, a corps first formed in the African possessions of France and first engaged with the Arabs. It shows the full uniform of the private, the sentinel with his hooded great coat, the officer and the trumpeter. The costume is oriental, the colors, however, being national, dark blue for the jacket, and madder red for the pantaloons. The Zouaves are a reckless set of fellows, agile as cats, and brave as steel. Their favorite weapon is the bayonet, though they are excellent marksmen. Some of the Zouaves have been in training for years, having fought continuously in the Crimea and in Africa. In the present war, they have increased their reputation. In the battles of Montebello and Palestro they hurled destruction through the Austrian ranks, and in the latter affair won the enthusiastic praises of the king of Sardinia, who accompanied them into the hottest of the fire. Our third sketch represents the grenadiers of the guard in marching order, in full uniform, with their heavy caps and serviceable dress. The sentinel is clad in the winter costume of their favorite troops. The men are all selected for their height, and their drill is perfection itself. To a military man nothing can be more striking than a regiment of guards upon the march.

ZOUAVES OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

GRENADIERS OF THE GUARD.

THE ART OF NOT HEARING.

The art of not hearing should be taught in every well regulated family. It is full as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many which we ought not to hear, very many which if heard will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to their pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If, in my quiet voyage of life, I find myself caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears, as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these fiery sparks may do in the magazine below where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door. Does a gadding mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any farther. Does the collector of scandal ask my ear as a warehouse, it instinctively shuts up. Some people seem anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken ill of them, they set about searching the matter, and finding out. If all the petty things said of one, by heedless or ill-natured idlers, were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying upon my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring in upon me all the tattle of careless or stupid people If you would be happy, when among good men open your ears; when among bad, shut them. And as the throat has a muscular arrangement, by which it takes care of the air-passages of its own accord, so the ears should be trained to an automatic dullness of hearing! It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whom you have rejected from your door; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business, or your dress.

This art of not hearing, though untaught in the schools, is by no means unknown or unpractised in society. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or a vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation. There are two doors inside my ears, a right-hand door leading to the heart, and a left-hand door, with a broad and steep passage out into the open air. This last door receives all ugliness, profanity, vulgarity, mischief-making, which suddenly find themselves outside of me. Judicious teachers and indulgent parents save young urchins a world of trouble by a convenient deafness. Bankers and brokers often are extremely hard of hearing, when unsafe borrowers are importunate. I never hear a man who runs after me in the street bawling my name at the top of his voice; nor them that talk evil of those who are absent; nor those who give me unasked advice about my own affairs; nor those who talk largely about things of which they are entirely ignorant. If there are sounds of kindness, of mirth, or of love, open fly my ears! But temper, or harshness, or hatred, or vulgarity, or flattery, shut them. If you keep your garden gate shut, your flowers and fruit will be safe. If you keep your door closed, no thief will run off with your silver; and if you keep your ears shut, your heart will lose neither its flowers nor its treasures.—*Cassell's Family Paper.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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☞ One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, $3 50 per annum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CHARLES DE MOOR," Cincinnati.—If you are a *very* young man, "Young Norval," otherwise "Claude Melnotte." Either of these characters is effective in good hands.

M. R.—Deliberate well before deciding. Remember that "Resolutions taken without thought bring disasters without remedy."

L. M. R., Gloucester, Mass.—The epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is.—Si quæris monumentum, circumspice!—If you seek his monument, look around!

"QUILP."—The total number of paupers in Great Britain in 1857 was 1,057,133.

SERGEANT S.—We believe the military men in England prefer the "Enfield" to the "Minie" rifle.

R. S., Savannah, Ga.—The beautiful optical combination called dissolving views is made by means of two magic lanterns; in one of which is the summer representation, and in the other the winter representation of the same landscape, when the one is made to pass into the other with a beauty and effect which it is impossible to describe. The same effect might be produced, though less perfectly, by mirrors; so that the ancients might have effected any metamorphosis they chose by such an apparatus; they might have thus summoned the dead man from his grave, or given to the pallid corpse both life and motion.

C. C.—The printer's epitaph you refer to is as follows: "Here rest the remains of L. Gedge, printer. Like a worn-out character, he has returned to the Founder, hoping that he will be re-cast in a better and more perfect mould."

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, Concord, Mass.—Sir John Herschel says that thunder can scarcely be heard more than twenty or thirty miles from the cloud that produces it.

INQUIRER.—The name of color blindness has been given to an affection of the eye, which renders it insensible to certain colors, whether they arise from the decomposition of the solar rays, or from artificial pigments, or from the action of natural bodies upon light.

PUPIL.—1 Dr. Wollaston has inferred, from observations made by him, that the direct light of the sun is about one million times more intense than that of the full moon, and therefore very many million times greater than that of all the fixed stars taken collectively. 2. The circumference of the globe is 25,020 miles.

JOHN BANVARD, THE ARTIST.

We know no more thorough going type of the best class of our countrymen, than the justly celebrated man whose name heads this article. Though young in years, he has yet achieved a reputation such as might well crown a life-time. Some years since, as our readers are well aware, he conceived the bold idea of painting a view of the Mississippi River on a gigantic scale, which would require canvass by the mile for his field of operations. A tyro in art, but an ardent lover of Nature, he felt confident that in taking her, and her alone for a teacher, he should, at the expiration of the period requisite for making his sketches, acquire skill enough to represent accurately the noble subject he had undertaken to delineate. For long weary months he floated in his frail and solitary skiff on the bosom of the "Father of Waters," faithfully copying the various scenes presented to his eye, the cities and towns, the bluffs, the forests, the huge rafts, the palatial steamboats, the plantations, the great city set like a crown on the shores of the mighty stream, as it sweeps in its imperial course to the gulf. The making of these sketches was a Herculean task, but a greater lay before him; their transfer to canvass on a large scale in distemper color. A feebler spirit would even then have shrunk from the task, but Banvard bent all his energies to it, determined to succeed. And acre after acre of canvass—we are speaking literally—rolled from beneath his hand on the huge cylinders, covered with glowing landscapes and animated with figures and shipping. His task completed, he submitted his picture to those best acquainted with the river and its varied scenery, and obtained unhesitating endorsements of his fidelity.

We well remember the enthusiasm his exhibition of that panorama excited in Boston when it was first unrolled—how week after week, and month after month, it attracted admiring crowds, and the eagerness to see it the last week of its exhibition, was as keen as when it was first displayed. The Rubicon had been passed. Banvard went out of Boston with a little fortune, and wherever he carried his panorama he met with the same brilliant success. But the envious and hypercritical shrugged their shoulders when they heard of his project of opening his exhibition in London. There, they said, it would be a failure. But there they were mistaken. London and other European cities ratified the verdict of the young artist's countrymen. He returned from his European tour a wealthy and honored man. But he was too adventurous and active to rest on his laurels, and we next behold him in the East, toiling through the sands of Palestine, sleeping under canvass, braving sun and storm, and gathering the materials for another gigantic panorama. Returning to this country, he completed his project, and the beautiful panorama, now on exhibition at the Music Hall in this city, is one of the fruits of his extensive journeyings in the East. It differs from his previous exhibitions, in the introduction of mechanical figures, to represent the destruction of Jerusalem, which forms a striking feature in his admirable illustrations of the Holy Land. The great charm of the different views in Palestine, is their well-authenticated accuracy. To the many thousands who will never set foot in the East, these pictures will convey a clear idea of the Holy Land, while they pleasantly revive the memories of those who have personally visited the scenes they depict.

THE OTHER SIDE.

We have had glowing pictures of military enthusiasm and military display called forth by the present European war, and it is well to look for a moment at the other side of the picture. A Paris correspondent writes: "The men on renewable furlough are now joining their corps by hundreds daily. All the men *en conge renouvelable* within a circle of sixty miles round Paris, with the exception of those that are married, are ordered to report themselves at stated days at the bureau militaire, in the Rue du Cherche Midi, to undergo a medical examination. If this were strictly carried out, the number of men available by this means would be extremely limited, but the military authorities do not recognize any marriage contracted without their permission. Now the soldier on renewable furlough, after having served three or four years out of the seven which he is condemned to devote to the service of his country, generally consults his convenience and dispenses with the permission which he cannot obtain. The consequence is that the great majority are married, and have young families depending upon them for support. The evident distress depicted on their faces is a mute protest against the folly and wickedness of war. The street before the bureau militaire is thronged by multitudes of these unrecognized wives, who have, in not a few instances, walked many a weary mile to learn their fate at once. It is heart-rending to watch these pale, anxious faces awaiting the fiat of the medical board. The chance of exemption is but small, the men being generally in splendid health, and when they come out and tell the dreadful news—*il faut partier de suite*—the scene is agonizing in the extreme. The parting generally takes place then and there. The muster-roll is called over, the women are forcibly thrust aside, while their husbands are formed into squads and marched off to the Intendance Militaire in the Rue du Verneuill; there they receive their uniform, their knapsack, and, in short, every part of their equipment, except their musket and side-arms. Up to the last few days, a drunken soldier was as rare a phenomenon in the streets of Paris as a beggar in rags. A great many conscripts, also, passed through on their way to their corps—boys with tears in their eyes, mostly thinking of home, but endeavoring to look smart and soldierlike, and trying to get up a faint show of enthusiasm."

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Clarence B. Underwood, relating to Microscopes, in our advertising columns. We assure them that the subject is one worthy of their consideration, being not only vastly amusing and entertaining to old and young, but also highly instructive.

A PRESENT FROM RUSSIA.—The emperor of Russia has presented to Mrs. Hudson a diamond brooch valued at $5000, in acknowledgement of the courtesies extended by Capt. Hudson when in command of the Niagara to some Russian officers, while he was engaged in laying the Atlantic cable.

FRENCH PRIZES.—The French squadron in the Adriatic have captured thirty-five Austrian vessels, the estimated value of which is four million francs.

SWISS MINISTER.—Mr. Fay, our minister to Switzerland, will soon be recalled. He has not been within the United States for thirty years.

VIVAN LOS TOROS!—New York is getting quite Castilian. They had a bull-fight there the other day.

THE DRAMA IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The drama, as well as the fine arts, suffered with the monarch Charles I. Actors were often called "proud, parroting players; supervious ruffians; asses clothed in lions' skins; dolts, who imagine themselves somebody, and walk in as great state as Cæsar." The anecdote is sufficiently well known of the actor who surrendered himself in battle to one of the "saints," whereupon the saint exclaimed, "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently!" and then shot his prisoner because he was an actor. Many actors who had lived in the sunshine of a court, amidst taste and criticism, perished in the field from affection for their royal master; some sought humble occupations; and not a few, who by habits long indulged, had hands too delicate to work, attempted often to entertain secret audiences, and were in consequence often dragged to prison. At this period, though deprived of a theatre, the taste for the drama was perhaps the more lively among its lovers; for, besides the performances already noticed—sometimes connived at, and sometimes protected by bribery—in Oliver Cromwell's time, a practice of privately acting at noblemen's houses, particularly at Holland House, Kensington, was stealthily introduced; and Alexander Goffe, the woman-actor, was the jackal to give notice of time and place to the lovers of the drama. The players, urged by their necessities, published several manuscript plays, which they had hoarded in their dramatic exchequers, as the sole property of their respective companions. In one year appeared fifty of these new plays. Of these dramas many have, no doubt, perished; for, though numerous titles are recorded, the plays themselves are not known; nevertheless, some still remain, in their manuscript state, in hands not capable of valuing them. All our old plays were the property of the actors, who bought them for their own companies. The immortal works of Shakspeare would not have descended to us had Hemmings and Condell felt no sympathy for the fame of their friend. But for them they would have been scattered and lost, and perhaps never have been discriminated among the numerous manuscript plays of the age. Actors sold manuscript plays to relieve their necessities.

MONTEBELLO.

The London Times makes the following remarks on the late battle of Montebello: "On the whole, however, this must be considered a fair account of the battle. The Austrians confess to a loss of 294 killed, 718 wounded, and 283 missing—in all close on 1300, of whom 200 are prisoners. The French state their loss at about 700, an estimate not so unreasonably low as to excite suspicion, and which we may accept as fairly accurate. The result of the battle is honorable to the French, and it will be for the Austrians to show, if they can, in future engagements, that the success of their enemies was due, not to superior military qualities, but only to the uncertain fortune of war."

METHODIST CAMP MEETING.—The annual camp meeting of the Methodists of this vicinity will be held this year in Hamilton, in Essex county, instead of at Eastham, as heretofore. A committee have bought ten acres of land, including a pine grove, about one mile from the depot, for the sum of $600, and have leased ten acres more, for ten or twenty years, as they may desire. The Eastern Railroad Company offer liberal terms for transportation.

EDUCATION.—There are four million scholars and one hundred and fifty thousand teachers in the public schools of this country. There is one scholar for every five free persons. In Great Britain there is one scholar to every eight persons, in France one to every ten persons.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.—*Ballou's Dollar Monthly* has just commenced a new volume with July. It is the cheapest publication in the world. Enclose *one dollar* and receive it by return of mail, and for a whole year.

VENTILATING HATS.—The true ventilating hat, in addition to the small opening in the crown, must have perforations at or near the band, in order to insure a circulation of the air.

REGATTA.—It is expected that the annual August regatta of the New York Yacht Club will take place at New Bedford.

KOSSUTH.

In a late number of our paper we asked, where is Kossuth? The question has been answered; for, as nearly as we can calculate, at the precise hour in which we penned that paragraph, the great Magyar was addressing himself to thousands of eager listeners. He has now gone to the point of contest, where he hopes to be of service to his down-trodden country; and well may the black-hearted Austrian leaders dread the deep moving influence of this eloquent man. His speech is calculated to throw a vast weight into the scale of the present contest. Passing in review the circumstances under which this address was made, it seems to be one of the most remarkable efforts of his eventful life. It will have much effect in determining the course of English public opinion upon the question of intervention against the French Emperor. It will hedge round with difficulties the Austrian policy of the British Ministry. It will sound through some of the oppressed nationalities of Europe like a trumpet call to action. The ears of Francis Joseph never greeted more unwelcome notes than these of Kossuth! How the eloquent Hungarian arraigns the assassins of his country's independence! How treacherously impolitic, in his forcible reasoning, is the leaning of the English Government towards the House of Hapsburg. He speaks, like one of the prophets of old, in remarking upon this great European war, which will terminate, as he trusts, in the elevation of down-trodden Hungary.

THE AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS.

There is no army in the world which so many minute and elaborate instructions are laid down for the guidance and governance of the private soldier, as the Austrian. The soldier is to be faithful to God and to his sovereign. The language in which he addresses a superior, from the corporal upwards, is prescribed for him. He is to use the word *Herr* to the corporal, and the third person plural to cadets and officers. He is to salute sentinels, and if he be carrying anything in the one hand, he must salute with the other; and, if both hands be occupied, must stand still and face outwards while an officer is passing. The army regulations even provide for the washing of the private's mouth and eyes, for the combing of his hair, for the cutting of his nails, for the shaving of his beard, for the change of his linen, for his bathing under certain regulations when not heated, and also against his lying in the sun bareheaded, or suddenly quenching his thirst when in perspiration.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Our neighbors at No. 13 Winter Street, Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., have lately opened a choice and extensive *Circulating Library*, where all the new and standard books can be found. The location is so central, and the establishment so extensive and accessible, that all the south and west part of the town will be sure to resort thither for their transient reading. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. are thus supplying a convenience long needed in this section of the city.

NOW IS THE TIME.—Buy your fireworks for the Fourth of July at Holden, Cutter & Co.'s, 32 and 36 Federal Street. This house has not only the greatest variety to select from, but their terms are the *lowest*. They furnish the splendid exhibition designed for the city of Boston this year, to be displayed on our Common Independence night.

GOV. WISE'S SON.—Rev. Henry A. Wise, Jr., son of the distinguished Virginia governor, preached in Philadelphia lately, and the North American pronounces him "one of the most eloquent pulpit orators we have ever listened to."

THE GARDINER CLAIM.—The government, we understand, has recovered the long standing claim of about $200,000 against the estate of George A. Gardiner, who forged Mexican claims and swindled the government.

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.—There were more rowdyism, bribery and fraud at the late English election than at any previous one.

THE MARBLEHEAD LEDGER.—This is the title of a very handsome and well-filled sheet just started at Marblehead.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Episcopal church in New York city has fifty-six buildings, including 36,058 sittings.

COURT ETIQUETTE.

In private society there are many points of etiquette which are open to ridicule, but the higher we ascend in the social scale, the more absurd are the observances we meet with. Many of the "rules and regulations" that govern courts, are the relics of barbarous ages, and provoke a smile from lookers-on who have been nurtured in the fashions of republican simplicity. We lately met with some amusing anecdotes illustrative of our proposition. The second wife of Charles II. of Spain, one day fell off her horse while hunting, and her foot catching in the stirrup, she was in the most imminent danger of being killed. No one, however, dared venture to relieve her, it being against the law for any, save the chief of the royal pages, to touch any part of the person of the queen of Spain, and least of all her *feet*. At last two cavaliers went to her assistance, and having extricated her, at once saddled their fleetest horses and prepared to leave the country, in order to save their lives; but they were pardoned by the king, at the queen's intercession.

When Queen Victoria was on a visit to the royal family of France at Eu, the Queen of Belgium had been told that her Majesty of England took every morning at ten o'clock a glass of iced water. Accordingly, on the day after her arrival, a servant duly made his appearance at the appointed hour, bearing on a silver salver a carafe and two glasses, which he tendered to the sovereign, who declined the refreshment with a wave of the hand. The Belgian queen, seeing this, whispered to her son, who was present, to *pour out* a glass of water, and offer it to the queen; this being done, it was graciously accepted, the fact being that etiquette would not allow her majesty to pour out the water for herself when a servant was present! So, too, when the queen, Louis Philippe and the Duke of Wellington paid a visit to Eton, upon the visitors' book being presented to them, the king of the French somewhat ungallantly took up a pen and signed his name at the top of the page. Etiquette would not permit the queen to sign her name *under* any other; she therefore *turned over* the all but blank leaf, and wrote her name on the top of the next one, and then handed the pen to the duke, who, by the by, was so excited—fancy the Duke of Wellington being excited!—at the honor done to him, that he actually spelt his name "Weggington!" The queen now, as formerly, may not speak to a tradesman. She has been seen standing not a yard away from one, addressing all her inquiries to an equerry, who repeated them to the tradesman, and again repeated to her majesty all his answers.

ANCIENT BIBLE.—Mr. Pulsifer, in the office of Secretary of State, has a Bible, written upon vellum, that is in all probability about seven hundred years old. As a specimen of penmanship it is admirable—rivalling, in evenness and smoothness the finest printing. The color of the ink and of the illuminated letters has all the freshness of a work of yesterday.

A RICH VEIN.—The St. Clairsville (Ohio) Gazette says that a vein of antimony, two feet thick and almost solid, has been discovered within two miles of St. Clairsville. Antimony is one of the ingredients of type-metal—worth 40 cents a pound—and it has been supposed that it was only to be found in Germany.

NOT VERY CONCILIATING.—The elder Kean, having quarrelled with Rich, the manager of Drury Lane, became anxious to effect a reconciliation. He wrote to him in brief but expressive terms, "I am at Bath.—KEAN." The answer was equally laconic: "Stay there.—RICH."

EFFECT OF A FIRE.—The Newburyport Herald says the citizens at that place have not yet recovered from the disastrous effects of the great fire which occurred in that town 48 years ago.

THE WEST.—Emigrants from Europe are pouring into the western territories, and settling down upon the soil, which is growing daily into wide-spread farms and richly cultivated fields.

THE VINE.—The vintage in Cincinnati bids fair to be the most prolific for many seasons.

BAD, VERY BAD!—Three murders in one night last week in New York city.

ROYAL FURNITURE.

Everybody knows that a man in humble life now enjoys more comforts than a king did a few centuries ago. The following fittings of a royal mansion, during the reign of Henry VIII., show the changes which, in several respects, have been made since about three centuries have passed. A clocke, a glasse of steele, four battle-axes of wood, two quivers with arrows, a painted table, a payre of ballences, with weights, a case of tynne, with a plat in the window; a rounde mappe, a standing glasse of steele, a stande of flowers wroughte upon wyre, two payre of playing tables of bone, a payre of chessmen in a case of black leather, two birds of Araby, a gonne upon a stocke, wheeled; five paynes of glasse and woode, a tablet of our Ladie and Sainte Anne, a standing glass, imagery made of bone, three payre of hawking gloves, with two lined with velvett; three combe-cases of bone, furnished; a night-cappe of black velvett, embroidered; Samson, in alabaster; a piece of unicorn horne; little bones in cases of woode, four little coffers for jewells, a hone of ivori, a standing diall, in a case of copper; an hour glass, eight cases of trenchers, forty-four dogs' collars, of soundrye makynge; seven lyons of silk, a purse of eryman silk, embroydered gold, a round painted table, with the image of a king; a folding table of images, one payre of bedes, of jasper, garnyshed with lether; one hundred and thirty-eight hawkes' hoods, a globe of paper, a map made like a screene, two green boxes, with wrought coral in them; two boxes covered with black velvett, a rede tip'd at each end with golde, and battes for a turning bowe, a chair of joiner-work, an elle of synnamonde stick, tip'd with silver.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

We rejoice to know that the towns and villages throughout this State are almost universally establishing public libraries for the benefit of the inhabitants. Some of the associations are under private auspices, but more are town property, the means of procuring the books being furnished by a small direct tax, which yields a most valuable privilege in return. This is progress, true progress. It is very plain that no understanding person will object to be taxed for such a purpose. Suppose that some one individual in a town of four hundred voters, has regularly expended one dollar a year, for the last ten years, in the purchase of books. Himself and his family should, therefore, have access to a library that has cost ten dollars. Supposing, now, that this individual unites with his fellow-citizens, and instead of one dollar, pays fifty cents annually, into the common fund for the next ten years, for a free town library. At the expiration of that time, instead of owning a library costing ten dollars, he will have the use and benefit of as many books as two thousand dollars could purchase and keep in order.

NEW DISCOVERIES.—The English papers announce the arrival home of Captain Burton, the famous Arabian and African traveller, who has made some wonderful discoveries in the interior of Africa, and who is the only European who ever visited Mecca, the sacred city of the Mohammedans, without disguising his religious faith, and escaped with his life.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Any one residing within fifty miles of Boston, can hand his magazines, sheet music, or newspapers, to the express; tied up with the directions, and addressed to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be bound up strong and handsome, at a trifling charge, and *returned in one week*.

EXCELLENT.—A plan is now in progress to connect with Dartmouth College an agricultural department, where young men preparing to be farmers can get a scientific education, fitting them not only to be accomplished agriculturists, but wise legislators.

THE DICKENS!—Mr. Charles Dickens, after his late domestic and public troubles, is coming out of the little end of the horn. He has presumed upon the English public until they have fully tired of him.

FOUR CENTS EVERYWHERE.—The best American story ever written by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., is now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for FOUR CENTS.

Wayside Gatherings.

Two gentlemen recently caught, in the vicinity of Bethel, Me., 161 trout in six hours.

The number of coffins taken up and burned, in the New York Potters Field, is 27,000.

A knitting factory is about to be started at Oswego.

A perfectly formed dog, with six legs, was recently born in Baltimore.

The editor of the Pittsburgh Chronicle has eaten a strawberry six inches in circumference, and weighing 18 pennyweights.

A gentleman who has just returned from Utah states that the Mormons are in an excited and turbulent condition.

Mrs. John Wood, it is said, has been secured for the stock company of Messrs. Stuart and Bourcicault's new theatre.

Charles W. Allen, of New Haven, has in his possession a coin taken from the ruins of Nineveh, which cannot be less than from 2300 to 2500 years old.

It is related as one exploit of the recent tornado in Illinois, that a two-horse wagon, with the horses hitched to it, was blown a distance of nearly a mile, and the horses not killed!

The West Point Cadets have written a neat letter to Miss Cunningham, enclosing $458, their subscription to the Mount Vernon Fund—two dollars from each cadet.

Piccolomini's engagement, it is said, will yield a profit in the United States of $30,000, the largest portion of which, it is said, goes to Lumley, the manager.

Five Germans ventured out on a pond at Dayton, Ohio, a few days since, in a rickety old boat, and when about sixty rods from shore, the bottom gave out, and they were all drowned.

One of the largest castings ever made in the United States was made for a new sloop-of-war now building at the Kittery yard. It was a steam condenser, and nineteen tons of metal were used in the casting.

The cost of the Utah army up to the end of the second quarter, was over $5,000,000, and add to this the estimate for the fiscal year ending June 1, and the expense of that army for one year will range between seven and nine millions.

A young man at Niagara having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the water beneath him, and then went—home! His body was found next morning in bed!

The Association of Banks of Boston, have offered a reward of $500 for each person convicted and sentenced for making any of the counterfeit $100 bills on the Brighton Market Bank, and $60 for each person convicted and sentenced for passing the same.

The Oshkosh Democrat comes down rather severely upon the Bank of Oshkosh, for what it terms their penurious policy. The bank was burnt out, and they are nailing up a sort of shanty, which was contracted to be built with all the counters and conveniences necessary, for $180.

In South America extensive explorations are in progress. Dr. Plassard, a Frenchman, has undertaken an excursion into the interior of Venezuelan Guyana; a new expedition will soon leave Rio Janeiro for the interior of Brazil—a region almost wholly unknown, and in the possession of wild Indian tribes.

Mr. Molyneaux, of Bordentown, N. J., is shipping to Cuba, the machinery of a large "mud-digger," or dredging machine, to be employed in clearing out the harbor of Havana. This is said to be the largest machine ever built at Bordentown, the wheel being sixty feet in diameter.

A jury of St. Louis, before whom a case of breach of promise of marriage has been tried, have rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed the damages at $100,000, the full amount claimed. The defendant, who is said to be very wealthy, is 60 years of age. The plaintiff numbers only 30 winters.

The Norwich Courier gives an account of a man who tried to drown a little dog by tying a stone to his neck and throwing him into the river, but a big dog, said to be a relative, plunged into the water and pulled the little dog out. The experiment was repeated the third time and given up.

A rascal in Cincinnati a short time since shipped for New Orleans what purported to be cigars, on which he procured an insurance of $6000. On the down trip he endeavored to fire the boat, but failed, and it was then ascertained that his cigar boxes contained nothing but chips and shavings.

The largest and oldest apple-tree in Essex County was lately blown down in a gale of wind. It stood on the land of Moses Pickard in Rowley. It measured over sixteen feet around its trunk some three feet from the ground, and was sixty feet from one extreme of its branches to the other. It was supposed to be from two to three hundred years old.

The Arctic expedition proposed by Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, Dr. Kane's surgeon, has been very favorably regarded by scientific men and learned societies in the United States, and the doctor is in correspondence with prominent persons abroad who are interested in Arctic matters. Great interest is felt in the movements of Captain McClintock's party, now in the Arctic regions in search of some memorials of Sir John Franklin.

Sands of Gold.

.... The creation of beauty is art.—*Emerson.*

.... Genius finds its own road and carries its own lamp.—*R. A. Willmott.*

.... I look on Shakspeare as an intellectual miracle.—*Chalmers.*

... Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—*Goethe.*

.... Mortal things fade; immortal things spring more freshly with every step to the tomb. —*Bulwer Lytton.*

.... Covetous men need money least, yet most affect it; and prodigals, who need it most, do least regard it.—*Parker.*

.... Some men are as covetous as if they were to live for ever; and others as profuse as if they were to die the next moment.—*Barton.*

.... Dearly I love a friend; yet a foe I may turn to my profit; friends show me that which I can; foes teach me that which I should. —*Schiller.*

.... A rib of Shakspeare would have sufficed to produce a Milton, and a rib of Milton *all* the poets that have succeeded him.—*Walter Savage Landor.*

.... Moore, in his love of the society of the great—Beranger, in his aversion to it—only show, in inverted forms, the same *over* value for external and accidental advantages.—*Lady Morgan's Diary.*

.... There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt. —*Newton.*

.... Birds have often seemed to me like the messengers from earth to heaven—charged with the homage and gratitude of nature, and gifted with the most eloquent of created voices to fulfil the mission.—*Bulwer.*

.... Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his footstep with the violet and the rose, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child.—*Emerson.*

.... The growth of grace is like the polishing of metals. There is first an opaque surface; by-and-by you see a spark darting out; then a strong light; till at length it sends back a perfect image of the sun that shines upon it. —*Payson.*

.... What Anacharsis said of the vine, may aptly enough be said of prosperity. She bears the three grapes of drunkenness, pleasure, and sorrow; and happy is it if the last can cure the mischief which the former work. When afflictions fail to have their due effect, the case is desperate.—*Bolingbroke.*

Joker's Budget.

Inscription for a gambler's purse—*E Pluribus Unum*—won from many.

If oranges can be purchased for twenty cents a *piece*, how much would a whole one cost?

The man who was always splitting with laughter, has been recommended to try an axe.

"Noe cervis" was posted by the sexton on one of the Utica church doors recently during the absence of the pastor.

"Honesty is the best policy, but it keeps a man shocking poor," said Griggs, as he wetted the sugar, without mixing it with sand.

There is a man in Indiana so thin that when the sheriff is after him he crawls into his rifle and watches his adversary through the touch-hole.

Pretty nearly all men are benevolent when it don't cost them much. Tom Jones never sees poor John Smith suffer but he thinks Sam Rogers ought to help him.

In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London, is this announcement:—"Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said that he had *fallen* in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said the suitor; "it's more like climbing up to it!"

Malesherbes resisted the pressing solicitations of Louis XVI. that he should retain his seat in the ministry. "Ah, happy man that you are!" exclaimed the king, "*I* cannot quit my situation!"

A Massachusetts damsel is said to have been so much wearied with love's delay, while yawning during a Sabbath evening's courtship, she set her jaws, and was with difficulty brought into a smiling state by surgical assistance!

A man by the name of Death has been bound over to keep the peace at Lowell, Mass. The good people of Lowell must be a stormy race, indeed, when Death himself cannot quiet them, but they must quiet Death!

Mr. Bentley has been indicted in Alabama for severely wounding a stranger with an axe, alleging as a reason that "he didn't know but the stranger was a robber. He didn't know, and so he axed him."

Two men, strangers to each other, got into a dispute upon the highway. "I will let you know, sir, that I am Mr. Hodge!" exclaimed one of them threateningly. "O, well, I am equal to several of you," said the other; "I am Mr. *Hodges*."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY E. CARSON HAMILTON.

Deep hidden in the caves of earth,
With dross encrusted o'er,
Are found those gems of precious worth
Which lords of earth adore;
But though the crust the gem may hide,
The test at length we see applied,
And lo! the gem in glittering pride!
Which dross shall dim no more.

Deep hidden in the human heart,
Beneath the dross of sin,
There lies a gem which earthly art
Nor avarice can win;
But when the waves of trouble roll
In darkness o'er the sinking soul,
Its beauteous gleam we then behold,
And feel its worth within.

True friendship: may this jewel rare
Be treasured in thy breast;
And may its glorious lustre there
To others be expressed;
That, when shall cease thy life of love,
Thy spirit like some beauteous dove,
May soar to friendship's bliss above,
In mansions of the blest.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOW THE WIDOW WAS MANAGED.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

Why widow Tolham stood looking sternly at Harry Bartwell, and why, in turn, Harry Bartwell stood, hat in hand, glancing alternately into the invulnerable face of the widow and the blushing one of her pretty daughter, Betty, on the morning upon which our little story opens (one of the brightest, sunniest mornings that ever gladdened the world), is just what I am going to tell you. To begin with, widow Tolham was one of the thriftiest, smartest, briskest, most penurious women that the goodly town of Cranston knew; and I may add, with truth, the most inquisitive woman that ever lived in the whole world. Report had it, that she was so curious when her husband died, as to his thoughts of the world he was leaving, and the glimpses of the brighter one to which he was tending, that she had to be carried out of the room before he could find a chance to drop off easily and quietly. But that is nothing to you or me, whether it be true or no. That the good man died, however, and left to his wife as fine a farm as Cranston could boast, is an indisputable fact, and that the widow improved upon her goodly portion, waxing stronger every year in worldly goods and stocks, no one could deny who saw her and her daughter dressed out of a Sabbath day for the village church, or who had the good fortune to walk occasionally over her wide farm, or sit at her rarely loaded table. To say that the widow prided herself upon her good management, her increasing wealth, and her pretty daughter, would not be diverging the slightest particle from the truth. They were her boast, as well as her pride.

But at the particular time of which I write, the peace of the widow's mind bid fair to be broken, as well as some of her brightest dreams and best-matured plans. The truth was, that Betty Tolham, bright-eyed, buxom Betty, had dared to look with a favoring eye upon Mr. Harry Bartwell, a young man of a good heart, of good hopes, but of no property, which, taking the latter into consideration, was, as the widow interpreted it, just no man at all. Here, of course, was a wide break between the widow and her daughter, Betty avowing stoutly several dozen times a day, that she didn't care a fig for money, and her mother answering every time, with an emphasis that was decidedly unpleasant (as Betty's hearing was not in the slightest degree impaired), that no daughter of *hers* should marry a poor, moneyless adventurer, and no daughter of *hers* should throw herself away upon a man poorer than Job's turkey; and if a certain young man whom she might name, if she cared to, should, after knowing her mind so perfectly upon that one subject, dare to step his foot over her threshold, he would be treated accordingly.

But in spite of the widow's threats, Harry Bartwell ventured one morning over the forbidden threshold; not, however, let me assure the reader, until he had seen the widow making her way across the fields in the direction of a neighbor's house. Once in the presence of the merry, laughing Betty, he lost all caution, and forgot that time was flying rapidly away, and that the happy interview was a stolen one. It was so pleasant to be sitting near Betty and listening to her happy voice, and to watch the light that came and went in her brown eyes, and the smiles that danced like sunshine over her fair face; to see in every motion, every curve of her red mouth, every glance of her eyes, and every blush that trembled over her pretty features, that she loved him, was such a sweet happiness to Harry, that the stern decree of the penurious widow, and even the widow herself, were as far as possible from his mind.

So the time slipped away, and before the young couple had awakened from the charm of each other's presence, the stout widow's shadow fell upon the snowy floor of the porch, and in a moment she stood before them, looking sternly upon the flushed face of Harry, and eyeing askance the rosy blushes that confused her daughter's. It seemed an interminable length of time that she stood there without speaking, a great angry cloud settling down upon her features. At last she said, drawing her green berege sun-bonnet from her head as she spoke, and jerking angrily at the strings, "Betty Tolham, what am I to understand by this?"

"Mother!" said Betty, in a deprecating tone.

"Mrs. Tolham!" commenced Harry, looking boldly into the widow's stern face.

"Well?" How like a big immovable rock she seemed and looked as she gave utterance to that one word. "Well, sir?" she said again, seeing that Harry hesitated.

"Mrs. Tolham, I love your daughter, Betty, and she has acknowledged that she loves me; that is all," he added, gaining courage as he spoke.

"Nonsense—stuff!" said the widow. "Betty Tolham don't know her own mind, nor will she for five years to come. You can go, sir." My daughter's hand is already promised to Warren Hastings. I presume you have heard of the gentleman. His settlement in life amply justifies him in looking about for a wife. You can go, I say."

"Mother!" Betty Tolham's face was as crimson as the morning-glory that she had drawn from its companions at the window, picking it mercilessly to pieces with her dainty fingers. "Mother, I never, *never*, *never* will marry Warren Hastings, so long as I live; no, not if I grow to be the veriest old maid in all Christendom—so there it is!"

"Tut, tut, tut; we'll see about that, my dear. (If you please, you needn't ruin the morning-glory vines!) You'll come to your senses before a great while. (Betty, don't you tear off another crimson flower; I want the seed!) Now, in the meantime, I must again beg Mr. Harry Bartwell to leave. You needn't trouble yourself to call again, sir," she added, turning again to Harry, as he moved towards the door. "I shall not go to the neighbor's very soon again. I wish you a good morning, sir."

The next moment the widow's broad form was stationed before the door, towards which Betty had started as Harry made his exit. "I understand you, perfectly," were the words stamped plainly upon her features, as she glanced at her daughter.

"But will not conquer me, if you do!" was Betty's answer, as she sprang to the vine-covered window which she had left but a moment before. It was a feat that a modern belle would faint at the thought of, but the kindling eyes of the young lady proclaimed that she would not be daunted by the first obstacle, and in a moment she leaped through the green screen of the vines, bearing them with her to the ground, as she went, in a pitiable state of confusion. The widow stood mute with surprise, with eyes and hands upraised in a sort of pious horror, while Betty danced down the green, close by the side of handsome Harry Bartwell.

Poor, discomfited widow Tolham!—the expression of her face, for a few moments after her daughter left, was ludicrous in the extreme, partaking, as it did, of such various and conflicting elements. At first she seemed inclined to cry, then the corners of her mouth curved downward into the merest approach to a smile, then upward into the height of a terrible indignation, till, finally, the discordant expressions united and the good woman's face grew a sight to behold. A brave girl Betty must have been not to have trembled before it. But she did no such thing; instead, she walked very quietly into the room, fastening, as she did so, a white rose-bud upon her bosom.

"What shall we have for dinner, mother?" she asked, in her softest, most winning tones. "It is getting late."

Should she tell her? That was the weighty question with the widow for a little moment. Should she let the affair drop for a time, and be on amicable terms with her unruly daughter? Alas for her heart! (that unruly organ that so *unmans* us women!) it burst out into a passion of grief and anger in spite of herself.

"Betty, B-e-e-tty," she began, betwixt her sobs, "I—I'm afraid I shall have to disinherit you, Betty!" That was all that she could say; the next moment, Mrs. Varden-like, she was lamenting her griefs with her head upon a pillow.

To have known Betty Tolham as she really was, one should have seen her about her home the remainder of that day, intent on pleasing her unreasonable, grieved parent. The pretty ways that she put on, the sunny smiles that wreathed her face constantly, making a little path of dimples about her rare mouth, and more than all, the tender care she took of her mother, flitting in and out her room like a very sunbeam, quite won that estimable lady over to the side of good temper and amiability.

When she appeared before her in the afternoon, after she had put the kitchen to rights (Betty was a thoroughly good housewife), dressed out in the most becoming of white dresses, her golden brown hair looped back from her forehead, and twined into a little basket of braids at the back of her head, with just one curl falling upon either white shoulder, the widow gave a deep, heavy, long-drawn sigh.

"Doesn't my dress please you, mother?" Betty asked the question as she placed the somewhat withered rose-bud of the morning among the braids of her hair.

"O yes, child, but I was thinking what a little time ago it was, that like you, I was young and fair."

"Then I *am* like you?" Betty asked the question with a flush of earnestness upon her face. "Yes, yes, I *am* like you, mother! I'd rather look like you than any other person in the world!" she added, gazing steadfastly at the reflection of her face in the glass. If the young girl was acting, her part was faultlessly taken. The widow's heart melted instantly. To be told that Betty resembled her, was bliss enough for a whole week; so resting her head back upon her pillow, she went off into a sort of a half-wakeful, half-dreaming state, her comely face a model of good nature, while Betty (alas that I must record it!) went—into the orchard to meet Harry Bartwell, per agreement.

"Dear me, Betty, what a ghostly-looking place it has grown to be since I was here last. Really, I am almost afraid to go in. We may see strange sights, child; don't be afraid, dear. Go ahead, there, I'll follow."

With her broad gingham parasol over her head, and her face flushed and heated from a walk of four miles in the afternoon sun, widow Tolham stood with her daughter in the immediate vicinity of an old, tumble-down house, situated a mile away from a road upon the outskirts of Cranston. Report had it that the place was haunted; that a man had been murdered within the old brown wall, and that there were thousands of dollars in gold scattered about the premises. True as the report may have been, there had been little heed paid to it for years, the old house standing open at all times, inviting all who wished to enter. But just before widow Tolham's visit to the place, the owner had seemed, of a sudden, to remember his property, and had provided the outer door with a strong lock. This movement excited the old lady's curiosity, and when her daughter proposed a visit to the haunted house, she accepted the proposition eagerly. True, she had wished to start upon the expedition in the early morning, but Betty's tardiness, for a wonder (she was, indeed, a model of sprightliness), obliged her to undertake it in the afternoon; so when they stood in the old hall, after ingeniously effecting an entrance at the back window of the curious, mossy porch, the shadows lay dark and ghostly in the corners of the lower rooms.

But up stairs every place was bright and golden with sunshine, and Betty avowed that the ghost that could play around there must be a merry creature in spite of himself, or herself, for rumor had not particularized as to the sex of the airy visitor.

Good Mrs. Tolham looked grave, and solemnly shook her head at her daughter's apparent disrespect of the long-talked-of and famous ghost. Although she would have been frightened out of her wits to have met the fabled inhabitant of the old brown house, she stoutly protested that an interview with him would be of great satisfaction to her, yet while she spoke her eyes grew nervously large, and her face unusually damp with perspiration.

"Don't, don't, child," she said, earnestly, "you'll be sorry for it."

Betty laughed merrily and danced out of the room, while the widow moved cautiously about, examining a little cupboard here, and a suspicious spot upon the ceiling in another place. While she was thus occupied, the door that led from the suit of rooms which she was examining, closed with a heavy slam. She gave a quick, nervous start of surprise, called her daughter's name sharply, looked over her shoulder, and then went forward again, bent on satisfying her insatiable curiosity. In one of the wide crevices of the floor she espied something that glistened in the sunlight; it was very like silver, she thought, as she bent her head toward it. Yes—true, it was a silver bit of money! With a small chisel which she drew cautiously from her pocket, she turned it from its dusty hiding-place, and clasped it eagerly in her hand.

"Money!—as I live, I'm on the track of it!" she said, glancing again towards the door, and turning to a loose board near by. "If Betty will only keep away for a little while, I shall be thankful."

She turned again to her treasure, afer listening steadily for a few moments. Yes, she thought, there was gold under the loose board. She would rip it up. Throwing off her sun-bonnet, she grasped her chisel and went resolutely to her labor. For a long time she tugged and twisted at the board, expecting that the next moment would bring her the deserved reward for her toil. But the next moment went away, and the next, and the next, and finally the shadows came and the sunshine went, and the plank still kept its place resolutely. But, nothing daunted, she worked on, forgetting that the night was near, and that Betty had been gone from her a very long time.

At last her senses were awakened by something like a groan which seemed to proceed from the upper hall. She started up instantly, allowing her chisel to slide from her grasp to the floor.

"Mercy sakes, it's most dark!" she exclaimed, wildly. "Where in the world can Betty be? Betty! Betty! Betty! Be-t-ty, I say."

But only the solemn echoes made answer, then the house grew silent again, like a very tomb. "Dear, dear me!" said the widow, starting for the door, which had seemed to close of its own force when she first commenced her unlucky labor. With trembling hands she grasped the latch, and attempted to open it. Horror of horrors! it was bolted upon the outside! With all her force she could not move it. She glanced hurriedly out of the window, and remembered, as she did so, how utterly useless it would be for her to call for help, so far away from house or highway. Must she remain in that wretched place all night? Had Betty, in her heedlessness, left her there and wandered off home, expecting her to follow at her will? Or worse, a million times worse, was she a prisoner, like herself, in some crazy old room, watched by the arch-fiend himself? The perspiration stood in great drops upon her forehead, and rolled down her flushed cheeks in little rivers, as she stood in the centre of the room thinking of her terrible, frightful situation. She would have given anything that she possessed upon the earth, to have been freed from that awful prison.

All this while the darkness was gathering slowly, and the sunset was taking from the west its royal colors of crimson and gold. Poor, poor widow, faint with fear, she moved towards a window and raised the rickety sash. Perhaps some one *might* happen along there, she thought; *if* Betty had gone home she would grow alarmed that she did not come and send some one after her. At any rate, she did not dare to look about in that haunted place; she had rather watch the coming darkness out of doors, and so crouching down by the window, she turned from the grim shadows at her back, and half-covered her face with her hands.

Just as her agony was at its height, and the tears were falling in torrents from her eyes, she heard some one whistling in the distance. The sound was faint at first, but as she gained courage from it, and hallooed at the top of her voice, it came nearer and nearer, not as if in answer to her call, but as if the whistler's way lay in that direction.

"Hallo, there? Who's there—what's want-

ed?" answered some one, stopping just outside of the yard fence, as if afraid to go farther.

"It's me—it's I, Mrs. Tolham, widow Tolham, and somebody has fastened me in this horrid, haunted old place! O, if you'll only let me out!"

"How came you here, ma'am?"

The question was asked in a voice that all of a sudden seemed familiar to the widow's ears. She brightened instantly.

"O, I'm so glad!—isn't it you, Mr. Bartwell? Betty came with me, and something's got *her*, too! Hurry and let me out. I'm most crazy about her."

Somehow the charm didn't work, as the widow had expected it would, Harry Bartwell standing indifferently by the fence without manifesting the first symptom of fear as to the welfare of his beloved.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Tolham, but I haven't the keys to the house. I believe Mr. Hastings keeps them. I'll walk along briskly to the village and send him up here. Good-night. Do not alarm yourself too much!"

"O, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Bartwell—for my sake, for *Betty's* sake, don't go—don't leave me for your life!—don't."

"Indeed, Mrs. Tolham, I'll walk as rapidly as possible; yes, I'll run, if that's better. The sooner I go, the better it will be for you. Don't be afraid, I beg of you."

"Harry—dear Mr. Bartwell! O! O! I'm frightened to death this moment!" she pleaded, as he moved away. "Stop a moment, I pray of you—I beg of you! I say—let me tell you—it's the upper door that's fastened. You can get in at the back window and let me out, it wont take you but a minute."

"Mr. Hastings knows better about it than I do, Mrs. Tolham," answered Harry coolly, "and when I tell him who is prisoner here—"

"But he's wretchedly slow—he is, certainly!" she interrupted.

"When I tell him who is here, he will make all possible haste, I'm sure he will," continued Harry, moving along again.

"Dear, *dear* Mr. Bartwell," (the widow spoke in a voice choked with sobs), "I thought you loved my daughter, and wont you, for *her* sake, do a favor for her poor distressed mother? If you'll let me out, I'll reward you for it. I'll—I'll—"

The widow hesitated.

"Well, what, Mrs. Tolham? What will you do?"

"O, anything—anything in the world!"

"Will you allow me to fix my terms?"

"Yes, I say yes—anything, if you'll only let me out."

"Well then—"

"Let me out first," broke in Mrs. Tolham. "I shall go crazy here."

"No; the terms first, if you please. Give me, or promise to give me your daughter, Betty, in marriage, at once—within a week—and I will ree you."

"How can you, Mr. Bartwell!—you know Mr. Has—"

"Good-night. I'll go for him."

The widow screamed with all her might, screamed like a veritable maniac, in fact as only a woman can scream, as he walked away. Every step that he took from her, her voice grew louder, till at last she broke down and called in a perfect basso.

"I'll talk with you, if you'll stop! I'll talk with you! Yes, I'll give her to you, if you'll let me out."

The young man went back again and leaped lightly over the fence.

"You promise, solemnly?" he said, pausing a moment under the window.

"Yes."

"Very well. I'll free you."

In a moment more, he was leading the widow, more dead than alive, down the dark stairway.

"I have kept my promise, now look to yours," he said, helping her out of the porch window.

"Yes, yes, certainly—but where, where is Betty?"

"Safe, Mrs. Tolham, I can assure you. I saw her not fifteen minutes ago. She sent me around here to tell you not to be afraid—afraid, I mean, while I went for Mr. Hastings."

The widow sighed long and deeply. She hadn't a voice to try to speak. She was quite weak, already, from talking and her excitement.

"If you please, Mrs. Tolham, I'll leave you here," said Harry, after they had walked rapidly along for fifteen minutes. "I think, now, that Betty and I will go to the minister's to-night."

The widow gave a great start of surprise. "Don't, don't hurry! I wouldn't go to-night!" she began, earnestly.

"Yes, I think we had better. I'll find Betty and bring her safely to you—my wife. Good-night till then."

An hour later, Harry Bartwell and Betty Tolham stood before the good pastor of Cranston, quite ready and willing to be united, according to Holy Writ, as one flesh. The ceremony had just commenced, when Mrs. Tolham burst in upon them *sans ceremonie*.

"Wait, wait!—wait just a week, for the sake of looks, if nothing more!" she said, in an excited tone. "Betty, think of it!"

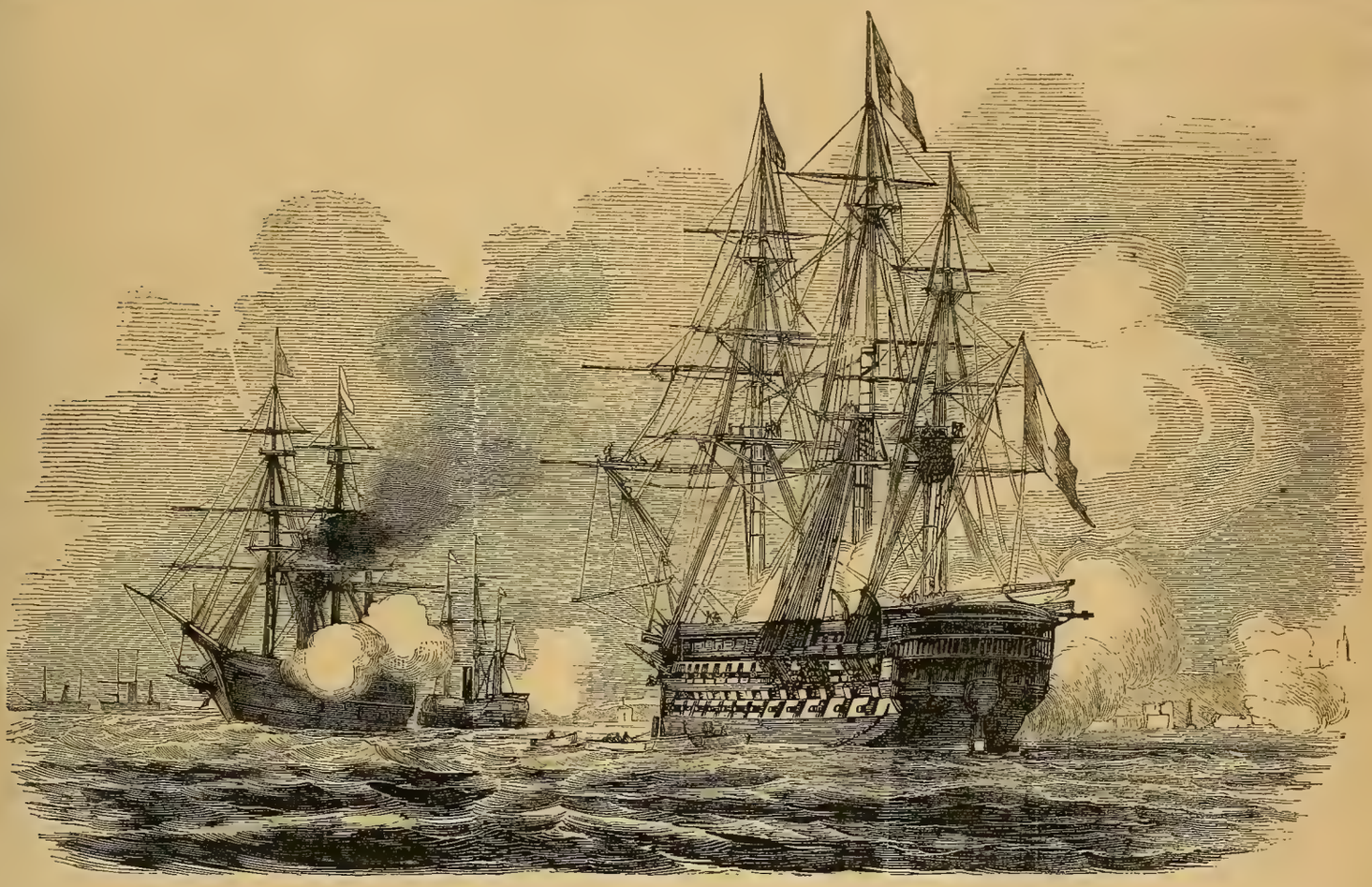
The good man paused a moment, and then glanced inquiringly at Harry.

"Proceed—she has given her consent," he said, in answer. And so the ceremony proceeded without further interruption, and Betty Tolham became Betty Tolham Bartwell right before the eyes of her good mother.

Another word, reader, and I have done. That night's proceedings at the minister's house was kept a secret, Harry giving her to her mother's arms as soon as she was his wife, and starting off towards his own home with his marriage certificate clutched firmly in his right hand. But in just a week from that night, there was another ceremony, exactly like the first, at the widow's house, and at this second one, good Mrs. Tolham was radiant with smiles, and most winning in speech, and Harry Bartwell was known to the world as the husband of Betty Tolham.

FRENCH SHIPS AT GENOA.

The accompanying engraving represents a portion of the French fleet lying off Genoa, and affords a specimen of the busy aspect of the port since the opening of the Italian war. The facility of sending troops by sea from Marseilles and Toulon to Genoa, has induced Louis Napoleon to select it as a point of debarkation for his reinforcements, but comparatively a small number having passed over the Alps, and these suffering severely from the weather and state of the roads. Genoa has not for years presented so lively an aspect as since the opening of this war—the constant arrival and departure of ships of war, the thunder of salutes from the batteries, the music and cheers of soldiers and inhabitants, the visits of distinguished personages, all have kept up a wild excitement there. The port is protected seaward by two vast moles, and is surrounded on the landward side by the city, which rises in the form of an amphitheatre. It has been justly called *Genova la superba* (Genoa the proud or magnificent), from thes plendor of its marble palaces, which, however, have been much injured by the hand of time. The French soldiers found themselves quartered in magnificent mansions, rich with the carvings of ancient artists. In former days Genoa was one of the most opulent and flourishing cities in the world. From the 11th to the 18th century it was, with a few interruptions, the capital of a famous commercial republic, which planted numerous colonies in the Levant and on the shores of the Black Sea, but the annals of which are marked by the greatest turbulence. It was taken by the French in 1797, and ceded to the King of Sardinia in 1815.



FRENCH SHIPS OF WAR IN THE HARBOR OF GENOA.

AMERICAN RECKLESSNESS.

The superabundant energy that especially distinguishes this age, is nowhere so conspicuous as in our own country. Our people are too busy with living to think of dying. Hence it happens, that in no other country on the globe is human life held so cheap. The penalties for its violent destruction are shockingly lenient. The safeguards thrown around life are few and flimsy. Our streets abound with murders and homicides; our newspapers are full of assaults, suicides and assassinations; our rivers, from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, are prolific of death; our railroads are fruitful of fatal accident. Our people suffer themselves to be slaughtered in wholesale massacres, to be blown up in steamboats, crushed in heaps in rail-cars, burned to death by the explosion of lamps, buried beneath the ruins of falling buildings, tumbled under the sinking floors of insecure halls, consumed to ashes in burning vessels, or swiftly drowned by the sinking of unseaworthy ships, with a patience and equanimity that are astounding. After every new fatality of the kind, we seem for a moment struck with unaccustomed thought; a sense of the careless, wicked and wanton disregard of life appears to come over us; the newspapers contain the usual quantum of decent indignation; everybody says to everybody, "How very shocking!" and then everybody dismisses the unpleasant topic from his mind, and the world rolls on, as fast, and as reckless as ever. No engineer is punished, no captain or pilot is imprisoned, or architect is hanged.

We are like soldiers in a battle, each too intent on doing execution on the enemy, to stop for the wounded, or care for the dead. The pace at which our life goes is such, that the strugglers and the fainters by the way are left ruthlessly behind. The tear we should have the grace to shed over the grave of our fallen brother, falls, if it falls at all, afar off, where the momentum of the march has pushed us on. The demon that drives us—our business, or our profession, or our speculation,—will hear nothing of death, will know nothing of the grave. We are here to work, not to weep. The time spent in grief we grudge as wasted. The mill of life must grind on unceasingly, and the buzz of its machinery is the only requiem we can spare for the departed soul. We cannot afford to consecrate our ground, any more than our time; but the iron track of the railroad invades even the cemetery of our repose, and the rushing train of the living jostles the funeral car of the dead.—*Exchange.*

THE JAVANESE.

If these people all resemble those I have seen, they will never receive the prize for beauty. After a few minutes, during which we had time to gaze around the fine large hall, the walls of which were hung with spears and state parasols, and a wooden elephant for door screen! and French engravings ornamenting the inner walls—a mixture of barbarism and civilization—we saw an old man, full of energy and nervousness, bustle across the room towards us, tugging away at his shirt collars, and trying to button his wristbands; at his back was a dwarf, bearing some insignia of state, followed by others, with staffs, canes, etc., etc. We once recognized him as the regent; he shook hands with both of us, and G—— did the conversation in Malay, so I took observations. The regent wore the ordinary bandanna, or such like cotton-handkerchief turban, blue coat and gilt buttons, with the sarone. His shirt buttons and studs of very brilliant diamonds; around his neck a very massive gold chain, and attached to his watch a formidable bunch of seals and chatelaine. He was very civil, and said he would write to his son-in-law, the Regent of Koningen, to send us horses, etc. We then returned home. The natives are kept in famous order, and as civil as possible. They are never allowed to pass a white person without removing their hats, and if on horseback to dismount. The houses of the natives are built of split cane, interwoven like a basket; their costume generally only a long cloth, or the sarone.—"*From Wall Street to Cashmere.*"

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES TO ONE BEREAVED.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

There is a sadness o'er the household,
And hushed are joy and mirth;
A mother's heart is anguished,
Her child has passed from earth.

A few short months, this treasure,
Her God in kindness lent;
Beauty and innocence its dower,
A magic influence blent.

An angel wandering from its sphere,
To seek a priceless gem,
Conveyed the treasure back to God,
Meet for love's diadem.

A QUERY.

Who first taught souls enslaved and realms undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one.
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counterwork its cause?
Force first made conquest, that conquest law,
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,.
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made.
POPE.

HAPPINESS.

His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little;
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.
SHAKSPEARE.

REFORM.

You'll uproot no form
With which the thoughts and habits of weak mortals
Have long been twined, without the bleeding rent
Of thousand ties, which to the common heart
Of nature link it.—TALFOURD.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Ten years ago Garibaldi, the Defender of Rome, on the capitulation of that city, refused to lay down his arms, but assembling his men in the Piazza del Popolo, invited all who wished to join him, to follow his lead. His whole corps, then reduced to a handful, rallied around him. Placing his wife on a horse in the centre of the column, the daring partizan leader dashed out of the city, cut his way through the besieging army, and was vainly chased to the mountains by the whole of the French calvary under General Regnaunt de St Jean d'Angely. He is now fighting in the Franco-Sardinian army under the command-in-chief of the French emperor. When such a man, true as steel, accepts service in an army so constituted, we are well assured that the true Italian policy is to accept the French emperor's aid, frankly and unhesitatingly. The Italian people, learning the art of war in driving the Austrians out of Italy, will acquire the ability to maintain their independence, and need fear no foreign sway in the future.....T. Buchanan Read lately paid our city a flying visit, and during his stay painted, among other pictures, a noble portrait of Longfellow, which has been on exhibition at William Everett's, the fashionable art-depot. The head of a poet by the hand of a brother-poet, to whom the pen and pencil are equally familiar, could not fail to be a noteworthy performance. It is a complete success. The head is full of character, and painted with great vigor and sweetness. It is of life-size, and nearly full length, representing the poet in his study, and the actual surroundings of the author—the old clock, the familiar desk, the library chair. The drawing is fine and accurate, the coloring rich, and the masses of light and shade managed with great skill. Read has been constant in his wooing of the muse of Poetry and the muse of Painting, and both have smiled upon his suit.....Among the Jesuits, says Disraeli, in his Curiosities of Literature, it was a standing rule of the Order, that after an application to study for two hours, the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling; and the Jesuits were shrewd advisers.....The widow of the famous republican General Hoche died recently in Paris, at a very advanced age. Hoche was the general who made a descent on the south of Ireland at the time of the first revolution. He thrashed the Austrians at Weissembourg, and for his defeat of two of the principal armies of the Chouans received the title of *Pacificateur de la Vendee*. His name, like that of Moreau, is held in great veneration by the republican party, and is celebrated in many national songs.....Some idea may be formed of the extent of the milk business by the quantity which arrives in New York daily through one channel. About 240 single and double wagons cross the Jersey City Ferry every night for their supply of milk, which arrives principally by the New York and Erie Road. The wagons average eighteen cans of forty quarts each, making a total of 176,800 quarts. The freight upon milk on the New York and Erie Road amounts to about $1000 per week.....A marine school ship has been provided by the Port Society of Charleston, S. C., and fitted up in good style. The lads having situations on board will be accepted on trial for two months—at the expiration of which probation, those accepted will be indentured to the ship for three years. Twenty or more lads have already applied.....The British troops stationed at St. Helena are employed in extensively experimenting upon the growth of potatoes, and General Beatson, the commander, instead of issuing bulletins detailing the number of killed and wounded, reports that six inches is the proper depth at which to plant potatoes. This looks like turning swords into plowshares.....There are four millions of people in France who eat no bread. Some eat chestnuts, and some other kinds of vegetables. The people of Ireland, for a long time, subsisted mainly on potatoes. These facts prove not merely that there are large numbers in civilized nations who do not raise their own bread, but an equally important fact, that they have not the means of buying it.....Garibaldi, who is now doing good service in Italy, was born on the 4th of July, and will be fifty-two years old on the occurrence of our next national anniversary. He is a native of Nice, and, therefore, a born subject of the Sardinian royal house. Of all the leaders of the liberals in 1848-9, Garibaldi was the most straight-forward and sensible, and he is as brave as he is able and honest.....It is said that Princess Clotilde has bought the celebrated fan which belonged to the late Queen of Oude. The fan is made of white silk, richly embroidered with emeralds and fine pearls. The handle, of ivory and gold, is ornamented with rubies and seventeen large diamonds of the purest water.....A Texas paper says that a squad of Camanches lately got after a bald-headed white man who was hunting on the San Saba River, and had nearly overtaken him, when his hat blew off and exposed his shining bald pate to their astonished gaze. The savages halted, cried "Scalped! scalped!" and stood wondering so long at the phenomenon, that the hunter escaped.....A Paris letter says the "blessed baby," the prince imperial, is a fine little three year old, who looks as if he were made of good milk and blood, with a large, wondering sort of an eye, that seems already to have a dreamy view of the "All hail!" hereafter. The little fellow's cradle is well watched; and when his nurse takes him out, his carriage is closely guarded by cuirassiers, etc.....A humorous divine, visiting a gentleman whose wife was none of the most amiable, overheard his friend say: "If it was not for that stranger in the next room, I would kick you out of doors." Upon which the clergyman stepped in and said: "Pray, sir, make no stranger of me".....Louis Napoleon, in his proclamation when he landed at Bologna in 1840, remarks: "The democratic republic is the object of my adoration, and I will be her minister. Never will I try to clothe myself in imperial robes. May my mouth forever be shut, if I ever say a word against the republican sovereignty of the French people.".....An editor in Reading, Pa., on resuming his labors after a brief respite, discovers that somebody has been libelling him during his absence, and retorts by stating that he "does not consider a public sheet a proper vehicle for personal abuse or retaliation," yet feels impelled to say that all the assertions against him are "unmitigated falsehoods, and the concocters cowardly villains and dastardly poltroons!" This language is not to be considered personal.....The rule of a road, says an exchange, is a very good test of the difference between a gentleman and a blackguard. Whenever we meet a man, whether in a chaise or with an ox team, who turns out and gives us more than half the road, we respect him as a gentleman. But whenever we meet a young man, as we occasionally do, who drives rapidly on, without turning out a hair's breath, we pity him with all our heart, as a poor miserable fellow—however bright his buttons, however fragrant his cigar.....Somebody accounts for western hospitality by saying that where houses are so far apart as in that part of the country, a stranger is as welcome as a newspaper, and is commonly used as one. The moment he arrives he is "put in press," and, what is more, kept there till all the news that has happened for the last six months is thoroughly squeezed out of him and bottled up for future use. A man that tells a good murder story could travel from one end of Indiana to the other without expense.....At Detroit, recently, an ox was killed because he could not understand the French language. The team, consisting of one English and one French ox, drawing a heavy load and driven by a French driver, was crossing the track when the express train made its appearance. The driver, in great excitement, immediately ordered his oxen to "chuck," the French word for "haw." The French ox understood him, and turning off the track, saved himself, but the English ox, never having studied the language, pressed further on, and was instantly killed.....The "Armstrong gun," it is said, will revolutionize the whole science of artillery. The first experiments with this gun by government officials were for range, and fired at a high angle; it was found that a shell or shot could be thrown by it for a distance of upwards of 9000 yards, or more than five English miles. The next experiments were for penetration, and although the results have not yet been officially notified, it is understood that a butt of elm timber, three feet in thickness, was pierced at a distance of 1000 yards, and it is said in one instance a shot went 400 yards beyond, after passing through the timber; but the third and most satisfactory series was for difference of range and deviation or accuracy, of fire.....An advertisement of Dan Rice's great show, published in a country paper, speaking of the rhinoceros of the menagerie, says that "this animal will be turned loose into the arena, and perform incredible feats, proving by its tame submission that what could not be done in the past, has, in the future, been accomplished.".....The revenue to the French government from the tobacco monopoly for the present year is estimated to reach $36,600,000. In Russia the revenue derived from the duties on tobacco exceeds $36,000,000. In Austria it amounts to $14,000,000.....So great is the confidence felt in the speedy and triumphant termination of the Italian war, that the manager of the Theatre Français has received notice that his company will probably be required to play before the emperor in the course of the season at La Scala, in Milan.....During one period of the Peninsula war, when the demand for men was great, the "standard" or minimum for a soldier's height in the British army was reduced so low as five feet three inches for adult men; youths were admitted at sixteen years of age; and the bounty rose to $100 for one adult who would consent to serve for life. Never since 1812 has the system been at such a high pressure as this.....Most extraordinary fashions as well as excitement prevailed at Paris—the empress wore on a recent occasion a bonnet of white crape, with a small humming bird placed on a spray of lilac.....Of what particular fruit must Paul Morphy be very fond? Checker-berries and Chess-nuts.....Mr. R. C. Winthrop, now on a visit to Europe, ordered half a dozen Mount Vernon canes for presentation to friends in Europe. By direction, they were to be mounted in a plain, substantial manner. The Knights Templars, recently on a visit to Richmond, have also sent an order for one of these canes for each member. The Mount Vernon timber is now manufactured into canes, goblets, necklaces, armlets, picture frames and trinkets in various shapes.....Feuillet's "Roman d' un Jeune Homme Pauvre" is still all the rage at the Vaudeville. They tell of a funny mistake in one of the early impressions of the bills. A word was misplaced, so that instead of "The Story of a Poor Youth, Piece in 5 Acts," it read, "The Story of a Youth, Poor Piece in 5 Acts".....The remains of the late Alexander Hamilton, buried thirty-seven years ago in the New Haven Cemetery, were recently exhumed for the purpose of being removed to Bridgeport (where his son's remains have within a few years been deposited.) The coffin being of mahogany, was found to be almost perfectly sound—so much so, it was said, the sexton could, or did, stand upon it to test it. The skeleton appeared perfect.....A curious marriage, the result of a practical joke, is about to occur between the daughter of a Prussian prince and a professor of music who was her teacher. Suspecting an unacknowledged attachment between the two, a waggish friend contrived a story of the professor's suicide, which was told to the young lady before a large circle of friends. The swoon and passionate grief which followed betrayed her secret, and marriage is the result.....One of the most pleasing circumstances of the war in Italy is the proof the Italian soldiers engaged in it afford that they are brave men. They have been second to none, and great things can reasonably be expected from a people capable of producing such patriots and heroes.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

It is extremely difficult to get at the truth respecting the battles fought in Northern Italy, so exaggerated are the reports on either side, thus we have just got the facts respecting the battle of Montebello in May. The battle of Margenta, fought on the 4th of June, being on a greater scale, of course gives rise to fiercer disputes and to bulletins yet more contradictory. The Austrians, fighting on the soil of Lombardy, were desperate, and the losses of the French and Sardinians in men and officers, shows that they had no contemptible enemy to deal with. It is evident that the Austrians reserved their full strength for the defence of their Italian possessions. These battles are to be judged by the results and not by contemporary accounts. To sum up, it is indisputable that the Franco-Sardinian arms have advanced victoriously. Whether they will be able to continue their career of victory in Lombardy remains to be seen.—The Italian ladies continue to send beautiful bouquets to the Empress Eugenie by means of Louis Napoleon's couriers. These men travel loaded down with despatches and flowers.—The British government has given the country assurances of a peace policy. No administration could endure that pursued a different course.—Kossuth has gone to Italy. But it is doubtful whether his dreams of Hungarian regeneration will be realized at present. Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel maintain their ground as the idols of the Sardinian soldiers. They omit no opportunity of distinguishing themselves as fighting men.

The Escurial Librarian.

Here is an anecdote from the Escurial, related by the Austrian ambassador at Athens: When he entered the capacious library he found most of the books ranged on the shelves, not with their backs but with their cut edges towards the visitor. On questioning the monk who accompanied him as to the manner of finding a book, he got the *naive* answer that, during the period of the good priest's guardianship, no book had ever been asked for. To the inquiry whether he himself made no use of the library, the monk replied, "Never, dear sir! My faith, which may the virgin preserve in its purity, might also be endangered." The sequel to this conversation proved important to the literary world. The Austrian was allowed to choose at random a souvenir among the books and manuscripts which lay on the floor in a confused heap, covered with dust and cobwebs. By a lucky accident his treasure-trove consisted of the manuscript of Lope de Vega's Star of Seville, and of Cardinal Ximenes's original instructions to the Inquisition.

Art Sales in England.

At a recent sale in London, the well-known "Death of Nelson," by B. West, P. R. A., the property of Mr. G. H. Bengough of Plymouth, was sold for £185; and another belonging to the same gentleman—a grand landscape—by J. Both, sold for £273. The sale comprised also the collection of pictures belonging to Mr. H. Houghton, among which were the following: "The Holy Family," a grand gallery picture, by Rubens, from the Duke of Newcastle's collection; it was sold for £90 6s. A portrait of Charles I., by Vandyke, sold for £77 14s.; a sea piece, with vessels, by Van de Velde, for £57 15s.; and a portrait of Henrietta Maria, by Vandyke, for £68 5. A noble colossal bust of Napoleon, by Canova, from the Earl of Oxford's collection at Wolterton, was sold for £40.

The Battle of Montebello.

The special correspondent of the London Times attached to the Austrian camp, speaks of the affair of Montebello as a "disaster," and states that the full returns of the killed and wounded exceed very much the number he first reported. The unfavorable result of this engagement is attributed to the unwise zeal of General D'Urban, who pushed on too far and too fast.

Germany.

The feeling in some of the German States is so strong that a French manufacturer at Hesse Cassel, employing seven hundred workmen, has been compelled to quit the place, on account of the excitement prevailing.

The Swiss Riflemen.

From Zurich we learn that the great rifle gathering of the cantons for annual competition as marksmen, will be held, notwithstanding, or rather, because of the war, as evidence of the pride taken by the sons of Tell in their national weapon. The Swiss at New York and Philadelphia have sent 5000 francs for a special prize, and those at Rio Janeiro a similar grant of 2000 francs.

Splendid Gift.

Sir Andrew Smith, late director of the army medical department, not forgetful of the days passed by him when a student in the University of Edinburgh, has just presented to the Natural History Museum his magnificent collection of *reptilia*. It embraces nearly 2000 specimens, obtained from all parts of the world, and among them are many of great rarity and beauty.

Prussia.

The terms of the new loan are announced; it bears five per cent. interest, and is to be issued by public subscription; redemption to commence in 1863 by the payment of one per cent. annually; 30,000,000 thalers is the amount. The ecclesiastical council has ordered prayers in the churches for the preservation of the peace of Prussia and Germany.

Blood for Brandy.

At Genoa, an innkeeper declined to accept money for a glass of brandy supplied to a Chasseur de Vincennes, and when the soldier insisted, the other said, "No, instead of money, you must kill an Austrian for me!" "In that case," cried the soldier, "give me another glass of brandy, and I will kill you two."

Horses for France.

At the great horse fair at Liege, 300 artillery cattle were bought up for France at £25 a head, Belgium having no objection to free trade in live stock, and asking no questions. At Ghent an equal amount of horseflesh changed hands the same day, at a higher figure, for similar purposes.

English Rifle Clubs.

The formation of rifle clubs and volunteer corps proceeds steadily throughout England, and in many places promoters of them are going about their work in a truly business-like manner. At Cambridge the first meeting for practice has already been held.

English Artists.

In consequence of the unsettled state of Europe, the jury of English artists (Messrs. David Roberts, W. P. Frith, Thomas Creswick, A. Elmore, and J. C. Horsely, acting with M. E Gambart as director) have resolved not to send pictures to Paris this year.

Naples.

Hon. Henry Elliot has been sent by the British government on an official mission to Naples. It is supposed to have reference to the re-establishment of diplomatic relations.

Austrian Frigate.

The Austrian frigate Novara, now on a voyage of circumnavigation, will be considered as a neutral vessel, on account of the scientific mission which it is fulfilling.

Spanish Exhibition.

An exhibition of the works of Spanish and Portuguese industry is to be held at Madrid on the 1st of April, 1862.

The Princess of Prussia.

The Princess Frederick William has returned to Berlin after her flying visit to the queen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CAVALIER. An Historical Novel. By G. P. R. JAMES. Philadelphia: T. B Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 391.

A story in the author's best vein, with a skilfully constructed plot, well drawn characters, and intensely interesting throughout The publishers paid Mr. James a large price for this latest production of his pen, and they will be sure to reap a rich reward for their liberality and enterprise The book is beautifully bound. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

COUNTRY LIFE. A Handbook of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Landscape Gardening. By R. MORRIS COPELAND. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland, Ohio: Henry P. B Jewett. 8vo. pp 1813. 1859.

We have already noticed this work, of which we had examined the unbound sheets, in a former number. In its completed form it strikes us as one of the most elegant books on rural matters ever issued from the American press. Its directions for gardening and farming are ample, minute, and perfectly intelligible. The author is a practical as well as scientific man. He has read and thoroughly digested everything valuable that has been written and published on the subjects of which he treats, while his own views are based upon experience. He tells us how to lay out grounds, how to cultivate crops in the open air and under glass, how to build and ornament, presupposing no previous knowledge in the reader, and hence making his book complete in itself We most cordially commend it to "all lovers of nature," to whom it is felicitously dedicated.

FRUITS, FLOWERS AND FARMING. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: Derby & Jackson. 12mo. pp. 420. 1859.

The papers collected in this volume are not poetical essays upon country matters, but practical remarks on farming and gardening, going largely into detail, and containing minute instructions for the cultivation of the soil. Mr. Beecher is a genuine lover of the country and of horticulture. He says "a seedsman's list, a nurseryman's catalogue, are more fascinating to us than any story." He has gardened and written *con amore*, and has produced a really valuable work. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase and Bartlett & Miles, 58 Cornhill.

AGUECHEEK. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown. 12mo. pp. 336. 1859.

The author of these pleasant essays and sketches of foreign travel has laid the reading public under deep obligations for the fund of amusement and instruction he has afforded them in his sparkling book. A large portion of the work was first published in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, but the foreign sketches have been mostly re-written. Mr. Fairbanks, formerly assistant librarian of the Boston Atheneum, is understood to be the author. He is a well-read man, and his views of men and things are original and acute. He writes well and vigorously; his descriptive passages are very graphic; and there is a vein of good-humored satire running through his essays which gives them a pleasant zest. "Aguecheek" will be a favorite summer book, but it will be reserved for re-reading by all people of taste.

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FRENCH SKIRMISHERS AT THE BATTLE OF PALESTRO, ITALY.

FRENCH SKIRMISHERS AT PALESTRO.

The spirited military picture on this page represents, on a large scale, a group of the French chasseurs in action at Palestro. The uniform of these troops is deep blue, trimmed with buff, buff epaulettes, green plumes, gray great coat with hood attached. They are fleet runners, and fully equipped, often do nine miles an hour. They are drilled to load and fire in every position, standing, reclining, or lying down. In marksmanship they will compare with the Tyrolean hunters or the best English riflemen. Their carbines are rifled, which communicates a rotary motion to the ball. The ball closes the barrel hermetically, and in loading it is flattened by a vigorous stroke of the ramrod. The carbines are percussion and carry to a great distance. The sabre-bayonet, invented by Thiéry, commandant of artillery, is a most formidable weapon, and the chasseurs use it as if they were of the opinion of Marshal Saxe, that "a musket is only a handle for a bayonet." When they are deployed as *tirailleurs*, they advance in groups of four, and form a square, if necessary. If they form squares on the centres, the front rank uses the sabre-bayonet, while the second pours its fire into the enemy. The origin of the corps of Chasseurs or Tirailleurs of Vincennes dates back twenty years. The first model company was formed by General Count d'Houdetot. An ordinance of August 28, 1839, definitely constituted the tirailleurs de Vincennes, an isolated corps, and they performed their first service in Algeria against the Arabs, who called them "Soldiers of Death." Their glorious co-operation at the storming of the heights of Téniab, having demonstrated their great importance, there were formed ten battalions of a thousand men each, for which each regiment of infantry had to furnish 121 men, small, agile and vigorous, almost all natives of the mountains of Corsica, of Gascony and Béarn. The new corps was installed at St. Omer in wooden barracks covered with straw, during the winter of 1840–1841. Under the direction of the Duke of Orleans and General Rostolan, they were subjected to a severe apprenticeship, to more murderous trials, perhaps, than the African *razzias*. The soldiers, with their knapsacks on their backs, and wooden shoes and woolen stockings, were drilled from seven till nine o'clock in the morning, then from noon till two o'clock, and panting, and covered with perspiration, re-entered their icy barracks, where their officers, with book in hands, explained to them the principles of firing, the manner of holding the carbine, the line of sight, windage, etc.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859. | 5 CENTS SINGLE. $2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVII., No. 2...WHOLE No. 420.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

"Independence Day" has come and gone; the jubilee celebrated from the great lakes to the Gulf, from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific, through the whole vast region of the mighty republic protected and gladdened by the stars and stripes, and inhabited by thirty millions of people. More than this, it has been celebrated wherever a Yankee ship floats a bit of bunting—in the China Seas, in the Southern Ocean, up in the high latitudes by adventurous whalers, in the ports of England and on the continent of Europe. Many a lone, wandering American, far away in foreign lands, has had his enthusiastic celebration of the day on his own hook; and be sure that, wherever a human heart beats high at the thoughts of liberty, there has this anniversary been commemorated; for the Declaration of Independence, though an American fact, is the world's pronunciamento against tyranny. Every recurring year adds to the enthusiasm and extent of the celebration. The prediction of John Adams has been gloriously fulfilled. "The Fourth of July, 1776," said the patriot, "will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever." It *is* so celebrated; and if the spirits of the past are cognizant of what passes on this sphere, the shade of the heroes of '76 must rejoice at the enthusiastic manifestations of the gratitude of their descendants. The day, this year, brought with it, in the midst of its rejoicings, solemn and edifying thoughts. While we were exulting in the blessings of peace and liberty, and the prosperity and strength springing from the union of all parts of a political confederacy, three thousand miles away men were battling for independence from a foreign yoke, in a land cursed for ages by despotism, and held in thrall through centuries, mainly because divided and split up into petty States, with no cohesive bond of communication. United Italy could never have sunk to her present condition but for the curse of disunion. The little Swiss republic, surrounded by despotism, has maintained her independence for ages, because her cantons are linked together on a principle of confederation similar to ours. Disunion is the safeguard of tyrants and the parent of wars. It is because Europe is cut up into so many different States, that the whole face of the continent is covered with vast military establishments, even in time of peace, that industry is bowed to the earth by taxation, and that a breath is sufficient at any time to kindle the flame of war, and plunge whole communities in misery and ruin. Washington well understood the secret of national success, when, in the most solemn words he ever uttered, he conjured his countrymen to cling together, and denounced the spirit of disunion as the most fatal and insidious foe of American liberty. That his appeal is cherished in the hearts of his countrymen—that his principles are the inalienable creed of the people, there is no room to doubt. The mere suspicion of a design to sever the union of the States, has always proved fatal to the men that have awakened it; and if there be any among us who entertain the thought that it would be possible to crumble this confederacy into fragments, they are surely fitter objects for pity than for contempt and hate. No; every star that is added to our banner increases the aggregate strength of the republic. We have spoken in a serious vein, prompted by the occasion, but our artist, Mr. Homer, in the picture before us, has given us a view of some of the comic phases of a Fourth of July celebration in Boston. He takes us to the Common, and brings waterworks and fireworks in juxtaposition, showing us some of the incidents and accidents of the day, in the vicinity of the Frog Pond. Any one who becomes acquainted with New England people for the first time by witnessing a celebration of the Fourth in Boston, would be apt to believe that all traces of Puritan gravity had disappeared. We certainly burn powder and make noise enough to satisfy the most riotous set of Europeans who ever threw care to the winds in the frolics of a carnival. The first municipal celebration of the Fourth took place in 1783, when Dr. John Warren, a brother and pupil of General Joseph Warren, was the orator. On the 4th of March of that year, it was voted, in a town-meeting held in Faneuil Hall, over which James Otis presided, "that the celebration of the 5th of March (the anniversary of the Boston massacre) from henceforth shall cease, and that, instead thereof, the anniversary of the 4th day of July, 1776,—a day ever memorable in the annals of this country for the Declaration of Independence—shall be constantly celebrated by the delivery of a public oration, in such place as the town shall determine to be most convenient for the purpose, in which the orator shall consider the feelings, manners and principles which led to this great national event, as well as the important and happy effects, whether general or domestic, which have already, and will forever continue to flow from this conspicuous epoch." "The joy on that day," we are told, "was announced by the ringing of bells and the discharge of cannon. At eleven o'clock, His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, Thomas Cushing—His Excellency, John Hancock, being absent by reason of sickness—the Honorable Council, the Senate and Representatives, escorted by the brigade train of artillery, commanded by Major Davis, repaired to the church in Brattle Street, where the Rev. Dr. Cooper, after a polite and elegant address to the auditory, returned thanks to Almighty God for his goodness to these American States, and the glory and success with which he had crowned their exertions; then an anthem was sung suitable to the occasion, and the solemnity was concluded by a most ingenious and elegant oration, delivered by Dr. John Warren, at the request of the town. They were then conducted back to the Senate Chamber, where an agreeable entertainment was provided. At two o'clock, the brigade train, and the regiment of militia commanded by Colonel Webb, paraded in State Street, where the former saluted with thirteen discharges from their field-pieces, and the militia with thirteen *feu-de-joies*, in honor of the occasion. The officers of the militia dined together at the Bunch of Grapes, and the brigade train at the Exchange taverns. Thirteen patriotic toasts were drunk by each corps, and the same number were given in the Senate Chamber." A befitting inauguration of Boston 4th of July celebrations.

FOURTH OF JULY SCENE, ON BOSTON COMMON.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LOCKSMITH OF LYONS.

BY ANNE T. WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

RICHES IN POVERTY.

Beneath the cool poplars of Charpennes, that new faubourg of Lyons, there existed as yet, in 1780, only a dozen scattered houses, concealed as it were among the foliage. All these houses, built of brick, and covered with red tiles, were inhabited by mechanics; so, at the first sound of the evening *Angelus*, the noise of labor ceased everywhere, and nothing was heard save that joyous hum, which in the hives of the poor, precedes the hour of repose. Very soon each family came out, and, according to the ancient custom of the South, which must surely date from the Romans, young and old, seated or half reclining before their doors, and with plates on their knees, gaily supped in the open air.

The only inhabitant of Charpennes who formed an exception to this rule was a locksmith who had established himself a few years before in the farthest dwelling of the hamlet. His arm seemed indefatigable. Kindled before dawn, his forge was not extinguished until long after sunset, and it might be said that his neighbors fell asleep and woke again to the measured grating of his file. He labored with so much ardor that it was necessary to use violence to take him from his vice, over which, but for the intervention of his daughter, he would have passed the night. But, spoiled child as she was, by an old man of whom she was the only joy, his daughter, a little after night, would enter his workshop gaily, and half willingly, half by force, lead him home.

The evening when this story commences, which was the eve of Corpus Christi, the locksmith's daughter, hastening to fulfil her task, found the door of the workshop closed. Surprised at this uncommon occurrence, she called her father anxiously, and knocked violently without hearing any sound from the interior. After long expectation, and when emotion had already made her voice tremulous, the door at last opened, and the old man, taking his daughter in his arms, replied to her gentle reproaches only by pressing her to his heart and smiling joyfully through his tears. The latter, accustomed, especially for three months past, to see him sad and careworn, was so struck with the sudden and happy change expressed in his countenance, that she forgot everything to ask of him the cause.

"Ah," replied the locksmith, wiping away his tears with the back of his trembling hand, "I thought Louison would be surprised at my joy."

"She is delighted at it, father," exclaimed the young girl, springing on the old man's neck. "But you did not expect it, did you? Tell the truth!"

"No, certainly! you have been so gloomy for some time past."

"It was on your account, and yours alone, my child."

"On mine, my father?"

"Yes, you thought the old man blind. Because age and sorrow have whitened my brow, they think my heart is dead, like my youth; because my dim eyes can scarcely endure the sun, they think I can see only by the light of the flames of my forge. My heart beats constantly, my child, for you alone in this world, and my eyes become so piercing when your happiness is concerned, that they could count the pebbles at the bottom of the Rhone."

"Why do you talk thus?" murmured Louison, with downcast brow, red as a cherry.

"To prove to you that I understand what a pleasure it is at your age to walk in the woods of the *Tete d' Or*."

"I assure you, father, that chance only—"

"Brings there every Sunday that young man from the city who comes with his good mother to dine beside us on the grass."

"He has spoken to me but three times, and in your presence!"

"I know it well! if it had been otherwise, we should not have been talking of this now, my daughter. But re-assure yourself, dear child. This youth appears to me to be amiable, modest, prudent, and if, as I presume, he is of a respectable family, if he has, as I hope, the love of order and of industry, will—"

"Well, father?" faintly articulated Louison.

"Well, daughter; M'lle Legendre will change her name—that is all."

Louison embraced her father, weeping; then, in a low voice, said: "Are we not too poor?"

"We were so yesterday, my daughter, but today you are not, Louison. Look at that iron door, do you see it? There is your dowry."

"That iron door!"

"It contains a secret for which I am to receive to-morrow three hundred pistoles."

"And was it for that you have been working so hard?"

"And that I was so grave and anxious, for I trembled lest I should fail of success."

"O, father, how grateful I am to you."

"I do not doubt it; but we shall have time to talk about that; my supper, Louisette; I have well earned it, have I not?"

Louison, too much moved to reply, took her father's arm, and conducted the honest mechanic into a little garden where the table was set beneath blossoming elders. A magnificent moonlight was silvering the country. This beautiful light of our summer nights seemed to cover the garden with a bluish and transparent veil; a balmy breeze at intervals stirred the foliage; silence reigned everywhere, except when the melancholy cry of the cricket was accompanied from time to time by the brilliant melodies of the nightingales concealed among the poplars of Charpennes.

The locksmith supped gaily beneath the starry vault; then, after having thanked, in a short prayer, Him whom the poor seldom forgets, though they would seem to owe Him less gratitude than the rich, he leaned his elbows on the table, and spoke thus to his daughter:

"You were very young, Louison, when your mother died. We have seldom spoken of her; for notwithstanding the seventeen years which have since rolled away, the grief which her loss occasioned is still as vivid in my heart as at first; and had it not been necessary that I should live for thee, it is probable, my child, that instead of one alone, there would now be two beneath the yew of St. Andeol."

At these words, Louison, leaving her place, ran to embrace her father, who resumed, as he gently repulsed her:

"Do not weep, my dear child; it is because you have now grown to be a prudent and reasonable person that I am about to inform you of things which I confide only to God and my daughter. And first, it is proper you should know that I was not born to beat iron on an anvil. Not that I despise the labor to which I owe all, and even the almost certain hope of seeing you happy. But, to tell you the whole truth, my father was one of the most wealthy proprietors in the town of St. Andeol. Unfortunately, he incurred debts which increased with time, and would have been a heavy burden on me but for the dowry of your mother. All that she brought me was devoted to the payment of them, and for some time nothing was wanting to my happiness. Why does misfortune always come, like the heaviest weight in the balance, to turn the scale? The very year of your birth, and when I was intoxicated with joy, a terrible winter desolated our country. The mulberry trees froze; these were our principal source of wealth. Instead of gathering a harvest, it became necessary to borrow in order to pay our taxes. The two following years the hail and inundations completed my ruin. Then I was unable to pay the taxes and the vultures of the revenue seized upon me."

"You must have suffered much, father," said Louison, with emotion, "if they were as cruel as those who sometimes torment our poor neighbors."

"The tax-gatherers and revenue-officers are tigers," murmured Legendre, in a gloomy voice. "I do not know whether they are born with hearts, but I know they tear them from their bosoms when they enter upon their professions, and replace them with stones or bits of iron. The new tax gatherer of this neighborhood had commenced by the meanest employments, and had risen by avarice, exaction and rigor. Our evil fate brought him hither precisely when I was most unfortunate, and he crushed me. A short time would have saved me, but he hastened my ruin. Execution after execution was levied, till my house being stripped of everything, my person was seized. The very day of your mother's death, the guards captured me and dragged me to prison with a chain about my neck."

"The villains!" muttered Louison, with flashing eyes.

"He who sent them, and who was destitute of pity, was called Pecoil. It was he who ruined me, hastened your mother's death, and threw me into a prison cell when I had nearly become mad in thinking of you both; remember this name, my daughter, remember it well!"

"Do not fear that I shall forget it, and yet we ought to do so, father. Did not our Saviour forgive his enemies?"

"Yes, but it required the strength of a God. I cannot pardon him! I can never forget that in leaving the prison, I found your mother dead and you in an asylum."

"And it was then you became a mechanic?"

"Yes, my daughter, for your sake."

Louison, bursting into tears, threw herself into the arms of her father, who said, embracing her tenderly: "I have told you all this to re-assure your little heart. I do not wish it to be alarmed on the subject of the young man. I believe him to be of good family, and so much the better; but the moment being come, we will soon prove to him, that, in point of origin and of honesty, your parents are equal to his own, whoever they may be."

CHAPTER II.

POVERTY IN RICHES.

By a coincidence natural enough, he of whom they had just been talking, was at this moment speaking to his mother on the same subject. In the third story of a large and handsome house, the windows of which commanded a view of the Place Bellecour, through the trees of the mall, a young man of fine countenance, and especially remarkable for an expression of integrity, was seated beside a woman of middle age, but prematurely old and pale with privation and sorrow. The apartment, though vast and handsome, seemed to reveal from floor to ceiling the gloom and restraint of the persons who inhabited it. Its bareness struck one at the first glance, for the little bed with curtains of green serge lost in a corner, the armoire which stood opposite, and the three or four chairs placed against the wall, would not have filled the twentieth part of its surface.

Clad in black, the mother of the young man wore that mixed costume of the citizens who wish to distinguish themselves from the lower classes without imitating the lady of quality. Seated before a rickety table on an old velvet chair worn threadbare, she was mending her son's vest by the light of a large candle of yellow wax. During the progress of this labor, which she was hurrying to complete, the young man looked at her in silence with an air at once so gloomy and so troubled, that having raised her eyes on him, she became alarmed, and said, in a voice which was timid and full of sweetness, and pressing his hand:

"What are you thinking of, dear Louis?"

"Do you wish to know, mother?"

"And ought I not to know all?" continued she, with a melancholy smile.

"O, yes, mother, my heart is always open to you, and as long as it beats it will be so."

"What were you thinking of, then?"

"Of the hardness of him who compels us to lead this cruel and miserable life."

"Alas, my poor child, I am accustomed to it, and, as far as I am concerned, forgive him. Only, I confess, for your sake, I could wish he were less rigorous."

"That is exactly what I experience in regard to you; if I could only see you made comfortable, I would not care for myself."

"Such a hope, my poor Louis, is chimerical. God has imposed this burden upon me, and I will carry it with resignation to the tomb."

"Nevertheless, what a destiny!" said the young man, pacing to and fro through the naked room. "To put one's life in sorrow and misery beside treasures which serve only to gratify an odious and evil passion."

"Yes, it is a great misfortune; there are millions beneath our feet, and yet you are compelled to labor for my support, and I must wake secretly to mend your clothes."

"Accursed wealth which renders me so unhappy! Do you know what plan I have formed, mother?"

"Speak, my dear child."

"I will ask him for some funds, depart for the islands, and earn a fortune, that I may be able to bestow the happiness on you which he has withheld all his life."

"Do not think of it, my child! And what would become of me without you? I should not live to see your return. You might have gold, but you would have lost your mother and perhaps another person—"

"This thought torments me also! You know how I love that young girl of Charpennes, but at the idea of the obstacles which separate us, my head is often disturbed and my heart chilled."

"Your father!" exclaimed she, with affright. "Extinguish and conceal the candle! I hope he has not already seen it."

A short and quick step was heard on the stairway; the mother and son approached the window and hastily commenced an indifferent conversation. But who can deceive a miser? Roughly opening the door, he who had just entered dilated his nostrils like a blood-hound, and said, angrily:

"I was not mistaken! it is the candle which I perceived from Bellecour that has just now been extinguished. What madness of expense, of folly, of prodigality! With a moonlight so bright that one could pick up a needle on the mall, and you use candles. Are you out of your senses?"

The man who spoke this might be about sixty, but he seemed fifteen or twenty years older, so infirm, pale and wrinkled was he. To judge by his broad hands, with fingers twisted like oaken knots, and by the joints of his knees, he must be of an iron constitution, and might have lived a hundred years but for the privations which he imposed upon himself, and the frugal diet which his hollow and pale cheeks betrayed. The costume corresponded strictly with the exterior of the man.

He wore, along with a tri-cornered hat, shining with dirt, a coat formerly claret, but of which years and use had almost effaced the primitive color. His vest of black cloth, buttoned to the chin, hung over two enormous pockets in his breeches of olive velvet, coarse gray stockings, fastened at the knee by garters such as peasants wear, and iron shoes which would defy all the ice of Mount Blanc, completed his costume.

Leaning on his cane, or rather on his stick, he searched the room for some time in order to find the candle and confiscate it as a punishment for his wife's disobedience. This search having been fruitless, he began to scold so violently that his son could not help interfering.

"Father," said he, "I did not tell you the truth; in fact, a candle was lighted at your arrival, and here it is!"

"And you dare confess it?" exclaimed the miser, beside himself.

"It is to quiet you, and perhaps for another motive, more important."

"Ah," said the miser, recoiling a step and leaning heavily on his cane, a position which he always assumed when he was angry, "I shall not be sorry to learn this important motive."

"It is this, father; listen to me patiently, for neither in thought nor in word will your son ever forget the respect he owes you."

"I believe it, and would not have it otherwise for a large sum. But do you owe me only respect?"

"Yes, I owe you obedience."

"Nothing else?"

"Love?"

"No, something less hollow and more palpable."

"Explain yourself, father."

"Very willingly. I had designed to do so soon, and it may as well be done now. How long have you lived in my house?"

"Ever since I was born."

"And how many years have passed since that great event?"

"About twenty-five, I suppose."

"You suppose very correctly, sir. Who has fed, lodged, clothed and taken care of you like the son of a prince for these twenty-five years?"

"My mother!" replied the young man, casting a glance of love and profferred gratitude on the trembling woman in the corner.

"That is but a figure of speech," replied the miser, tranquilly. "By the terms of our marriage contract, your mother has nothing of her own; it is I who have done all."

"May I ask you, father, what is your object in reminding me of this?"

"Doubtless, my dear sir; it is to prove your indebtedness to me."

"I do not understand you."

"It is clear as day. At two thousand livres per year, and you have cost me double, you owe me fifty thousand livres for your board, lodging and maintenance. Add half of this sum for your education, sickness and extra expenses, and the interest of all this will make you my debtor for at least a hundred thousand."

"Admitting the justness of this calculation, of which, I confess, I had never thought, you will probably have to allow me a long credit, father."

"You are mistaken, sir. I am not a money-lender, and you must pay me sooner than you think for, and before the expiration of the month."

"And the money?"

"Is found."

"Please explain."

"I intend to marry you to the daughter of one of my wealthy friends. He will give her a dowry of a hundred thousand francs, which I will take as payment of your debt. But as a father is a father, although I am not obliged to do so, it has been agreed that I should contrive to allow you to live at home."

"On the same conditions, undoubtedly?" said the young man, with an imperceptible shadow of irony.

"Of course, the debt to be paid by your future inheritance from your father in-law."

"It is a good bargain for you," returned the son, in a calm tone, "and I regret that I cannot ratify it."

"Do I understand you?" exclaimed the miser, with shut teeth and flashing eyes. "Please repeat!"

"I say, father, this marriage is impossible."

"Ah! and the reason, if you please!"

"The reason is, that I shall never marry the daughter of a tax-gatherer, or enter into the business myself. If I marry, it will either be according to your wishes, and then, unwilling to blush in my wife's presence, I shall demand a settlement proportioned to your fortune, four or five hundred thousand livres at least—"

"Four or five hundred thousand vipers bite you, brigand!"

"Or I will choose according to my inclination, and perhaps marry a woman who has no dowry but her virtues."

This last declaration seemed to put the climax to the old man's fury. Raising his stick angrily, he ran to the young man and would have struck him but for the intervention of the mother, who seized him, saying: "Pecoil! Pecoil! I conjure you not to strike your son!"

"The rascal!" vociferated the tax-gatherer, "who would rob me of a hundred thousand livres!"

"He will reflect!" said the mother, attempting to detain the miser.

But the latter, more and more exasperated, repulsed her brutally, and a sad scene would soon have been enacted, when a sound was heard in this house at all hours silent as a tomb. The miser stopped, began to listen anxiously, and hastily went out, shutting the door after him.

"God be praised!" murmured Madame Pecoil, "we are rid of him. He will not return!"

"No," said the young man, bitterly, "he is afraid for his money, and will not lose sight of it to-night."

The candle was re-lighted, and the mother and son sat up till midnight, delightfully occupied, the one in laboring for her child, the other in talking of the family at Charpennes, whom they were to meet the next day, after mass, in the woods of the Tete d'Or.

CHAPTER III.

THE MISER'S HIDING PLACE.

Meanwhile, Pecoil had descended on tip-toe, stopping to listen at every step. Arrived at the ground floor, he took out a tinder-box, lighted the end of a resin candle which he had in his pocket, and directed his steps as softly as possible towards a low door, studded with large nails. He first assured himself that the massive bolt which fastened it on the exterior was in its socket, then, applying his ear to the keyhole, he listened again.

A noisy and prolonged snore, heard at intervals behind the door, seemed to re-assure him; he muttered some unintelligible words and re-ascended to the first story. Then, after having twice explored the corridor, listening at the door of every room, and visiting, as it were, every mouse hole, he slowly drew from his vest a bunch of keys, opened a door with the mystery and precipitation of a robber, and double-locked it behind him.

He certainly thought himself alone, and would readily have sworn that no person in this world, at this hour, could have followed his steps. Nevertheless, he was mistaken; notwithstanding his vigilance and the acuteness of his senses, one man had observed him, followed him in the shadow, and with his eye applied to the keyhole of the room in which he had just shut himself, this man lost not one of his movements.

Did he intend to rob at the expense even of crime? One might readily have supposed so by the gleams which flashed from his grayish pupils every time a silvery ring announced the pleasant occupation of the miser Pecoil. The only thing which seemed to annoy him was the light which the moon shed into the gallery through the window at the extremity barred with iron. Evidently fearing this light, he often turned to see if some cloud would not veil its troublesome rays. In one of these evolutions his eyes encountered those of Madame Pecoil, who, silent and calm, was looking at him with a severe air. Recoiling immediately, as if before justice itself, he was about to flee, but she beckoned him to follow, and when they were at the farther end of the corridor, forcing him, by the fixedness of her look to cast down his eyes, she said in a low voice:

"Jacquin, what were you doing at that door?"

Taken in the fact, and feeling that he was discovered, the man essayed to stammer a reply, but the words expired upon his lips.

"Do you wish me to tell you?" continued Madame Pecoil, severely; "you were there to lay a snare for my husband, and perhaps to commit a crime."

He whom she called Jacquin attempted to protest; she silenced him.

"Gold gives evil thoughts," said she; "go back to your room and ask pardon of God. This is the second time I have surprised you in this place; if I find you here again, I will inform your master."

The man to whom she addressed these words, and who obeyed with tokens of the basest servility, was an unfortunate creature whom, for twenty years, the miser had made his slave and his drudge. An orphan, poor and cruelly treated by nature, for he was deformed and of repulsive ugliness, Jacquin had from his birth drank the cup of scorn, grief and human injustice to the dregs. Pecoil scarcely clothed him, left him to famish with hunger, and overwhelmed him with toils and abuse. By dint of suffering, an ardent, implacable hatred was born like a viper in the heart of this man, and by degrees this hatred engendered cupidity, and cupidity the idea of crime.

Chance having shown him a part of the gold which Pecoil had piled up in his coffers, he had no longer but one thought; to put his hand on this wealth in order to be happy in this world in spite of destiny, that his ugliness might disappear in the magic light of money, and that the honor which he inspired might be changed into adulation.

Thanks to the intuitive faculty which eminently distinguished Pecoil, he had divined the evil projects of his clerk; but avarice stifling prudence, rather than deprive himself of his services, he preferred to live in watchfulness, side by side with this mortal enemy. Nevertheless, as a measure of safety, he shut him up every evening in his room; and foreseeing that by dint of patience he would at length find means to draw the bolts, the tax-gatherer had just taken the heroic resolution to sacrifice a thousand crowns in order to save his millions.

Rising with the dawn, you might have seen him the next morning crossing the Place Bellecour, and gaining with stealthy steps the Pont Ronge. Then, after having passed the Rhone, which was stealing away the bluish vapors of the fog in the direction of Perrache, quickening his pace, he passed beneath the poplars of Charpennes, and went straight to the house of Lgendre.

Seated on a wooden bench by the roadside, the locksmith was doubtless awaiting him, and yet, as the tax-gatherer approached, a violent emotion contracted his features, and when Pecoil asked if he was the mechanician of Charpennes, he could only reply by a sign in the affirmative.

"Since such is the case," resumed the miser, too much absorbed in his own plans to remark the trouble of the locksmith, "show me the iron door, if it is entirely finished."

"Nothing is wanting!" murmured Legendre, in a gloomy voice.

"Hum!" said Pecoil, "we shall soon see! Where is it?"

Without replying, Legendre led him to his forge, and pointing to the piece of work, sat down on his anvil and began to reflect. He who had ordered the work, not having, according to his instructions, named Pecoil, he was far from suspecting that his old persecutor was concerned. A violent conflict was at this moment taking place in his soul between revenge, arousing all his ancient sorrows, and reason, which commanded him to forget for the interest of his daughter. Evil sentiments being always the strongest in us, he would perhaps have listened to his anger, had not the clear and sweet voice of Louison been heard as if by chance. The song which she was humming, joyous as a bird when it awakes at dawn, chased away all this swarm of evil thoughts, and restored his composure and strength of mind.

It was time. The tax gatherer was already impatient at his silence, and was asking for the third time for the lock of this door.

"It has neither lock nor key," suddenly replied Legendre.

"And how is it fastened, then?"

Legendre put his finger on a button concealed by a piece with hinges, and the door closed by means of three large iron levers which buried themselves at once in the frame by which it was hung. The simplicity and solidity of this mechanism, which another pressure made play in a contrary direction, delighted Pecoil. He was so pleased that he cheapened only for form's sake, and did not, as usual, postpone payment. The bargain concluded, he went himself to seek the cart man who was to carry home the door, and taking the crowns from a leather bag which he had beneath his arm, he counted out a thousand with a sigh, re-counted them in order to be sure that he had not made a mistake, and at last gave them to the locksmith, saying:

"You know what condition remains to be fulfilled?"

"Yes," said Legendre, "I have promised to hang the door myself, and I will keep my word."

"This evening, then."

"An honest man should rest on Sunday."

"But you can labor at midnight, I think?" replied Pecoil, sharply.

"So be it. Where shall I go at midnight?"

"To the wooden bridge of Bellecour, where I will await you."

"I will be there," replied the locksmith, "before the hammer of St. John's clock shall have struck the twelfth hour.

Louison entered a few moments afterwards; she did not see the miser, who had gone without saying adieu, but she uttered a cry of surprise at finding her father in contemplation before that pile of silver which dazzled him. Legendre took her in his arms, and smiling through his tears, said: "It is your happiness, dear child, which I am looking at there! You see your dowry; it has cost me something, but I regret nothing now, for you will be happy. Make yourself as pretty as possible to-day; we will first go to mass, and then—"

"And then, father?"

"You do not guess?"

"To the forest of the Tete d' Or, perhaps."

"Precisely! where I will bet we shall not be the first to arrive."

CHAPTER IV.

A SOUVENIR.

In fact, Father Legendre would have won his bet, when, mass over and the morning repast hastily made, they directed their steps towards the lime-kilns, the usual place of rendezvous, Louison perceived in the distance Madame Pecoil, and showed her to her father, who, in his turn, pointed to Louis.

The son of the rich tax-gatherer had, by dint of economizing in the modest salary given him by a merchant of the neighborhood to keep his accounts, succeeded in making the acquisition of a boat. This foolish expense, which would have made his father tremble with indignation from head to foot if he had known it, had been occasioned by a desire of Louison. She had happened to say the preceding Sunday that she would like to take a sail on the Rhone, and the secret purse had been emptied, the boat bought at Perrache, and moored before the lime-kilns which then opened their black mouths at the entrance of the wood of the Tete d' Or.

On seeing the boat carefully washed and painted green, Louison blushed, turned away her eyes, and embraced Madame Pecoil with so much ardor, that Louis comprehended clearly that she was expressing her gratitude to him on the cheeks of his mother. Legendre himself was less ceremonious, cordially thanked Louis, and was the first to propose to try the boat. No one objected; the two women seated themselves on a bench in the prow, and each of the men seizing an oar, the free and light bark glided like a bird over the wave. A cloudy sky and a cool and mild air, which scarcely stirred the osiers and willows on the shore, rendered this nautical excursion still more agreeable. By common consent they had ascended the Rhone, notwithstanding the rapidity of its waves, to enjoy more freely the happiness of being together, and admire without distraction the freshness and beauty of the shores of this king of rivers. Nothing disturbed Louison's joy, which would have been complete, but for the shade of sadness which occasionally veiled the brow of the mother of Louis.

This pre-occupation had not escaped the locksmith. He said nothing about it while they were on the river, but, after the lunch they all took on the grass on their return beneath the ash trees of the Tete d' Or, taking Madame Pecoil apart, he said with his rough and kind frankness:

"Madame, permit me to speak to you freely; you know that we are poor, you are not perhaps rich yourselves, and the future of these children makes you uneasy, does it not?"

"I confess it," replied Madame Pecoil, "and, to imitate your frankness, I will not conceal from you that we have perhaps done wrong to allow matters to come to such a pass as they have."

"It is never wrong to permit two loyal hearts to love each other. Such is at least my opinion, madame."

"And if such obstacles should arise that this bond formed before our eyes and partly by our imprudence, must be broken in spite of us?"

"What obstacles can separate them? I foresee none; there can be only a want of money; but in this respect, thank God, our children have nothing to fear!"

"What mean you?" asked Madame Pecoil, with emotion.

"I mean, madame, that if you have had misfortunes, Louison can repair them. She has not the dowry of a princess, but thanks to the savings of her father's labors, she will bring her husband a dowry of two thousand crowns."

Legendre expected to produce a very great effect on the mind of Louis's mother by this declaration; judge of his astonishment at seeing an almost imperceptible smile hover on the lips of Madame Pecoil.

"Do you think," said he, with some vivacity, "that this dowry is to be despised?"

"No," said the miser's wife, gently, "but money affects me little, and I hate it more than I desire it."

"Do you fear that the lowness of my condition will be a hindrance? I was born of an honest family; but for a public thief who ruined me, I might have followed, like my relatives, the career of magistracy, or have been occupied in the cultivation of my estates; but the miserable Pecoil—"

"Pecoil!" replied the woman, in an altered voice, "was it he—"

"Who reduced me to despair? Yes, madame, and I never pronounce that abhorred name but the blood rushes to my heart, while anger burns my brow."

"Lower, Monsieur Legendre," said Louis's mother, rising precipitately, "lower, because of my son! My trouble and my words will perhaps surprise you; form no conjecture before receiving the letter which Louis shall write you this evening, and now let us separate. Poor child, what a misfortune!"

Madame Pecoil embraced Louison with tears in her eyes, and hastily leading her son away, she left Legendre petrified with astonishment.

"What signifies this?" said he, to himself.

"I do not know, father," replied Louison, not less alarmed. "While you were conversing with his mother, I informed Louis of what you announced to me this morning, and instead of rejoicing, he appeared sad and wept."

"Do they despise us?" muttered Legendre. "They do not know me!" Then he added: "It is for your sake, my Louison, that I will be patient, otherwise, I would request them never to come again."

It was with such discourse that they regained their dwelling at Charpennes. They had left it in the morning happy; they re-entered very sadly at evening. Louison was especially troubled; she immediately pleaded fatigue, and retired to her room to deplore the catastrophe which she foresaw threatened them. Affecting more stoicism, her father went to bed, but he found there neither

composure nor sleep, and his eyes had not closed a moment when, faithful to his promise, he rose noiselessly about eleven o'clock to go to his rendezvous.

CHAPTER V.

THE DOOR OF THE TREASURE.

WISER than their descendants, our ancestors carefully hoarded that life which we lavish, and the tranquil and regular order of society was faithfully reflected in their habits. Without being absolutely constrained to do so, they observed, in general, the ancient law of the curfew. Midnight sounded, the watch alone ventured from time to time into the silent and deserted streets. The most profound quiet therefore reigned in the city, and Lyons was sleeping like a canon of St. John, at the moment when Legendre arrived at the bridge of Bellecour.

Pecoil was already awaiting him there with a carriage. Hastening to alight, he reminded him that by virtue of their agreement he was to allow his eyes to be bandaged, a guarantee exacted by his avaricious fears, and to which Legendre consented without difficulty. Blinded by a thick bandage, the locksmith mounted to the seat beside the tax-gatherer, who himself drove, and conducted him, by a multitude of windings, as near as he could judge, to one of the most retired quarters of the city.

When the carriage stopped and Pecoil detached his bandage, they were in the midst of a rough field, half covered with trees and brush. Clearing a passage through the thicket, the old man led him to a sort of vault built centuries before. He afterwards lighted a lamp, successively opened two oaken doors which closed the entrance to a vast and profound cellar, and pointing to the iron door which was lying before a third vault prepared to receive it, said:

"There are ropes, a screw and some levers; place your master-piece yourself."

Legendre set himself to work, and, seconded by the old man, still very robust notwithstanding his age, he raised this mass of iron and fixed it on its hinges. Pecoil then wished to close it himself, and uttered cries of joy on seeing with what precision it fitted into the stone frame hewn in advance, and what a formidable barrier it presented to the attempts of robbers.

"There is neither axe nor crowbar strong enough to shake it," said he, rubbing his hands joyously; "the work is finished, perfect."

"No," replied Legendre, in a firm voice, "my work is not perfect; I have left one defect, because the man who ordered it in your name insisted that you would not give the price."

"A defect!" stammered the miser, turning pale, "and what?"

"You cannot be ignorant of it, since I asked, to correct it, double the price agreed upon."

"Yes, yes, I know what it is now; but money is too dear to throw it out the window."

"So much so," resumed Legendre, "that since I have seen you, my demands have increased, and at present I would not make what is wanting to this master-piece for less than thirty thousand livres."

"Because you believe me to be rich," growled Pecoil, shrugging his shoulders.

"Because I have recognized you."

The miser recoiled, and looking fixedly at him, demanded the signification of these words.

"They signify that your infamous thirst for gold ruined me, made my wife die of despair, and condemned me, though formerly wealthy and honored, to forced labor, to scorn, grief and poverty."

"Bah! bah! some insolvent debtor! I wash my hands of all that, and do not know you."

"You do not recognize me! I am Legendre of St. Andeol, whom your guards and officers dragged to prison with a chain about his neck, while his sick wife and child were turned into the street."

"It must be that you should have paid! Besides, I know nothing about it, and care nothing. If I were obliged to remember all the insolvent debtors—"

"Pecoil," said the locksmith, gravely, "your hair is white, your body is bent, and you will not live always. Instead of building vaults with iron doors, to conceal the fruit of your exactions and rapines, it would be better, for the repose of your old age and your soul's welfare, to redeem by good deeds and repentance the crimes with which you are loaded."

"They preach these things in my parish church every Sunday; but, if you know Latin, I would say to you, my dear sir, *ne sutor, ultra crepidam*, let the locksmith meddle only with his file!"

"Some misfortune will happen to you, Pecoil; when all the gold you have stolen shall be piled up beneath their vaults, as each piece represents some iniquity, then will rise from this badly gotten pile such a murmur of accusations and complaints, that an avenging God will hear them from his throne and punish you."

"So be it! The dawn is about to appear; we must go."

"One last word, Pecoil, or rather a last counsel which I will give you, in the frankness and loyalty of my soul, although you do not deserve it. Remember well the danger of which I warned you, without knowing you, every time you open this door!"

"That is my business; and since only caution and prudence are necessary, I fear nothing."

Legendre did not reply; he allowed his eyes to be again bandaged, and the miser re-conducted him to the bridge of Bellecour, whence he had taken him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JUDGMENT OF GOD.

A MONTH had rolled away since these events. The peace and happiness which had formerly rendered the future so smiling, had fled from the cottage of Charpennes. Louis had allowed two Sundays to pass without appearing at the forest of the Tete d' Or; and the last time he seemed so absent-minded, that the heart of Louison overflowed. Seeing her suffer and pine away more and more, the good Legendre one day put on his gray Sunday coat and resolved to go in search of the young man, in order to have an explanation with him, and leave Lyons if there was no more hope. As he was crossing Bellecour, with the design of going first to the store of the merchant where Louis was employed, he perceived a group of persons talking and gesticulating with animation. He approached and asked the subject of their conversation.

"We were speaking on a subject which is just now the talk of the whole city. One of our rich men disappeared some three weeks since, and no one can imagine what has become of him. A great crime must surely have been committed, for his coffers were filled with gold, and not a sou has been found in his house. His clerk is accused, who disappeared at the same time, and whom it is impossible to discover."

"And what was this rich man's name?" asked Legendre, with an emotion which struck the citizen.

"He was called Pecoil."

"Pecoil! Ah, I predicted right!"

"What? Do you know anything about it?" suddenly said an individual in a black wig, who had appeared very attentive to the conversation.

"I know but too much, at least I fear so; but had the tax gatherer any family?"

"Certainly; a wife and child."

"Will you point out his dwelling, gentlemen?"

"There it is," said the man with the black wig, pointing to the house on the mall.

A great movement took place in the group, which tumultuously accompanied Legendre to the door. This noise had given the alarm to the family, the door opened at the first stroke of the knocker, and Louis, who had himself descended, recoiled with surprise on seeing the locksmith. The latter, gently repulsing the crowd, closed the door and said to the young man:

"I am delighted to see you, Monsieur Louis; I have something to say to you, but I must first speak to Madame Pecoil."

With an emotion Legendre could not explain, the young man led him to his mother's room. On seeing him, the good lady uttered an exclamation and hid her face in her hands. Legendre looked at them for a moment in silence, and by their embarrassment divining all, said in a tremulous voice: "Have I the honor of speaking to Madame Pecoil?"

"Yes, my friend," replied she, rising and coming to take his hand. "We have deceived you, not with evil intentions, God knows. I have lost my husband, and if there could be any consolation in such a misfortune, it would be in our present poverty, which destroys the insurmountable obstacle which in my husband's lifetime we should have seen arise between our children."

"This is not the moment, madame, to dwell on this subject; but permit me to ask you, to relieve my heart and that of my daughter, whether the coldness which disturbed us was occasioned by your opulence?"

Both mother and son assured him that it was not.

"So," continued Legendre, "now that you are less rich, a marriage may be profitable?"

"Certainly," said the mother, firmly, "at the expiration of our mourning."

"Is that your will, Monsieur Louis?"

The young man took his hand and pressed it with an energy as eloquent as his mother's words.

"Since it is thus," resumed Legendre, "I will put you to the trial."

"What do you mean, my friend?"

"That you have lost only a husband whom I trust God has pardoned, as I have."

Warned by the man in the black wig, the criminal lieutenant of Lyons meanwhile arrived. In the presence of Madame Pecoil and her son, Legendre related to him all the facts with which we are acquainted. Shaking his head when he had finished, the lieutenant said:

"All that is very good, but since your eyes were bandaged, how can you hope to find the way?"

"I have some idea," replied Legendre, "that we shall succeed; and if the lieutenant will accompany me, I will try."

The magistrate consented, and transported himself, with Legendre, Louis and his archers, to the bridge of Bellecour. Then, Legendre took, without hesitation, the Rue de l' Archerche; arrived at the Place St. Jean, he said:

"Here I heard the clock strike; the sound especially struck my right ear, therefore the street which we afterwards took was that of La Breche. The carriage turned twice to the left and to the right; but, or I am much mistaken, we went the whole length of the New Way. I am sure of it now," resumed he, after having followed this direction, "for I smell, as on that day, the odors of the cattle-market. Now the difficulty is here. Pecoil made a host of *detours* to confuse my memory, but it seems to me that he returned to the square and ended by turning to the right."

Directing their steps as suggested, they reached the ancient Roman theatre. Legendre examined one by one the bushes by the road-side and retraced his steps. He renewed his explorations several times, always taking the cattle-market for the point of departure, and following the streets terminating on the ramparts. Suddenly he stopped, and raising his head, uttered a cry of joy. The green foliage of an elder-bush projected from a tuft of parasite plants.

"I felt the blossoms of this tree," said he, confidently; "we are on the track."

Traces of wheels carefully effaced soon appeared, and led to a thicket of thorns and brush. Legendre walked first, the lieutenant second, then came Louis and the archers. They glided through the bushes to the last vault. The two oaken doors were open, but that of iron, frightful with its massive blackness and its immobility, stopped so hermetically the entrance to the vault, that the disappointed magistrate exclaimed that they had made a useless journey. Legendre touched the secret mechanism; it opened wide and presented a frightful spectacle.

Upon heaps of gold scattered about and bearing traces of blood, two corpses lay putrifying side by side. By his claret coat and bald forehead they recognized the tax-gatherer; the hunchback Jacquin, his clerk, could be distinguished from his master still by the deformity. The lieutenant interrogated Legendre, who informed him that the door once closed could not be opened from within. Accustomed to economize in everything, Pecoil had refused the price demanded by the artist to complete his mechanism, and perished the victim of his incurable avarice. Later investigations enabled them to form plausible conjectures on the catastrophe which terminated his life. It was known that for some time he transported by night into this vault, built on some wild land which belonged to him, the gold which his coffers contained. It is presumed that the hunchback followed him in one of these journeys, and that, with the intention of robbing or perhaps assassinating him, he closed this iron door, which was to re-open only for their corpses.

This terrible event, in which Lyons did not fail to perceive the judgment of God, extinguished the forge of Charpennes and dried up the tears of Louison; for the son, very different from the father, loved happiness better than gold, and faithfully kept his word. They left the city to live in more free and fortunate regions, and had but one daughter, who espoused the Duc de Broglie, a general of the ancient court.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROBBER'S REPENTANCE.

AN INCIDENT OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

FOR the third time Sarah Herbert had soothed her infant to sleep, and laying him softly in his cradle, she walked to the window and looked anxiously out. The western sky was still red with the reflection of the sun, which was just past its setting; but night was coming rapidly on, and already the whippoorwills had commenced their melancholy cries from the forest. Very little of the road was visible from the window where the lonely watcher stood; but up to the point where it was lost to sight in the woods, nothing could be seen upon it.

The spot where Charles Herbert had built his house was a peculiarly lonely one. The gloomy forest frowned around, and close upon it, in an almost unbroken barrier; and through this you might travel for ten miles, in any direction, and discover few, very few, habitations. The place was far too lonely to be the home of the young, girlish wife and mother; but the deep, earnest affection for her husband had led her to prefer this rude home in the wilderness to that of her parents, in a far-off eastern State, surrounded by every appliance of wealth and comfort as it was, and to bravely encounter all the dangers and hardships connected with a life in the western wilds.

For almost a year previous to the time when we introduce them to the reader, Charles Herbert and his wife had dwelt in their new location, and during this year their first child had been born. Notwithstanding the isolated position of the house, there were many things in the surroundings which were calculated to make the spot a pleasant one; and had it not been for the frequent and continued absences of her husband—always necessary, but none the less hard to endure on that account—had it not been, we say, that Charles Herbert was compelled by the nature of his employment to be absent the greater portion of the time from his wife and child, the former would have felt quite happy and contented in her new home. As it was, the hours of his absence hung heavily upon her hands; nor could she hasten them by singing to her babe, nor in pondering fearfully upon her perilous situation.

Sarah Herbert was by no means naturally timid or fearful, although young in years and delicate in form; but the perils to which we have referred were greater than those which fell ordinarily to the lot of western settlers at that early day. For several months the surrounding country had been made the theatre of the depredations of an organized band of land pirates, under the leadership of Richard Fearne, whose name was connected with an hundred deeds of villany, violence and bloodshed. Within the last month more than one body had been found in the forest bearing the unmistakable marks of Fearne and his outlaws, murder and robbery; while the houses of settlers had frequently been plundered of everything valuable in the broad daylight, and with the utmost recklessness.

Various means had been devised to bring these miscreants to summary punishment—for a court of justice was not to be found in a journey of an hundred miles—but nothing had yet been accomplished, and Fearne and his associates still murdered and robbed, spreading new terror by their deeds with every successive day.

Upon the evening in question, Sarah Herbert was alone with her child, as we have seen her, her husband having been absent in the nearest town, which lay some fifteen miles to the southward, since early morning. Again and again she looked from the window, hoping each time to hear the noise of his horse's hoofs, or to see him emerging from the forest; but the twilight faded rapidly from the sky, and darkness slowly covered the scene, and still her husband did not return. He had assured her upon his departure that he should certainly return an hour before sunset; and his strange absence, coupled with a keen sense of her lonely and defenceless condition, caused her heart to be filled with doubts and misgivings.

"He may have been detained," she reflected, as she turned again in disappointment from the window. "Some unexpected business has detained him; another half hour will surely bring him home."

But it did not. More than twice that time

passed, and still no sign of the absent husband. More seriously alarmed than she was willing to admit, Sarah Herbert sat herself down by the cradle and rocked it to and fro. As her eyes rested upon the face of her child, the quick thought that it might even now be an orphan, caused instant tears of distress to spring to her eyes.

"May the merciful God grant that no evil thing has befallen him!" she murmured, and at that instant there was a knock upon the door. She started up quickly with the thought that her husband had arrived; but before she had reached the door, a sudden reflection caused her to pause and hesitate. It was her husband's custom, she remembered, to enter the house at once, without knocking, or at least to attempt to enter; as her fears often led her to keep the door bolted, as was the case upon this evening. It was evident, therefore, that a stranger was outside.

"Who was this night visitor?" was the anxious question which instantly recurred to her. Would it be safe to unbar the door to him? While she still hesitated, she heard another and a louder knock.

"Who is there? and what do you wish?" Mrs. Herbert found voice to ask.

A reply was instantly returned, evidently in a masculine voice.

"Mr. Herbert has sent me here with a message for his wife. Let me in and I will deliver it."

"Where is my husband? Is he safe?" the wife eagerly exclaimed.

"Safe? certainly! Nothing has happened to him, unless since I left him."

"But who are you? and what has prevented my husband from returning?"

"As for your first question, I am a man whom your husband has sometimes employed to carry messages for him. I think you must have heard him speak of me."

Mrs. Herbert remembered that she had heard her husband mention such a person.

"I will answer the other question by saying that Mr. Herbert has been unexpectedly detained in the village, and will not be home until morning. His business is so urgent that he has been compelled to send me for something which he forgot this morning."

These replies were given so unhesitatingly, and each successive one so strongly corroborated the previous ones, that Mrs. Herbert became convinced of the truth of the stranger's words. There was, notwithstanding this, a quicker pulsation at her heart as she drew back the bolt and opened the door; but the stranger entered so quietly, and seemed at the same time so careful of doing anything which might alarm her, that she gained some degree of confidence and assurance.

He was a tall, powerfully built man, and was clothed in a hunter's costume. His hair and beard were both thick and matted, and intensely black. His face Mrs. Herbert could not see, as she had left the candle upon the table, and the man wore upon his head a wide beaver, which effectually concealed his features.

"My errand," he said, "is to be delivered to Mrs. Herbert."

"I am she," the latter replied.

"I bid you good evening, madam!" And the speaker respectfully doffed his hat.

The face thus revealed was a bold, handsome one, bronzed by the sun, and strikingly marked in every feature.

"I can deliver my message," he continued, "in a very few words. In his haste this morning, Mr. Herbert forgot to take with him a bag, a small canvass one, he said, which he now wishes me to bring to him with all haste. Here is a note from him."

The man produced a soiled, crumpled piece of paper, which he handed to Mrs. Herbert, who carefully examined it. It was simply a request, directed to her, and signed with her husband's name, to deliver to the bearer "the brown canvass bag." Although the writing bore the marks of extreme haste, if not excitement or agitation, Mrs. Herbert at once recognized it as that of her husband. Still she was not satisfied. The idea constantly occurred to her that she ought not to deliver her husband's property to a person who was in every respect a stranger to her, and whose representations might or might not be true.

"Did my husband," she said, after a moments' hesitation, "inform you of the contents of this bag?"

"Certainly, madam," was the unhesitating reply. "He told me that it contained money, both gold and silver. It is tied, if I remember his words, with a small cord, and his initials, 'C. H.', are marked upon the side."

"Did he tell you where it could be found?"

"He did, most assuredly. It is in the room in the upper story of the house, at the right hand of the stairs going up, in the third drawer of the bureau which stands near the east window, counting from the bottom."

Such minuteness of description at once dissipated every doubt as to the identity of the stranger, and bidding him be seated, Mrs. Herbert lighted another candle and left the room. Ordinarily, it would have required not more than a minute's absence to accomplish her errand, but as she reached the head of the stairs, a draft of air from an open window extinguished her light. To close the window, feel her way into the next room and re-light the candle, occupied another minute; and then lifting the heavy bag from the place of its deposit, she prepared to return to the sitting-room.

At this moment, however, her ear caught the sound of the closing of a distant door, apparently the one by which she had admitted her husband's messenger. The occurrence, simple as it was, was sufficient to re-excite her fears, and she listened in torturing suspense for some further evidence of what might be transpiring below. But she heard nothing more, and with a strange burden of fear upon her mind, she descended the stairs, bearing with her the bag, and entered the lower room.

The utter amazement of Sarah Herbert at the discovery which she now made, was an emotion which we shall not attempt to portray. The chair which the stranger had occupied was vacant, nor was he in any part of the room! He had gone; but whither? and what had been his object in coming and going in this inexplicable manner?

The sudden thought of her child aroused Mrs. Herbert from her state of bewilderment, and brought her quickly to the side of the cradle. But her child was still there, perfectly safe, and sleeping quietly and peacefully.

That the mysterious visitor had come and gone in this manner without any object whatever, was more than she could believe, and she earnestly commenced seeking about the room for some clue which might explain the object of his coming. Her Bible lay upon the table; it was open now, and she had a distinct recollection of leaving it closed. She examined it, and a strange discovery was the immediate consequence. The book was open at the blank leaf, and upon this was written her maiden name—Sarah Marshall. Under this, the following lines had been scratched in pencil:

"I pray to God, to whom I have not prayed in years, to forgive me for the great deception which I have thought to inflict upon her who bears, or once bore, that name! Lady, forgive me; I shudder to think that both yourself and your babe might have fallen victims to my anger had you opposed me. I am Richard Fearne, and I came hither to rob you! But the discovery which I have made by means of this book chills my very soul with horror; for years my eyes have never rested on the pages of the sacred volume, and merely the opening of it has given me a revelation which fills my breast with sorrow. I shudder as I think what might have been the result of my coming here to-night! But do not fear; you are past all harm from me. Your husband will explain all upon his return. Farewell—and pray for me!"

The general sentiment of this communication (as mysterious as its author), that she had been in some manner greatly endangered by the visit of Fearne, instantly impressed itself upon Mrs. Herbert's mind, but beyond this she could determine nothing. She had heard of the terrible deeds of Fearne and his outlaws, and she shuddered painfully at the thought that she had been, unknowingly, in the power of their dreaded chief. It was apparent from the circumstance, as well as from the tenor of the note, that his chief object in coming thither had been the acquisition of money; but what discovery could he have made from the book which was sufficient to work such a marvellous change in his intentions? The whole affair was utterly incomprehensible; and though assured that no further danger menaced herself or her husband, Mrs. Herbert waited anxiously through the long hours of the night for his return.

It was half an hour after midnight when she heard the noise of his arrival. He appeared, upon his entrance, thoughtful and somewhat agitated; and almost before his wife could give him her eager welcome, he requested her to tell him everything connected with the robber's visit. This she did, detailing every circumstance; and after carefully examining the lines written in the Bible, the husband proceeded to tell the story of his connection with the remarkable events of the night. In giving it, we must continue the narrative in the third person.

Charles Herbert had finished the particular business which had called him to the village, near the close of the day, and mounting his horse, he set out upon his return homeward. His path for more than two thirds of the way lay through the forest, but suspecting no danger, he rode on carelessly until he had accomplished half the distance to his house.

Suddenly—so suddenly that he was given no time to make a single movement in his defence—he was jerked from his saddle by a strong hand and hurled violently to the ground. Stunned and helpless, he lay for some moments entirely senseless; and when his reason returned he found himself surrounded by a number of powerful and athletic men, foremost among whom was one whom he instinctively recognized as Richard Fearne, the notorious desperado!

No time, however, was given him for reflection. A pistol was presented at his head, and he was peremptorily commanded, upon pain of instant death upon refusal, to inform his captors concerning a sum of money which he had lately received. In this extremity, to preserve his life, he was compelled to comply, and the stern questions and renewed threats of the robbers soon elicited from him everything concerning the money.

But not content with this, he was forced to produce writing materials and pen an order to his wife for the delivery of the bag and its contents. The thought of the terrible danger to which his wife and child were about to be exposed, caused his hand to tremble, and the paper to become soiled and blotted beneath it, and when he had finished and delivered it, he earnestly besought the leader of the robbers to promise him that no violence or indignity should be offered to Mrs. Herbert or his babe.

"I make no terms," was the stern reply; "especially, since it is in my power to dictate. You may have deceived me, and woe to you and yours if you have done so! I shall leave you here as a pledge for your truth, while I am gone; and, more than this, should I discover that you have used the slightest deception in what you have told me, I promise you I will burn your house over the heads of those for whose safety you are so solicitous! You will then understand that the gallows has no terrors for me, since I have incurred it so often!"

With these significant words, the outlaw departed, taking with him a number of his followers. These, we may remark, were in the immediate vicinity of Herbert's house, and within easy call, while Fearne was within it, as has been described. And when the latter emerged from it, without the booty which they had expected, and commanded them to follow him back to the spot where they had left their prisoner, they were compelled, in spite of their rage and disappointment, to obey.

Charles Herbert, during their absence, passed nearly two hours of the most racking suspense and anxiety, and it was only upon the return and strange disclosure of the outlaw, that his mind was restored to quiet. And now let us explain the reason of the mysterious conduct of Richard Fearne.

Upon his return, it was easy to see that some powerful emotion was influencing him. His bronzed face was almost bloodless, and the strong man shook and trembled in every limb. Taking his prisoner a little distance from the men, and without prefacing his words in any manner, he gave a hasty account of the success of his stratagem, up to the point where Mrs. Herbert left the room to obtain the bag of money.

"I had a faint, indistinct remembrance," he continued, speaking in a hurried tone, "when I first saw your wife, that I had seen her face before. This remembrance, faint as it was, was such as to make my demeanor towards her as gentle as possible; and while I had a dozen men outside to enforce my demands should she prove refractory, my conduct was as respectful as though I had been craving shelter for the night. When she had left the room, I sat for a moment in perfect silence. I was pleased to find that I was about to obtain the money without force, although had force become necessary, I was determined to employ any amount of it; nor should I have hesitated at the shedding of blood. Merciful God—that I should ever have imagined this against *her!*

"A book chanced to be lying on the table, and taking it up, I discovered it to be a Bible. I was about throwing it from me with an oath, when some writing in the fore part attracted my attention. The name of *Sarah Marshall* was inscribed there, and as I read it, I felt as if a bolt from heaven had cloven my very heart! Tell me—whose name was that?"

"My wife's, before her marriage," Herbert replied, in deep astonishment.

"I knew it; and that, too, was the name of my *twin-sister!* You are astonished, but I tell you the truth; Sarah Herbert, the gentle woman whose innocent blood I should not have scrupled to shed two hours ago, is the sister of Richard Fearne, the most guilty, and now, the most repentant being on God's footstool!

"She will remember the happy hours of our early childhood in our happy eastern home; had I been blessed a little longer with her society, my life might have been a different one. But my wayward, restless spirit led me from home in my boyhood, and to that home I never returned. I need not tell you how it was that I became the evil, depraved being that I am. The lawlessness of a sailor's life, the temptations of a great city, wicked companions, and constant familiarity with vice in all its darkest shapes and forms, have all conjoined to mould and make me what I am.

"But I must speak briefly, for I must go; this neighborhood can know me no more! Until to-night, I have not seen my sister for fifteen years, and the shock of this terrible discovery has well nigh killed me. Soon after leaving home, I changed my name, assuming that of Richard Fearne, which I have borne ever since. During my absence, I have never heard from my home or friends, and I knew not whether any of my relatives were yet living.

"This is all; but a word more before I go, for when I am gone, you will have seen me for the last time. Upon my hurried flight from your house to-night, I saw your child sleeping in his cradle, and I could not resist the impulse which led me to press my lips to his brow. May the kiss not fall as a curse upon him. Do not, if you can help it, teach him to hate his uncle, but when he shall have grown older, tell him my story, and learn him to pity Richard Marshall, and be warned by his example. Farewell—God bless you, and your wife and child!"

He seized Herbert's hand, wrung it heartily, and before Herbert could detain him for a single instant, he had disappeared. Bewildered by the astonishing revelation he had heard from the lips of the outlaw, Charles Herbert groped his way to the road, where he found two of the robbers in charge of his horse. As he mounted and rode slowly homeward, they followed behind, at a little distance, for the purpose, as he imagined, of protecting him from any further danger. Upon his arrival at his house, they also disappeared, having acted by the order of Richard Marshall.

Neither Mrs. Herbert nor her husband ever received any further intelligence from her erring brother, although the sister hoped and prayed that his repentance might be enduring, and his after years free from all blemishes and deformities of evil. And it is more than possible that her prayers were answered.

INFLUENCE OF SORROW.

For Adam had not outlived his sorrow, had not felt it slip from him as a temporary burden, and leave him the same man again. Do any of us? God forbid. It would be a poor result of all our anguish and our wrestling, if we were nothing but our old selves at the end of it—if we could return to the same blind loves, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted human lives, the same feeble sense of that unknown, towards which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form, as forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy—the one poor word which includes all our best insight, and our best love. —*Adam Bede.*

A BOW AT A VENTURE.

The following shot was fired from "Plymouth Pulpit," a few days since, by Henry Ward Beecher, right into the heart of his astonished flock: "There are sitting before me in this congregation now, two hundred men who stuff their Sundays full of what they call religion, and then go out on Mondays to catch their neighbor by the throat, saying, 'Pay me that thou owest; it's Monday now, and you needn't think that because we sat crying together, yesterday, over our Saviour's sufferings and love, that I am going to let you off from that debt, if it does ruin you to pay it now.'"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAGDALEN.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

The moon sits calmly on the day-god's throne,
Earth meekly bends beneath her magic sway,
While myriad lamps, through the proud city strown,
Rival the star-worlds with their glittering ray.
Yes; upward glare they through the hurrying throng,
But fiercer glows the dark, despairing eye
That shows a trembling spirit, steeped in wrong,
Longing from life's Aceldama to fly,
To pass the shadowy veil, and solve time's mystery.

Siberian snows may hem the traveller round,
Yet shall his soul, at recollection's call,
Speed like Mazeppa, on the thought-steed bound,
Till bright before him gleams the homestead wall.
But O! how sad is woman's exile lot,
Forced from her Eden home, a pilgrim lone
To wander, where, all things but self forgot,
Life's billows dash o'er many a bark o'erthrown—
Sin's curdling horror whelms the spirit's gurgling groan.

Sweet faith of Nazareth's immortal shrine,
Hymned by the rippling waves of Galilee,
Thy followers, through time's early morning rime
Pealed forth the chorus of thy minstrelsy;
Fearless they taught the good that never dies—
Firm trod the path Immanuel walked before;
Untrembling, as they viewed the nearing skies
They heard the crowd its bigot thunder pour—
The Parthian tiger's howl—the Nemean lion's roar

Now, like a sea-shell on the ocean strand,
'Reft of its tenant, lies thy creed of old.
Its soul is fled! Where is the high command
The Saviour uttered to the rulers cold
Who girt the erring one?—"Let him first strike
Whose breast is free from guilt!" 'Tis past, tis past!
The stern-browed zealot smites all sins alike.
Yet, lost one, time's wild night is hurrying fast—
Heaven's golden dawn shall gild thy darkened path at last.

There shalt thou learn what earth hath never taught—
That holiest joy—the pure, aspiring soul,
The truths thy storm-tossed spirit heeded not,
While passion bade her life-long billows roll.
Years may pass by—long ages ebb and flow
Around the confines of the heavenly plain,
Yet shalt thou read, where fadeless splendors glow—
God stands a Pharos o'er the eternal main;
Each weather-rifted sail shall make the port again.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ANTIQUARY.

BY MARION C. FORCE.

Mr. Egyptus Mummian sat in his study, pondering a knotty question in numismatics which had bound him to his chair for seven successive hours. The dinner bell, and sundry announcements of visitors, had failed to arouse him from his profound revery. Let us take a glance at him, as he sits in his easy chair, for he is an admirable specimen of an antiquary, and is president of an antiquarian society.

Mr. Mummian's appearance is not particularly prepossessing, but far from repulsive. He has passed the strong period of life, as his whitening hair betokens, and is daily approaching his surroundings in a quality which is the greatest recommendation to a man of his profession. He is growing old, and therefore more fond of himself. His dark, flashing eyes seem like fires set in caverns, as they gleam from their deep-set sockets; and the furrows of his face are now unusually deep, from the continued mental labor of the day. If he should rise from his chair, it would almost appear as if a clothed skeleton had assumed life and motion, so tall and spare is the antiquary. We see no comeliness of form, but feel an involuntary awe and respect thrill us, as we look upon the stern student of antiquities. He loves age; and it has been said he loves his acquaintances in proportion to the number of their years, or the respect they bear for old things. Glance at his apartment, hung around with curious relics, and you will discover his taste. Here is a pile of huge folios, there a row of quartos with heavy clasps of brass, and shelves filled with octavos and duodecimos; but not one of them all bears a date beginning with an 18. He scorns a volume written later than the last century. "It would be like drinking wine fresh from the press, to study a work less than fifty years old," he was accustomed to say. In addition to his quaint collection of books, are rusty cups and old-fashioned spurs, broken swords and cracked earthen-ware, and countless coins. With this heterogeneous mass of mementoes, none of whom could complain of neglect in their declining years, Mr. Mummian lived as quiet and peaceful a life as the most reclusive hermit. His study was his *sanctum sanctorum*, where it was a mark of decided favor to be admitted.

He sat, as we have said, in his easy chair, studying an ancient coin. His favorite servant, a man of some seventy years, knocks at the door several times, and receiving no answer from within, tells the man who desires to see the antiquary that he was not to be interrupted.

"Not to be interrupted?" said the visitor, who was a man of shrewd, cunning, though comely appearance. "Why not?"

"He is engaged, sir, in some study which he will not give up even for food and drink."

"But I have something more important to Mr. Mummian than bread and water," said the visitor. "Show me where your master sits."

"Indeed, sir," said the domestic, trembling for the consequence should the impertinent stranger gain admittance, "it will be at the risk of blood and bones, if you force yourself into the presence of Mr. Mummian."

"You timid, ignorant fellow," replied the man, still approaching the door of Mr. Mummian's library. "Stand, then, while I enter; and mark the welcome I meet with."

The servant obeyed the order and stood at the opposite side of the passage-way, while the man gently opened the study door, and then called out, "*Felix Temporum Reperatio!*" in a loud voice.

"Reverse of a Constantine!" exclaimed the antiquary.

When he turned around and saw the stranger, his countenance darkened and lowered savagely on the person who had dared to enter the privacy of his sanctum without invitation.

"I thought I heard some one pronounce the inscription of one of Constantine's coins," said he. "It must have been imagination. But who are you that have thus intruded upon me unannounced?"

"An ardent admirer of the noble labors of Mr. Mummian in sustaining the study of antiquity, and a humble follower in the same path of honorable science."

"Ah!" said the antiquary, evidently greatly mollified. "Do you delight in the study of those objects around which age has thrown its charm? Are you a student of antiquities?"

"A beginner in the science," answered the man. "And I have come to you for any word of instruction or encouragement you may be so generous as to vouchsafe me."

"Then seat yourself, my young friend," said the antiquary, clearing a chair of its specimens and old books. "It is so rare a pleasure to meet with a man who has resolved so early to devote himself to the study of the remains of bygone days, that I rejoice at your coming. I promise myself we will prove congenial companions."

"As teacher and pupil," said the stranger, "for I am only an ignorant tyro. Under your tuition, however, I may become so acquainted with antiquated relics as to assist you in your researches."

"I am sure of it!" exclaimed the antiquary. "I commend the good sense which led you to choose a pursuit so different from the ordinary, frivolous pastimes of young men. We will labor together, my young friend, and may at length reveal as valuable information as the industrious Ritson, though perhaps in a different department of learning."

"I have already made a few efforts to procure curious and rare coins," said the young man, "which it may be will add a mite to your collection."

"Curious coins!" said Mr. Mummian. "Let me see them. I heard you pronounce the reverse of a Constantine; have you indeed possessed yourself of so valuable a curiosity?"

"I have one," said the young man, handing the antiquary a coin, "which my poor knowledge leads me to suppose is genuine; but take it, sir, and bring your superior learning to bear upon the point."

The antiquary eagerly received the coin and examined it. "Yes, yes," said he, turning it over and examining it with great care. "I think it a genuine Constantine. You possess in it an invaluable rarity. What means did you employ to obtain it? To procure one for my cabinet has been the ambition of the last twenty years of my life."

"And this I now bestow, my good sir, on you, as my matriculation fee for the favor of your instruction," said the young man.

"It is then my own," said the antiquary, fondly handling it. "I will not risk asking you, my young friend, a second time, nor will I ever part with it for a fortune. Let it lie, then, in my cabinet, the most valued of my collection, both from its own value and as a memento of your generosity."

"Then, sir, I am accepted as a pupil?"

"Accepted as a pupil!" said the antiquary. "Taken rather to my home as a *protege* and a companion. Look you! think not of leaving my house; it will be hereafter your abode. And you shall be provided with a duplicate key to this my sacred study, where I scarcely admit my best friends. Here, surrounded by our antique possessions, we will discard the outer world in the study of what lies around us."

"Then the perfection of my ambition, the friendship of Egyptus Mummian, is attained!" said the young man. "But do you not desire to know my name?"

"What's in a name," said the antiquary. "Thou'd be as sweet by any other name. It is of very little moment; but, as I must have something whereby to designate you, what shall it be?"

"Mortimer Selwyn," answered the young man.

"Then, Mortimer, stay awhile and examine these medals, from which I know you will derive a healthy pleasure, while I see that proper accommodations are made for your lodgment with me."

The antiquary now, with more alacrity than usually characterized him, left the apartment. Mortimer, after his absence, seemed partly to lose his interest in coins and antiquities. Instead of obeying the antiquary's injunction to examine the cabinet, he approached the window and stood looking from it, till the door of his room was opened by a young lady. She entered, and, apparently surprised at not seeing the antiquary, said:

"O, sir, was not my father, Mr. Mummian, here awhile since? I beg pardon for my intrusion, but I never before found the door unlocked and he absent."

"A moment ago he left me," answered Mortimer, "and in another moment he will return. So I pray you wait."

The young lady, whose attractions, I would tell the reader, were equally strong for the poet and the miser, took the seat vacated by the antiquary, and began listlessly examining some of the curiosities lying on the table. Mortimer fastened his eyes upon her in a fixed look of mingled admiration and malevolence. After a short interval of silence, he said to the lady:

"Miss Mummian's recollection of acquaintances seems to have failed her at the present moment. I think we have heretofore greeted each other with more cordiality."

"My recollection of Mr. Selwyn is too vivid to admit of a warmer welcome," replied the young lady, looking up. "Do not rest the blame with my memory"

"Then I must attribute it to the feelings of Miss Mummian?" said Mortimer.

"I have before given an expression of my feelings towards you," said the lady, "and you should not have expected a more cordial greeting than you have received. More than this I will say, that whatever may be your ostensible purpose in visiting my father, I see in it other objects than to become his pupil. Gold coins, I imagine, are more gratifying to your tastes than antique coins."

"Your unjust insinuations," replied Mortimer, "both from their injustice and their source, are meekly borne. Here comes your father; shall I appear as a friend or stranger?"

"Certainly not as a friend," said the lady.

The old gentleman entered, and introduced Mortimer to his daughter as a person deserving her cordial esteem, and one who had already gained his respect and affection.

In a few days the young man became perfectly domiciliated at the antiquary's home. His favor with Mr. Mummian increased every hour; but he seemed to make little progress in gaining the esteem of the daughter, who regarded him with undiminished coldness. Had the father been of a less abstracted character, he would have noticed the coolness and restraint between the only two young persons beneath his roof. As it happened, however, he imagined them more than mutually satisfied with their frequent meetings, and he never rose from his bed nor retired at rest at night, without congratulating himself on having received so excellent a young man as Mortimer Selwyn into his family.

"What may not spring from the connection?" he would say to himself. "I now see grandchildren and great-grandchildren pursuing the excellent study of antiquities, and all faithful to the precepts of their ancestor, *ego*, I will be the father of a progeny of antiquarians who will explore their field till not a stone remains unturned."

He was thinking to himself somewhat in this strain, when alone in his library one day, while Mortimer had gone to the city to examine some coins which were to be sold. Mr. Mummian had confidence enough in the proficiency of his pupil to trust him making the purchases himself.

While he sat musing so agreeably, he was disturbed by a knock at the door. Giving the summons, a young man of good appearance, open countenance, and of a certain frankness of demeanor which provokes good feeling at the first acquaintance, entered the room. Though a person of so prepossessing an appearance, the antiquary's face clouded at his entrance.

"Good morning, Mr. Mummian," said the young man.

"Good morning, Mr. Murillo," said the antiquary. "Since your departure from my studio, I have found a more docile scholar, one who does not battle every opinion I advance, nor endeavor to prove every relic of peculiar value a forged imitation."

"Probably he has more duplicity as well as more docility," said the young man.

"Do you come to asperse the character of a man whom I more respect than Edmund Murillo and all his ancestry?" exclaimed the antiquary, touched by the young man's presumption in hinting against the good character of his protege.

"No, sir," replied Edmund, quietly. "I wish to ask a question of more importance than anything concerning Mr. Selwyn."

"What is it about, and what is it? Be brief," said Mr. Mummian.

"Your daughter—and may I marry her?" said the young man, with uncommon brevity and directness.

"What are your recommendations?" asked the antiquary.

"A good education, respectable family, a comfortable home, and her consent," replied Edmund.

"The last is silliness. What does the consent of a girl who does not know a Constantine from an Otho, amount to? As for your other recommendations, they are not sufficient to balance your deficiencies. No, sir, I do not grant your request. I have fixed upon the disposal of my dutiful daughter to a worthier applicant."

"Have you resolved to sacrifice your daughter to a heartless mercenary?" said the young man, forgetting that the success of his mission depended entirely in subduing the prejudices of the old gentleman.

"Mercenary!" cried the antiquary. "Did I not too much revere the age of this pot, I would make it serve as a weapon to punish such impudence and malignity. Heartless mercenary! Do you say it, sir, of the noble young Mortimer? Go, sir, wherever you list, but never come to me again with such malice on your lips, to ask a favor."

Without allowing time for the young man to reply, Mr. Mummian turned him from his door, and ordered immediate and eternal absence.

We cannot follow the disappointed suitor from the house, but will return with the antiquary to his study. He has paced the room a few times, without entirely cooling his passion, when Mortimer returned from the city with his purchases.

"O, Mortimer!" said Mr. Mummian, "lay your package on the table, while I speak to you on other matters."

Mortimer, surprised that the antiquary should hesitate a moment to examine the coins, laid them on the table, and prepared himself to listen to his instructor.

"Now, my young friend," said Mr. Mummian, "a foolish, impertinent boy, this morning begged permission that he might carry off my daughter for a wife! He was a young man who, till today, I considered of a good heart and of some understanding, but very perverse, and utterly unworthy of being admitted into my family. The person who attains that honor must be a participant in my studies and tastes. In fact, my boy, I see in you a fitting person."

"And I have hardly dared dream of such a consummation of my happiness," said Mortimer, with evident satisfaction.

"The young fellow offered as a recommendation to my consent, the consent of the poor girl. A foolish, silly argument. I allowed it no weight."

"It is of no importance," said Mortimer. "Such a whim as her sentimental love might

be easily overcome. A year of married life will remove the last taint of any unjust prejudice she may entertain against me."

"So I think," said Mr. Mummian. "We will try it. The ridiculous fashion of young women falling in love is too light a thing to influence me. You, my young friend, shall prove to the world its foolishness."

It was therefore agreed that, despite any opposition which might arise from the young lady, a marriage should be celebrated between the young antiquary and the old antiquary's daughter.

"And, Mortimer," said the antiquary, when the affair had been arranged, "you will then relieve me from the burdensome care of my modern trash in the shape of property and bank-stock. It has been the torment of my existence. A promise to do this will be the only dowry you need present."

The young man made no opposition to this, but with a docility which favorably impressed the antiquary, consented to assume entire charge of Mr. Mummian's monetary affairs.

"Then six weeks from to-day shall see you joined to my daughter. Now let us consider the purchases you have made."

In the afternoon of the same day Mr. Mummian called his daughter to his room to notify her of the disposal he had made of her hand. "I received," said he, "a proposition from a silly, impertinent young man this morning, to take you to his home, but I rejected him with proper severity. I have since selected a person qualified to be the life-companion of any woman in the land."

"Who, father?" said the lady, half hoping, half fearing.

"Mortimer Selwyn," replied the antiquary. "My excellent pupil. Are you not satisfied with my choice?"

"It is indeed, father, your choice, not mine; and you will not, I beseech you, compel its fulfilment!"

"Foolish child," said the antiquary, "consider that I am older, and therefore better able to make a selection. In fact, I am responsible to Heaven for it. It is a ruinous practice of modern days to commit the choice in such matters to the hands of inexperienced boys and girls. I have made the choice, my daughter, and knowing it to be a good one, desire it to be obeyed."

"Edmund Murillo has been driven from the house a fugitive from your wrath; a detested rival planted in his place, and my father turned a tyrant to his daughter; but I will make no resistance. If it will add a grain to your comfort, father, I will endure the heaviest weight of woe. In six weeks, or in one, I will be prepared to become the wife of Mortimer Selwyn, your favored pupil."

The antiquary was touched by the sorrow of his daughter, but thinking it the momentary result of a foolish passion, left her, much satisfied with her dutiful docility.

Six weeks rolled away, and brought around the fatal day for the antiquary's daughter to be married to a man she detested. Her father's reverence for age was equalled by her reverence for parental authority. Indeed, she had such confidence in the wisdom of her father, that in times of least despondency she could almost imagine that his predictions of future felicity and contentment would be realized. Her unresisting acquiescence to her father's will was a sacrifice to filial affection which few maidens could be found to make so uncomplainingly. Obedience to parental authority was in her estimation a duty superior to the tie which binds lover to lover. Never did she dream of opposition to her father's will, and in this momentous instance she quietly made all the usual preparations for a wedding day. When the day arrived it found her ready, so far as exterior appearances could be controlled. She presented the blushes but not the smiles of a bridal-day. She was unhappy. Her father was elated by unusual happiness; and the bridegroom wore an air of thievish triumph.

The ceremony was to be performed on the broad piazza stretching around the house. The company gathered, few in number, under the shade of the honeysuckle which clambered over the lattice-work. The minister took his position at one corner of the porch, and the bridal party advanced to their place before him. All this was done with a silence and gravity most agreeable to the character of the antiquary. The knot was about to be tied, and the bride was trembling with the terror of the moment, when the company was startled into a sudden confusion by the approach of some county officers, who, presenting a warrant, inquired for one Mortimer Selwyn.

"He stands before you," said the calm bridegoom. "Do you wish me, sirs? If so, be good enough to wait until this reverend gentleman has performed his part of the ceremony we have assembled to witness. I will then be at liberty to attend to any business you may have with me."

"No!" cried the company of guests. "We will not allow the ceremony to proceed till the officers have declared their business."

"Do you hear this impertinent interruption!" exclaimed the young man to Mr. Mummian. "They will not *allow* the wedding to proceed until their curiosity be satisfied! I pray you will use your authority to compel the conclusion of the ceremony."

The antiquary was perplexed. He did not doubt the innocence of Mortimer, whatever might be the charge preferred against him; but his natural prudence told him it was better to defer the marriage till his innocence should be proved. He was about to express this opinion, when he was anticipated by the minister declaring that he would not continue the ceremony, and by the officers announcing that they could no longer delay seizing the young man. After some useless remonstrances, Mortimer was carried off to the town for examination, and the people departed to their different homes, or gathered in little knots for gossip.

The antiquary's gladness was changed to a deeper gloom, and he retired to his study to find solace among his medals and antiquities. The daughter sought the solitude of her room, glad that she was still un-united to a forced lover, and finding comfort in the thought that it was better to live a single life of contentment than suffer the woe of being forever joined to a being she detested.

The antiquary, after composing his agitated feelings, armed himself with his hat and walking-stick, to seek the town and learn the character of the charge made against his pupil; for in the excitement of the arrest he had omitted to inquire its cause. He walked rapidly, and soon reached the magistrate's office where the examination was in progress, surrounded by the crowd which usually collects when any apparently respectable man is arrested for a misdemeanor.

He discovered that Mortimer had been arrested for counterfeiting current money, and also antique coins, which he sold as genuine. The antiquary was astonished at the charges, and his astonishment increased each moment as he heard the conclusive evidence of the witnesses. The young man was committed to prison to await his trial; and everybody said the guilt was too evident to admit of any hope of acquittal.

Mr. Mummian returned to his home, pondering upon the strange disclosure of the day, and congratulating himself upon his escape from receiving a forger into his house as a son-in-law. Then the thought struck him: "Is it not possible that some of the coins I received from him may be counterfeit?" He determined to make a scrutinizing examination immediately after his return to the house. After a careful study, and having consulted some learned friends, he discovered another proof of his protege's criminality in the Constantine and other coins he had palmed upon the antiquary.

Mortimer was tried, convicted, and received the extreme sentence of the law; and all the people echoed the sentiment, "it was guilt rightly punished."

A year after the detection and punishment of Mortimer Selwyn, one evening in autumn, the antiquary's daughter prepared the supper for her father, who had that day attended a meeting of the antiquarian society. She moved with a nun-like quietness, and her face wore that calm expression so peculiar to the inmates of a convent. The table was spread, and two plates laid at the sides, when the antiquary entered. His countenance was lit up with an uncommon brightness, and his movements and voice told to his daughter that something pleasant had occurred at the meeting to enliven his spirits.

"Ah, my daughter," said he, when seated at his table quaffing his tea, "I saw a fine young man to day. He would make a fine husband. He read an essay to the society, which was pronounced the best we have had for many meetings."

"Who was he?" asked the daughter.

"He was clear and satisfactory in all his arguments, and evidenced careful study in his researches united to profound learning. An admirable essay for one so young, I should not have been ashamed to be the author myself."

"But what was his name?" asked the lady, with that curiosity which no time nor misfortune can drive from the woman's character.

"He is a fine young man, and will be an ornament to the band of antiquaries. He was elected member of the society to day, and will read another essay at the next meeting."

"And who was he? I pray you tell me, father," said the maiden. "Is he a person I have ever heard of, or is he a stranger to the neighborhood?"

"Not a stranger, though we have not had the pleasure of his company for a twelvemonth. His name was Edmund Murillo. I heartily forgive the misdeeds of his younger days."

The effect of this announcement upon the lady was instantaneous. Her face kindled with joyful surprise, and if we could have penetrated further into her soul, we might have seen lifted thence a weight which had burdened her for many months. Thus to hear her father praise Edmund Murillo, was like uncovering the sun and letting its brightness shine into her heart.

"Where has he been, father?" asked the daughter.

"Travelling, and studying the great collections of Europe," said the antiquary. "And he has acquired a knowledge which blots out all the deficiencies of the past. Indeed, I propose that he become a member of my household, when he may quietly pursue his investigations. Do you object to this, my daughter?"

"No, father," replied the maiden. "He will, if he has not lost the gaiety of two years ago, drive off the gloom from our home."

That meal was the happiest the antiquary and his daughter had taken together for a year; but it was followed by many more as happy, when there was an additional party at the table. The antiquary received young Murillo into his family as a laborious student of his favorite science, and gladly consented to his union with his daughter; a union which was the joy of all concerned, and never repented by either father or children.

Never did a happier trio live under one roof. Murillo, unlike the majority of young husbands, loved his wife more for the docility she had displayed in yielding to her father, than he could have done had she maintained that proud, invincible constancy which would have set at defiance anything opposed to the consummation of its desires. Let me tell you, reader, a docile child will prove an obedient wife, but a boaster of constancy is too often the creature of self-will.

OUR SOLAR SYSTEM ON ITS TRAVELS.

Professor Mitchell, in one of his lectures recently delivered in New York, said that astronomers had reason to suppose that our solar system was travelling through space, because in one direction the stars were closing together. Argelander, the Russian astronomer, some years ago attempted the solution of this, by observing some 500 stars all over the heavens. He divided them into three classes—those which moved a second of an acre per year; those who moved half a second, and those which moved less. It was plain that if the sun were moving, there would be a ring of stars which would move most rapidly; these would be the stars which were passing in our course. Taking this ring as an equator, we would be moving towards one of the poles where the stars would be opening, and from the other where the stars would be closing together. This was found to be the case, and we were now actually moving towards the star *Mu* in the constellation of Hercules. Other astronomers had determined that we were moving in that direction at the rate of 154,000,000 miles per annum, at which rate we might reach that star in about a million of years. What was the mysterious force which drove us through space at such a terrible rate? It could not be gravitation; it could only be the arms of the Omnipotent himself.

ROMANCE OF THE NEEDLE.

The Christian Intelligencer thus discourses about the exploits of the needle: "What a wonderful thing is this matter of sewing! The needle with the thimble has done more for man than the needle of the compass. The needle-work of the Tabernacle is the most ancient record of the art. Early used to adorn the vestments of the priests, it was honored by God himself, and became a type of beauty and holiness. "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needle-work." The magnificence of kingly pomp, the imposing spectacles of religion or wealth, the tribute of honor to the great, the charm of dignified society, the refined attractions of beauty, are dependent upon the needle."

THE ZOUAVES.

The following description of the Zouaves—the most efficient portion of the French army—is taken from the report of Captain George B. McClellan, who was one of the United States military officers sent to the seat of war in Europe, in 1855, to collect information on military subjects: "The dress of the Zouave is of the Arab pattern—the cap is a loose fez, or skull cap, of scarlet felt, with a tassel; a turban is worn over this in full dress; a cloth vest and a loose jacket, which leaves the neck unencumbered by color, stock, or cravat, cover the upper portion of his body, and allow free movement of the arms; the scarlet pants are of the loose Oriental pattern, and are tucked under garters like those of the foot rifles of the guard; the overcoat is a loose cloak with a hood; the Chasseurs wear a similar one. The men say that this is the most convenient dress possible, and prefer it to any other.

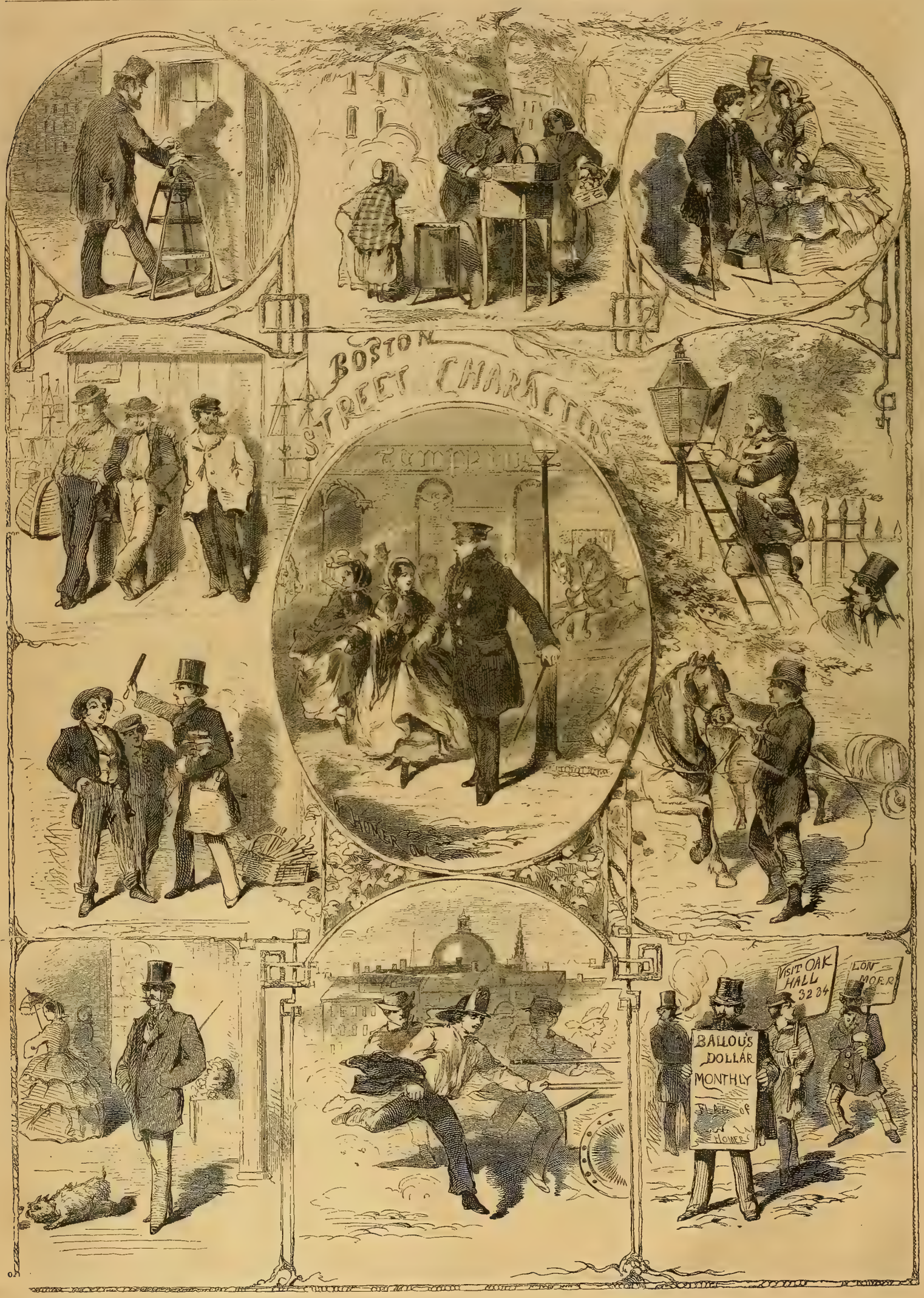
"The Zouaves are all French; they are selected from among the old campaigners for their fine physique and tried courage, and have certainly proved that they are what their appearance would indicate, the most reckless, self reliant and complete infantry that Europe can produce. With his graceful dress, soldierly bearing and vigilant attitude, the Zouave at an outpost is the beau ideal of a soldier. They neglect no opportunity of adding to their personal comfort; if there is a stream in the vicinity, the party marching on picket is sure to be amply supplied with fishing-rods, etc.; if anything is to be had, the Zouaves are quite sure to obtain it. Their movements are the most light and graceful I have ever seen; their stride is long, but the foot seems scarcely to touch the ground, and the march is apparently made without effort or fatigue. The step of the foot rifles is shorter and quicker, and not so easy and graceful. The impression produced by the appearance of these two corps is very different; the rifles look like active, energetic little fellows, who would find their best field as skirmishers; but the Zouaves have, combined with all the activity and energy of the others, that solid ensemble and reckless, dare-devil individuality which would render them alike formidable when attacking in a mass or in defending a position in the most desperate hand to-hand encounter. Of all all the troops that I have ever seen, I should esteem it the greatest honor to assist in defeating the Zouaves. The grenadiers of the guard are all large men, and a fine-looking, soldierly set. The voltigeurs are small, active men, but larger than the rifles. They are light infantry."

RUSSIAN AND TURKISH DISCIPLINE.

A Turkish and Russian officer, on some occasion of truce, had scratched up an acquaintance. As they sat together the conversation turned on the comparative perfection of discipline and obedience to which their respective troops had been brought. To give a specimen, the Russian calls in his orderly. "Ivan," says he, "you will go to such-and-such a tobacconist; you will buy an oke of tobacco; pay for it and bring it home straight." Ivan salutes and goes. The Russian pulls out his watch. "Now Ivan is going to the tobacconist; now he is there; now he is paying for the tobacco; now he is coming home; now is on the stairs; now he is here—Ivan!" Ivan comes in, salutes, and hands over the tobacco. "Pek guzel," says the fat Turk, with a condescending bow, benignly half shutting his eyes the while; "very nice. But my orderly will do as much—Mustafa!" "Effendim!" says Mustafa, bursting into the room, and touching his chin and forehead in the curious double-action salute of the Turkish soldier. He receives the same directions, word for word, and departs. His master hauls out a gigantic turnip of a watch, such as Turks delight in, and proceeds, in imitation of the Russian, to tick off Mustafa's supposed performances. "Now he is going—now he is there—now he is paying—now he is coming home—now he is here—Mustafa!" "Effendim!" replies Mustafa, again bursting in. "Where's the tobacco?" "Papouchler boulmadim—I haven't found my shoes yet." —*Blackwood.*

ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

Certainly the greatest, the noblest pleasures of intelligent creatures must result from their acquaintance with the blessed God, and their own rational and immortal souls. And O, how divinely pleasant and entertaining it is to look into our souls, when we can find all our powers and passions united and engaged in pursuit after God, our whole soul longing and passionately breathing after a conformity to him, and the full enjoyment of him! Verily, no hours pass away with so much divine pleasure, as those that are spent in communion with God and our own hearts. How sweet is a spirit of devotion, of seriousness and solemnity; a spirit of gospel simplicity, love and tenderness! O, how desirable and profitable is a spirit of holy watchfulness and godly jealousy over ourselves; when our souls are afraid of nothing so much as that we shall grieve and offend the blessed God, whom at such times we apprehend, or at least hope, to be a Father and a Friend; whom we then love and long to please, rather than to be happy ourselves, or at least we delight to derive our happiness from pleasing and glorifying him. Surely this is a pious temper, worthy of the highest ambition and closest pursuit of intelligent creatures. O, how vastly superior is the pleasure, peace and satisfaction derived from these frames, to that which we sometimes seek in things impertinent and trifling!—*Brainerd.*


BOSTON
STREET CHARACTERS
VISIT OAK HALL 3234
BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY

BOSTON STREET CHARACTERS.

The large and costly engraving on the preceding page is one of the best we have ever published, local in character, but possessing a general interest from its artistic merit. It was drawn expressly for us, by Homer, from sketches made in our streets, and thus "holds the mirror up to nature." The scenes and characters will be readily recognized. The central group represents the crossing at the corner of Summer and Washington Streets, where a gentlemanly police officer in his blue and gold costume, like Ticknor & Fields's duodecimo poets, escorts the ladies through the pass of peril. Who shall say that the days of chivalry are over? One of these fine days, when some peerless belle is about crossing, and the mud yawns deep before her shrinking, dainty feet, we shall have, be sure of it, a repetition of the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh. As he flung down his velvet coat that Queen Elizabeth might cross the kennel dryshod, so will our gallant policeman pull the coat from his shoulders, and spread it at the feet of the coming belle. In prophetic vision we behold this incident and the romance growing out of it—the gratitude of the lady, the despair of rivals, aspiring love, the long secret wooing crowned with success, the resignation of a policeman, a wedding in the King's Chapel, a wedding-breakfast, enthusiastic father in bald head and spectacles handing his son-in-law a checque for 250,000 dollars, a bridal tour, married felicity, political ambition following in the path of fortunate love, election to the presidency—grand tableau! Below the central group we have a sketch of some of those brave-hearted men who "run with the machine," and who start to action with the clang of the fire-bell as the war-horse rouses at the blast of the trumpet. All honor to our gallant firemen! In the right hand corner we have a sketch of one of the few venders of small wares who ply their trade in the streets. He is an invalid boy, who is gradually recovering health and strength by living in the open air, and who sells pencils, pen-holders, boot-laces, etc. Lower down we have a lamplighter, a member of a fraternity rendered classical by the pen of Miss Cummings. The teamster forms the subject of another sketch. In no city in the world are there finer team-horses than in Boston, and their intelligence and the skill of the driver is a theme of wondering comment for strangers. A long file of horses threading their way through a crowded thoroughfare, turning, backing, moving to the right and left, guided only by the voice and word of command, or avoiding difficulty by their own instinct, is a sight to be remembered. The procession of men with advertising placards exhibits a mode of publicity derived from London, where it is a striking feature of out-door life. On the other side of the picture we have the scissors-grinder plying his vocation, and a group of dock loafers smoking villanous cigars and enjoying a lazzaroni-like *otium sine dignitate*. The famous Razor-Strop Man, setting forth in humorous strains the merits of his unrivalled article, and the exquisite placidly and imperturbably gliding along the sidewalk, complete the artist's group of street characters. There is a narrower field for artistic gleaning in Boston than in most other great cities, for a certain staid uniformity is a general characteristic of the place; still, as in every great city, there are nooks and corners where eccentricity and strongly marked individuality may be discovered. In a former number of the Pictorial we published a similar large group, from the pencil of Barry, but Mr. Homer's interesting picture shows that his predecessor had not exhausted the subject, for the types here presented are all fresh and original.

I acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture: hereby we have either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high-towering, wide-shadowing tree! either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible luxuriant green one. Of a truth, it is the duty of all men, especially of all philosophers, to note down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their education—what furthered, what hindered, what modified it.—*Carlyle.*

DESCRIPTION OF ITALY.

Geographically, there is a remarkable unity in Italy, for it is a peninsula bounded by gulfs and seas on three sides, and by mountains on the north, but practically there has been no unity in Italy since the days of the Romans. For nearly a thousand years the greater part of Italy has been under the sway of French and German rulers. Those portions which have not thus been incorporated with foreign States, have been divided into small States; and there has never been a time when there was either concert of action, a common object, or a principle or feeling of nationality in Italy.

There are now eight different governments in Italy wholly independent of each other, and some of them have ancient and intense animosities towards the other. Of these are four in what is known geographically as Upper Italy; three in Central Italy, and one, the kingdom of Naples, covering southern Italy and the island of Sicily.

The kingdom of Sardinia is the most important of the States of Upper Italy; yet some of its possessions are quite as much German, or French, as Italian. It has the nearest approach to a constitutional government of any country in Europe, and though a small kingdom, with a population only between five and six millions, it has been made by the talents and bravery and energy of the house of Savoy which rules there, an important State in Europe.

The next in magnitude and population are the Austrian provinces, which go by the general name of the Kingdom of Lombardy and Venice. The population exceeds five millions, and many portions of the territory have been German dependencies for centuries—some of them, indeed, since Charlemagne conquered the ancient Lombards a thousand years ago. The Lombard kingdom includes the duchy of Milan, originally subject to Spain, afterwards formally ceded to Austria. She renounced it under the French Directory, to be made into the Cis-Alpine Republic; but it was restored to her by the Vienna treaty of peace in 1815. Mantua and other principalities, which make up the Lombardy government, have belonged to Austria for about one hundred and fifty years. Venice and the Swiss territory of the Grisons were only attached permanently in 1815. The government of these countries is an absolute military despotism issuing from Vienna.

Upper Italy contains, besides these two rival kingdoms of Sardinia and Austrian Lombardy, two independent governments in the duchy of Modena and the duchy of Parma. They are each about the size of one of the largest parishes in this State, but contain about half a million of inhabitants. Parma has been successfully ruled by native princes—by French and by Spaniards. Its rulers, from about 1730, have been the princes of the house of Spain. Napoleon, in 1812, incorporated two-thirds of it into the French Empire, and gave the other third to Prince Borghese, the husband of one of his sisters. The Congress of Vienna gave the life-estate of the whole to Maria Louisa—Napoleon's widow—since whose death it has reverted to the original heir of the Spanish line.

The duchy of Modena was an ancient fief of German Europe, and the present reigning family is Austrian—the heiress of the old race of Este married an Austrian Archduke, in 1806, and their descendants now inherit. It is very German in its ideas.

The independent States in Middle Italy are three—the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, the States of the Church, and the little Republic of San Marino. Tuscany too is ruled by a house of Austrian descent. Originally a part of the German Empire, it became enlarged by the abilities of the Medici to the grand duchy of Tuscany. The present grand duke is a descendant of Francis Stephen, Emperor of Germany, the husband of the great Maria Theresa, heiress of Austria. Bonaparte erected it into the kingdom of Etruria, and subsequently annexed it to the empire of France. In 1815 it was restored to the old line.

Next to Tuscany are the States of the Church, of which the pope is the elective head, holding his temporal power by virtue of his election as pope. The States are not large, but they are numerous and populous, the population being three millions in an area of about 17,000 square miles. There are twenty-one provinces, cities, duchies and districts, some of which have been under the papal government almost since the time of Charlemagne, and others were added by donations from German and French monarchs, in the middle ages. The government was entirely despotic until some slight changes were effected after the revolutionary troubles in 1848, but the population is deeply discontented, and the power of the pope is only maintained by the presence of protecting armies of Austria and France.

There is also in Middle Italy the little republic of San Marino—a single democracy of about 8000 souls—occupying a little nook in the mountains, about five miles across, and with an area of about thirty square miles, which has kept its separate independence for about fourteen hundred years.

In Southern Italy there is the kingdom of the two Sicilies, which is commonly known as the kingdom of Naples. The continental part contains about 32,000 square miles, and six and a half millions of people. The islands, including that of Sicily, contain 10,000 square miles, and over two millions of inhabitants. Naples, like the rest of Italy, has been a dependency first of one and then another of the great kingdoms of Europe, with brief intervals of independence. The first race of kings was of Norman extraction; the next was of the imperial house of Germany. The pope conferred the throne then on the house of Anjou, of the royal family of France. A race of Spanish rulers succeeded, and for two hundred years Naples was a constituent part of the Spanish monarchy. About 1759 Charles III. of Spain gave it to his third son, the ancestor of the Bourbons. His descendants now reign there, and are bitterly detested.

We have thus cursorily run over the list of the States into which Italy is divided now. They have never at any one time been under one government. They are all, with the exception of Sardinia, governed absolutely, and mis-governed; and they are all more or less in a state of great discontent, and ripe for any movement against their rulers. But there is no evidence that they have any common ideas of what sort of a government would better promote their happiness, or any general notion of the future except that of getting rid of their rulers if they can. Among such diverse, long separated and incompatible races, it is, we think, in vain to look for the realization of that dream of enthusiasm, a united, regenerated and free Italy.—*N. O. Picayune.*

NAPOLEON AND THE ITALIAN PEASANTS.

The accompanying engraving, representing the Emperor Louis Napoleon fraternizing with the peasants in the vicinity of Milan, receiving their addresses, petitions and congratulations, so completely tells its own story as to render description unnecessary. It is an authentic sketch of an actual scene, and shows how real and deep-rooted is the enthusiasm felt in Italy for the great man whom the Italians hail as the Liberator of their country. Apart from his recent services, there are special reasons why Louis Napoleon should be popular in Italy. The origin of his power was in his relationship to the greatest of modern captains and legislators, an Italian by birth. The first signal act of his life was his participation in the insurrection at Rome, twenty-eight years ago, when he was in the full flush of youth and enthusiasm. At this time both he and his elder brother, who also took part in the revolutionary movement, and died at Forli, March 17, 1831, had joined the secret society of Carbonari, taking their terrible oaths and incurring all their obligations. He was obliged to fly from Italy, but his obligations remained uncancelled. His supposed want of fidelity to these obligations, as evinced by the French attack on Rome in 1849, led to the recent attempts on his life by Orsini and other Italians. But it should be remembered that at the time of the French expedition against the Roman republic, Louis Napoleon was only President of France, and the measure was voted by the French Legislature, and was carried out but not originated by the executive. The legislature, by the way, with few exceptions, was as corrupt and false a body as ever cursed France. It was prepared to betray the republic, and the very men most clamorous against Louis Napoleon for violating his oath of allegiance to the republic, had openly repudiated their own obligations. Louis Napoleon seized the reins of power, appealed to the country, and the country sustained him. He has now, in the zenith of his power, lent the whole weight of his empire to the support of Italian independence.

THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON AMONG THE PEASANTRY OF MILAN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMMA V., Bridgeport, Ct.—The quotation, "Familiar in their mouths as household words," may be found in the 3d scene, 4th act, of Shakspeare's Henry V.

L. S., Lowell, Mass.—The principal iron mines in Great Britain lie in the northern and north-western counties. The yearly produce is about 3 590,000 tons, equal in value to upwards of £12,000 000. Staffordshire and Worcestershire produce about 900,000 tons; Yorkshire, 275,000; and Northumberland and Durham, 340,000.

W. C., Chicago, Ill.—Miss Diana Muloch is the authoress of those clever novels, "John Halifax," "The Head of the Family," and "Olive." Mrs. Marsh is the authoress of "Two Old Men's Tales." The author of "Adam Bede" still preserves his incognito as "George Eliot."

PHILANTHROPIST.—Your denunciations of a certain style of literature are just, though severe. Mr Clay, in a recent report pointed out that among 416 prisoners confined in Preston Gaol, England, 176 had read, or heard read, books about "Jack Sheppard" and "Dick Turpin."

INQUIRER.—Nothing is more deceptive than measuring fluids by dropping; since the drops from the lip of a vial vary, chiefly according to the different force of the attraction of cohesion in different liquids. The graduated glass measure used by apothecaries is the only certainty.

C. D., Watertown, Mass.—The epitaph you send us was evidently borrowed from that written by Pomponazzi, the philosopher of Mantua, on himself. The original is in Latin, and may be translated as follows:

Here I lie entombed Wherefore, I know not,
Nor do I care whether *thou* knowest.
If thou art well, it is well; while living, *I* was well,
And, mayhap, I am well even now.
But be it so or not, I cannot tell thee.

"EAST BOSTON."—A ship of 900 tons used to be regarded as a leviathan. In 1596 the Earl of Cumberland built a ship at Deptford of that tonnage, which being the largest ever built by an English subject, her majesty was pleased to favor his lordship with her presence at the launching and to give it the name of the Scourge of Malice.

C. C.—It was Buffon who proved that burning-glasses were capable of consuming substances; this fact was considered fabulous previous to his day.

A. L., Evansville, Indiana.—The flute is of very great antiquity. The name is derived from the Latin word *fluta*, the name of the lamprey, or small eel taken in the Sicilian waters, and common in our Eastern fresh water streams, because, like that fish, it is long and perforated at the sides. Your second question we are unable to answer.

OUT OF TOWN.

Everybody is out of town, that is, to use the more correct phrase of one of the fashionables, "everybody that is anybody, is out of town." You may construe that phrase as you will. Perhaps, as you note the activity of our wharves and business streets, the numbers of people in the libraries and reading-rooms, and churches, the pleasant and pretty faces in Washington Street, the groups of children on the Common of an afternoon, and the hundreds of promenaders of an evening, you will dispute the assertion. You may be inclined to think that all these people, your brothers and sisters, worthy persons and valuable members of society, added together produce something more than zero. So, however, think not *nous autres*. Mrs. Highfalutin and Mrs. Moire Antique, and Mrs. Bullion and Mrs. Argent, know no world but their set, and that set are scattered to the four winds of heaven, east, west, north and south, leaving their mansions tenantless, having previously notified the police to keep a special eye to their premises and see that no bold burglar walks off with their silver spoons, while they are following the inexorable banner of fashion by flood and field. They are "out of town," thundering away on railroads, smothered with dust and shaken to pieces; or jarred and fumigated, and nauseated on board ocean steamers; or baked in little hot closets in country hotels, or displaying countless toilettes at watering-places, rendered attractive by the absence of trees, and a vast quantity of damp sand and decaying fish.

Some of these unhappy wretches have the bad taste to really prefer, in their hearts, their pleasant city houses, with their ample rooms and accommodations, the green trees and grass of the Common, and the pure breath that comes over the western hills or the bay, to the exquisite delights we have just alluded to. But they dare not avow this preference; they dare not encounter the frowns, the denunciations, the *taboo* it would certainly bring down on their unhappy heads. No—they must be prepared to assert boldly, that any place, patronized by fashion, is better than home—the more inconvenient and costly, the better.

But some there are who cannot get away, from pecuniary or other pressing reasons. The sufferings of these compulsory residents would be ludicrous if they were not really severe and pitiable. Still, even they "are out of town," apparently. Their houses are hermetically sealed; blinds closed, dust on the door-steps, dust on the sidewalk. When they go out for a breath of air, it is at midnight and by the back gate, Snob, Jr., wearing his coachman's coat, and the daughters of the family disguised as housemaids—for the servants are admitted to be at home.

But even these nocturnal excursions are perilous. When Boggins was entering his own house the other night, he was collared by the policeman and nearly throttled, having been mistaken by that worthy functionary for a burglar. But this is not all. These unhappy prisoners sometimes come near perishing of starvation; for in hot weather provisions will not keep, and to maintain appearances, it is absolutely necessary to purchase only food enough for the servants. The whole garrison, therefore, is placed on short allowance, and we have known a family of five persons to emerge at the end of the fashionable season in a fit condition to figure as living skeletons in a travelling showman's collection of marvels.

It is amusing, when the returning tide of fashion enables these poor bubbles again to swim and sparkle on the surface, to note with what delightful animation they speak of places where they have passed the summer. They have been to Naples, to Capri, to Virginia, anywhere, in fact, but at home. Those who never stirred out of their own basements, invariably profess to have taken the longest journeys; and we know one audacious romancer who had been baking in his own attic for three months, who declared that he had been making a yacht voyage to Spitzbergen. In the fall we shall doubtless hear that some of these stay-at homes have been serving on the staff of the King of Sardinia!

THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF ITALY.

Many of our countrymen have gone abroad, it seems, to study the aspect of war upon the fields reddened with the blood of Austrian, French and Sardinian soldiers. But if they expect to find these well-contested fields covered with broken carriages, shattered trees, scattered balls and arms, and all that makes up the poetical image of a battle-field after an engagement, they will be most wofully mistaken. Four or five days after the terrible battle of Montebello, an intelligent traveller visited the spot, but, without a pre-knowledge of what had taken place, he would never have guessed it from its appearance. On looking closely, you might perhaps trace a groove in the trunk of a tree, indicating the passage of a cannon-ball; a bit of stucco knocked off a house, some dints where balls had struck, a few window-panes shattered by the passage of missiles, or the concussion of the air caused by the pounding of heavy guns. In the churchyard, where the hottest fighting took place, there were slight mounds of fresh earth raised over the dead of the Austrians and the allies. But this was all to tell the story. The farmer drove his team to the field, the birds sang in the hedge-row, the smiling peasant girls were filling their sacks with mulberry leaves for the silk-worms, the sun shone pleasantly and the vines hung heavy with glistening dew. Yet the battle was no dream. Thousands of families mourning for husbands, brothers, sons, lovers slain in the fierce encounter, know and feel the awful reality, though the traveller may not witness or realize the desolation.

ITALIAN STATISTICS.

The following facts in relation to Italy are obtained from a reliable Italian work, and are well worthy of perusal and preservation. Italy contains no fewer than 27,107,139 inhabitants. This population is divided into fifteen circumscriptions—eight, comprising 19,913,301 souls, are under Italian governments; seven, with a population of 7,193,743, are subject to foreign rulers. There are 110 provinces and 1012 communes. It is a country famous for the number of its large cities; eighteen of the cities have more than 50,000 inhabitants each; eight others have more than 100,000 inhabitants each—viz., Rome, Naples, Palermo, Venice, Florence, Milan, Genoa and Turin. Nearly all the inhabitants profess the Roman Catholic religion; the number of those who belong to other Christian sects is only 36,676, while the Jews number 41,497. The births greatly exceed the deaths; the increase of the population is particularly remarkable in Sicily and Tuscany, where it perhaps doubles in 73 years.

Italy alone possesses half as many bishoprics as there are in all Europe: 256 out of 535. The mean is 90,000 Catholics to a diocese; in the Papal States there is a bishop to every 400,000 souls. The regular and secular clergy of both sexes reckons 189,000 members; their ratio to the population is as one to 142. In Sicily the clergy is most numerous; there are 33,266 priests and nuns, or one to every 69 inhabitants. More than 300 newspapers are published in Italy, of which 117 are issued in Sardinia, though it has only a fifth of the population. The silk manufacture is the principal branch of industry. In ordinary years the value is from forty to fifty millions of dollars. Lombardy alone produces a third of this amount. The revenues of the Italian States are about $120,000 000, the expenses, $128,000,000, and the public debt about $400,000,000.

Commerce is active, but the high tariffs of most of the States, the lines of custom houses which embarrass exchanges, greatly injure the prosperity of business and the demand for consumption. The mercantile marine is the largest, in proportion to population, of any other European nation, England alone excepted. The river Ticino, so noted in the present war, rises in Switzerland, at Mount St. Gothard, flows to the south, traverses Lago Maggiore, separates the Sardinian States from the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, and unites with the Po at Pavia. It is famous in ancient and modern history. On its banks Hannibal won his first Italian victories, and defeated Publius Scipio, 218 years B. C. The French and Austrians fought there May 31, 1805.

TO FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN.—It will be noticed by an announcement in our advertising columns that Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of this city, have become the publishers of the very full and thorough treatise upon Milch Cows and Dairy Farming, by Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and that a new edition will be issued in a few days, in the elegant and substantial style which characterizes the publications of that house. Although the book has been but a short time before the public, its merits have become so apparent to all who are familiar with the subject upon which it treats, that it is universally recognized as the standard authority; and a work which no intelligent farmer can afford to do without. We congratulate our friend Mr. Flint, not only in the production of a work which adds so much to his reputation as a practical farmer and agricultural author, but also in the fact that its publication and sale has been placed in such hands as will give it the widest circulation among the farmers of the country, and thus render it a still more powerful instrumentality for the promotion of the cause of agriculture, to which he is so assiduously and effectively devoting his talents and his time.

BANVARD'S GRAND PANORAMA.—Everybody is crowding to see Banvard's glorious panorama of the Holy Land, at the lower Music Hall, Winter Street. This should not be classed with the ordinary exhibitions of the day, for it is a brilliant work of art, "a thing of beauty," and therefore "a joy forever." Young and old should go and enjoy this entertainment.

CONNECTICUT NORMAL SCHOOL.—The Connecticut House has granted but $4000 of the $5000 appropriation asked for the State Normal School. Brandagee, of New London, went against the bill, because the "school-marms" went West, and married in three months after they got there.

MELANCHOLY.—The Pittsfield Eagle says that a youth of seventeen, living in Otis, recently lost his reason from grief at the death of his mother, and committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart. Mother and son were buried in one grave.

POPULATION.—The greatest density of population of a kingdom is exhibited in Belgium, where it is 538 to the square mile; single districts in Rhenish Prussia show as high as 700 to the square mile.

PROTECTION FOR OMNIBUS DRIVERS.—Some of the New York stages have adopted a species of awning which is placed on the top, over the driver, effectually shading him from the sun.

NATURAL HISTORY.—A celebrated naturalist says that asses are the most vilified of all animals. We know that foxes are the most run down.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Heaven helps those who help themselves, says the old proverb, and the daily experiences of life verify the axiom. Some interesting facts have lately come to our knowledge concerning a widow lady in Worcester, Mass., which we give, simply withholding the names of the parties, for obvious reasons. A lady, who resided as above, and whose husband went to California in 1856, found herself a widow in six months after his departure, without pecuniary means, and with four little children dependent upon her for support. Too proud to supplicate for aid, she at once resorted to her needle, and for nearly a year succeeded in barely supplying herself and her loved ones with food and clothing. This was at the sacrifice, however, of health, for nearly her whole night was often consumed while plying her industrious needle. At last, however, her strength began to fail, from this fearful overtasking of her endurance. The rent dues accumulated, and she was threatened with expulsion from her home, humble as it was. At last, anxiety and overwork brought on a fever, and she was soon lying at the point of death.

This crisis brought to her aid, by some chance, a chief clerk of one of the manufacturing houses of the city, and this whole-souled *man*, himself poor, helped the widowed mother with money, and his wife nursed the sick one until she was once more able to resume the care of her household. The good Samaritan who had thus befriended the widow, learning how she had been supporting herself, proposed to procure for her a *Sewing Machine*, one-half the cost of which he made her a present of, the balance leaving her to pay for at her convenience. This *true* and noble charity was crowned with complete success, and the gentleman, though possessing but a scanty income himself, has enriched the poor woman. A year has passed, the widow has had even more work to do upon her *Grover and Baker's Sewing Machine* than she could accomplish. With half the labor and half the hours of confinement that she used to devote to her needle, she has paid her benefactor for her part of the excellent mechanical agent which has proved so true a friend, is pleasantly situated and easily pays her rent, while her three daughters and little son are as neatly though simply clad, as any of their mates at school. This simple, but *truthful* story has a moral worth remembering.

WARD BEECHER FARMING.

Beecher has been writing about cows, from his farm up on the Hudson. He says: "We are a three-cow gentleman-farmer! Again, we know what is the real taste of milk. We have once more, before we die, seen cream! Twenty-six pans of milk were skimmed this morning, and now, if you were riding past, you should see twenty-six inverted cans on the fence, in the sun, shining like silver, and sweetening themselves all the day, in the air and sunshine, for the night's milk! Even the pigs fare better here than citizens do in New York. For although we take off the cream, we never think of giving them anything weaker than skim-milk!—four pigs that once were longer than broad, but which are rapidly growing to the shape of a marble."

"THE LITTLE PIG MONTHLY."—In our advertising columns will be found the publishers' notice of this unique little monthly for juveniles. It is funny *all over*, inside and out. Just step into the nearest periodical depot and purchase a copy, which will prove a fund of entertainment for the children for a whole month. It contains over fifty pages of illustrations, and is wonderfully cheap.

EXCURSION PARTY TO THE UNITED STATES.—It is said, says the New York Tribune, that some fifty English gentlemen have determined on chartering a large steamer for an excursion trip across the Atlantic, and for the purpose of making a tour through the United States.

BALL'S BUSTS.—Two of Mr Ball's recent productions—miniature heads of Prescott and Ward Beecher—are finely modelled, and as good likenesses as the head of Jenny Lind, which first called attention to his genius.

AN INVALID'S JOKE.—What's the difference between the top of a mountain and a person afflicted with any disorder?—One's a summit of a hill, and the other's ill of a "summut!"

HOW THEY FOUGHT AT VARESE.

Garibaldi's action with the Austrians at Varese, shows the high quality of Italian valor under good leadership. Of this affair, the correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes: "After a first discharge of their muskets, the Italian volunteers assaulted the enemy with the bayonet, and with so much impetuosity that the Austrian centre was obliged to fall back on its left wing, already engaged by a battalion of our right wing. Now the fight became general—a tremendous hand to-hand fight, in which every inch of ground was bravely disputed by both armies. The enemy's artillery was of no more use, because Garibaldi, having none, had ordered his men to fight hand to hand with swords and bayonets. At the report of the musketry and artillery, the country people hastened to the scene of action with pitchforks, half-pikes, and cleavers. 'It was a dreadful scene of slaughter,' said an eye-witness to me, 'which lasted three hours.' Nothing can give an idea of the impetuosity of those Italians who could at last revenge so many wrongs, so many cruelties. It was almost madness. Two brothers Strambio, one captain and another lieutenant, were seen to leap into the inside of a hedge of bayonets, and cut down Croats as if they had been puppets. A Count Montanari, from Verona, whose brother had been hanged in 1853, by Radetsky's order, was running up and down the bloody field, striking right and left with his powerful sword."

GENERAL GARIBALDI.

The independent Italian, General Garibaldi, has thus far won the brightest laurels in this war. He has exhibited not only great bravery, and the best of fighting qualities, but remarkable strategic ability. We hope he will be able to continue to pay the miserable and tyrannical Austrian government what he owes them for their villanous treatment of himself and his compatriots. The instalments he has already given them must be as gratifying to him as galling to the Austrians. Complete success has crowned his every effort thus far, if we except one or two trifling checks, in the course of his bold and unprecedented advances. Thousands of patriots are flocking to his standard, and Austria fears him and his influence far more than she is willing to admit. Even Louis Napoleon is said to fear that Garibaldi will come out of the war as its hero, throwing everybody else in the shade. For our own part we do not care; we want to see Austria *humbled* (and that is sure to be the result), and Italy *free*. We live in startling times, and all the world is awake to current events.

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.—Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., 106 Washington Street, have published a very neat map of the seat of war, embracing the whole of Sardinia and Lombardo-Venetia, with the duchies of Parma and Modena, and portions of Tuscany, the Papal States, France and Switzerland. It is not encumbered with topography and detail, and being a steel-plate engraving, is perfectly clear and legible. The execution of this map is very creditable to the engravers, Messrs. Smith, Knight and Tappan. We refer our readers to an advertisement in another column.

A NEW TRADE.—A Dutch paper makes us acquainted with a branch of commerce of the existence of which we were not previously aware, namely, young foxes. It is stated that in the course of three weeks lately sixty-six cubs have been sent from Bergen-op-Zoom to be shipped at Rotterdam for England.

OLD VOLUMES.—There are quite a number about your house, covers torn, leaves loose, etc. Just hand or send them in to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be rebound and made quite as good as new, at a trifling cost. Returned in one week.

A FATAL MISTAKE.—Mrs. Mary Washington of Providence, died in that city from eating the plant known as the Apple of Peru, which she had gathered and boiled, in mistake for greens.

COAL FOR FRANCE.—A leading house in New York is to supply the French government with 20,000 tons of American coal for the imperial war steamers.

NEW YORK AND MOBILE.—A New York "Jeremy Diddler" has recently swindled Mobile merchants to the tune of $50,000.

WEST POINT.

The Board of Visitors recently completed the annual examination of this fine institution. The arduous duties of a West Point Cadet are not more than half realized by the hundreds of young gentlemen seeking appointment there. Rise at 5 in summer, and 6 in winter, bed-clothes put away, and room arranged for inspection in half an hour. Study until 7. Guard mounting at 7 1-2. Class parade at 8. Recitations and study until 1. Dinner, and recreation until 2. Another class parade. Study until 4. Sunset general parade, supper, and in thirty minutes the call to quarters. Until 9 1-2 study, and at 10 every light extinguished. Of course these duties are sometimes evaded, but it is dangerous business. Such is but an outline of the day's work, repeated from day to day for five years, with no interruption but Sunday. At the end of the first two years there is a furlough of several weeks, this being the only time during the course in which the Cadet is allowed to leave the Academy. There are endless opportunities during the military exercises for incurring demerit, and if any Cadet incurs one hundred in six months, he is declared deficient in conduct. For all this drilling, the Cadets receive $30 per month, and are required to pay for board $9 to $10 per month, and $2 for washing. Other expenses, as clothing, etc., consume the whole. Their fare is of the plainest kind.

AN AMERICAN HOTEL.

The great Marble Palace Hotel on Fifth Avenue, opposite Madison Square, New York, is nearly done, at a cost of $1,144,000! and will be opened August 1st. The building cost $400,000; ground $350,000; furniture $200,000; steam, plumbing, and gas fixtures $55,000; mirrors $30,000—and so forth. In splendor, extent, and convenience, it surpasses all other hotels in the world. This superb establishment is under the control and lease of Paran Stevens, Esq., who is also the proprietor of the Tremont and Revere Houses in Boston. People from abroad will open their eyes with amazement to realize the extent and grandeur of this paragon of hotels, excelling by far all like enterprises in either hemisphere. Even the New Yorkers, who are hard to astonish, acknowledge to a degree of amazement in regard to this great marble palace.

PLAIN WRITING.—President Buchanan in his address to the students of a college in North Carolina recently, took occasion to impress on them the superiority of plain over what is called fine writing. He justly censured long involved sentences, the besetting sin of many modern authors. Look at Napoleon the First's addresses and orders of the day: vehemence, directness and terseness. They go straight to their object like a cannon-ball. There is nothing like plain writing and plain speaking.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.—It is announced that the Hudson's Bay Company are preparing to abandon the Indian territory to the British government, having declined to renew their leave and license for twenty one years. This rich portion of British America will now be open to settlers with its prairies, forests, mines and fisheries.

NEW ORLEANS.—A letter from New Orleans says, by every conveyance our citizens are leaving, some in search of health, others in pursuit of recreation, but the greater part on business tours. A large number of wealthy planters are on their way to the seat of war in Europe.

THE CHARLES MURDER.—Mr. Joseph Charles, whose recent death by violence in St. Louis so much excited the community, had insurance on his life in different offices to the amount of $22,000.

A PICNIC AT TROY.—A picnic party at Troy, N. Y., the other day, was invaded and assaulted by a gang of brutal rowdies, who beat even women with clubs. Such scoundrels should be shot—there is no possible use for them.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.—They coined in one week at the San Francisco mint $600,000 in double eagles. 28,665 oz. of gold were deposited during that time.

WONDERFUL.—A German writer observes that in the United States there is such a scarcity of thieves they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

Wayside Gatherings.

Steam navigation on the Erie canal, this season, will utterly annihilate the old horse boat system.

The Illinois Central Railroad is the longest road in the United States, the main trunk and branch being 709 miles in length.

The subscription in New York for the aid of the families of Italian soldiers engaged in the war, amounted to $5000.

In a recent pistol target shoot at Peoria, the ladies (Germans) entered the lists and took six out of the nine prizes.

Recently an elderly man was brought as a convict to the Kentucky State penitentiary, whose six sons were already in that institution as convicts.

There are said to be no less than 10,000 Chinamen now on their passage to California, where their presence will be likely to cause some trouble among the miners.

Nathaniel Ray Greene, the last surviving son of Major General Greene of the revolution, died at his residence in Middleton, Ct., lately. He was 79 years of age.

The London Critic says: "The voice of literature is growing stiller and smaller." Let us hope that it is speaking more wisely in the whisper than it did in the roar.

The Arizona silver mines are reported to be paying large profits. One near Fort Buchanan produces seventy-five dollars per day at an expense of fifteen dollars.

Thomas W. Lilly, of Olney, Ill., who kept $7000 locked in his bureau drawer, and foolishly boasted of his wealth, was robbed of all his treasure recently.

The total number of working iron manufactories in the United States is 2159. Eastern Pennsylvania and Northeastern Maryland is the greatest iron region in the Union.

The Harrisburg Telegraph says a child seven years old, and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, passed up the Cumberland Valley Railroad the other day, accompanied by his father and mother.

A new dodge is in vogue among the New York omnibus drivers. When a passenger hands up a quarter to pay the fare, the driver hands it back, saying he cannot make change. The one returned is bogus.

Humphrey's Journal of the Daguerreotype and Photographic Arts, established A. D. 1850, the oldest periodical of the kind in the world, is published semi-monthly, and contains 384 pages per annum of valuable photographic information.

The selectmen of Concord have agreed to allow the proposed muster of the State militia to be held at that place, and have selected the field for that purpose on the shore of the Concord river, westerly of the village.

Going into battle by rail, is one of the peculiarities of the present war. At the battle of Montebello the allied supports came into the field under the lead of locomotives, rapidly succeeding trains, each bringing up a brigade.

The prize in the department of history and political science at Trinity College, Hartford, for the best historical account of the Ordinance of 1787 for the Government of the Northwestern Territory, has been awarded to Edwin E. Johnson of Naugatuck.

For a wager of $30, two young ladies of Cleveland, Ohio, a few days since, walked to Unionville, a distance of forty-five miles, occupying two days in getting there. The feet of one of the pedestriennes were somewhat blistered, but the other was perfectly well.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, now in his eighty-fifth year, has been recently making a visit to his son, the Rev. Wm. H. Beecher, of North Brookfield. During his stay he met at the house of Hon. Amasa Walker, the Rev. Daniel Snell, now in his eighty-fourth year.

A gentleman who has travelled all over the United States, but now resides at Norfolk, writes it as his deliberate opinion, that the population considered, there are more handsome ladies in Norfolk than in any other city in the United States.

The Davenport (Iowa) Democrat says that an official letter from Kossuth to a Hungarian exile at that place has been received, requesting him to take immediate steps towards embarking for Hungary. From the tenor of the letter it would appear that Kossuth was engaged in raising an army.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine enumerates no less than thirty-eight substances which are employed to give potency, flavor, consistence, and other desirable qualities to lager beer. Among them are chalk, marble dust, opium, tobacco, henbane, oil of vitriol, copperas, alum, strychnine, and other deadly drugs.

The French papers relate the following: A corporal jumped into a hackney coach on the boulevards. "Where to?" said the coachman. "To glory," was the answer. The coachman scratched his head and looked puzzled. "Ass that you are," said the son of Mars, "don't you know the Lyons railway station?"

The number of passports which have been issued during General Cass's administration of the State Department, is over fourteen thousand. If each person, observes the New York Journal of Commerce, for whom a passport is taken, spends in a tour five hundred dollars, the amount would be over seven millions.

Sands of Gold.

.... Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays no virtue.—*Rochefoucald.*

.... Literature is the immortality of speech.—*R. A. Willmott.*

.... A failure in a good cause is better than a triumph in a bad one.—*Bovee.*

.... Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—*Bacon.*

.... Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful.—*Emerson.*

.... Education is the apprenticeship of life.—*R. A Wilmott.*

.... This is fanaticism when, by thinking too much of the other world, a man becomes unfit to live in this.—*Bovee.*

.... Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Bacon.*

.... They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.—*Fuller.*

.... The sublime and the ridiculous are so often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.—*Paine.*

.... You are no more to believe a professing friend than a threatening enemy; and as no man hurts you that tells you he'll do you a mischief, no man is your servant who says he is so.—*Wycherley.*

.... I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.—*Bacon.*

.... Many classes are always praising the by-gone time, for it is natural that the old should extol the days of their youth; the weak the area of their strength; the sick the season of their vigor; and the disappointed the springtide of their hopes!—*Bingham.*

.... To watch corn grow and the blossom set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make man happy; they have always had the power of doing these—they never will have power to do more.—*Ruskin.*

.... Those that have nothing else to say must tell stories: fools over Burgundy, and ladies over tea, must have something that's sharp to relish their liquor; malice is the piquant sauce of such conversation, and without it their entertainment would prove mighty insipid.—*Farquhar.*

Joker's Budget.

How many sides has a round plum pudding? Ans.—Two—inside and outside.

Why is a boatman like a Baltimore fireman. Ans.—Because they both go in for a row.

What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Ans.—Water.

Why is the sofa that your father is sitting on, like most railroad stock? Ans.—Because it is below par.

Gradgrind has got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' labor, well worked in.

Dr. Young says that man and wife are like soul and body—always at variance, and yet loth to part.

A doctor detained in court as a witness, complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients they *might recover in his absence!*

"I haven't another word to say, sir—never dispute with fools!" "No," was the reply, "you are very sure to agree with them!"

A country editor having received two gold dollars in advance for his paper, says that he allows his child to play with the other children as usual.

What is the difference between a man who keeps dogs, and one who has nine walking-sticks? Ans.—One own canines, and the other nine canes.

Here is one of the "Doctor's," which was intended expressly to be laughed at: "In these rascally times, I don't believe even the proprietor of a turning shop can 'turn an honest penny.'"

An elderly spinster wrote to a friend: "A widower with ten children has proposed, and I have accepted. This is the number I should have been entitled to if I had married at the proper time."

"Married couples resemble a pair of shears," says Sydney Smith, "so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

One actor, speaking of another, who was as rotund as Falstaff and as heavy as Daniel Lambert, exclaimed, "He is as headstrong as a mule! and why? Because he knows that nobody could beat him thoroughly in one day!"

Mrs. Swisshelm, in her letters to young ladies, says that "every country girl knows how to color red with madder." This we believe to be an ethnological fact, as we have always noticed that with all girls the madder they get the redder they are.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROSES.

BY SYBIL PARK.

They are come, they are come—the roses,
All crimson, and pink, and white,
They are filling the air with fragrance,
And flushing our paths with light.
They are come like a troop of fairies,
To people the brown earth's breast,
All glowing with rich carnation,
Each wearing a royal crest.

They are come, and the robin nestles
To-night 'mid the dewy leaves,
For the tendrils have crept and blossomed
Close under the moss-grown eaves.
And to hear how he chirps and twitters,
To his mate in her downy nest,
One would think all the leaves and roses
Might tire of their noisy guest.

Ah, sweet are the dreams ye have brought me,
Darling bright rosebuds of June,
So dear that my spirit is keeping
Time to some beautiful tune.
O, life seemeth better and truer,
Gayer with laughter and mirth,
Since the roses, the beautiful roses,
Crowned like a blessing the earth.

We will haste where the moonbeams shimmer,
Downward in sparkling showers,
To look on their silvery brightness,
And gather the dewy flowers.
Their lips are all damp with sweet kisses,
These white ones are blushing, I know;
Just see how the crimson is shading
Their hearts with a delicate glow.

Thank God for his gift of the flowers;
O sad would the fair world be,
If never a blossom looked upward
And smiled on hillside or lea.
Thrice welcome, then, lovely June roses,
Fairest and dearest and best
Of all the sweet blooms that have wakened
To life on the green earth's breast.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WOMEN OF SAVOY:

—OR,—

THE WHITE CROSS AND GOLDEN CRESCENT.

BY JOHN J. WARREN.

From the time when Thomas I. established the fortunes of the House of Savoy, in the thirteenth century, a succession of wars and dissensions intervened. Years ago, Savoy laid claim, through its princes, to the title of guardian to the Alps, and has been adding to the fortifications which Nature has bountifully reared, all that art could devise to strengthen and protect it.

The hunter follows the chamois in the narrow mountain paths where rocks and glaciers supply sufficient protection, but as he emerges from them, innumerable fortresses rise up before him. At the source of the Pellice, too, was erected the fort of Mirabouc, a fort so high, according to Gallenga, and in so bleak a climate, that a French garrison, forgetting these in 1795, died of cold and hunger; while in the valley of the Chiusone, the Feuestrelles still exist—a line of five forts running up the hill-side, joined by a great staircase four thousand steps high, roofed all over with bomb-proof arches.*

Through the Lake of Bourget, which has been called the "Heart of Savoy," the Fier sends its waters to the Rhone, and again, through the beautiful Lake of Annecy, it is sent down to that bluest of rivers.

On the western bank of Lake Bourget, at the foot of Mont du Chat, lies the Abbey of Hautecombe, the Escurial of the House of Savoy—the burial-place of its princes. The princes of this house have ever been devoted to the interests of France, to the sacrifice of the English, and down to the times of Amadeus VI. and his son, Amadeus VII., intermarriages had been frequent, and they were, in fact, eagerly sought for by the French. Nor did these two princes, whose appellatives were respectively the Green and Red Counts, differ from their ancestors. Both married French princesses—the former, Bonne of Bourbon, and the latter, Bonne of Berry. Throughout the history of both Piedmont and Savoy, woman seems to have been the source of dissension, and the two Bonnes, mother and daughter-in-law, were no exceptions.

The Red Count, Amadeus VII., was a bold and courageous warrior, distinguishing himself even when scarcely more than a boy, in the wars of the French against the Flemings, with Philip Van Artevelde at their head. The jealousies and petty ambition of his wife and mother-in-law disturbed the gentle spirit which, notwithstanding his warlike propensities, he possessed in an eminent degree, almost emulating Amadeus VI., the Peaceful. Two such women in one household were quite too many. The widow of his father, especially, gave him no little trouble during his short reign, and she had been too eager for the reins of government herself, not to be suspected of a desire to remove Amadeus by almost any means which would serve her ends, except by actual murder.

In 1391, when the Red Count was in his thirtieth year, Bonne of Bourbon strongly recommended to him the services of a Bohemian leech called John of Granville. Although the count was well in health, yet the paleness of his complexion and the premature baldness of his head, had been points on which he had become quite sensitive, and the jests of his mother and wife were, at times, exceedingly distasteful.

John of Granville readily undertook to remedy both these defects, and promised a fine head of hair and a florid complexion, on condition of his directions being observed. In a short time, the color came to his cheeks, and he became quite encouraged as to the ultimate effect of the drugs which he took; but in the midst of his gratitude to the Bohemian, he experienced some very alarming symptoms of ill health in various shapes. Languid and enfeebled, his limbs refused to obey him, and his heart seemed almost to cease its pulsations. In proportion as the outward frame assumed an appearance of fulness, and the face a glow, the inward strength failed.

Many were the consultations between the two who had been instrumental in bringing about these effects upon one in the very flower of youth and in perfect health, and it was during one of these conversations in which Granville regretted that he had gone too far with his patient, that an attendant rushed into the room, with a face of horror, and proclaimed the sudden death of the Red Count. Granville was arrested, but escaped, and in private, suspicion rested more upon Bonne of Bourbon than on the Bohemian.

The son of the Red Count, who, during his childhood had been fretted by the clashing of his mother and grandmother, resolved to wed no Frenchwoman, and married the daughter of the King of Cyprus, Anne of Lusignan. Crafty, imperious and extravagant, she verified the saying of Pope Pius II., that she was "a woman who never could obey, married to a man who never knew how to command." From this time the House of Savoy declined. A succession of troubles invaded it, until the death of Louis XI., in 1483, when Savoy was released from the bondage of France.

The decline of Piedmont was equally sure. In 1536, Francis encouraged the Swiss to invade Savoy, using the simple and peaceful people as cat's-paws for his own design of invasion. The castle of Chillon was broken open and the prisoner, Bonnivard, was delivered—the noblest feature in the whole enterprise. Constant and unceasing, the disputes and wars went on. With each succeeding year, the French made new attacks, unwarned by the past, and determined upon the conquest, and the fall of Savoy and Piedmont in 1536, was inevitable.

Francis I. had offered to restore Savoy and Piedmont to Charles III., if he would allow the French to take possession of the Castle of Nice. The Prince of Piedmont, Emanuel Philibert, then scarcely ten years old, settled the question. Producing a wooden model of the castle, he offered to give it to those who coveted possession of the stone one, which he would keep himself; and with this *bon-mot* of the young prince, the matter was said to have ended for the time. Francis did not forget it. A spirit as grasping as that of his mother, Louise of Savoy, induced him to strive for its possession, and when, five years after the truce of 1538, he found the Turks ready to co-operate with him, he commenced the assault. For five days the garrison held out bravely. On the sixth, it grew feeble, and the Turkish crescent floated from the bastion which had been stormed. For a moment it triumphed. The broad folds of the banner hung above the walls, and submission seemed inevitable.

Lo! the weak ones have again rallied, and thousands rush forth bravely to the rescue. Not a lion-hearted warrior was it now that led on the hosts. No prince of the House of Savoy which had just drooped its banner before that of its enemy, but a woman. In the long list of women who have figured conspicuously, and, some of them, infamously, in the history of the Sardinian States, most are called beautiful, and all were noble.

But this woman, seemingly of the common herd, with a face so utterly void of beauty as to procure for her the sobriquet of Donna Mannfaccio (Dame Ugly-Face), had power to rouse up the flagging energies of the besieged, and, with the courage of a hero, she struck down the standard and its bearer with her battle-axe, and the besiegers were hurled down from the rampart on which they had just planted the crescent.

In one of the most retired parts of Nice, from which nothing could be seen save the turrets of the castle and the long ridge of hill-tops, a quaint old Italian cottage sheltered Catherine Segurana, her mother and two young brothers. These boys were perfectly beautiful. Artists everywhere sought them as the impersonation of their ideal of the infant Christ and the young Saint John. Their names were Giovanni and Gabrielli. They were twins; and if their peculiar beauty had not struck every one with admiration before, it was sure to do so whenever they were in the presence of their sister. For Catherine Segurana seemed marked out for Nature's displeasure or spite, while the capricious dame bestowed such rich treasures upon her beautiful boys.

Still no one looked at Catherine's plain face who did not wish to look again, and the second glance was always rewarded by the perception of an inner loveliness that shone through the outward ruggedness, just as we pierce into the heart of the rude cocoa-nut, and the rich, sweet stream of that heart comes forth to greet us.

Andrea Segurana had departed this life just two months after the twins came into it. The peaceful forester had that day cut the last tree that ever trembled beneath his axe. It fell on the side he least expected it to fall, and he was crushed beneath its mighty weight. While the feeble wife and mother bent beneath her grief, the plain, uncultivated daughter rose up and took her father's place as counsellor, comforter and bread-winner. She shrank from no toil, disdained no sacrifice, and murmured at no hardship that would bring ease or comfort to her mother, and bread to the little ones. With an almost angelic tenderness, she relieved her parent of every burden, and continued to bring up the boys without a privation worthy of the name.

Her task was not to fell trees, but to gather the grapes and olives with which Nice abounded, to pack the lemons and oranges in boxes for shipping, and to carry heavy loads to each of the places appointed for storing them. The sun and air did their work upon the homely features and rough, unsightly skin. The wild eyes grew wilder-looking, and the hands more stained and scratched. The clothes of the girl were coarse, although always whole and clean. But the hair! It is said that Nature, if niggardly in everything else, is yet lavish and generous in one. And it was on Catherine's hair that she lavished her most beautiful tint and her finest of texture. Long enough to almost reach the hem of her garments, it was so thick that she could hide herself under it, as under a veil.

It was a rich brown-black, save where the sun struck its silky locks, and glanced off a ray like pure gold. Very chary, too, was the girl of showing its rich abundance, although she could not hinder the magnificent coronet which she bound round her head from being seen, and, careless as she was of the rest of her appearance, the shining folds of hair always lay smooth and unruffled.

The finest bread she could procure, the ripest grapes and the sweetest wine, were kept for her mother and brothers, while a crust of the coarse bread and a can of water would be eaten and drank by her, in the grove or the vineyard where she worked. Rude men called her Donna Manntaccio, even when they knew she was within hearing; but the children, whom she loved and petted, called her the good Catherine, and her own little brothers, who thought more of her deeds than her looks, believed her almost as handsome as the picture of Santa Catherina-Angela, which hung opposite their cradle, and which attracted their infant eyes by its serene beauty.

Well for Catherine that loving eyes did not take in the full sense of her want of beauty; well that loving hands could revel affectionately among the luxuriant hair, and their owners never dream that all the face was not lovely also.

The girl was toiling one evening under her load of grapes from the mountain vineyard. She stopped a moment, more to feast her eyes upon the peculiar loveliness of the sunset, than for any thought of rest. She bore her burden more lightly than any of the harvesters, and her large open straw basket betrayed through its intentices, twice the number of grapes that theirs did. Long, rich clusters, purple as Samian wine, and with the delicate bloom still unbroken, hung over its sides and trailed almost to the ground, hiding Catherine's coarse garment and making her look like the statue of Pomona, as she stood, erect and motionless, beside a small tree that grew in the mountain path. A coming footstep startled her from her serene contemplation. Living this out-door life, and communing constantly with Nature, had done a work upon Catherine's mind and spirit that was beautifying and refining, if it had not softened her looks. And at this moment, the inspiration of the radiant sunset, the splendid drapery of clouds that veiled its brightness, themselves almost as bright, and the dark blue sky overhead, all spoke a language that found response in the girl's inmost soul, and lighted up the wild eyes with a sudden brilliancy.

The footstep approached nearer, and a man's figure stood before her. Twice before she had seen the same figure when she had been packing grapes in the storehouses, and twice she had been accosted by him with a courtesy and softness that had never been addressed to her before. She knew him instantly, although she dared not show her recognition, lest he should think her presumptuous. The man was Charles III., Duke of Savoy—he who had refused the restoration of the two States from Francis I., if he would permit him to enter the Castle of Nice. A few kind words to the peasant girl, and the acceptance of her richest cluster of purple grapes, won her grateful heart, and when, now quite near her cottage, the duke slipped, severely sprained his foot, he consented to enter and submit it to her mother's skilful bathing, Catherine experienced what it is to give something like worship to an earthly being. Not love, but reverence, deep as any that ever rose up, pure and unstained, in human heart.

Within that heart she kept that sentiment sacred—a mighty secret which she told only to the midnight stars or the silent moon. She never dreamed of any return of this sentiment, but perhaps it would have been consolatory to the poor maiden, who shrunk away painfully from a chance glance at her little steel mirror, or a look in the quiet brook that ran through the olive grove, to know that the duke thought there was something sweet and noble in that homely face.

The year 1543 commenced with the assault of Francis, and the co-operation of the Turkish army, 15,000 strong. Catherine's young brothers, now fourteen or fifteen years old, caught from her lips the spirit of patriotism and courage. For her, the tasks of the vineyard had ceased, ever since the siege begun; but twice each day, at early morning and after nightfall, she had contrived to enter the castle and carry fruit and wine to the fainting inmates, who looked on her as upon a guardian angel. Sometimes Giovanni or Gabrielli, or both, would accompany her, and then, enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch.

The hearts of the brave soldiers greeted the two fair boys with such grateful fervor, that the seeds of patriotism sown by Catherine, seemed to expand under the genial warmth, and spring up into action. The mother sat at home, mending the coarse garments of her children. She knew nothing of what was in their hearts. A simple, calm, silent woman, from the death of Andrea Segurana until now, she had never left the cottage where she lived, on the very boundary of the town, except to offer prayers in the cathedral for the repose of his soul. She sometimes wondered at the marvellous power which Catherine possessed over the boys, sometimes missed them, now that they had grown large enough to share their sister's labors, sometimes talked of her daughter's patient goodness and industry when neighbors criticised the homely face, but beyond that, she was only a cypher in the world—an automaton mender of rags, of rags, however, which were always clean and nicely darned, which was more than could be said of all the inhabitants of Nice, at that period or, in fact, of any other period.

The sixth day after the assault saw the brave girl stealing out at early morning with her ponderous basket, one side of which was held alternately by Giovanni and Gabrielli, as the small, delicate hands of either relieved the other. She

* Gallenga's History of Piedmont.

began to climb the toilsome ascent, and was nearly half way to the spot where the man who watched for her was in the habit of meeting her, to take the food she brought. Contrary to her expectation, he was not there.

She looked disappointed, and the boys turned their gaze upward, as if to ascertain why he was not there to relieve her. She saw a paleness overspread Gabrielli's cheek, and heard a low murmur from the lips of Giovanni, and she, too, looked up to see what caused their emotion.

Merciful Heaven! The White Cross of Savoy was trailing below the walls of the castle, and the Turkish Crescent was floating from the summit, its folds streaming and shining in the fresh breeze and sunshine of the advancing day. All things were forgotten save one. *He* was within those walls, to whom her spirit bent in its deep reverence, next to her patron saint.

The brothers looked after her as she bounded, with a wild cry, up the hill.

"Look, Gabrielli, dear!" said one of them, "she has seized a battle-axe from a man who is running this way, and is carrying it away."

"There, *there*, Giovanni! look quickly. Catherine is close to the Turkish banner. See! she has cut down the standard. The man who held it has fallen. Ah! there comes the White Cross, and it is Catherine who is planting it upon the ramparts. *Our sister!* Why, there is not another woman in Sardinia that would do that."

"No, there is not, brother; but we will watch now, and perhaps we shall get sight of her again."

"I do not see her; but there comes Duke Charles. I know him by the White Cross on his breast, and he is laying his hand on his heart and bowing low to some one. Perhaps it is to the Turks."

"No, dear, it is to Catherine herself. I see her now. Don't you feel proud of her, Giovanni?"

Five minutes after, the boys had dragged up the basket of fruit and wine, and many a dry and bleeding lip was moistened, that spoke blessings upon the brothers of Catherine Segurana.

In a few days the town capitulated; but before its capitulation, everything of value had been withdrawn from the houses and placed within the castle. There were none but empty houses to reward the assailants.

Nice reared a noble bust—noble, in spite of its ugliness—to the brave heroine, and paid to its homely features such reverence as is rarely given to mighty heroes or beautiful women.

In later days, except for a few brief conquests by powers whose possession was almost too temporary to believe real, the House of Savoy rules over the disputed rock and castle. The orange groves kiss the slopes of the Alpine hills, the olive and myrtle intertwine, and the grape gives out its richness to the lip that asks it.

Far over the calm Mediterranean on one side, and the mighty ridges of the Alps on the other, the eye wanders, taking in beauty at every glance, while a steep, pointed rock still bears the ruins of an ancient castle, which kings and princes once fought for, and which a woman once protected.

THE UPA-UPA DANCE IN TAHITI.

The singular and animated picture given upon the page herewith, represents the Upa-upa dance in the island of Tahiti. Dancing, whether ceremonial or for amusement, has been known in all ages, as may be seen in the tombs of Egypt, on the ruins of Nineveh, and recorded in the pages of holy writ. The disciples of Terpsichore still hold their revels in every known land; there is dancing at Almack's, dancing in the saloons at Paris, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the Campagna; dancing in the harems of the Turkish pachas, in the vales of Cashmere, in the flower-boats of China, in the camps of the red men, and in the verdant isle of Tahiti. Look at our engraving, and see with what spirit these Tahitian nymphs disport themselves on the green sward, and we warrant, as they foot it lightly, no opinion is volunteered as to whether "carpets or boards" are preferable for the gentle exercise. They are dancing the "Upa-upa," which we take to be a favorite reel, from its frequent mention in travellers' note-books, from the discovery of these islands by Captain Cook. Herman Melville, in his "Omoo," describes one of the Tahitian dances called the "Lory-lory," which description we quote:

"The girls advanced a few paces, and, in an instant, two of them, taller than their companions, were standing side by side, in the middle of a ring formed by the clasped hands of the rest. This movement was made in perfect silence. Presently the two girls join hands over head; and crying out 'Ahloo! Ahloo!' wave them to and fro. Upon which the ring begins to circle slowly, the dancers moving sideways, with their arms a little drooping. Soon they quicken their pace, and at last they fly round and round: bosoms heaving, hair streaming, flowers drooping, and every sparkling eye circling in what seemed a line of light. Meanwhile, the pair within are passing and repassing each other incessantly. Inclining sideways, so that their long hair falls far over, they glide this way and that; one foot continually off the ground, and their fingers thrown forth and twirling in the moonbeams. 'Ahloo! Ahloo!' again cry the dance queens; and, coming together in the middle of the ring, they once more lift up the arch, and stand motionless. 'Ahloo! Ahloo!' Every link of the circle is broken, and the girls, deeply breathing, stand perfectly still. They pant hard and fast, a moment or two, and then, just as the deep flush is dying away from their faces, slowly recede all round, thus enlarging the ring. Again the two leaders wave their hands, when the rest pause, and now stand far apart in the still moonlight, like a circle of fairies. Presently, raising a strange chant, they softly sway themselves, gradually quickening the movement, until at length, for a few passionate moments, with throbbing bosoms and glowing cheeks, they abandon themselves to all the spirit of the dance, apparently lost to everything around. But soon subsiding again into the same languid measure as before, they become motionless, and then reel forward on all sides, their eyes swimming in their heads, join in one wild chorus and sink into each other's arms."

THE UPA-UPA DANCE IN TAHITI.

A CHAPTER ON WIT.

The author of the "Tin Trumpet" thus discourses on wit—and illustrates the subject: Wit consists in discovering likenesses—judgment in detecting differences. Wit is like a ghost, much more often talked of than seen. To be genuine, it should have a base of truth and applicability, otherwise it degenerates into mere flippancy; as for instance, when Swift says: "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plainly by a parrot;" or when Voltaire remarks, that "Ideas are like beards; women and young men have none." This is a random facetiousness, if it deserves that term, which is equally despicable for its falsehood and its facility. Where shall we discover that rarer species of wit, which, like the vine, bears the more clusters of sweet grapes the oftener it is pruned; or, like the seven-mouthed Nile, springs the faster from the head the more copiously it flows from the mouth? The sensations excited by wit are destroyed, or at least impaired, if it excites the stronger emotions, or even if it be connected with purposes of utility and improvement. We may laugh when it is bitter, as the Sardinians did when they had tasted of their venomous herbs; but this is the risibility of the muscles allied to convulsions rather than intellectual pleasure.

Leigh Hunt devotes forty pages of one of his books, and fails to elucidate the mystery at last. Johnson defines wit as "the faculty of associating dissimilar images in an unusual manner." Sydney Smith, in his "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," shows the fallacy of this definition, gives a better, and broaches the startling doctrine that wit, so far from being necessarily a natural gift, might be studied as successfully as mathematics. It is a question if Sheridan was witty when, staggering along, half tipsy, he was eyed by a policeman, and exclaimed, confidentially, "My name is Wilberforce—I am a religious man—don't expose me."

Talleyrand, when asked by a lady famous for her beauty and stupidity how she should rid herself of some of her troublesome admirers, replied, "You have only to open your mouth, madame." This, if witty, was also ill-natured.

Lord Chatham rebuked a dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer by finishing a quotation the latter had commenced. The debate turned upon some grant of money for the encouragement of art, which was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who finished his speech against Lord Chatham's motion by saying, "Why was not this ointment sold and the money given to the poor?" Chatham arose and said, "Why did not the noble lord complete the quotation, the application is so striking? As he has shrunk from it, I will finish the verse for him—'This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because *he was a thief, and carried the bag.*'"

It was coarse wit when Lord Byron, who was groaning with agony from a severe attack of colic, and exclaiming, "Lord help me! I am dying," was told by Trelawney "not to make such an infernal fuss about dying."

Luttrells tells a story of Sir F. Gould, who had a habit of adding the phrase "on the contrary" to everything he said; a gentleman saying to him, "So I hear, Gould, you eat three eggs every morning for breakfast?" "No," replied Sir Francis, "you are mistaken; on the contrary—" "What," said Luttrell, "does the *contrary of eating* three eggs mean?" "*Laying* them, of course!" said Sheridan. This was ready wit.

Rowland Hill compared a sinner to an oyster, which opened its shell, all mouth, to take in the water; just as the sinner, with his mouth at full stretch, took in the tide of iniquity. "Heavenly grace," he said, "was like a rump of beef—cut and come again—no meagre fare, my dear brethren."

Lydia White, an English magazine writer, was an invalid, and fancied herself continually at death's door, and used to invite people to see her die. A friend, who had gone several times by special invitation, had come away disappointed, at last refused to attend, pleading that he "could not afford to waste so much time on a mortuary uncertainty."

Scotchmen are notoriously unable to appreciate a joke. Sydney Smith, who knows them well, says: "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or *wut*, as they call it, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals."

Some of the Irish judges of olden times were equally dull. One, in giving his dictum on a certain will case, said he "thought it very clear that the *testator* intended to keep a *life interest* in the estate himself." To it Curran frankly replied: "Very true, my lord, very true; testators generally do secure life interests to themselves, but in this case I think your worship takes the *will* for the *deed*."

IRON RUST.

An exchange paper states that in 1850, Mr. March, an able chemist of the royal arsenal, England, discovered that it is invariable with iron which has remained a considerable time under water, when reduced to small grains or an impalpable powder, to become red hot and ignite any substance with which it comes in contact. This he found by scraping some corroded metal from a gun, which ignited the paper containing it and burnt a hole in his pocket. The knowledge of this fact, if such it be, is of much importance, and may account for many spontaneous fires and explosions, the origin of which has not been traced. A piece of rusty iron brought in contact with a bale of cotton in a warehouse, or on shipboard, may occasion extensive conflagration and the loss of many lives. The tendency of moistened particles of iron to ignite was discovered by the French chemist Lemary, as far back as 1670.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY SUNBEAM.

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYZ.

Sunbeams and Sabbath bells
Woo her away,
And though my weary heart
Wishes her to stay,
Lightly her footsteps
Recede from the door,
And one of my sunbeams
Is with me no more.

Fancy is winging
Her flight to the aisle,
Where she is treading
With calm, quiet smile.
Will she return to me
Loving and kind?
If so, my sunbeam
Again I shall find.

JOY.

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in my soul may be,
What and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding nature to us gives in dower.
A new earth and new heaven,
Undreampt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodious the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.—COLERIDGE.

GOD BLESS YOU.

How simply fall those simple words
Upon the human heart,
When friends long bound in strongest ties
Are doomed by fate to part!
You sadly press the hand of those
Who thus in love caress you,
And soul responsive beats to soul,
In breathing out "God bless you!"—ANON.

THE LOVED ONE'S NAME.

O, there's music in the name
That, softening me to infant tenderness,
Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of love.
OTWAY.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Talk about a tropical climate! What is it to the scorching July day of a northern latitude? There you are used to being baked and roasted alive; here you have the thermometer at fifty one day and the next up it soars into the nineties, and existence becomes a torture. Work of any kind, mental or physical, becomes a horrid bore, and you cease to feel the slightest sympathy with the sufferings of Arctic explorers. Happy days! You think what a luxury it would be to be down under the lee of an iceberg, or bathe your feet in the waters of a floe. In this state of things a recommendation to "keep cool" drives you frantic, and if you see a wretch who *is* perfectly cool and comfortable, you feel a strong desire to quietly put an end to his existence—his insulting immunity from caloric is so "aggravatin." In these melting days, the steamboat trip to Nahant offers a partial relief. In twenty minutes from leaving the wharf you are inhaling the deliciously cool breath of the Atlantic, watching the billows sparkling around you, and the white sails spotting the long line of the horizon. One of these little aquatic trips sends you back to your daily task with renewed hope and health .....We cannot perceive that the war in Europe effects a great diminution in the number of outward bound travellers, and it should not, for there are many parts of Europe which may still be visited with perfect safety. Except in the immediate vicinity of the scene of operations no trouble is experienced.....Among the new things brought to light in London is a School of Cookery. It is under the patronage of a countess, several ladies, the wife of a bishop, the wives of commoners known to fame, and others. Its object is to teach cookery and household economy generally, and cookery for the sick as a speciality At the school are received boarders as well as day pupils, and ladies who become subscribers may send their cooks to receive lessons.....An old Rocky Mountain trapper was asked one day if he had ever seen any petrifactions in the mountains, when he replied: "Bless you! I've seen a whole forest, sage bushes and all, petrified; one of the trees had all the leaves on, and a bird sitting on a limb. He must have been petrified in the spring of the year, for his mouth was open, just as if he was singing."..... Stevens's new hotel, in New York, is provided with a contrivance to facilitate communication between the different stories. A luxurious car, or ladies' carriage, is arranged to glide from the lower floor to the uppermost story, easily conveying eight or ten persons at a trip. The car is propelled by steam, and passes up and down upon a revolving spiral shaft, nearly one hundred feet long and about ten inches in diameter; and under no circumstances is there a possibility of accident.....There was a great comet and also a great vintage in 1811, and the Russian war took place in 1812, to the ruin of Napoleon I. There was a great comet in 1858, and the vintage was magnificent, and now we have the Italian war, which some confidently assert will prove ruinous to Napoleon III. The Duke of Wellington, in addressing the non-commissioned officers of his army, at the close of the war of 1815, on the investment of their savings, said: "Remember, high interest is only another name for bad security."..... The Athenæum thus begins a severe review of Ruskin's new book—"The Two Paths:" "This volume, arrogant, subtle, paradoxical, rhetorical and illogical as its predecessors, consists of five lectures, delivered at various places, by the Don Quixote of heretical art."..... An army of Americans is now defiling through Europe. The steamers, for a month or two past, have swarmed with detachments of this eruption of the new world upon the old, and it is not improbable that the number who have gone abroad since the opening of the season amounts to fully twenty thousand....."Dejeuners a la fourchette" are common enough, but "guerre a la fourchette," as the Zouaves designate their favorite bayonet practice, is as novel as it must be disagreeable to the man at the wrong end of the musket.....One of our agricultural papers declares that the most prevalent disease among farmers—the one most fatal to our country's prosperity—is the willingness to "sell out." The editor then says: "Make up your mind to stay where you are. Apply energy and headwork to your operations; determine to make a home—one for yourself and your family—have a marked and definite purpose in life."..... The Wilmington, N. C., Journal says what is called the "Two Headed Girl" is a pair of twins joined together like the Siamese twins. The editor saw them some time ago; they were two, joined together near the base of the spine—their whole physique else being duplicate.....Mr. Frank Moore of New York has recently come into possession of important facts relating to the unfortunate Major Andre, by which it is proved that many of the occasional pieces, both in prose and verse, which appeared in the tory periodicals published during the Revolutionary war, were written by him. These, we understand, are to be collected and probably published..... Did any one ever see the umbrella again which he had lent for just "five minutes?"

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

Continued successes of the allies in Italy, a constant retreating on the part of the Austrians, characterize the general aspect of the war. The Austrians have even abandoned fortresses strong enough to hold the allies in check for a long time. It is very evident that Austria feels herself incompetent to sustain the war with France and Sardinia single handed. Her only hope now must be in the aid of the German States, and even that would only postpone the day of defeat and dissolution.—The new British ministry have got into working order and appeal confidently to national support.—The British and continental journals continue to be filled with obituary and biographical notices of Prince Metternich The death of the old bulwark of legitimacy just at this crisis is ominous.—At Rome, the influence of the papacy is unable to suppress enthusiastic demonstrations in favor of the French.—The Russian government feels easy again; the Rothschilds having opened their purse-strings. The jew-bankers would now trust Russia and France to any extent—though shy of Austria.—Garibaldi's bold forays continue to create the greatest enthusiasm in Italy.—Austrian prisoners are landed by thousands at Marseilles. Many of them are mere lads.—It is Lord Palmerston's opinion that had England stood by France in her negotiations with Austria, she could have prevented the war, and that even now she must look to the Anglo-Gallic alliance for its final settlement Lord John Russell, in his present cabinet position, will be able to give effect to his strong Italian proclivities.

The Battle of Magenta.

A correspondent of the Nord says that the emperor's despatch with the news of the victory of Magenta contained no less than eight hundred words. It was opened at St. Cloud, and decyphered by M. Dannis Hinard, in the presence of the empress and the guests who had been dining with her. When the translator came to the passage relating to General McMahon, "who, as always, was first in the field," he stopped for a moment, owing to a difficulty in making out the cypher; Madame McMahon, who was listening intently, fancied that this hesitation was the prelude to a terrible revelation, and fainted away.

The United States.

The London Critic, in speaking of Mary Howitt's popular history of the United States, says: "It must be admitted that the task of writing the original history of the birth and growth of a republic whose citizens have in two different epochs so signally worsted the most powerful empire in the world, captured its armies as though they were recalcitrant sheep, crippled its fleets and repulsed its invasions, is one not very congenial to an English hand or an English heart. The engineer has a natural aversion to being 'hoist with his own petard.'"

Garibaldi.

A letter in the Siecle, says that Garibaldi, on being told that the Austrians having laid their hands upon one of his followers broken down by fatigue, near Varese, had hung him up to the nearest tree, exclaimed: "The cowards! I will sift this story to the bottom, and if I find it true, I will shoot every Austrian officer that I have made prisoner!"

The Tyrol.

The Emperor of Austria has issued a proclamation to his subjects in Tyrol and Zoraiberg, calling them to arms, "to defend the most righteous cause for which the sword was ever drawn,"—confides to them the task of defending the frontiers against the enemy who has made himself the ally of revolt against the legitimate dominion established by God.

Austrian Atrocity.

An atrocity was lately committed by the Austrians, near Torricella, at a little tavern, called the Osteria del Fumo, occupied by a man named Cignoli and his family. They shot the whole of them, father, mother, and children. Two of the latter were under ten years of age. Reason assigned, three muskets found in the house.

Popularity of Garibaldi.

Garibaldi is now the idol of the Italians and divides the honors with Victor Emmanuel At Turin, Genoa, Alessandria, and other cities, portraits of him abound. They are stuck up at every print-shop window. Engraving and lithography have exhausted their resources in reproducing the features of the famous patriot chieftain. Here he is in a civic costume; there in a military uniform with a plumed hat; elsewhere he is draped in a cloak, like the popular Lord Byron. Some of these portraits, highly colored, are sold for two sous. They are commonly stuck up between the portrait of Louis Napoleon and that of Victor Emmanuel. If the plastic reproduction of the famous captain (plaster and marble have come to the rescue of burin and crayon) is found in every portico, his name is in every mouth. Never was popularity greater. The popularity of the former defender of Rome is only equalled by that of Count Cavour.

Egypt.

In Egypt, a census of the population, taken by order of the viceroy, on the French method, has just been completed. From this it appears that the population, which in 1817 was 3,700,000, and in 1847 had increased to 4,250,000, is now 5,125,000—a great increase for only twelve years in a semi-civilized country. The population of Alexandria, which in 1798 only amounted in number to 30,000, and had increased in 1817 to 230,000, is now within a small fraction of 400,000.

The Feeling in Germany.

The enthusiasm created at Munich by the passage of Austrian troops through that town has not yet subsided. Lately a highly aristocratic lady addressed a regiment at the railway terminus of that town, and handing out her cards to a number of the valiant soldiers, added the following words: "There; you see who I am, and where I live. Any one of you that kills Napoleon, let him come to me, and he shall have a reward of 500 florins."

Mollica.

A correspondent, writing from Florence, says: "I saw one Mollica the other day, who had been chained eleven years to a ring with Porrio. The dungeon was so dark that in all that time he had never seen his face; though, as he observed, he naturally became quite familiar with his voice. Mollica is a stout party, with a fabulous beard, and has come here to be an army surgeon.

Musical.

A meeting of a number of leading scientific men and others interested in music, both as professors and amateurs, was recently held in London, for the purpose of discussing the propriety of adopting in Great Britain a uniform musical pitch, as has recently been done in France.

Parma.

The Duchess of Parma has quitted the duchy, leaving the government to the municipality, and releasing the troops from their allegiance. The municipality has despatched a deputation to the King of Sardinia, requesting him to accept the government.

Lombardy.

The King of Sardinia issued a proclamation to Lombards, saying: Independence having been secured, a regimen both liberal and durable will be established; eulogizes Napoleon, and calls upon the Lombards to join them on the battle-field.

The Prussian Church.

The superior ecclesiastical council of the Evangelical Church of Prussia has addressed a circular to all the consistories, directing the ministers to add to the ordinary service a prayer for the preservation of peace in Prussia and Germany.

Senator James.

Ex-Senator James of Rhode Island has gone to St. Petersburgh, to exhibit a patent gun, the destructive capabilities of which he desires the Russian government to have the benefit of without unnecessary delay.

French Letter Carriers.

Several letter carriers and clerks in the post-office have left Paris for the army of Italy, in order to complete the organization of the postal service. Some of the former are to be mounted on horseback.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FOR AMERICAN WOMEN.—We recently noticed the new edition of Mrs. Cornelius's "Housekeeper's Friend," published by Brown, Taggard & Chase. We are glad to know that the sale of the work has been commensurate with its merits. The following letter, from a lady widely known in literary circles, expresses the opinion of hundreds of housekeepers:

"As I see you have published a new and improved edition of Mrs. Cornelius's 'Housekeeper's Friend,' I thought perhaps an unsolicited notice from one whose 'friend' it has been for some years, might be of service. Three years since I exchanged a literary life for the more practical duties of a farmer's wife at the West. I had several cook-books, which I will not name, as a substitute for experience. That of Mrs. Cornelius I have found worth all the rest. I have often recommended it to friends, but never lend it, as I could not do without it a single day. Its especial value consists in the economy of its receipts and the minuteness of the directions given. I have often thought that if I were rich, I would make a present of a copy to every young friend who became a housekeeper. The present edition is a great improvement on the previous ones in beauty and utility. I should be glad to see you announce the sale of many thousands of copies. A WESTERN FARMER'S WIFE."

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NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co. have published, with a handsome illustrated title page, "Honor to Washington," a national ode, inscribed to Hon. Edward Everett, composed by A. Burditt, Esq.

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KIT CARSON'S BEAR ADVENTURE.

Late one afternoon, just after the little party had gone into camp, Kit, having lingered somewhat behind, suddenly rode into the camp-ground, and leaped from his horse, giving it in care of one of the men. With his rifle he then started in pursuit of game for supper. He walked on about one mile from the camp, and there came upon the fresh tracks of some elk. Following up the trail, he discovered the game grazing on the side of a hill. In the neighborhood of the animals there were some low and scraggy pine trees. Moving along with great care, he finally gained the cover of the trees, which brought him in close proximity to the elk, and within certain range of his rifle. This care was the more necessary, as his party had been without meat diet for some time, and began to be greatly in need thereof. These ever-wary animals saw, or scented him; or at any rate, became conscious of approaching danger from some cause, before he could reach the spot from which he desired to take his aim. They had commenced moving, and in another instant would have bounded away out of reach of his rifle. His eye and piece, however, were too quick for them. Bringing his piece into position, and without dwelling upon his aim, he sped a bullet after the largest and fattest of the noble game before him. He had wisely allowed for the first leap, for his shot caught the nimble animal in mid-air, and brought him to the earth. The echoing sound of the shot had hardly died away when Carson heard a terrific roar from the woods directly behind him. Instantly turning his head to note the source of this sound, the meaning and cause of which he well knew by his experienced woodman's ear, he saw two huge and angry grizzly bears. As his eye first rested upon these unwelcome guests, they were bounding toward him. There was not much time for Kit to scratch his head and cogitate. In fact, one instant spent in thought then would have proved his death-warrant, without hope of a reprieve. Messrs. Bruin evidently considered their domain most unjustly intruded upon. The gentle elk and deer mayhap were their dancing boys and girls; and, like many a petty king in savage land, they dined late and were enjoying a scenic treat of their ballet troupe. At all events, Kit required no second thought to perceive that the monarchs of the American forest were unpleasantly angry, and were fast nearing him with rapid stride. Dropping his rifle, the little leaden bullet of which would now have been worth to him its weight in gold, if it could by some magic wand have been transferred from the heart of the elk back into its breech, he bounded from his position, in close imitation of the elks, but with better success. The trees! he hoped and and prayed, as he fairly flew over the ground, with the bears hot in chase, for one quick grasp at a sturdy sapling. By good fortune, or special Providence, his hope or prayer was answered. Grasping a lower limb, he swung his body up into the first tier of branches just as passing Bruin brushed against one of his legs. Bears climb trees, and Kit Carson was not ignorant of the fact. Instantly drawing his keen-edged hunting-knife, he cut away for dear life at a thick, short branch. The knife and his energy conquered the cutting just as Messrs. Bruin had gathered themselves up for an ascent, a proceeding on their part to which Mr. Carson would not give assent. Mr. Carson was well acquainted with the Messrs Bruin's pride in, and extreme consideration for, their noses. A few sharp raps made with the severed branch upon the noses of the ascending bears, while they fairly made them to howl with pain and rage, caused them hastily to beat a retreat. This scene of ascending, getting their noses tickled, and again descending howling with pain and rage, now kept Mr. Carson and Messrs. Bruin actively busy for some time. The huge monsters and monarchs of the mountains were determined not to give it up so Such a full and fair chase, and to be beaten by a simple white man on their own domain! This evidently galled their sensitive natures. It is true the roaring of the bears in his rear had stimulated Mr. Carson in the race, so much so that he undoubtedly ran at the top of his speed; and being naturally, as well as by long practice, very fleet of foot, he had managed to outstrip his pursuers in the race. It is true he had made short work of climbing the tree, and here again had very innocently beaten the bears at their own game, and one in which they took great pride. It is probable that the bears were in too good a condition to run well. Had it been early spring-time, they would have doubtless been much lower in flesh. That was their own fault, too; they should have known that racing-time cannot be made on high condition. After leaving their hibernating quarters, they should have been less given to a sumptuous habit at the table.

Affairs were, however, by no manner of means settled. They had the daring trespasser on their domain treed, and almost within their reach; and, indeed, to keep out of the way of their uncomely claws, Kit was obliged to gather himself up in the smallest possible space and cling to the topmost boughs. The bears now allowed themselves a short respite for breathing, during which they gave vent to their wrath by many shrill screeches. Then they renewed their endeavors to force the hunter from his resting-place. Mounted on their hind paws, they would reach for him; but the blows with the stick, applied freely to their noses, would make them desist. In vain did they exhaust every means to force the man to descend; he was not to be driven or coaxed. The hard knocks they had sustained upon their noses had now aroused them almost to madness. Together they made one desperate effort to tear Kit from the tree. As in all their previous attempts, they were foiled, and their ardor dampened and cooled by the drumming operations upon their noses, which this time was so freely and strongly applied upon one of them as to make him lachrymate and cry out with pain. One at a time they departed; but it was not until they had been out of sight and hearing for some time that Kit considered it was safe to venture down from the tree; when he hastened to regain and immediately reload his rifle.—*Life and Adventures of Kit Carson.*

BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The ocean cannot be a more wondrous revelation to a man from the interior, who beholds the magnificent expanse for the first time, than the spectacle of Broadway in its afternoon glory, is to the simple-minded girl from the country village on being ushered for the first time into the gorgeous vista of men and women, horses and carriages, in every possible variety of life and motion, accompanied with appalling sounds, and hemmed in by walls of marble and stone, blazing in their fronts with gold and silver wares, and splendid stuffs of richest dye, with every commodity ever conceived by man to wear, to taste, or to enjoy, by any of the senses. It is not possible that this tremendous display of voluptuousness, beauty, fashion, frivolity, and vanity should not frequently touch, impress, ay, subdue the young heart. And it is known to be a fact that thousands of impressible natures are utterly changed from that moment, and become confused in their perception and appreciation of material, mental, and moral objects, and never afterwards are able to resume that clear preference of the latter over the former, which was once so undoubted. Therefore we reiterate—Broadway has much to answer for. It is the great tempter to fashion, show, and consequent extravagance in dress and living. The pictures of dashing equipages, rich and graceful costumes, are deeply daguerreotyped upon the soul, never to be eradicated. Ever afterwards, in their ideas of a happy domestic life, these brilliant objects will intrude even in the quiet, secluded recesses of rural homes, and shape and color more or less their conduct, and future plans and expectations.—*Newark Daily Adv.*

GENERAL MCMAHON,

THE HERO OF MALAKOFF AND MAGENTA.

The hero of the day in the French army is the distinguished officer whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers. The victory of Magenta, last month, is on all hands acknowledged to be due to him. The emperor, at the head of the Imperial Guard, was exposed for two hours to the onslaught of an overwhelming number of the enemy, and was well nigh overpowered, when unexpected relief was brought to him by General McMahon, who was at the head of the second *corps d'armée*. This gallant officer had no orders to advance; but hearing the sound of the cannon, and guessing that serious fighting was going forward on his right, he moved in that direction, and, happily, arrived in time to convert a doubtful struggle into a decided victory. We are not at all surprised that the emperor should have acknowledged this brilliant service by creating him Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta on the spot. Marie-Edme-Patrick-Maurice de McMahon is a scion of one of those illustrious Irish families which followed the Stuarts into exile two centuries ago, and have since given so many brave and brilliant names to the history of France, Austria and Spain. The gallantry of the Sarsfields and the Tyrconnels has not faded out of this ancient blood with the lapse of time; and the valor of the Irish brigade which broke the English squares at Fontenoy lives in the stormer of the Malakoff and the leader of the desperate battle at Magenta. The father of Marshal McMahon was a peer of France under the Restoration, having been as loyal to the Bourbons as his ancestors had been to the Stuarts; and a personal friend of Charles X. of France. The son, born in 1807, entered that nursery of heroes, the school of St. Cyr, in 1825, and fought in Algiers with the first French army of invasion. Returning to France, in the suite of General Achard, he marched with the Duc d'Orleans to the siege of Antwerp in 1831, and was one of the officers who saved the pompous Belgian lion erected on the field of Waterloo, from the rage of the French infantry by a few good natured witticisms at the expense of that rather ridiculous beast. Action being the element of men like McMahon, he is found again in Algiers in 1837 prominent in the assault on Constantine. He afterwards commanded a battalion of rifles, and a regiment of the Foreign Legion, and in 1845, as general of brigade, governed the province of Oran. July 16, 1852, he became a general of division; and in 1855 was despatched to succeed General Canrobert at Sebastopol. On the 8th of September of that year the perilous honor of leading the storming party against the Malakoff was confided to him, and in an instant he found himself famous. He was almost the first man to enter the Russian works, and swearing to stay there, "living or dead," rallied his troops so constantly and ardently to the defence, that all the obstinate gallantry of the Russian battalions was wasted upon the attack. A characteristic anecdote is told of him in relation to that event. He had just succeeded in making good his position, and driving the Russians out of the fortress, when an aide-de-camp rode up all breathless to inform him that he must at once withdraw his troops, as the fortress was mined. "What!" exclaimed the general, "evacuate this redoubt, which is Sebastopol itself? No, my post is here; but go tell the general to get another force to occupy the ruins after the explosion." Marshal McMahon has shown the same qualities in peace as in war. As a member of the Imperial Legislative Council, he was the only man who had the courage to oppose those repressive laws which were enacted immediately after Orsini's attempt at assassination, and was understood at the time to have incurred the displeasure of the emperor in consequence. He commanded in Italy the second division, and has now won the distinction, unparalleled, we believe, in history, of receiving on one battle-field his ducal coronet and his baton of Marshal of France.

GENERAL MCMAHON, MARSHAL OF FRANCE AND DUKE OF MAGENTA.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Not long after his lordship's elevation to the Woolsack, he arrived at Lancaster, during the assize, on his way to Brougham Hall, in Westmoreland. He took his seat for a short time on the bench of both the Crown and the Nisi Prius Courts. He was of course observed by the learned gentlemen of the bar, who made their obeisance to him. When the barristers assembled at their mess (what they call the High Court), it was communicated to the chairman that a member of the "High Court," who had never taken leave of it, had been seen in court that day, and yet was not present amongst them. An inquiry was at once instituted where he could be, when a young barrister informed the High Court that he had seen the learned gentleman enter the judges' lodgings, where he was no doubt dining with their lordships. Mr. Blackburn and Mr. Raincock were at once appointed constables, and armed "with a little brief authority," to bring Henry Brougham to the place where he owed allegiance. The constables went with alacrity to fulfil their duty. On arriving at the judges' lodgings, they, in spite of the remonstrances of flunkeys, made their way to the dining room, where they saw his lordship seated as the honored guest. They walked up to him, and seized him by the collar of his coat. The judges laughingly told him he must submit. He offered to do so quietly, but the constables would not let go their hold of him, but dragged him along to the King's Arms. On his appearing at the bar of the High Court, the chairman informed him that the charge against him was absenting himself from that court without leave, the fine for which was three bottles of claret, but that he would be heard if he could show cause why he should not be fined. He addressed the court, avowing his great respect for it, and stated that he was compelled to cease to become a member of it through the fact that his majesty had been graciously pleased to call him to his councils, and to appoint him lord chancellor. The chairman told his lordship that his apology was perfectly satisfactory; but that, as his lordship well knew, the fine was double in that court when a member made a good defence. He must therefore fine him in six bottles of claret. The fine was of course paid; and during the drinking of it, a young member rose and informed the High Court that since their last meeting a learned brother, Henry Brougham, had become Harry the Ninth, but had never been crowned. He was placed in a high chair, a crimson table-cloth was put upon him for a robe, a cake-basket was put on his head for a crown, and a fish-slice put into his hand as a sceptre. Then came his turn to play his part, and right well he did it. He said he had received several petitions from his loyal subjects, which upon that auspicious occasion he would reply to. He would take them alphabetically. The first was from Mr. Alexander. He prayed that there might be no alteration made in the law of personal appearance. "We grant his petition," said his lordship, "on this condition, that he, in future, dress like a gentleman, and not like a Jemmy Jessamy. The next petition is from Dr. Van Beest Brown, member of Little Washington, who asks for a clean shirt. We grant it, on condition that he retire at once, and after washing himself, put it on, that we may see him in that which he has not had for years." And he went through the whole of the bar present, hitting hard, smiting hip and thigh. Are they not "children of a larger growth?"—*Reminiscences of an Old Lawyer.*

GENIUS AND TALENT.—The most striking feature in the history of Genius is its courage. Talent, on the contrary, is distinguished chiefly by its caution. The one goes forth, totally regardless of its costume, under the impulse of a glorious presage. The other never suffers itself to be seen, until it has made its toilet, under the guidance of a becoming taste.—*W. G. Simms.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859. | $2 50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVII., No. 3...WHOLE No. 421.

CHESTER PARK, BOSTON.

The picture on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. William Waud, and is an accurate representation of the locality and a fine example of the architectural style of modern Boston. Such places as Chester Park show that the growth of the city is not irregular and forced, but a natural expansion based on increasing wealth, accompanied by improved taste. It is to the south part of the city that we must now take a stranger if we would give him a first favorable impression of our Athenian capital, if we would show him that he has not alighted in a mere "provincial village." Afterwards, by way of contrast, we might take him to the oldest portion of the town, with the twistings and turnings of its narrow streets, and its quaint specimens of old time architecture. Not that we wish to cast any reflections upon that time-honored part of the city. By no means. We have perhaps an undue respect for old Boston, the nucleus whence so many rays of splendor have radiated. We confess a decided weakness for those fine old memorial houses of the ante-revolutionary period, with their broad and spacious fronts, adorned with Corinthian pilasters, their carved doorways and quaint mural tablets, of which one or two specimens remain. There are some old buildings in Salem and Hanover Streets that are quite pets with us, and ever and anon we make a pilgrimage to that part of the city to see whether they are still standing as quaint and old-fashioned as ever. It is rather a foolish plan, however, to set one's affection on an old house in these changeful times. Young America has no respect for antiquity. Young Boston sneers at old Boston. Architects look at the old structures with venomous spite. The mutations of fashion have left many a fine old house abandoned like stranded hulks on the shore of time. The court end of the town is no longer at the north, and many houses which once blazed with festal lights, which were the abode of elegance, taste and refinement, as they were understood ninety years ago, are devoted to purposes of which the original owners never dreamed. Parlors where "routs" were given in days of revolutionary jubilee, are now turned into blacksmith's shops, and the fire of the household hearth has given way to the blaze of the furnace. Yet the changes which a city undergoes, however rapid, are not realized without an effort by its residents. Only a man returning after a long absence appreciates the wonders that wealth and enterprise achieve; and the permanent resident needs to refresh his memory by glancing to some contemporaneous record of an old date, to ascertain how far he has been swept along, and what transformations he has lived through. Let us open a statistical work published thirty years ago, and see if we cannot obtain an adequate idea of the changes we have noticed. We read that at that date, 1829, the "number of dwelling houses is about 10,000," and that "among the best specimens of architecture are the market-house, Trinity Church, the general hospital, several of the bank buildings, and the Tremont House." These are no longer our "best specimens," and some of the bank buildings alluded to have been pulled down as not up to the times. "The annual expenditures of the city are about $300,000." Very likely the tax-payers would be pleased to see that feature restored. The Boston Athenæum is spoken of with its magnificent library of 24,000 volumes. The Athenæum buildings referred to, in Pearl Street, have long since gone, and the library has now triple that number of volumes. Then we are told "The Middlesex Canal, leading from Boston harbor to Merrimac River, forms with this river a navigable channel to Concord in New Hampshire. There are no other means of transportation to and from the interior, except such as are afforded by the common roads. In this respect Boston is behind the other principal cities in the United States, and its inland trade is much less than it would otherwise have been." What a revolution has been accomplished in this respect. The Middlesex Canal! Why, we had almost forgotten it, though we have skated over its frozen surface in winter, and in summer actually made the voyage to Lowell in a packet-boat drawn by two horses tandem, at the magnificent rate of three miles per hour, starting from Charlestown at eight in the morning, and landing at our destination late in the afternoon, after sundry perilous adventures, including a thunder-storm and a dangerous stumble of the leading horse. Swifter and more exciting were the stage-coach rides out of Boston, but these vanished before the rush of the snorting iron-horse. "Population 58,281." Well, we have picked up a few more inhabitants since. At the same period the population of New York was 207,201. Both cities have since this date advanced with rapid steps. A new city, in fact, has been created in New York as in Boston. The older portion of New York, like the older portion of Boston, is characterized by narrow and winding streets, very troublesome in the transaction of business, while the upper part of the city, like the south part of Boston, is laid out at right-angles. And to think that the imperial New York, sitting like a crowned queen on the shores of the sea and of the most magnificent of rivers, originated with the permission granted by James the First in 1620 to a few Dutchmen "to build some cottages on Hudson's River for the convenience of their vessels engaged in trade with Brazil." Judging from the past, what a brilliant future lies before New York and Boston. The Puritan city, expanding and enlarging its territories, will before another fifty years have passed, have doubled its area and population. What are now rural suburbs will then be densely settled parts of the city, and people will require fast horses to take them out of town. A hundred and fifty years ago Boston had reached a dazzling eminence in the estimate of its inhabitants of that date, worthy burghers whose dust is now mouldering on Copp's Hill or the churchyard of the King's Chapel. "Those," says an early historian of Boston, "who were formerly forced to fetch most of the bread they ate, and beer they drank, a thousand leagues by sea, are, through the blessing of the Lord, so increased, that they have not only fed their elder sisters, Virginia, Barbadoes, and many of the summer islands, that were preferred before them for their fruitfulness, but also the grand mother of us all, even the fertile isle of Great Britain. Many a fair ship had her framing and finishing here, besides lesser vessels." A glimpse at Chester Park has led us on the path of retrospection and prophecy, but these reflections spring naturally thence.

CHESTER PARK, BOSTON, FROM WASHINGTON STREET.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FROST AND HEBE.

BY CAROLINE T. HENTZ.

PART I.

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters.—Ps. 29: 3.

A SMALL boat, with white sails spread, danced over the waters of the Sound, bearing a single passenger. He who stood, with his eyes fixed upon the shore he was nearing, was on the approaching evening to become a bridegroom, and conspicuous upon the shore, where his gaze was most intent, was the elegant home of his betrothed. He was in the full prime of manhood, his hair black as the raven's wing, and his eyes flashed with more brilliant fires than when he had won his first love years ago.

Elma Eustace was just eighteen, lovely, accomplished, and universally admired; and she had given her happiness into the keeping of a man more than double her age, yet she had chosen well.

When but a youth he had married, and in one short year had laid his girl-wife in her grave, with an infant on her bosom. In the desolation which followed, he fled the associations of his youth, and in California, among the gold mines, grew into manhood. There he amassed a fortune, and returned to complete an education which had been interrupted by his early marriage. With the wonderful energies of his nature, he bent himself to the pursuit of knowledge, and the fine capacities of his brilliant mind at last expanded into healthy action.

Such powers of intellect could not remain dormant; and as they found ample food for labor in the political field, he plunged into the hottest of party strife, and became famous as the most eloquent orator of the times. As an M. C., he was thrown among the ton of Washington city; but in vain did manœuvering mamas and aunts spread their nets for his—gold; in vain were the graces of sweet sixteen paraded before his eyes. Rich, talented and famous, he still bore unsullied, amongst the dross of politics, the remembrance of his buried wife. It was not until he met, during an excursion upon the Sound, with the lovely reflex of his own brilliant nature, that the proud man's heart again became entangled in that passion which more or less gilds the panorama of every one's life. In three short months from the time of meeting with Elma Eustace, he was hastening to their nuptials.

It was a beautiful, clear sky that shone above him, and a light breeze bore his light craft steadily along. So absorbed was he in gazing upon the white columns gleaming through the foliage, that he did not observe a cloud, scarcely larger than a man's hand, drifting before the wind. It was singularly dark, and suddenly it obscured the sun. Simultaneously with the motion of his eyes, as he lifted them to the heavens, there was a fearful peal of thunder—a crash—a gleam of fiery light—and Earl Livingston stood nearly stunned within his dismasted boat. The mast was shivered to atoms, and the burnt and blackened sail dragged after the boat, yet for a few minutes Mr. Livingston made no motion or sound. There was a mighty voice echoing within his ears, and he heard nothing else. Suddenly he gazed up into the blue heavens, as if expecting to see them open and reveal a vision of the "descending angels," but even the cloud had disappeared, and he looked upon a serene sky.

"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters," he ejaculated, almost reverentially; for the deep waters of his slumbering faith were stirred.

He set himself to work with the oars, and righted his floating craft, but a shadow had come over his glowing face. "Was that an omen?" questioned his awe-struck spirit; and away down amidst those unstirred depths in his soul a something seemed to echo, "'Tis the warning of Omnipotence."

Onward he rowed, and gradually the shadow left his face, as he neared the shore. As he sprang upon the beach, and looked back upon the wreck he was drawing to its moorings, it was with a light laugh. An echo to his voice startled him, and looking up towards a jagged rock which rose a few feet from the spot where he stood, he observed a lady seated upon it. It was Miss Hamilton, the maiden aunt of Elma, and from whom she was to receive her large fortune. It was the residence of Miss Hamilton upon which so intent a gaze had been fixed, and it was Miss Hamilton that stood in place of mother to the orphaned Elma, the future bride of Mr. Livingston, yet his acquaintance with her was very slight.

He had spoken with her a few times during his visits to Elma, and he had remarked upon many peculiarities in her appearance. She had black hair, and very light blue eyes, which glittered like new steel, and she never looked one straight in the face; her voice was very peculiar, and she always went heavily mantled, calling herself an invalid. There was a kind of mysterious fascination about her, which awoke anew as he gazed upon her in her rather romantic position. She sat erect upon the rock, and her magnificent, unmantled figure was marked out upon the clear background of the sky. He face was shaded by a veil, but through its gauzy folds he distinguished the glitter of those peculiar eyes, which were now fixed intently upon him.

"What has happened to your boat?" she asked quietly.

"Did you not hear that crash of electricity?" he in turn questioned.

"No. I was absorbed in thought, and may not have noticed it."

"You surely did hear it, or your senses were locked with bars of steel truly," he rejoined, thinking what a strange being she was; and he thought she laughed in a low, mocking tone.

"Quite ominous," she briefly remarked.

"What if the bolt were aimed at myself alone," he mused, "and reached no other ears!" and the shadow came again upon his face.

"Are you superstitious?" she asked, watching him quietly.

"I have never been," he replied, "and surely will not allow this circumstance, strange though it seems, to cloud my spirit to-night." He was annoyed at her manner, and continued, with assumed lightness of feeling, "But I am lagging—not in love, but in speed—you must excuse me, madam."

He was moving onward, when she motioned him to stop. "Sit down here by me on the rock, while I tell you a story. You will lose none of Elma's smiles, for I left her resting in her chamber."

He could not refuse compliance, and found himself seated by this woman, with a feeling towards her very much like superstitious dread. He despised himself for entertaining it, and turned towards her with serious attention. She kept her hands folded in a scarf she wore around her throat, and still wore the veil, so that he only saw the indistinct outline of her features. She began, in that voice which always sounded to him as if it came through closed teeth:

"I am going to relate my own history. It is a strange one, a *very* rare one, and I think it may teach you a useful lesson, as you are about taking an important step in life. You smile as if you thought it strange for *me* to dare give advice to one like you, yet you are not above the frailties of your nature, I have observed. But to my story. It is a history in which Elma is deeply involved, and *may* affect you. Though you have never inquired into the manner or matter of her becoming mine, I will tell you by my own choice."

Earl Livingston's hands were like marble, and the gripe upon his heart-strings tightened, still he sat with unmoved countenance.

"I was young once," she began again, with a quiet irony, making her words more pointed, "and perhaps it was because I was ignorant of the world that I loved—no matter who—and why he loved me I cannot tell, for I was perfectly artless then, and bore upon my face a tablet of my heart. I loved him, and cast my whole happiness, undoubtingly, in his keeping. *Perhaps* he was kind, and meant to *try* me, when he opened my eyes, after having avowed such sincere love, and informed me that he had been *mistaken!* It was friendship alone that he entertained for me."

Here her manner changed, and her tone lost its irony.

"He lied basely! He loved me as he has loved no other. He tried me, and I became a demon! Do not start, I will not harm you. I sat beside *him* just as quietly, after that great wrong, as I sit beside you now. Do you understand?" He felt like moving away, but said nothing.

"Well," she continued, "this was a matter between ourselves, so it went no further, and I smiled and lived to see him wed another. She was a kind of nonentity, no more fit to mate with him than the dove is to mate with the eagle. I hated her as I hate *you*. O! I intended to say *him*, of course," she said with a mocking laugh. "They moved away, and I followed secretly, changing my name then to Hamilton, with that *something* urging me on which *must* be obeyed. Perhaps you may tell me what this something is, which even now urges me to fulfil a destiny." He did not speak, and she went on:

"You may mark also, it was this same something which induced me to pay court to a rich, disagreeable old bachelor, whom I nursed through an attack of small pox, when all his friends deserted him; and I was rewarded by the fortune he left me, this fortune which the world now calls Elma's. It was soon after I reached the place to which they went, that I heard of his wife giving birth to an infant girl. Then they told me she was dying, and my soul gloated over the news—not that I hoped that he would return to me. No, no! *that* was not the something which still arms me for greater work. Ha, ha! I would like to show him how I would receive overtures of love. Would you like for me to show you, Mr. Livingston?"

Again there was no answer, and she went on:

"They were buried—the mother and child—in a quiet churchyard, and when the moonbeams lay upon the new mounds, I stole to the spot with awful speed; I tore up the earth, fearing I was too late (some one had told me that a *scarlet spot* upon the temple of the infant had not lost its color in death); I opened the new clods with my hands, unshrinkingly, for that something powerfully urged and strengthened me; down, down I searched, until I reached the coffin, which I opened with an instrument I had brought. What is the matter, sir?"

No answer, and she took up the story again.

"I opened the coffin, took out the babe from the cold breast of the mother, and it soon grew warm upon my bosom. I breathed into its nostrils, and it lived!"

"Fiend! wretch!" cried out the unhappy man. "Curses upon your lies—your monstrous lies!"

There was a gripe like a vice upon his arm, from which he could not free himself, and he stood face to face with the unveiled woman. She had torn from her head a mass of false black hair, and down upon her shoulders flowed the waving flaxen locks upon which his boyhood's gaze had often lingered in admiration. The disguise was off, and the glittering pair of eyes looked straight in his.

"Earl Livingston!" she cried, in tones whose echo came like a dream of boyhood to his ear, "you know me now. You feel the presence of her who was once Ellen Mayfield—who is now a demon. Who made her so? Tell me, man, nor dare shrink from my presence. O, may it prove as poisonous as the venom of asps! Well may you accuse *me* of lying—you whose life has been a foul deception. But I have my revenge. Ha, ha! You *dare not* doubt my story. That scarlet spot, which never died from out your child's temple, did I not see you mark the same spot upon Elma's, and did I not say to myself then, "Fool that he is, to harbor no suspicion."

The fearful groan which burst from the breast of Earl Livingston, bore witness to the truth of what she affirmed. He spoke not, moved not, but sat looking into the face of the terrible woman, until even she quailed from the gaze of his stony eyes. Not long the demon was quiet within her, before it broke forth again.

"Ha, ha! was ever wronged woman blest with so sweet a revenge? ever one so favored by fortune? I called her my niece, and trained her to all that was lovely. I heard of the famous orator—the widowed stoic! I knew what was fascinating to him. His *like* would please him; and who so like as Elma, his own flesh and blood. I planned the excursion which attracted this famous orator to *my* home, then one so suited to his luxuriant tastes. I knew the man better than he knows himself—his tastes. Ha, ha, Earl Livingston! shall Ellen Mayfield dance with the M. C. at your nuptials to-night?"

At last the stony eyes moved, they glared like a madman's, and with the strength of a madman, he tore away from her grasp, and the infuriated woman gave a cry of wonder. She looked at his hair, which was an hour ago of raven blackness, and paused in her feast of revenge to see that it was as white as the hoarfrost! Was there no satiation for the revenge that gloated over the agony which had done this? She paused only to renew her mocking with new triumph!

The madman was roused to fury; there was the gleam of a blade, a plunge, and Earl Livingston had driven a knife into her bosom. She gave a groan, fell back heavily upon the rock, and would have rolled into the deep waters below, but her murderer drew her back, gazed one moment into the closing eyes, heard her gurgle out the words, "Nobly done! Like yourself!" and with fire in his brain, and fire in his heart, he sprang into his boat and pushed off into the Sound.

He did not see, whilst pulling madly at the oars, that the boat was leaking rapidly. The lightning had made a wreck of the little bark, which was fast filling with water, but the unconscious oarsman pulled ahead. She was sinking; yet as her gunnels disappeared she was seen by those on shore, and Mr. Livingston was pulling at the oars when the waters closed above his hands. There were swift boats sent out in search, but all to no avail—neither boat nor body was found upon the waters, over which the mantle of night had fallen.

PART II.

The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness.—Ps. 29: 8.

A STAR went out from the political sky, and men said that it had set in death, yet it was not so. Earl Livingston's course was not yet run. Though there was madness in his brain, and a worse than loathing of life in his heart, when the waters closed over his head, the instinct of self-preservation made him battle with the waves. He was a powerful man, and easily gained the shore, when a less active swimmer would have perished. The indistinct light of twilight was more favorable to screen him from searching eyes than the darkness of night, and it was thus that he escaped unseen.

Upon the record of his life a pall had suddenly fallen, heavier than the clods of the valley. Fame and adulation were blanks, love a curse. The price of blood was upon his head, and its stain upon his soul. What was life to him now, that he should elude the rigors of the law? And careless of all save the desire to be free from self, and from mankind, he made his way, with all the speed possible, towards the wilds of the West. He wore no disguise, and it was not needed. Who would have recognized him that had seen him only a few hours previous, when there was a glow upon his hair like the polish of ebony—now it was white? The very elixir of glowing life, which had given this gloss to the hairs of his head, seemed to have stagnated and turned to lava like hardness upon the lines about his face; and there was a look in his still piercing eye, bearing witness to the anguish which his proud spirit was powerless to conceal.

To the West he fled, with a kind of method in his madness which urged him to the fulfilment of a strange destiny. He became a wild man of the woods, with only a rifle and a fleet horse for companions. He lived among the rocks and caves, sleeping upon a single blanket, wearing buckskin, and feeding upon the game which his rifle brought. He shunned the sight of white men, as if there was contagion in the atmosphere they breathed.

He wandered, at length, into the Indian region, and came suddenly upon one of the settlements. He was a most singular object to look upon, and the Indians seemed puzzled to determine what was his species. His long white hair had become intermingled with the mass of unshaven beard, which was still as black as his hair had been, and from between this contrasting background peered those strangely fierce yet melancholy eyes. His dress was savage, and his skin was burnt, so that it was difficult to distinguish its original color. Not a hand was raised to harm him, and it was with a kind of curious interest that the savages received him in their midst. He yielded to their hospitality with passive recklessness, yet there was something in their kindliness which touched upon his hardened sensibilities, and which determined him to remain with them so long as they were peaceably inclined; neither did he suspect or care for treachery.

It was no deviation from his usual mode of life to mingle with them in their sports or toils, yet there came a change much sooner than he had anticipated. He had lost sight of the days of the week, and had allowed Sabbath after Sabbath to be polluted. When he had been several days in the settlement, he was startled, upon a quiet morning, by the loud and long blowing of a horn. He had learned a few of the Indian's phrases, and soon made one of them comprehend that he would like to know why the horn was blown in so unusual a manner. He understood that it were the Sabbath, when there was always

services held, and upon this occasion they expected a missionary to preach.

"Converted Indians," muttered the misanthrope; and again there seemed echoes of that "voice which is upon the waters," resounding in tones of warning within his soul. "Lost that I am, shall savages teach me to honor the Christian's Sabbath?"

He followed the throng, which soon crowded the limits of the rude shelter, under which benches had been constructed; but the man of the woods was more accustomed to nature's furniture, and chose an old stump for a seat, which was near the platform or pulpit. He was unconscious that, by the force of habit, he held his rifle and leaned upon it for support. He felt some one touch his arm, and looked around towards a man dressed in the garb of an American citizen. Thinking, probably, that Mr. Livingston was a savage, he addressed him through an Indian interpreter.

"My good friend, this is rather an uncivilized companion for enlightened Indians to bear upon the Sabbath," and he pointed to the rifle.

Earl Livingston was abashed, as he had seldom been, and he looked full into the stranger's face, whom he supposed was the missionary.

"Well may you mistake me for a savage. A worse than barbarian I am, most truly," he said:

The missionary scrutinized the peculiar figure before him very keenly, yet silently, and even after he had taken his place upon the platform, Earl saw that his eyes wandered towards the spot where he was. The rifle was placed out of sight, and soon the attention of the owner was fixed most forcibly upon the discourse, which was a thrilling call—a voice from the Almighty—and the light reflected from divine source shone upon the pale face of the disciple. Mr. Livingston listened as he had never before to language from the sacred desk, with his fixed gaze upon that pale, inspired countenance, when suddenly his rapt attention was distracted by a movement in the crowd. At the same moment in which the missionary sank upon the seat, nearly exhausted, there was an Indian who seized his knees and knelt beside him, with his face upturned, and a calm like clear sunset upon the ocean seemed to have settled upon it. He gesticulated, pointed upwards, then looked upwards, and began to cry aloud in tones of jubilee—the joy unspeakable making eloquent his untutored lips. The poor savage had been groaning in secret ever since the words of salvation were opened to his ears; he had been trying to seize upon the Great Truth, and to-day the light streamed into his heart, and filled it full to overflowing. The Holy Spirit was in the Indian's heart. Earl saw it and *felt* it in such power that he was nearly *stunned*. In what thick darkness his own crime-laden spirit groped, and yet what glorious beams were shining!

He rushed out from the place, with memory, like an awakened fiend, lashing his soul; and he paused not until within the dense undergrowth of wood he found a hiding-place. There he threw himself down, and lay more like a dead than a living man, through the long hours of that day. Night came on, and still he was lying motionless, when a voice close beside him startled him from his trance.

"Will you help me kindle a fire by yonder rock?" the voice asked.

Earl was amazed at the request, which came from the missionary, who expressed no surprise at finding him in that condition. He arose, and without a word assisted in kindling a bright blaze, by which the missionary seated himself, and then said:

"Take a seat. My name is Weston—yours is Livingston." Earl uttered a slight cry, but the other continued, quietly, "I read it upon your rifle, which you left by the platform, and I know a little more about you. You are convicted, perhaps suffering under the weight of crime, and perhaps I can help you to lay aside that burden. We shall see."

Mr. Livingston was completely magnetized by the stranger's manner—it was so quietly commanding, yet so kind, that it was irresistible. Though a misanthropic hatred of human kind had darkened in his heart, he did not hesitate to put full trust in the man whose heaven-dedicated spirit was indelibly stamped upon his serene countenance. A few more words from Mr. Weston, and the lips and heart of Earl were opened. Unhesitatingly, and with a rush of passionate words, he told the whole of his dark story. Once or twice the quiet manner of the listener gave way to wonderful agitation, and slight, suppressed exclamations escaped him, yet it was all unheeded by the narrator. Like a torrent, the recital flowed on to its close.

When he paused, Mr. Weston arose, calmly took him by the hand and said: "You are feverish, my friend, let us retire, and come again, when I have much to say to you."

Like an anodyne the words and manner seemed to quell the tumult within the bosom of Mr. Livingston, who submitted then and afterwards, unshrinkingly, to the guidance of Mr. Weston.

They came again to the spot, at night, and more often Mr. Weston was the speaker, whilst Mr. Livingston drank in his counsel with a thirsty soul. His soul needed sadly the nourishment which poured into it in healthy, peace-bringing streams—and there, by the wild blaze of the fire-light, at the dead of night, a shout went up from his lips which ascended to the throne of God—where angels took up the song, crying, "Glory, glory! for the lost sheep is found."

PART III.

The Lord will give strength unto his people.—Ps. 29: 11.

The year was drawing to a close, and Mr. Weston would soon return to the annual conference. He journeyed to the East, for the purpose of sojourning a short time at one of his homes in New York. Earl Livingston followed that voice, which led him back to the scenes he had fled, and he accompanied his friend and Christian traveller on his journey. Justice had a portion to award him, and he did not shrink from the trial—with a new strength within him, better, far better than the muscle which had borne him through the waters. A most charming travelling companion he found Mr. Weston, to whom he was bound by no common ties; yet a mystery still clung to him, and often he seemed about to make some fearful revelation, so it appeared to the disordered fancy of Mr. Livingston. Yet, without change or accident, they reached New York city. Upon the register at the hotel, Earl Livingston inscribed his name in full—a name not unknown, or unconnected with thrilling interest—yet no officer arrested him, and the cry of murder was not ringing about his ears.

One night he sat alone in his apartment, with his head bent upon his clasped hands, and the tide of reflection bore his mind irresistibly towards his lost Elma, his poor child, banished from his heart like an unholy thing. Where was she? Perhaps the prey to some fortune-hunter, or her fate might be worse, deserted as she was by her natural protector and guardian; and into whose care had she fallen? There was no spirit to bear him answer, and he groaned aloud. He knelt, and a prayer of fearful supplication ascended to Heaven. God gave him strength, and when he arose and again thought of Elma, it was with the purpose of seeking her out and giving her the sacred protection of a father's name and presence—provided that name was unbranded with the stigma of murder. Better that he should never find her, than that she should live to blush for her parentage.

On the following afternoon Mr. Weston drove out to Greenwood, and asked his friend to accompany him, that by the way they might talk of their future.

"You soon depart," exclaimed Livingston, as they reached the cemetery and were alighting, "whilst I am waiting for the decree of the Almighty. If I am to receive the just punishment for my sin, I bow in Christian submission, but—" The name of Elma was trembling upon his tongue, but they had reached the palaces of the dead, and Weston's attention seemed entirely diverted. From magnificent structures they wandered onwards until Weston paused beside a small inclosure, which contained two slabs. Upon the nearest he read the name, "Myra Weston."

"My wife," exclaimed Mr. Weston. "I buried her many years since."

He said no more, but leaned over the marble, and Livingston, in delicacy for his feelings, moved towards the other slab, and suddenly cried out, with his eyes fixed upon the inscription with terrible fixedness. He read, "Ellen Mayfield, aged 36"—no other word or sign was upon the marble, but this was enough to make the blood stagnate in the veins of Earl Livingston. When he at last looked up, and displayed his face of anguish to the gaze of Weston, in pity for such suffering, Mr. Weston allowed the feelings he had so long suppressed to burst forth. He seized the hand of Livingston, pressed it convulsively, exclaiming:

"Throw off the weight, fellow-soldier! Shout aloud for joy! Sing praises to him who withheld your madman-hand from murder! Ellen Mayfield did not die by your hand—"

He did not shout or sing praises, for the long tried spirit had borne too much. He sank upon an iron seat—thoughts of Elma, such thoughts as he dreamed were forever dead, came rushing back in torrents, and his soul grovelled in humiliating anguish.

"Can you not bear the sudden calm of a great peace, whose billows have been so fierce?" asked Mr. Weston.

The voice brought calmness, as it always did, and very soon Livingston was, in his turn, listening to a stranger story than he had narrated by the western camp-fire.

"I was living in this city," began Weston, "when I first met with Ellen Mayfield—then Miss Hamilton. She was introduced to my wife, for whom she seemed to conceive a great liking, and as I admired the young lady, and she was boarding, we invited her to visit us during her stay. She said she was travelling to find some means in which she could best use her great fortune. She was most winning, most seductive in her manners, and completely won the heart of my gentle Myra. Soon after the birth of a son, Myra sickened and died. I have sometimes feared since—Heaven forgive me, if it be unjust, —that *she*, this vile fiend who nursed her so tenderly, mingled poison in her food. Before she died, she requested of me that her first-born, a little, delicate girl scarcely more than a year older than the little infant, who died also, should be given to Miss Hamilton. I had no sisters or friends to whom I could have left this sacred charge, and so I yielded to the wishes of my dying wife. She was induced, through the wiles of this woman, to make the request; I now see plainly, then I was as blind as she.

"I gave up my little one—my only child. Had I known to whom, and for what! O, heavens—" Mrs. Weston paused, while great drops of sweat stood out upon the brow of Livingston.

"Go on! Go on!" said Earl, almost fiercely.

"I left the city, took a long farewell of my child, determined to forget that I was a father. For a time life was worse than a blank, and I remember it as a fevered dream, from which I awoke to become a missionary. Before I left for the West, I heard of my child, though she was raised in ignorance of her parentage, was taught to believe that she was the niece of Miss Hamilton, and that her parents were dead. She bore their name, of course. My wife had called her Elma—" Again Mr. Livingston uttered an exclamation; but cried, "Go on! Go on!"

"I passed many happy years in my glorious work, strangely blinded to the great wrong I was committing in allowing my child to live in the midst of deception. I suddenly awoke to my error, felt that God had entrusted to me the keeping and training of an immortal soul, and I determined to return to fulfil my duty, if I was compelled to take from her the most brilliant of worldly prospects. I returned to this city at the time when the newspapers were laden with rumors of the death of Mr. Livingston—the orator, the bridegroom-elect! There was no mention of the murder in connection with your name. I hurried to the home of Miss Hamilton, found her terribly altered and confined to a dark room, suffering, she said, from a pain in her side. It was most probably the effects of your wound. Strange woman that she was, she took a pride, I suppose, in concealing all the circumstances of your meeting upon the rock, and to my knowledge she never repeated them to mortal ears. She received me kindly, told me of Elma's engagement to yourself, and said that Elma would never recover from the effects of that shock—she believed, of course, that you were drowned, in consequence of the lightning striking and destroying your boat. She offered no opposition to my re claiming Elma. I was greatly surprised that she did not, yet it was not long that I was ignorant of the cause. That night I made myself known to my poor broken flower, and took her like a child to my bosom, where she clung passionately. She was much weaned from Miss Hamilton, and made no objections to any plan of mine, save the one in which she was to be left by me. I was to take her with me on the following day, but I had another and very unexpected charge to take with me.

"The morning came, but Miss Hamilton was missing, and very soon we found her dead body on the beach, where the waves had washed it ashore, just beneath the rock where she sat and talked with you. Upon her desk I found a note addressed to myself, containing these words" (he took a small paper from his pocket and read aloud):

"The *one* womanly spot in my heart is laid waste when your child leaves me—its *one* virtue dies. Let me die with it! I dare not request that she never know me better—but what boots it, when I am sleeping beneath the waves I love? I have one request to make of you. If my body be found, let it receive Christian burial away from these places, where the name of Miss Hamilton is upon every tongue, and place upon the slab the name of Ellen Mayfield."

"I was inexpressibly shocked at these occurrences, and Elma's young spirit seemed to grow chill with horror. I did not show her the note, but afterwards told her of the name I was to place over the grave of the lost woman. The dread mystery was yet to be solved. I laid her beside my dead wife, because, as yet, I had no reason to feel that she contaminated the spot in her long sleep; however, may her bones rest quietly—they cannot harm the spirit of Myra."

Weston paused, and Livingston ejaculated, impatiently, "And Elma—"

"I left her with a dear sister in Christ, who has proved indeed a second mother to her. She is an heiress, as Miss Hamilton left most of her fortune to her. The part which she gave to my disposal, I turned over to the missionary cause. I returned to my labors—soon after met with you, and was attracted forcibly towards you by some singular power; then, at the sight of your name, a thrill of feeling nearly overpowered me. I conjectured immediately that there was some fearful mystery in the case, and gained your confidence. Again I was thrilled to the heart's core to find how the hand of God had sent *me* to unravel the thread of deception which had robbed you of my child's presence. *I* alone could do it. *Then* I understood, also, why Miss Hamilton had chosen Elma for the tool of her revenge. There was a scarlet spot upon her left temple, which must have nearly resembled that one upon your child. They were born also in the same year; and Elma was too young to bear with her any remembrances of her parents. Every circumstance favored the schemes of a brain steeped in treachery, and her revenge was most diabolical. I wept to think that the pure ears of my daughter must be sullied by the tale, yet to clear the mystery of your absence, I was compelled to tell her all. She has borne up nobly."

"Elma, Elma!" cried Livingston, in thrilling tones. He could repeat no other word.

"She is yours, brother." The pale face of Mr. Weston glowed with emotion, and his eyes were dim with tears.

"I am a wreck!" echoed the unsteady voice of Livingston. "Look at the lines upon my face, the frost upon my hair!"

"A soft hand, as it passes over the lines, will smooth them, and the roses of Hebe will bloom more beautifully, though touched by the frost."

"You are enthusiastic, my more than friend, but can I hope for the same in her? Will she not shrink from the dangers of the life I have chosen?"

"Try her!" again responded the other. "She is perfectly unbiased, and by her choice you must abide."

Weston spoke in the old accent of command, and he motioned in the same way for his friend to join him in thanksgiving to God, whom they remembered in this hour of overwhelming revelation.

An hour later a tall form moved back and forth across the soft carpet, which yielded no echo to the footsteps, and the brilliant light from an astral lamp fell like moonbeams upon the silvery locks of Earl Livingston. A white robed figure glided in, and when he turned, in his restless promenade, it was close beside him. Elma was looking up into his face, with her hands clasped unconsciously across her bosom, and there was no mistaking the beautiful, tearful light of her eyes, which gleamed like starbeams through a veil of mist. Wreck as he had called himself, with deep scars upon his heart, and with the emblem of decay in his hair—laggard bridegroom that he was, she received him, with tears of such pure joy and gratitude, they were borne on angels' wings as incense to heaven.

To the western wilderness, amongst the huts of the Indians, or more often in the still ruder cabin of the hunter, Elma follows her zealous husband; not alone as a beautiful Hebe, sprinkling roses upon the hoar-frost of the heart, but as a Christian woman, administering to fevered bodies and fevered souls, and dropping kind words, better than pearls, along the path in which she follows her husband, the Indian Missionary.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NEAR TICINO'S STREAM.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

The first skirmish that occurred between the allied forces of the French and Sardinians, and the Austrians, took place near the banks of the River Ticino, and resulted in the defeat of the Austrians.

There, near Ticino's stream,
The allied armies gain their vantage ground;
Myriads of sabres gleam—
Artillery thunders forth its deafening sound,
And the fierce charge of horsemen shakes the ground.

Mark how the foamy spray—
Tinged by the carnage to a blood red dye—
Vies with, at close of day,
The bright hues of the gorgeous western sky,
'Neath which the wounded soldier sinks to die.

Gently it murmurs by
Each war-sacked village; its low, plaintive tone—
A dirge-like melody
Crooning above each heart-wrung sigh and groan—
Mocking the dying warrior's parting moan.

Lately through flowery meads,
Gladdening the flocks which on its margin fed,
'Midst maste of bending reeds,
And beds of water weeds, its peaceful course it sped—
Now taint its freshness with the swollen dead.

There, near Ticino's stream,
The last war-cry of Freedom hath been heard.
Is it an idle dream,—
The mockery of a perjured Frenchman's word?
Or have the souls of slaves indeed been stirred?

If so, the trophies gained—
Albeit 'midst blood and wounds and deadly strife—
May float aloft unstained.
Fair Italy awakened to new life,
With what bright promise is her future rife?

But if the lust of power
Alone hath caused the Frenchman's sword to gleam,
Dark does the future lower.
Italia's sun hath set, no more to beam,
With this first victory, near Ticino's stream.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MYSTERIOUS PICTURE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

More than a year had passed since my departure from my native America, and having visited as many of the countries of Europe, and seen as many of her sights as that comparatively short space of time would allow of, I found myself, in the month of June, 184—, a sojourner at Rome. I was happy in being in the Eternal City, but unhappy in being there alone; my heart craved the companionship of a friend, an American, with whom I might enjoy the dreamy splendor of old Rome, and muse upon her past and present.

The face of every person whom I chanced to meet, I subjected to a close scrutiny; but for a long time I was utterly unable to discover one of my countrymen in the city. One morning, however, the object of my search was found—I discovered an American in Rome; and I did not hesitate to salute him at once.

"You seem to be an American—a countryman," I said, tapping him on the shoulder. "Let this be an excuse for my salutation."

He started and turned quickly, as if apprehensive of some harm from me.

"Who—who are you?" he said, abruptly, exhibiting considerable trepidation both in his voice and manner.

I handed him my card; he received it, and having read the name, he observed, "I once knew a person of that name, I believe. However, I don't care to—"

"But *I do*," I exclaimed, hastily interrupting him. "Stay a moment; let me see your face in a different light. There, now, I am sure of it," and I seized his hand and wrung it heartily.

"Sure of what?" he asked.

"That you are Walter Gray, whom I used to call 'Wally' some twenty years ago, when we both went to school together in the old brown school house on the hill!"

"You know me, then?" he questioned, his countenance exhibiting new signs of alarm.

"Know you, Walter? Certainly. You don't mean to tell me that you don't know me yet?"

"No; but I was thinking of something else. You wont betray me?"

"Betray you? Wy, man, explain yourself; you talk in riddles!"

"Then you haven't heard of it?"

"Of *it?* Come, Walter, you are altogether too mysterious for me. Try to explain yourself."

Instead of making a direct reply, he clutched my arm, and pointing to a man who stood some distance from us, he whispered, "Come, let us move away from this place; perhaps he has some suspicions—I know I saw him look this way!"

He placed his arm within mine, and led me rapidly from the spot. For myself, I was so utterly puzzled and confused by his mysterious questions and appearance, so different from anything that I had ever before observed in him, that I accompanied him in silence, awaiting the solution of his strange conduct. As I did so, I took the opportunity to scrutinize his face more closely. Ah! never could human form wear a face like his, unless some great fear or sorrow were freezing at the heart! I remembered the time when the countenance of Walter Gray was always glowing with happiness and mirth; now it was wasted by disease, suffering, or whatever the hidden cause might be, while his sunken, restless eyes seemed to burn with never-ceasing fear, or uneasiness. What might be the cause of this change, I endeavored to conjecture, and while I was earnestly reflecting upon this subject, my companion dropped my arm with the remark, "We may walk slower, now; the man is no longer in sight. Let me ask you, now, when you left home?"

"Barely a year has passed since then," I replied.

"And you have heard no mention of me made by any person since you came to Europe?"

"Not the slightest; why do you ask?"

"Stay—let me question you! Has not my name appeared in any letters which you may have received from home?"

"No; you forget that my friends reside now at a great distance from yours."

"True; that will explain it. They, doubtless, have not yet heard of it."

"Of *it*, again! Walter Gray, what is the meaning of that word which you have made so mysterious? Tell me the reason of your strange conduct; what secret cause operates upon your mind to produce this marvellous change in your appearance? I claim the right to know—I *must* know!"

I waited for an answer, but I received none. The strange man stood beside me with his head bent forward and his eyes fixed upon the ground; and then, mechanically taking my arm, he walked on again. To say that my astonishment was now increased tenfold, would be simply to affirm the truth; but from this moment I resolved upon a different plan of operations, which was, to endeavor to discover the secret which was preying upon the life of Walter Gray, without seeming to do so; to refrain studiously from mentioning the subject to him, but to watch him closely, and observe all his words and actions. To assist me in my efforts, I had simply the knowledge of this fact; that there was a secret locked up in the breast of Walter Gray, which he carefully concealed from the knowledge of every person, and that the fear lest this secret should in some manner be divulged, was a constant torment to him.

As we continued our walk, my companion threw off, with an effort, the reserve which had thus far influenced him, and in his conversation I fancied I could perceive a tinge of the sprightliness and vigor with which he was formerly wont to enliven it. But I was not deceived; I readily saw that he was exerting himself to the utmost to lull any suspicions which I might have formed, and to throw my mind from the pursuit of the clue which his speech and conduct had afforded me.

For an hour or more we continued our stroll, and at the expiration of that time, I found that we were in the immediate vicinity of one of my places of resort.

"Let us enter here," I said, indicating an open door, beyond which was a broad, spiral stairway. "This is a place in which I can promise you an entertainment which I know will please you."

"What is it?" he asked; and with the words, he stopped before the door.

"Merely a picture gallery, Walter; there is nothing frightful about it, I hope?"

He hesitated a moment, and then, while a sickly smile overspread his face, he followed me. As we ascended the stairway, I distinctly heard him pronounce in a low tone, the words, "I was afraid that this place might be frequented by Americans; if so, I must avoid them, at all hazards!"

I turned abruptly, but he passed me without further remark. His words had not been addressed to me; they were another expression of the secret and terrible fear which influenced him!

The gallery was filled with visitors, and immediately upon entering it, I lost sight of my companion. For the next few moments, I sought anxiously for him among the crowd, but my efforts proving unavailing, I was obliged to forego, for the time, my observation of him, and confine my attention to the pictures which graced the walls of the long gallery. In this congenial occupation, I passed several hours, and it was only when the number of visitors had dwindled to half a dozen, that I became aware that the afternoon was almost spent.

Just as I was about to depart, I again thought of Walter Gray, and as it suddenly occurred to me that I had failed to visit that part of the gallery most distant from the stairway, I resolved to seek my lost companion there, conjecturing that he had repaired to that, or some other obscure place, in order to shelter himself from public observation, and accordingly I bent my steps in that direction. The strange scene which I beheld there, I will now endeavor to describe.

The extremity of the gallery to which I refer, was expanded into a small chamber, two sides of which were invisible to persons standing in the gallery, although they might be near the entrance of the chamber. Upon entering this chamber, my eyes were instantly riveted upon a large and striking painting hanging upon the wall, which I instantly recognized as the production of an American artist, then resident in Rome, whose works I had often admired. This one, however, far exceeded, in its bold originality and instant effect upon the beholder, any previous one which I had seen, and forgetting for the moment, that there was another present besides myself, I stood silently before the picture, utterly lost in the contemplation.

Its subject could not be mistaken; it was the First Murder. The scene was a wild one, well suited to the subject; a rocky hollow, with a glimpse of the sea for a back ground, and a ruined hut partially shown at the left. The figures occupied the middle centre, and the time represented, different from other representations of the same scene, was the instant after the striking of the fatal blow. In the two faces—those of the murderer and his victim—there was a striking and positive contrast. That of Cain, as he bent over his slain brother, still grasping the club, was a perfect similitude of passion, hatred and ferocity; while the beautiful countenance of the dead Abel was represented as smiling even in death.

And there, kneeling before this extraordinary picture, was Walter Gray! His clasped hands were raised towards it, as if in supplication, his attenuated face was full as white as that of the pictured Abel, while great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow. How long he had been in this position before my entrance, I know not, but for full five minutes after, he continued in the same posture—silent as death itself, and with his eyes fixed, as if in fascination, upon the picture!

But to me, this scene, taken in connection with the events of the morning, and with its solemn silence, now became absolutely frightful, and I determined to solve the mystery at once, if the thing was possible. I coughed slightly, to inform Gray of my presence, and as he saw me, he rose to his feet. There was no trepidation about his movements now; on the contrary, his action was strangely deliberate as he pointed to the picture.

"The secret is here revealed!" he said, huskily. "You can read it here; all the world can read it; it is a secret no longer! I am betrayed where I least expected it!"

"You speak in riddles still," I replied, as calmly as I was able to speak. "I know no more of your mysterious secret than I have ever known; this picture affords me no revelation."

"And what matters that?" he returned, half angrily. "Here is a speaking witness of my crime! Do not start. I declare to you, that I, Walter Gray, am *a murderer!*"

The man was not insane; he spoke as calmly and rationally as I myself did. This was certain; and then followed the consequential certainty that his words were true; that Walter Gray was a murderer, and that the secret of the crime was that terrible secret which had so burdened his mind!

"Listen, and I will tell you about it," he continued. "I am glad to reveal it at last; I am glad that this terrible fear and remorse which for the last half year have been consuming me, are at last to be quenched, even though it be upon the scaffold!

"If you have known nothing of me for the last fifteen years, until to-day, of course you know nothing of Henry Beauchamp. He came to our native village after you left it, and though he sought my friendship, I never granted it. I was envious of his superior qualities because he surpassed me in almost every point. I fostered an increasing jealousy, and at last I came to hate him; yes, I hated him with a bitter hatred.

"There was also in the village a beautiful girl, Julia Maynard by name, and in the struggle for her favor we were rivals. Whether Henry or myself first approached her I know not; but in this, as in all things else, he excelled me. He was the favored suitor, and my heart grew still more bitter towards him.

"It is a short story; the rest is easily told. One night, six months ago, I was crossing the common between the village and the seashore, moodily meditating upon the news I had just heard—that Henry Beauchamp and Julia Maynard were to be married the succeeding week. I was revolving this bitter morsel in my mind, when suddenly and unexpectedly I encountered the very object of my thoughts—Henry Beauchamp! I was in a bitter frame of mind, and the meeting was unfortunate. I attacked him with reproachful charges and bitter epithets; he answered me with equal bitterness, and with more truth. At last my anger rose beyond endurance; my blood was hot, and I struck him. It differs little whether I meant it as a death-blow or otherwise, so long as he actually died beneath my hand! I saw him fall; I heard his death-groan, and I fled from that spot, thenceforth to be a haunted man!

"And I *have* been haunted; you have judged the same from my appearance this very day! The fear of a disgraceful death; and this, with the remorse and horror which have since filled my breast, have brought me almost to the verge of the grave. My life is but one continued torment; I die a thousand deaths daily!"

"And what," I asked, "do you now propose to do? Surely, you have no thoughts of committing suicide?"

"No, not that; but to-morrow I shall sail for America, there to surrender myself to the vengeance of the law. You need not dissuade me; my purpose is fixed and cannot be changed."

His eyes fell again upon the picture, and he exclaimed:

"Look at that painting again; examine it well! You do not know why it affected me so powerfully! It was not, as you may imagine, because it represents a crime like mine, *but because it is the exact representation of my own crime!* Look at the face of that Cain; is it not a perfect representation of my own?"

An exclamation of astonishment burst from my lips. Why had I not noticed it before? The words of Gray were perfectly true; his face was most accurately reproduced upon the canvass in that of the murderer!

"And not only this," he cried, excitedly, "but every feature of this accursed painting is a life-like representation of some part of that death scene! Look at the face of that murdered Abel—it is an unmistakable likeness of Henry Beauchamp! There, too, is the very scene, portrayed as if from nature; the stony valley, the old hut, the distant valley—all, all truthful! How this picture ever came to be painted I cannot conjecture, but here it is; and if its mission be to destroy me, it will ere long have effected it. There is a destiny in these things, and I will not struggle against it. Let us go now," he added, after a pause. "Assist me to my lodgings; I am weak and sick. To morrow I shall sail for America."

We left the gallery as he desired, and I accompanied him to his lodgings. Here I would have left him, but he besought me so earnestly not to leave him alone that I consented to remain near him till morning. I could not help observing that his humor had now assumed the form of a timid weakness; every occasional noise seemed to jar upon his nerves, and to fill him with alarm.

I arose at an early hour the next morning, intending to watch for awhile at Gray's bedside, but before I could enter his room, I was called to the outer door by a loud knocking. Upon opening it, a man presented himself, in whom I instantly recognized the person who had excited the apprehensions of Gray during the first few moments of my meeting with him on the previous day.

"Walter Gray is here?" he said, abruptly.

"He is," I replied, "but he is unwell."

"No matter, I must see him instantly. I have searched for him in this city for almost two weeks."

The positive tone in which these words were spoken left me no choice, and I conducted him to Walter Gray's chamber. But Walter Gray was not there; or rather, there upon the bed lay the body which had once enshrined his soul!

"He is dead!"

"You are right," said the stranger; "he has seen the last of earth! You were with him yesterday; did he confess his crime to you?"

I replied by a gesture of assent.

"You will know me then," he continued, "when I inform you that I am Robert Beauchamp, brother of the deceased Henry. I have tracked his murderer unwearyingly for half a year, and had he not died, as he has, through sickness or remorse, he would speedily have died by my hand. Farewell; we may never meet again!"

His words were true; he passed from my sight, and I have never seen him since. Walter Gray, who by the strange dispensation of Providence, escaped his vengeance, was buried in the Stranger's Cemetery at Rome, and here properly ends this tragic episode of his life.

There is, however, something to be added concerning the mysterious picture which led to my discovery of Walter Gray's crime. A few days after his death I called upon the artist whom I suspected of producing it, nor were my conjectures wrong. It had been painted, he said, at the order of Robert Beauchamp, and under a pledge of secrecy. The death of Walter Gray had freed him from this obligation, and therefore he felt at liberty to inform me of all he knew in relation to the painting. The faces were copied from daguerreotypes furnished by Beauchamp, and the scene from an accurate sketch of the locality, taken also by himself. It is easy to conclude, then, that Beauchamp hoped that the exhibition of this strange picture in some public place would cause Walter Gray to reveal himself in some manner, or in some way to furnish a clue to his indefatigable pursuer.

Upon his departure from Rome, Robert Beauchamp left the picture behind. I became the purchaser of it, and as it is now in my possession, I can appeal to it to substantiate this tale. Before my return to America, Julia Maynard had followed her murdered lover to the grave.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

We embrace the opportunity afforded by the publication of an English photograph, to publish the accompanying engraving, representing the Royal Family of England combined in one group. It is simply a lady and gentleman, surrounded by bright-looking boys and girls. Many an English citizen's family would make as good an appearance, and many better. But the absence of all pretence and of all haughtiness in the aspect of this little family group is quite noticeable. Simplicity and quiet good-breeding is the characteristic of the people in the picture as it is in life. Queen Victoria, by all accounts, is really a nice domestic little body, an excellent manager, a good wife, good mother, good neighbor and friend. So far as etiquette permits, she dispenses with formality and parade. She can queen it when necessary, but it is very evident that she enjoys herself much better at Balmoral or in the Isle of Wight, where she can mix familiarly with the people, walk, ride, drive, *sans façon*. Her husband also appears to be quite an exemplary man, and though a foreigner, has, on the whole, succeeded in winning the good graces of her majesty's subjects. The young gentleman standing, hat in hand, on the right, is the Prince of Wales, before whose eyes the crown of England shines in perspective. He is now a colonel in the guards, and has been travelling in Europe, receiving an amount of flattery which may hint to him what he is to expect if he ever mounts the throne. Prince Alfred, standing with his father on the other side, is the sailor of the family, swings his hammock aboard the Euryalus, "chaffs" and is "chaffed" by his shipmates, and very likely has been soundly threshed before this time in the midshipman's berth. The Princess Royal of Prussia, who stands behind her mother's chair, is said to be much like her in character, and to be quite English in frankness and sincerity. Married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia about a year ago, she is now a happy mother, and has recently paid a visit to the queen. She is not handsome, but bright and cheerful. In allusion to her dark complexion and plain features, she said to her mother one day: "It's no use for people to try to flatter me, you can make nothing but a white nigger of me after all." Such a speech must be very shocking to those who fancy that princesses always talk in blank verse, and that kings and queens go to bed with their crowns on, and stir their soup with their sceptres, who have sublime ideas of royal rights from studying the gorgeous effigies of sovereigns on playing-cards. The Princess Alice, who stands behind little Prince Arthur, in his Highland costume, is to "come out" this winter, and will probably be married off to some German prince. The royal children are certainly interesting little folks. They are well educated, accomplished, have been brought up sensibly, and wherever they may be placed, are likely to do credit to their parents. It is no wonder that the English people are attached to their sovereign, for she has certainly reigned with honor, and whether as a queen or a woman, is entitled to respect.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

BARON DE HESS.

Field-Marshal Baron Henry de Hess, who, although not actually on the battle field of Magenta, is understood to have acted ever since his arrival in Italy as Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army, is a veteran of the old Napoleonic wars, upon whom a new and recent glory has fallen from his connection with the Italian campaigns of Marshal Radetzky de Radetz in 1849. Born at Vienna in 1788, Henry de Hess entered the imperial armies in 1805 as an ensign, just before the battle of Austerlitz, and performed various subordinate staff duties till 1809, when at the age of 21 he was baptized in a battle at Wagram, and behaved gallantly enough to attract attention. When war broke out afresh with France in 1813 he was a captain, and at the end of the war in 1814 found himself a major, covered with foreign orders, and attached to the War office. His first very conspicuous service, however, dates no further back than 1830, when he made himself prominent on the staff in Lombardy as a tactician. In 1842 he became a Lieutenant-Field-Marshal, a distinction which answers in the Austrian army to that of General of Division in the army of France, and continued to serve in Italy. Already known as a tactician, in 1848 he attracted attention as a strategist. He became the right hand of Radetzky, who made him prominent in all his despatches. The march on Vicenza, which ended in the honorable capitulation of General Durando, and the battle of Custozza, were suggested by him; and he it was who drew up, in 1849, that plan for a five days' campaign, which ended in the defeat of the Sardinians at Novara. For these services he was rewarded with the Military Order of Maria Theresa, founded in 1757, and ranking among the Austrian decorations directly after the Golden Fleece, as the Bath in England ranks after the Order of the Garter, with the title of Baron, and with the rank of Major-General of the imperial staff. In 1854 he signed the Convention of April 20, with Prussia, and took command of the Army of Observation on the Danube. He is now a Field-Marshal and Quarter-Master-General of the Austrian army, and actual Commander-in-Chief of the force in Italy. —*London Globe.*

COUNT GYULAI.

Marshal Count Gyulai, the unsuccessful general who undertook the destruction of Turin only to expose himself and his army to the derision and contempt of Europe, is a Hungarian by birth and blood. He was one of the magnates summoned to the Hungarian Parliament in 1848, but refused to appear. He was born in 1803, and first came forward as a conspicuous soldier in 1848, when he fought under Radetzky in Italy, and was present at the defeat of the Austrians at Goito, as well as at their victory at Custozza, and afterwards at Novara. In 1856 he was made a Field-Marshal, and on the death of Radetzky became commander of the fifth Austrian corps d'armee, with his head quarters at Verona. In this position he gave great umbrage by his brusque, unconciliatory manners and martinet ideas of discipline, not only to the Lombardo-Venetian people, but also to the emperor's brother, the Arch-Duke Maximilian, then governor of those provinces. In 1858 he was removed from his command at the request of the arch-duke, but was restored again on the approach of hostilities. He is a good tactician, but has no reputation as a strategist. His successive blunders in the opening of the campaign, and his final failure to divine and arrest the advance of the allied army, have at last brought upon him his dismissal from the chief command. It is rumored that he is to be sent to take the place of the deceased Jellachich, as Ban of Croatia.—*London News.*

The attrition of rival minds is the great secret of successful intellect. The genius may be born in the woods, but it never takes root there. The tree that has sprung up in the shade, will blossom and bring forth fruit in the sunshine only.—*W. G. Simms.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ROSES.

BY FRANCIS A. COREY.

O, take this rose of shining red,
And take this other, so pale and white,
And think of the hopes which are sere and dead,
Think of the life you have served to blight.

Think of the ashes your hands have strewn,
Over a heart once happy and free,
Remember the time when these last were blown,
And you and I under the sweet rose-tree.

The sun came down on your golden hair,
Your eyes were tender and full of love,
Your face was beaming, and gentle, and fair,
As I called you my pretty turtle dove.

Alas, for the love which then was new,
Alas, for the roses I gave to thee,
All of them withered while yet you were true!
When new ones budded you were dead to me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BEGGARS OF THE SEA.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

When Felix Der Wiltz, the only scion of the family of Wiltz-haven, returned home after having taken all honors at the seat of learning in another city, everybody *did* say that a finer specimen of beauty existed not in the Low Countries, and everybody would have said (had he been one of those about whom people dared to talk freely) that such a fortune, name and honor should unite itself nowhere in Amsterdam but to the old and very noble house of Von Saltzburg, for that marquis had a daughter, a slender, brilliant girl, thin and pale with the fire within which burned at her threadlike lips and in her strange black eyes. This damsel always knotted her straight black hair in heavy coils round her head, and fastened it with one great ruby pin; she always wore a cream-colored garment, of gauze and mousselines, it may be, in summer; of thickest, stiffest, royal-rustling brocade in winter; a ruby rosary hung at her golden belt, and attached to the rosary was a tiny stiletto, the handle set with similar gems; for the heiress Fanchette Von Saltzburg was as full of whims and crotchets as any girl in Amsterdam, and gratified a number of them by this unvarying array. With all this, Ma'mselle Fanchette was not a beauty. Eyes too sharp, lips and nose too thin; restlessness too marked, she looked perpetually on the scent for mischief, and her looks by no means belied her. Of course, though we know so very little of the Seigneur Felix Der Wiltz, we know he will never share his fortunes with such a girl as that; and we know, too, that cut and fitted for single blessedness the said young lady was. Der Wiltz was in no such hurry for a wife as the good city gossips were to give him one, and he went about his own affairs, knowing very well what they whispered, nevertheless—his affairs which got daily mixed up deeper with the politics of the country.

"What shall Jacques do with these quince trees, your worship?" asked a gardener of Master Felix, one sunset.

"O, plant them by the south wall," was the careless reply.

"The wall's broken down, sir."

"Ah, then put it up."

"Would it please your worship to take a turn that way and see what is best? By time the wall's put up, 'twill be too late to set the quinces. And there's the new jonquils, and Meinheer Ruby's tulips, and—"

"Here, here, Friderkin! I'll go at once. Spare the rest!" And seizing his broad hat he sprang over the sill, leaving the gardener to halt after.

"O, master!" called poor Friderkin, "the stork's gone, your worship knows."

Now a stork in Holland was utterly necessary to the public health, devouring as he did every particle of decay and vermin, and so its loss was no trifle.

"The stork!" cried Master Felix. "When was it? Where?"

"Not far. Not a half hour since."

"Ah, he is, maybe, in the next garden; he has walked over the broken wall."

"Very like, your worship."

At this point of the dialogue, Master Felix reached the broken wall; he mounted half a dozen stones and stood looking down into the next garden. So long he looked, that the old gardener, finding no replies to his questions, grew testy and went away till his master could vouchsafe him some share of attention. But that was not to be at present, for Felix Der Wiltz was looking at a picture too lovely just then to be left for any demand concerning quince or jonquil. Below him his neighbor's garden lay, and not twenty feet distant a swing, slung from the branches of a tall old pear tree, swayed lightly over the green sward at its feet. But that was not the thing at all that fixed his eyes. In the swing—one snowy arm clinging to the rope aloft, one tiny foot hanging from the airy robe below—sat the loveliest little blonde, Dutch beauty that ever Vandyke or Rubens drew; and as she swung, the white stork—his own stork—with strange familiarity, stood awkwardly in the pretty scene, and perched upon one foot, put up its ugly head for a caress each time she passed. When Master Felix had—not gazed a sufficient time but—begun to fear he should be observed, he stepped slowly down on the other side of the broken wall and advanced to the swinging girl, who now perceived him. He took off his hat before her and bowed low in approaching.

"I have the happiness to greet Mademoiselle Louise Ronstein?" he said.

She slipped from her seat, and with a timid grace made a corresponding courtesy.

"Master Der Wiltz is very welcome in my father's garden," answered the sweetest of voices.

Tiny, a mere blossom, but lovely as day, she stood before him, a little pearl he could have crushed with one motion. Eyes blue as heaven, complexion fair as apple-blossoms, lips like melting strawberries, and stray soft golden hair.

"I thank you," he replied, still transfixing her with his delighted gaze, "yet never should have intruded, but that this stork has chosen to change quarters, as you see."

"It is no intrusion," she returned, winding the loose hair back to its place, "and my father will be glad to receive his guest."

So saying, she made another courtesy and fled up the alley to the piazza, while a portly gentleman came forward and saluted Master Felix heartily.

"Come in, come in, Der Wiltz! Come drink my little lass's health. I've just got her back from Aix, but I scarcely hope to keep her long; she's too fair, fair as a flower—ha, my man?"

"Mademoiselle Ronstein is very fair," was the somewhat stately reply. "No, with thanks, not to-night. I have come for my stork, meinheer."

"Ah, ha! So that fine bird is yours! A fine stork, bright-eyed, clean bill; yes, a fine stork; but come in!"

"I have things I must attend to with my gardener, if you will excuse me."

"Now, Seigneur Der Wiltz, since you've been at home my walls have not seen you—"

"And scarcely my own walls. A man has so much to attend to in taking possession."

"Well, then, here's an opportunity. Make a chance for friendship. Show your colors. Come in!"

Again Master Felix remonstrated, but the matter ended by his following the other into a long, handsome hall, whose dark table glittered with silver flagons and great baskets of fruit, placed there at her father's sudden order, by the deft hands of the dainty Louise.

"Here, little lass!" cried her father, as she was about to make off. "Here, my Rose of Amsterdam! Wait a while till we drink your health in this ale—or you rare old Moselle." And he filled the glass for Master Felix.

Thus commanded to remain, she made no further demonstration, and sat quietly at no great distance from the two, while the great stork rambled in, and put its head in her hand.

"Mademoiselle Ronstein is then a stranger in Amsterdam?" asked Felix.

"Ah, yes. I have lived with my aunt, at Aix, fifteen years," she responded.

"And of the two cities you now prefer Amsterdam?"

"My aunt died," she answered, casting down her eyes.

"Pardon, I pray; I am very indiscreet," he exclaimed, as he saw a tear fall. "But you have not been long at Amsterdam?"

"Indeed for three months and more my little Lu has been here; but shut up and going out nowhere, how was it to be known? You have got here at last, Master Felix, and maybe you'll come again, and coax Mistress Lu from her seclusion."

"I shall be too happy," he replied. "And if she will do me such honor, to ride and sail with her round our city till it grows more familiar."

"You are very kind," said little Louise, glancing at him timidly with her great blue eyes. "Amsterdam is not so pleasant as Aix."

"Ah? You will forget that directly. When you ride beyond the river with me to-morrow, into the meadows and out across the country. Will you go?"

"O, monsieur, I shall be so glad!"

"And then I have boats, sails, oars; your father knows if I can manage them. We will go on the canals next day. Shall we? Are you afraid?"

"O, no," she said, "but I will not tax you so far."

"Tax? Believe it a pleasure. If she does me the honor, I shall be proud to display my city to so sweet a lady, and even to make her finally declare it a more royal place than Aix."

"Thank you, Master Der Wiltz, but scarcely believing you will succeed," she returned, laughing.

"What is there so beautiful in Aix?" he asked, innocently.

"Aix? Ah, the cathedral, and the baths, and the king of France comes there sometimes; you know it was Charlemagne's seat; and we have games and festivals there—"

"All that we have here, but the baths."

"And you can have a good ducking in the canals any day," cried Ronstein, taking his pipe from his mouth, being quite lost in the curling smoke.

"And then, Master Der Wiltz, it was home."

"Very true, if home is always so sweet."

"Tush, tush, lass! It's home here, and I'm here, and I'm your father!"

"O, yes, papa, and you know how glad I am to be with you. Aix would not have been Aix if you had not come twice a month to see me there."

"Then come sit on my knee!" And he lifted her in his great rude arms into the clouds of smoke.

"For shame, papa. Put me down!" she whispered, stroking his rough cheeks. "Unmannerly Master Ronstein!"

"Ah, thou'rt a winning minx! Have thine own way. But first heap that dish with thy brown pears for our friend. There, sir," he continued, but now addressing Der Wiltz, "have you such a tree your side of the wall? Did your eyes ever rest on such skins? All the juice shining through them like a star reflected in our sluices. See her little white fingers twinkle among them! Here, Lu, put that red-cheeked one atop. Ah, Master Felix, when thou hast a daughter of thine own, thou'lt know what 'tis to be happy as I!"

"And meantime, good sir, I may make merry and be happy with my neighbors' daughters, may I not? Fine pears, indeed. But you do not know what grows in my garden, the other side the wall. Suppose, some day, Master Ronstein, you bring Mistress Louise and see."

"So I will. We've not been neighborly. Better fashions now. But you have been so brief a while at home from your scholarly courses, and I have been gadding round so since with one thing and another—"

"Politics?"

"O, one thing and another—"

"You need not hesitate, Master Ronstein. I've often wondered if you and I thought alike about the country troubles."

"It's not safe to say what one thinks."

"To every one, no; but to me, yes."

"And what do you think, Felix Der Wiltz?"

The person addressed did not look up for a moment, but went on leisurely peeling his brown pear, as if the question were some trifle about the weather, and not one whose answer involved his life, peeling the brown pear till he threw the long skin thin as gauze into the glowing grate behind him (for in those damp climates one has a fire the hottest days in summer). Then he watched it sputter and burn away, and at last raised his eyes.

"Holland is a paring," he said. "The king will let her burn. But the juicy slices, those other provinces, Flanders and her sister, Philip saves for his own sweet tooth, unless—"

"Unless you and I and all honest men unite to snatch them!" cried Ronstein, coming forward and laying his hand heavily on Felix's shoulder. "Thou'rt a noble youth! Thou'st not wasted thy time, thou'st thought on thy country's wrongs. Come! if thou'rt ready, come with me. There are other patriots, and mighty plans will be glad of thee to-night. Come, it is our congress of freedom."

Der Wiltz rose, a fire broad as a beacon flashing in his dark eye. He bowed very low again to the astonished little Louise, and went out with her father to a new scene, new men—to hopes, deeds, conquests, long ardently desired and at last to be attained.

The next morning, true to his word, Master Der Wiltz rode forth from Ronstein's gateway with the little Louise on another horse beside him. As they slowly rode down the street, passing stately mansions, a dark, thin face peered at them from a window, while a voice somewhat sharply cried: "Good morrow, friend Felix! To the meadows so early? A pleasant gallop to you!"

Friend Felix took off his cap and bent quite down to his saddle, albeit making no reply, and glancing askance at Louise.

"Do you know that damsel?" he said.

"The Lady Fanchette? O, yes. She is no good friend of mine."

"Ah?"

"Yes. She was at Aix once and stayed with my aunt at a great festival. And they were to crown a queen, the townspeople, you know; and we all thought it would be Fanchette, but instead they crowned me, though I'm sure I didn't wish it. I suppose it was because I had lived there longest and was most known."

"Very likely and without doubt," said Felix, laughing.

"And Fanchette," continued the innocent little Louise, "was very angry, and stood on her rank, and went home, and has not been to see me here."

"That is quite like her. Do you know our good friends of Amsterdam espouse her to me at their gossip?"

"O, I didn't know. I beg your pardon. I wouldn't have spoken. I fear I have offended you."

He looked at her again and laughed.

"See here," he said, plucking a tall reed that brushed his stirrup as he passed, "is not that beautiful?" And he handed it to her.

It was a butterfly, that having entangled his delicate feet on the viscous reed, had spread his great gilded wings in vain struggles for flight. She examined its rich colors and freckled spots, its shining satelots.

"O, very," she said. And loosing a slender bodkin from her apparel, she freed by its means the lovely creature, who fluttered a moment and then soared from sight.

"You are very tender of nature's little souls," he said.

"And not of her larger ones? I am very sorry that I spoke so about Fanchette."

"Let poor Fanchette alone. Do you suppose I am a butterfly to be caught in her honey?"

"You are as splendid as that one," thought, but did not say, Louise.

"And if I were, I would some tender Louise might set me free likewise," he added.

But the little lady, not noticing the contemptuous tone of his voice when speaking of the heiress Von Saltzburg, was harassing herself with false conjectures and idle regrets; for already, on so slight an acquaintance, she saw too noble things in the Seigneur Der Wiltz to be wasted on Fanchette, and actually believed from his careless air that the good folks' gossip was no falsehood. This belief was confirmed later in the day by a call from Mistress Fanchette herself, who, having seen Louise in Der Wiltz's society, determined to make a third there. Whether most to her sorrow or gratification she did not find Der Wiltz at the Stadt Ronstein, it is impossible to say; but this at least is certain, Louise thought Felix had sent her, and thanked him for his kindness in doing so, that evening, as they two, alone, slipped down a canal in a tiny boat, canopied at one end with a fringed awning, from the moonlight. Der Wiltz laughed again.

"You attribute strange charities and virtues to me," said he, gaily, "and were the last aspersion true, it would not be either one or the other. I have not seen the maiden, if you have, since this morning's salute. I think she is setting her cap for Master Ronstein!" And at this, so palpably ridiculous, Louise herself laughed, and almost put her heart at rest.

Day after day of assiduous attention from Felix now slipped away, though late at night and early at dawn he was off at secret assemblies of patriots, as she knew, for her father was always his associate there. His constant friendliness to her she believed to be partly owing to

this companionship with her father, partly to his natural charity when finding Amsterdam uncongenial to her, and determining to make it otherwise; for in her heart of hearts she feared he loved Fanchette, and was sacrificing his own inclinations to do herself this Christian kindness. Thus you must perceive that Louise had no manner of vanity, and if you want a reason for her pestering her mind with such solutions to the problem of Der Wiltz's attentions, I don't know of any other than that she was in love herself.

So the summer passed. Once or twice Der Wiltz might have been about to speak words that would have been like balm, when some unreasonable interruption prevented; and oftenest of any, that interruption was Fanchette, for Louise, ignorant how much or how little pleasure this lady's company afforded Der Wiltz, did not treat her unwelcomely, and she presented herself almost daily. So the summer passed. And the winter also passed; but from December to April Master Felix left little Louise lonely in Amsterdam; for though Fanchette dropped in with her sewing or singing or chatting or prayer-book seven times a week, all that long winter she was none the less lonely. Der Wiltz was away; where, she knew not; once, indeed, she had gathered courage to mention his name to her father, who only laughed and muttered something about his being on a good business.

"Do you know," said Fanchette, one afternoon, the last of April, "Master Der Wiltz wrote from England to have his house sold; and it is sold for I don't know how many thousand guilders; so we're to have him here no more. I wonder what he's been across the water for, and if he's not afraid to sail."

"Master Felix loves the sea," said Louise.

"Ah? As he says, how do you know?"

"I have heard him say so."

"I guess you've heard him say his last say; he'll talk to us no more. Well, Amsterdam's luckily quit of him. He's a sad flirt; talked a thousand girls to flinders with his love-making, and left them all in the lurch—"

"That cannot be true, Fanchette," broke in Louise, wondering if she were one of those girls.

"Can't? Well, good-by, dear." And Mistress Fanchette puckered up her work, and with her lace-making, love-making, and mischief-making, took herself off.

Now this girl knew well enough that at this very moment Der Wiltz was in Amsterdam, having come to sell his estate, as she had said; and she, having full control of her father's lengthy purse, had not employed and paid spies upon his least movement for nothing, and thus knew as well as he knew himself, that the object of his visit to England was to place a certain sum securely in safe hands for future use, and turn other sums into two ships, well equipped and manned, one designed for a friend and co-patriot, the other to be commanded by himself, and both lying at the mouth of the river at that moment.

"Now," thought Fanchette, "if I were going to sail with him in that ship, it would be another thing; but this Louise, she *never* shall!"

Fanchette departed, leaving gloom behind her as usual; and Louise, thinking things must be as her guest had said, though doubtless told for some spiteful reason, tried to reason her little heart into obedience and resignation. Her father's tea was served in silence, and afterwards, Louise sitting on his knee, had sung him his customary evening song, when he put her down suddenly, declaring he must go out on some important matter he had forgotten. Scarcely had the sound of his footsteps become indistinguishable, when a quick, gay step was heard in the hall, and "Louise! Louise!" was clearly called. She ran forward. Der Wiltz seized both her hands, looking into her eyes steadfastly, but without other greeting than if they had met an hour ago.

"Thy scarf," he said. "My boat waits at the water-door. Let us slip down the canal in this soft evening light, as if not a whole winter had intervened. To-morrow is May Day, my queen! To-night be crowned!" And in five minutes more they were alone in the little craft, floating over the smooth, dark water. "Louise! (he had never called her so before this night) what hast thou done all these long months?"

"Monsieur, I have kept house at home."

"And grown sad and lonely in the process. You had no one to ride and sail with. Yet I hear there are plenty of city gallants who beg to be your sweethearts. Louise, did you ever miss me?"

"Master Der Wiltz!"

"Yes. Did you ever miss me? Ever so little? Ever wish to hear my voice?"

"Fanchette has been very kind, and came to see me every day."

"Begging the question? Fanchette has nothing to do with it. Would the time have been pleasanter had I been here?"

"Without doubt."

"You are very cool, cautious and wary. Do you know you have not even greeted me, and I away six months!"

"Master—"

"Prythee leave the 'Master;' speak to Felix."

"You did not give me a chance to greet you."

"I am sitting beside you now, there is chance enough."

Louise looked away. She had never seen him in such a spirit, and knew not how to conduct.

"Pray forgive me," he cried, quickly. "I am so gay to night, I forget that you have been so long in this depressing place. I am gay because I have just come from a freer land, England, and because I have been living a free life on the sea, no tyrants there. You have heard of the Beggars of the Sea this winter? How they have wrenched from King Philip's tight hand his rarest little ports, his jewels of Brill and Delft, and Mann and Clerhaven? You have heard, half with joy and half with trembling, of these bold lords of all our coast? Louise, did you know I was the Beggar of the Sea? And there are a hundred others and better."

She started; for though all the world had heard of these wonderful and fearless exploits of a comparative handful of men, against whose valor and success all the armies of Spain were powerless, none pretended to know who they were, to have seen one of them was to have seen ghosts, and abroad they seemed to wear invisibility. Yet they were, in fact, some of the noblest men of the Netherlands, the De la Marcks, the Verglots, the Treslongs, the Der Wiltzes. Their singular name had been given by those who feared them as desperately as Philip's minions must, but all the hearts of their countrymen beat in unison with theirs, and a hundred thousand prayers ascended for them, night and day.

"You are afraid. "Do you think," he said, "that since I took up arms for freedom, I am not a better man?"

"Yes. I was frightened a moment," she said, half breathlessly. "But only because it brought war home to me so. My father means that, I know; he will go—"

"Yes. Your father will go. Why don't you ask what will become of you?"

"I? Monsieur, I shall go too."

"Mademoiselle," he began in mimicry of her conventional address, "if you will not say Felix, I must not say Louise, you see—you are so very proper it will never do for you to go in a ship alone. There are no ladies there, and you are unmarried."

"Must I stay, do you mean?"

He laughed, then grew serious. "That will be for you to decide," he said, gently.

"O, then, of course I shall go," she cried, with a flash in her large blue eye.

"Brave little soul! Do you know what danger it is to encounter, what gun-shots, sabre-wounds, storm and wave, threaten and surround those who sail with the Beggars of the Sea?"

"What matter? My father will be there, and—"

"And what, Louise?"

"And you, monsieur."

"Mistress Louise Ronstein, I am not a Frenchman. Are all gentlemen at Aix, messieurs? You and I used to play together when we were babies, though I was some three years the elder baby. That is why it is so easy to me to say Louise. You could not speak when your mother died and they took you away to Aix. So you never called me Felix. Do you know, a strange fancy haunts me—I think if you should say to me, 'Felix, I love you,' no ball would hit me next week when we descend to capture Flushing."

Could she have heard right, Louise wondered. But then she remembered what Fanchette had said of his conduct. This was not saying, "Louise, I love you," and so she replied:

"Ah, Master Felix! I shall be there myself, maybe."

"Maybe," he said, glancing at the water.

Louise looked there, too; dim, smooth, in this soft darkness slipping slowly round them, leading into the heart of the city, leading into the broad river and so out to sea, where the great ships lay, and she half lost her thoughts picturing their giant sides looming in the night, their sails and pennons, and their fiery lips; then the stout hearts that manned them, and their leader—chivalrous, beautiful, noble.

But while she thought, slowly, almost imperceptibly, mingling with her dream, encircling it, an arm stole round her waist, drew her nearer, clasped her; soft eyes glowed and burned in her eyes; lips melted in a full, voluptuous kiss upon her own. A dream of heaven. But suddenly as a knife cuts a web, a great shock shivered their boat, water, black, cold, plunging, boiled up round them, a rude grasp snatched her from Felix Der Wiltz's arm, and all sensation left her.

How long a time had elapsed when she awoke, of course she could not know, but all around her cries were resounding. "Ronstein! Master Ronstein's drowned. Drowned and dead is Master Ronstein!" Again she fainted, and only after nearly an hour became aware of violent friction and of Mistress Fanchette's voice. The latter lady, having of course heard of the disturbance, left her home and sallied forth, was just entering.

"What's this?" she cried. "Poor dear! Is it true? Is Master Ronstein lost, and where?"

Louise closed her eyes again, too weak and lost to speak. So lately heaven, now this.

"Master Ronstein was standing on the step at the water-door when the Der Wiltz barge grazed it," said one of the women, standing by. "Two or three barges were crowded close together, so a man told me below, their oarsmen not attending, or making love, or something, and there was a collision, and Master Ronstein somehow fell and was dragged down with another man; folks say it was the Seigneur Der Wiltz—"

"What, what!" cried Fanchette. "That cannot be! I said not him, I—" here she saw her blunder, in season to stop further disclosure.

"Some people were on the step, talking with Master Ronstein," continued the woman, "and they saw a white frock in the hurly and tore hold of it, and dragged my mistress up. Though how she got there, God in heaven knows! O, but I remember she used to row with Master Felix every evening last summer. O, sweet Lady Louise!" she cried, beginning to sob, "if you'd only look like yourself!"

Now though the good woman thought this to be the true version, Fanchette knew better, for, of course, her own hirelings had not had orders that night to drown Der Wiltz, when they were to snatch Louise from him and throw her into the canal; but the heiress of the doting Von Saltzburg had paid heavy gold coin that Ronstein might be arrested by them and put into the hands of Alva's police, who would keep him out of her way, and that Louise might be treated to a bath such as she used to take, with a little more preparation, frequently at Aix; a bath merely, because the canal was nowhere deep enough for drowning, but if one was such a fool as to drown there, very likely, reasoned the Lady Fanchette, they would drown themselves at home in a tea-cup. So, though the young lady had not meant to commit murder exactly, she had begun a little pleasantry that bid fair to end as seriously. She had designed putting Louise out of her way, if not by death, at least by catching cold and fever; Master Ronstein out of her way by shutting him up in one of Alva's prisons (which, said she, the old traitor deserves; it's justice), so that, these things effected, the coast might be clear for her designs upon Der Wiltz. But now if *he* were drowned, she had done two very foolish things, and all to make herself miserable for life.

As for Master Ronstein's loss, as she had not intended it, it did not trouble her at all. Using immediately, all her endeavors to discover if it were true that Felix sunk with the shattered bark, she decided to believe that he had not, though having no ground for such a belief, but that when the canals were dragged next day, no corpses were to be found; while she knew there had been a strong wind during the night, which, washing much water out to sea, had probably washed all bodies out with it. "At all events," reasoned the little fiend, "if he's alive, he'll come back for Louise. I'll take her home, then he never can reach her but through me, and through me he never shall!"

With her, to will was to do. Too feeble to make a gesture, Louise, almost lifeless as a broken lily, was laid on a litter and carried to Von Saltzburg's house. Here she might have died entirely, had not one of her women insisted upon accompanying and nursing her. Still she lay helpless and faint, and so might have faded out of life had not her nurse returned, one day a week later, from a little walk and placed on her hand a jewel, a ring that she had often seen on Felix's hand.

"I met a sailor, my lady, on the quay, and he said, 'You're Mistress Ronstein's maid?' and I said, 'Yes, I be,' and he said, 'You're to tell in her private ear that her friend's safe, and sends her this token,' and so he gave me this ring."

From that day Louise mended. Now she began to feel her father's loss, to weep bitterly at thought of him, to remember him in a thousand attitudes, to long to re-enter his house and revisit the familiar places. "I must go home now," she said to Fanchette, one day when that damsel condescended to enter her apartment, an event of seldom occurrence, and only now happening that she might tell the news of Flushing's capture by the Beggars of the Sea.

"Go home?" was the reply. "I shan't hear of such a thing! Besides, you've got no home to go to. Don't you know—O, certainly not—Meinheer Gobbins bought your father's house and lands, and paid for them, and shows his deeds, and your father had the money on his person when he was drowned? I'm sorry to tell, but you'll have to learn it from some one, you're poor now. Of course you'll stay here till you're well, and then I'll dismiss my own maid, and you may take her place, or I'll get you such a situation with my cousins in Germany." So saying, Mistress Fanchette danced out of the room with her cream-colored mousseline fluttering spitefully behind her. Louise, crushed and heart-broken, sat alone till twilight began to fall. She was wishing she might die, and thinking how easy it would be just then, when a voice, clear as a bell, rang through her ears.

"Mademoiselle Louise Ronstein is *here!* I take no negative, and I will see her!"

Louise sprang to her feet, dashed down the long stairs between them, flung herself into arms that opened to receive her, and cried, "Felix! O, my God! Felix, my love, my darling, take me away!"

Felix, holding his treasure, turned and bowed to Fanchette, whose customarily pale face was blazing. "I wish you a good evening and a light conscience," he said, and darted through the doorway.

"Hanz will bring your maid, dearest," he explained, and close-clasped in his embrace, but mounted on a steed whose hoofs outstripped the wind, they galloped all the night toward the coast. The morning dawning at length, showed her to him, pale and weary, sleeping in his arms like a little child. The great sea heaved in sight, masts rocking on it, sails glittering, and nearer the shore a boat waiting to receive them. He woke her with a kiss. "You are not afraid to trust my boating again?" he said; the grateful, frank confession of her eyes told that he might pilot her over Styx, if he liked. Five minutes more and they stood on the deck of the proudest ship in the fleet.

"Louise! Louise!" cried a great cheery voice from the opposite end, as she touched the solid planks. "My little Lu!"

A breath, as if a spirit had called, she stopped frozen, then like a cloud blown by a wind, flew forward into her father's embrace. "So, so. You thought me drowned!" he cried. "And it made you sick, my Rose of Amsterdam! Well, you're well now, pardie. Hush! I couldn't reach you before, though Der Wiltz has been on thorns. But our lieutenants were there to see after you. And now you're safe, and I have you."

Standing so, held between her father's arms, she saw a little skiff, with the magistrates of Flushing and certain other ministerial personages, put off from shore, and almost in a dream, she saw them reach the great ship, mount its sides, utter some abracadabra of an incantation over her and another, share jovially in a royal breakfast banquet, and depart. Then they put her to sleep in a hammock, and some one rocked it, singing low, till, when she waked, the sunset was sinking along the west, the wind was whistling round the swelling sails, and they were blowing gaily over the sea, safe from land and sorrow. Having performed a rapid toilet, for everything necessary was at hand, she slipped on deck. Some one met her—Felix, she hardly dared believe it could be—again an arm stole round her waist, again she sat looking down into the water, again those tender eyes sought hers, and again she heard a voice, sweeter than all music, calling her "Louise," and calling her also his wife.

LEOPOLD II., DUKE OF TUSCANY.

LEOPOLD II., GRAND-DUKE OF TUSCANY.

The accompanying head is an authentic likeness of the late ruler of Tuscany, Leopold II., who, in consequence of the threatening demonstrations of his people, took himself off at the commencement of the present war, having refused the solicitation of his ministers to unite with Piedmont in the struggle for Italian independence. He objected to declare war against Austria, and declined to abdicate in favor of his son, whom it was proposed to proclaim as Ferdinand IV. The Tuscans permitted him to leave his beautiful capital, Florence, without troubling him, though it has since been ascertained that he only yielded because he could not help himself, after orders had been issued to the gunners of the citadel to fire on the people. Thus a bloodless revolution was accomplished. All accounts agree in describing the excessive joy of the Tuscans in getting rid of a man who, notwithstanding many good qualities, had the fatal defect of being a vassal and sympathizer of Austria. The few weeks that have elapsed since his retreat have been a carnival at Florence; the city has been gay with thousands of tri-colored flags—every man, woman and child has mounted the Italian tri-colored cockade; every one has contributed money or its equivalent to the good cause, and the blood of the duchy has been devoted to the strife for independence.

Leopold II., the second son of the Grand Duke Ferdinand III., was born at Florence in 1797, in troublesome times, for only two years after his birth his father was driven from his States by the French. He passed the early years of his life at Wurzburg, which, at the peace of Lunéville in 1803, had been ceded to his father. Here he received an Italian and French education, and became learned in the Greek and Latin tongues, and in various sciences, devoting himself particularly to mathematics with remarkable success. On the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, his father was restored to Florence, and in 1817 Leopold married the Princess Anne, daughter of Maximilian of Saxony, and after her death was united to the Princess Maria Antoinette, daughter of Francis, first king of the Two Sicilies. In June, 1824, he succeeded his father, and during the long period of continental misgovernment, which extended from 1815 to 1848, it is to the honor of Leopold II. that his was the most liberal rule throughout Italy. Always mindful of his people, he was ever alive to their material wants, and never forgot their moral and intellectual welfare. He established schools where they were needed, and aimed seriously to improve the educational institutions of the country. He reorganized the administration of justice, patronized scientific undertakings, founded various philanthropic institutions, and constructed some of the best roads and bridges in Italy. Under Leopold, Tuscany became the envied of all the Italian States; and when, in 1848, the political tempest burst over his duchy, he declared himself anxious to co-operate in effecting all possible ameliorations, and for a time appeared likely to weather the storm which was agitating nearly every part of Central Europe. It was not to be expected, however, that he should discourage anti-monarchical ideas; nor, as a prince of the house of Austria, was he likely to view with favor the attempts to wrest Lombardy from the hands of the Hapsburgs. So that, in the course of time, he could no longer hold his position, and was compelled to withdraw, to await the subsidence of political feeling and the march of events. A republic was proclaimed during his absence, but it was of brief duration; the Austrians, who had been everywhere victorious, were indisposed to tolerate any such form of government in a neighboring state, and Leopold returned to his capital, where he was well received by his subjects, and shortly afterwards entered into a convention by which it was agreed that 10,000 Austrian soldiers should occupy Tuscany, and support the authority of the sovereign, who, however, had little or no power left him, for the duchy was really governed by Marshal Radetzky. The late Grand Duke Leopold is a prince of considerable mental attainments, of somewhat liberal ideas, agreeable in manner, and a patron of literature and art.

GEN. GEFFRARD, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

The curiosity felt with regard to the republic of Hayti, will be gratified, in part, by the publication of a likeness of the man now at the head of the government, who succeeded with very little difficulty in displacing Soulouque, whose mismanagement of affairs had rendered him so unpopular. It seems, however, that many of them are already hankering after the old despot, who plundered and flogged them at will, for he had the fullest faith in the use of the stick as an instrument of government. General Geffrard was born at Anse-a-Veau, Hayti, September 19th, 1806, and was adopted at an early age by Col. Fabre. He received some education at Aux Cayes, but at the age of fifteen entered the army as a common soldier. He rose by slow degrees to obtain his captaincy in 1843. He was associated with General Hérard Rivière, who took up arms against President Boyer. He was made general of brigade in 1843. In 1844, when Achaau took up arms against President Hérard, Geffrard defeated the insurgents. His victorious troops wished to massacre the prisoners, but Geffrard prevented them, and treated the wounded of both sides with like attention. His popularity drew the hatred of all the presidents who ruled after Guerrier, who esteemed him highly. His military services, however, procured him the honor of a brevet-title of Division General in 1845. One of the first acts of President Riché was to deprive Geffrard of the command of Jacmel, and subject him to trial before a court-martial presided over by General Soulouque. He was unanimously acquitted. The ex-emperor Soulouque, in the campaign he undertook, while president, against the Dominicans, in 1849, confided the command of a division to Geffrard, who was wounded near Azua. In 1849, when Soulouque proclaimed the empire, Geffrard was created Duke of Tabara. In 1856 he conducted the retreat of the rear-guard when the emperor ran away from the Dominicans, and the troops followed his example. On the 21st of December, 1858, on the point of being arrested by the Emperor Soulouque, who intended to execute or imprison him for life, Geffrard left Port au Prince in a boat and landed at Gonaives. The provinces of Artibonite and the North, which formed half of the old French part of the island, proclaimed him president of the republic. His wife and children were arrested by the ex-emperor, and thrown into prison. Soulouque was defeated, and on the 15th of January, 1859, Gen. Geffrard, at the head of the republican troops, entered Port au Prince and compelled the ex-emperor, abandoned by the people, to embark for Jamaica. Geffrard on this occasion protected his enemy and his family from insult. Geffrard was married in 1828, and has a large number of children. He is of middle height, jet black, very fond of horses and arms, and rides well. He seems to be doing his best to govern the republic well, though he has already met with great opposition. He has sent twenty young Haytiens to Europe to learn the arts of civilization, and proposes to have some of his officers educated in European military schools.

THE MAIDENS OF BETHLEHEM.

Distant at first, and then nearer and nearer the timid flock will gather around you with their large burning eyes gravely fixed against yours, so that they see into your brain; and if you imagine evil against them they will know of your ill thought before it is yet well born, and will fly and be gone in a moment. But presently, if you will only look virtuous enough to prevent alarm, and vicious enough to avoid looking silly, the blithe maidens will come nearer and nearer to you, and soon there will be one, the bravest of the sisters, who will venture right up to your side, and touch the hem of your coat in playful defiance of the danger, and then the rest will follow the daring of their youthful leader, and gather close around you, and hold a shrill controversy on the wondrous formation you call a hat, and the cunning of the hands that clothed you with cloth so fine; and then, growing more profound in their researches, they will pass from the study of your mere dress to a serious contemplation of your stately height, and your nut-brown hair, and the ruddy glow of your cheeks. And if they catch a glimpse of your ungloved fingers, then again will the air ring with their sweet screams of delight and amazement, as they compare the fairness of your hand with the hues of your sun-burnt face, or with their own warmer tints. Instantly the ringleader of the gentle rioters imagines a new sin; with tremulous boldness she touches, then grasps your hand and smooths it gently betwixt her own, and pries curiously into its make and color, as though it were silk of Damascus, or shawl of Cashmere. And when they see you, even then, still sage and gentle, the joyous girls will suddenly and screamingly, and all at once, explain to each other that you are quite harmless and innocent—a lion that makes no spring, a bear that never hugs—and upon this faith, one after the other, they will take your passive hand, and try to explain it, and make it a theme and a controversy. But the one—the fairest and sweetest of all—is yet the most timid. She shrinks from the daring deeds of her playmates, and seeks shelter behind their sleeves, and strives to screen her glowing consciousness from the eyes that look upon her. But her laughing sisters will have none of this cowardice; they vow that the fair one shall be their accomplice—shall share their dangers—shall touch the hand of the stranger. They seize her small wrist, and drag her forward by force, and at last, while she yet strives to turn away and to cover up her whole soul under the folds of down-cast eyelids, they vanquish her utmost strength, they vanquish her utmost modesty, and marry her hand to yours. The quick pulse springs from her fingers and throbs like a whisper upon your listening palm. For an instant her large, timid eyes are upon you—in an instant they are shrouded again, and there comes a blushing so burning that the frightened girls stay their shrill laughter, as though they had played too perilously and harmed their gentle sister. A moment, and all with a sudden intelligence turn away and fly like deer; yet soon again like deer they whirl round and return, and stand and gaze upon the danger until they grow brave once more.—*Eothen.*

THE GREAT MEN OF ITALY.

M. Legovré, of the French Academy, has written a letter to the Siécle, recommending a subscription to be raised for the purpose of enabling Italians in Paris to proceed to the seat of war, and take part in the military operations. After dwelling on the advantage of that course, the writer says: "I will leave antiquity out of the question, and speak only of modern times. Is it not a striking spectacle to see Italy always give the signal to the world, and always open the way for great things? The first modern epic poet is an Italian—Dante; the first lyric poet is an Italian—Petrarch; the first poet of chivalry is an Italian—Ariosto; the first modern novelist is an Italian—Boccacio; the first painter in the world is an Italian—Raffaele; the first statuary is an Italian—Michael Angelo; the first vigorous statesman and historian of the revival is an Italian—Machiavelli; the first philosophical historian is an Italian—Vico; the discoverer of the New World is an Italian—Christopher Columbus; the first demonstrator of the laws of the heavenly world is an Italian—Galileo. You will find a son of Italy standing on every step of the temple of genius ever since the twelfth century. Then, in times nearer to our own, while other nations are working at the continuation of this immortal gallery, Italy from time to time collects her strength, and presents to the world a colossus surpassing all. Now, even now, the greatest of living artists—the only one, perhaps, who deserves, solely as an artist, the title of a great man, is he not an Italian—Rossini? And lastly, was he not also a son of Italy—that giant who towered above the whole century, and covered all around him with his light or his shade—Napoleon? In fact, it would seem that when Providence wants a guide or leader for humanity, it strikes this favored soil, and a great man springs forth."

GENERAL GEFFRARD, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

HORSE ARTILLERY OF THE GUARD.

THE FRENCH TROOPS IN ITALY.

We publish on this page another series of military sketches from fresh and authentic sources, representing different arms of the French service now engaged in Italy. It is intended to complete the military delineations we have previously presented. The first picture introduces the horse artillery of the Imperial Guard going into action at Magenta, June 4th, when it did good service, though the bayonets of the grenadiers and Zouaves bore the brunt of the terrific conflict near the river, before McMahon's division came to their support. From the days of Napoleon, the French artillery has enjoyed the highest reputation. That great captain made his debut as an artillerist; his guns, commanding the streets of Paris, quelled the revolt of the sections; his guns, carried over the Alps with infinite toil and difficulty, carried terror and destruction into the ranks of the Austrians on the plains of Lombardy, and before their "fires of death," Germany fell in many a field of carnage. Louis Napoleon has, through his life, appreciated the importance of this terrible arm of the French service. His early studies were largely devoted to the artillery service, and the work he wrote upon this arm, when quite a young man, excited the admiration of all military critics. He is the inventor of a gun which has been used with fatal effect in the present war, and he is now master of an artillery more terrible and effective than that wielded by his uncle when at the zenith of his power. Constant improvements have been making in this arm of the French service, many of them dating later than the Crimean war, the practical result of which we shall soon see, if the Austrians carry out their presumed policy of throwing themselves into strongly fortified places, like Verona.

The second picture represents a group of the engineer corps making their approaches to an Austrian stronghold. In the distance we behold the artizans engaged in breaking ground for trenches. More in front, a private with his signal target; a soldier in defensive armor, to protect him against the enemy's sharpshooters, and an officer explains the works traced out on the plan drawn up on a large scale. In all that concerns the science of war, the French are thorough adepts.

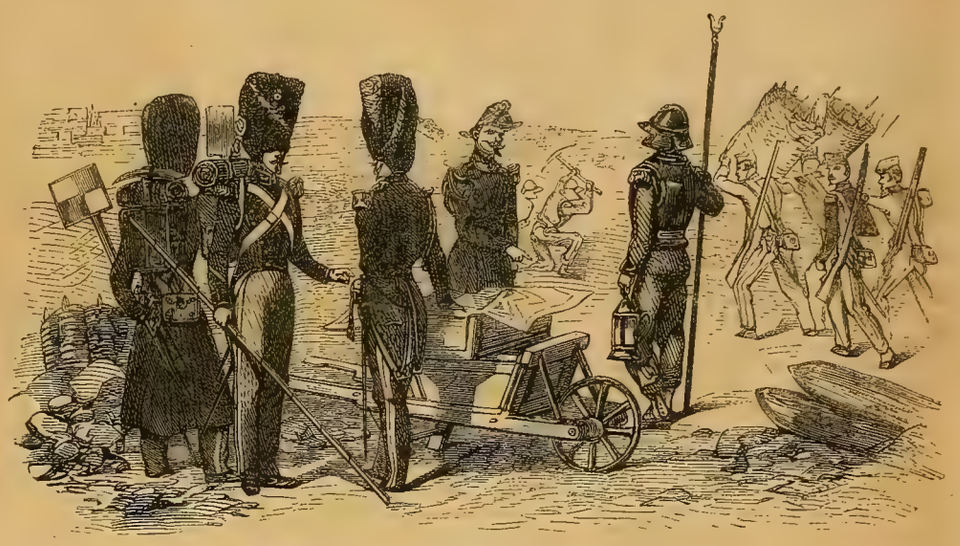
The third sketch represents the chasseurs of the Imperial Guard skirmishing with the enemy's outposts at Ponte di Magenta. We have elsewhere devoted considerable space to a history of this corps, and a notice of their bayonet-drill. We here behold them in action, their movements directed by the notes of the bugler who stands beside the commandant. There are no troops in the army more serviceable than the Chasseurs of the Guard. The Imperial Guard, as our readers are aware, form a large and formidable army of itself, embracing every arm of the service, cavalry, infantry and artillery. It is composed of picked men and, as its name imports, designed to fight near the person of the emperor.

NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

Never was symbol better chosen by a monarch than the eagle was by him. Eagle in his eye, eagle in his soar, eagle in his strength of wing when balanced above his aim, and in swiftness when darting on it, eagle in his gripe; yet eagle in all that distinguishes the king of birds from vulture, hawk or gentle falcon. A warrior by nature, and a conqueror by instinct, with all the roughness of one, and all the haughtiness of the other, yet fitting a throne as if he had been nursed upon it, surrounding it with the splendor of feudal monarchies, and filling it with the grace of ancient kings, he seemed to have learnt intuitively, in the stern occupations of war, the tastes, the tact, the amenities, and what was still more, the duties and exigencies of an imperial royalty. Art and science, almost shamed and even scared by cruel examples from society, raised their heads, and threw their grateful homage at the feet of the reviver; an Augustan age of literature broke forth from the chaos of revolutionary barbarism, and its brilliant authors hung their thanks, in verse and prose, upon his armor or ermine; manufactures sprang up with a taste and profusion which not only shed a new lustre round his halls from Sèvres and the Gobelins, but made France more than ever the arbiter of elegances and dictatress of fashion.

To this must be added the wonderful and inborn mastership in the craft of government, which he at once displayed; his power of domestic organization and internal rule, where he held in his own hand the threads of command, from every department, prefectship, and mayoralty, almost as completely, if not as instantaneously acting, as the telegraph wires in the cabinet of his present illustrious successor. And further, add the mental clearness and practical thinking-power required to enable a man to be a lawgiver and to draw up a code of universal justice, civil and criminal, theoretical and applied—classifications of offences, procedure, adjustment of punishment, prevention, pursuit and correction. Such a code, too, as could and did suit a people whose cumbersome legislation and "ordonnances," octrois, decrees of extinct parliament, had been swept away by a ruthless revolution; people which had acquired new thoughts, new feelings, new claims; though not new traditions and usages, to lend either a base or buttress to a legal system.

The simple title of "Code Napoleon," while it denies no praise to the learned and industrious men who arranged and composed it, tells the future at the present age, who watched over the great work to maturity, presided personally over the deliberations of its compilers, ruled their differences, threw in the valuable ingredient of a strong unbiased sense; and if he sometimes embroiled, oftener conciliated, jarring sentiments. Nor is the slender praise of this undertaking, accomplished amidst innumerable other cares, that it should have remained established in countries from which every other vestige of French dominion has vanished,—preserved as of great value by dynasties of rival houses, through the first impulse of sudden restorations to abolish every novelty, and of the experience of time to produce something more national.



OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ENGINEER CORPS.

"*Quot libras in duce Summo!*" we may well exclaim; and ask, was such a man sent on the public stage without a part allotted to him of supreme importance and inevitable influence? But now another evidence of a providential destiny has come, after many years, before us,—one which baffles many a previous calculation. He dashes over the world like a meteor; blazed, dazzled, and dropped, completely extinct. He was a phenomenon—a comet if you please—that struck its course athwart the quiet planes of regular orbs, whose mutual attractions and counter-attractions had been part of their periodical laws of motion; and swung them, more rudely than usual, from their steady course. But the disturbing brush was over; the eccentric body had flown by, never to return. "Write this man childless," had become truth, plainly recorded in the world's history. And that history had scarcely begun to acknowledge and extol what was really great in him, or recognize his indispensable place in the world; for whose interest was it to do so?

That yet, after all this, almost a generation later, the ostracised, branded and proscribed name should be found in the same place, bearing after it the same imperial title—annulled, abolished, by a congress of Europe,—with every human probability, and many earnest desires, that both may be continued in a lasting dynasty—is surely strange and unexpected enough to establish a providential dispensation in the history of the first emperor. It suggests the idea that, whatever he did or intended, that partook of his noble and higher nature, his genius, his grandeur of mind, and his faith, is to be preserved, and even developed, as a legacy of family love alone can be; while the errors and the excesses that have clouded it will ever serve as traditionary lessons, where they can be most accurately appreciated for avoidance.—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

CHASSEURS AT PONTE DI MAGENTE.

IMPORTANT BIBLICAL DISCOVERY.

The London Athenæum says that Professor Tischendorf who had been sent by the Russian government on a journey of scientific exploration, in a letter from Cairo, dated the 15th of March, states, to the Minister of Saxony, Herr von Falkenstein, that he has succeeded in making some valuable discoveries relative to the Bible. The most important of these discoveries is a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures, from the fourth century, consequently as old as the famous manuscript of the Vatican, which hitherto, in all commentaries, maintained the first rank. This it will have to share in future, with the newly discovered manuscript, if Herr Tischendorf be not mistaken. In 346 beautifully fine parchment leaves, of such size that only two can have been cut out of one skin, it contains the greatest part of the Prophets, the Psalms, the Book of Job, the Book of Jesus Sirach, the Proverbs, the Song of Solomon, and several of the Apochryphal Books of the Old Testament; but then the whole of the New Testament is complete. Another valuable discovery of Professor Tischendorf's is described as an undoubted and complete manuscript of the Epistle of Barnabas, and of the Shepherd of Hermas, both belonging to the second century of the Christian era, and originally standing in the esteem of the Scriptural Epistles. Herr Tischendorf hopes, from the munificence of the Russian government, that he will be enabled to give immediate publication to these three manuscripts.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pictor.—Raphael, the painter, was born on Good Friday and died on Good Friday. The spirituality of his pictures will give him undying fame.

Sergeant S.—Some time back a conscript in France was purchasable for the sum of 400 dollars; at the present time the amount is very much increased.

"Economist." Lynn, Mass.—We are afraid to say for how small a sum a laboring man in Paris can procure a meal. For five cents he can satisfy his appetite, but then an American or Englishman would pine away on the diet upon which a Frenchman thrives.

Miss M. C., Manchester.—The gold and silver carp will certainly live in quite impure water, but we should advise its being changed at least twice a week.

C. C.—In London it is estimated that there is one clergyman of the Established Church to every two thousand persons.

Student.—The brown rat, the mortal enemy of the black rat, was introduced into England in the year 1730, and was brought over in a merchant vessel from India, since which time it has accomplished almost the entire destruction of the former species, which is now very rarely seen.

Thespis.—We do not remember the name of the California gentleman whom Mrs. Thomas married.

Amateur.—The invention of oil painting is generally attributed to John Van Eyck, a Flemish painter, who lived at the beginning of the fifteenth century. Previous to that time colors were mixed with water, gum or wax. Van Eyck confided his secret to Antony of Messina, who went from Flanders to Venice, where he practised the new method, which was speedily adopted by other painters.

M. M.—The air of "Life let us Cherish" was composed by Mozart.

Pupil.—Stalactite caves are formed from water, which filters from the rock beneath which they are situated, and which dissolves a quantity of calcareous salts, which it leaves as it flows off drop by drop, and evaporates on coming in contact with the air. The upper deposit is termed the stalactite, that which is deposited on the ground is called the stalagmite.

Constant Reader.—The last monarch who was crowned by the pope, previous to Napoleon I., was Charles V. of Austria, whose coronation took place on the 24th of February, 1530, at Bologna, when he received the titles of King of Lombardy and Roman Emperor.

"A Middlesex Farmer."—In Normandy, five thousand differently named varieties of apples are cultivated for the manufacture of cider.

THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

Through the smoke arising from the battle-fields of Europe, we already perceive, dimly looming and indistinct as yet, perhaps, but still apparent to the eye of faith, the fair image of peace. Astræa has not forsaken the earth. Though mighty armies have met in the shock of battle, though the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont have been dyed in blood, still the cause of justice, the cause of national freedom, has thus far triumphed, and in the completeness of that triumph we behold the hopes of a re-establishment of tranquillity on an honorable basis. Even the English press, bitterly hostile to France, has at last, however reluctantly, acknowledged that the French emperor must be trusted in his solemn declaration of disinterestedness so far as Italy is concerned, and his abnegation of all hostile views towards Germany and Austria proper. To give weight and influence to these declarations, the emperor of Russia has also shown that the German confederation has not even been menaced, and that no reason exists for its taking up arms.

The London Times, while admitting the sincerity of Louis Napoleon's declarations, is amazed at them. For our own part, we are free to declare that they excite no surprise in us. The facts simply show that Louis Napoleon, a far-sighted man and a statesman of consummate ability, has recognized and followed the spirit of the age. The progress of liberal ideas within a few years past has been prodigious. Louis Napoleon foresees their sure triumph, and he has thrown himself boldly on the wave, staking his life on their success, and aspiring to the true glory of a liberator. What if his own empire be governed by an iron hand?—his usurpation of the reins of power and his subsequent administration have been endorsed by his people. If we doubt whether the ballot-box in France represents the sincere wishes of the people, we cannot doubt their sympathy with their sovereign, and their entire confidence in him, when we behold them, men and women, all classes, pouring into the treasury their offerings, five times greater than the amount required by the State. There was no compulsion here. The billions subscribed were free-will offerings. We have, therefore, no reason to suppose that France is not governed as she likes best. On the other hand, the Italians were groaning under a foreign yoke of which they had persistently manifested their abhorrence and hatred, which they had, at different dates, struggled to throw off. True to his declaration, "the empire is Peace," Louis Napoleon exhausted diplomacy before he resorted to arms to settle a question, the solution of which the peace of Europe demanded. When these pacific endeavors had proved fruitless, Napoleon entered Italy as the armed champion of Liberalism. Opposed to him was Francis Joseph, the armed champion of Feudalism. The hostile champions have met, and the cause of liberty has so far triumphed. The Austrians, fighting desperately, have been driven to their strongholds, and their position is desperate, unless the Germanic Confederation and England come to their aid. But England will not espouse the quarrel, and it is quite unlikely that Germany, deprived of her aid, and menaced by Russia, will be mad enough to attempt to bolster up the pretensions of Austria to hold an alienated and hostile people beyond the Alps. If Germany so acts, she must look to witness the re-enactment of the bloody dramas of Austerlitz and Jena, without the hope of another Waterloo for France.

But since nations as well as individuals are governed, excepting in moments of passion, by their interest, Germany will remain quiet. The independence of Italy will be the best guarantee for the security of the other States of Italy that could be given, and must promote the general prosperity; hence, after some months more of desperate strife, we look to see peace restored, on a sure and firm basis.

HOW NEW YORKERS LIVE.

At the last meeting of the Sanitary Association the following remarkable facts were adduced: "Three years since the whole number of buildings of all descriptions in New York was some 53,000. The city is divided into twenty-two wards. In 1856, nineteen of these wards contained a population of 535,027 inhabitants, divided into 112,833 families, averaging a little less than five souls in each family. For the accommodation of these 112,833 families residing in nineteen wards, there were 36,088 dwellings, averaging about three and one-half families occupying an entire house. There are but 12,717 of these families occupying an entire house, 7148 of these dwellings contain two families, 4600 contain each three families. Thus, while 24,465 of these dwellings shelter but 36,213 families, the remaining 13,623 houses have to cover 76,620 families, averaging nearly six families to each house, showing that about three-fourths of the whole population of New York live, averaging but a fraction less than six families in a house, while only about one family in ten occupy a whole house."

New England Celebrities.—Ballou's Dollar Magazine for August is just issued, and contains a series of portraits, embracing those of Longfellow, Lowell, Dana, Prescott, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Agassiz, Lawrence, etc. Also, a most curious illustrated article on the Tea Culture and the Chinese, with twelve engravings. This number closes with twelve original mirth-provoking pictures. Add to this *thirty* original tales, sketches, poems, and the usual editorial variety, and we have a star number. For sale everywhere for *ten cents*, or sent a whole year for *one dollar*. Cheapest publication in the world!

The Fame of Burns.—It is stated that the one hundredth anniversary of Robert Burns was celebrated by no less than eight hundred and seventy-two meetings in Scotland, England, Ireland, the various British Colonies, the United States and Denmark.

A friendless Man.—One who was the friend of La Fayette died lately in a third ward police station in New York. He was seventy-four years old, and had no relatives or friends to take sufficient interest in him to go so far as even to secure him a grave in a respectable cemetery.

Lock-Making.—Hobbs, the American lock maker, is making a fortune in London, manufacturing pickless locks.

The glorious Fourth.—Wasn't there some noise and bustle in Boston Independence Day?

Seasonable Weather.—In the very finest November, the fog is much mist.

Mrs. General Scott.—The health of this ady, who is in Paris, is improving.

LOOK ABOUT YOU.

How many of our citizens have never so much as visited the end of one of our long wharves in their lives, deeming themselves well informed of the business of this immense city, simply by the records of the newspapers, and a walk twice a day from their dwelling-houses, or offices, through the self-same streets, from one year's end to another. Such individuals would get a deal of information and enlargement of ideas by a stroll among the business streets of Boston, along its wharves, and through those thoroughfares that are nearest to the shipping. Here they would see an almost incalculable amount of merchandize of every known description, and thousands of men and vehicles engaged in its transportation. Along the noble piers, on the east side of the city, they would see myriads of tall masts and noble crafts; here a gallant ship, just dropping her anchor in the stream, from some far off clime, and there another just spreading her broad wings, loaded to the hatches with a rich freight, for some foreign port; and now a huge, dark steamer, with clouds of smoke and thundering paddle-wheels, is seen coming from across the Atlantic. Here the wharves are crowded with the rich fruits of the sunny South, and there, with the staple products of the North. This is a ship from Sweden, with her stout, low-statured crew, discharging her cargo of iron; and next to her is a Hollander, with a cargo of liquid fire, marked *gin*. Here is an East Indiaman, with hides and spices; she is a Yankee craft, and looks, though off the long voyage, as if just out of dock. Those dark, bedimmed bundles, done up in raw hides, are ceroons of indigo, and here is flaxseed, and saltpetre. That is a French bark, astern of the Indiaman, from Havre, with silks, China ware, brandy, and some rich brands of wine. This rakish brig is from the Mediterranean, and has brought from the Straits a cargo of fresh fruit, oranges, raisins and almonds. That fore and-aft schooner is from Hayti, filled to the decks with coffee; and here is another West Indiaman from Cuba, with dye-wood, tobacco, sugar and molasses. Moored across the end of the wharf is an Italian trader, from Leghorn, with some beautiful specimens of statuary and paintings, with oils, nuts, and green fruit. This rough-looking brig, moored ahead of the ship, a queer craft, Turkish built, and manned by real broad-pantalooned and turbaned gentlemen, is from Smyrna, with opium and wool. Here's a South American trader further on, with hides, mahogany and coffee, from Brazil. Those small crafts, lying four and five deep at the wharf, are coasters, from New Brunswick, with fish, coal, plaster and wood. Those lofty ships at the opposite piers are Liverpoolers; and those bales on the wharf contain colored cottons, worsted goods, linens, carpetings, and the casks contain cutlery and hardware. And so we might go on, and enumerate a hundred different branches of trade that may be seen at the piers, for such is a commercial picture of this good city.

The Long Island House.—It is an important object for those who crave and require sea air and sea bathing, to find some locality not too far from home. The Long Island House, Boston harbor, recently opened and under the management of Mr. C. C. Ayres, exactly meets the want. It is quiet and retired, and yet accessible. Messrs. T. J. Dunbar, & Co., 70 Broad Street, the proprietors, have spared no expense in furnishing the hotel with every appliance for the comfort of visitors and sojourners, and the sail to and fro in the favorite steamer Nelly Baker, is a delightful trip. The Long Island House will certainly be extremely popular this season.

Dressing for Church.—A young lady who lately gave an order to a milliner for a bonnet, said: "You are to make it plain, and at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

Diving Belles.—All the women of the villages on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico are in the habit of swimming. The young ladies are all diving-belles.

A large Bottle.—The largest glass bottle ever blown was at Leith, Scotland. It was in dimensions forty inches by forty-two, and was capable of holding two barrels in quantity of fluid.

The Strawberry Market.—One firm in Cincinnati has sold, during the present season, 15,500 bushels of strawberries.

THE SEA-SIDE.

The burning suns of July and the threatened heat of next month have carried away thousands of people from our midst to the watering-places, and among these birds of passage, blended with the many who go there only for fashion's sake, are not a few who really have a passionate, poetical love for the sea, not idlers and sensualists, who pass their time in drinking mint juleps and trotting horses on sand-beaches. To the true lover of nature, a brief space torn from the page of everyday toilsome life and spread out by the margin of the sea, is a season of true and refined luxury. It matters not to him what may be his accommodation and what his surroundings, provided he has a full view of the broad Atlantic, that mirror in which Almighty power glasses itself. Ever the same, yet ever changing, the sea is a great enigma. Through what phases of gentleness and ferocity, of smiles and frowns, of caressing beauty and of appalling terror it passes in the space of a few hours—often a few minutes! How often have we seen it, a golden mirror, glittering in the rays of the sun, and then changing, with electric rapidity, to a black and heaving mass of billows, the very image of gloom and wrath. How many legends and histories cluster round the margin of the great deep! Of what fearful combats has it not been the theatre! What strange monsters, unknown to science, may abide within its unfathomable depths, among the corroding gems and gold of wrecked argosies and bleaching skeletons, whose burial-place is undreamed of! If anything can awaken the latent poetical feeling in the breast of a man, it is a day or two passed by the sea-side; if in solitude, no matter, for the ocean is an eloquent companion.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

In order to effect their escape from the San Quentin Prison, California, fourteen hardened convicts heavily ironed with cross-shackles on the ankle and a heavy bar of iron with a hook in the centre, cut a series of holes 18 by 22 inches in size, through six partition walls of the cells, 2 1-2 feet thick, and one through the main wall, which is three feet wide and nearly four feet long. Protected from the view of the guard without, they got into the blacksmith shop, and using their blankets as ropes, let themselves down some twenty feet to the ground floor, and securing files, cold chisels and such other tools as would enable them to remove their shackles, cut their way through a wooden partition into the machine shop, and from thence into the main yard of the prison, where, by the aid of a plank which they found lying near by, they mounted upon the wall, and tying their blanket rope around the sentry box, at the corner, let themselves down into the brick-yard and escaped.

New Pretext for Divorce.—An odd divorce case is before the New York public, in which the plaintiff, who is the wife, sets up the claim that her husband, whom she supposed to be worth $60,000, is not worth more than $5000. For this, among other sufficient reasons, she prays a court to come over into Macedon and help her.

Strong-Minded and Strong-Handed.—At Oskaloosa, Iowa, a young woman, whose husband came home drunk the other day, took down an ox-goad and chastised him most gloriously—until he promised not to do so again. He laid the blame upon a friend who asked him to drink. She then flogged him again for not having the firmness to refuse.

Imperial Presents.—The emperor of Japan lately sent a case of fine silks to the State department, showing that he is a gentleman and a scholar. It was accompanied by an autograph letter full of unintelligible pot-hooks, which drove the clerk who was ordered to copy it to the verge of suicide.

Encouragement to Manufactures.—The towns of Veazie and Brunswick, Me., have lately voted to exempt from taxation for ten years, under the provisions of the last legislature, all property invested in the manufacture of cotton and woolen fabrics in those towns.

Balloon Voyage.—What will be the result of the new attempt to cross the Atlantic in the balloon? What a triumph it will be, if successful. But, as Richard III. remarked to Ratcliffe, "we fear—we fear."

POISONOUS DRINK.

We have several times lately spoken of the fearful poisons that are introduced into the various liquors sold at the dram shops in the cities of this country. One of the editors of the New York Tribune lately got possession of a confidential circular of a certain German doctor in that city, who makes a business of this vile and murderous manufacture. The doctor offers to trade cognac oils, extracts of brandy, Holland and London gin, oil of rye for producing superior Monongahela or Bourbon whiskey from common corn spirit, essence of rum, peach and cherry brandies, and invaluable preparations for giving age and body to new liquors. He guarantees to produce six barrels of good merchantable brandy from one ounce of best cognac oil. Then he has cherry juice and Malva coloring for the manufacture of port wine. The manufacture of claret is also provided for. The same wonders can be performed by the gin and whiskey essences, yielding a fabulous figure of profit to the dealer, and producing an astonishing amount of vital heat in the ventricular institutions of the consuming consumer. The exposer of these frauds upon the thirsty, scarcely hopes to do much good by his revelations, and he seems to have settled down into the belief that the tipplers of New York will no more than heretofore stand upon the quality of their tipple, but will tipple whenever and wherever the tipple can be got at. The same reflection, we are sorry to admit, applies to Boston.

HYPOCRISY.

We observe by our English journals an announcement just made that "the court will go into mourning for the late King of Naples for ten days, commencing on Thursday next, the 9th instant." Such is the announcement of the Court Circular, published under the patronage of the palace at London. For ten days the distinguished attendants of her majesty, from the first lord of the bedchamber to the lowest lady of the royal wardrobes, to say nothing of other dignitaries of more political import, are to mourn the departure of King Bomba of Naples! He was universally regarded as the worst man in Europe, whether on or off the throne, and his death is to be lamented, as if it had been a great public calamity. The New York Evening Post, remarking upon this tomfoolery, observes that during the year that has past the world has lost several of its most eminent men—Humboldt, whose name for nearly a century has been connected with every intellectual labor; Hallam, destined to a permanent place in English literature; De Tocqueville, the most philosophic of statesmen, and Joseph Sturge, the most indefatigable of philanthropists, besides others whose lives have adorned and benefited their kind, but the Court Circular has scarcely so much as chronicled these events, while the demise of the tyrant of Naples, a man with whom the British government has for some years refused to hold diplomatic relations because of his scandalous and inhuman career, is proclaimed an occasion for tributes of posthumous respect. Of what *lies* are the daily lives of those high in station for the most part made up!

STEREOSCOPES.—The rage for stereoscopes seems to increase by what it feeds on. No wonder. It is enchanting to have statues, cities, bridges, all the wonders of the Old World, in a compass of a small box, and ready to rise up before your eyes as at a wave of the enchanter's wand.

A FLIRT.—Longfellow says, a woman of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than grace of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants.

OFF TO THE WARS.—Carl Benson writes to the Spirit of the Times that among the French young gentlemen who are off to the wars, is the Baron de Courval, who only a short time since married an American heiress.

THE CLAY MONUMENT.—The Henry Clay Monument at Lexington is now more than one hundred feet high, and nearly ready for the capital, on which is to stand the statue of the statesman.

SHARP RETORT.—"I do not wish your assertions to pass for truth, madam." "You can easily prevent it, sir, by repeating them yourself."

SPAIN AND CUBA.

Mr. Dodge, our late Minister to Spain, has recently been at Washington, and has damped the ardor of the Cubaneers somewhat by the representations which he has made to the president, of the utter impracticability of the Spanish cabinet in the matter of trading for Cuba. Spain is sufficiently impoverished, but too proud to be very poor in spirit. She regards the retention of Cuba, her last hold here, where she was once so rich, as a question of honor; and like individuals who really have no honor to speak of, makes that subtile virtue a matter of special boast. Mr. Dodge thinks Jonathan's cuteness will never prevail over this Castilian vanity, and that nothing but the last necessity will induce Spain to relinquish her right and title to Cuba. It is only the Cubaneers rampant, however, who are discouraged or disturbed by the representations of Mr. Dodge. These representations present the subject in no new phase. The Spanish government, from the outset, has met all our approaches in reference to the purchase of Cuba, direct and indirect, with a positive, absolute and unconditional refusal to sell at any time, or upon any terms. The president is well aware of this determination of Spain not to part with Cuba, even for a consideration; but is probably aware that the time must nevertheless come when the transfer must be made; and there is nothing, we venture to say, in the present aspect of the question, which will occasion a change or modification of his cherished purpose of acquiring Cuba at the practicable time and in the right way. Come it must, sooner or later—it is "destiny."

A CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY.

A letter from Trebizond, of the 14th of May, in the Levant Herald, says: A party of Circassian dealers arrived here lately, having among their "stock" a young *houri* some 14 years of age. In proof of her unusual beauty, I may at once mention that the price set upon her was and is 200,000 piastres. Some days after the landing of the owners of this Circassian gem, a relation of hers arrived and claimed her from her possessors, who it seems had stolen her from her home. He claimed her restoration to himself, but, I need hardly say, in vain; the owners of so valuable a piece of merchandise were not the men to give it up through any sentimental weakness. The dispute was at last referred to the pacha's arbitration, much against the will of the young beauty herself, who protested against returning to her native hills, and stoutly held out for going to Stamboul—the paradise of a Circassian girl's imagination. Before the pacha, however, could deliver his judgment on the matter, the dispute was settled by the relation foregoing his claims for a consideration, and accordingly the young beauty and her friends embarked for Constantinople.

VICTORIA'S CHILDREN.—There are nine children of Victoria and Prince Albert, four boys and five girls. They are all, except the princess royal, to be provided with partners by marriage, and these partners must be found among the royal families of the continent. As most of the sprigs of royalty on the continent are poor, it will cost England a handsome sum of money to support, in royal style, these children.

FRUIT AT THE WEST.—Letters from the West report a great crop of raspberries this year. They are retailed at ten cents a quart in Cincinnati, and would be cheaper were it not for the large export trade. Currants are scarce in Ohio, and sell for more than berries.

IRISH WIT.—A Dublin car-driver hailed a passenger, and asked him if he wanted a car? The latter said "no," he was able to walk. "May your honor long be able, but seldom willing," was the sharp but courteous reply.

ENGLISH WIT.—Sidney Smith, while passing through a by-street behind St. Paul's, heard two women abusing each other from opposite houses. "They will never agree," said the wit; "they argue from different premises."

QUEER.—Isn't it singular that an ill-natured shopkeeper should ever offer to sell his good will, when all the world knows that he hasn't got any?

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is the best state for a man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.

Wayside Gatherings.

Considerable damage has been done in Salt Lake Valley by floods.

There is no probability that the naval force in the Mediterranean will be increased.

The vines of Ohio are said to have been injured by the late frost.

The Canary or Western Islands are suffering under the deprivations of a famine.

There are said to be not less than 10,000 Chinamen now on their passage to California.

Two more newspapers in foreign languages have been started in New York—one Spanish, and the other French.

The Lynn News says that a farmer in Lynn, and another in Ipswich, are turning their attention with success to the culture of tobacco.

Rev. Dr. Odenheimer has accepted the office of bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New Jersey.

The Illinois Central Railroad is the longest road in the United States, the main track branch being 709 miles in length.

A prisoner in Trenton, N. Y., lately escaped on a railroad train by hiding on the cow-catcher, under the lamps. The officers searched the train but did not find him.

The first parish church in Hingham, Mass., was erected in 1661, one hundred and ninety-eight years ago. It is the oldest church edifice now in use in the United States.

Utah is now reported to be so poor a country, that not even a hundred families of any civilized race are expected to settle there, after the Mormons shall have left it.

A lad in Troy, N. Y., was leading a cow by a rope, one end of which was tied around his body, when the cow became frightened and ran, the boy fell, and was dragged until his brains were dashed out.

The number of dead letters annually returned to the department is about 2,250,000. About 20,000 annually are found to contain money and other valuables, and are, as soon as found, registered and returned to the owners.

It is stated that a man named Clark, living at Jamestown, Kentucky, has had the hydrophobia for twelve years, and still lives. He has a spasm every day, which he relieves by a dose of lobelia, and in that way keeps himself along.

The Hudson, N. Y., Gazette states that Messrs. A. M. Baker & Co., at their mills in the town of Livingston, have been experimenting for some time with a view of manufacturing printing paper from pine wood, with a fair prospect of success.

"The Comforts of Human Life," by R. Heron, were written in a prison, under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, were, on the contrary, composed in a drawing-room, where the author was surrounded by all the good things of this world.

A short time since, a street over a sewer in St. Louis caved in, and completely swallowed up a coal wagon and four horses. A chasm of forty feet in width by thirty feet in length was made, and the cart and horses were buried out of sight. The people of St. Louis are beginning to walk carefully along their streets.

H. A. Merrill, of Bangor, Maine, knows the exact width of a narrow escape. He stepped off backwards from the roof of a five-story building, and just saved himself from being dashed to pieces on a pile of brick sixty feet below him, by catching and holding to a ladder and the edge of a scaffold he encountered in his descent.

Dog stealers in New York do a large and profitable business. Dogs stolen in that city are sent to Boston, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, while those stolen there are exchanged. A thriving trade in the dog line has long been carried on between New York and Liverpool, by persons engaged on steamers and packets.

A bold robbery was perpetrated in Cincinnati, probably with a view to more extended operations. The cashier of a bank was awakened by a noise in his room, and aroused himself just in time to see a fellow make his exit through the window. He found that his pockets had been rifled of the keys of the bank, and several dollars in money.

A man named Gaines, residing at Sturgis, Indiana, lost his life by his rashness a few days ago—some of his friends having said that some oil of wintergreen which they had was too strong for use, Gaines maintained the opposite, and, to prove that he was right, drank two tablespoonfuls, which soon produced vomiting, and in a few hours death.

At Richmond, Va., a Frenchman, who was a young and powerful man, recently died of the "lockjaw." In his case the muscles became so violently contracted, that all efforts either to open his hands or his mouth failed, and death was the consequence. The lockjaw was caused by giving himself what many would call a trifling cut.

A young fellow in Detroit went to the house of a lady to invite her two daughters to a dancing party. She refused to allow them to go. A quarrel ensued between the boy and girls on one side, and the old lady on the other. The young people finally threw the mother upon the floor, choked her till she was nearly dead, and then went off to the ball. The boy was sent to jail.

Sands of Gold.

.... Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures.—*Bower.*

.... Fly in all haste from the friend who will suffer you to teach him nothing.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... The founders of large fortunes are generally themselves too mean to enjoy them.—*Bovee.*

.... He will never suffer from solitude who has never quarrelled with himself.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... I had thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.—*Shakspeare.*

.... The exhibition of real strength is never grotesque. Distortion is the agony of weakness. It is the dislocated mind whose movements are spasmodic.—*R. A. Willmott.*

.... Haste and rashness are storms and tempests, breaking and wrecking business; but nimbleness is a full, fair wind, blowing it with speed to the haven.—*Fuller.*

... In order to be happy in any degree, we must abandon ourselves, according to the will of God, and after the pattern of his Son, to the temporal and spiritual benefit of mankind.—*Robert Hall.*

.... Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he were sure they would be always concealed, both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.—*Cicero.*

.... How deep is the magic of sound may be learned by breaking some sweet verses into prose. The operation has been compared to gathering dewdrops, which shine like jewels upon the flower, but run into water in the hand. The elements remain, but the sparkle is gone.—*R. A. Willmott.*

.... A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because, if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or to those who are indifferent to you.—*Plutarch.*

.... The wisdom of the Creator is in nothing seen more gloriously than the heart. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working forever without the cessation of a moment, without the least degree of weariness. It is so made; and the power of the Creator, in so constructing it, can in nothing be exceeded but by his wisdom.—*Hope.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer?—Because he raises stories.

When is a wall like a fish?—When it is scaled.

Why is the letter U the gayest of the alphabet? Because it is always in fun.

If England should be drawn into the present war, she will not find herself in a condition to take a "Nap."

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both of an army's wings is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

It is said that the horns of a dilemma are securely fixed at the capital, for the senators to hang themselves on.

Why is a stove an agreeable affair in summer as well as winter?—Because at either season it is always grateful when coaled.

Spiggles says that his appetite for coffee is always ap-*peas* ed by one cupful of that beverage as it is served up at his boarding-house.

A Wheeling paper makes the following mysterious announcement: "There were nineteen feet in the channel last night." The odd one probably belonged to a cripple.

Men only purchase such things as they want; but women frequently purchase things they do not want, and apparently for no other purpose than the mere pleasure of purchasing.

It was announced in Paris that the Marquis de Créqui had poisoned himself. "You see," said one of his *friends*, "he must have bitten his own tongue."

A fellow in town has a nose so long that an eminent surgeon has recommended him to have a hinge made for it, so that he can shut his proboscis up like a jack-knife on going to bed.

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady. "He has made a fiddle all out of his own head, and has wood enough for another."

"John," said Mr. B. the other day to his son, "John, you are lazy; what on earth do you expect to do for a living?" "Why, father, I've been thinking as how I would be a revolutionary pensioner."

A "watch-spring" petticoat is advertised. Fashion is advancing—like the crab. We shall soon get back to clocked stockings—unless, which is to be hoped, the watch-spring petticoat is to be the wind-up of crinoline.

The vanities of human kind are supposed to be infinite, yet old Marvell was not far from right when he said:

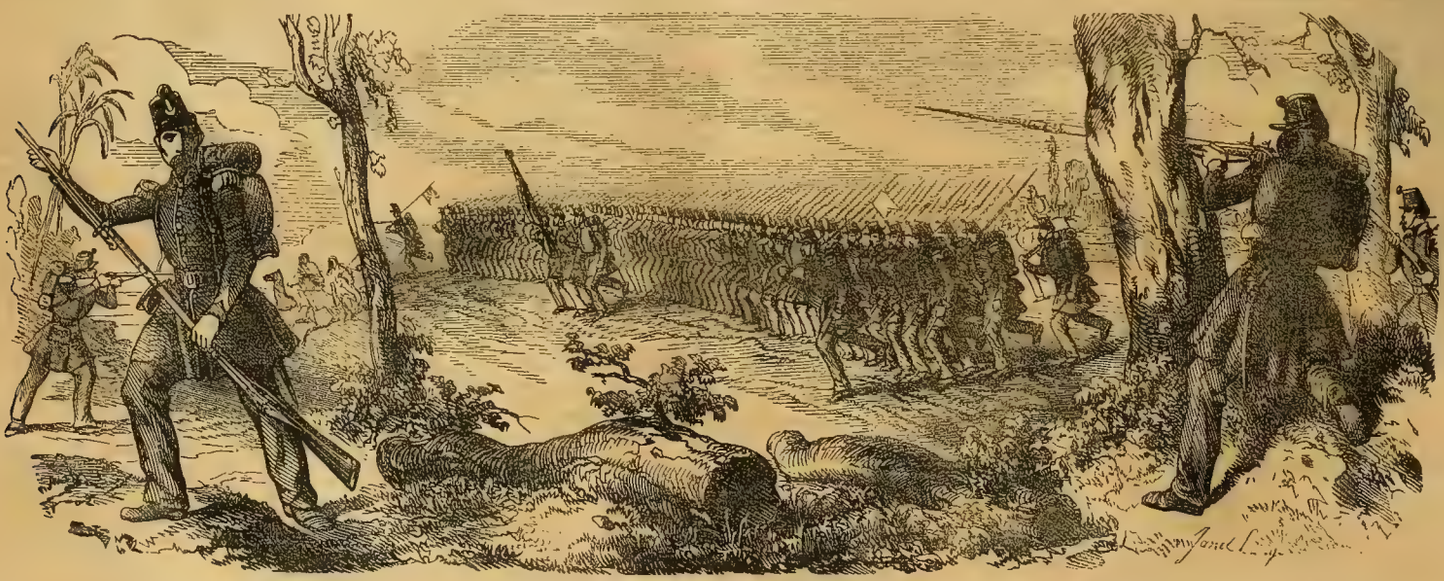
"The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad—and those mix everywhere."

CARRY ARMS. GYMNASTIC STEP. GUARD AGAINST INFANTRY. PRIME PARRY. GUARD AGAINST CAVALRY.

THE FRENCH BAYONET.

In his address to his soldiers, on entering upon the present war, Louis Napoleon said that, "in spite of the new arms of precision, the bayonet would still remain, what it ever has been, the terrible weapon of the French infantry." This assertion was severely criticised by military quidnuncs, here and elsewhere, but the great victories won by the French in Piedmont and Lombardy, have shown that the commander-in-chief of the French army knew quite as well what he was talking about as some of his military critics. In several of these engagements it is notorious that the Chasseurs and Zouaves threw away their cartridges, trusting to the *arme blanche* for victory. Their bayonet charges were irresistible. The soldiers knew perfectly well that their bayonet-drill enabled them to attack or repel infantry, and even cavalry, with the certainty of success. Their peculiar use of the bayonet originated with the famous *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, and since the formation of that corps, the whole army has been instructed in it, and no force can ever hope to stand against them in a hand-to-hand fight, which is not equally and similarly trained, and even then the fire and *elan* of the French infantry would give them the advantage. The importance of the bayonet in the war now raging, and the intense interest felt in that contest, have induced us to reproduce a series of illustrations, showing the manual of the sabre-fusee, the French infantry advancing to battle at the "gymnastic step," the rally against cavalry, the rally by half section, and the chasseurs in action as tirailleurs. In France the creation of special corps for service as light troops is wholly of modern origin. The organization of chasseurs dates from the reign of Louis XV. and the war of the Austrian succession. The name of Foot Chasseurs existed under the Republic and the Directory. They formed a portion of the consular guard, and acquired high renown in the imperial guard. The light infantry finally lost its distinctive drill, and the expediency of suppressing it was mooted. However, under the war administration of the Duke of Dalmatia, an act was passed for adding a large body of chasseurs, armed with rifle carbines, to the regular army. Some years passed away, however, before this true light infantry was actually organized. It required the improvements recently made in the war carbines, and the patronage of the Duke of Orleans, to concentrate anew the attention of the military authorities on this vital question. After many unproductive attempts, the opinion obtained in France that it was impossible ever to obtain good campaign service from rifled arms, when an old officer of the infantry of the royal guard, M. Delvigne, invented a mode of forcing the ball, which renders the loading of a carbine as simple and almost as prompt as that of the ordinary musket. From 1826 to 1837, M. Delvigne struggled to obtain the adoption of his invention by the French army. At this period, the Duke of Orleans had just finished a journey in England and Germany, during which he had examined with care the light troops of these different countries, and could appreciate the advantages and merit of their organization. He received the inventor favorably, and the same year—thanks to his all-powerful influence!—a trial company of sharpshooters (tirailleurs) was formed at Vincennes, and armed with the Delvigne carbine. In 1838, two other companies were added to the first. These Tirailleurs de Vincennes wore the Spanish cap, the frock with two rows of buttons, and the green epaulettes of the old Foot Chasseurs of the Imperial Guard; by the side hung a yataghan sabre, whose blade readily detached itself from the guard, so as to be fixed to the extremity of the carbine, and thus changed into the most formidable of bayonets. The provisional battalion of chasseurs, created by the ordinance of November 14th, 1838, was constituted under the title of Tirailleurs de Vincennes, by an act of August 28, 1839. At the camp of Fontainbleau, to which they were ordered to repair, professional men admired their

THE RALLY BY FOUR.



LOADING ON THE MARCH. MARCH IN LINE OF BATTLE—GYMNASTIC STEP. FIRING FROM BEHIND AN OBSTACLE.

POINT IN QUARTE. POINT IN TIERCE. PRIME POINT. THE BLOW DELIVERED.

rapid and precise movements, the superiority of their marksmanship, the severity of their uniform and the good arrangement of their equipments. An act of September 28, 1840, created ten battalions of *chasseurs a pied*. They were composed of picked men, and went into camp at St. Omer, where they were organized and drilled by the Duke of Orleans and General de Rostolan. Each battalion was composed of eight companies and a section outside the ranks. The effective force was 1249 men. The staff consisted of a chief of battalion, a captain, adjutant-major, a captain acting as major, a lieutenant instructor of marksmanship, a lieutenant-treasurer, a lieutenant of clothing, and a surgeon aide-major. The first seven companies were armed with the Delvigne carbine, with Major Thierry's improvement. The eighth, composed of choice and vigorous men, was provided with a heavier arm, but one offering incomparably more advantageous results, from the greater range and penetration of the ball. In 1842, the calibre of the carbines was increased. Subsequent inventions and improvements—such as the conical ball, and the loading at the breech—have carried the arms used by the chasseurs to perfection. In the spring of 1841, the ten battalions left the camp of St. Omer. They reached Paris, where they received their colors, and on the 7th of May, under the skilful orders of their organizer, they executed in the polygon of Vincennes their grand manœuvres and target-firing in the presence of an immense concourse of generals, officers of all arms, peers of France, deputies and curious spectators congregated from the capital. The 3d, 5th, 6th, 8th and 10th battalions immediately set out for Algeria. In the spring of 1843, the 9th joined them. In 1849, the 1st battalion sustained the reputation of the arm at the siege of Rome. The 2d shared in the last expedition against the Kabyles. Captain Du Casse of the staff, lately published in the "Army Monitor," three remarkable articles on the light infantry and foot chasseurs, from which we copy the following details to serve as a commentary on our engravings:—"What a noble, great and truly fraternal idea is it to link together four soldiers, neighbors in the ranks, and calling them 'battle comrades,' say to them, 'Each one of you is a partner in the life of the three others. It is the dying old man's fagot of sticks. A single stick is easily broken; a bundle advantageously resists. Our infantry thoroughly understood this idea, worthy also of developing in their hearts the noble sentiment of fraternity, which is called in the army *esprit du corps*, which the battalions of foot chasseurs have welcomed to their ranks. The idea of 'battle comrades,' acting in groups to defend themselves, forming in the plain, to resist cavalry, as many little squares, of which each component is ready to sell his life dearly to protect those of his brethren in arms, is one of the most fortunate and fertile ideas presented by the organization of the foot chasseurs. Called by their service to fight almost always separately, and not by platoons and battalions, the foot chasseurs required a much more solid individual instruction than other infantry. The ordinances made for them provided for it; to the regular manual has been added vaults and demi-vaults (facings and half-facings), fencing with the bayonet, the manner of assaulting cavalry, as well as parrying its attacks. Then the school of riflemen has been so modified, that this service is not an accidental, but an habitual service; and men can fight in this way an entire day without rallying on the platoon or battalion, if there is a necessity for so doing. The rally by 'battle comrades,' and by groups of comrades on the reserve of the half-section or section, may precede the rally on the platoon and battalion, so that the last two rallies are only ordered when there is a superior opposing force." We are not aware that any other army of Europe has yet attempted to introduce this peculiar bayonet-drill. It is taught, however, at West Point, and may at some future time be introduced into the American army. Even, however, if the drill should be attempted by Austrians or English, we doubt if they could equal the efficiency of the French troop in the use of the bayonet. The very solidity of the best Austrian and English soldiers would be an impediment to their success. They want that cat-like activity, that lightning-like promptitude which makes the Frenchman such a formidable antagonist.

THE RALLY BY HALF SECTION.

FIRING LYING DOWN. CHASSEURS DEPLOYED AS TIRALLEURS. SOUNDING THE ORDERS.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RUNNING EVERGREEN.

BY L. J. SAWYER.

Sometimes within the forest wide,
And oft some rivulet beside,
Oft where some little streamlet rolls,
It runs along the mossy knolls:
It nestles 'neath the rustling trees,
Oftimes all covered up with leaves,
And oft, beneath the snow, I've seen
The bright, the running evergreen.

It hides itself within the moss,
O'er which the alder tassels toss,
And flirt, and wave before the wind.
It creeps along some bush behind,
Its sprangles, curling in a wreath,
Conceal themselves some mound beneath,
In lowly dell and glade 'tis seen,
The bright, the running evergreen.

FREEDOM.

'Tis vain—my tongue cannot impart
My almost drunkenness of heart,
When first this liberated eye
Surveyed earth, ocean, sun and sky,
As if my spirit pierced them through,
And all their inmost wonders knew!
One word alone can point to thee
That more than feeling—I was free!
E'en for thy presence ceased to pine:
The world, nay, heaven itself was mine.—BYRON.

BOOKS.

Come let me make a sunny realm around thee,
Of thoughts and beauty!—here are books and flowers,
With spells to loose the fetters that have bound thee,
The ravelled evil of this world's feverish hours.
MRS. HEMANS.

VIRTUE.

O Virtue! Virtue! as thy joys excel,
So are thy woes transcendent; the gross world
Knows not the bliss or misery of either.—THOMSON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—We have accomplished a long meditated evasion; we have passed the city limits; we have escaped, for the purpose of preparing our weekly dish of gossip, to quiet country quarters. A Sabbath stillness reigns around us, broken only by the whistle of the robin, the melodious trills of the bobolink, or the whispering flirtations of the wind with the mountain ash. As we lift our eyes from the study-table, heaped with books and papers, we look across the fragrant new-mown fields, bordered by lines of bushes, with here and there a swaying elm, through vistas of woodland to the valley of the silver Charles, with green and wooded hills rising in the background, and villas, cottages and villages scattered in white patches over a broad area. A little flower-garden is hidden from view by a line of shrubbery, but the perfume of roses and pinks is wafted through our open window. For a wonder, the day is hot, the air is tremulous, but we are quite comfortable within doors. If, under these circumstances, one cannot work with a will, he must be a most unconscionable fellow; so, with a self-promised reward of an amble on horseback towards sunset, we bend to our task. The anticipation of spur and saddle will speed pen and scissors.....We see that orders have been given for introducing athletic games and gymnastic exercises in the British army. The idea is derived from the French. The Zouaves are trained gymnasts, and are as agile as so many Ravels. Quite true. But it will be a hard task to make a Zouave out of a beef-fed, beer-drinking John Bull. The attempt reminds us of the German, who had a great admiration of the French character and a desire to imitate it. When a friend surprised him in his room, jumping clumsily over the chairs and tables, and asked him, wonderingly, what he was doing, he replied, "Trying to be lively.".....In one of the recent engagements in Italy, a Zouave received an unsteady stroke from the bayonet of an Austrian soldier which only tore his cheek. "Blockhead!" said the Zouave, fixing his eyes on his adversary, as he shrugged his shoulders, contemptuously, "Is that the way to deliver a bayonet thrust? Look here!" And by way of example he buried his sabre-bayonet to the guard in the breast of his opponent.....There is a vast amount of grit in the "wimmen folk" when they undertake anything. An amusing incident was witnessed at the depot of the Great Western Railway, recently. An old lady was running after, and making vigorous efforts to catch the express train, which was fully a quarter of a mile ahead of her....."Awful" Gardner, the converted and reformed pugilist, now presides over the free reading and coffee-room, 26 New Bowery, New York, established by some liberal gentlemen for the purpose of furnishing refreshment, instruction, and a place of social meeting, as a counterpoise to the dens of temptation that exist in the neighborhood. The enterprise is an excellent one and deserves complete success.....John Brougham has just produced his eighty-ninth successful play. He bids fair to rival Lope de Vega in productiveness. The new drama is called "Art and Artifice," and it sketches the upshot of Quentin Matsy's abandonment of the blacksmithing business and becoming a painter, for the purpose of winning the daughter of an old Dutch burgher—a humburgher—named Von Twilt, who took it into his head that she should only be wed by the best painter of Antwerp. The play is said to be full of beautiful thoughts and beautiful language.....The Milwaukie News says the "Order of the Sons of Malta" lately gave the widow of Lopez, who was garrotted in Cuba, a house and lot in Buffalo, where she at present resides.....Letters from England state that great progress has been made on the steamer Great Eastern, which, it is anticipated, will be ready for sea by the first of August. We hope to see the elephant when it arrives in Portland.....A Cincinnati paper says that an economical couple from Iowa arrived at Alexandria, Mo., recently, to get married. The groom had neither hat, coat nor waistcoat, but Justice Spencer kindly loaned him those needed garments, and then tied the knot for the pair. When the ceremony was over, the groom told the "Squire" that he "hadn't a red," but would like to trade him a pet wolf, if they could agree on the terms. The "Squire" took the varmint and gave the happy bridegroom one dollar to boot.....The French Academy some time ago offered a prize for the best poem on the subject of the Sisters of Charity in the Nineteenth Century. The prize has been recently awarded, and we are happy to say that it was gained by a lady—Madame Ernestine Drouet.....It is not perhaps generally known that the Duke of Calabria, who has now, on the death of Ferdinand II. ascended the throne of Naples, is an artist of considerable merit. As a sculptor he has produced many remarkable works, and has engraved many medals, which are at present in the museum of Naples.....The Empress Eugenie is not forgotten by her husband, though he has fled to war and arms from the "nunnery of her chaste breast and quiet mind." Twice a day are despatches brought to the palace—at twelve in the morning and at six at night. The morning messenger regularly brings a bouquet of Italian flowers for the empress—a pretty and gallant conceit.....A writer in the London Illustrated News says: "The gravestone of William Hazlitt in the Church of St. Ann's, Soho, is tottering and illegible. This should not be. As we trod, two days ago, with silent, thoughtful feet, this now sealed-up cemetery, we had a solemn passing thought that the grave of William Hazlitt well deserves a memorial of more than thirty years' duration. But we live in strange times; and it must be indifferent alike to the good and to the great whether the curtain on our coffin falls on Woking or Westminster Abbey.....A Paris letter-writer says: "One or two of the newspapers, in order the better to carry on their war, for which they have been unable to obtain subscribers to *their* loan with the same facility as the emperor, have hit upon the idea of offering as a premium to subscribers for one year a map and a box of pins! These pins have colored heads—green, tri-colored, and mixed black and yellow. These represent the three combating nations, and are stuck over the map, to follow the advance of the different armies: and right merry is the game at the door of the cafes, when two old officers take the command, and then *rentrebleu! morbleu! corbleu!* you should see how the Sardinians are made to follow far in the rear, while the Austrians fly on a long way before. This sweet and interesting game, which attracts every listless idler to the cafes, is the great occupation of the moment, whole bands of men, with beards and moustachios, broad shoulders and big trousers, looking warlike and vigorous enough for any amount of labor or defence, may be seen deeply engaged defeating these imaginary Austrians, and poring for hours over the best method of sticking the little pins right into the very heart of Lombardy, refreshing themselves, meanwhile, on the march and amid the combat by glasses of *eau sucree* or *eau glacee*, and taking fresh courage with every draught.".....As an evidence of what industry and perseverance will do, it may be stated that the Hon. Solon Borland and Hon. Jerre Clemens have risen, by successive stages, from United States senators and ministers plenipotentiary, until they have reached the editorial chair, and they are now associated in the management of the Memphis (Tenn.) Enquirer.....The French correspondent of the New York Express says: "Paris continues to be filled up by Americans and others, returning from Italy, and soon Italy will be emptied of strangers. Switzerland and Germany will be the tourists' points the coming summer, and poor Italy will suffer more in the absence of foreigners, who are ever buying something in the arts.....A tunnel through the earth, from New England to New Zealand, would be eight thousand miles long.....A type-setter, who says he is accustomed to set Persian, Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Armenian, Italian, French and English type, advertises in the Levant (Constantinople) Herald for a situation in England, America, or elsewhere.....Punch says of "The Theatre of War," that they are doing such a tremendous stroke of business that for the present all complimentary admissions are refused, and even the public press is suspended.....Many of the letters from the seat of war in Italy note the skill of the Tyrolese riflemen in the Austrian army. They annoy the French exceedingly, and pick off men at an almost incredible distance, where they were considered safe from the reach of even the longest range of small arms at the present day.....If women were jurors, as some of them claim they ought to be, what chance would ugly old fellows stand when indicted?.....A good citizen is a peacemaker; and a bull in a china shop is a piece maker, too.....When a devout Mohammedan, on his deathbed, gives to his spiritual guide the requisite amount of money, he is furnished with a passport to Paradise, which is carefully placed near his head in the coffin. The following is a free translation of one of these passports: "Angel Gabriel,—Dear Sir—In consideration of the sum of Rs—, paid by Sheik Abdel Karim into our common treasury, you will please deliver to him, on arrival at your place, three pomegranate trees, two date do., one tamarind, and other trees in proportion. Also, seventeen black houris and seven palaces, horses and cattle in abundance, and oblige yours, etc.".....Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty—it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.....A stranger who visited Jersey City, and got involved in the intricacies of the railroad depot, came to the conclusion that no one could get into New Jersey without a night key....."Generally speaking," says the Paris Pays, "no correct estimate is formed of the labor required for the transport of the stores of an army. It requires not less than 300 horses to carry 1,000,000 cartridges. The government has already sent 10,000,000 cartridges to Italy, so that this one article alone has given work to 3000 horses. Such an enormous mass of ammunition for the rifles now in use will give a terrible idea of the power of destruction possessed by the French troops.".....A bachelor says: "A woman will cling to the chosen of her heart like a fly to a 'Catch-em-alive,' and you can't separate her without snapping strings no art can mend, and leaving a portion of her soul on the upper leather of your affections. She will sometimes see something to love where others see nothing to admire; and when fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like a penny-stamp to an envelope, or a tax-gatherer to your house-door.".....Mr. Bruhn, a celebrated Prussian astronomer, has announced that it will take the late comet two thousand one hundred years to travel around its orbit and pay us another visit, and naively "supposes" that "few of us will be here to welcome it back.".....The once famous, or infamous, drama of "Jack Sheppard" was played recently at the Victoria Theatre, London, and was announced for future representations; but a notice has been sent to the manager from the lord chamberlain's office interdicting the performance of the play at that or any other theatre for the future. It is some time since the lord chamberlain exercised his authority over dramas in possession of the stage.....The French are turning their Algerian conquests to account in the interests of civilization. By the application of modern scientific instruments, the engineers have been able to sink Artesian wells in the sandy deserts, and to extract from the soil, at a comparatively moderate depth, water at the rate of from 300 to 500 gallons a minute. The natives are attracted to these spots, and the scriptural prophecy is being literally fulfilled, "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.".....A young lady near Franklin, Ky., went hunting on horseback, lately, and astounded her cavalier by leaping over stone fences, and bagging seventeen fine squirrels.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

There are indications at present that the war in Europe will have a wider sweep than was anticipated at first. Prussia can illy check her impatience, and may soon give the signal for Germany to enter on the field of carnage. The attempts of Kossuth and Klapka to kindle the flame of revolt among the Hungarians may lead to a general war. In the present state of Germany on the one side, and the Danubian populations on the other, a second revolutionary outbreak in Hungary may light up a war from the Baltic to the Black Sea. If Kossuth and Klapka be seriously combining to kindle the flame of rebellion in that remote province of Austria, the Germans may have that *casus belli* which the more heated among them may desire.—The Prussian corps d'armee to be mobilized are the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, and the guards. The 1st, 2d, and 9th corps are reserved, to be opposed, if necessary, to Russia. The other corps will be concentrated, and only sufficient troops will be left in the provinces to garrison the towns and the fortresses.—The Moniteur recapitulates the French loss at Magenta, namely: 323 killed, 2165 wounded, and 470 missing. The French loss at Malegnano was 154 killed, 725 wounded, and 64 missing. An official account has been published of the losses of the Austrians at the battle of Magenta: 63 officers and 1892 soldiers killed, 218 officers and 4130 soldiers wounded; 4000 soldiers missing.—Commercial affairs in France appear at present to be regulated by political events connected with the war. As long as the idea prevails that hostilities will be confined to Italy, speculation is continued as in ordinary times, but when an extraordinary event takes place, such as the mobilization, by the Prussian government, of six corps d'armee, stagnation again sets in. Fortunately the manufacturers in Paris have sufficient orders on hand to give employment to all their operators. The Americans at present are their best customers.

Milan, Italy.

The scowling, censorious, and petulant population of Milan have been transferred into a joyous, impressionable, good-natured people. The transition from one rule to another was sudden and without a struggle; none of the passions which are sure to appear in every popular movement have been roused. It was like the sudden realization of a dream long hoped for and ardently desired, and the Milanese awoke one morning and found this cherished dream a reality. Not even the most active imagination among them had dared to conceive such a speedy solution.

Divorce in France.

The civil tribunal of the Seine has just decided, in a case "Madame X—— *v.* the mayor of the 10th arrondissement," that a foreign woman, legally divorced in her own country, cannot during her first husband's lifetime—although he also is a foreigner—contract a second marriage in France, where, since 1816, the law does not permit a divorce under any circumstance whatever.

England.

The formation of rifle corps is extending through all parts of the country. As it is felt that there may be many willing and ready to join these corps whose means will not allow them to purchase the uniform and accoutrements, associations are being organized to provide the necessary funds.

The Queen and the Pope.

The Roman correspondent of the Weekly Register writes that her majesty Queen Victoria has forwarded an autograph letter to the pope, thanking his holiness for his present of a beautiful mosaic table. It is added that the pope was much gratified with the friendly sentiments expressed by her majesty.

Germany.

In Germany there is a large party which does not hesitate to pronounce Austria to be in the wrong in her policy as to Italy, and who judge the French Emperor's deeds as they are interpreted by his words. The hope of arresting a general war is in the success of this party.

The British Ministry.

First Lord Treasury, Viscount Palmerston; Chancellor Exchequer, W. E. Gladstone; Foreign Secretary, Lord John Russell; Home Secretary, Sir G. C. Lewis; Colonial Secretary, Duke Newcastle; War Secretary, Mr. Sidney Herbert; for India, Sir C. Wood; First Lord Admiralty, Duke Somerset; Lord Chancellor, Lord Campbell; President of Council, Earl Granville; Privy Seal, Duke Argyle; Postmaster General, Lord Elgin; President Board of Trade, Mr. Cobden; President Poor Law Board, Milner Gibson; First Commissioner of Works, Cardwell; Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster, Sir G. Grey; Sir A. Cockburn succeeds Lord Campbell as Lord Chief Justice of England, and the following under secretaries: India, Mr. Baring; Home, G. Clive; War, Lord Ripon; Civil Lord of Admiralty, Mr. Whitbread; Judge Advocate, Justice Headlam; Secretary Poor Law, Gilpin; Vice President Council of Education, Solicitor General Sir H. Keating; Household Officers—Steward, Lord St. Germanus; Horse, Marquis of Aylesbury; Buckhounds, Earl Bessboro; Mistress Robes, Duchess Sutherland.

Rome.

A remarkable demonstration was got up in Rome in honor of the recent successes of the French and Piedmontese armies before Milan. Unable to restrain their impetuous joy, the Romans, as soon as the news was received, ran through the streets in great numbers, and, following the route of the Corso, stopped before the house of General Goyon. Here they burst into the most enthusiastic exclamations of "Viva la Francia!" "Viva l' Emperatore Napoleone!" "Viva l' Independenza!" Their cries were repeated again and again, until General Goyon appeared at the window, and thanked the multitude by gestures.

Naples.

A great political demonstration took place in Naples on the receipt of the news of the battle of Magenta. A great demonstration was made in favor of the French. The road from the royal palace to the street called the Chiaja was filled with upwards of twenty thousand people, cheering the French and Piedmontese consuls' residences. The Swiss and police charged upon them with the bayonet and gradually they were dispersed.

Austrian Finances.

An Austrian imperial decree proclaims that the public will receive for interest on the national loan now due, either bank notes at 125 florins for every 100 florins, or two government bonds, redeemable with compound interest in five years. Commercial letters from Vienna describe the financial condition of Austria as one of complete bankruptcy.

The Galway Steam-Line.

Official documents relative to the postal contract with the Galway steamship line are published. The service will not commence till June 1, 1860. The government had refused to dispense with the conditions requiring communication with New York via Newfoundland in six days.

Prussia.

The announcement in the Prussian Gazette that the Prince of Prussia has ordered that six *corps d'armee* shall be set in motion, is regaded in Paris as the answer of the Germanic Confederation to the note of Prince Gortschakoff.

Italian Malcontents.

The Times Paris correspondent speaks of the dissatisfaction of some of the Italians at territorial accessions of the King of Sardinia. They protest against his taking possession of Lombardy, and require a confederation, not fusion.

Russia.

Russia is making vast preparations at all naval depots. The Neva division of the fleet is reported to number 80 first class ships, and the Baltic fleet 35 sail of the line, of which 14 screw steamers were at Cronstadt.

Important Arrest.

It is stated that the King of Sardinia has ordered the arrest of one of the colonels of one of the Sardinian regiments, for having, contrary to discipline and obvious policy, addressed a proclamation to the Roman Legation.

Russia Ready.

A letter from St. Petersburgh says if Prussia allows herself to be goaded into a menacing step, Russia will concentrate troops on the Gallician frontiers, and send a detachment of her fleet to Prussian Baltic ports.

Horrors of War.

The Piedmontese division engaged at Palestro, when repassing through Novarre, marched with five companies out of ten under sub-officers; the others remained on the field of battle.

British Chancellors.

On the resignation of Lord Chelmsford there will be five ex-chancellors, namely, Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, St. Leonards, Cranworth, and Chelmsford, each drawing £5000 per annum.

French Troops.

The emperor, it is said, has demanded 100,000 more men for Italy, to besiege Austrian fortresses. The French army of observation on the Rhine frontiers numbers 71,000.

Valuable Gift.

Mr. William Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, has been presented by Lieut. Morelaw with a magnificent sceptre which belonged to the King of Delhi.

Klapka's Proclamation.

A Turin journal publishes a proclamation by Klapka, drawn up for distribution among the Hungarian soldiers in the Austrian army.

American Surgeons.

The government of Sardinia has declined the offer of the services of surgeons from the United States.

Greece.

Demonstrations in honor of the French victories have taken place in Greece.

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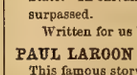

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VIEW OF CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA.

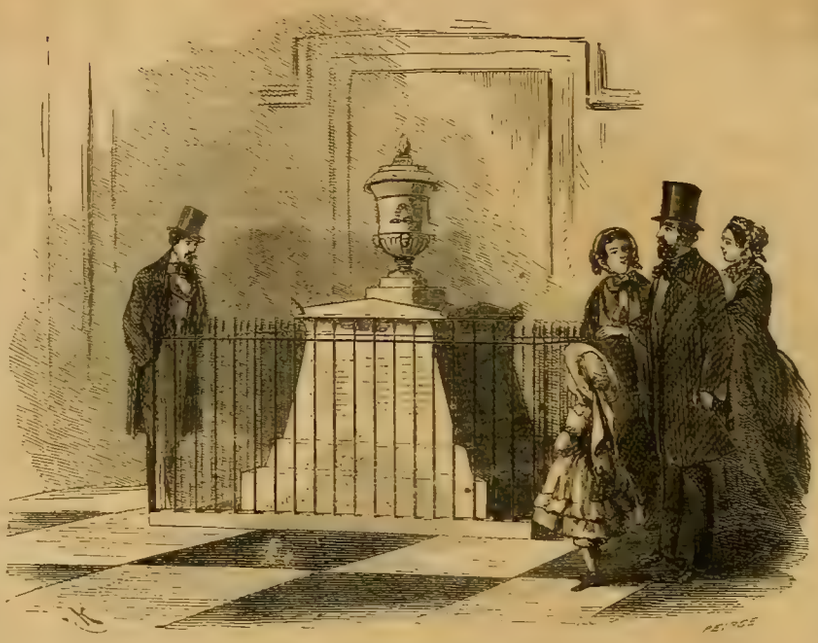
We publish on this page a very fine engraving, representing one of the most picturesque watering places in Europe. Carlsbad (Charles's Bath) is a town of Bohemia, in the circle of Elbogen, on the Tæpel, near its junction with the Eger, 70 miles N. N. W. from Prague, and famous for its hot springs. The permanent residents number about three thousand, but during the summer season the population is sometimes three times as great. It is the most fashionable watering-place in Europe. The town belongs to the Emperor of Austria, and occupies a narrow valley between granite mountains. It has one handsome street, the Kunststrasse, in connection with an elegant granite bridge across the Eger. The springs contain a great amount of carbonate and sulphate of soda, and the *Spiudel*, temperature 165° Fahrenheit, deposits so much incrustation, and is forced upwards with so much violence, that fresh orifices have to be continually bored to prevent explosions and injury to the town. *Mulbrunnen*, temperature 138° Fahrenheit, furnishes most of the water used for drinking. Vapor baths have been constructed over the *Hygienquelle*. The public walks around Carlsbad are much admired. The baths are most frequented from June to September. Carlsbad was the favorite residence of Goethe, Hoffman and Werner. It is celebrated for the congress held there in 1819. The scenery in and about Carlsbad is enchantingly romantic. The shores of the river are occupied by quays planted with trees, and by a succession of *cafés* and shops of every kind, which impart a very animated and brilliant air to this portion of the town. Those of the guests who prefer quiet amusement to climbing steep ascents, give the preference to this quarter. The town, of course, abounds in hotels and lodging-houses; in fact, there is nothing else, for every house takes boarders, and the gradual development of Carlsbad is owing to their affluence. The public registers show that in 1775 there were only 197 families; in 1815, 1300; in 1834, 3287; or, including visitors, 10,000 souls. In many diseases, the waters are very efficacious, while the regimen which every patient is compelled to observe, is well calculated to strengthen the constitution.

GARIBALDI'S BOYS.

The following account of Garibaldi's volunteers is from a letter in the Paris Siècle: "I do not know if you have read in some foreign journals the strange exaggerations on the subject of Garibaldi's volunteers. It has been said that this little army corps is the refuge of persons more or less compromised; they have been represented as so many 'reiters' or 'lanzknechts,' soldiers of the wallet and cord, who despise all discipline, and are only fit to make a bold stroke in enterprises by night. Not a word of it is true. There is not a regiment in Europe where discipline is more severely carried out than in the companies of volunteers. Garibaldi chooses the men, and when he does not personally know those who come and offer their services to him, he does not accept them without good references. This volunteer corps is composed, besides, in great part, of young men belonging to the best families of Naples, Bologna, Modena, Parma, and especially in Milan.

There is at this moment, at the Great Britain Hotel in Turin, a very rich Milanese Countess, whose two sons are volunteers. The elder is twenty-two, and the younger is nineteen. The mother of these two young soldiers has taken up her residence in Turin that she may be near her children; she cannot see them, for they are fighting at the front posts, but she receives news from them every day, and will not return to Lombardy until the Franco-Sardinian army shall have itself entered at the point of the bayonet. Do not suppose this lady to be a matron of ancient Rome. All her days are passed in dread and tears. At every moment she is afraid of some disastrous news, and every unexpected letter makes her tremble. Being very pious, she has two masses said every morning that God may turn aside from the breasts of her sons the Austrian bullets. We are not made of such sorry stuff, you see, as the journals friendly to Austria would fain have it believed.

To speak to you frankly, our scapegraces would not have frightened me, from the moment especially when fighting with Gyulai's soldiers was in question, and on my first journey to Turin, on meeting under the arcades all these young fellows, I was going to say stripplings, who were getting ready to go and fight under Garibaldi's orders, I asked myself if it would not have been better for the papers I spoke of but now to have stated the truth. Now, however, there is no longer a doubt about the courage, the moral strength and determination of these nobles, so young indeed, who have flocked in from all parts of Italy. Full of confidence in their chief, they follow him wherever he wishes to lead them, and harass incessantly the enemy night and day—not an hour at rest, always on the march, and with the musket forever on the shoulder. In less than a month, these children have become old soldiers. They have abandoned everything—they, the inheritors of great names and large fortunes—for servitude, the platter and the hard camp couch. These dukes, marquises, counts; these latest scions of the oldest patrician stocks; have become simple soldiers, warring for independence. Spare, then, these proud children, who are followed by the anxious eyes of their mothers, all disdain and insult; let calumny at least respect such noble hearts, who will be an eternal honor to Italy, their country."



MONUMENT AT RICHMOND, VA.

THE MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA.

The monument delineated in the accompanying engraving by Mr. Kilburn, during his visit to the South to make drawings for the Pictorial, is within the porch of the Monument Church, erected on the site of the theatre destroyed by fire in 1811. The church was built in 1813, and dedicated May 4, in the following year. The monument bears the following inscription: "In memory of the awful calamity that, by the providence of God, fell on this city on the night of the 26th of December, in the year of Christ, 1811, when, by the sudden conflagration of the Richmond Theatre, many citizens of different ages and both sexes, distinguished for talents and for virtues, respected and beloved, perished in the flames, and in one short moment public joy and private happiness were changed into universal lamentation, this monument is erected and the adjoining church dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, that in all future times the remembrance of this mournful event, on the spot where it happened and where the remains of the sufferers are deposited in one urn, may be united with acts of penitence and devotion." In a former number we published a view of the church with a notice of the calamity; we will, therefore, simply remind our readers that the scenery of the theatre took fire during the representation of "Raymond and Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun." A panic seized the audience, egress was difficult, and nearly a hundred individuals perished, among them the Governor of Virginia and several members of Congress.

A MANIFESTO BY MAZZINI.

The New York Tribune translates from the Pensiero ed Azione, an Italian publication issued in London, a long article by Mazzini on the existing war, from which we extract the following: "The truth of the situation is this: As in 1848, and still more so, the Italian movement tends to liberty and national utility. The war is undertaken by the Sardinian monarchy and by Louis Bonaparte with entirely different views. As in 1848, and still more so, the antagonism existing between the tendencies of the nation and those of the accepted chiefs, which then ruined the war, menaces Italy with tremendous disappointments. What Italy aspires to is National Utility. Louis Napoleon cannot wish this. Besides Nizza and Savoy, already conceded to him by Piedmont as the price for his aid in the formation of a northern kingdom, he wants an opportunity to set up the throne of a Murat in the south, and the throne of his cousin in the centre. Rome, and part of the Roman State, are to remain under the temporal government of the Pope. * * Nevertheless, the war is a *fact*—a powerful fact—which creates new duties, and essentially modifies our own proceedings. Between the conception of Cavour and the menace of a coalition, between Louis Napoleon and Austria, equally fatal, there stands Italy—the more serious the dangers of the situation are, the more the efforts of all must concentrate themselves to save the common fatherland from the perils it incurs. If the war was carried on between governments, we might remain spectators, watching the moment when the combatants having weakened each other, the national element could come forward. But that element has already exploded. Deluded or not, the country trembles in a feverish state of activity, and believes it is able to accomplish its purpose by making use of the war, of the emperor and the king. The Tuscan movement, a spontaneous movement of Italian soldiers and citizens, the universal agitation, and the rush of volunteer corps, break through the circle of the official intrigues, and they are the beatings of the national heart. It is necessary to follow them on the field; it is necessary to enlarge, to Italianize (*Italianizzare*) the war. The Republicans will know how to accomplish this duty. Italy, if she will, may save herself from the perils we have set forth. She may win from the actual crisis her national unity. It is necessary that Austria should succumb. We may deplore the imperial intervention, but we cannot deny that Austria is the eternal enemy of every national Italian development. Every Italian must co-operate in the downfall of Austria. This is demanded by the honor, by the safety of all. Europe must learn that between us and Austria there is an eternal war. It is necessary that the people of Italy maintain intangible its dignity, and convince Europe that, if we can undergo the aid of tyranny, because it was claimed by an Italian government, we have not asked for it, and have not renounced for it our belief in liberty and the alliance of peoples. The cry of 'Viva la Francia!' may issue without guilt from Italian lips; not so the cry of 'Viva l'Imperatore!' * * It is necessary that Italy arouse, from one end to the other * * in the north to conquer, not to receive liberty; in the south to organize the reserve of the national army. The insurrection may, with due reserve, accept the military command of the king, wherever the Austrian has pitched his camp, or is at hand; the insurrection in the south must operate and keep itself more independent. Naples and Sicily may secure the Italian cause and constitute its power, represented by a national camp. * * The cry of insurrection, wherever it is heard, must be 'Unity, Liberty, National Independence!' The name of Rome ought always to accompany that of Italy. It is the duty of Rome, not to send one man to the Sardinian army, but to prove to Imperial France that it is a bad bargain for any power to combat in the name of Italian independence, while supporting Papal absolutism."

VIEW OF CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1859. 5 CENTS SINGLE. $2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVII., No. 4...WHOLE No. 422.

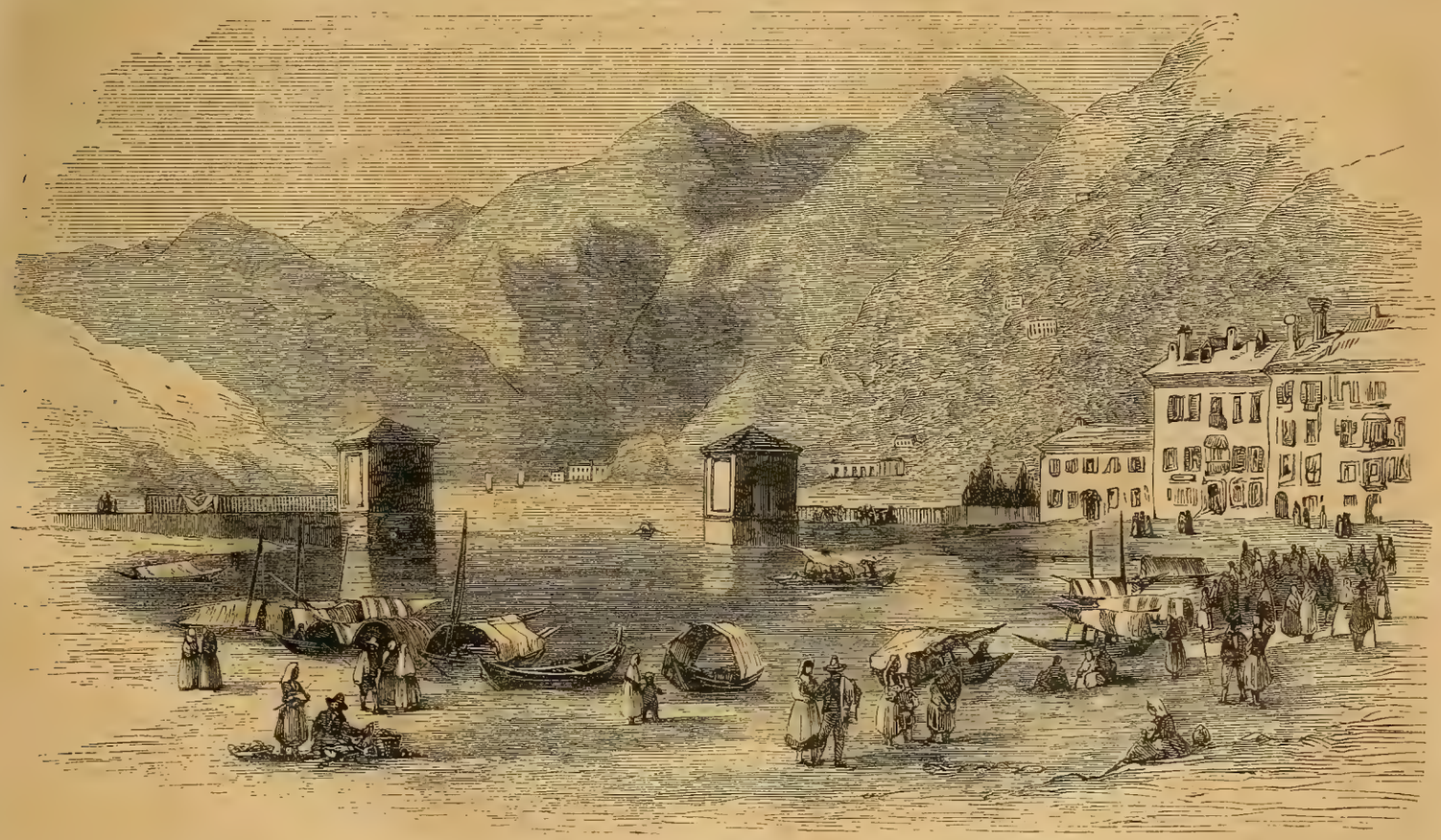
TOWN AND LAKE OF COMO.

If there were no historical interest attached to the place delineated in the accompanying engraving, it would still woo the eye from its romantic beauty. The lovely lake, fringed with its little flotilla of boats with their striped lattcen sails furled, the gaily-costumed people on the shores, the white houses relieved against a wooded background, the lofty hills that print their bold summits on the summer sky, all these make up a scene on which the eye loves to linger, and which dwells in the memory through long years of absence. But these hills and shores have been invested with interest of a more stirring character. Here the heroic Garibaldi, bursting from the gorges of the mountains with his gallant band, struck more than one blow for Italian liberty, and covered his name with glory. But few weeks have passed since this bold partizan leader made his first foray on the Austrians at Como. Como is the capital of the province of the same name in Lombardy. It is situated at the southwest extremity of the lake, surrounded by hills, on which are several old castles. The plan of the city of Como has been likened to the shape of a crab—the city being the body and the two suburbs of Vico and St. Agostino being the claws. From authentic sources we glean some particulars of both the town and the lake, which are subjoined:

Como was anciently a town of considerable importance. A Greek colony having been settled in this district by Pompeius Strabo and Cornelius Scipio, and subsequently by Julius Cæsar, Comum was made the chief seat of this colony. It had hitherto been an inconsiderable place, but from that time it rose to a great degree of prosperity under the name of Comum Novum. It appears from the letters of the younger Pliny, who was born at Comum, that his native city was, in his time, in a very flourishing state, and in the enjoyment of all the privileges which belonged to a Roman *municipium*. Como does not figure in history after the fall of the empire, till the year 1107, about which time it became an independent city, and engaged in wars with Milan, which ended in its total destruction in 1127. It was rebuilt by Frederic Barbarossa in 1155, and four years afterwards was fortified. It remained a republic for two centuries, until it fell under the dominion of the Viscontis. Since that time Como has followed the fortunes of Milan. Como is a place of considerable trade and industry. Its silk fabrics formerly stood next in rank to those of Milan. Time was when the number of looms at work at Como exceeded those of Lyons. Como has manufactures of silks, woollens, cotton, yarn, and soap; the latter is much esteemed. It trades from its port on the lake chiefly with Switzerland. It exports rice, corn, and other agricultural produce for the mountain districts, and large quantities of raw silk in transit through Switzerland, for Germany and England, by the routes over the Splugen and St. Gothard. The view of Como from the north is peculiarly striking, the city being spread out on the undulating shore of the lake; and in the background is the ancient picturesque tower of the Baradello, connected with one of the most important passages in the history of Milan. The Cathedral, or Duomo, is a fine building, the beauty of the architecture being heightened by the richness and solidity of the material used in its construction. It is of marble. Como possesses some other curious mediæval antiquities, —none more remarkable than the Church of San Fedele. This buildi g is considered to be of the era of the Lombard Kings, and the exterior is nearly unaltered.

The little port of Como is formed by two piers, each ending in a square pavilion, the view up the lake from which is pleasing. The lake abounds with fish. Of these the most numerous is the trout, pike, perch, and the agone, a species of clupea. The agone migrate periodically from one end of the lake to the other. The Lake of Como, called by the ancients Lacus Larius, is about forty miles long from north to south. Its southern extremity is divided into two branches by the promontory of Bellaggio; at the bottom of one of these bays lies Como (Comum), the birthplace of Pliny and Volta; and, at the extremity of the other, on the east, Lecco. The chief feeder of the lake is the Adda, which enters it at the north and flows out at Lecco. The bay of Como has no outlet, so that its waters must also find its way out by the Adda. Taken altogether, it perhaps surpasses in beauty of scenery and vegetation, every other lake in Italy.

On the 21st of May Garibaldi quitted Biella and marched on Lago Maggiore, on the 23d he crossed the Ticino at Sesto-Calende, beat the enemy and seized on Varese. On the 26th he again beat the Austrians at Malmate, the next day he marched on Como and took possession of it, being received by the people with the most frantic demonstrations of delight. On the 28th he occupied Camerlata and Lecco. On the 2d of June, being attacked by overwhelming forces, he retired from Como and Varese, but on the following day resumed the offensive and regained Varese. On the 8th of June, he was again victorious and drove the Austrians into Monza. Since then, he has been constantly on the alert, sweeping on the foe whenever opportunity presented itself for harassing and decimating their ranks. The hero of Como is the hero of Northern Italy. His brilliant valor, foresight, the rapidity of his motions, his sternness in battle, the gentleness and modesty of his manners, have given him a prestige that nothing can dim. To his standard have flocked those high-spirited young men, many of them nobles, born and reared in luxury, who believe that the hour of Italian independence has arrived, and who feel that the toilsome march, the hard bed, the hard fare, the perils of battle, are more endurable than all the comforts and elegances of life, embittered by submission to foreign tyranny. Garibaldi is worthy to command such soldiers—he is entitled to their fullest respect, to their love, obedience and admiration, for his entire life has been a sacrifice to the cause of liberty, and not a spot sullies the purity of his name. His sword has ever been at the service of every struggling people. He has fought against tyranny in America, as he fought against it in Italy. His defence of Rome, in 1849, won the admiration of even his enemies, and when Rome fell, he fell not with it. Putting himself at the head of the gallant band which had made such a heroic stand against the French, he cut his way through his swarming foes to the mountains—his life being preserved to be again imperilled in the cause of his country. Ten years have elapsed and he is again in arms, fighting with undiminished gallantry and with better fortune. May he live to see Italy free from Austrian rule—he asks no higher reward.



THE LAKE OF COMO, THE SCENE OF GARIBALDI'S LATE BRILLIANT EXPLOITS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WILD MADGE:

— OR, —

REMINISCENCES OF A ROMP.

BY SUSAN HOLMES BLAISDELL.

When I was a little girl I was a veritable hoyden. I began to get the name as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of doors alone, and I did not get rid of it until—well, not until a number of years after. My father was a country farmer, and had one of the finest farms in the State where we lived; so I spent two-thirds of my time, as he did, in the open air, and went whither it suited me best.

"Wild as a hawk." That was what they used to say of me. At an age when other children are just beginning to play with dolls, to evince a passion for play-houses, and so forth, I was out in the barn among the cattle, among the hay hunting hen's eggs, riding the horses to water, and driving the ox team. Other children have kittens or birds for pets; I had my kittens, to be sure—yes, a whole family of them; and, in the way of birds, a tame robin that fed from my hand; but I had pet calves, too, as well. I remember that one of them, an ungrateful animal, chased me around the pasture once until I was *almost* frightened, and tore my dress shockingly in getting over a fence out of his way; and a splendid fiery black colt that not a soul about the farm, but myself, could touch. He seemed to take a special fancy to me; I suppose it was because he knew I was not afraid of him, I don't know what else.

A little later, I was scouring the woods about the farm, and climbing trees to look after birds'-nests. But I am telling the truth when I say I never stole one—at least any that was occupied. There was one, a humming-bird's nest, and so curious, so beautiful, so *perfect* was it, that I went into raptures of childish admiration over it, and I should have liked to carry it home! But it had three eggs in it, and I couldn't. The tom-boy might climb the tree, but the child could not steal the bird's-nest.

In the very heart of my hoydenism there was a deep reverence, a passionate love for the beautiful in nature, and I think that was the one germ of promise that showed itself through all the wildness and roughness of my childish character. But there were few, I think, that saw it. My father was one of those few, and was not afraid for me. My mother was, simply, half the time in a flutter of alarm lest I should break my neck; but Aunt Patience, for her part, seemed to care less for personal danger than for the sacrifice of propriety. She was very prim, very austere, very particular in her notions of the rules that should regulate a young lady's conduct, and though I believe she would have been deeply and sincerely afflicted if any sad accident had happened to me in one of my escapades, I really do not think the catastrophe would have troubled and tormented her more than she was troubled and tormented and shocked now, every day of her life, by my wild capers.

"Joshua," she would say to my father, severely, "Joshua, I don't know what that child *is* coming to! I never saw a child allowed to run wild, as she is. She does nothing but scramble through the woods, and climb trees, and wade in the stream from morning till night. And it isn't proper. I wouldn't have a girl so wild! Do just see her, what a figure she is half the time, burnt brown in the sun, her hands and arms scratched from one end to the other with brambles, and her gown torn half off her back! She'll have spoilt all the good looks she ever had by the time she's grown up; and as to manners, why, she'll have no more than a red Indian."

"All I'm afraid of," said my mother, "is that she'll get half killed some time, in the midst of her freaks. If she *should* break some of her limbs—"

"O, I wouldn't borrow any trouble about it," said my father, good-naturedly. "I aint afraid of her breaking her limbs, mother; she's too smart for that—always sure to come right side up, for all the world, like a cat! As for manners, Patience, and *good* manners, too, I'll risk them any day, where a child's got as good a *heart* as Madge has. And about the good looks, why, I'd rather a child of mine should be healthy than handsome. No, no, let her run wild if she will, Patience, while she's a child! She'll come out all right in the end, see if she don't!"

And run wild I did, accordingly, and if my skin got brown, and my arms were scratched, and my gown torn, I was strong and rosy and well, and straighter than any arrow.

I had to go to school in the winter, when there *was* a school, in the village, and I learned fast and well; but I hated the confinement, and all through the spring and summer and autumn I made up for lost time, and when I was fourteen years old, you would hardly have known me from the red Indian to whom my Aunt Patience had so aptly compared me.

And hitherto I had been as happy as a lark, for I never had been troubled by anything more than the scoldings and complainings of Aunt Patience, and I never cared much for them. But now something came across me for which I *did* care very much indeed. There were coming to see us, so I was told one day, some cousins of mine, whom I had never seen more than once or twice in the course of my life, and whom I hardly remembered. Directly I heard it, I thought it would be very nice to have them come. I dared say I should like them very much. But at the very outset, Aunt Patience set me against them. She came to me, with one of her most impressive and solemn of faces, and said:

"Now, Margaret" (she never would call me Madge—she had a proper aversion to the name—it was just suited to my wild ways, and she had a horror of both, and would not countenance either), "now, Margaret, listen to me. You know that these people who are coming here are not country people; they have lived in the city all their lives, and in very elegant style, too. They are wealthy and refined; they are accustomed to move in the first circle of society, and consequently will be astonished by such rudeness, such wildness as they will meet with in you. Margaret, I speak for your good, and you must attend to what I say; you must learn to behave more properly, more like a young lady, before they come, or they will be shocked at—disgusted with you."

"Then they'll *have* to be shocked and disgusted, that's all I have to say, aunt!"

That was what I said, rising up, red and rebellious, from my seat.

"I don't want anything to do with them if they're such terribly fine people, and it wont make a scrap of difference whether they like me or not!" And I marched off, leaving my good aunt horrified and despairing.

To be sure I went back, when I got a little cooler, to say, honestly, that I was sorry if I had spoken disrespectful to *her*; but I was up in arms against the fine relatives that were coming, and not a word more could she get me to listen to concerning them.

I do not know certainly whether this lecture which I had received, and the spirit of defiance that I felt towards the expected guests, were the moving cause, but thenceforth I went gipseying more determinedly and desperately than ever.

One afternoon, when I had been out three or four hours, roaming through field and wood, picking wild strawberries—it was in June, and I had a basketful on my arm—with my straw hat fallen back from my head, my hair all about my face, and my gown torn as usual, I trudged homeward at sunset, singing quietly by the way, when I felt in the mood, and when I got tired of that, thinking my own silent thoughts instead.

I did not once dream that the expected guests had arrived while I was away that afternoon, and so, when I had got as far as the old orchard, on my way home, and had jumped up on the low stone wall at the lower end, I stood there quite still, and seized with an intense fit of reflection, on beholding several persons, all complete strangers to me, grouped under one of the low-boughed apple-trees, around the swing—my own special swing—that my father had put up for me himself.

One of them, a tall, queenly girl, with a very beautiful and imperious countenance—a straight, dark-eyed and dark-haired Diana she was—was just seating herself in this swing; and when she had placed herself, and arranged her skirt to her satisfaction—it would not have taken me a twentieth part of the time to do the same thing—she said, coolly:

"Now I am ready; Cousin Charles, do your best! When I am tired I shall tell you."

I looked at "Cousin Charles" attentively. He was a tall and very elegant man of five or six-and-twenty, with a gay and careless face, of no little masculine beauty, with fair curling hair and whiskers, and very fine, but I thought very impertinent eyes, that I suddenly found fixed straight upon me. He stood still, holding the rope.

"I say, Clara, look there!" he said, in the coolest way. "Isn't it a picture?"

"Why don't you swing me?" said Diana, with cold impatience. "Look where? What is there to look at? O!"

Her grand dark eyes rested, like his, full upon me. She surveyed me with a glance half careless, half imperious, from head to foot.

"Well, who is she? a beggar, I suppose, little ragged thing! Give her some money, Charles, and then come and swing me."

Here was I dubbed "a beggar" the very first thing. But it was just what I had expected, and I did not care. It rather amused me. I stood regarding her composedly enough.

"A beggar? you're wrong there, Cousin Clara!" put in the gentleman, gaily. "It's Pomona, that delicious little heathen goddess—wasn't she a heathen goddess, Clara?—whom we used to read about in those tiresome old books at school. Only her frock is shockingly torn, isn't it? Never mind, though. Pomona!" advancing towards me as he spoke; "gracious lady, deign to bestow upon an unworthy mortal the smallest gift of thy bounty—the meanest portion of—of—"

"Wild strawberries," I said, with perfect self-possession, helping him out.

He paused, looking keenly at me with an air at once puzzled and amused.

"Wild strawberries?" he echoed, after a moment; then, in his former gay strain, he continued: "Strawberries, are they? O, yes, I see. Pray give us some strawberries, Pomona."

With perfect gravity and composure I stepped down from the wall, plucked a large plantain-leaf, and laying it on the grass, poured out upon it about a third of the contents of my basket.

"You can share them with your Diana there," I said, quietly, "if she will condescend to accept a beggar's offering." And rising up, I passed straight and swift by the group, and up the orchard, without looking to the right or left.

The other members of the group, whom I have not mentioned, were a young man and a young girl. I had not looked at them, but I was conscious that they were regarding me silently and attentively. I left them all behind me, and clearing the orchard, took the remainder of my solitary way up to the house.

The first person I met was Aunt Patience, who was getting tea with all her might in the kitchen, engaged in cutting up pies, setting out custards, filling preserve dishes, and slicing great white loaves of home-made bread, all, it seemed to me, at the same moment. I dropped my basket, went and washed my face and hands, and set about helping her.

"O, here you are at last!" she said, casting her despairing glance over my forlorn looking figure; "here you are at last, and looking worse than ever! What a sight, Margaret Alison! and your cousins have come, do you know it? For pity's sake let everything alone, and run up stairs and make yourself fit to be seen before they come back to tea! By good luck, they're down in the orchard now, and you'll have time enough, if you only hurry. For pity's sake, make haste!"

"O, there's no need of that now, Aunt Patience," I answered; "they've seen me already."

"They've seen you?" She paused from her work, aghast. "*Not* in that awful trim, Margaret?"

"Yes, just exactly in that trim," I answered. "I came up through the orchard. They all had a fair sight of me."

She looked ready to cry.

"O, Margaret—Margaret Alison!" she ejaculated, despairingly.

I wanted sadly to laugh; but I felt a little sorry for poor, horrified Aunt Patience, too; so I dusted my hands free from crumbs, and said: "Well, don't fret, aunt, and I'll run right up stairs and fix myself up."

So I gave my face and hands another washing, and then, with elf-locks dripping till I looked like a mermaid, I scampered off to my own little chamber, meeting my mother on the way, with her arm full of napkins, just out of the press.

"So you're back, Madge?" she said. "You'd better hurry and dress yourself."

"Just what I'm going to do, mama," I answered, quietly.

"That's right. Do you know your cousins have come?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, make haste now; make yourself look nicely, Madge, there's a good girl."

"Yes, mama."

She went down stairs, and I entered my sanctum. The one large window of the room, draped with convolvulus and rose-vines, and farther shaded with a snowy muslin curtain, looked directly down upon the orchard. I peeped through and saw, down there under the apple-trees still, the group that I had left. I did not look at "Cousin Charles" this time, nor yet at his haughty Diana, but at the other two, whom I had not yet had a fair view of.

They were not near enough for me to distinguish their features, but the one—the young lady—seemed to be slender, and fair, and delicate, with pale brown hair that gleamed half golden in the sunset. She was in white; she moved quietly, gently; it pleased me to look at her, and I thought that her pure face, just flushed with the light of the rosy west, must be as sweet as it was fair.

Her companion I could form a less definite idea of. But he was a young man of, I supposed, some twenty-one or twenty-two years, head and shoulders taller than the girl, of slight yet strongly-built figure, and with fine, clustering, wavy brown hair, two or three shades darker than hers. His face I could not see, for his head was slightly bent towards her, as he talked with her, and he did not raise it while I stood there. I had never seen them before; they were not my cousins, though they were called so, but only connexions of the family. I knew who they were, my mother had often mentioned them. They were brother and sister, and their names were Edward and Lucy Morrison.

But if I *had* never seen them before, and if they were not my own cousins, they seemed to me to be much nicer and more agreeable than my own cousins, haughty and handsome Clara Delmar, and that self-possessed and self-sufficient Charles Warrington. I disliked Clara already; not because she had called me a beggar—that was very pardonable, and not a little laughable, too, for I looked just like one—but because she was so vain and imperious; and I hated Charles Warrington because he was so bold, and had such infinite assurance, and because I had an uneasy foreboding that he was a great tease, too, at least that he would prove one to me. And I should be excellent game for him—I, a raw girl of fifteen, and a romp into the bargain.

But while I stood there, leaning on the window-seat, and beginning to work myself up against two people whom I had never before seen, since I was a baby, I bethought myself that I was losing time. Turning my back to the window, therefore, I betook myself to the little white draped toilet-table, and began to brush out my hair.

While I stood before the glass, I took a good look at it myself in it, which indeed was a thing I seldom thought of doing on ordinary occasions; for besides being a romp, I was almost culpably careless of my personal appearance, and consequently seldom took the pains to discover whether the parting of my hair was straight or otherwise, or whether my face was clean or not, supposing that if the hair was only combed, and the face washed properly, that was all that was needed.

But I examined myself now critically; *why*, I did not trouble myself to inquire, but it certainly was not that I wished to appear well in the eyes of either Clara Delmar or Charles Warrington. I did not care the snap of my olive finger for them. It *might* have been—is this all real?—is it true?—with vague reference to the opinion of pretty Lucy Morrison and her brother, but I could not say truly about that to this day.

However, I looked well at the reflection of my features in the glass before me, as I said, and observed, with a certain degree of satisfaction, that my face, brown though it was, was clean, and bright, and rosy; that the parting of my hair was milk-white and straight as it could be, and that the hair itself—I found afterwards that it was just the color of Edward Morrison's—was smooth and nicely braided, and becomingly arranged. Then I looked at my hands; there was no fault to find with them—they were clean and rosy, and the finger-nails in faultless order. I knew I needed no bath, for I had taken one two hours before in the stream at the lower part of the farm. So, well satisfied with myself, I commenced rummaging my bureau drawers for clean clothes.

They were soon found—an entire suit, without rent or blemish—for with a view to my peculiar propensities for scratching and tearing, my "bump of destructiveness," as my good father laughingly called it, my mother took care to keep

me well supplied, and in ten minutes I was freshly arrayed in them, and my torn and soiled gown, of that single day's wear, exchanged for one clean and whole, of some fresh and pretty muslin, with little lace ruffles for the throat and wrists. Then I got a clean handkerchief, and surveyed myself once more in the glass. Yes, I looked well enough; I was very well satisfied. And finally, I took one peep from the window.

The guests were there, just where I had left them; but my father was with them now, and Clara Delmar still occupied the swing, idly swaying to and fro with the help of one dainty foot, that just touched its slippered toes to the turf. Charles Warrington as idly reclining on the grass at the foot of the old apple-tree under which the group was gathered, and my father, and Lucy, and Edward Morrison, were seated in some chairs that had been brought, I suppose, from the old summer-house. I fancied that Charles Warrington liked to be observed, lying there in that attitude of indolent grace; but I had neither the time nor the inclination, for my part, to stand there looking at him.

"Now I shall have time to help set the table before they come in, I hope," said I, to myself. And forthwith I ran down to the kitchen, where I found my mother and Aunt Patience in conference together over some of the arrangements of supper, and Ruthy, the hired girl, just bringing in the milk, freshly strained and yet warm, from the dairy. My nicely and quickly arranged toilet met with commendations from all. Aunt Patience's countenance wore a favoring smile.

"There, that's worth while now, Margaret!" she said, with a gratified air. "Now you look well enough to see anybody. And I only just hope you'll behave as much like a young lady as you look, that's all."

"Yes, that'll do, Aunt Patience!" I answered, laughing. "I've just come down to see what I can do here. Mother, is the table set? No? Well, lend me a big apron, and see if I don't set it in less than no time." And in two minutes I was putting the dishes on the table in the dining-room, the cloth having been laid just before I came down.

I might be a great romp, but neither mother nor Aunt Patience could beat me at setting a table handsomely, and almost before they knew it, I had put everything on in a style that they had no reason to find fault with. And when all was ready, and nothing to be attended to but what Ruthy could attend to herself, we left her there in her glory, and my mother and Aunt Patience adjourned to the parlor to sit and rest themselves for a few moments, while I was sent down to the orchard to get introduced to my cousins, and to notify them that supper was ready.

I went, a little reluctant at starting, it must be confessed; then by degrees, as I went, recalling my usual composure, and finally, in anticipation of meeting Miss Delmar, growing as cool and independent as ever she could have been herself. They saw me before I got anywhere near them. I saw the smile on my father's face.

"Hallo," he said, looking pleased, "here's my little Madge!"

"Little Madge" came and was introduced, looking very quiet and demure, and not in the least (now that she was washed clean, and dressed as a young lady should be) like the ragged brown gipsey of fifteen minutes previous. They did not recognize the gipsey in me, and Charles Warrington was very fine, and made no end of high-flown speeches, in which there was a great deal about his "lovely little cousin," and poetical comparisons to "wild-wood flowers," and all that, and so on, until I thought him both ridiculous and disagreeable, for I had never listened to such fine talk before, and it only sounded very strange and very silly. I think I had a natural abhorrence of anything "fine" in a man. And Clara Delmar just gave me her hand, just bent her splendid head, and gave me a patronizing kiss, and said, quietly: "How do you do, Cousin Madge?" It was different with Edward Morrison and his pretty sister Lucy. I believe we were really glad to see and shake hands with each other, as we said; and I found Lucy no whit less pretty than I had expected to find her; and Edward's face, with its deep, serious, blue eyes, was a manly, earnest, pleasant face, and his quiet, courteous manner the very opposite of Charles Warrington's gay, half frivolous one.

But after all, I minded Clara Delmar most; she was the one of whom Aunt Patience had said, "they will be shocked at such wild behaviour as yours, Margaret Alison." And so, while I observed her silently, my pride was ready to start up defiant at any moment's notice. Yes, even though I had learned to look upon her with something very like contempt already. For I was nothing but a child, after all, although I was fifteen.

We went up to supper. Charles Warrington offered me his arm, with exuberance of gallantry and politeness, to escort me up to the house, and I was half amused and half provoked at being obliged to take it and make a figure of myself; and afterwards, we all gathered in the parlor and talked, and Clara Delmar was brilliant, animated, and quite led the conversation. I remember hearing my father say he had not for a long time heard any woman talk so well. Indeed, I think she showed the best side of her character that evening, and I quite wondered at her, and came gradually to think that I had judged her too hastily.

But the next morning, I, thinking to be very polite, went down with her to the stable to show her my own pretty black mare Robinette. Our man was carrying Black Robin by the stable door, and Robinette, standing just within, whinnied from her stall at the sound of my voice. I ran in, and loosing the halter, led her out.

"Miss Delmar," I said, a little proudly, "don't you think she's a beauty?"

And Clara admitted that she had seldom seen a prettier creature. I found that my cousin was a great admirer of beautiful horses—that advanced her one point in my favor.

"You shall try Robinette as often as you like," I said, instantly. "You might try her now, just round the yard, if you don't mind your dress, only to see how docile she is, and how comfortably she takes you along."

Miss Delmar said a little coldly that she preferred not to ride without her habit. But I was earnest.

"O, you need'nt mind just here," I said; "nobody'll see you, you know. Tom, where's the saddle? Put it on for Miss Clara, will you?"

Tom answered that the girth was not mended yet.

"The girth, Tom? Why, I rode yesterday morning!"

"Ay, Miss Madge, but you rode bare-backed, if you recollect," he answered, quietly.

So I had, and I had had such a gallop! I remembered now. But I looked askance at Miss Delmar to see what she thought of this sudden expose. She was looking at me with an odd expression on her face, half cold, half wondering.

"Do you ride in that way?" she said.

A sudden fit of recklessness seized me.

"Yes, to be sure!" I answered, hastily. "You shall see. *You* never ride so, Miss Delmar, I dare say?"

I just ran and got the bridle, put it into Robinette's mouth, and stepping on the block by the door, sprang to her back. "Now look out, Miss Delmar!" I said.

Tom ran to set the gate back. I gathered my dress well about my feet, and patted Robinette on the shoulder. "Now!" I repeated. And Robinette flew.

I just looked back once over my shoulder, as we cleared the stable yard, to see Miss Delmar standing stock-still where I had left her, looking any amount of wonderment and contempt. And yet, I verily believe—nay, I *know*—that for the sake of attracting admiration, she would have done many a thing that I should have pronounced even less ladylike than this; only she was very beautiful and queenly, and she would do it with a grace that should soften its boldness. But I was not desirous of attracting admiration; I only wanted to astonish and scandalize Clara Delmar.

Well, I had done it. "And now, Robinette, we'll make it worth our while, since we're about it!" I said. So I patted her shoulder again, and we kept up a steady pace, with the fresh west wind racing past us, for a good mile and a half, I should think, and my hair was half down and blowing straight back, and I felt my cheeks tingling, and the blood dancing in my veins, and the very spirit of the morning running wild within me, and we came to a stand at last, and I should judge that we had not been above five minutes doing the whole distance; which I considered pretty well for Robinette and me.

We came back rather more quietly, and in about seven minutes more we were in the yard again. Of course Miss Delmar was not there. Neither was Black Robin there, nor yet Tom. But I heard the voice of the latter talking in the stable as I dismounted close to the door, and I supposed he was talking to my father.

"Ay, Miss Madge is the one to astonish them, sir!" he was saying.

"Tom!" I called, a little sharply, for I did not know but my father would disapprove of my running off and leaving my cousin in that unceremonious fashion; "Tom, wont you come out here and attend to Robinette?"

"Ah, is that my pretty little Cousin Madge?" called out Charles Warrington's gay voice; and Charles Warrington himself, handsome and smiling, and self-appreciative as ever, walked out from the stable, followed by Tom, and taking a cool and I thought half satirical survey of me, with my flushed face, and disordered hair and dress. How vexed I was!

"Aurora herself!" he said, with pretended admiration. "What exquisite bloom! But no wonder. Cousin Madge, Tom, here, has been telling me of your admirable skill as an *equestrienne*. I have one prayer to make—ride with me this afternoon, my sweet cousin."

"Thank you, you are very good," I said, coolly, "but Robinette is engaged for the use of Miss Delmar. I dare say *she* will not object to riding with you."

"Ah, Madge refuses! that is cruel!" he said, pretending to be disappointed; "and when Madge is such an excellent rider, too! It is not possible that she can be so hard-hearted, so obdurate! Now if I had been prepared only fifteen minutes ago—"

"Probably if you *had* been prepared fifteen minutes ago, I should not have gone myself!" was my quiet yet thoroughly vexed reply. "I preferred riding alone this morning."

Perhaps all this was very rude to my father's guest; but I do not think I was to blame. I would not have treated *any one* uncivilly. I would have been courteous to the roughest laborer that ever delved on my father's farm—to the meanest beggar that asked for bread at our door; but I was simple, and plain, and earnest-hearted myself; I never could bear flattery and foppery and fine manners; they were foreign to me; I did not know what to make of them. And Charles Warrington knew that perfectly well, I think, and, from the very love of mischief, loved to torment me in this respect.

This it was that provoked me, and moreover, that Tom should have told him every word, not thinking any harm, because he himself, I knew, honestly admired my exploits. It did not suit me that Charles Warrington, with his smiling confidence and cool audacity, should know of my escapades. But it could not be helped now. And thinking myself silly to have allowed myself to linger there to be teased by my foppish cousin, I turned square about, and was walking out of the yard, when Edward Morrison entered. I suspect that I looked irate, that my cheeks were a little warmer, and my brow a little more cloudy than I would have liked him to see them. I think he noticed it, too, in the inquiring glance he gave me; and he looked quickly beyond me to where Charles Warrington stood. But if he did notice, he gave no sign. A pleasant, cheery smile came like sunshine over his face.

"Ah," he said, "you have been to make a morning visit to your pretty Robinette? You love Robinette, don't you, Margaret?"

That was all he said to me, as he passed; but I was infinitely pleased and gratified by those few simple and kindly words. How different he was from that tormenting Charles Warrington!

I went up to the house thinking about him, and ran up to my room to brush my hair. Coming out from thence, I went into Miss Morrison's chamber, where she sat quietly sketching a pretty view from the window. She had been so engaged for the last half hour; Clara Delmar and I had left her there when we went down to the stable. She looked up and smiled as I entered.

"I am here still," she said.

"Yes, I see; and I should think you would be tired; are you not?" I asked her.

"No," she said, "she rather loved such employment, and it did not easily weary her."

I leaned over her chair.

"May I look at your work, Miss Morrison?" was my next question.

Certainly I might. And she allowed me to examine the view, and one other that she had finished that morning. Then she opened her trunk and gave me from thence a good-sized portfolio, filled with drawings, to examine. They were exquisitely done. I was examining them with girlish rapture when Miss Delmar came in, knitting a bead purse.

"O, you are back?" she said, quietly.

"Yes," I answered.

"Did you go far?" was her next question, in the same quiet tone.

I told her the distance I had been. She shrugged her shoulders slightly, quietly ensconced herself in a deep chair near Miss Morrison, and for a few moments sat surveying me while she worked, very much as if I were some curious specimen of zoology, or some ill-behaved child, who needed summary correction to bring her to her senses. And I have not the slightest doubt that Miss Delmar would have liked to administer the correction her very self.

I did not know whether she had told Miss Morrison of my escapade. I wanted to find out, for if she had, Miss Morrison did not betray her knowledge. So I started the inquiry forthwith.

"Miss Morrison," I said, "did you know I had been to ride?"

"No," my companion answered, gently.

"I have been," I said. "That was what Miss Delmar was speaking of when she asked me if I went far. I went a mile and a half in five minutes, without a saddle, and bare-headed."

I wanted to see what she would think. But if she thought me bold and guilty of impropriety, as Miss Delmar did, she would not let me see it."

"Did you?" she said, in her calm, pleasant way; "you must be a very skilful rider. But I cannot ride at all, even *with* a saddle. I should like to learn. Perhaps you will let me mount your pretty Robinette some day. Is she gentle?"

I was eager and animated in a moment.

"O, yes indeed, she is!" I answered, quickly; "you never saw an animal more so—the sweetest tempered little creature she is!—a baby could manage her. And you *shall* learn to ride on her; I should be so delighted to have you, Miss Morrison!"

She smiled.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said. "I am sure I shall be very happy to learn. But wont you call me Lucy? you see that I call you Margaret."

I told her I should like to, and so I called her thenceforth; but Miss Delmar never asked me to call *her* by her Christian name. We had been sitting there a few minutes longer, when my mother came in.

"Are you all busy here?" she said, cheerfully, looking around upon us. "Because if you are not, there are some young gentlemen down stairs who would be glad of your company. And Aunt Patience and I will join you presently. We have been somewhat busy this morning." And while mama went to her room for a moment, we went down stairs.

"I like your mother," said Lucy Morrison, softly and thoughtfully, on the way down. And I liked *her* for that.

Charles Warrington and Edward were seated on the step at the hall door. They rose as they heard us approaching—Charles Warrington springing up with his usual gay smile.

"Ah, there's my little cousin!" he said, with his eyes sparkling; "my little fay—my elf—no, —my pretty queen of the Amazons! That is her name. Isn't it, pretty Madge?"

"Mr. Warrington," I uttered, half pettishly, half with real distress, "I wish you *wouldn't* call me so many silly names. I wish you would speak to me as if you were a sensible man, and I were not a baby or *anything*. I wish you would be serious, once and for all."

They all looked at me, and Charles Warrington, for the first time, grew really sober.

"O, now, did I plague you, Madge?" he said, earnestly; "well, I wont do it any more, indeed I wont, if you'll just forgive me this time, and be friends. You *will* be friends with me, wont you, Madge? and I'll never be silly again." He held out his hand.

I was pacified and pleased now.

"Yes, I said, giving him my hand, "I am very willing to be."

"And you'll call me Charles, wont you, Madge? Not that odious 'Mr. Warrington,' any longer."

I very readily assented now. And, the brief cloud passed, there was clear sunshine at last.

But somehow, while *my* cloud had gone by, there seemed to have come one across Miss Delmar's horizon. She grew stately, cold, unapproachable. What ailed her I did not know. But I soon forgot all about it in thinking of other things; and when I looked again at Miss Delmar's countenance, and observed her manner, the change had disappeared. She was careless and quiet—in short, her usual self. Henceforth, I really ceased to dislike Charles Warrington; he

became quite serious and earnest indeed, and showed himself to possess no small amount of genuine good nature. And we were very good friends, as we had agreed that we should be. He was quite attentive to me; indeed, he seemed to pay more heed to me than to anybody else, I thought, for he sat by me when we were in the house, and walked by my side when we went out; if we sang, he stood behind my chair, helping me with his fine tenor, and looking over my book, and always looked for "little Madge" for his partner in every sport and amusement that we entered into.

It seemed rather odd to me at first to be made so much of; but by-and-by I got used to it, so that I hardly ever minded him, and half the time would forget even that he was anywhere near, when perhaps he would be sitting at my very feet.

I suppose if I ever did think seriously about him, it was to compare his character with Edward Morrison's. Or rather I should, I suppose, have said, to *contrast* it with Edward's; for there was not the slightest comparison between them. One half hour in their company would have shown this to the greatest s anger, I should think. Cheerful, Edward certainly was; but there was a certain reserve, a deep, steady, settled manliness belonging to his character, that was nothing akin to that of Charles Warrington. And Charles was good, and kind, and really noble-hearted, too; but then he was light, careless, versatile, and the nobleness of his nature only showed itself when the deepest depths of that nature were stirred.

Edward never seemed to care for me as much as did Charles Warrington; never sat at my feet to read to me; never stood by my chair to sing; never sought me out for the companion of his walks, as Charles was in the habit of doing. But I used to think of him when he kept himself so far away from me—used to look for him very often, when it was likely he never thought of me; and very often looked at his pretty, gentle sister Lucy when he sat by her while she sewed or sketched, and thought, away down in the depths of my girlish heart, how very happy she must be. And still, from morning till evening, Charles [illegible] at my side.

[illegible] what perverse spirit got into [illegible] ut this time, or rather I did not [illegible] it seemed to me that she be- [illegible] very oddly.

On that day when I took the wild, bare headed ride which I have described some pages back, I resolved within myself, after my conversation with Lucy Morrison, that I never would be so wild again; for I knew and felt that such hoydenism was foreign to her gentle nature, and I thought I would try to be more like her. It was directly afterwards that the agreement of friendship took place between Charles Warrington and myself. I did not know then that she cared for him with a deeper than mere cousinly regard.

The very next morning—I do not know whether it was premeditated on her part—we were passing again down by the stables, and again we went to make a morning call on Robinette. Lucy Morrison was with us this time. And Miss Delmar, with quiet subtlety, provoked me to a repetition of my exploit of the morning previous I do not know exactly what persuasion she used to induce me to break my resolution, but it was done, at all events, and I was about to spring upon the back of Robinette—yes, even despite Lucy Morrison's presence—when, at a distance, I saw Charles Warrington and Edward approaching. I hesitated—was about to give up my wild chase—when Miss Delmar hastened to prevent me.

"O, you are afraid of them!" she said, with a quiet sneer. "This is something sudden, something new, this delicacy, is it not?"

My cheeks reddened.

"I am not afraid of anything or anybody, Miss Delmar!" I answered, shortly; "but I do not choose to ride this morning."

No, I was *not* afraid—but I was *ashamed*. I would not have let Edward Morrison and his companion see me riding in that wild fashion for anything. I led Robinette in again.

Somehow—to this day I do not know how it was—Miss Delmar found out what a gipsey-life I had previously led, what rash and dangerous escapades I had been noted for, and day after day, in our walks, she dared me to renew them. It was not openly, directly, in so many words, but in a quiet, half careless, underhanded way, that was calculated to excite little suspicion of her intentions, and yet, that *did* excite it, after a while. At first, I did not see these intentions; and often I should have come near yielding but for the ever-present thought of Lucy and Edward Morrison, whom I respected infinitely more than I should have respected her, had she been ten times better than she was; but by and by I saw more of her motives than pleased her, and then I would not listen to her at all. I saw that she wished me to display my hoydenism before Charles Warrington and Edward Morrison, until I had managed, unconsciously, to disgust them both. But I disappointed her. And it was no hard thing for me to give up my wild, childish pranks; for with a change that grew so gradually upon me as to be almost imperceptible to me, even to myself, I was growing to care less for these things, to become more thoughtful and womanly. And before our summer guests departed, I think I had become more, in disposition, like gentle Lucy Morrison, than Aunt Patience had ever dreamed I would be. And I had so altered that no one about the house called me any longer "the child."

The evening before Charles Warrington went away—I can hardly bring myself to write this one line as rapidly as I have written any other in my story. It astonished me then so that I did not half realize that he was serious about it at first—but Charles Warrington asked me to marry him. Asked me, with my father's consent. And when I told him (after a few silent moments spent in mastering my surprise) that I really liked him very much—that I *did* like him, indeed—but that I did not and could not love him well enough to marry him—then I felt sorry for him; for I saw that he loved me truly, and that he was disappointed at my answer.

He went away before the rest, in order, as he said, to have time to transact some business at D——, and they were to overtake him there. Whether Clara Delmar knew that he had offered himself to me, I cannot say; but she went away, as she had remained, cold, stately, proud; and three months after, she was married to a millionnaire, and we never saw her again at the old farm. And Edward and Lucy went away, too; but they came again the next spring, with the blue-birds

It was all different now from what it had been the year before. A smaller party it was, but I think a far happier one that rambled over the old farm together through those long, bright spring days. And now it was not Charles Warrington any longer who had his place by my side; but in his stead, one whom I had learned to care far more for.

No longer so reserved, and quiet, and distant as he had been, was Lucy's brother Edward to me. Now I heard his voice calling me if I lingered away from him; and now, when I came near him, his face wore such a smile as made me happy at my very heart's core. There was nothing to separate us any longer now, and we were no longer strangers.

And before long, Edward and I were engaged, and it all seemed very odd; but I was very happy indeed. And the next summer—what a beautiful summer it was! it has never yet closed for me, and I think it will be summer with me all my life long—we were married; and Wild Madge was Wild Madge no longer, but little Margaret Morrison.

THE POPULATION OF ROME.

First for the plebeians:—If some day, seeking for the Convent of Neophytes or the house of Lucrezia Borgia, you wander by accident among the straight streets paved by filth, around the Quartier des Monts you will elbow thousands of vagabonds, thieves, sharpers, guitar-players, models, beggars, ciceroncs, and *ruffianos*, with their wives and daughters. Have you any business with them? They will salute "your excellency," and steal your handkerchief. I know of no other place in Europe, even in London, where one may meet with a more atrocious brood. As for the middle classes, I brought away from Rome a somewhat mean idea of them. A few distinguished artistes, a few courageous and clever advocates, a few learned medical men, a few wealthy and competent farmers, hardly suffice to constitute a real citizen class. But as for the nobility, heaven help us! Thirty-one princes or dukes; a vast number of marquises, counts, barons and chevaliers; a multitude of untitled noble families, among whom Benedict the Fourteenth enrolled sixty at the capitol; an immense extent of seignorial domains; a thousand palaces; a hundred galleries, small and great; an incredible prodigality of horses, liveries and cabinets; regal fetes every winter; a remnant of small privileges and popular veneration;—such are the aspects distinguishing a weak, ignorant, vain, servile and lazy Roman nobility and holding it up to the admiration of every booby in the universe.—*La Question Romaine.*

THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

[Miss Diana Maria Muloch is one of the most distinguished living lady-novelists, and her works evince a wonderful power of investigating and developing character. She was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, in Stafford-shire, in 1826, and when only twenty-three, made her *debut* in the literary world as the authoress of that charming novel, *The Ogilvies*. "Olive," appeared in 1850; "The Head of the Family," in 1851; and a year or two later, she gave to the world her best book—a book which will go down to posterity with the master-pieces of English fiction—"John Halifax, Gentleman." From a volume of "Romantic Tales," just issued, we extract, as a light but graceful specimen of her style, the following delicately-written story.]

About the middle of the sixteenth century, there was not an artist in the Netherlands whose fame had spread wider than that of Messer Andrea, the sculptor of Bruges. His father had come from Italy and settled in Flanders, where he lived and struggled, an ardent and enthusiastic man, whose genius cast just sufficient light to show him his own defects. This love of the beautiful was the sole inheritance he left his son. But Andrea's northern birth and education had, to a certain degree, qualified his Italian descent, so that to his father's impulsive nature he added a steady perseverance, without which, all the genius in the world is but as a meteor of a moment.

The branch of design that Andrea followed was wood carving, in which, by his wonderful skill, he surpassed all his contemporaries. The sculptor of Bruges was an artist in the highest sense of the word. He lived and moved among beautiful forms; they influenced his character and refined his mind, yet did not make him unfit for association with the world. Riches and honor came with his fame, until he stood high in the regard of his fellow-citizens: and the son of the poor Italian student was at last deemed worthy to wed one who had long been the object of an almost hopeless love, a daughter of one of the highest families in Bruges. This union could not but be a happy one; and Andrea and his wife slowly advanced towards middle age, feeling that their present bliss had not belied the promise of their youth. Still there were a few bitter drops in their cup: the husband and wife saw several of their children drop off one by one, until all that remained were two boys and a daughter—the lovely little Gertrude, who was her father's darling. Nevertheless, these were sufficient to make the sculptor's home cheerful, and the lost brothers and sisters were hardly missed.

At the time when our story begins, Andrea had finished his latest work;—a group of angels, carved in wood, to adorn the church of Bruges. The burghers crowded to gaze upon and admire the work of their fellow citizen, of whom they were so justly proud. It was indeed a fine specimen of the ancient Gothic carving. Three angels formed the group, one kneeling with up-raised eyes and folded hands, while the others' extended arms were lifted upwards in rapturous adoration; and the third, looking down on the worshippers below, pointed to heaven. It won universal praise.

In all the pleased assembly there was but one dissentient voice, and that was from a brother artist and rival of Andrea. Melchior Kunst was one of those dark and unquiet spirits who seem to cast a shadow wherever they go. He was a man of great talent, yet no one loved him. They could hardly tell why—yet so it was. Even now, all instinctively made way for him, and Melchoir strode on until he stood opposite the group. He folded his arms and looked at it fixedly from under his dark brows. Then he addressed the artist, who stood at a little distance.

"Doubtless you think this fine, Messer Andrea?"

"It is not what *I* think of it, but the judgment which the world puts on my work, that is of consequence," answered Andrea, calmly.

"The composition is well imitated, certainly."

"Imitated. It is my own."

"Indeed!" said Melchior, with a quiet sneer sitting on his lips—the handsomest feature of his very handsome face. "Indeed! And so you never go into another studio, and copy figures, attitude, and design, as you have here copied from me?"

"It is not true," said Andrea, with difficulty restraining his passion.

"I tell you it is," cried his opponent. "Look, gentlemen! brother artists, look! this group is mine—my own design; and here I execute my will upon what is my own!" He drew a hatchet from under his cloak, and before the wonder-stricken spectators could interfere, he severed one of the upraised hands of the nearest figure.

Andrea was stung to the quick by this mutilation of his work; all his Italian blood was roused within him: he rushed upon Kunst with the fury of a tiger at bay. Those around interfered, but it was needless: for Andrea's well-constituted mind had already got the better of his momentary rage, and he stood, pale, but self-possessed, gazing alternately at his adversary and at his own despoiled work.

"Melchior Kunst," said he, at last, "you think you have done me a great injury; and so you have, but not an irreparable one. I will not avenge myself now, but you'll be repaid sometime.

A loud laugh from Kunst made the sculptor once more clench his hands, while the bright red mounted to his brow, but he said no more; and after Melchior's departure he too left the hall with some friends, who were stricken dumb by this untoward quarrel.

It was late in the evening when Andrea returned towards his own home. He walked slowly along by the side of the dark and gloomy canal, which the setting light of the young moon only made more solemn and fearful. His heart was very heavy. His triumph had ended in pain; disappointment not only at the injury done to his work, but at the unjust accusation of Melchior Kunst. Andrea knew how ready are the suspicions of the world when once aroused; and he fancied that already cold and doubtful eyes examined his group with less favor than heretofore. And besides, the sudden ebullition of anger to which he had been goaded left an exhaustion, both bodily and mental; as is usually the case with men of Andrea's gentle and not easily-roused temperament.

The sculptor walked on quickly amidst the gathering darkness, for the moon had now set. He fancied now and then that he heard stealthy footsteps at a distance behind him; and perhaps this made him unconsciously urge his pace. Andrea was no coward, but it was a lonely place by the water-side, and he was unarmed. Still, as the footsteps approached no nearer, he reproached himself for yielding to the delusion of an imagition heated by the events of the day. All at once he heard distinctly a plunge in the water of some heavy body. His first idea was, that some unfortunate had thus ended his life and his miseries; but the sound was so distant that he was uncertain. He retraced his steps; but there was nothing to justify his previous thought. The canal flowed on, silent and dark as before; not a struggle or a cry rose up from its gloomy depths. It could have been only a heavy stone, fallen from the old, dilapidated wall into the water beneath. Andrea felt sure of this, and went on his way until he reached his home—a home where since he left, danger and anxiety had entered.

Three days after this, two armed officers of justice made their appearance in the dwelling of the sculptor of Bruges. They came to take prisoner the master of the house, accused of the crime of murder! From the day of the contest in the hall, Melchior Kunst had never been seen, until that morning, when his lifeless body had floated up from the bed of the canal into the very market place. Then one of the horror-stricken bystanders remembered that on the same night of their quarrel Messer Andrea had been seen to pass by the way that led along the canal, and that not long after Melchior Kunst also followed. Another man, who lived near, had heard a plunge in the water, but thought it was only his dog, who often at night swam across the canal. A third also had met Messer Andrea beside the canal, but had seen no other person. This was sufficient evidence to convict the unfortunate artist.

The officers found the prisoner alone. He was sitting with his head buried in his hands, and hardly moved at their entrance. One of them laid his hand on the sculptor's shoulder, and claimed him as a prisoner. Andrea looked up with a face so listless, so vacant, so deadly pale, that the officer started, and let go his hold.

"A prisoner!" said Andrea, making no effort to move. "What have I done? Who accuses me?"

The officer was a man of kindly nature, who had known Andrea in former times. He gently explained his errand; but he had to repeat it several times before Andrea comprehended him. It seemed that some heavy cloud darkened his faculties. At last he understood the whole.

"So they accuse me of being a murderer—an assassin?" said he, rising, while a shiver ran through his frame. Then addressing the first officer, "You were a good man once—follow me!" The other hesitated. "You need not fear," continued Andrea; "I am unarmed—I have no thought of escaping from justice."

The man followed his prisoner till they came to a darkened room—the chamber of death. On the bed lay the pale and shrouded form of a woman.

Beautiful she must have been, and her beauty had hardly past its maturity. No long illness had taken the roundness of health from her face, so that even in death she looked lovely as a marble statue. By her side lay an infant—a flower of an hour—whose soul had come into it at sunrise and departed at sunset. They were Andrea's wife and child.

The sculptor pointed to the dead. "Look there," he said, "and say if I am likely to have revenged any trifling insult—if I am likely to have been a murderer!" His voice grew hoarse; he stretched his arms towards the body of his wife, and then fell to the earth in strong convulsions.

During nearly the whole time between his apprehension and trial, Andrea was dead to the consciousness of his misery. A low fever enfeebled all his senses, and reduced his outward form to the appearance of an old man His friends—for he had still many, took both his sons to their charge. It was well that they did, for the father seemed to have lost all remembrance of their existence. When they visited him, he took not the least notice of them; so the children were at last wisely sent far away from the scene. But with Gertrude the father would not part. She was a fair little creature, the image of her mother in features and expression, but her complexion resembled her father. Her eyes were of that deep brown-gray which is seldom seen beyond childhood—so dark, that a careless observer would call them black. Gertrude's hair was of that color which the old masters often gave to heads of Christ and of the virgin—which the unchange in her father's looks, and the shocked gaze of all around struck her with alarm. She crept closer to him, never taking her eyes from him.

The trial proceeded. All was against Andrea; even the words he had uttered before Melchior left the hall, were brought in judgment against him; they had sounded like a threat. None who had known Andrea doubted in their own hearts that he was a guiltless man, but the circumstantial evidence was too strong to be legally contradicted. The accused was found guilty; and Andrea was removed from the hall of justice with the stain of murder on his name.

The execution of the sentence was deferred for a short space, for the sake of the hitherto unsullied character of the criminal. In those days the hand of law was often tampered with, and never was it with greater show of justice than in this instance. Andrea's many friends interposed in his behalf. They succeeded in obtaining only a suspension of the sentence for a few months, that some chance might elicit the truth which so many doubted. But in the interim the sculptor was ordered to execute some work of art to adorn the Palais de Justice at Bruges, where he had been tried. He was brought from his cell, and confined in the hall which had witnessed his trial—a large, gloomy looking chamber, so dimly lighted from without, that even at mid-day the dark shadows in the corners of the room looked like night. An immense hearth, on which lay a few fagots, was the only cheerful object, but even that light and warmth did not reach beyond man. His desolate prison became cheerful with the graceful forms which it contained, and Gertrude moved among the whole like a beautiful spirit. If ever the sculptor clung to hope and life, it was when he looked at his darling child, and at the imperishable offspring of his genius.

At last Andrea's work drew to a close; the wood-sculpture was finished. Then it was that the enthusiasm which had sustained him faded away, and the artist's soul sank within him. He gave the last touches to his beautiful work—he knew he could do no more—and then went and sat down in a stupor of grief and despair. Gertrude clung round him, but he did not speak to her or embrace her.

"Father, dear father, are you weary? You are not angry with your little girl?" and the child stood on tiptoe, trying to remove the hands which covered his face.

Andrea seemed hardly conscious of her presence. He did not move, but kept repeating every now and then in a low tone, "I have done my work—I have no hope—now let me die."

The terrified child, who had all along been kept in ignorance of her father's doom, began to weep, but her tears were unregarded. An hour later, the magistrates of Bruges entered. They came to view the finished work of the artist. High as Andrea's reputation had been, they did not expect so beautiful a group as that which now met their eyes. Its subject was "eternal justice"—not the woman with bound eyes and balanced scales—but an open-eyed angel, all-first moved Andrea. "Be calm now; ere long we may send you good news: nay," and the good man could no longer hide his hopeful tidings, "you may be free to-morrow."

And when the attendants came to remove Gertrude for the night, he unclasped her arms from round his neck, with the promise that he too would go away with her to-morrow.

"Go away to-morrow!" cried the happy child. "Will you leave this gloomy place to-morrow, and never return? And shall we go out together? Shall we go to our own home?"

"Yes, dear child," said Andrea, as he kissed her once more, and set her on the ground, his arms too weak to hold even so light a burden. "Yes, my Gertrude, I shall indeed go home to-morrow."

He had spoken truth. Soon after daybreak next morning some officers entered the hall, bearing a release for the prisoner. A stranger—an Italian woman—who had once passed through Bruges, and lately returned thither, deposed to having received a letter from Melchior Kunst, dated on the fatal day, stating his intention of self-murder at the time and place where he was discovered to have met his end. Further than this was never known. Andrea was innocent, and his fellow-citizens rejoiced as one man. They found him in the prison, leaning on the table, his head resting on his arms, and his upturned face towards his beautiful work. But as they drew nearer, they saw that no life shone in his fixed and open eyes. The sculptor of Bruges was dead—his heart had broken with joy.

RIVERSIDE, NEW JERSEY, THE LATE BISHOP DOANE'S RESIDENCE.

initiated might call red, but which painters know to be the most beautiful of all tints. It gave to sweet Gertrude the appearance of an angel.

The first evidences that Andrea showed of returning consciousness, was in recognizing his little daughter, and calling her by her name. It was her mother's also; and perhaps that, aided by the strong resemblance, was a comfort to the widowed father. He began to talk coherently, first with Gertrude and then with others who came to see him; and by degrees his mind and body gathered strength, so that he was able to think of his defence against the terrible crime laid to his charge. This was a momentous thing, for the proofs were all against him, and Andrea could bring no evidence in his own favor, save his own explanation of what had happened on his way homewards on that fatal day, and the irreproachable character he had borne all his life.

At last the sculptor of Bruges was brought from prison to the judgment-hall. He seemed to himself like one risen from the grave, and so he appeared to those about him. Andrea had been a strong, powerful, noble looking man, but now all his flesh had shrunk away, and his height only made him appear more shadowy. Dark circles were round his eyes, and his face bore an unvaried sallow hue. Nevertheless, his mien was firm and composed; no one could look at him, and for a moment doubt his innocence. Andrea's little daughter stood by his side; one might have likened her to a flower growing close beside a tomb. Gertrude had become accustomed to the the immediate vicinity of the fire. There was no furniture in the room, save one small table in the centre, a bench, and a straw couch in the gloomiest corner. Andrea and his daughter heard the heavy door close, and they were alone in the hall. The little girl led her father to the bench beside the hearth, and then sat down at his feet, holding his hands fast in hers. She dared not look anywhere but at the bright fire and at her father's face; even the shadows that the flames cast on the ceiling made her start sometimes. Gertrude had been accustomed to the prison, for she had never left her father, except when taken home at night, to return next morning—but this place seemed gloomier still than the dungeon

Andrea had no hope. His life had been free from any very heavy sorrows, and the first that came, so fearful as they were, quite overwhelmed him. His sole desire now was to employ the short remnant of his life in executing some memorial of his talents to leave behind him, that when time had removed the shadow from his fame, his children might have no reason to blush for their father. He returned again to his long-cherished occupation. For a while this gave him sensations amounting to pleasure. His step became lighter, and his countenance lost somewhat of its settled melancholy. He almost forgot his sorrows, his blighted name, his impending doom, in the exercise of his beloved art.

By degrees the influence of his art in some measure soothed the mind of the sorrow-stricken beholding, and equally requiting all. They looked upon it in silence, and then turned to the artist, who, wan and haggard, stood behind his judges. One of them, an old man, was melted even to tears. Forgetting the dignity of office, the magistrate took hold of the criminal's hand and led him to a seat.

"You must not stand, Messer Andrea; you are not yet strong," said he, compassionately. "Sit and rest, as we examine your beautiful work."

The sculptor obeyed without a word; he was passive as a child. Little Gertrude, who had shrunk away at the sight of strangers, came and stood silently behind her father, taking fast hold of his garments. The two magistrates inspected the sculpture, and could not restrain their admiration. The eye of the artist brightened for a moment at their warm praise, but immediately his face returned to its accustomed melancholy.

"It is all in vain," he answered; "you cannot make me forget the past—you cannot remove the blot from the name of my children—you cannot give to their father his forfeit life."

The magistrates looked at one another, and the elder spoke. "There is hope still, Messer Andrea; have you courage to hear it?"

The artist started up. "Tell me only that I am proved innocent, and I will thank God and die"

"We do not promise quite so much," said one of the judges, wishing to temper Andrea's violent excitement. "Yet take heart! Many strange things have been discovered to-day," continued the aged man, whose kindness had

RIVERSIDE, NEW JERSEY.

A melancholy interest now attaches itself to the charming spot delineated in the accompanying engraving. Only a few months since its gifted owner was taken to a better world and fairer scenes. "The places that knew him shall know him no more forever." Riverside, the seat of the late Bishop Doane, is at Burlington, N. J., on the banks of the Delaware. It is a villa in the Italian style of architecture, and surrounded by beautiful trees and shrubbery. The most conspicuous part, from a distance, is the tower, surmounted by a Greek cross. On the left of the entrance, is the library—a noble room filled with choice books. The principal entrance opens into a wide hall, wainscotted with oak; a door to the right opening into the parlor. The mansion faces nearly north, and from the rising ground on the brink of the river, a fine view is obtained of the pleasant town of Bristol. The buildings are of brick, rough cast and painted of a brown tint. The garden embraces several acres, very tastefully arranged. To the left of Riverside stands St. Mary's Hall, an institution which was under the supervision of the late bishop, and in which he ever took the deepest interest. This was an academy for young ladies. Burlington College, also an object of his care, stands in the neighborhood. The day of Bishop Doane's funeral was universally observed as one of mourning in Burlington, and his memory is affectionately cherished, not only in his diocese, but throughout the Episcopal Church.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALL THE NIGHT LONG.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Nine! from yonder hill-top's tower
The wakeful watchmen strike the hour.
Now begins night's witching power.

Ten! the stars their vigils keep;
They who laugh and they who weep
Slowly lapse to soothing sleep.

Eleven! crime with crimson hands
Stalks abroad, and through all lands
His minions haste at his commands.

Twelve! and lo! the "witching hour;"
Spirits and elfins now have power,
In soldier's camp and lady's bower.

One! the unwearying sentinel
Sounds the hour, and cries "All's well"
As if such as *he* could tell.

Two! who knows each home and hearth
Scattered o'er the sleepless earth,
Sad by death or glad by birth?

Three! the reveller at the feast
Homeward wends; his curse increased
By the brute-lust of the beast.

Four! and chanticleer has told
The hour; shepherds wake their fold;
Birds their early matins hold.

Five! the larks have, one by one,
Sung their welcome to the sun,
Who his journey has begun.

Six! the Night resigns her sway,
Doffs her robes without delay,
And yields the crown of power to Day.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE QUEEN OF THE VINEYARD.

A LEGEND OF THE DANUBE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

Upon the borders of the Danube, where I spent a few months, I heard many very pleasing legends, among which was the following, which made a deeper impression on me than any of the others.

It is believed by these simple peasantry that God creates two souls—two Siamese souls, as it were, who will come together sooner or later, if they meet not here on earth, they will in paradise. Upon my natural inquiry as to how these two loving souls should be able to recognize each other upon meeting, I was told it was sometimes known by the parties finding some sign appropriate to the season. In winter, the fact was declared by finding white almonds reposing in one shell; in the spring, two ears of corn joined under one tuft or tassel; in summer, by two crimson cherries upon one stem, and in autumn, the surest proof of all was found. Better than the almond, corn or cherries, were the two white grapes surrounded by seven purple ones, neither more nor less. Happy was the one who found the oracular grapes; his or her fate was then sealed, beyond a doubt.

I listened with an incredulous face to these statements, and will give my readers the story which was told me in confirmation of the signs. I hope it will be as interesting to my readers as it was to me, though I can scarcely expect that, on account of the different surroundings.

Sitting upon the vine-covered banks of the rolling Danube, with the fragrance of the purple fruit around me, I listened, delighted by the gentle voice of a young peasant girl, whose glorious dark eyes seemed to sink into my soul, and whose half-repeated, half-chanted legend delighted me. I should scarcely use the word *legend*, for the story was told me for truth.

The vines this year bore more than a usual quantity of fruit, and vintagers were summoned from far and near to assist in the picking. Among the young damsels was one less known than the rest. It was the timid Noisette. Possessed of remarkable beauty, she created no furor in the hearts of the young swains, or jealousy in the breasts of damsels, because she was so timid and retiring that they rarely saw her, save busily engaged in picking the rich grapes in a spot rather removed from the rest, or quietly wending her way home up the mountain side. Noisette was an orphan, quite alone in the world, and very poor.

One warm, sunny afternoon, while busy at her tasks, Noisette suddenly uttered a cry. It was a gay, triumphant cry, and brought all her comrades to the spot. They found the young girl seated beside her half-filled basket, holding in her hands—no—yes, yes—the fated bunch of grapes! It was the bunch of grapes which was to bring celestial love! Two white and seven purple!

"What a shame!" grumbled the pretty daughter of a rich vintager.

"It is an insult!" muttered the faded daughter of the burgomaster.

The young men encouraged the girls, and the maidens with one accord murmured and said spiteful things against poor Noisette, who, pale and tearful, sat before them. No one uttered a single kind word—all looked at her with jealous eyes.

The orphan looked with tears at her only treasure. I do wrong to say *only treasure*, for though Noisette had no worldly goods, yet she had a loving heart and exquisite beauty. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair, and her tiny mouth a perfect rose bud, while her blue eyes and golden curls, made her look like an angel.

The peasants consulted together, and, as Noisette witnessed the termination of the debate, and looked in the angry, cold faces, she felt her doom was sealed. The son of the burgomaster approached and spoke.

"Noisette, the celestial grape has fallen into your hands by mistake—it was never destined for one so poor and obscure as you. We will buy it of you. In exchange for it, we will give you a barrel of sweet wine. Then the maidens of the village will draw lots for it."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed all the vintagers.

Noisette rose. "What love gives cannot be sold," she calmly replied. "Nothing will buy my talisman, but if it is deemed improper for me to keep it, I will let it be decided by drawing lots. Draw, and draw quickly."

This proposition was so fair that they all agreed to it, and the burgomaster's son wrote upon grape leaves the names of all the young girls of the village, leaving out, purposely, the name of the rightful owner, poor Noisette.

Then a child, with eyes blindfolded, was chosen to draw the leaves from the basket in which they were placed. Putting his hand in, the child drew out the first leaf, and all read upon it—Noisette! Again and again the leaves were drawn forth, and each time the same word was found written on them—always Noisette, Noisette, till the seventeen leaves were drawn out and the basket empty.

"It is witchery!" exclaimed seventeen shrill voices. "It is witchery!" was re-echoed by twenty male voices. Then a tumult arose, in the midst of which could be distinguished such cries as "Carry her to the bishop! Let's burn her! First seize her grapes! Yes! yes! Give me the grapes! No, I shall have them! I, I am the prettiest! I should have the grapes! No, give the talisman to me!"

These were the cries, and seventeen pairs of hands were stretched towards the fainting girl. Noisette feared for her life. The peasants were actually becoming furious, and several stones had been thrown at her. Her consciousness was fast leaving her, when a flourish of trumpets was heard in the distance. The conscience-stricken peasants fell with their faces pressed to the earth. A few minutes they lay thus, trembling, not daring to lift up their eyes, when they heard a voice behind them.

"Get up, idiots!"

With one accord they rose and beheld, not the archangel and his hosts, but an officer attended by a small body of men, soldiers, and a band of music.

"Peasants of Badschlag, stand forth!" commanded the officer.

With guilty, astonished faces, the peasants arranged themselves in line, the men in front, the maidens behind them. Taking no notice of the men, the officer commanded the girls to stand forth. With a curious, attentive eye, the officers and soldiers scanned the seventeen comely faces before them.

"The portrait!" exclaimed the officer, and the little dwarfish fifer stepped forward, and opening a golden casket, he produced a miniature of a beautiful girl. Again the officer passed before the maidens, comparing the faces with the gem-set miniature.

"Useless journey!" grumbled the officer.

"Pardon, sire," said the little fifer, "there is one more maiden, standing by that tree. Maybe she belongs to the village of Badschlag," and the little fellow pointed to Noisette, who stood apart from the rest, gazing with fascinated eyes at the talismanic grapes.

"Come forward, maiden!" commanded the officer, and as Noisette, at the summons, turned her face towards them, all the soldiers exclaimed, "It is she! It is she!"

The peasants fell back, and the stranger soldiers coming forward, opened three caskets. The first was filled with gold, the second with precious stones, and the third with rich dresses. These they presented, on bended knee, to Noisette, who received them with trembling hands.

"For me?" stammered the poor girl, "for me? But how, how?"

"You will know all to-morrow, madame," replied the officer, bowing respectfully before her. "For on to-morrow will arrive one to whom is reserved the pleasure of disclosing all. Our duty, lady, is to offer you these presents and watch over you." At these words all the soldiers followed the example of their commander, and with uncovered heads, awaited Noisette's orders.

Hesitating, nearly fainting, Noisette looked around her, upon her companions. The angry scowls were gone, and the faces near her expressed only surprise, and the voices which scarcely a half hour ago had been raised against her, now sung in her praise. Bewildered at the sudden change in her situation, Noisette was not puffed up, and with crimson cheeks and eyes sparkling with tears, she filled her hands with the glittering gems and gave them to her companions. Carrying the casket filled with gold to the white-haired cure, she prayed him to relieve the wants of the poor with it. From the casket of dresses she selected the most beautiful one, blue and silver, and begged the pastor to give it to his wife. The worthy pastor smiled upon her and raising his hands, said: "Be blessed in thy good fortune, my child, for thou art worthy of it, and may the good God always keep thee while thy heart is so pure and kind."

Noisette bowed her golden head to receive the benediction, then rose, and with exquisite grace and dignity, led the way to her hut, for it was so poor it could not be called a cottage, followed by the soldiers bearing the three caskets. With urgent entreaties the young men, affecting a great love for her, urged their suits upon her. With calm dignity Noisette replied to them all, "I will have no other husband save the one indicated to me by this talisman." Then the orphan's brilliant cortege wound up the hill. The maidens, when it was out of sight, reproached their lovers with their infidelity, and a scene of general recrimination ensued.

Arrived at her hut, the three caskets were placed upon the floor and Noisette was left alone, while the soldiers encamped in a tent outside. Alone with her treasures! Left alone, Noisette dressed herself in the beautiful robes she found, and looking into the pan of water, her only mirror, she smiled gaily at the vision before her. It was beautiful. All the dresses and jewels were tried. At the bottom of one trunk she found a robe of snowy muslin. With a cry of delight, Noisette threw aside the rich, rare-colored silk, and quickly arrayed herself in the simple, flowing white robes, and looking into the jewel-case she found a wreath of delicate wild flowers. All the glittering gems were cast aside by this guileless child and her sunny tresses confined by the graceful flowers. Looking into the water, she smiled on the pretty girlish face. To tell the truth, in this simple toilet she was a hundred times more beautiful than ever before. Outside her window the little fifer played a sad tune, as if his heart was breaking. Five minutes she hesitated, then opened the door of the hut and stood beside him. Of him she demanded the cause of all that had happened.

"These soldiers," he replied, "were sent by a great prince, who, three months ago (the harvest is three months earlier in some other places), found the grape of love, the celestial grape. He consulted the talisman and was told that a young girl, belonging to the village of Badschlag, was his bride. Her vision was shown to him, and he was so enamored of it that he painted it from recollection."

The voice of the officer here forbade the little fifer to say any more.

"Prince or no prince," murmured the young girl, "I too will consult the talisman and behold the face of my spouse. Even now the hour for invocation approaches. Quick!"

As Noisette spoke, the village clock tolled the hour—half-past eleven! Noisette entered the hut and closing the door, began her incantations. Placing her little rude tablet in the centre of the room, she spread a white napkin over it; upon this she placed three large vine-leaves, and, above all, were laid the talismanic grapes. Then she made the signs of the cross seven times, then turning towards the east, with arms crossed upon her breast, she chanted:

Spirits of air,
My fate declare,
Show me the face, be it dark or fair.
I wait in despair,
Where, then, O, where,
Spirits of air!

Midnight sounded. Unfortunately at the eleventh stroke the moon hid behind a dense cloud, and the interior of the little hut was plunged in gloom. Noisette trembled with fear. She heard steps to the right, to the left, behind and all round her.

"Great God!" exclaimed Noisette, naively, "how many feet has my husband?"

She had hardly spoken when the moon shone forth again. Horror! Noisette perceived around her a legion of black and white phantoms, and any number of troubadors, knights, peasants and nobles. A perfect carnival raged round her. A perfect Saturnalia. Nearly fainting, the young girl turned away her head. Her eyes fell upon an angel beating his wings.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, "that is my beloved," and hastened to throw herself into his arms.

Horror! It was the burgomaster's son who held her! Uttering a cry of horror, Noisette fainted. The cry of the young girl was heard, and the officer and men rushed into the hut and found her faint, laying like a broken flower upon the floor. While they sought to bring her to consciousness, there was heard martial music, and up the hill rode a glittering cavalcade with a beautiful young man at their head. Arriving at the hut, the young man dismounted and placing a little golden vial of exquisite perfume to the lips of the insensible Noisette, he chanted in sweet tones:

Spirits of air,
My fate declare,
Speak to me once again, my fair.
I wait in despair,
Where, O where,
Spirits of air!

"Noisette, dear Noisette, open your eyes and speak to me."

The blue eyes unclosed, and raising her head, Noisette looked at the handsome youth who knelt before her.

"Who are you, sir?" she asked, bewildered.

"The prince?" whispered the fifer.

"My wife!" exclaimed the young man, and he extended his arm towards the trembling girl.

"My husband, chosen by heaven!" stammered the beautiful girl, and threw herself, blushing deeply, into the arms extended to her.

Thus Noisette, the little vintage maiden, became the wife of a powerful prince.

Such is the legend I heard on the banks of the Danube. It is now the favorite legend of the vintage. Go you and listen to it as I did, sitting beneath the fragrant vines, and believe the pretty tale as I do—not.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND JOHN ADAMS.

John Adams, in a letter to Secretary Jay, states that King George III. behaved not only handsomely, but even nobly, when, in June, 1785, he received Adams, as the first ambassador from the United States to England. In a few well-selected words Adams addressed the king, and received the following reply: "Sir, I wish you to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power." These are words of proper dignity as well as of decorous wisdom. Mr. Adams, who records them, impressively adds, "The king was indeed much affected, and I confess I was not less so."

FICTION.

We must remember that fiction is not falsehood. If a writer puts abstract virtues into book-clothing, and sends them upon stilts into the world, he is a bad writer; if he classifies men and attributes all virtue to one class and all vice to another, he is a false writer. Then, again, if his ideal is so poor that he fancies man's welfare to consist in immediate happiness; if he means to paint a great man and paints only a greedy one, he is a mischievous writer; and not the less so, although by lamplight and almost a juvenile audience his coarse scene-painting should be thought very grand. He may be true to his own fancy, but he is false to nature. A writer, of course, cannot get beyond his own ideal; but at least he should see that he works up to it; and if it is a poor one, he had better write histories of the utmost concentration of dulness than amuse us with unjust and untrue imaginings.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OUTCAST.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

"And Hagar sat over against him and wept." Gen. 21: 16.

'Twas morning, and the rising sun had scarce his beams displayed,
The dew was on the floweret yet, and every grassy blade,
When Hagar heard the mandate which summoned her to roam,
With her dearest earthly treasure, to seek another home.

She wandered in the wilderness, her darling by her side,
And offered up a prayer to God that he would be her guide;
To him she looked for strength in her weakness and despair,
Yet feared, with all her watchfulness, her boy would perish there.

She sought a sylvan glade, a cool, sequestered spot,
Then soothed him into slumber, and mourned his hopeless lot;
The mute and speechless agony, as o'er her child she knelt,
Told that a mother's heart was riven, and keen the pang she felt.

She watched the sleeping boy awhile, then softly, half afraid,
Strayed to a lonely covert in a far remoter shade;
When lo! an angel's voice the solemn stillness broke,
And to the sorrowing watcher in mildest accents spoke:

Thy prayer is heard, fond mother; fear not, thy son shall live,
And unto him in future years a nation's power I give;
Thy suffering and thy sorrow, in quiet meekness borne,
Are seen by Him in secret who blesseth they that mourn.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Hen-Pecked and Rooster-Pecked.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

LOVE has been said to be the master-passion of the human heart. Marriage is then the most important of all institutions; for it is an attempt to organize and control the master-passion of two individuals—a passion upon which their happiness depends; and if love, after marriage, decides that it *will* not be controlled by the matrimonial vow, divine and human laws have but a feeble voice in the camp. The master-passion *will* rule, and the matrimonial condition becomes ruinous to the soul's happiness.

Notwithstanding the general recognition of these obvious facts, love blinds the reason, and people plunge into marriage as heedlessly as if to swear to love were to secure it; as if the renegade throbs of the heart could be stilled by the oath at the altar. Vain and melancholy delusion! Love avenges himself bitterly for this misconception of his power!

Mr. Peter Gasper married Miss Jezebella Thorn, after a month's acquaintance, and felt as sure as she did that they were doing a wise thing. He was a man possessed of a competence and a mild disposition; too mild, in fact. He had little force of character, though he admired it in others. He saw that Miss Thorn had it, she was so animated and independent in her manner and language.

"So much spirit!" thought he. "What a housekeeper she will make! What a mother to my children! How encouraging she will be when I am despondent!"

"He is so very amiable! So quiet and soft in his deportment," thought she. "He is *my* man! I must have my own way, and *we* shall never quarrel!"

So Peter took the Thorn to his bosom. On the day after the marriage, what was Peter's surprise—he having placed himself upon the dignity of a husband—to hear his wife address him as follows:

"I am going to take you to see an old beau of mine to-day, Peter. It will *so* astonish and vex him to find me married."

Mr Gasper bridled up, and felt hurt.

"To take me? You mean you wish me to take you, don't you, dear?"

"I meant just what I said," replied his wife, angrily, and with a resolute voice.

"It would be very improper for us to make such a visit," said the husband.

"I suppose you are jealous?"

"Not a bit."

"If you don't choose to go with me," insisted Jezebella, already furious at opposition, even in trifles, "I shall go alone!"

"I shall not approve of it."

"But I *shall!*" exclaimed Jezebella. "Nobody has ever ruled me yet."

And she dressed and did go.

"I shall blow her up awfully when she comes back," muttered the chafed bridegroom. "Pretty prospect! Row on the day after marriage. I wonder if I *am* somebody!"

Mrs. Gasper made what visits she liked, and came home to announce that she had made some extensive purchases of dry goods, etc., on trust.

Gasper had intended to address her in a severe set speech—he had got the very words by heart—but that heart failed him when he met the dauntless eyes of his better-half. He felt that she was the superior "will power." Still he disliked the idea of getting goods upon trust, especially without consulting his wishes or his taste, and he mildly said so.

"Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed, derisively. "We might as well understand each other first as last, Peter. Either you or I shall rule the roost—and I was never ruled yet! Perhaps you will do as you please out-of-doors; but, in-doors or out, I shall be my own mistress, and do as I please."

"Well, well, don't get angry, Jezzy," said the husband, alarmed at the prospect of a row. "Let me talk of something else. I have engaged a man to lay the garden out in diamonds and hearts. What do you think of it?"

"Nonsense! Squares and circles would look much better. I'll trample every flower down, unless you have it in squares and circles!"

"So be it," sighed Peter. "I'm not particular. The arbor is to be painted dark green."

"No it aint! I hate green. Light blue would be infinitely handsomer. I never will enter it, unless it is light blue."

Peter succumbed; and sometime after intimated his intention to increase his comforts by the purchase of a Newfoundland dog and a meershcaum.

"What, a great big nasty dog? Ugh! And a nasty pipe? I'll never come to see you if you turn into a Dutchman, and smell of tobacco; and as to a dog, if you ever buy anything but a poodle for *me* to play with, I'll take the outside of the house, and you can take the inside. It is astonishing how our tastes disagree! I fear we shall have a hard time of this married life."

Peter feared so too. But wishing to avoid contention, he yielded his intentions.

"I'll let her have her own way," reflected he. "Opposition will only make bad worse. I hate quarrels."

Determined to rule if she could, and taking advantage of the pacific tastes of Peter, Mrs. Gasper had the question settled as to who was to rule the house, in less than a month. Her word was law; and she was hardly satisfied with that, but scolded, fretted and wrangled often, as if merely to keep up the *prestige* of her authority. Two years elapsed, and Peter Gasper had become the mere shadow of what he had been. He had grown thin and pale, and his voice weak. He wished to go into the country to recruit, but she opposed it. "She hated the country; it was too insipid."

"Let me go alone, then," suggested the disheartened invalid, for such he had become.

This, too, was opposed, principally from force of habit. But when the advice of a physician favored Peter's wish, she finally consented, but remained behind.

"You will be lonesome enough without me," said Jezebella, as he got into the carriage. "You'll be posting back again within a week."

"I hope I shall be well enough," he replied, faintly. "Good-by!" And the carriage off.

It was a blessed relief to the jaded, unhappy man to be beyond reach of the voice of his domestic tyrant; to look out upon the fresh, green landscape of the country, and inhale the fragrant air; to listen to the songs of birds and the low cattle, and forget, when he could, that he was a married man!

But these gratifications, though soothing, could not remedy his complaint—the disease of the heart—that exhausting, desolating disease of the heart, to cure which mineral was never found, nor medicinal plant ever grew. He daily failed. He felt that he was dying. He wrote, with trembling hand, to his wife that he was worse, but she regarded it lightly, as a whim; and did not even trouble herself to reply.

He still sank rapidly. He became listless, and at last too feeble either to write or speak; and some kind friend now wrote to his tormentress, that if she wished ever to look upon him in life again she must hurry, or she would be too late.

"These country folks are fools!" she muttered. "The man is only in one of his gloomy fits. But I suppose I must go, if only to save appearances."

Still she was in no hurry. She set out for the country on the morrow, and arrived at the house in the evening She was ushered silently into the chamber of her husband, and there she saw him—but he was dead! The jaw, which had fallen, was bound up, coins were upon the eyelids, and the cheeks were cavernous. The awful scene was too much even for her vixen heart, and with a shriek of remorse she fell senseless upon the body.

A twelvemonth had seen the sod resting on the grave of the hen-pecked husband, and the widow had become weary of her weeds. Moreover, she felt the need of some daily object to battle with; and when the animated Jezebella had invested herself with the compromise of half-mourning, and showed an ambition to shine in society, she was not long before she caught a second husband, in the person of Mr. Hannibal Rasper.

"He is an entirely different man from my first husband," thought she, as she surveyed his herculean frame and determined aspect with admiration. "Peter was a nincompoop. This time I have got a man. Now I shall know what real marriage is."

She was not long in ascertaining. Contact and collision were synonymous with Jezebella; and when she had become Mrs. Rasper, she found that, as before, the weaker went to the wall—but this time it was not the husband.

To her astonishment and rage, she found that her second husband took the initiative in the family émeutes, and what was worse, he conquered! A month after marriage Mr. Hannibal took the liberty of upsetting the breakfast-table, while they were engaged in an aggravating dispute, following up the outrage by smashing the clock with a cricket, and throwing the cat out of the window.

"You think to kill me, as you did your first victim, madam!" shouted he, shaking his fist at her; "but you'll find me no Peter Gasper. I am altogether a different sort of a person. I am used to having my own way, and have it I will! If there's any *pecking* to be done in this family, it will be the *rooster*, and not the *hen!*"

"You are a brute!" screamed Jezebella, purple with wrath.

"*What!*" roared Hannibal, roughly seizing her by the arm, his eyes glowing like live coals. "Dare to say that again to your lord and *master*, and I'll throw you after the cat. Say it!"

"I wont!" vociferated she, twitching away. "You'll repent this. I'll leave you to-morrow."

"Good!" he laughed, contemptuously; "and the world will say that it served you right, and you were not such a terrible piece of flesh after all. That you were subdued by No. 2, in retribution for No. 1."

"Then I wont go. I'll stay to torment you."

"You'd better try it!"

"A nice husband you are, to take advantage of your strength upon a weak woman."

"I am glad to hear that you feel weak. You will find *I* am not. No soft spot about me, and the sooner you believe it, the better for you. I am going to drive out this afternoon."

"I shall not go with you!"

"Of course you shan't. I have engaged a party of gentlemen for the ride. We are coming here to-night at about eleven or twelve o'clock, and I shall expect you to be up, and have something in the shape of a handsome cold supper, with a dozen of champagne waiting."

"I shall go to bed."

"I shall cause you to get up again."

"We'll see!"

"We'll see!"

Mr. Rasper drove out, and drove home with three male friends at about midnight. Mrs. Rasper was in her chamber, pale with thoughts of the Tartar she had caught. Her husband and his friends entered the house singing.

"Shameful!" murmured she. "If I dared, I'd go down and order them all out. I shouldn't have had the collation ready, if it wasn't for the disgrace of a disturbance at this late hour. But I wont go down. Yes I will—I'll go down and listen at the door, for they're making a great racket now."

The wine was passing freely about as she hearkened.

"Where's Mrs. Rasper?" said one.

"You forget the late hour," said another.

"I told her to stay up," said Hannibal, angrily. "Say the word gentlemen, and I'll go up and fetch her."

The frightened woman ran rapidly up stairs, chilled, cowed and trembling. As she crept into bed, she thought of Peter and wept.

But no sleep visited her eyelids, for down stairs the loud sounds of carousal, oaths, laughter, songs, cracking of bottles and jingling of glass were prolonged till nearly dawn, when the climax of Mrs. Rasper's alarm was reached, as she heard a fearful crash and chattering of glass.

"The mirror! They have broken that splendid mirror!" she cried. "They are all mad with drink. O dear, O dear! what will become of me?"

The destruction of the mirror by an empty bottle thrown by Rasper, had a sobering influence upon his guests, who soon after rose and departed, and the master of the house now retired himself, taking care to abuse his wife before he went to sleep, for showing such disrespect to his guests.

It was not long before Mrs. Rasper was compelled to admit to herself that the glory of her rule had departed, never to return. Though Mr. Rasper was not often so violent as on the above mentioned occasions, she felt that but slight provocation would induce him to be, and her once headstrong will quailed before the morose, stern, unbending nature of the man whose masculine qualities had first so won her regard.

"I can't cope with him. I must try to coax. Coax! O, how I hate the word!"

But Mr. Hannibal Rasper was not to be coaxed. She might as well have smoothed the hair on a hyena.

"Nothing that I do seems to satisfy you," she exclaimed, one day. "What can I do?"

"Do? Die! That's what you can do. Suit yourself in that, and you'll suit me."

"You never loved me!" she moaned, in anguish.

"I never did! You had property, as I did, but I did not marry you for that, either. My nature is combative, and I wanted to see what kind of stuff it was that could worry a man into the grave."

"O, my poor husband!" cried the downcast woman, bursting into tears, and rocking desolately to and fro.

"Yes, he *was* a poor husband," sneered the unfeeling man; "but who made him so? I have heard the whole story. Who despised his gentleness, thwarted his wishes, tormented him in life and neglected him in death?"

"I wish I was lying by his side, now!" she groaned.

"He wouldn't care about it. Let him rest in quiet. Have mercy upon his body, if you didn't upon his soul."

"O, heartless man! Why, why do you torture me so?"

"You don't please me. Nothing satisfies me—either in your ways, your looks or your actions; your walk, your dress or your disposition. I loathe the sight of you. Sometimes I think the spirit of Peter Gasper is at my elbow, and causes me to hate you."

"It never could be his sweet and gentle spirit, but your own bad, tyrannical heart, for he was next to an angel. O, my poor, dear, dead husband, shall we ever meet again?"

"I hope so," growled Hannibal, rising with a scowl, "and the sooner the better, for I am disgusted with you!" and putting on his hat, he went out, slamming the door after him.

It did not require many years to bring down that once proud spirit of the termagant wife to the pitiable pass to which she had driven her first husband. The iron entered her soul slowly and surely, and her bold eye lost its fire and fullness, her ready tongue its stinging repartee, her will its arbitrary self-assertion, her spirit its pride, and her heart its hope. She was a cowering, broken and writhing thing. The past was a vista of remorseful memories, the present a hell, and the future a dismal blank.

Tired of waiting with her till his malicious nature had done its work, the husband at last impatiently and wholly abandoned her, and but a short time elapsed thereafter before the punished virago went down, in willingness, to that last home, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

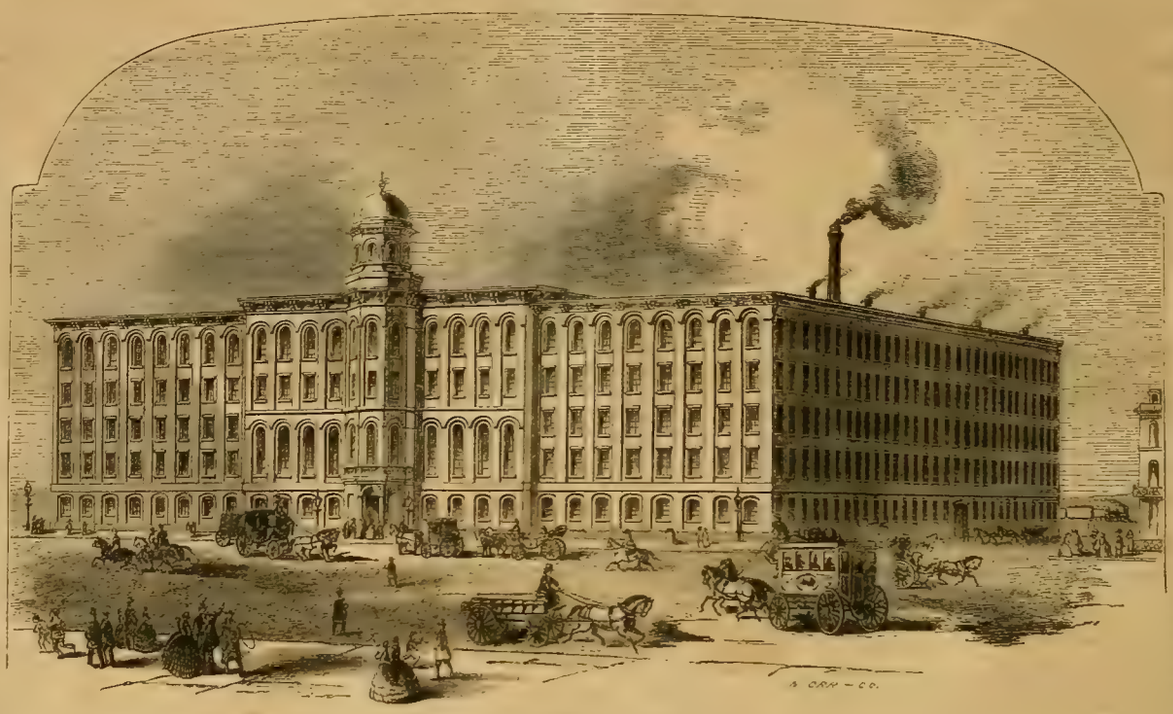
With some persons, a sufficient inducement to espouse a sentiment, is its almost unanimous rejection by others; and a satisfactory motive for continuance in error, is its thorough confutation. If such worthies ever listen to reason, it is after the model of Croaker in the "Good-natured Man," who declared his readiness to do so whenever his mind was made up, as reasons, quoth he, could then do no harm.—*Chulow.*

CHICKERING & SONS' PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY.

We publish herewith a series of original engravings illustrating different parts of Chickering & Sons' Piano Forte Manufactory, an establishment the magnitude and importance of which is probably realized by few of our many readers. The description we subjoin was obtained during a recent visit to the establishment. On entering from the street we find ourselves in a large vestibule, from which open offices on either side, and in front the large staircase leading to the warerooms, also to the manufactory. Following our guide, we descend a flight of steps in the rear building to the engine room, and stand in the presence of that wonder to look upon and to study, a steam engine, always beautiful and interesting to look upon, even in its humblest estate; but this, combining in its iron sinews the strength of one hundred and twenty horses, is a marvel of graceful motion. Scarcely more sound is heard from it than if it were still, and yet there whirls the immense wheel of eight tons, with its sixteen feet diameter, setting miles of shafting in motion, and giving power to all varieties of machinery in the rooms above, and keeping three hundred men employed. The steam, after traversing the building through twelve miles of iron pipe, returns to the boilers at one hundred and ninety degrees, and does its part in heating the rest. Twelve thousand gallons of water are used in a day by the engine, of which but three hundred gallons are lost. The boilers, of which there are four, are fed in part by the waste matter of the rooms, and all the saw dust and shavings are thus kept constantly from the floors.

It would be impossible to follow the incipient piano forte, describing all the thousand operations by which it grows to the usefulness and beauty of a perfect instrument. We have only time to pass rapidly through the establishment, noticing here and there a little. Passing from the Engine Room to the room above, between the two wings, we enter the Saw Mill, where the rough material is taken from the yard in the rear, and where the many and various machines, whizzing and buzzing, and scraping and scratching on every side, are sawing and planing, and turning it into the first shapes, preparatory to being made into the frames and cases of pianos. Here also the large and uncouth rosewood and mahogany logs are received from the ships, and made into the beautiful veneers which form the outward beauty of the instrument. From the Saw Mill we enter the Dimension Room—first floor of north wing—where all the stock is cut and sawed to its proper length, and run through the planing machines, preparing it for use in the room above, where it acquires the form of a piano case, and herein one may see one of the great secrets of the durability of the Chickering pianos. Every particle of stock used is of the very best quality, and made up in the most thorough manner. The cases are braced by cross cleats both outside and in, so as to render it impossible that they can warp or yield in the least. The third story of this wing is the Case Room, where the delicate veneers are applied. In the fourth story it receives the sounding-board and iron frame; and going still up to the fifth story, it passes through the Varnish Room in the main building, and begins its descent on the opposite side, stopping at each story to be strung, receive its action and keys, and its many other requirements, until it finally reaches the warerooms.

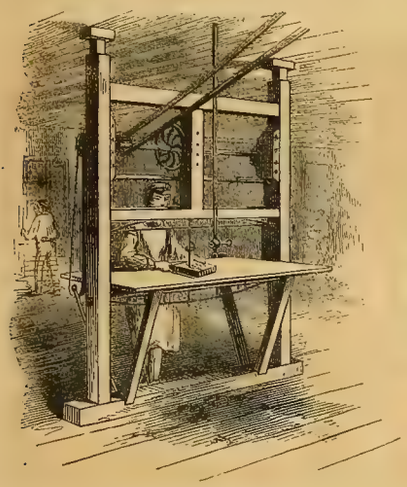
We return to the front building, and are introduced to the Action Room, where all the hammers and little intricacies of the



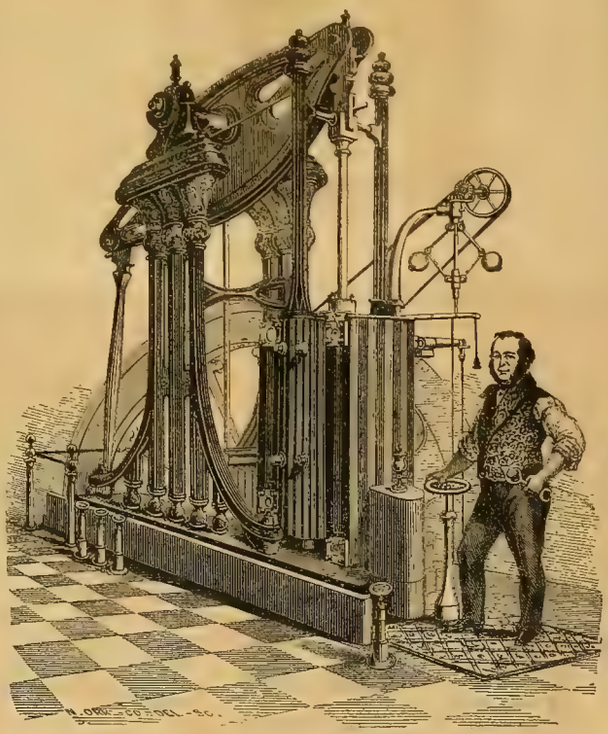
PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY,
TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

THE VESTIBULE.

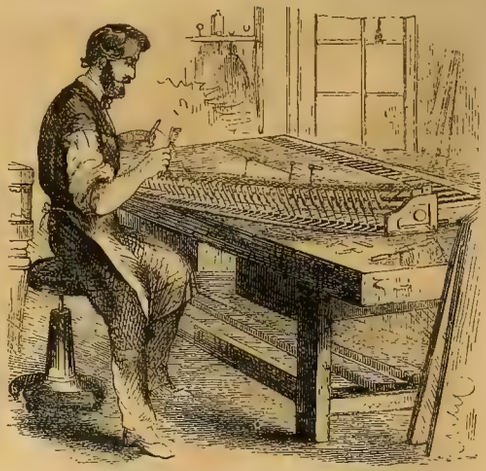
MR. CHICKERING'S PRIVATE ROOM.



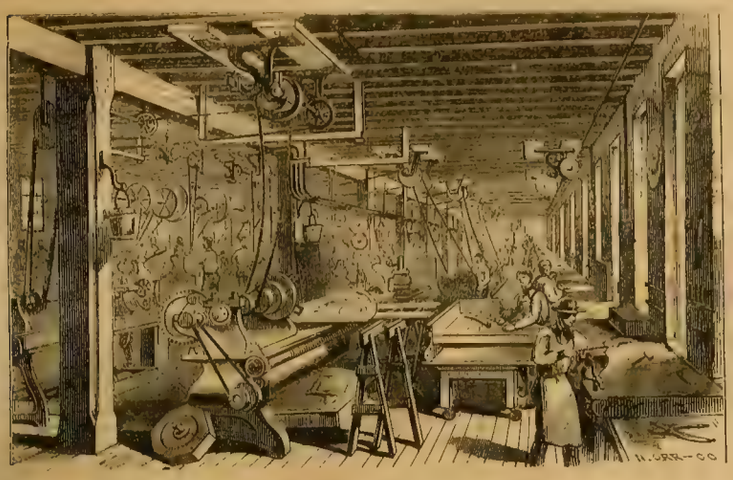
FRET AND JIG SAWING.



THE ENGINE.



REGULATING.



MACHINE SHOP.

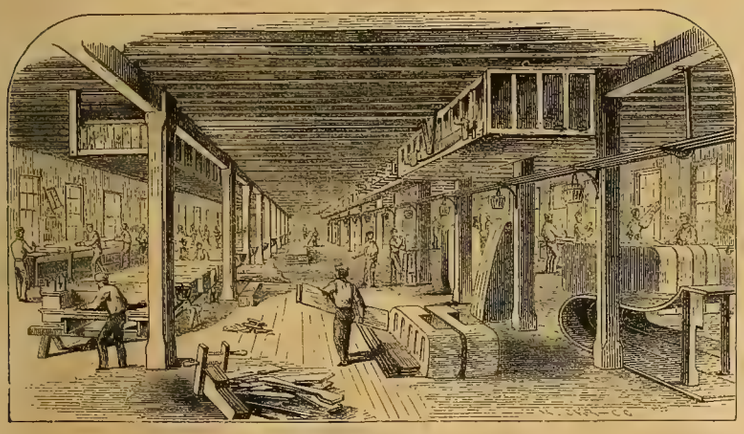
DIMENSION ROOM.

interior are prepared and put together, involving great patience and nicety of touch. To give a slight idea of the labor required upon the action work of a grand piano, it is only necessary to say that 3254 holes are required to be bored, and of these 680 are bushed with a firm and costly white kerseymere. Next to this is the Carving Room, where the ornamental legs, etc., are carved. Everybody is busy. A stranger's appearance is hardly noticed; and yet it is not a surly indifference, as you feel, but a simple attention to business that admits of no time for idle curiosity. Above this is the Drying Room, extending the whole length of the front, kept at a temperature of 90°. Here all the nicer lumber for sounding-boards, etc., has to pass a probationary term in order to warrant its acceptance. Sounding-boards enough for nearly a year's supply are arranged in racks for the purpose overhead; and stock of various kinds, sawed and turned, and planed into all manner of shapes, is here piled up, gaining the desirable qualities, and awaiting its turn to be used. Above this, in the fifth story, front, is the Varnish

FORGE.

are kept under lock and key, and which accurately report every morning if the night watchmen have done their duty, passing through each room every half hour. Two of these watchmen are employed, who keep walking all night, and yet never see each other. We have noticed in our progress the precautionary hose at the head of each stairway, provided against fire, and the six hundred buckets always filled with water for the same object. But there is no fire within the building, even the glue that is used is prepared by steam, and the entire building is heated in the same manner, hence the danger from fire is very small. When night work is required, the building is illuminated by six hundred gas-burners.

In passing through the building, we have not failed to notice the Machine Shop, on the first floor of the south wing. Here a busy scene presents itself to the curious visitor. Every machine that human ingenuity can make available is here applied for the manufacture of all

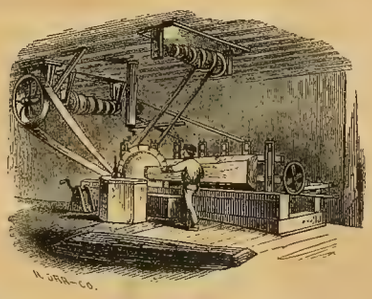


CASE ROOM.

SOUNDING-BOARD ROOM.

Room, likewise the whole length of the building. Here about seven hundred cases are in treatment all the time.

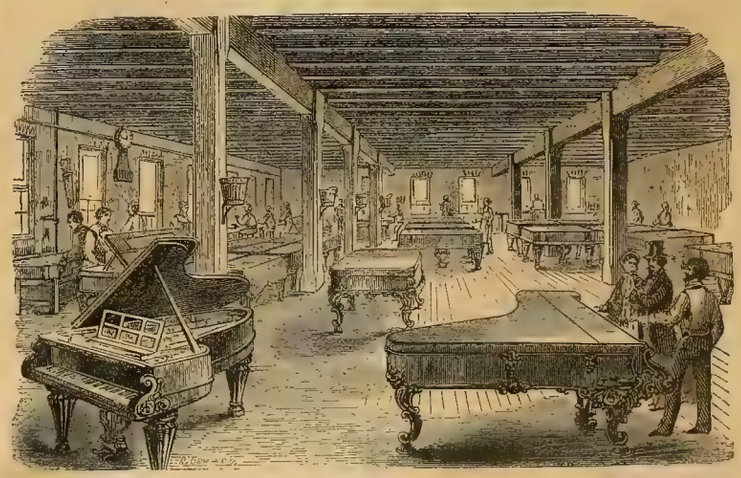
Passing from the Varnish Room through the double iron doors—which in each story separate the main building from the wings—we enter the Rubbing Room, where the cases are rubbed with pumice stone and water preparatory to receiving their final polish.—Descending in this wing, we enter the room for making and veneering the tops, legs, pedals, etc.; then to the Finishing Room, where also the stringing is performed, and the action adjusted and fitted to the instrument; still on to the Trimming Department and Regulating Room to the Warerooms. Over this long distance which the piano treads, we have passed rapidly. We notice that everything is orderly, everything is convenient. At the end of each wing is the "elevator," a platform on which twenty men may stand. Move that lever, and by the power of the one hundred and twenty horses below, this platform moves up or down, steadily and evenly, and just as easily with tons upon it as if it were empty. A very simple operation causes it to stop at either story required.—At each end of every one of the immense rooms you may perceive something that looks like a bell-pull. These are connected with the watch clocks, a long way off in the lower room, which



VENEER SAWING.

the different kinds of hardware used in the piano forte, from the heavy frames to the mysterious pins of all kinds, and screws, castors, pedal feet, and wires that go to take their place in the "harmonious whole." The following curious statistics show the relative proportion of the material which enters into the composition of every piano forte, and also indicate the amount of each used yearly in this vast establishment: 600,000 feet of pine, maple and oak; 85,000 feet of black walnut; 200,000 feet of pine for packing-boxes; 20,000 feet of spruce for sounding-boards; 300,000 feet of rosewood veneers; 30,000 feet of chestnut do.; 30,000 feet of walnut do.; 12,000 feet of oak do.; making a total of 1,277,000 feet of stock cut annually; 15,000 pounds frozen glue; 2000 pounds fine best do.; 60 reams sand paper; 1750 gallons varnish; 1200 pounds white lead; 31 pounds pumice stone; 3 barrels linseed oil; 12 barrels spirits turpentine; 15 barrels alcohol; $300 worth of gold bronze for plates; $600 worth paints; 300,000 pounds iron castings; 3300 pounds brass do.; 20,600 pounds iron wire; 5000 pounds steel do.; 3300 pounds brass do.; 500 pounds bar steel; 3000 pounds wrought bar iron; 14,000 pairs hinges; 3150 gross screws; 2000 locks; 8000 castors; 2000 sets ivory. It takes about four months to finish a piano forte; this of course does not include the time necessary for seasoning the wood—years are required for that.

TOP ROOM.



FINISHING ROOM.

The Messrs. Chickering now employ over 300 men, and finish about 40 pianos per week. Yet with all their facilities, they cannot meet the demand made upon them, and new applications for the agencies of their manufacture are received almost daily.

The house of Chickering & Sons was established in 1823, by the late Jonas Chickering, and the first piano made by him was sold to the late Mrs. Powell Snelling, the well-known Boston actress. Mr. Chickering made from time to time many valuable improvements in his instruments, until he finally brought them to that degree of superior excellence which has won for them a world-wide reputation. He was the first to introduce the circular scale now so generally used by all makers, also the entire iron frame. The whole number of pianos made by this house up to the present time (May, 1859,) is but a trifle short of twenty-two thousand, and for the superiority of their manufacture over all with whom they have competed, have been awarded thirty-eight prize medals from the different Fairs in this country and in Europe. They have also in their possession many hundreds of the most flattering testimonials from the leading professors, both European and American.

The present firm consists of the three sons of the late Jonas Chickering, Messrs. T. E. & G. H. Chickering in Boston and Mr. C. F. Chickering in New York.

THE BATTLE OF PALESTRO.

A Sardinian correspondent of the London Telegraph, writing of the battle of Palestro, where he was present, says:—"It is estimated here that the number of the Austrians who took part in this affair, was 30,000. The number of killed and wounded on both sides has been considerable. Six hundred Zouaves are said to be wounded, and three or four hundred Piedmontese. As for the loss of the Austrians, I hardly like to state how much they are said to amount to here, so exaggerated do the figures appear. According to the received rumor, one thousand of their men have been taken prisoners, and two thousand five hundred killed or wounded. The Austrian prisoners were nearly all very young men; some, indeed, mere beardless striplings, looking like the rawest of raw recruits. Most of them had a worn and pinched appearance, as though the food they had recently partaken of had been poor in quality and uncertain as to its supply. How they fought at all, under the circumstances, is a mystery, for they really seemed in want of nothing so much as a good dinner; and to enter the field with an empty stomach of itself almost ensured defeat. The wonder is, however, what the Austrians did with the cattle they compelled the Piedmontese inhabitants of the invaded provinces to supply to the army. If the animals were all cut up for the use of the soldiers, certainly the result obtained has not been so satisfactory as could be wished. No wonder the Austrians could not stand against the Zouaves and the Bersaglieri, who are, at the least, well fed, and who consequently have the stamina a soldier always ought to possess when the trying ordeal of an active campaign has to be passed through. The youth and inexperience of the poor fellows told terribly against them."

AUSTRIANS WHIPPING A PRIMA DONNA.

Max Kron, a correspondent of the New-Yorker Democrat, does not seem to be an enthusiastic admirer of the blessings conferred upon Italy by the Austrian military authorities in the glorious days of the great Radetzky. Among other barbarities which he witnessed during a tour through Lombardy in 1852, he relates the following:—One morning, while taking a walk from the Piazza d'Armi to the Foro di Castello, a gathering of civilians on the latter place attracted my attention and excited my curiosity, as civilians were strictly prohibited from assembling anywhere in numbers exceeding ten or twelve. Upon approaching the spot, I heard a German voice deliberately counting, each utterance of his being accompanied by a piercing cry of agony from a female. I forced myself through the crowd, and beheld, within a square of Croat soldiers, a lady lying upon a chair, with her face down, while a Croat officer, with blows from a cane upon her person, responded to the "one," "two," "three," &c., of his adjutant. It was the cantatrice Maria Grassi, who on the previous evening had been guilty of a political allusion on the boards of La Scala. I must confess, at this moment, I cursed my light hair, that betrayed my German origin to the bystanders. I shook the dust from my feet, and journeyed westward into freer regions and a purer atmosphere.

THE ENGLISH PRESS AND THE WAR.

The London correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser thus shows up the course of the London press in regard to movements in Italy:—It is hardly necessary here to notice the falsity of the despatches from Vienna, reproduced in the London papers. For instance, the Times publishes a despatch which states that the battle of Magenta was a drawn battle, that the Austrians had re-attacked the French lines to impede or prevent the march on Milan, and that the Austrian army still had its head-quarters at Abbiate Grasso. Now it so happened that the day this despatch was written, the emperor and king entered Milan, that the Austrians were in full retreat upon Lodi, and that even as far away as Pavia the retreat had commenced, for we have just learned from that place that after spiking the cannons and throwing the ammunition into the Ticino, they had precipitately evacuated in the direction of the Adda.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. P., St. C., Ohio.—Address Oliver Ditson & Co., music publishers, Washington Street, Boston.

W. H.—Belgium is the only country in which the society known by the name of the Beguines at present exist. They have establishments in almost every town. At one period they numbered nearly five thousand in this country.

Miss F R., Auburndale.—The cemetery of Pere la Chaise was opened in the year 1804, and for the first ten years attracted little attention. The suppression of interments in churches and churchyards, was first ordered by the National Assembly of France, in 1790. This resting-place of the departed assumes a more than usually sorrowful interest on All Souls' Day, or, as it is called in Paris, "Fete des Morts," when the friends of the dead visit the graves in great numbers, and place fresh memorials of their grief on them

Historicus.—Some of the old churches of the metropolis of London are about to disappear to make room for new warehouses Churches in which Tillotson and Burnet preached are to be converted into warehouses for the goods of Manchester, Halifax and Leeds.

Librarian.—Dr. Pertz, of the Royal Library of Berlin, has found a manuscript journal of Theodosia and Ugolino Vivaldi, both Genoese navigators, who sailed round Cape Good Hope in 1290, supposed to have been first discovered by Batholomew Diaz, in 1486, and first doubled by Vasco de Gama, Nov. 20, 1497.

Senex.—The recent battle of Melagnano was very bloody and very decisive. The Austrians were magnificently beaten. This victory was gained on the same field where Francis I., 344 years ago (September 14, 1515), defeated the Swiss and annihilated their military reputation.

Californian.—The foundation of San Francisco dates from the 27th of June, 1776 It was therefore eighty-three years of age on the 27th ult., or a week older than the "National Independence" of the Union in which its State conspicuously figures.

W. B.—It has been recently decided in England that a marriage contracted in Denmark between a citizen of England and his deceased wife's sister is null and void. Therefore what God joins together in Denmark an English chancellor puts asunder in London.

Ohio.—The director of the Philadelphia mint expresses the opinion that the yield of gold, during the present season, from our gold-producing States, will afford a favorable comparison with that of any former year.

STRONGHOLDS OF NORTHERN ITALY.

After forcing the passage of the Mincio and the Adige, the allied army of French and Sardinians will have to capture or blockade the four famous strongholds, Mantua, Verona, Peschiera, and Legnano, a comparatively easy task after what they have accomplished; and the Austrian rule of transalpine Italy may be said to have ended, for with the French fleet in the Adriatic, Venice can no longer be held defensible. All eyes are at this moment turned towards the four great fortresses, and our readers will thank us, we think, for a rapid sketch of these four strongholds which they may find on any tolerable map of northern Italy.

Peschiera, situated at the point where the Mincio issues from the Lago di Garda, is the key to that lake, commands the road from Brescia to Verona, and holds the dams by which the volume of the Mincio can be increased or diminished at will. It is a place of the second rank, but the fortifications have been increased since 1848. At this period, it capitulated after a siege of a month, directed by the late Duke of Genoa, brother of its present king.

Mantua is a place of the first class, and was generally considered as the key to northern Italy before Verona had acquired its present political and military importance. This place is easily accessible on account of its situation in the midst of three lakes and marshes, formed by the waters of the Mincio, of which it guards the lower extremity. It communicates with the main land by five causeways: Roverbello, Legnano, Modena, Bergo-Forte, and Cremona. These causeways are fortified, and the citadel "La Favorita," which defends the communication with Roverbello, is protected against a surprise by artificial inundation, operated by hydraulic machines. In 1848, the Austrians employed this method against the Piedmontese army; and they had at this period, and still have, a flotilla on the upper lake which rendered important service. The very fact of the isolation of Mantua, which is only connected with the main land by the five causeways we have designated, indicates the facility of blockading it. It is sufficient for that purpose to have the control of the openings of the five communications by field-works. Thus, contrary to usual custom, the siege-corps before the place may be inferior to the garrison which occupies it. In 1796, the French general, Serrurier, with 8000 men, held double that number blockaded within it. Besides the main body of the place, Mantua has two entrenched camps at the south, and a vast extent of fertile and marshy country at the south, surrounded on all sides by the waters of the Mincio, the Po, and the Ausone, called the Scraglio. This makes a portion of the place, and furnishes it with vast resources. The villages of Bergo-Forte and Governolo command the Scraglio. Governolo was, in 1848, the theatre of a brilliant affair which cost the enemy 600 killed and 400 prisoners. His success rendered the Piedmontese masters of the Scraglio.

Legnano is a good *tete de pont* on the Adige, of which it defends the lower course, and is, moreover, protected by the artificial inundation of la Molinella. Kray employed this means against Schérer in 1799.

Verona defends the centre of the Adige, and is, like Mantua, a place of the first class, fortified with the system of so-called "Maximilian" towers. This city is situated at the foot of the last slopes of Montebaldo. A series of heights, marked by the villages of Chievo, Massino, Santa Lucia, Tomba and Tombetta, extend to the west before the city, and form a vast entrenched camp of about nine miles in extent, in the form of a circle, the two extremities of which rejoin the Adige at Chievo and at Tombetta. It was against these heights that the Sardinian army dashed on the 6th of May, 1848. They hoped to carry them, and thus to bring on the rising of Verona, but after a sharp conflict at Santa Lucia, the battle remained undecided, and Charles Albert regained his positions. Verona, besides its political importance,—for since the evacuation of Milan, it has been the centre of the Austrian government in Italy,—has an immense strategic value. It holds the roads to Friuli and the Tyrol, and the highest military considerations are attached to its possession as the principal defence of the line of the Adige.

This river, the course of which is parallel to that of the Mincio, is very rapid, until towards Magnano, where its banks sink, and the passage becomes easy from this point to Carpi To the north, Bussolengo on the right bank, is also a suitable position for an attempt to cross the river. There Brune effected the passage in 1800; but in 1848, after the glorious battle of Pastrengo, the Piedmontese contented themselves with occupying Bussolengo, without attempting the passage. To the north of Verona are also the positions of Rivoli and Corona, so celebrated in the wars of the French revolution, and which were, in 1848, the scene of various conflicts, particularly that of July 22, which were so glorious to Piedmont. There are advanced positions of Verona, which are connected, for the defence of the Adige, with those of Roveredo and Trent, and with the Italian Tyrol, the natural appendix to the famous quadrangle.

BALLOONING.

A few facts about balloons just now will interest our readers. Balloons were unheard of before 1776. Cavendish had then discovered the extraordinary lightness of the hydrogen gas, and in 1783 the first successful balloon ascent was made from Lyons, in France. This balloon was one hundred and ten feet in circumference, and weighed five hundred pounds. Soon after, balloons were sent up at Paris, and again at Lyons, with animals attached; but it was not till November of the same year that any experimenter was bold enough to risk himself in a balloon. On the 21st of November, 1782, the Marias d'Arlandes and M. Pilatre de Bozier, made an ascent of about three thousand feet, but returned again to the earth in about half an hour. Immediately a number of adventurous Frenchmen went into amateur ballooning, among them the Duke of Orleans, and in 1784 two Americans, Dr. John Jeffries and Mr. Blanchard, of Boston, crossed the Channel at Dover, and landed in the forest of Guienneo. In 1785 the ballooning mania received a check. M. Rosiers, who first made a balloon ascension, was making, in June, 1785, a balloon excursion from England to France, when, by some accident, the balloon caught on fire, and the unfortunate voyagers were precipitated on the rocks below. During the French revolution of 1790, balloons were used to inspect the movements of the hostile troops, and in 1804 an ascent was made for purely scientific objects by Messrs. Lussac and Biot. In 1796, M. Blanchard made the first balloon ascension on record in this city. Since that time various experimenters have essayed to mount the air, some meeting the fate of Icarius, others enjoying greater or less success.

In this country the most famous of the "intrepid æronauts"—that is what they are usually called in the newspapers—have been Mr. Blanchard, who died in 1809, after having made sixty-six ascents; Mrs. Blanchard, his wife, who made her last ascension from Paris in 1811, when her balloon took fire from some fireworks she foolishly took up with her, and she was dashed to the earth and killed; M. Petin, M. Godard, and Messrs. Wise, Green, La Mountaine, Gager, Carlincourt and Thurston, the latter of whom met with a sad fate on his last voyage, but a few months since. There have also been, from time to time, various æronautic experiments developing themselves in parachutes, flying ships, and the like, up to the experiment of the great balloon voyage, recently undertaken and completed by Messrs. Wise, Gager, and La Mountaine, who left St. Louis, Missouri, at six o'clock and forty minutes, on Friday, and landed at Henderson, Jefferson county, New York, on Saturday, at two o'clock, making in eighteen hours a voyage which, by uninterrupted railway travelling by express trains, takes thirty-eight hours. This is the greatest balloon trip on record. In 1836, three Englishmen, Messrs. Hollard, Mason and Green, sailed from London, and landed near Weilburg, in the Duchy of Nassau, having made the distance of five hundred miles in eighteen hours. The American æronauts, however, have made eleven hundred and fifty miles in nineteen hours and a half.

NAPOLEON III.

Louis Napoleon seems determined to be the historian as well as hero of the Italian war, having packed the writers, who have been following the army back to Paris. We had hoped that he would "let up" a little in his restrictions on the French papers, and we trust that he will not copy Napoleon I. in the petty meannesses that marred his greatness. The French people, quivering with anxiety and interest, ought to be allowed to learn something more of the war than they can glean from imperial bulletins and military despatches. It is too bad to have Amedée Achard's brilliant and picturesque letters in the *Debats* suddenly cut short. Achard was among the first sent home.

Important Medical Notice.—We understand that at the solicitation of many physicians and others, the Agent of that valuable preparation, *Fousel's Pabulum Vitæ*, for the treatment of Pulmonary and Bronchial Disease, has made arrangements, by reason of the greatly increased sale of the medicine, to reduce its price to *One Dollar* per bottle, and *Fifty Cents* for trial bottle; thus placing it within the reach of all classes, and rendering what has been universally acknowledged to be the *best* remedy yet discovered, likewise the *cheapest* in the market. It can be had of any apothecary.

Male Gossips.—The most contemptible animal breathing is a male gossip, a sneaking fellow who pries into all his neighbor's business, and makes it his own sole business to run about tattling what he has surreptitiously picked up. A female gossip is disgusting enough—but a male gossip—Faugh! "an ounce of civet, good apothecary."

The Holy Land.—We cannot say too much to our citizens, and readers in the neighboring towns, in recommendation of Banvard's beautiful panorama of the Holy Land. It is brilliant as a work of art, and as an exhibition it is absorbingly interesting and instructive.

A Nervous Curative.—We hear much said about Lawson's Nervous Curative, and Nerve Tonic, a certificate relating to which will be found on another page. The proprietor is a gentleman of high standing, and his discovery is worthy of attention.

Gold Mining in Vermont.—Of the thirty miners now gold-hunting in the neighborhood of Plymouth, Vt., only one appears to have been rewarded with anything like success. The average product of a man's labor falls below $25 per month.

One Hundred and Sixteen Thousand.—Ballou's Dollar Monthly now claims this extraordinary circulation. Verily we are a reading people. But this excellent serial is so cheap that any one can afford it. *One dollar a year!—Burlington Gazette.*

Horse Rail Road.—The first line of horse railway in operation in Chicago proves so successful that others are projected. It frequently makes a profit of $100 a day.

LETTER FROM A FRENCH ZOUAVE.

We translate for the amusement of our readers, the following authentic letter from a corporal of Zouaves. It is exceedingly characteristic and interesting:

VOGHERA, May 28.

It seems the Austrians thought to pit the Tyrolese against us Zouaves. They are skillful hunters, armed with dangerous weapons; but why should they try to scare us with them? This is our answer to all their menaces: "On the field of battle you are not before the target, and the hand often betrays the will unless you have been trained to fire. Then, your sharp-shooters have a defective organization, which one day will betray them to us, tied hand and foot." In fact, the Tyrolese drive their bullets home with a mallet, then gravely haul out a long fork, plant it in the ground, rest their guns on it and take aim; meanwhile we have fired eight shots and are within bayonet reach.

The eyes which discovered Kabyles under the fig-leaves of Barbary, know how to send a bullet true to these Tyrolese. As for our arms, their precision is admirable. We are impatiently waiting an opportunity to give the enemy's chasseurs a lesson in bayonet-fencing.

Just now we are spy-hunting. We have discovered an infallible means of taking them. These gentry come dressed as Zouaves and speak French. They affect an easy air, but, as a drum-major sententiously observed, "Asses in lion-skins are known by the tongue and not the plumage."

In fact, a spy dressed as a Zouave, with his cap set back, his saucy air, and a pun at his tongue's end, accosts other Zouaves—the genuine Africans. They talk of war, ambuscades and battles, drink and sing. An old Mahomet calls out, addressing the spy, "Say, comrade, *gib el touchran;* I have left my *sips* in the *gitoun* (signifying in Sabir tongue, 'Comrade, hand me the tobacco; I have left my pipe in the tent')." The spy makes no answer. "*Enta machache narf el Arabi*—Don't you understand Arabic?" continues the Zouave. The same silence. Suspicion is awakened, and the pretended Zouave is plied with questions. He gets confused, confounds Blidah with Orleansville, and is finally seized and perhaps shot. With doubtful Zouaves, we talk nothing but Arabic—it is the true touch-stone.

SELF-RESPECT.

One of the strongest and most prevalent incentives to virtuous conduct is the desire of the world's esteem. We act right, rather that our actions may be applauded by others, than to have the approbation of our own consciences. We refrain from doing wrong, not so much from principle, as from the fear of incurring the censure of the world. A due regard ought, indeed, to be paid to public opinion, but there is a regard we owe to ourselves which is of far greater importance—a regard which should keep us from committing a wrong action when withdrawn from the observation of the world as much as when exposed to its broad glare. If we are as good as others—and it is our own fault if we are not so—why stand in more fear of others than of ourselves? In other respects we are apt to overrate ourselves; but surely when we pay such blind and servile respect to the opinions of others, we forget our own dignity, and undervalue ourselves in our own esteem. We admire the sentiment of Cassius, when, speaking of the Imperial Cæsar, he exclaims:

"I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as myself."

FOUND AT LAST.—A remedy that not only relieves, but which cures consumption, and its numerous satellites which revolve about it in the shape of coughs, colds, influenzas, bronchitis and the like. This remedy is a long-tried and well-approved one, and is known as Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which has surprised all who have resorted to it for help, by reason of its magic-like curative qualities. The genuine article has "I. Butts" always written upon the wrapper, and may be obtained of all responsible druggists through the country. The readers of the Pictorial may place entire confidence in this excellent preparation.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—An article in the Baltimore American calls on reading men to dispense the bounties and the beauties they find in books, by transcribing extracts for the newspapers. Those with no leisure to transcribe, have sons and daughters and wives, to whom such a light task would be a pleasure and an advantage.

BATTLE OF MAGENTA.—Mr. Adolphe Yvon, whose great picture of the taking of the Malakoff was so much admired, has gone to Italy to make studies for a picture of the Battle of Magenta.

THE WITCHERY OF LOVE.

A student turns out from college with honors on his head, his mind replete with learning, and not a stir in his affections, excepting for his kindred. A damsel passes his track and takes his heart along with her, and ten to one that she does not leave her own behind her. How is this phenomenon to be accounted for? A transcendentalist walks out from his library, stock full of the deepest metaphysics. He finds on his way a little satin shoe of the nicest shape, and before he has time to count ten, some bright-eyed creature whom he never saw takes complete possession of his soul. To what shall we attribute this witchery? A miser of sixty years, and with millions, who never did a generous act, sees a blue ribbon neatly fastened with a common brass pin, around the waist of a girl not worth a sixpence, and before three days he makes her mistress of all his wealth, and turns out to be a happy, jovial person. Who can give a logical history of this proceeding? A stern warrior, wedded to nothing but strict discipline for the glory of his country, entering a ball-room in a foreign clime, where he meets a Spanish girl of sixteen, who takes away his old, stout, honest heart with a simple twirl of her fan. Can we get a mathematical demonstration of the manœvering by which this conquest was effected?

NOTES ABOUT NOTABILITIES.—Horace Vernet is making studies for his great picture of the Battle of Montebello on the spot.—Church, the artist, has gone away north to paint icebergs.—T. B. Read, during his recent visit to this city, painted portraits of the poet Longfellow, his charming children, and the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."—Mlle. Taglioni is teaching dancing and composing ballets in Paris.—General Beuret's bust is to be placed in the Museum at Versailles. The general was killed at the battle of Montebello.—Dumas is writing a new tragedy entitled "Macaroni."—President Buchanan is at Bedford Springs.—Ex-President Pierce is still in Europe.—Miss Florence Nightingale is still suffering from illness.

ICE CREAM!—Let our readers see by Mr. Lane's advertisement in another page of our paper, what can be done in this line. Improvements will never cease. This furnishing store is just opposite the Universalist Church, in School Street, very centrally situated, and has the best selected stock of kitchen and house furnishing ware in Boston. The prices asked are the lowest, and Mr. Lane is a most prompt and agreeable business man to deal with.

PERSONAL.—We have just enjoyed a call from J. G. Saxe, Esq., the well-known poet, and democratic nominee for Governor of Vermont. Genial, cultivated, manly, with large experience of human nature, and a thorough-bred lawyer, we know of no man who would fill the chair of state with more credit to himself and party than Mr. Saxe. He must prove in the contest immensely popular in the Green Mountain State, from personal favor alone; and no man in New England has more numerous or warmer friends.

A HINT!—When you are purchasing the much-puffed weekly papers, buy a copy of the *Flag of our Union*, and when you get home, quietly compare it with others, *then judge for yourself.* The price is FOUR CENTS. It is fresh and original from headline to imprint, and, in spite of the immense assertions of its rivals, has never yet been beaten in a single issue.

FRENCH WOMEN.—Michelet says the reason why French women look prematurely old, is that they use the facial muscles so much, and indulge in such play of expression. Like a gallant Gaul as he is, he thinks them more fascinating than the women of any other country.

A BOXER'S ANSWER.—"What is the best guard against an adversary?" said a pupil in the art of self-defence to his teacher—a noted pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the unexpected and significant reply.

YOU HAD BETTER.—Read O. P. Drake's advertisement of that most useful article, *Benzoline*, and get a bottle at the nearest druggist's. It is all it claims to be.

DOMESTIC RECIPE.—The more tea you put in the pot, the stronger the water will be. Famili s we visit will please try it.

Wayside Gatherings.

Burton, the play-actor, has recently undergone a painful surgical operation—a large tumor cut from behind the knee.

There are 771 Post Offices in Maine. Penobscot county has the largest number, 102; Washington 74; Hancock 62; Aroostook 33.

Friends of the Bible cause in New York are now making contributions for supplying the armies now in the field in Europe with New Testaments.

The New York Chamber of Commerce have accepted a report which recommends abandoning the quarantining of all persons with or exposed to yellow fever.

The quartz business in the Sonora mountains is very profitable. In one mill $1800 per week profit has been "crushed out" for several weeks.

There are three hundred and thirty patients in the California State Lunatic Asylum, and the number increases at the rate of about one each day.

The San Francisco papers say that wool raisers in California are wild with excitement about a fleece taken from a Merino buck in Monterey County, which weighed forty-two pounds.

In 1728, Boston had 42 streets, 36 lanes and 22 alleys, a total of just 100. By the Boston Directory, just issued, we learn that Boston now has a total of 925 streets, alleys and lanes.

A druggist's clerk in Rockville, Ct., was very badly burned in his eyes, mouth, throat and lungs recently, by carelessly opening a bottle of concentrated ammonia. It is thought he will recover, however.

The entire amount necessary for the purchase of Mount Vernon has already been subscribed, but the Association will not close the subscription lists until a sufficient sum shall be in hand to improve the property.

The Rochester Democrat says that a man walked off the bank of the Niagara river near the Falls. He fell ninety feet, and landed on a spot inaccessible except by a ladder of rope. The man was badly bruised, but no bones were broken. He will probably recover.

A Taunton (Mass.) merchant, who was a half mile from home, offered a friend fifty cents to take him home in a wheelbarrow. The offer was accepted, and accomplished in the presence of a large number of persons, who escorted the wheelbarrow and contents to their destination.

Jersham Sawin, a native of Westmoreland, N. H., died at his residence in West Windsor, Vt., on the 23d ult., aged 100 years 8 months and 28 days. The deceased was a private in Captain Josiah Fish's Company in Colonel Fletcher's Battalion, in the revolutionary war.

Yale College is said to own ninety-acres of land in North Canaan, Ct, which has grown up to alders and hardbacks, and is so worthless that the lessees will not pay two shillings an acre for it. The papers thereabouts suggest that rusticated students should be sent out to cultivate the wilderness.

They thieve by the wholesale at Syracuse. First a canal boat is stolen—then a two-story frame house—now a flock of sheep is missing, and one Sunday lately a Sabbath School was taken! Some years ago the Salt Pointers threatened to steal the State Capitol. It looks as though they were practicing for that exploit.

When the bayonets think, remarks the able and pleasant writer in the Springfield Republican, their triumph is half secured; and the great difference between the French and Italians and the Austrian soldiery to whom they are opposed is, that their bayonets think, while those of the Austrians do not.

In the city of New York there are eighty-four fire insurance companies, with aggregate capitals of $16,696,010, and a surplus of something over $5,000,000. The losses paid last year amounted to $1,904,044; the dividends were $2,434,976. The losses, expenses, taxes, etc., of 1858, were upwards of six millions of dollars.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that since the last act of the Delaware Legislature, renewing the lottery grants, the business has revived with redoubled activity, and lottery tickets and lottery policies are sold in Philadelphia by the thousands. The business has got so bold, that scarcely an effort is made to conceal it.

The School Ship at Charleston, S. C., has more than twenty pupils. The Courier of that city says:—"We hesitate not in saying, with the continued liberal aid rendered us by well-wishers of the cause, that we shall shortly be able to furnish, in part, some of our merchant vessels, not only with crews, but with masters and officers."

A colored woman was on trial in the New York Court of Special Sessions for stealing a shirt. One of the witnesses, also a colored woman, was asked under what circumstances she formed the acquaintance of the prisoner, to which she replied: "She and me used to be old thieves together. I quit it, but she kept on stealin'."

There is a young man in New Orleans, named Meredith Holland, who is endowed with a supernatural readiness at mathematical calculations. He has prepared curious charts and calendars, showing the days of the week on which such or such a date will fall, for a period of a hundred years, and does many remarkable things, which go to prove that some machines are in better order than others.

Sands of Gold.

.... The busiest of living agents are certain dead men's thoughts.—*Bacon.*

.... When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself. —*Zimmerman.*

.... It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.—*Lord Bacon.*

.... In every work of genius, we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.—*Emerson.*

.... The only sure way to secure respect for our pretensions, and to have them conceded, is to make them reasonable.—*Bovee.*

.... Contemporaries appreciate the man rather than the merit; posterity will regard the merit rather than the man.—*Buxton.*

.... He who gives pleasure, meets with it. Kindness is the bond of friendship, and the hook of love; he who sows not, reaps not.—*Basil.*

.. . Those who have a thorough knowledge of the human heart can often produce all the best effects of the virtues in others by a subtle appeal to their vanities.—*Carleton.*

.... Great events turn upon small circumstances, and sometimes upon small men, and in this way lend to the latter a dignity and importance not intrinsic to them.—*Bovee.*

.... Histories make men wise, poets witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep, moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—*Bacon.*

.... Envy may justly be called "the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity;" it is the most acid fruit that grows on the stock of sin, a fluid so subtle that nothing but the fire of divine love can purge it from the soul.—*Hosea Ballou.*

.... Our loves are but the mirrors of our lives. Our affections go with our virtues. We do not truly honor the beauty which we do not seek. No one acknowledges the Deity to whom he does not somewhere construct an altar.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... A bigot is one who sees religion, not as a sphere, but a line, and it is a line in which he is moving. He is like an African buffalo—sees right forward, but nothing on the right or left. He would not perceive a legion of angels or devils, at the distance of ten yards on the one side or the other.—*Foster.*

.... What we call vice in our neighbor may be nothing less than a crude virtue. To him who knows nothing more of precious stones than he can learn from a daily contemplation of his breast-pin, a diamond in the mine must be a very uncompromising sort of stone.—*W. G. Simms.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is a grocer out of business like an eel? Because he hasn't got any scales.

If forty-nine inches make an *ell*, how many inches make an elephant?

The old fogy who poked his head from "behind the times," had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

An English paper says, "If a genuine Yankee were to meet death on a pale horse, he would banter with him to swap horses."

Somebody says that physicians are the nut-crackers used by angels to get our souls out of the shells that surround them.

That was a fearful jest of Norbury's, on sentencing to death a thief who had stolen a watch, "You made a grasp at time, my lad, but you clutched eternity."

Noisy children are found to be extremely useful, it is said, in preventing one from hearing the ringing of the door bell when one doesn't want to see visitors.

Sir Isaac Newton made a practical bull, when, having made a hole in his door for his cat to enter, he also made a smaller hole for her kitten.

When you receive a note from your ladye love and kiss it (as, of course, you are expected to do), why is it like a night-mare? Because it is the ink-you-buss.

Taylor says courtships are the sweet and dreamy thresholds of unseen Edens, where half the world has passed in couples, and talked in whispers under the moonlight, and passed on, and never returned.

"Is Mr. Smith in?" asked an Irishman. "No," was the reply; "will you leave your name?" "Och, murther! Do you think I'd be after going home without a name?" rejoined Pat.

In society, wholesales don't mix with retails; raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny balls of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound; and pig-iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails.

"See here, Gripps, I understand you have a superior way of curing hams. I should like to learn it. "Well, yes; I know very well how to *cure* them; but the trouble with me, just now, is to find out a way to *pro* cure them."

Some years ago, it is said, a party was traveling in a stage through the Jersey pines, and saw in the distance what they supposed was the frame of a log house. On approaching they found it was the skeleton of a mosquito which had starved to death, the flesh having fallen from the bones!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Sing to me loud and high
When my heart is light and gay,
When the shadows before my footsteps fly,
When an alien to my breast is a sigh,
And life is a summer day;
For though I be happy, thy song can bring
A happier flight to the hour's swift wing.

Sing to me soft and low
When I muse on the days long past—
When my fickle heart beats muffled and slow,
As my wayward fancies backward go,
And my thoughts have a sombre cast;
For though I be sad, yet thy song shall be
A sad, sweet pleasure forever to me.

And sing me sweet songs of love,
Through the dreary winter day;
Though skies be leaden and cold above,
And the chilling tempests around us rove,
Thou shalt make me happy alway;
For thy song, dear warbler, hath still the power,
With its sunshine, to brighten the darkest hour.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MICKLE-MOUTHED MEG.

BY T. C. SPAULDING.

The feuds of the Scottish clans are a proverbial part and parcel of the history of Scotland. When not at war with England, the Scotch have delighted to pick some petty quarrel with each other, and the occasion has often been too trifling to mention in history, while the consequences have often risen to matters of deep, and sometimes fatal importance. But underneath all this, some comic characteristic of the nation has peeped out—some ill-concealed craft or cunning, or close-handed thrift, indicative of the canny Scotsman, and which belong to no other people in such excess as to those of the "Border."

One of these feuds, now existing only in traditionary lore, lay between the Scotts and Murrays; and, at one time, it seemed only too probable that the representative of the former clan would meet a disgraceful death at the hands of the chief of the latter.

Sir Gideon Murray, the Laird of Elibank, was a chosen favorite of King James VI., who afterwards bestowed upon him the office of deputy treasurer of Scotland. The Laird was an honest, upright man, but subject to fits of passion which, however, seldom lasted long, and, in the end, rarely did anybody any harm. His wife was a careful, pains-taking woman, a good wife and mother, and, in her youth, must have been esteemed a fair specimen of Scotch beauty. At the age of fifty, the time of which we write, she was still bright and blooming, her fair, yellowish hair still untouched by the frosts of time, and her good-natured smile displaying teeth of the purest white, without thanks to the dentist, even had his art flourished at that period.

The good dame was very fond of brilliant colors, and besides the endless variety of tartans with which she decked herself—wearing not only her husband's colors, but those of her mother's family and of her own maiden name, she enhanced the effect by numberless pink, bright red or corn-colored cap-ribbons; so that the good gentlewoman gave the appearance of a flower-garden.

Good looking as the Lady of Elibank incontestably was, no one could say as much for the three daughters, who were the sole heirs of Sir Gideon, all his sons having, to his great disappointment, died in infancy. We may, however, except one as being tolerably pretty. Of these daughters, Ailie, the eldest, was a red-haired, freckle-faced lassie, large and awkward, with the dullest of all blue eyes, "like pewter buttons drappit in a crock o' white butter," the lads said.

The second, Jean, was a prim, bony old maidish woman, still and quiet, hardly speaking the day through, except to warn her sisters that they were talking too loudly.

The third, Margaret, was remarkable only for having a very wide mouth, the rest of her face being rather pretty, and her brown hair and full gray eyes absolutely handsome. But her unfortunate mouth obtained for her the unenviable sobriquet of "Mickle-Mouthed Meg," all over Elibank Town, and indeed wherever the Laird and his family were known. No one was more sensible of her looks than Meg herself. She declared that she was afraid to gape, or even sing, lest her head should be divided into two parts—and she often expressed a hope that in heaven she would not be recognized by her mouth. This sunny disposition was everything to the Murray family. It softened the asperities of poor Jean, whose youth had suffered a sad disappointment, and it made amends by its kindness for the thoughtless and awkward rudeness of Ailie. It covered over the absurdities of Lady Murray's costume, and it was more than an even match for the Laird's passionate temper; subduing it by softness only, as the horse tamer rules his fiery subjects. Yet the good and amiable Scottish maiden was invariably called by her uninviting nick name, and the young Lairds never toasted the neighboring beauties without bringing in Mickle-Mouthed Meg as a foil to the loveliness of their own charmers.

Meg had her own admirers. The gardener's lame boy, from his arm-chair by the window, and his little table loaded with books and pictures, cakes and fruits, the gift of Margaret Murray, never failed to hail her coming as that of his guardian angel; and old, decrepit Sawny Macintire, the schoolmaster of Elibank when Sir Gideon was a young man, could never be made to think that Meg was not a perfect beauty; and when he had exhausted every old Latin epithet upon the child of his former pupil, and the youths continued to laugh disdainfully at the amplitude of her mouth, Sawny would say, "Hech, sirs! but the lassie's heart is as muckle as a haill regiment of such as your ain."

Meg had just entered her twenty-fifth year, when her father came home suddenly from the next town, where he had been on business, and alarmed the family with the news that he had heard. Young William Scott, the son of Scott of Harden, was already making large incursions upon lands belonging to the Laird of Elibank, and his depredations were made in open defiance of all law, and in a manner worthy of the most lawless freebooter; at least such was the story heard by the Laird, and by him believed true.

To sound the alarm among the Laird's retainers, to summon the whole clan of Murray, and to defeat the marauders through superior force, was the old knight's easy task. Another seemed coming upon him to execute, which, after the heat of passion and the flush of victory should be over, would perhaps load his whole life with unavailing remorse.

Young Scott of Harden was taken prisoner and brought to Elibank Town, where he was confined in a room in Sir Gideon's own castle, until lawful measures could be taken to punish him. Having deposited his prisoner in safety, the Knight of Elibank betook himself to the presence of his lady, to report his deeds of martial prowess in rescuing a flock of sheep from the clutches of the borderers.

Magnificent, in a new head-dress, decorated with purple thistles and enormous white lilies, Lady Murray heard her husband's boast of his warlike deeds, and congratulated him warmly upon preserving his mutton from the mouths for which it was never intended to supply. Still, she knew Scott of Harden, and she could not help feeling sorry that so fine a young man should have been mixed up with such an affair.

"What are ye gaen to do wi' him, Elibank?" she asked.

"Do wi' him?" asked the Laird, with an expression more nearly resembling scorn than she had ever seen him wear. "*Do* wi' him? What he deserves—I took him, red hand, in the very act of violence and plunder. I will bring him to the gallows where he belongs; and I wish his whole train had but one neck, so that I could stretch them all at once."

"Hoot, na,' Elibank—that is no so wise as ye are betimes. Scott of Harden is a winsome young Laird. Would ye hang such as he, when ye ha' three ill-faured dochters in the house?"

The Laird looked at his wife with a half-angry, half-foolish look.

"You were ever quicker to think of anything than I, Grizel," he said, softening down at the new aspect of things that presented itself through her words. "You are right," he continued, after a pause, in which he seemed to be weighing the question of having a border thief, as he had called the young Scott, for a son-in-law; "you are right, Grizel, my bonny woman; he shall take Mickle-Mouthed Meg for his wife, or *strap* for it. Meg is not so well favored as her mother, but she is far too good for Scott of Harden."

And the Laird of Elibank actually went to his prisoner and offered him life and liberty and the hand of his daughter.

Scott of Harden had too often heard the three Elibank damsels made the subject of mirth among the young Lairds of his acquaintance, to relish the thoughts of marrying one of them, and being thereby subject to such ridicule as he knew must attach to him, and he quietly rejected Sir Gideon's proposal, in as few words as possible.

The Laird of Elibank was powerful in his position of favorite at court—the prisoner had his life at his option, and he obstinately refused to profit by it. So—on a day when all nature seemed to rejoice in the glory of its Creator, when sky and sea and earth were all arrayed in beauty, and it seemed happiness enough to exist, the young and handsome Laird was led out to die. An ugly, creeping sensation came over him, as he, in imagination, felt the rope about his neck, but he was brave, and had that strong determination that is born of obstinacy, and he kept on his way, with a Highlander, well armed, keeping fast hold of him, on each side, as if they expected that a young fellow like him might instinctively use his limbs to be up and away over the mountains.

Young Harden had no such thought. Just before they reached the public square, where the hateful gibbet was erected, the procession had to pass the Castle of Elibank, as Sir Gideon loved to designate the old hall in which his ancestors had lived two centuries ago. It had a tower and parapet, it is true, and the knight loved to keep a horde of retainers, but his mansion hardly arrived to the dignity of castellated grandeur, and its general designation was simply Elibank Hall. Past Elibank Hall, therefore, the dismal troop wended its slow march. The prisoner involuntarily cast his eyes upward, when close upon it, and in a moment the tide of feeling in his whole being rushed lifeward.

At a window of Elibank Hall, at the upper portion of the house, sat a lady, whose repeated applications of her handkerchief to her eyes, betrayed that she was weeping. She seemed to have gone up thither to escape observation, the lower windows and balconies of the house being crowded with people assembled to see the winsome Laird of Harden dragged to execution. Far above these thronging witnesses, the prisoner's eye was raised, and his glance took in a form and face that but for a single fault, would have been considered perfect. Gentleness and goodness sat enthroned in the face, and the throat, neck and shoulders were such as a sculptor might delight in copying. Only the mouth was too wide, but the lips were full, rich and rose-red, and it was redeemed from ugliness by the beautiful expression of mute sorrow that lingered around it.

At such a moment, this expression of sympathy was more and dearer to him who was about to lay down his life, than the most perfect beauty that the world ever saw. A moment more, and their eyes met. As if entirely abandoned to her feelings, the lady at the window suddenly rose, leaned from the narrow sill, and stretched out her arms as if entreating him to come back to life and to her. Impelled by a sentiment unknown before, the prisoner threw up his white, emaciated hands towards her, as if answering her signal.

Before the procession had half gone by, Margaret Murray was in her father's library, whither he had gone to remain alone until the sad scene should be over. Already he had buried every particle of enmity against the poor youth. Already he would have given worlds to hold him back to life. To weigh this young man's existence—his bright, free, glad life against that of a few sheep! He felt that he was guilty of murder, and when poor Meg came in with streaming eyes, and knelt at his feet, begging him to go to him once more for *her* sake, he could not refuse to heed her.

Sir Gideon was large and unwieldy, and the morning was warm. He hurried as fast as possible, the streams of perspiration on his face attesting to his exertions. Meg watched him, and her heart failed her. She knew the hour that was to witness the fatal deed, and it only wanted a few minutes.

Would he get there in time? O, the agony of a moment on which the life of a human being turns! Her father was scarcely out of sight when the hour struck from the tower of Elibank Kirk.

"Too late! too late!" cried poor Margaret; and she went back to her chamber, to avoid seeing any of the curious multitude who, on account of her father's connection with the affair, had congregated at Elibank Hall.

Weeping and fatigue—for Margaret had not rested for a whole week, so excited had she been—had worn her down so that the last straw was only needed to put the finishing stroke to her life. Fortunately, she fainted, and forgot in insensibility the trial she had undergone.

She awoke with father, mother and sisters around her bed, each striving to do something for her recovery. Even the precise Jean had been weeping, and Margaret thought it was perhaps as much for the poor young Laird's death as for herself, that Jean wept. She wondered to see her father look so calm, and he with a man's death resting upon his conscience which she thought no legal sophistry could ever smooth over.

But she had revived, was prepared to brave the worst news she could hear, and which it would seem that all were unwilling to tell her—for, one by one, they all slipped out and left her alone with her father.

"Poor lassie!" said he, more tenderly than he was wont to speak to his children, "it has been hard upon you to bear this. I only did what I thought was right, and you must try to forgive me for the shame I brought upon you in being refused—"

"Say no more about it, father. I would have been glad indeed to have purchased that young man's life at the expense of tenfold the disappointment or shame as you call it. I do not call it so; for surely any man has a right to refuse a hamely, ill-looking lassie as your Maggie, with her thick lips and wide mouth. But O, father! you will, I fear, see this day's sad sight forever before you. I am fain to shut my ain een lest I should see him before me. And, father, he was a man well worth looking at and saving. It was hard to see him going to his death, but O, father, I pity you more than I do him."

"When you have said your say, just leave off, will you, Meg! You are evidently a little wandering in your wits, and as there is a doctor in the next room, I think I will call him in."

He rose and went out before she could remonstrate; and when he returned, he brought in a gentleman who, in the dusk of the twilight hour, which had now approached, she did not recognize.

"This is the person who called forth your tears to-day, lassie," said the Laird of Elibank, roughly, but not unkindly. "He may do more towards your recovery than I can, so I will leave you together." And looking steadily through the gathering gloom, Margaret saw that the figure which stood beside her couch was the same that had walked between the two Highland guards in that sad procession of the morning.

What passed between them is one of the secrets of the past; but one thing we know, that the Laird of Harden and Margaret Murray were married in Elibank Kirk as soon as the bans had been published the usual time. Farther, too, we know that the marriage proved happy beyond the ordinary lot of mortals.

What was better than all, was that the long-cherished feud between the Scotts and Murrays was entirely at an end from this time. The father and son-in-law became fast friends, and such was the confidence which the Laird of Elibank placed in Scott of Harden, that when he was obliged to leave Scotland, he left him in the management of all his affairs.

Acting as his representative, too, he carried five hundred of the clan of Scott to the assistance of Johnstone at the bloody battle of Dryffe Sands.

As the Lady of Harden, Margaret Murray was soon unknown by the title which fools had given her. The full red lips always disclosed the sweetest of smiles; and her husband, proud of her sterling worth and virtue, and feelingly alive to the love which she had conceived for him on what he once considered his death-hour, never ceased to repay that love by an affection as fond and tender as her own;—affection such as stretches pigmies into height, and shortens giants into ordinary mortals, and converts the homeliest face into the face of an angel.

ANGRY LETTERS.

An angry letter, especially if the writer be well loved, is so much fiercer than any angry speech, so much more unendurable! There the words remain scorching—not to be explained away, not to be atoned for by a kiss—not to be softened down by the word of love that may follow so quickly upon spoken anger. Heaven defend me from angry letters! they should never be written except to school-boys or men at college, and not often to them, if they be any way tender-hearted; this at least should be a rule through the letter-writing world: that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written.—*The Bertrams.*

A NEW ENGLAND FAMILY.

A NEW ENGLAND FAMILY.

The accompanying engraving affords a glimpse of a domestic interior such as exist by tens of thousands in our happy New England. It is a simple abode, plainly furnished, but it holds treasures which all the gold in the universe could not purchase. The father, with his wife and three children, growing up in intelligence, virtue and happiness, with an infant bud of promise to complete the charmed circle, envies not a monarch on his throne. It is true that he may have to toil and fare hardly, but from the earth he gathers the priceless boon of health, and for the privations, they are cheerfully borne, since they ensure the well-being of his little flock. The dreams of such a man are sweet. To such a man we may look for true patriotism and love of country. It is such men who have most at stake, who, in the hour of public peril, are among the foremost to defend the right. It is from such happy homes as we have delineated that men have gone forth to battle when the foe was at the gate. Domestic happiness makes heroes and good men. Nowhere is home so cherished, so loved, so revered, nowhere has it brighter associations than in America, where every man who enjoys health and is industrious, can create such an asylum for himself and his, and where there are whole towns and villages with not a single dwelling offensive to the eye.

TEMPERANCE.

Sully, the great statesman of France, always kept up at table the frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life in the army. His meals consisted of a few dishes, dressed in the plainest and most simple manner. The courtiers often reproached him with the simplicity of his table, and he would reply, "If the guests are men of sense, there is sufficient for them; if they are not, I can dispense with their company."

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

VIOLET.

BY LUCY J. SAWYER.

How now, my pretty violet,
Droop not thy tender head,
I would not harm thee, flowret dear,
So very sweet you now appear,
While on the green turf spread.

O, thou art pretty! blue and white
Spread on the bank so green;
Spread out upon the bank below,
O, very sweet you seem just now,
With tufts of grass between.

I love to see thee, violet,
Beneath a shady tree,
O, yes! I much do love thee there,
Thou seem'st so clear, so bright, so fair,
So modest and so free.

YEOMANRY.

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
GOLDSMITH.

How little do they see what is, who frame
Their hasty judgments upon that which seems.
SOUTHEY.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— European affairs continue, in the dearth of striking domestic events, to monopolize the newspapers and conversation in social circles. Almost every one has some theory of his own, but in the complication of political interests, prophesying is a futile occupation. The duty of a journalist seems to be reduced to watching, recording, and commenting on events, and they are so many and of such magnitude that there is no call for speculation. The old world, however, seems on the eve of a general convulsion, and the prospect of the war being confined to Italy appears less flattering than it did but a short time since. The declaration of Napoleon I. that "Europe must be ploughed with the sword," seems in a fair way of being carried out. Czar and kaiser, king and emperor may soon be mixed up in a general *melee*, and out of the chaos of elements there may rise, towering far above the crowned heads, the PEOPLE. The fires of contending potentates may kindle a flame on the altar of Liberty, and in our day, the promise of the first French revolution, a promise buried in carnage and anarchy, may be redeemed.....Strolling along Washington Street the other day, we met a bevy of Indian girls quite good-looking enough to be ranked as forest-belles. But alas! their erect and lithe figures were hidden and stultified by sets of the most prodigious hoops that ever usurped the sidewalk. Indians have no business with any hoops but war-whoops.....Notwithstanding the war in Lombardy, we see no diminution in the number of itinerant Italian musicians and plaster image-venders. It is very clear that these professors of the fine arts care very little whether Italians or Austrians rule the land of sardines and Lombardy poplars.....Mr. Ten Brock has been winning money with Prioress in England. That mare will be first at last, having been last at first.....An American eagle was lately seen over West Point on the Hudson River. We are very glad of it, for we were really afraid that the Fourth of July orators had used up all the American eagle. Every one sported a few pin-feathers at least.....The Austrians have hidden the famous iron crown of Lombardy, to which is attached the old legend, "God has given it to me! wo to him who touches it!" The circle of the crown is said to have been made of the nails used in the crucifixion. It is covered externally with gold and jewels.....The most atrocious joke of the year appeared in the Boston Transcript of a late date, hypocritically prefaced "Too Bad." The editor says:—A gentleman from London, who has been pursuing his icthyological studies on the rocks near Cohasset for some days past, looked into our office this morning and asked us "whether the *taut 'og* is any relation to the *learned pig?*".....A letter-writer speaks of the comparative simplicity of ladies' dress at Paris, and says: "They avoid selecting that style of goods which the French clerks say 'are manufactured expressly for the American market, for the taste of the French forbids so much exterior extravagance in brilliant colors.'" A farce was recently written expressly to ridicule *les toilettes tapageuses* (stunning dresses).....Marie Aycard lately died in Paris—quite a noted writer. We dare say many of our readers fancy that Mary Aycard was a woman. Not at all, he was a heavily-bearded native of Marseilles It is by no means unusual for French*men* to be named Mary.....Charles John Anderson, the African traveller, writes home an account of his adventures in hunting elephants. In one of his letters, he says: "The more I see of these stupendous animals, the more I am surprised. I should very much like to know the real strength of a full grown male; it must be something almost incredible. Nothing gives a person a better idea of their stupendous powers than a day's walk through one of their favorite haunts. There may be seen whole tracts of forest laid prostrate, and such trees sometimes! The trees, which are for the most part of a brittle nature, are usually broken short off by the beasts; but when they meet with a tree that seems to them too tough to snap at once, up it goes, root and all. If they can do this in mere play, or for the sake of feeding on the branches, etc., of the prostrate trees, what will they not effect in a paroxysm of rage?".....Quite an alarming affair took place at Meerut in India a few weeks ago. A serious disaffection took place in the English artillery and cavalry at that station. The soldiers were indignant at having been transferred from the service of the East India Company to that of the queen without their knowledge or consent. Some anxiety is felt as to what the Sikhs will do in consequence. It is evident that the troubles in India are not over.....The Japanese ambassador and suite will not come to the United States before autumn or the following spring, and the Mississippi will wait there for them. How that ambassador will be run after and lionized! We pity his prospects.....The late Prince de Metternich was proprietor of the chateau and vineyards of Johannisberg. This fine estate was given to him in 1816 by the Emperor Francis II., on condition that he should every year send a tenth part of the produce of the vines to the imperial cellars.....The Saco Democrat was enterprising enough to publish a map of the seat of war, prepared expressly for its columns. This, says the Bath Times, is all very creditable; but, unfortunately, since the map was prepared, the allies have driven the Austrians quite beyond the limits laid down in the engraving—so that the "seat of war" does not appear at all.....The navy department has made a discovery of the manner in which liquor is smuggled by ships' crews on board ships. Bread is made into regular ship loaves, inside of which are tin cans, holding about a pint, filled with liquor. The last Pacific mail brought one of these boxes filled with bread, inside of which is a can filled with whiskey.....Baden-Baden is filling up rapidly. The Russians and Americans are favorably noticed for the taste which they display. The Princess of Prussia is there, and among those who have purchased new villas are the Russian Princes Menchikoff and Radziwill.....At the commencement of the present year but forty-five widows who were wives of revolutionary soldiers before the termination of the war remained.....Numbers of families in Genoa have relations with Garibaldi, and knowing that wherever danger is most rife he is sure to be found, are naturally in great suspense. A letter writer knows of one lad, Casanolli, heir to two millions of francs (£80,000), a colossal fortune in Italy, who, though only 17, is serving as a private in the Cacciatori degli Alpi; thus the corps is designated.....Earthquakes are so common and frequent in Japan, that but little notice is taken of them. They have caused no great damage since the great earthquake which destroyed so many lives in Jeddo a few years ago. In other words, they are now "no great shakes".....Garibaldi has three children, a son of twenty-one, who fights like a lion, and is with his father, a boy of fourteen at school in London, and a girl, Theresa, in charge of a friend in Genoa. His wife and infant child died on the retreat from Rome in 1849, and were buried in a gorge of the Apennines.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

Successive arrivals from Europe continue to bring us details of the terrible battle of June 24th, on the Mincio, where the Austrians turned to bay and assumed the defensive, after weeks of fighting and retreating. Time only brings out the truth respecting the details of these awful scenes of strife, so that even yet we are ignorant of the exact losses on either side. But it was a glorious victory of the allies, admitted by the defeated Austrians. The losses of the victors were very severe. The end of the Italian war is not yet, and the possibility of its extending over Europe is contemplated with alarm.—Austrian reserves are being poured into Italy, and French reinforcements are hurried towards the quadrangle, where the oppressors of Italy are making their last desperate stand nearly encircled by the most splendid army that ever took the field.—The Atlantic Telegraph Company had issued their prospectus, inviting subscriptions to the new capital of £600,000 on the terms already made public. The directors pledge themselves to enter into no contract without seeking the advice of the highest scientific and practical authorities of England and America.—The Gazette of France says that preparations are making to get together within two months a force of 450,000 men.—Napoleon I. said at St. Helena, on the 12th of June, 1816: "We must fight again for the free navigation of the seas;" and Louis Napoleon's confidential friend, M. Emile Girardin, says, in his pamphlet, *La Guerre*, "An alliance between Russia and France might at present be easily obtained on the simple principles of letting France have the Rhine and Russia part of the Mediterranean."

The Dictatorship of Italy.

The Moniteur contains a note explaining the nature of the dictatorship offered by the whole of Italy to the King of Sardinia. It is a false conclusion that Piedmont, without consulting the wishes of the different peoples or the great powers, reckons on uniting the whole of Italy in a single State. Such conjectures have no foundation. The different peoples, whether delivered, or abandoned, desire to make common cause against Austria. With this intention they have placed themselves under the protection of the king, but the dictatorship is purely a temporary power, which, while uniting the common forces in the same hands, in no way presages confederation for the future.

French Losses.

The French, it is now admitted, suffered more severely in the late battles than was at the time acknowledged. The Moniteur confesses to a loss double what was alleged; and in order that these statements may not be questioned or published to the disadvantage of the government, all papers are prohibited from copying the details in the Moniteur. The dread of publicity seems to haunt Louis Napoleon. The Austrians are really less fastidious; and if he were wise, he would certainly conceal nothing. If successful, the announcement of victory would give new strength. If he failed, a candid statement would set him right with the public, and prevent exaggeration of loss.

Garibaldi's Men.

A little bag containing a shirt, and perhaps a pair of socks, is the only baggage which officers or men have. They make war according to the late Sir Charles Napier's ideas. They have good boots, with leather gaiters up to the middle of the legs; the trousers, rather loose, are stuck into the gaiters; a short tunic of light gray linen, and over it a gray coat reaching down to the knees, a light cap, and the rifle complete the accoutrement. There is no difference in this respect between officers and soldiers. If, as is natural after their fatiguing marches, things are worn out, the inhabitants of the first town in which they appear give of their own free will ten times more than they want. The troops have thus such plenty that government never even thinks of supplying any of their wants.

The Archbishop of Paris.

The breach between the archbishop of Paris and the court is regarded as certain. His highness is said to have given the request to officiate at the Te Deum for Magenta an answer to which there was no reply possible. "I cannot join in thanksgiving for the murder of 15,000 human beings, nor raise a hymn of joy founded upon the pain and misery of others. But I will sing a De Profundis and Requiem for the souls of the departed with the greatest pleasure."

Leopold of Belgium.

The king of the Belgians, lately a visitor to his niece in Buckingham Palace, is indirectly connected with Francis Joseph, for his son is the husband of a princess of the House of Hapsburg. King Leopold is a discreet, experienced, and wise man; and, although he is no more than other people, exempt from family and personal influence, his opinion on the present state of affairs is worth having, and the queen received it willingly.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF MILTON. New York: Delisser & Procter. 18mo. pp. 267.

This valuable volume of the "Household Library" consists of two parts; the first containing Professor Masson's life of Milton; the second, Macaulay's brilliant and masterly essay on his genius and character, the whole making a satisfactory biography, which should be in the hands of every lover of English literature. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—J. R. Miller, 229 Washington Street, has published Anna's song, "Scenes of Happiness," from George F. Root's popular operatic cantata, the "Haymakers," with colored vignette title-page. Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published "Fen Follett," as performed by the Germania Musical Society; "The Captain," as sung by Mrs. W. F. Florence; "Bonnie Allene," as sung by Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels, written and composed by T. Brigham Bishop; L'Ara O L'Avello, aria," from Verdi's opera of Guiseppe Verdi.

MOSAICS. By the author of "Salad for the Solitary." New York: Charles Scribner 12mo. pp 420. 1859.

"Salad for the Solitary" has already become a favorite work and will always remain so—"Mosaics" is destined to hold a place beside it. It is the result of an extensive course of curious reading, the fruit of a highly cultivated and genial mind and taste, and addresses itself to all scholarly refined readers. The titles of these essays, "Author-Craft," "Youth and Age," the "Human Face Divine," "Single Blessedness," "Origin of Celebrated Books," are seductive and give promise of the rare feast of reason they furnish forth. "Mosaics" disarms criticism and appeals triumphantly to the head and heart of the reader. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE CHORAL HARMONY. By B. F. BAKER and W. O. PERKINS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Professor Baker has been long and widely known as a successful teacher of music and the author of many valuable musical works. Very few compilations have come under our notice which show the fruits of so much care and industry as this. It contains, to be sure, all the well-known tunes which have been conserrated by generations of worshippers—and without which no collection would by itself be acceptable—but the number of new tunes is also quite large, and many of them are noticeable for their easy and effective style of melody, and for the grace and learning exhibited in their harmonies. The book is furthermore especially valuable for the numerous and really excellent anthems, sentences and motetts which it contains. Every chorister knows that to keep up an interest and discipline among his singers, it is necessary to give them constant variety in this department; and for this purpose we confidently recommend the Choral Harmony. We hope our musical readers throughout the country will give this work a trial. The price and other particulars may be learned from the advertisement of the publishers in another column.

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The parties who have been thus benefited are well known as amongst our most respectable citizens. They will be in most cases the readers of this article, and will testify to the correctness of our statements. Mr. Lawson, the proprietor, has for many years been a resident among us, and is known as one of our most prominent business men. His references to the value of his Nervous Curative are also persons well known to us as citizens of standing and integrity, in whose statements implicit confidence may be placed, and their testimony may be taken as conclusive evidence of the estimation in which Mr. Lawson's remedy is held at home. Here it has already attained that position that requires no recommendation. Having stood the test of trial here, we can with safety and do recommend with entire confidence its use elsewhere by all who may be in any manner afflicted by any form of nervous disease, as the most efficacious remedy of which we have any knowledge.—*Lowell Journal and Courier, June* 17, 1859.

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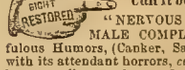

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THE ZOUAVES.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times contains the following anecdotes of the French Zouaves: The Zouaves, especially since the affair at Palestro, have become the lions of the day in Italy. Their feats in the field, and even their words, are the subject of conversation and of repetition. During the fight at Palestro, a certain detached body of Zouaves, which had to pass through several deep and muddy canals in their impetuous charge on the enemy's artillery, found their fleetness more impeded by the weight of their immense baggage-trowsers, soaked with water and mud, than by the balls of the enemy's guns. To disembarrass themselves of this impediment was but the work of a moment, and thus the Zouaves appeared on the field with a flag at half-mast, which might have been taken by the Austrians as a demand for quarters; but their actions in no manner corresponded to the color of their flag, and the grape and cannister continued to mow down their ranks until they reached and bayoneted the artillerymen on the guns. It was not till then that their sergeant bethought himself of the fact that his men were in the undress uniform not recognized by the code, and that he suggested to them the propriety—to use a French phrase—of entering into order again. The Tyrolese sharp-shooters in the Austrian army wear on their bonnets a tuft of plumes, which resemble very much that of the Piedmontese sharp-shooters. At the battle of Palestro a regiment of these Tyrolese were hidden in the wheat, and the Zouaves deceived by the plumes, and approaching with confidence, received at thirty steps a most murderous discharge along the whole line. The surprise lasted but a moment. "*Sac a terre!*" cried the Zouaves in one voice: "*A la baionnette!*" Their colonel did not try to oppose the torrent; the smoke of the discharge was not yet dissipated when the Tyroleans received the human avalanche, preceded by its thousand steel points, and were thus precipitated into the canal, where many hundreds were drowned or bayoneted. Not a single Tyrolean would have escaped, perhaps, if the Zouaves had had their linen instead of the woolen pantaloons, for they could not swim with these, and the enemy had thrown away their arms. The Patrie relates the manner in which the King Victor Emmanuel was named corporal (an honorary title the reader will understand) in the Third Zouaves, after the battle of Palestro. The Zouaves had been interring their comrades who had been killed. A deep trench was dug on an eminence, and when the bodies had been deposited and the trench filled up, all present went on their knees, and after a short prayer retired, bidding adieu to their dead brethren in arms. "Comrades!" exclaimed a sergeant, as a funeral oration, "may God receive you! It was your turn to-day—to morrow it may be ours!" After this short and touching ceremony, the Zouaves, about 400 in number, collected at a farm house and were enjoying themselves with the abundant provisions they always know how to procure for themselves independent of their ordinary rations. The king's great bravery during the battle naturally came up for discussion, and various modes were proposed for properly informing his majesty of their high appreciation of his valor. At last the proposition was made that he should be made corporal of the Third Regiment of Zouaves. This was unanimously agreed to, and then the nomination was made with great formality. The oldest sergeant standing up, solemnly proclaimed in a loud voice: "In the name of the 3d Zouaves, Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, is named to the rank of corporal in the said regiment!" The next day a memorandum of these proceedings was drawn up, signed by all the Zouaves, and sent to the king, who accepted the title as a high compliment. The courage displayed by Victor Emmanuel was indeed well calculated to excite the enthusiasm of such soldiers as the Zouaves; seeing that they could not restrain him at Palestro, they adopted the plan of running before him. Thus his person was in some measure protected from harm.

The Zouaves are as kind and magnanimous to their prisoners as they are unequalled and admirable in their fighting qualities. An enemy who no longer resists is for the Zouave an object for protection and commisseration, and one can conceive of no nobler quality in a soldier than this. He takes pride in binding up and relieving the wounds he has just made. An Austrian officer at Palestro was seriously wounded; his horse carried him close to the French, where with difficulty he was clinging to the saddle. A Zouave stopped the horse and righted him in the saddle, when the Austrian repaid this act of kindness by placing his pistol against the Zouave's head and blowing his brains out. The officer was carried a prisoner to the French hospital where great care will be taken to cure him, in order that he may be passed before a court martial and in his turn shot.

One of the circumstances to which the Zouave is indebted for his remarkable fighting qualities is the severe education through which he passes in the barracks. The gymnastics imposed upon him are something formidable. He is made to run by the hour at the top of his speed; he jumps, climbs, runs on his hands and feet, and is taught to do all this day after day, with musket and fixed bayonet in the hand. He is taught also to fence with his bayonet, and while he is thus fencing, he actually leaps upon his enemy and stamps him to the ground. They do not care much about firing, preferring the bayonet and their rapid charges. A story is told in the papers which illustrates this fact. Just before one of the last combats they were distributing cartridges to the different companies. When it came to the turn of the Zouaves, they showed all the prudery of a young girl to whom one offers a present. They shrugged their shoulders, slided away, said they didn't care about them, and they had to force them to accept. Then they took a cartouch delicately between the end of their finfiers, and said, carelessly: "Pardon, sergeant, I'll only take one!" What need, in effect, have they of cartouches? They go almost as rapidly as their balls, and they have their bayonets beside.

PRINCE HUMBERT, DUKE OF PIEDMONT, AND COMMANDER OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF TURIN. [From a Photograph.]

NATIONAL GUARD OF TURIN.

The accompanying engraving shows the costume of the officers of the National Guard of Turin, the principal figure being that of his royal highness, Prince Humbert, Duke of Piedmont, and Commander of the Guard. This body of men is well organized and exhibits a high military spirit, which is indeed characteristic of the people throughout the Sardinian States. Under the gallant but unfortunate Charles Albert, father of the present king, they fought against the Austrians with a bravery worthy of a better fate. Again, in the Crimea, they showed that defeat had not effaced their military spirit, and now, ten years after the Austrian eagle floated in triumph at Novara, they have, supported by their French allies, proved themselves to be heroes. In those battles where the whole brunt of the conflict rested on the Sardinians, they rushed into the fire with a courage and impetuosity worthy of all praise! At Magenta the Sardinian cavalry covered itself with glory; at Montebello the Montferrat light horse charged like Centaurs. The exploits of Garibaldi's followers, exclusively Italians, show that they are worthy of that freedom to which we all look forward with hope as the crown of their warlike achievements. "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow," and nobly have the Italians struck. Not only those enrolled under the banners of military leaders have done good service in the field, but the unenrolled peasantry have aided the regular and volunteer soldiery, by harassing and decimating the enemy with only such weapons as their agricultural pursuits supplied. The Italians merit all the praise that belongs to brave men fighting in the holiest cause that can justify the appeal to arms; a cause as sacred as that which prompted our own Revolutionary fathers to "strike with the sword," to endure every privation, and peril life and fortune for their country.

THE CAPTURE OF VEDENO.

We find in Le Nord a letter from a Russian officer giving an account of the capture of Vedeno, Caucasus, the stronghold of Schamyl. The fortress is surrounded by such wild mountain country that the Russian battalions occupied twelve hours in marching the last eight miles. They were not opposed; Schamyl appeared to be waiting to attack them where there would be no retreat. They encamped a mile from Vedeno, 10 battalions with 10 small mountain howitzers. Another column of five battalions brought two mountain howitzers to the summit of the mountain range behind Vedeno, but finding the mountain so declivitous that they could not descend it, were obliged to retrace their steps. The Russians now found themselves thirty miles from their supplies by a terrible road, and before a strong fortress well supplied with artillery. They had provisions for but a few days, and no siege guns. There was no attack during the night, but next morning all the heights around their camp were covered with masses of Circassians, who seemed to look upon the Russians as an easy prey. Fire was opened upon their camp from a battery of two guns. Before them was Vedeno, surrounded by strong intrenchments, and defended by six redoubts, whose ramparts were decorated by a thousand banners of lively colors, while the great black banner, with the silver crescent of Schamyl, floated above all, lit up by a magnificent winter sun, sparkling in a thousand reflections over the icy snow. A magnificent picture. In an hour a Russian battalion were in possession of the height from which the battery had been playing upon the camp. But nothing could be done for a month except to secure their communications, to make a practicable road to the open country, and to bring up siege guns. Even then it took four battalions three days to bring up four twelve pounders and to repel the attacks made on the working parties. The Russians could see the munitions which were brought into Vedeno, but they could not attack the place from the upper side. On the 26th of March they got up some mortars and several batteries of twelve pounders; on the 30th, the trenches were opened on three sides, and on the 13th of April the first and largest of the redoubts, Andi, was bombarded. After a bombardment of twelve hours, the assault was given, and it was taken in less than half an hour. Schamyl had held out bravely all day, and, in spite of the crushing superiority of the Russian fire, his artillery and riflemen had responded. There was one strange incident in the assault; at the same time, above all its roar, the national hymn of Russia was heard in the redoubt, and half a mile away toward Vedeno, the feeble and dying sounds of the *Nebus*, the evening prayer, sung by the warriors in the midst of the grape and ball. Towards eight o'clock all became calm, and the Russian troops bivouacked in the redoubt they had taken; but at midnight they were startled at seeing the great house of Schamyl in flames, kindled by the faithful who would not have it profaned by the hands of unbelievers. At dawn there was no sign of the enemy in Vedeno; they had fled. The Russians were astonished at the condition of the houses. Corpses were lying everywhere. Pools of blood, human limbs, earth recently moved sinking beneath the tread, and exposing human feet and arms, broken weapons, bloody and torn garments, houses in ruins, made up a picture of misery and desolation. The works of defence were immense; what was lacking in art was made up in mass. To judge by the bodies lying all about, and the fact that the Circassians rarely abandon their dead, they must have suffered very severely. The system of defence of the place was so bad that no portion of it was tenable after this redoubt Andi had been taken. Several battalions were occupied for three days in razing the fortress and destroying the town, and a fortress was built which is to be the headquarters of the infantry regiment of Kourinsk. All Chechnia was taken with Vedeno; thousands of its inhabitants have given their adhesion to the Russian government.

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SERVICE OF PLATE

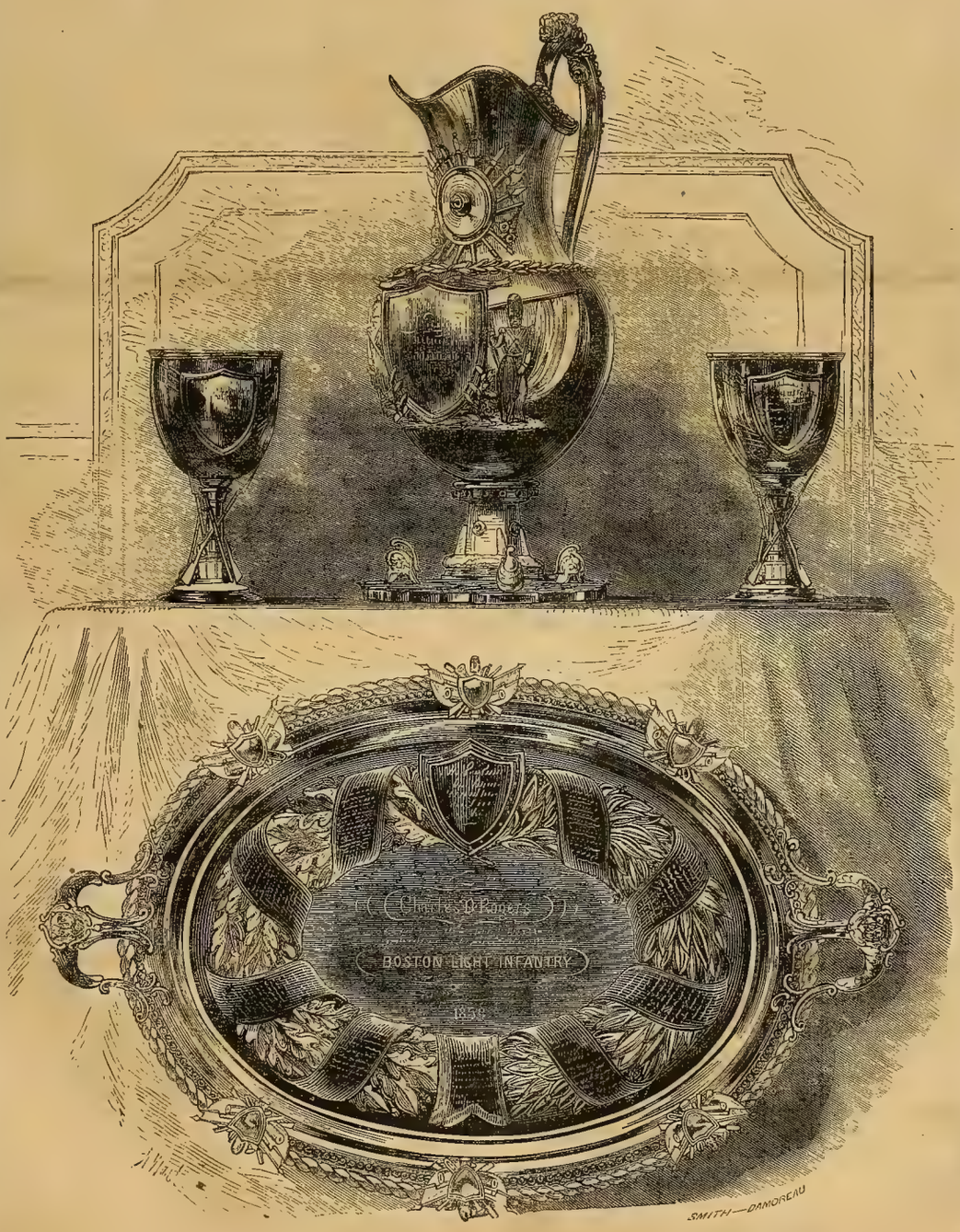
Presented to Major Rogers, by the Boston Light Infantry.

Our engraving delineates the beautiful service of silver plate, designed and manufactured by Messrs. Shreve, Brown & Co.,—late Jones, Ball, & Co. — and presented by the Boston Light Infantry to Major Charles O. Rogers, on his relinquishing the command of this brilliant and time-honored corps. The plate itself is now on exhibition at the store of the manufacturers, corner of Washington and Summer Streets, and has been admired by all who have seen it. The design is original and beautiful, and the execution exquisite. Many presentation pieces have issued from this establishment, such as the Cunard Vase, the Webster Vase, etc., but the "Tiger" service strikes us as far surpassing in richness and delicate elaborateness of workmanship, everything they have hitherto produced, and carries us back to the mediæval marvels of Benvenuto Cellini and his contemporary artists. The pitcher is of the Hebe model, eighteen inches high, the front decorated with a raised shield bearing the inscription, "Presented to Captain Charles O. Rogers by the Past and Present Members of the Boston Light Infantry, as a testimonial of esteem entertained for him as an Officer and Man." Over this shield on a festoon is borne the motto of the company—"Death or an honorable life. On either side of this shield are bas reliefs of an ancient and modern "Tiger," standing at rest, the American flag forming the background; at the foot of the figures the head of a tiger protruding from a silver jungle, designed to illustrate the fact that though the outward semblance of the corps has altered, the spirit which animated it at the beginning still remained unchanged. Immediately above, upon the neck, is a round oriental shield, encircled by a ray composed of warlike implements, ancient and modern. The column of the pitcher represents a citadel, from the top of which a formidable battery of guns is presented, while through four embrasures in the sides guns of heavier calibre protrude. The base of the pitcher, of burnished silver, is the form of the groundwork of a fortification, on each of the four bastions of which repose a helmet of Mars upon swords crossed. The handle is surmounted by the head of a tiger, and from the point of attachment, a laurel wreath extends around the rim to the lip. The goblets bear on the front a raised shield with the inscription, "Capt. C. O. Rogers from the B. L. I." The shield springs from a glory of military emblems elegantly engraved upon the silver. The column represents an upright cannon, surrounded by guns with fixed bayonets and swords, a knapsack resting on the base with stacks of cannon balls in the rear. The goblets are fitting companions for the pitcher. The salver is twenty-two and a half inches long by fifteen, outside the finish. It is surrounded by a white, richly chased oriental border, inside of which is a circle of burnished solid bead work, relieved on each side by three shields, inscribed "B. L. I.," surrounded by military emblems. The handles are ornamented by heads of the tiger. On the inside surface of the salver, is a wreath of oak and laurel, supporting scrolls upon which the names of the donors appear, in the centre of which is the inscription, "Presented to Charles O. Rogers, as a testimonial of esteem, and in appreciation of his untiring and successful exertions to promote the interests of the Boston Light Infantry, while Commander of the Corps. 1859." The whole service cost nearly one thousand dollars. It is a fine specimen of the work produced by Messrs. Shreve, Brown & Co., the manufacturers, whose store, 226 Washington Street, is the finest establishment of its kind in this city, or indeed in this country. Our drawing of the plate was made from a photograph taken by Silsbee, Case & Co.

Major Rogers, the recipient of this compliment, joined the Infantry in 1844, and in 1851 was elected a lieutenant. He has commanded the corps from 1854 till the present summer, when he was elected major of the newly organized battalion. The occasion of presenting the plate was a highly interesting one. It took place at the armory in the latter part of last month. We find in the files of the Boston Evening Gazette, whose chief editor was long an officer and soldier in the Light Infantry, the interesting particulars of this scene. From this source we learn that the presentation speech was made by Private Richard A. Newell, Co A., 2d Battalion, who spoke as follows:

MAJOR ROGERS:—A short time since you had the good fortune to be elected to the honorable post you now occupy, and at the same time we had the misfortune to lose a good commander. You had been with us for many long years, and had endeared yourself to us by your numerous acts of kindness toward us as individuals, and by your constant efforts in our behalf as members of the Boston Light Infantry. You have been unremitting in your efforts to place our corps in the front rank of the Volunteer Militia, and make it an honor to the city of Boston. How well you have succeeded, I leave it to the public to judge; it is enough to say that we are more than satisfied with the result. During the period you were in command, no officer or private was more prompt at drills and business meetings than yourself, and all the duties of your office were most worthily fulfilled by you. The loss we sustained at your promotion we deemed at the time irreparable, not having then in mind our present worthy and efficient head On your leaving the corps, we could not allow the opportunity to pass without in some way testifying and expressing to you our feelings towards you. For this purpose a committee was raised to prepare a testimonial in which every member of the corps could participate. The result of their labors you now see before you, and I have been requested, as one of the oldest members, to present it to you, and I now beg your acceptance of it, not as a mere matter of form, but as a sincere expression of our esteem and regard for you. May it always remind you of the time when you were with us and of us—of the drills, parades and encampments in which you have participated, with their many pleasant incidents and associations, and of the harmony and good feeling that have always characterized the intercourse between us. I know I speak the sentiments of every member of the corps, when I say there never was a commander more universally respected than yourself, and on my own responsibility I can say that when under my command you exemplified the lessons you taught us, in discipline and obedience to orders in the most satisfactory manner. *

Major Rogers responded with much emotion. It would be useless, he said, to say to the audience that he lacked words to express his heartfelt gratitude for the partiality that had made him the recipient of such favor at the hands of the Boston Light Infantry. Words failed him, and feelings welling up from his heart prevented his utterance. It needed no testimonial to remind him of the relations he had sustained to the company. * * He thanked them most heartily for their testimonial. There was a pleasing coincidence in its bestowal with the fact that he had to-day moved into a new house, which the gift would grace, and in which the corps would always find a cordial and sincere welcome. Thro' all his life he should guard the beautiful token as the proudest monument that could have been inscribed to him. He would cherish it with pride and pleasure, and when he should have passed away, his children, knowing its history, would prize it as dearly as himself. He closed by thanking the corps individually and collectively for their unremitting kindness to him, and wishing for them, in all their relations of life, happiness and prosperity.—The affair was tasteful and agreeable, and the elegant gift to their retiring commander is a proof of the liberal good feeling of the "Boston Tigers."



SERVICE OF PLATE, PRESENTED TO MAJOR ROGERS BY THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GORY LOCK.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

"Look, Pierre! O, look! I do believe he can walk! See there!"

"Nonsense, Marie. He'll fall if you don't take care, and make that queer little nose of his still flatter and broader than it is."

"Hush, sir! You are a slanderer! His nose is not flat, nor broad, nor queer, neither!"

"It isn't? Ah, well, I must be mistaken, I suppose. Don't let him fall on that *sharp*—"

"Silence! What do you mean by calling such a nose as that sharp? Pierre, I'm ashamed of you!"

"No wonder; I'm ashamed of myself. But I'll get it right after a while. Take care, my son; if that natural nose of yours should come into an unnatural conjunction—"

"Hush! You are laughing at me. Who ever heard of a natural nose, or—"

"Marie, you are unreasonable. If the nose is neither a flat, nor a sharp, nor a natural one, what on earth must I call it? I know no other key to put it in, for my part; but if you will only tell me what sort of a nose you wish it to be, I'll acknowledge it—yea, swear to it—with all my heart."

"Why, you provoking creature, you; I just want you to call his nose exactly what it is—a pretty nose, and the very image of your own, though you don't deserve such a compliment; or to have such a pretty little boy, with such a dear little nose, either."

"Well, well; I beg the *moutard's* pardon and yours, too. I am not a judge of noses, I humbly confess it. It's my misfortune, not my fault."

"Then we must forgive you, I suppose. Shall we, darling? Shall we forgive papa?"

"Papa! papa! Pap—pap—papa!"

"Listen, Pierre. Bless his little heart, how plain he says it! He takes after his mother. I could say several words distinctly at his age, and that's more than his papa could do, I'll venture to say."

"You are right, Marie, I have no doubt. Your tongue got the start of mine then, and it has kept it ever since."

"At it again, sir. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, to talk so."

"And so I am. I would not talk so if I could help it. I would talk as fast as you do."

"Quit it, you incorrigible tease. Do let me have some peace, if you can't—Look, husband! look! See how he steps out! Show him your watch, now, and see if he wont walk and get it. There! Look! Let him alone. Look! He walks! He walks! Blessed darling!" And the fair young mother snatched her baby-boy to her bosom, while she covered him with kisses and bedewed him with her tears.

This baby-locomotion and nose-ological nonsense may seem stupid to the reader, but it was far otherwise to the actors in the scene, who occupied a snug cottage on the coast of France, not far from the seaport of Dieppe. So much for the place. The time was a few years before the breaking out of the bloody French revolution.

Pierre Colbert and his pretty little wife Marie, were of the humbler ranks of the *bourgeoisie*, and were in barely comfortable circumstances; but it is doubtful whether there was one noble or wealthy household in the whole realm of France which enjoyed more happiness or felt more thoroughly contented than they. They had affectionate and kindly hearts, vigorous and healthy bodies, a comfortable support, a wonderful baby, with a nose just like its father, and they loved each other with an intensity of devotion which no patrician couple ever yet surpassed. What more could they desire?

Marie's greatest trouble was that her husband was so often absent. He was a sailor, and since the commencement of the then existing war with England, had been serving aboard a privateer. Pierre had taken for his model in bravery and seamanship the world-renowned Jean Bart, and had trodden in his footsteps most worthily. The exploit which had obtained him the command of the vessel in which he now sailed, was one of the most brilliant in the annals of marine warfare; and but a few weeks before his introduction to the reader, he had taken two large English ships into Brest, under cover of a fog, in the very teeth of the "channel fleet."

His vessel—"La Belle Marie"—a trim-built brigantine, had had several desperate conflicts with British cruisers of superior force, and was a perpetual terror to their commerce. To this day, she and her gallant captain are remembered with pride by the French people, and particularly by the hardy mariners of La Manche.

It was during one of Pierre's short respites from labor and peril that the little domestic interlude above recorded took place. It was interrupted by the entrance of an old man who lived in a neighboring cottage.

"*Bon jour!*—good morning, Pere Bruneau! Is that a letter you have got?"

"Yes. I saw it at the post office, and I thought I would bring it out to you. They were all looking at it, and wondering what sort of a letter it could be."

"*Merci*—thank you—Pere Bruneau. Take a chair and rest yourself, wont you."

"No, I thank you. I must get home. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Pere Bruneau."

"What is it, Pierre? Who is it from? Bless me, what a seal! It is as big as a plate. Do tell me what it is, Pierre!"

"Well, my dear, it is simply a line from the Minister of the Marine, requiring my attendance in Paris—or rather in Versailles—as soon as possible."

"It's no harm, is it?"

"Why, you foolish little Marie! You are all trembling, and as white as a sheet!"

"Well, you see, I thought—that is—I—I—"

"You thought, did you? Then it is no wonder you turned pale with such an unusual effort! There, your cheek begins to bloom again! But the fact is, dear Marie, there is no need to think anything at all about it. Just you pack up a few things for me and let me be off. I'll be back in a day or two. You had better let Babette take the child over to my sister's, and you go and spend one day at least with your mother. You have been promising the old lady so long, that I am positively ashamed of you. You can walk up the beach at your leisure, while I hurry on to catch the *diligence*. It's lucky I got the letter so early in the day."

So Pierre started in a few minutes, Marie followed about an hour later, and last of all, Babette appeared at the gate, with the baby in her arms, and a cap nearly three feet high on her head, *a la mode des Cauchoises*. In due time Pierre reached Paris, Marie her mother's, and Babette and baby the hospitable mansion of Pierre's sister, Madame Gerard.

Pierre Colbert's fame had reached ministerial and even royal ears, and when he arrived at Versailles he was introduced to the king, and received some very handsome compliments, all of which he valued at somewhere about their intrinsic worth. His services, however, besides procuring him compliments, secured him a reward which he estimated at a much higher rate; one, indeed, which had long been the object of his ardent though secret ambition.

The young sailor hurried back the first moment he could obtain permission. He did not stop at all at Dieppe, but strode rapidly along the beach to his suburban cottage. It was one of the happiest periods of his life, and his heart beat high with love and hope and bright anticipations of a glorious future. Nothing now seemed so high as to be beyond the reach of a strong arm, a steady purpose, a stout will, and a dauntless heart.

When he reached his home, the young husband was surprised to see the house still shut up and deserted. He had been gone four days, and it was not at all likely that Marie would remain in Dieppe so long as that. Where could she be? At Madame Gerard's, perhaps. He hurried thither, and found his little boy and the maid—but no Marie.

His sister and her husband were eagerly questioned, but they knew nothing whatever of the missing one. They supposed she must still be at her mother's, though they had been surprised that she should stay so long, and Monsieur Gerard had intended to go to town that evening and learn how it was.

Pierre Colbert felt a nameless dread taking possession of his soul. Marie would certainly have returned before this time if something unusual had not happened to her. She must be ill, surely. Stopping only long enough to kiss his little boy, he retraced his steps to the town, fear and apprehension urging him forward more swiftly even than hope and joy had done a few minutes before. His rapid strides soon brought him to Dieppe, and to his wife's mother's.

"Is Marie here?" he asked, eagerly, as soon as he could obtain admission to the house.

"Marie? No, indeed. She has gone home long ago. She came on Monday, and went away on Tuesday afternoon about four o'clock."

Pierre staggered back and fell into a seat, his limbs refusing to support him. He felt as if the weight of some terrible calamity—he knew not what—was upon him; as if the shadow of some approaching evil had suddenly darkened his whole future life. The danger was all the more fearful from its shadowy uncertainty. Something of importance—some serious misfortune—could alone have caused this sudden disappearance. What could it be?

Pierre's cottage was but little more than a mile from the outskirts of Dieppe, and the path which led to it ran along the hard, smooth sea-beach. It was used only by a few fishermen and their families, and was the last place where danger of any sort was to be apprehended. Little children traversed it every day in perfect safety.

It was now almost night, but all that remained of the day and as much of the night as could in any way be used for the purpose, were spent in anxious, indefatigable efforts and inquiries—but with no good result. Marie had been seen leaving the town, but at that point every trace seemed to have vanished. No one had seen her afterwards, and she had certainly never reached home.

From midnight till dawn poor Pierre paced the floor of his lonely habitation, and harassed his brain with vain efforts to probe this cruel mystery. As soon as daylight began to appear, he left the house and took the road to the beach. He had no particular object in view, but merely gave way to a feeling of overmastering, uncontrollable restlessness.

A quarter of a mile, perhaps, from his cottage he saw something before him that looked like a human figure, sitting on a stone, by the sea-side. As he drew nearer he saw that it was a woman, and a few steps more enabled him to see that it was Marie!

With an exultant cry he sprang towards her; but, to his ineffable amazement, instead of rushing into his arms, she fled from him, with piercing shrieks and every mark of extreme terror and detestation. Painfully bewildered and alarmed, he continued to pursue her, while she redoubled her speed and her outcries, with frantic gestures expressive of fear and abhorrence.

The poor creature soon fell exhausted to the earth, but still feebly prolonged her agonizing shrieks, mingled with tears and sobs and piteous prayers for mercy.

"Great Heaven! Marie, don't you know me?" cried the terrified husband, as he attempted to take her in his arms.

She made no answer, showed no sign of recognition, but still writhed and struggled and shrieked and begged for mercy till her strength was almost gone, and nothing but a faint moan could be heard to issue from her lips.

Pierre tenderly raised her in his arms, and gazed at her long and earnestly. Alas, alas, what a change was there! Where was the lovely, laughing girl whom he had left so lately with as much careless security as if they had but parted at breakfast to meet again at dinner? She was no more—as truly so as if the grave had closed upon her form forever. What remained was the merest wreck and shadow of her former self.

But it was not the attenuated features and sunken cheeks which looked as if many weeks of illness had wasted them away; nor was it the wan complexion in which no one now would imagine that roses ever could have bloomed; nor was it the torn, disordered dress, nor the wildly dishevelled hair—it was none of these things that forced from the strong man's eyes great drops that seemed wrung from the inmost recesses of a bursting heart. It was not what he saw in that beloved face, but what he saw not—for the light of intelligence was gone, the sun of reason had set to rise no more.

With sobs of irrepressible anguish heaving his manly breast, Pierre Colbert bore her carefully and tenderly to their desolate home, though she shrieked and struggled and strove feebly to escape from him. He lost no time in summoning medical aid—the best that Dieppe could afford—to the couch of the sufferer; but alas, no one had any hope to give him! Some terrible shock, they told him, had so jarred the delicate machinery of her nervous system, that no human skill could set it right again. If she ever did recover her reason, it would only be to die.

After this terrible announcement, Pierre sat as silent and as rigid as a marble statue, never noticing any one, and never stirring except to minister to the wants of his wife.

This state of things lasted for two days and nights, during which time the indefatigable watcher hardly ever turned his eyes away from Marie's face. Like a taper, flaring and burning and wasting in every direction, her remnant of life was rapidly consumed; her ravings, her violent excitement gradually subsided as she grew feebler and feebler, until at last she lay motionless upon her bed, weaker than an infant on its mother's knee.

As Pierre bent over his dying wife, almost doubting whether the faint, fluttering heart had not ceased to beat, he saw her lips move. A whisper issued from them, barely audible, but natural in tone and manner. She was perfectly sane.

The purport of the whisper was to beg that all might leave the room. She wished to be alone with her husband. Her request was complied with. Her mother and several friends who were present left the room.

Pierre and Marie were alone for some fifteen or twenty minutes. At the end of that time a low cry from the former attracted the attention of the others, and the living stood face to face with the dead. The sweet, suffering spirit was already launched upon the shoreless sea, and far beyond the sphere of human vision.

At Marie's funeral there were those among the spectators who expressed the belief that Pierre Colbert was a man deficient in natural feeling. To a superficial observer such might have appeared to be the case, for he exhibited few external signs of grief. Even those who knew him best thought his deportment was very strange. He seemed to act mechanically, almost like one in a dream, and yet it was easy to see that his pre-occupation was not the result of sorrow alone. Men shook their heads, whispered ominously, and expressed their fears that, like poor Marie, he was "touched in the brain."

What took place between husband and wife in their last interview no one knew. That something of importance had occurred, however, was the universal belief. Pierre kept his own counsel, and spoke to no one on that or any other subject, unless in cases where absolute necessity required it.

At the time of which we speak, there lay at anchor, in the harbor of Dieppe, a French three-decker, called "*La Pucelle d'Orleans*," which was commanded by the Marquis Alphonse d'Armandier, a captain of some celebrity as a fighting man, but still better known as a *roué* of the most abandoned character. At that day, in France, to be noble and to be dissolute were almost synonymous terms; but few, even of his dissipated order, had reached such pre-eminence in debauchery as the *Capitaine de Vaisseau*, Alphonse d'Armandier, Marquis, Cordon Bleu, etc., etc

As "birds of a feather flock together," this officer had gathered round him a set of lieutenants, etc., whose fame, for every species of gross immorality, had become proverbial, not only in France, but throughout Europe. Honest men shunned them, and honest women avoided them as they would a pestilence. This "bad eminence" had gained for them the unenviable *sobriquet* of "*Enfans du Diable*,"—"children of the devil,"—and as such they were universally known.

For all the traits of character which cause a proud and vicious aristocracy to be hated and feared by the people at large, these young men were eminently conspicuous, even in that age of pampered nobles and half-starved *roturiers*; and yet, being rich and powerful, they were courted and admired by thousands. This increased their facilities for mischief, and led them still farther into every species of unbridled license and cruel oppression.

It was none the less true, however, that conduct such as that of Armandier and his fellows was slowly but surely building up, in the hearts of the French people, a mighty monument in memory of wrongs and sufferings endured for ages, which was destined ere long to fall by its own weight, and crush the throne of France and its supporters in one vast mass of madness, misery and blood.

And still, though the low muttering of the thunders of the revolution was already distinctly audible, no thought of danger or of retribution ever disturbed the orgies of "*Les Enfans du Diable*." They were all assembled in the captain's cabin of the Pucelle d' Orleans, whiling away,

with cards and wine, the tedious hours between lunch and dinner.

There were present, besides the captain, the Counts Henri de Chavigny and Louis de Sauterre; the Viscount Guillaume de Bellegarde; the Chevalier Victor de St. Aubrey, and Messieurs Antoine and Eugene de Bauduy, cousins and *cadets* of noble families; their respective ranks in the service being designated by the order in which they have been named.

"*Tonnere de Dieu!*" exclaimed the captain; "how sultry it is here! This cabin is as hot as Beelzebub's back kitchen in the dog-days! I'm all in a liquefaction."

"And what do you know about Beelzebub and his kitchen, *mon capitaine?* Did you ever happen to be there?"

"That's a pretty question to ask, Chavigny. Pray, who ought to know the temperature of the devil's kitchen, if his own children do not? I'm surprised at you."

"True, captain, I didn't think of that. At all events, if you don't know how hot old hornie's apartments are now, you will be very sure to find out all about it some day. You may trust him for that."

"Perhaps. But you ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak so disrespectfully of your father, nicknaming him in that improper manner."

"I beg your pardon, sir, it is you that nickname him. I heard you call him 'old Nick' not half an hour ago. You might at least have had the grace to say 'elderly Nicholas.'"

"Well, yes. That's a bad habit, I confess. I learned it from the English. But I wont countenance any disrespect to parents aboard of this ship."

"So be it. I don't wonder at all at your anxiety not to offend the old gentleman. You have good reasons for it, I dare say."

"Well, well; I don't think any of us have a right to set up for saints. We are genuine *Enfans du Diable*, one and all, unless we except St. Aubrey. He's young and chicken-hearted, but he'll come on in time. And I tell you now, when you talk of the devil—"

"He's sure to appear—and there he is!"

"Hallo! Who the deuce are you?"

"A man," replied an individual in a sea-faring garb, who had suddenly made his appearance among the revellers, no one knew how or whence.

"A man? Then you are not our highly respected parent, as Chavigny asserts?"

"I don't deny that I have a spice of the devil in me at this moment."

"Then, in the name of that distinguished personage—in the devil's name, in short—who are you, and whence do you come?"

"I am a French sailor, and I came from without, through that window."

"The deuce you did! Well, Mr. French sailor, will you be so very kind as to inform us why you preferred the window, to walking in, as others do, by the door?"

"I had no choice. I knew that I would not be admitted at the door."

"Well, upon my word and honor, you are a little the coolest knave I ever met with. You had no choice, eh? Well, you shall have your choice now. I'll give you twenty-five blows of the 'cat,' and then tumble you out of the window, or thirty, and let you walk out at the door. Come, sir, make a choice, and be quick about it. Shall we give you twenty-five or thirty?"

"You shall give me neither."

"Why?"

"Because I wont let you."

"*Mille bombes!* We'll soon see that, you infernal scoundrel! Call the sentry!"

"Hold!" cried the sailor, springing to the cabin door, locking it, and putting the key in his pocket. "You shall hear me first. A few days ago you and your brother devils met a young woman walking on the beach, near St. Catherine's well, where you had been drinking and carousing. In spite of prayers and tears which might have moved any heart not wholly turned to stone, you seized her, stifled her cries, and carried her off to this accursed ship, this floating sink of abominations, where you kept her a prisoner for three days and nights, and after you had worked your hellish wills upon her, and bereft her of her senses, you turned her loose upon the shore to die! Disloyal Frenchmen! dishonored gentlemen! scum of humanity and true spawn of the devil! though immeasurably unworthy of an honest seaman's sword, I challenge you, Alphonse d' Armandier, to single combat."

"And who are you, fellow, who dares to use such language to a French nobleman?"

"I am Pierre Colbert, the husband of her whom you so basely dishonored and so foully murdered; and ere she was laid in the grave, I swore on the holy cross of Christ to avenge that foul murder and that base dishonor, by shedding your heart's blood."

"*Que le diable n'emporte*—may the deuce fly away with me if you would not make a capital hand to play injured husbands at one of the twopenny theatres! But allow me to tell you, sir, that when I fight, it must be with a gentleman—not with such *canaille* as you."

"Hold, sir! It is I that condescend when I place an honest man's son upon an equality with a ravisher and murderer. The time is near at hand when nobility will no longer be a cloak for crime in this realm of France. But even now, sir, it shall not avail you in this case. You will not dare to deny that an officer of his majesty's navy is a gentleman—nay, in all things affecting his honor, the peer of royalty itself."

"Insolent hound! what are you prating of? What have *you* to do with his majesty's navy?"

"Read that," said Pierre, taking from his pocket and unrolling an official looking document, engrossed on parchment, and bearing the royal seal and signature.

It was a commission, in due form, constituting Pierre Colbert a lieutenant in the royal navy, in consideration of his important services, and his numerous and brilliant achievements in the presence of the enemy.

"And if that is not sufficient," continued Pierre, "perhaps this will serve to quicken your perceptions." And he struck the marquis a smart blow on the face with the fingers of his open hand.

The arguments were both unanswerable, and the nobleman had no choice but to prepare for the combat. The rapier, of course, was to be the arbiter of the quarrel.

Alphonse d'Armandier was one of the most accomplished swordsmen of his day, and was just as certain of slaying the insolent *roturier* as he was of his ability to draw his weapon. Like most of his order, he looked down upon the "people" with sovereign contempt, and could hardly conceive of a plebeian hand wielding with any degree of skill what he regarded as *par excellence* the arm of a gentleman.

Pierre Colbert was not perhaps so thoroughly versed in the technicalities of sword-play as his adversary, but in some important respects he was greatly his superior. A temperate and laborious life had toughened his originally powerful muscles until they had become almost like cords of steel. From similar causes, his nervous system was in a perfectly sound and healthy condition, so that his eye was as keen as a falcon's, and his hand as steady as the rock-ribbed earth itself.

The marquis, on the other hand, by ten or twelve years of reckless dissipation, had greatly impaired the advantages which he had obtained from nature or acquired by art. Still, however, he was more than a match for nineteen swordsmen out of twenty, and he was fully determined to make short work of the presumptuous privateersman. The fate of poor Marie, which would have hung like a dead weight upon the sword of any man who had a conscience, gave him little uneasiness. Compunction for past wickedness had long since ceased to trouble him.

The fight commenced. A struggle for life between two such men could not fail to be a painfully interesting spectacle. Eye to eye, hand to hand, foot to foot, every nerve and muscle braced to the utmost, and pass answering pass, and lunge answering lunge, as each one sought his opponent's heart, or strove to protect his own. One who knew him well would have noticed that Pierre was not putting forth all his strength. His object probably was to encourage the self sufficiency and consequent recklessness of the marquis.

Fiercer and more terribly earnest grew the combat; more and more rapidly the bright blades flashed and clashed and clattered; and more and more eager became the glances of the spectators, as they held their breath and clenched their hands and bit their lips, unconsciously, in the intensity of their excitement. Disengagement, and feint, and ever-ready *riposte*, and lunges in *quarte*, in *tierce*, in *prime*, and in *seconde*, followed each other with a lightning-like rapidity, which set at fault the keenest eyes among the watchers.

In vain Armandier put in requisition every resource, and trick, and expedient of the art which had so often saved his worthless life and destroyed that of a better man. Like an incarnation of dread Nemesis, Marie's avenger pressed upon him, acquiring new strength apparently as his own arm became weaker and his breath grew shorter, till at length, beating down his guard with tremendous force, and summoning all his energies for one tiger like spring, Colbert lunged straight at the captain's heart, and drove his weapon home with a fury that nothing could resist, till the point issued from his back, and the cross-guard of the hilt struck violently against his breast-bone. As the sword was withdrawn, a gush of bright red blood followed it. Then succeeded a wild tossing of the arms, a tottering step or two, a heavy fall, and Alphonse Marquis d'Armandier surrendered his guilty soul to its Creator and its judge.

Colbert looked calmly on till life was fully extinct. He then drew from his bosom a tress of long, soft, silky hair and dipped it in the blood which was welling from Armandier's heart. Having performed this act as solemnly as if he had been engaged in some hallowed religious rite, he restored the tress to his bosom, and then, turning to Chavigny, said:

"Monsieur le Comte, it is now your turn."

"My turn to do what?"

"To *die!*"

Chavigny shuddered. He was a brave man in the ordinary acceptation of that term, but there was something in Colbert's deportment, something in the iron determination of his look, in the stedfast glare of his eye, and above all in the bloody example he had just given of his extraordinary strength and skill, which chilled the *roué's* heart with horror. He knew that he was equally guilty with the captain, and the aspect of the young sailor told him more emphatically than words could have done, that they two could never live together on this sublunary world. He had great confidence, however, in his acknowledged skill in the use of the sword, and crossed blades with his opponent with a confident bearing and a bold, defiant eye.

Chavigny was a younger and more active man than Armandier, and the combat was of somewhat longer duration, but Pierre's superior powers of endurance soon began to tell against him. As the count's energy showed signs of flagging, his antagonist, redoubling the force and rapidity of his attacks, utterly disconcerted him, and finally, with a tremendous lunge in *seconde*, drove his sword in to the hilt, beneath his fifth rib.

Two of his companions caught the dying man in their arms, while the warm blood spouted over them from head to foot. He gasped once or twice, struggled violently for a instant—and then all was still.

Pierre looked on with stern impassibility, as a professional headsman might contemplate the body of a sufferer on the block. When life had fully departed, he took out the lock of hair again and repeated the terrible baptism of blood. To the spectators, this was truly an awful scene, for each one felt that that innocent victim's tress would soon be dyed in his own heart's blood.

Without speaking a word, Pierre made a motion with his sword towards Louis de Sauterre. The latter understood it, and though he would have given every acre of his princely domain to avoid the conflict (and whatever might have been the position of his ancestors, his patronymic appellation was an arrant misnomer in his own case), he knew that it was impossible to do so without rendering himself infamous. To compass the dishonor and death of a woman of the people was a small matter in the eyes of the count's compeers, but to refuse to take an injured husband's life, under the "code of honor," was infamy.

For Louis de Sauterre, then, there was no escape. He was but an ordinary swordsman, and a mere child in the hands of Colbert, hardly able to maintain a show of resistance. At the very first onset the latter beat down his guard with crushing force, and drove his avenging sword deep into his vitals. He expired instantly, and the gory lock being steeped in his blood, Pierre Colbert was ready for another trial, and victim.

With gloomy determination, Guillaume de Bellegarde came forward and fell the same easy prey to the avenger's sword. Eugene de St. Aubrey then advanced, but Colbert motioned him aside, and called on Antoine de Bauduy, who fell like the others, and then on his cousin, who shared the same fate.

Pierre now took the tress, which he had dipped in the blood of every victim, and placed it in his bosom, next his heart. He was then about to leave the vessel, but St. Aubrey again offered to cross swords with him.

"No, Monsieur le Vicomte," he said, "you are innocent of any actual participation in this affair. I seek not your life."

"I am an officer of La Pucelle d'Orleans," insisted the viscount, "and can claim no exemption from the fate of the rest."

Pierre was about to put him aside, but a thought seemed suddenly to strike him; he bowed, and threw himself on guard. St. Aubrey was very young, and a very inexperienced swordsman, but at the very first pass he struck Pierre full upon the breast, and pierced him to the heart, so that he fell heavily upon the floor.

"Great Heaven," cried the young man; "you have suffered me to kill you without making any resistance!" And he kneeled down to examine the wound from which he had just withdrawn his sword.

Pierre's bosom was covered with blood, and the gory lock had received its last baptism in the blood of that heart to which its owner had been dearer than life. His lips moved, but no sound was audible. St. Aubrey bent down, placed his ear close to the mouth of the dying man, and caught the last word, articulated with his latest breath. That word was "MARIE!"

BRUSSELS.

What a charming place this city of lace and carpets is! Clean as a parlor, not a speck nor a stain to be seen anywhere, with less of Dutch stiffness and more of French ease, so that you do not feel so much like an intruder as in most other strange cities. Brussels is a kind of vestibule to Paris; its streets, its shops, its public edifices are all reflections, in miniature, of those of the French metropolis. It has long seemed to me so natural a preparation for the meridian splendors of Paris, that to go thither in any other way than through Brussels, is as if you should enter a saloon by a back window, rather than through the legitimate front door. In one respect I prefer Brussels to Paris; it is smaller, and your mind takes it all in at once. In the French capital, its very vastness bewilders you. You are in the condition of the gentleman whose wife was so fat that when he wished to embrace her, he was obliged to make two actions of the feat, and use a bit of chalk to insure the proper distribution of his caress. But in Brussels, everything is so harmoniously and compactly combined, that you can enjoy it all at once. How does one's mind treasure up his rambles through these fair streets and gay arcades, his leisurely walks on these spacious boulevards, or under the dense shade of this lovely park, his musings in this fine old church of Ste. Gudule, whose gorgeous windows symbolize the heavenly bow, and whose air of devotion is eloquent of the undying hope which abides within its consecrated precincts!—*Aguecheek.*

MORAL COURAGE.

Sidney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little moral courage, or independence of mind: "A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back, shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years and then live to see its success afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and particular friends, till, one day, he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice."

A QUEER STORY.

We learned a queer little bit of history lately. A short time since, a citizen, in order to prevent his creditors from getting his property, signed off some $20,000 in real estate to his stepsons. Stepsons had deeds recorded, and in about three days had real estate converted into money, without stepfather knowing anything of the matter. Having converted real estate into money, stepsons started for the west, leaving stepfather to "grin and bear it" as best he can. Stepfather having put all his property out of his hands, now finds himself without sufficient funds to go in pursuit of stepsons. It now looks as if stepsons had sold stepfather, and got stepfather into a tight place. Stepfather begins to think that he might better have settled with his creditors. In endeavoring to be "smart," he has reduced himself to two shirts and a bootjack.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Nations in a state of war are like individuals in a state of intoxication; they frequently contract debts when drunk, which they are obliged to pay when sober.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RED BREAST.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

Fair bird! why lingerest thou
High on the top of yonder tree.
There warbling forth thy notes of glee,
While morn is shining now?

For see! thy cherished young
Are waked from dreams by soft sunlight,
And chirp—for thee so glad their sight—
Near where thy nest is swung.

Go to thy little ones;
See, they are sipping now the dew
That sparkles on the leafy yew,
In morning's golden sun.

Their wings are tender, short.
They hop along from spray to spray,
Yet cannot like thee fly away,
Quick as a gladsome thought.

Yet taught by thee each morn,
Their pinions soon may gain new skill,
When with their parent kind they will
Skim o'er the grassy lawn.

They then like thee may wing
Down yonder valley, where repose
The silent tombs—end of our woes—
And o'er the green sod sing.

As though the soul when freed
From clay had nestled in the bird,
And on the grave wished to be heard,
Chanting of praise the mead.

O, minstrel of the grove!
How musical is thy refrain,
Now floating from the ripened grain,
Whose charms with thee we love.

As when a pearl is thrown
In yonder grassy lake, the waves
Spread round the stream, and softly lave
The shore, till all are gone.

So thy soft melodies
Fall on the placid air, when soon
Light waves of music swell, till grown
Voiceless in yonder trees.

The night is falling now,
The red breast soars to yonder tree;
Far up toward the top I see
A nest upon the bough.

Now on the swaying spray,
The parent tired and happy young,
In slumber sweet are gently swayed
By zephyrs there that play.

When golden morn again
Glows in the oriental sky,
The bird will soar and sing on high
His musical refrain.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Belle Sparkle versus The Lawyer.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"GOOD morning, Horace! What, another letter from the *blue stocking?* Don't hide it. Upon my word, your correspondence grows rapidly. 'Congenial spirits,' 'kindred souls,' and all that! *Mon ami,* I predict this will end as all romances do—in a wedding." And Gilbert Masters threw himself leisurely into a chair in the office, No. — Court Street, where he had entered one pleasant morning late in May, to find his friend, Horace Waterbury, law student, in the act of hastily thrusting a closely written, dainty sheet between the leaves of a large quarto on the table.

"Say, old fellow," continued Masters, with a smile, "what salary *per quarter* do you pay the penny-post—for, I take it, you're obliged to keep an extra one purposely for your accommodation? I'll wager a dozen fried at Parker's that you do! Shall I have to wait till you've got the *Esq.* snugly tacked to your name, and hung out your shingle in some quiet country village, or go straightway and order white kids, bridal favors, *et cetera?*"

"O, pshaw, Masters! Can't a fellow carry on a nice little correspondence with a literary lady, without owning the soft impeachment of a heart-attack?" laughed Waterbury, though somewhat confusedly. "*I* can, my dear fellow! Fact it is, to my mind, that *head* homage and *heart* homage are two different sentiments decidedly. I may enjoy much a correspondence with a literary lady—admire her talents and genius—without committing myself further. Seriously, Gilbert, I'd never *marry* a blue?"

"Then all I've got to say is, that you're a most consummate flirt, Waterbury," exclaimed Masters. "We collegians at Cambridge are bad enough—but you're worse!"

"Ah, prove it, my dear fellow!" drawled the law student, smiling, and revealing a set of very handsome teeth.

"Why, haven't you been flirting on paper these three months at least, to my certain knowledge—writing sentiment, quoting poetry, and all that?"

"I confess to the poetry and so forth, but deny the *premises,*" replied Waterbury, coolly.

"Seriously, you wont pretend to deny, Horace, but you've enjoyed this correspondence?"

"No. You've got me there!" was the reply.

"And look here, my dear fellow, haven't you often got 'way beyond the border-ground of the sentimental—'way beyond the region of the merely 'friendly?' Come, now, on your word—'the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' Waterbury!"

"Well, yes—perhaps so!" replied the legal gentleman, unhesitatingly.

"Thought so!" said Masters, triumphantly. "And if you'd *said* as much to any lady as you acknowledge you've *written* to this literary lady, 'Belle Sparkle,' in point of honor wouldn't you stand committed?"

"Don't know about that!" was the reply. "Circumstances alter cases, you see. Now these blue stockings always have a host of correspondents. They don't mind sentiment or poetry on paper. It's their trade! Seriously, you don't suppose they mean all they write, Masters?"

"Can't say—but then I thought Horace Waterbury did!" replied his friend, half sarcastically. "But let us suppose this lady, 'the exception to the general rule,'—hence, taking your expressions of sympathy and so forth for *bona fide,* has become somewhat interested in the knight of the pen; not that I want to flatter your egregious vanity, sir, for I don't really believe it myself—but *suppose* the thing, you know?"

"Bad case, Masters! Shall have to pay 'damages,' I suppose," laughed Waterbury.

"Quite a conceited coxcomb!" retorted the young collegian, with a laugh. "Now I wish it might come to pass that you were to meet this 'Belle Sparkle,' find her young, beautiful and fascinating, and yourself an unlucky suitor, how would that conflict with your theory 'never to marry a blue?'"

"Not a bit of danger, Masters! Blues never are passable! You see Dame Nature, lavish of her gifts to pretty women, endeavors to compensate to the ugly ones by the bestowal of an extra quantity of brains!" And the law student complacently stroked his handsome moustache.

A mischievous gleam was suppressed in Gilbert Masters's black eye, as he replied, quietly:

"Wont pretend to dispute your theory, Waterbury, as it never has been my fortune to meet many of the clique. But see here, my dear fellow, your letters from the authoress come from 'Thornvale.' Now I've a nice little cousin who resides in that vicinity, where I'm going to pass a fortnight or so next summer vacation. What say you to furnishing me with an introductory note to the lady; and, while I'm sojourning at Cousin Dora's, I'll some day take occasion to ride over to Thornvale, present the document, and make the lady's acquaintance? Who knows but I might find her very agreeable? and, of course, since you avow yourself merely 'a looker on in Venice,' you leave me a clear field. What say you, Waterbury?"

The slight contraction of his brow was certainly slightly at variance with the light tone of Waterbury's reply: "Certainly, certainly, Masters."

"Which, being interpreted, means, 'What the deuce sent Gilbert Masters to meddling with my affairs?'" laughed Masters. "But don't get jealous now. Wait till after I finish up my student life at old Cambridge—then I'll commence the foray. But I must be going. *Au revoir!* Good morning, Waterbury."

After the young collegian left the office for his accustomed Saturday's promenade up the fashionable side of Washington Street, Horace Waterbury again perused the letter which he drew from between the leaves of the heavy quarto. A singular expression lay about his lips as he folded it again.

"I have half a mind to start for Thornvale myself, seek out the writer of this, and, if she indeed be all that I could judge her from her letters, ascertain whether my happiness is secure in her keeping—but yet—" and the old careless smile came back to his lip, "I must listen to the voice of prudence. Horace Waterbury can hardly afford to do that yet; a diploma and the affix, Esq., are hardly the capital to set a man up in an establishment of his own of the *genus* 'housekeeping,' with the additional incumbrance of a literary wife, more at home in her books and manuscripts than the details of a domestic *menage,* and far better acquainted with the derivation of a Greek root than the ingredients of a pudding. No, no, Horace Waterbury, poor as a church mouse, none of that! Do you think the annoyance of a home always at sixes and sevens would be compensated fully by the pleasure of reading 'Mrs. Horace Waterbury's last,' or having your particular friend slap you on the shoulder, crying: 'Lucky dog! What a treasure of a wife you've got!' No, no!' And the young man tucked the letter into his vest pocket. "Sober second thoughts are best. I think I'll abate somewhat in my missives to 'Belle Sparkle.'"

That day two months the two young men shook hands at parting in one of the Boston depots—Gilbert Masters, fresh from Cambridge, with all the honors of a valedictorian upon him, and Waterbury, with his lawyer's degree just conferred, "the world before him, where to choose."

"Better come down to Dentwood and hang out your shingle, my dear fellow!" said young Masters, in those parting minutes. "It's just the opening for you; old 'Squire Wallace has one foot in the grave; the people of our place are always in the law; and a smart young fellow like you—ahem!—might get on the right side of 'em—walk into their affections and purses, too. If the influence of our family is of use, it shall be at your command; then I know I'd like right well to have you as a room-mate at the old mansion; and I flatter myself that we two might make a somewhat desirable addition to the family at 'the grove.' Come, Waterbury, say you'll settle down at Dentwood."

"Thank you," replied the young lawyer, with indecision on his features. "I would decide at once; but Mr. Dunn, of the firm, advises me to remain in the city. A larger field, you know."

"O, hang Dunn!" replied Masters, warmly. "Waterbury, I've too genuine a friendship for you to let you starve in a crowded city, when you might do a fast practice in an old circuit town like Dentwood. 'A wider field,' to be sure, here, but every inch of it is furrowed over; the cities are crowded with toiling, disappointed professional men. I'm going to settle down in the study and practice of the medical profession in old Dentwood. Let me appeal to your ambition. What old fellow of antiquity was it who said he'd rather be first man in an humble Swiss hamlet than second in imperial Rome? Besides, I fancy you wont rust out socially; we've got some nice, intellectual people, too, snugly tucked away within the limits of quiet Dentwood. Come, what say you, Waterbury?"

"Thank you, Masters. I think I will conclude to go there. Doubtless it was a false ambition that urged me to remain in the over-thronged city; and, as you say, the best part of my life might be spent in toil, and the reward never come. For the tone of society in Dentwood, I need but remember that my friend and his excellent mother and brothers are numbered among its dwellers. Dentwood shall be the scene of my future labors."

"Good, Waterbury! I'll give our people fair warning, be your *avant courier* in the good graces of old 'Squire Wallace, and if the right chord is touched there, your fortune's made. In a month or so I'll expect to see your shingle hung out there. Why not go down at once, though," and a quizzical smile ran over his face, "and accompany me over to Thornvale in *propria personæ,* to present me to the literary lady, instead of by this introductory letter I hold, Waterbury?"

For a moment a shade of indecision played over the young lawyer's face; but, glancing up to catch the twinkle of his friend's eye, he replied, decidedly:

"No, no, Masters! Excuse me. Now I've furnished you with the proper credentials, you must go *a la ambassadeur;* and, my dear fellow, I give you full instructions to stipulate a treaty of peace between the lady and myself; for of late our communications have grown 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' Think she'll forgive me, eh, Masters?" he said, carelessly.

"Don't flatter yourself *au contraire,*" laughed Gilbert. "'Lay not that flattering unction to thy soul.' But here, the train is ready, and I'm off! Good-by, old fellow, till we meet at Dentwood!"

Reader, you will take my word for it that Horace Waterbury was not the calculating, heartless person you may have imagined from glimpses of his character as portrayed. People certainly called him "practical," and no intimate friend, save Gilbert Masters, knew the vein of almost womanly sensitiveness underlying that apparently worldly nature.

Circumstances had moulded his character; the hard experiences of a struggling orphan boy, with no dowry but his ambition, had pressed against and warred with a generous, æsthetic nature, till the latter had become obscured and almost stifled in the conflict.

The correspondence with "Belle Sparkle," which had first been commenced, at Waterbury's solicitation, under cover of a letter to the editor of the magazine in which the authoress's much-admired articles appeared, had grown to become a part of his happiness; but this he would not confess even to himself, as has been seen; he shared the popular belief, and quoted stale jokes concerning the anti domestic propensities of "literary women" from the days of Socrates's Xantippe downward; holding theory that brilliant "Belle Sparkle" might be after the same fashion as her sisterhood; hence, as he had imparted to Masters, their correspondence had grown less of late, though this fact, contrary to his expectations, did not bring any additional peace to the young lawyer's heart.

But so it was; and with an introductory letter from Waterbury's hand, Gilbert Masters took a seat in the cars, and was swiftly whirled away into the heart of quiet, inland Massachusetts.

Late that summer's afternoon, Gilbert Masters sprang from the cars upon the platform of the depot at Elton, a pleasant country town, and in a few more minutes was set down at the gate of a charming Gothic cottage, half hidden by vines and trees, the home of Dora Deane and her mother—Masters's aunt and cousin.

Nobody at Elton called Dora Deane "handsome," with her slight figure and face of thoughtful cast; but all voted her graceful, refined, ladylike, and acknowledged the charm of the social spell she threw around all visitors at the cottage. Gay, genial Gilbert Masters dearly loved his cousin; but there was another who lured him to Elton of summer vacations, in the shape of bright, bewitching, saucy little Georgie Ross, Mrs. Deane's orphan niece, who, three years before, had been received into her family.

Without being at all figurative, I may state that the young collegian was literally the slave of this little empress. Vacation visits, ostensibly paid to "Aunt Martha and Cousin Dora," generally terminated in a bright, bewildering fortnight in her silken toils; rings deviced with hearts, and gemmed bracelets—exponents of the generous youth's admiration—adorned her rosy fingers and rounded arms; but Georgie was a bit saucy, untamed and coquettish; so it happened that on the afternoon in question, when he bounded into the cottage hall, gay tones saluted him with:

"Aha, sir valedictorian, suppose you've come down to impress us with a sense of your newly-acquired importance! Who do you suppose wanted to see you here, Gilbert Masters?"

But the young collegian knew that, despite her words, his presence at Elton was not entirely unwelcome; so he only smiled and caught her little dimpled hand, in reply, asking: "Where is my aunt, and Cousin Dora?"

Now it so happened farther, that, at his last visit, Georgie, in an unwonted confidential mood, had imparted to him "a great secret" concerning "Cousin Dora;" "and you must never let her know how you found it out, Gilbert—never! She wouldn't like it a bit if she thought I told who writes those beautiful stories in 'Piper's Magazine,' but I thought it too good to keep; but you mustn't ever tell!" asserted Georgie.

Whether Gilbert ever "told" or not, must be inferred from his conduct that evening, as, sitting alone a few moments with Dora on the piazza, where the moonlight fell in a flood of white splendor, with a very demure expression he drew from his vest pocket and put into Dora's hand a letter superscribed in familiar chirography—

"To
"BELLE SPARKLE,
"THORNVALE."
"(Introduce Mr. Masters.)"

"Why, Gilbert!" exclaimed Dora, coloring violently; "where did you—that is, so you know?" Then she stopped abruptly.

"Yes, cousin mine, little Dora, playing the literary lady *incog,* I do know, though by what means the secret came into my possession it boots not; yet don't be afraid that I've divulged it to

my particular friend, Horace Waterbury! Aha, you didn't know that your long-time correspondent was thus on intimate terms with your scapegrace cousin, did you, *ma Belle?*" And he laughed at her expression of wonder.

"And you know Horace Waterbury?" exclaimed Dora.

"Most assuredly! I wonder I never mentioned him to you, coz. Certes it is, I've heard him speak of the *blue*, 'Belle Sparkle' 'many a time and oft!' Fine fellow Waterbury is, too! Is coming down to Dentwood to settle. But how queer—you so shy and quiet, an out and out *blue stocking*—a dreaded strong-minded woman! Wont Waterbury be surprised when he meets you? as of course he will sometime; for you see, coz, he's got it into his head that you're an antiquated lady of the *genus scribendi*."

"After such pains-taking on my part to avoid recognition, by writing under my *nom de plume*, and mailing my letters over at Thornvale, it is not strange that Mr. Waterbury should be slightly in the dark respecting the private Dora Deane lurking behind the public 'Belle Sparkle;' yet it is somewhat unwarrantable, I must confess, that a third party should be cognizant of this correspondence!" said the girl, with an expression of pique. "Such friendships are usually held sacred."

"O, don't be alarmed, coz. I'm the only one in the secret, as I chance to know. But, ah, I begin to think there lurks some tenderer sentiment beneath the friendship!" said Gilbert, teasingly.

"You are very much mistaken!" replied Dora, coldly.

"Is it so? Then Waterbury did not fib in the least when he made the same assurance. You see I charged him with being in love with the authoress—"

"Which charge of course he denied?" queried the girl, calmly.

"Well, yes. I didn't exactly credit him then; but if you really assure me so, Dora—but excuse me if I'm meddling with what, properly speaking, is none of my own business—only you see I've a sort of cousinly interest in my little Dora here. But seriously, coz, I've an account to settle with Waterbury! Would you believe it? he asserts that 'however much he may respect, admire, and so forth, a literary lady, head and heart homage differ widely.' Glad you've got the start of him in the 'merely friendly sentiment,' and have taken all his sentimental nonsense at its true valuation. But after all, my literary lady, I'm inclined to think that this same boasting gentleman's heart is not so secure as he would have had me believe when he gave me this letter of introduction to the authoress, in whose good graces, I gravely assured him, I should endeavor to rival him; so what say you to enacting in a nice little scheme I planned, when Waterbury gets located down at Dentwood, by which we may effectually punish his egregious vanity?"

Dora Deane only smiled, and even clapped her white hands with apparent glee, as she assented to the plan proposed by her mischievous cousin; but when she sat alone in her room that night, leaving Georgie and Gilbert together, you would have known by the compression of her lips and the light of her eye that some new emotions were at work in her heart.

"And so Mr. Horace Waterbury makes his correspondence with the 'literary lady' a subject of remark with his friends—and boasts that head and heart homage differ widely?" she exclaimed, in a low, concentrated voice, looking on a package of letters she had taken from her writing-desk; and straightway, laying the package in the empty grate, she applied a lighted taper till a blue flame crept over all, and, cinder by cinder, they fell a tiny heap of ashes.

I'm sure I don't know whether—just as though she were not "strong-minded," but quite like any other woman who has been suddenly awakened to the bitter and humiliating reality that she has bestowed her love unsought—little Dora Deane wept herself to sleep that night; but true it was, that the burning of those hitherto carefully hoarded letters was decidedly the most foolish and (candor compels the word, reader,) spiteful act of her life.

"I declare! I smell something!" exclaimed Georgie Ross, gaily, in the parlor below. "I must go and see that Dora does not set the house on fire to destroy us, from revenge, that her secret is betrayed, for I know she will suspect me; you were so wicked in telling her a word to-night, Gilbert Masters!"

"Something burning! Most likely it is my heart, kindled into tinder by the fire of a certain incendiary pair of eyes!" returned the collegian, gallantly. "And now, if such a catastrophe should happen, it is but fair that the author of the mischief remain to aid in quelling the conflagration—so you must stay with me, Georgie."

"See here, Waterbury!" exclaimed Gilbert Masters, entering the law office of the former one pleasant morning, about two months after his establishment in Dentwood, with an open letter in his hand. "Have just taken this letter from the post-office—from 'Belle Sparkle'—in which she informs me that, 'journeying through Dentwood, she will stop over night at our hotel, where she will be happy to receive a call from her friends, Messrs Waterbury and Masters.' Will be here to-night—so what say you the call, when I shall be happy to do the good turn for you that your letter of introduction did once for me? I would do 'the gentlemanly host,' you see, and invite the authoress over to my mother's to pass a few days; but, as luck will have it, the same mail that brought her letter, also brought one from Cousin Dora Deane, who writes 'that she and Georgie Ross are coming down to pass a month with us,' and perhaps the meeting might not be agreeable to the *blue*, who dislikes company or gaiety of any kind, as she informed me. You'll call over at the Dentwood House, this evening, I suppose, Waterbury?"

"Yes, suppose I must, for the sake of the old-timed correspondence," lazily drawled the young lawyer. "Glad she's not expected before evening, though—for the fact is, I'm overrun with business this morning, thanks to these litigating Dentwooders. When did you say this Miss Deane, your cousin, was expected to arrive, Masters? To-morrow?"

"Yes, in the forenoon train. Now there's a girl for you to study! and a capital wife she'll make some man who knows how to prize her—quiet, gentle, domestic, pretty and graceful, withal, and not the least bit *blue*. Happy the fellow who wins her. If I didn't happen to be her cousin, and, furthermore, didn't happen to know a little witch named Georgie Ross—and by-the-by, Waterbury, I warn you, no flirting there!—I'd enter the lists for Dora's favor, despite she affirms stoutly she never means to entrust her happiness into the keeping of the best man living. But I'm hindering business, so I'm off. 'Morning, Waterbury."

"And so at length I shall meet 'Belle Sparkle,'" soliloquized Waterbury, when alone. "I shall meet her and judge for myself whether she possess all the beauty and intelligence described by Masters. Wonder why she never replied to my last letter? Perhaps it never reached her, though. And so Miss Deane is coming at last? Masters little imagines how his descriptions of her have excited my desire to meet her. 'Quiet, gentle, domestic, pretty and graceful withal,'—just the wife for a lawyer just starting in the world, if he can be fortunate enough to win her. Well, I'll play the agreeable to the fair literary lady this evening, and meantime, await with impatience Dora Deane's coming to-morrow."

"Belle Sparkle" stood in the parlor of the Dentwood House. A mass of raven curls shaded her neck and brow; a dress of rich silk rustled with every movement; jewels sparkled on her person, and *rouge* heightened the brilliancy of her complexion; India ink shaded her eyebrows with a darker hue. Altogether, no one would have suspected *who* figured under that "make-up" accomplished at Gilbert Masters's suggestion and Georgie Ross's fingers.

"You'll *do*, Dora!" laughed Georgie, as the haughty figure swept up and down the apartment. "Why, you look like a tragedy queen! Now, when this gentleman arrives, put on your 'blue-stocking airs' and talk literary. I'll teach him a lesson he wont soon forget. But I must make my exit, lest they surprise me;" and she left the parlor.

Presently a tap on the door, and Gilbert Masters entered, accompanied by his friend, Esquire Waterbury—and Esquire Waterbury advanced: "Most happy to meet, in *propria personæ*, 'Belle Sparkle,' *alias* Miss Harrington."

Miss Harrington extended the tips of her fingers, with studied coolness.

"Bah! an icicle!" thought the lawyer, frozen by her repellant haughtiness of manner.

Conversation became general; the literary lady was brilliant, her wit keen, her satire cutting; books were criticised, authors condemned or approved unsparingly, and in literature she betrayed herself at home. Esquire Waterbury broached other themes—the beauty of the country, and various topics—but the *blue* returned to her congenial theme, authors and books. Masters conversed gaily, fluently; but the lawyer only wondered at his ease, and grew more constrained himself. This fine literary lady seemed likely to overshadow him with her superiority. At length, as a *dernier* resort, he ventured to refer to their past correspondence.

"Ah, yes, she had doubtless *troubled* him with her foolish letters. But she had grown wiser of late. Such correspondences were *pleasant*, to be sure—more *pleasant* than *profitable*, as Esquire Waterbury would no doubt concede. She hoped he had burned *her* letters?"

The young lawyer winced under her sarcasm, and coughed in lieu of a reply. The interview was not prolonged; and when the gentlemen departed, she bade them adieu with chilling dignity.

"By Jove, I'm petrified, Masters!" exclaimed Waterbury, on emerging into the street. "An iceberg!—splendid, glittering, frozen! I told you that woman would prove so! Positively, my teeth chatter! Who would imagine that a score or more of letters had passed between us? Did you notice how she cut me up to-night? Took particular pains to inform me she'd burnt my old letters. And this is 'Belle Sparkle!' Ah, Masters, I told you so! These literary women spread themselves on paper, but personally they are pedantic and repellant in the extreme. Books, authors and critics—it's their hobby! Well, I've met the literary lady, and departed, a sadder yet wiser man. I wonder you thought her pleasing, Masters, during your interview at Thornvale!"

"She certainly seemed different *there!*" replied Masters, smothering a laugh.

"I should infer it, from your report of her at that time," replied the lawyer, drily. "Come, my dear fellow, I think I'll go home and make a grand suttee of the *blue's* old letters—thus leaving 'no baseless fabric behind.'"

"You're a Vandal—or, worse still, a Pagan!" said Masters.

"No—an *iconoclast!*" replied Waterbury, with a sad smile.

"O, what an *outre* rig, Dora!" laughed Georgie Ross, as Dora Deane stood before the mirror in their room, after the departure of her guests. A *perukc*, *rouge* and pearl-powder for little Dora Deane! Come here and let me Christianize you! I hope you punished him? But who is he like? Is he gentlemanly or agreeable? I am dying to know!"

"Put off dying till to-morrow," replied Dora, "and your curiosity will be gratified. As he boards at Aunt Sarah's, we shall be likely to be favored somewhat with his company."

"And then we shall have the *romance* of the story! Capital! capital! Wont it be nice, after all?" and little Georgie Ross clapped her hands. "And you shall write a book about it—and Gilbert and I will 'dance at the wedding!'"

"Nonsense!" said Dora, gravely, though a flush quite broke up through the *rouge* she was removing from her cheeks. "Come here, you silly thing, and help unfasten this heavy wig that's giving me the headache."

Dora Deane and Georgie Ross had now been domesticated with "Aunt Sarah," Gilbert Masters's mother, three weeks; and we might as well say at once that in all the events of those three bright weeks, whether walk, drive, picnic in the grand old woods on the Masters's estate, or sailing-excursions on the river, Horace Waterbury had constituted himself Miss Deane's companion. That this was quite to his mind, may be inferred from the soliloquy in which the young lawyer found himself indulging one afternoon, as the tea hour brought him from his office, and he walked musingly along.

"Here, at length," he mused, "have I found the realization of my ideal—a lovely, lovable woman. Sensible, vivacious, domestic, affectionate, Dora Deane is everything I have dreamed my wife should be. I wonder if she likes me? Her manner is so free and unembarrassed, I have sometimes thought that if she cared for me at all she would appear less so. How fortunate I did not follow up my former *penchant* for the *blue!* This little blue-eyed Dora must be my wife, or Horace Waterbury, Esquire, will never write himself Benedick!"

But, reader, what use to prolong the story? Let a brief summing up bring us to a *finale*. That evening, under the moonlit sky, Horace Waterbury did what thousands of stricken swains have done before—beginning with a confused story of "regard" and "feelings," and ending with a more intelligible offer of his "heart and hand."

And Dora Deane—well, I wouldn't wonder if she smiled a little, though she replied in a tone of quiet surprise: "Why, Mr. Waterbury, I never *expected this!* I thought you had declared a hundred times that you never would marry a *literary lady!*"

"And so I would *not!*" he replied stoutly. "But *you*, Dora—you, with your quiet ways and lovable nature—so different—how could I help loving *you?* What do you mean? What are you smiling at?" said he, as he caught a glimpse of her face.

"I mean—if I should confess—what would you think, if I *should* confess—"

"Confess *what?*" asked the young man, in bewilderment. "*You* surely never were *literary?* You are not—"

"*Belle Sparkle?* But her I *am!*" stoutly affirmed the laughing girl.

"What nonsense! Why am I to believe such an assertion? You are no more like Miss Harrington than I am!" exclaimed Waterbury, looking on her fair face in the moonlight. "Don't tease me, Dora! If Gilbert has told you of *that* affair—that brief weakness—I forgive him; but I pray you, dear Dora, don't use it against me. I declare I never loved her!"

"Why wont you believe a *lady's* word, Mr. Waterbury?" said Dora, gravely, though a smile lurked in the corners of her dimpled mouth. "You asked me just now *why* you were to believe my assertion, that I am what I purported to be. Don't you see how a French *perukc*, *rouge* and pearl-powder, etc., etc., may have "made-up" the fine literary lady, who, not a month ago, in disguise, held an interview with one Horace Waterbury, Esquire, in the parlor of the Dentwood House? Really, Mr. Waterbury, legal acumen did not serve you *then*, did it?"

"Dora Deane!" It was all the young man could say; and though it reached the heart of the girl, still she went on merrily:

"Wasn't it nice to play off such a little ruse on the gentleman, who, as I am informed by my cousin Gilbert, confessed such a decided antipathy to 'blue-stockings?' And now, of course, you wouldn't wish to marry 'an iceberg'—'a petrifaction'—'one who makes a trade of spreading herself on paper'—ha, ha! *Head* homage and *heart* homage *do* differ some, don't they, Mr. Waterbury?"

"Dora Deane,"—and the words were candid and firm—"Dora, I acknowledge my error; I deserve it all; yet I trust myself to your clemency. You will not, because of my egregious vanity, sentence me too severely? "Tell me, Dora," and he firmly imprisoned a little white hand, "will you forgive me? I do not ask this of the *authoress*, 'Belle Sparkle,' but of *Dora Deane, my beloved!*"

"Esquire Waterbury," archly said little Georgie Ross, as they met next morning in the hall, "have you ever yet, in the course of your legal practice, encountered a case headed 'Belle Sparkle versus the lawyer?'"

THE SENSES.

Of the five senses which have been given to man, three—taste, smell and touch—are incapable of producing in us the sentiment of beauty. Joined to the other two, they may contribute to the understanding of this sentiment; but alone and by themselves they cannot produce it. Taste judges of the agreeable, not of the beautiful. No sense is less allied to the soul, and more in the service of the body; it flatters, it serves the grossest of all masters—the stomach. If smell sometimes seem to participate in the sentiment of the beautiful, it is because the odor is exhaled from an object that is already beautiful, that is beautiful for some other reason. Thus, the rose is beautiful for its graceful form, for the varied splendor of its colors; its odor is agreeable, it is not beautiful. Finally, it is not touch alone that judges of the regularity of forms, but touch enlightened by sight. There remain two senses to which all the world concedes the privilege of exciting in us the idea and the sentiment of the beautiful. They seem to be more particularly in the service of the soul. The sensations which they give have something purer, more intellectual. They are less indispensable for the material preservation of the individual. They contribute to the embellishment rather than to the sustaining of life. They procure us pleasures in which our personality seems less interested and more self-forgetful. To these two senses, then, Art should be addressed—is addressed, in fact—in order to reach the soul. Hence the division of arts into two great classes—arts addressed to hearing, arts addressed to sight; on the one hand music and poetry; on the other, painting, with engraving, sculpture, architecture, gardening.—*Cousin.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY GEORGE W. CROWELL.

There's no such word as fail,
To those who in the right
Dare nobly, mid the strife,
With earnestness and might.

Who feel the conscious power
Which honest worth shall give,
And strive each passing day
A nobler life to live.

Who bear yet bravely up,
When swift descends the blow
Which strikes their hopes to earth,
And lays their ventures low.

Who still amid the fray,
With souls unstained by crime,
Assert their manhood's strength,
And make their lives sublime.

They yet shall rise again,
Though fate may bid them fall,
They yet shall wear the crown,
And triumph over all.

A crown of noble deeds,
A name of honored worth,
A wealth which few possess,
The heroes of the earth.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE—NOT MONEY.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

PART FIRST.

"OFF to Europe, eh? How long are you intending to stop?"

"It may be six months, it may be twelve," replied the young man addressed, twirling his moustache. "Be the stay long or short, I'm bound to enjoy myself."

"And how does the fair Eleanor take the idea of this intended separation. I suppose she has a little wholesome fear of England's young beauties, and such good-looking men as yourself are not met with every day, either in this country or that."

"Thank you for your good opinion. As to Miss Eleanor, I think she will bear the separation with a tolerable grace. We are engaged, you know," he added, with a laugh that had a slight shade of mockery in its tone.

"People don't make much of engagements, these times," replied the other, lightly, tapping his chin with the golden edge of his cane.

"Except where money is concerned, and a Turk of a father who has bent a son to his iron will ever since he was in arms. I can't afford to be disinherited;" the dash of bitterness was a stronger infusion this time.

"Well, Miss Eleanor is a charming woman," returned the first speaker.

"I have always thought you appreciated her charms," said Herbert Nevins, with some emphasis on the always.

Willis Wells blushed and turned away as he said, carelessly, "O, we poets admire all the pretty women; we are too poor to *more* than admire."

The friends parted, and Herbert Nevins wended his way to an aristocratic mansion in the upper part of New York city, while Willis Wells, feeling for the manuscript in his pocket, bent his steps towards the dingy office of a newspaper, there to drudge (not uncomplainingly), for a small pittance.

Herbert Nevins was ushered into the dim splendors of the great parlors of the home of Thomas Hodge. The name of the flourishing merchant was not euphonious. He was a portly man, handsome and high-toned, and very rich. Fortunate turns in the tide of stocks had built him up. He was sagacious, too, and far-sighted, and not, as a consequence (because equally far-sighted men have been unfortunate), he became enormously wealthy.

Eleanor Hodge was his only child, his idol. Untold sums of money had been lavished upon her education. According to fashionable judgment, she was a "splendid creshaw." You would think so, to see her sail into these crimson-shaded parlors, her pale cheek flushed with the prevailing color, her step and form as stately as those of a queen. Her eye seemed to kindle as she met the somewhat constrained devotion of Herbert Nevins. Truth to tell, unconsciously to herself, she admired rather than loved Herbert. He was very handsome, very courteous, unexceptionable in address, in character—altogether, apparently, a woman's ideal. Everybody was "dying," "raving," and doing I know not what other extravagant thing for him. Eleanor was engaged, and therefore proportionably envied.

"Well, I have called to make you my adieus," he said, laughingly, as he arose and took the vacant seat by her side. "It is all arranged, I believe, and I shall probably leave the city to-morrow morning."

"There was a pretty little start—rather theatrical — "to-morrow morning!" exclaimed Eleanor. "O! I am sorry I engaged myself for to-night, if you are going so soon. What can I do?"

"Don't break the engagement, I pray you; I could not well stay this evening. I have so many calls to make, so much to attend to."

"Shall you remain in Europe long?"

The timid voice surprised him. He turned fully towards her. Her beautiful eyes were humid, the color was high on her cheek, her countenance was sorrowful. He was surprised into exclaiming, "Why, Eleanor, do you really *care* that I am going?"

"How can you ask the question?" she returned, with trembling lip, and tears did really begin to fall. Herbert thought he had never seen her looking so well; something like warm and earnest love sprang up in his heart. "It would be curious," he thought to himself, "if I should experience a romantic attachment just as I am going away. I have heard of such things. She really looks well! she has beautiful eyes, beautiful hands and feet! I don't know but I am beginning to be proud of her."

"You will miss me then?" he said, moving as near as the inconvenient edge of the *tete-a-tete* would allow.

"Very much," she almost whispered.

"And I shall miss you," he said, warmly, the native impulsiveness of his character triumphant. "I shall see no woman there so lovely as Eleanor—wherever I go I shall think of her; may I ask the same pledge in return?"

And thus for some little time vows were exchanged and lover's nonsense beguiled the time. I say "lover's nonsense," because it is nonsense in a great many cases.

So Herbert Nevins sailed for England, and for many scores of miles he carried the queenly image of Eleanor, sitting in the dim splendor of the great shadowy parlors; sitting by his side, confessing her love for him.

O, fickle faith of women!—*some* women. That very night Eleanor sighed to think her hand was promised to the wanderer.

Willis Wells had rendered himself immortal. He had published a poem that was repeated to everybody and by everybody, and Eleanor was conscious that she was the heroine. Amidst the bevy of beauties who praised him as much with sparkling eyes as musical voices, his eye only sought approbation of one—that one was Eleanor.

"Suppose the poor author should ever become the great poet," said Eleanor to herself, as her cheek sought the pillow. Then she thought of Herbert Nevins and sighed.

Many a girl whom we meet brilliantly beautiful on the promenade, is like Eleanor, in a "strait betwixt two."

Meanwhile, Herbert Nevins tossed on the briny deep, thoughtless consecutively of Eleanor as he neared the desired haven. His mind was full of the glories he should see. And when he arrived there, pleasure after pleasure, success after success dazzled and delighted him. Flattered by the unusually pointed attention that was shown him, he forgot the loves, the beauties, the engagements of home. Amid splendid saloons, outrivalling the magnificence of Fifth Avenue not so much in outward show as intrinsic value, he gave himself up to the pleasures of the gay metropolis, and was soon hand-in-glove with its most prominent notabilities.

One evening at a concert in the private box of a nobleman, he met a beautiful girl who, from the first glance, captivated his fancy and claimed his attention. Miss Howard had lately burst like a glorious star upon London society. There was that in her face that, once seen, seen especially by the admiring eyes of youth, could never be forgotten. It was an expression of pensiveness, and the change caused by her dimpling smile was absolutely radiant. Herbert Nevins thought he had never before seen a countenance so spiritually lovely, a demeanor so fascinating, and he inquired of the young blood who accompanied him, whether she was a relative or dependent. Something in her air led him to suspect the latter.

"A cousin of Lady Howard's," was the reply. "Her father is a madcap squire in some by shire—a rollicking, dare-devil fellow—good company, but infernally poor. Whether he intends to make some good match for his daughter or not, I don't know, but, egad! I should think so. The squire lives up to, and I am told a precious way beyond his income, but he is of a good family, and the fellows in our set go up there occasionally, and we enjoy ourselves famously. Doubtless you will get an invitation to fish and hunt at Lakely Hall, where you may enjoy more exclusively the society of this fine creature. She is decidedly handsome—but money, money, sir, is the object with our fellows."

"It is doing her positive harm, under such circumstances, I should think, to expose her to the fascination of high life," said Herbert, gazing admiringly at the lovely girl who at that moment was giving him the full glow of one of her rare smiles.

"Yes, but Lady Howard is doubtless trying to fish up some withered old count or earl to tie this pearl upon, and set her up in society. That's the way she has managed with her own daughters. But I see Lady Helen de Voe beckoning; adieu. I will see you to-morrow."

Herbert Nevins could only think of Lelia Howard, night and day, wherever he went. Her image took precedence of Eleanor's. The exceeding beauty of her countenance, the natural grace with which she moved, spoke and acted, constantly enchanted him, and he became a true and devoted worshipper. His devotion was the theme of many a tongue.

"Take care," said a young lord, "don't get too deeply entangled. Since an old miser of an uncle disinherited her father for his extravagance, there is no hope that she will bring the unlucky fellow who marries her, one cent. I advise you to be warned in time."

Herbert smiled to himself and then sighed. He loved her passionately. She was the first woman towards whom his heart had truly turned. To him she was an angel—pure, modest, simple in her tastes, true and tender in her love. But he was engaged to ninety thousand dollars.

His father had set his heart upon the union of his son with Eleanor Hodge. Besides, did not Eleanor love him, truly, devotedly! was not his honor pledged? Infatuated that he was, he could not force himself to forget the peerless Lelia Howard. An invitation to her father's home was accepted with a bounding heart and high-leaping pulse. He entered the aristocratic old mansion with feelings of reverence for the golden past as it seemed stamped on everything around him. The grand old staircase with its waxed floor, its panels of polished mahogany, the great hall, lined with pictures whose hues seemed stolen from the gorgeous tinting of the skies, the antique rooms, suite after suite impressed his imagination as no other household had ever done. And then the lovely Lelia, moving from corridor to corridor, so ethereal, so almost holy in her matchless beauty.

The old squire was emphatically jolly. A big, round, good-natured body, his laugh at once explosive and mellow, filled the house with cheer. And such a table! No wonder his frame grew unwieldy with oleaginous latitude; no wonder his cheeks stood out covered with purple red, for he breakfasted, he dined, he supped like a king, and his thick beard shook from morning till night with its owner's mirth.

The days spent at Lakely Hall were like hours passed in paradise. There were beautiful walks, there were murmuring streams, there were bowers and shady avenues, all of which were haunted, not by spirits, but forms of flesh and blood, however love had etherealized them. Herbert and Lelia were often together, and Eleanor Hodge (O, unpoetical name!) was forgotten. In a delirium of feeling, one day Herbert proposed and was accepted. A vision of Eleanor, a vision of his father, wroth and cursing, rose up before him, but he was in Eden. He shut all the serpents out by force of will and banished everything but Eve and bliss.

But once more alone, grown calmer, more rational, reflection came. What had he done? The vengeance of his father he felt assured would follow him for this misstep. He had betrayed confidence and broken vows. These thoughts made him very unhappy. As he sat musing in his chamber there came suddenly to his ear a shrill, piercing cry. He knew that voice, and throwing on his dressing gown, he ran hastily down stairs. Others had been also summoned by the terrible cry of anguish, and were moving hastily in the direction of the terrible outcry, asking of each other what it could be.

Again arose the wild shriek, "help! help!" and Herbert sprang within the squire's chamber, where he found Lelia supporting her father's head with great difficulty, he having fallen in a fit to the floor.

"He rang his bell," she cried, in frantic tones, turning to Herbert, "and as I came in he fell to the floor. O, my dear father, speak to me—O, my God! he is dead!"

Medical assistance was called, but to no purpose. The poor old squire had gone to his last account, and sweet Lelia Howard was an orphan. Herbert longed to take her to his heart to his home, after this terrible affliction, and make her his wife, but he dared not as yet. He did not dare to brave the cruel wrath of a father he feared, and upon whom he was entirely dependent. So, after seeing her placed in the protection of her relatives, who volunteered to care for her for a season, he left her with his solemn promise to return and claim her hand, and set out for home, trusting that some kind fortune might befall him, that Eleanor had forgotten him, that he might soften his father's heart and in some manner prepare the way for the reception of a portionless bride.

PART SECOND.

Meanwhile, Willis Wells was, in the expressive language of the fast people of to-day, "cutting a dash." He had already issued two "sweet little volumes," all blue and gold—the dishing up of his various poetical dainties. The ladies were more than ever enchanted with him. The men pointed as his handsome figure promenaded Broadway, and spoke of him as the popular poet, who has published several books, you know. He had been complimented by three professors, five clergymen and two lawyers—handsomely complimented in public. He wore unexceptionable broadcloth, he was alluded to as a rising young man, a *very* rising young man, and he was more in love than ever with Eleanor Hodge.

Meantime, Mr. Hodge had by some means learned that the poet sought the society of his daughter, and having a great horror of literary men, he forbade Eleanor to allow him the *entre* of the house. He, like old Mr. Nevins, had set his heart upon the marriage of Eleanor and Herbert, and impatiently awaited its fulfilment. He was the first person to announce to her, one pleasant morning, the arrival of her affianced husband by the steamer of the previous day. She dissembled well, though her cheeks grew, perhaps, a shade paler, and when she met him she forced the beaming smiles and ardent welcomes. It was unfortunate that neither could read the heart of the other. Eleanor did not dream, as Herbert imprinted a cool kiss upon her brow, that he was mentally comparing her with the sweet English girl, who, as she parted from him with tears, standing in her matchless beauty and innocence, her dead, black garments falling in rich folds about her form, seemed as much superior, in mind and face, to the daughter of the merchant called Hodge, as an angel might seem beside an ordinary mortal. Neither did he imagine that, as she gazed at him, allowing her hand to lie passively in his, she called up a face that was dearer and lips whose touch would have thrilled her from vein to vein. Well, Herbert Nevins had come home. There were parties given in his honor, and he was the lion of his set, but he was wretched. He felt as if there was a gulf between himself and Eleanor which he could not pass over, and still he saw that in his father's mind his fate was as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Tormented by feeling himself placed in this unenviable situation, he decided at last to throw himself upon his father's mercy, and like a culprit who anticipates his doom, he went towards the library where his father usually spent his mornings. He had always feared the stern old man. Now, young and vigorous as he was, his limbs trembled under him, as he heard the deep tones of his "come in."

"Good morning, sir," said his father, looking up, re-adjusting his spectacles and then settling himself to his antiquarian lore.

"Good morning, father," responded Herbert, obeying his sign to be seated. "I hope I do not interrupt you."

"Not in the least, sir, if you have business of importance; otherwise you do."

"I have something of importance to say," said Herbert, feeling his heart sink—"it is with reference to Miss Eleanor Hodge."

"Ah!" and the spectacles came off in a twinkling, the bald head shone benignant. "The marriage, I suppose, is to take place presently. Well, I am ready as soon as you are; I have selected for you a fine brown stone front; you will begin life auspiciously, young man—auspiciously!"

"Yes, sir—but—I—sir, I feel as if I did not love Miss Eleanor sufficiently to make her as happy as she deserves to be."

"She's a fine girl!" said the old merchant, abruptly, fastening on his spectacles, "and she deserves to be happy; but you need not fear. Humor her, my son, humor her; women only need to be humored in order to be made celestially agreeable. She's a handsome girl; will do honor to your choice."

"But I beg you will remember that she was not exactly *my* choice," said Herbert, growing a little indignant, "*you* chose her for me and bade me marry her."

"Certainly—in so doing I looked at your interest exclusively, my son—a rich and beautiful wife is not frequently found. Two great considerations, sir, wealth and beauty."

"I scorn them both—in her," said Herbert, passionately.

"Did I hear aright?" asked the old man, haughtily, lifting his tall form to its utmost height and bending stern and wrathful glances upon his son.

"I fear I do not love Eleanor Hodge," said Herbert, the old, cruel dread of his childhood crushing down his manliness.

"And what next, sir?" asked the old man, with the same icy sneer.

"I love another," issued faltering from the pale lips, and now that the ice was broken, he continued—"I love a woman whose soul is as superior to the soul of Eleanor Hodge, as heaven is superior to earth."

"Souls! fudge!" exclaimed the old man, shortly—"who is she? what is she? has she a good social standing? has she wealth equal to that of the girl I have chosen for you?"

"She is related to nobility, sir; an English girl," said Herbert, the blood flushing his cheek.

"And poor as a church mouse, I expect," said the elder Nevins, coldly, though his old heart leaped. Perhaps, after all, his son might marry English blood and English gold.

"She is not rich, sir," was the reply, "save in loveliness and virtue."

"Fudge! tell me just how it stands; has she a comfortable fortune? family is something."

"Her father died embarrassed, sir."

"And she will have—"

"Nothing," replied Herbert, taking courage, he scarcely knew why, from the manner of his father.

"Humph!" the old man resumed his seat—"so will you, sir—absolutely *nothing*, unless you marry Eleanor Hodge. No more, sir, if you please, I prefer my study to myself. You have my decision. Let me tell you once for all, it is irreversible. Good-morning."

"Selfish!" cried Herbert, between his shut teeth, as he closed the door, "mercenary, cold-blooded—keep your money! I'll marry Lelia if I have to drive a dray to support her—keep your accursed gold!"

This was while he was in hot blood. It happens that untoward circumstances turn a man's mind sometimes, though it seems as if all the demons in the universe were not sufficient to effect the change.

PART THIRD.

On the same day Herbert was met by an old college friend, whose hat was napless and whose coat displayed a similar tendency to polish. He did not cut him. On the contrary (particularly as the young man turned into a less frequented street), he walked with him.

"You are not well, Stearns," was his first exclamation.

"No—wretchedly miserable," then he stopped and smiting his hands together, while his white lips grew paler, he exclaimed, "O, the curse, the bitter curse of poverty!"

"Let us walk on," said Herbert, soothingly; he feared that attention might be drawn towards them.

"You know, Nevins, what a lovely creature I married. O! the anguish of seeing her wasting before my eyes. I have one child; we shall soon have another, and Nevins, if you believe me, I live up in a room three pair stairs high, and sometimes I have not a thing to do from one week to another. O, my God! that I should make this confession of humiliation."

"My poor friend!" said Herbert, "let me help you."

"O, if you could loan me but five dollars! I will return it in a week—two weeks at the farthest"

"Hush—nothing about that;" and Herbert nervously fingered his wallet. "I am dependent upon my father, you know, or it should be more."

"More—more," gasped poor Stearns, gazing at the fifty dollar note—"*more?*"

"Yes—double, treble that—put it up, they are looking this way; as it is, you need not trouble yourself to return it, unless," he added, quickly, "you should sometime be rich and I poor."

"My God! Nevins, you have saved me—saved me soul and body!" He bent nearer to his friend, saying, as he drew his lean finger across his throat, "the devil tempted me!"

Herbert shuddered. "And this is poverty," he said—"that frank, handsome, fearless Ned Stearns reduced to starvation, longing for death. His wife, too, she was a pretty creature; she suffers, hungers. O, can I bring Lelia to such a fate? for, alas! I know my father. He never felt love, nor mercy."

Perhaps it was weak, but it was very natural—I mean for one of his class of mind. He ceased to write long letters to England, though the effort tore his soul asunder. Like a very good child, he obeyed his father, and seven months elapsed. The next one he was to be married. He knew that neither he loved Eleanor, nor she loved him. He had grown reckless of that fact. Reckless in his habits, too, rather. His tastes were refined, and that was all that saved him from ruin.

One day he received a mysterious note. In it the writer requested him to call and inquire to be shown to private parlor number 9, of the ——— Hotel. He went, wonderingly, but promptly, and was ushered into a room richly furnished. A side door opened and—his heart stood still. There, pale, but more than ever beautiful, arrayed in black, glossy gossamer robes, stood Lelia Howard! The young man threw himself, scarcely conscious of what he was doing, on the floor in an attitude of worship. Her lips curled, her eye blazed for a moment, then a hot, quick flush mounted to her cheek, as she asked, in tones fearfully low and clear, "Herbert Nevins, I have come to see if report said true. I heard that you were about to marry a great heiress. Yes, and I have heard, but I *cannot* credit it (her lip quivered), that you were even engaged before you had ever known me. O, false heart! can this *be* so?"

"I *am* true to you! Heaven be my witness that I love you, only you," he cried, in tones of passion.

"Answer my question, sir," she said, with calm dignity, "are you engaged to be married—within a month?"

Herbert was silent; he turned his face away in shame, in agony.

"You do not speak—I accept the report, then."

There was a long silence. Herbert dared not look up. A little bottle, emitting a powerful odor, rolled to his feet. A horrible suspicion seized him. Clutching it he sprang towards her, and catching her hands in his, he cried, "God of mercy! don't tell me you have taken poison!"

She smiled—O, that glorious smile of old! Her eyes closed, she reeled and fell. The young man filled the house with his cries for "help," and when they carried her away and sent for medical assistance, he walked the floor, raving almost like a maniac, cursing himself and imploring God for her life in the same breath.

That night Eleanor Hodge and Willis Wells met by stealth.

"It is all over town about Nevins; I suppose you have heard?" said the poet.

"No—I have heard nothing," replied Eleanor.

"Why, an English beauty has followed poor Nevins here, and having charged him with infidelity, she took poison. So she lays in the hotel yonder, and the doctors despair of her life."

Eleanor listened in silence. One pang crossed her heart as she thought, "well, after all, he has not loved me in the least." "But," said conscience, "have you ever loved him?" She turned towards Willis Wells, and her heart answered—"no."

"I can give you independence," he whispered.

"And my father loves me; he must forgive me," murmured Eleanor, tearfully.

The next day the newspapers had more mystery to unfold. A beauty and heiress was missing; in fact, before night it was well known that Eleanor and the poet had made a runaway match.

Mr. Hodge swore fearfully, declared that he would kill his infamous son-in-law, but, on the whole, thought better of it.

With great difficulty they saved the life of the beautiful English girl. Herbert was taken dangerously ill—his disease, brain fever. It was pitiful to hear him call for his Lelia, his English rose, terrible to witness him writhing and cursing his father. He appeared to think he was married to Eleanor, and implored that the hated bonds might be broken. His father looked on—thought of his own white hairs and a waiting tomb, and did what he had never done before, reproached himself. He saw the beautiful Lelia and implored her forgiveness, nay, begged her to come and see his suffering son.

"I have been an old fool!" he exclaimed, "an old fool tottering on the brink of a precipice. It is a mercy I was not plunged headlong. You must pardon me; he who lies in yonder room was always a dutiful son, and he has perhaps sacrificed his life to my wicked caprices. You shall be my daughter if God will only spare him."

This last was spoken through his tears—it was pitiful to hear the tremulous tones, to see him turn away and wipe his eyes again and again.

For many months Herbert was a sufferer, but they were happy months, for Lelia was beside him. They were married while he was yet very pale from convalescence. Herbert took to his heart one whom he thought was portionless, and not till they had been wedded six months did he learn that Lelia was the possessor of an immense fortune; that after her father's death, her uncle had made his will in her favor a few weeks before his own decease.

At the residence of Mr. Hodge.

Scene.—A breakfast table. Pater Familius leisurely reading his paper and sipping his coffee. Eleanor, radiant in pink and white, engaged in holding a very large spoon (comparatively) to a very small mouth. Willis Wells, eating egg and toast.

"Well, Willis," says Pater Familius, "this is a splendid notice of your new book. It is selling like wildfire, eh?"

"Four thousand the first week, sir," replies the young poet.

Eleanor. Now, pa, isn't it pleasant to read "Willis Wells, popular author, son-in-law of our enterprising citizen, etc., etc."

Papa. Well it is rather pleasant, especially as he's coining the dimes. I always thought literature a beggarly employment, but I see that in some cases it pays.

At the residence of Mr. Nevins.

Evening.—Old Mr. Nevins in an easy chair, Lelia placing pillows for his head. Herbert untieing the string from the new book of Willis Wells.

Old Mr Nevins. Thank you, my dear, thank you, my sweet love. How comfortable you make me. You are a home wife and a home daughter, surely.

Herbert. I think I must make Willis Wells some costly present, as a token of my regard.

Lelia. What! for his beautiful book?

Herbert. O, no—though it is a very good thing. But for his running away with Eleanor Hodge—they are so well suited for each other. He told me yesterday that he had been to a levee, a concert, or party, every night this week.

"We enjoy home," said Lelia, thoughtfully, as the smile in her beautiful eyes met an answering smile from both husband and father.

And thus all was well that ended well.

TIME.—Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength as the winds rob the woods of their foliage. He is a wise man, who, like the millwright, employs every gust.—*Scott.*

THIS IS GLORY.

An English periodical estimates that more than a million of bushels of human and inhuman bones were imported in the year 1830, from the continent of Europe into one port of England. The neighborhood of Leipsic, Austerlitz, Waterloo, and all other places where, during the lately preceding bloody war, the principal battles were fought, were swept alike of the bones of the hero and the horse he rode. Thus collected from every quarter they were shipped to the port of Hull and thence forwarded to the Yorkshire bone-grinders, where there are steam engines and powerful machinery for the purpose of reducing them to a granular state. The principal market for the product thus prepared is Dorchester in the centre of a rich agricultural region, whose farmers use them to manure their lands. The oily substance gradually evolving as the bone calcines, makes a more substantial manure than almost any other substance.

It has been ascertained beyond a doubt, by actual experiment on an extensive scale, that a dead soldier is a most valuable article of commerce, and it is more than probable that the farmers of Yorkshire and other parts of England owe the rich fertility of their lands, and their daily bread, to the bones of their children, who perished on the Continent, in the Crimea, or in India. It is a singular fact that Great Britain should have sent out, from time to time, such a multitude of soldiers to fight her battles, and then should import their bones as articles of commercial and agricultural profit. Alas, the poor soldier! To convert himself into a target, to be shot at for a shilling a day, and if killed in battle, to have his bones made an article of commerce! It is most horrible to think of!

FRENCH ARMY AND NAVY.

The French army numbers, as near as can be ascertained, 605,000 men, viz: infantry, 410,000; cavalry, 85,000; artillery, 60,000; and 50,000 other troops, including 30,000 gendarmes. The number of horses in military service amounts to 96,000. Number of cannon, 1400. There are twelve Marshals of France, ninety-five Generals of Division, and 170 Generals of Brigade. The emperor's body guard, called "*Cent Gardes a Cheval*" (Mounted Hundred Guards), consists of a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and 210 officers and men. The "*Garde Imperiale*" consists of two divisions of infantry, comprising one regiment of gendarmerie, four of voitigeurs, three of grenadiers and one of Zouaves, with battalion of chasseurs, a division of cavalry comprising thirty-seven squadrons, and two regiments of artillery, with two companies of engineers—making in all nearly 30,000. In field service and ceremonies these troops have precedence over all others except "*Cent Guards.*" The navy consists of 280 vessels, of which 162 are in active service; of the latter sixty-six are sailing vessels, and the balance are steamers. The number of guns afloat is in the vicinity of 6000. The crews, complete, amount to about 42,000 men; besides, over 100,000 are in reserve who are liable to serve. There are two admirals, eleven vice-admirals, twenty rear-admirals, 120 captains of men-of-war, 242 captains of frigates, 675 lieutenants, and 565 mates. The total expense for supporting the entire military and navy force is estimated to be $98,918,111 annually.

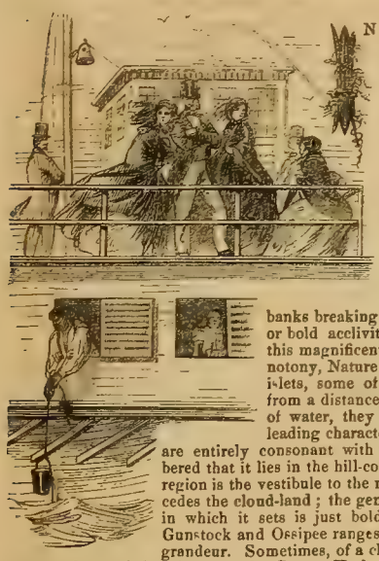
THE ARTIST IN ROME.

Truly, the life of an artist in Rome is about as near the perfection of earthly happiness as is commonly vouchsafed to mortal man. The tone of society, and all the surroundings of the artist, are so congenial that no poverty nor privation can seriously interfere with them. The streets, with their architectural marvels; the trim gardens and picturesque cloisters of the old religious establishments; the magnificent villas of the neighborhood of the city, and the vast, mysterious Campagna, with its gigantic aqueducts and its purple atmosphere, and those glorious galleries which at the same time gratify the taste of the artist and feed his ambition; these are things which are as free to him as the blessed sunlight or the water that sparkles in the countless fountains of the Holy City. I do not wonder that artists who have lived any considerable time in Rome are discontented with the feverish restlessness of our American way of life, and that, after "stifling the mighty hunger of the heart" through two or three wearisome years in our western world, they turn to Rome as to a fond mother, upon whose breast they may find that peace which they had elsewhere sought in vain. —*Aguecheek.*

STUDY OF THE SCIENCES

The sciences of which the study affords the greatest exercise to the understanding, are not those whose principles are the most fixed and demonstrable, as, for instance, natural philosophy or mathematics; but such as involve a degree of fluctuation, and require the balancing of probabilities, as political or mental philosophy, ethics, or human nature in its individual manifestations. To borrow an illustration from the fine arts; the former may be compared to the capitals of Corinthian columns, or friezes of regular proportions, which, however necessary or ornamental, demand no invention or fancy in the architect, but only adherence to a model, with only a certain amount of mechanical skill. The latter resemble the Arabesque or old Gothic embellishments, the draperies and more intricate combinations of beauty, which requires not only a wider range, but a loftier order of talent.—*Chalmers.*

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE, N. H.

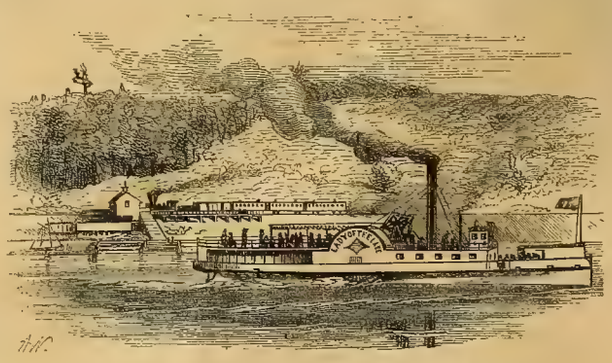


IN the whole range of New England there is no sheet of water comparable in beauty and picturesque scenery to Lake Winnipiseogee, the largest lake of New Hampshire. Other lakes of New England have exquisitely beautiful features; some of them wear the grace of historic association or romantic legend; but this lake is of itself a romance of nature, varied, enchanting, perfect. The line of shore is wonderfully varied, with the most capricious curving, doubling, receding and protruding; and forming, as it is drawn on paper, the most curious arabesque. This produces a constant succession of surprises to the voyager who skirts its wooded margin. And it is noticeable that in its whole circumference there is no spot inconsistent with the beauty of the design—no range of low, dreary marsh, no reedy sand-banks breaking the surface of the mirror, but everywhere a gentle or bold acclivity from the edge of the water. And, to protect this magnificent sheet of water from the suspicion even of monotony, Nature has gemmed it with a vast number of islands and islets, some of considerable extent, others so small that, seen from a distance, and viewed in connection with the vast expanse of water, they seem like baskets of leaf and rock-work. The leading characteristic of the lake is beauty, and its surroundings are entirely consonant with this feature and expression; for it will be remembered that it lies in the hill-country and not in the mountain region. The lake-region is the vestibule to the mountain palaces beyond; the fairy land that precedes the cloud-land; the gentle prelude to a grand oratorio. The frame-work in which it sets is just bold enough to enhance its beauty—no more. The Gunstock and Ossipee ranges are lofty and commanding, but they stop short of grandeur. Sometimes, of a clear, bright morning, as you glide along the north-eastern shore of the lake towards Centre Harbor, you behold the summit of Mount Washington gleaming in faint, pearly light on the horizon, and then you feel that you are among the hills, and that the mountains are yet far, far away. The traveller, when he first catches a glimpse of the lake, cannot fail to recognize the felicity of the Indian name it preserves—the "Smile of the Great Spirit." It is the poetical title of a charming poem. It is indeed a smile of Omnipotence gladdening the earth. To appreciate it fully, one must view it from the summit of Mount Belknap or from Red Hill, at various hours of the day, as well as traverse it from end to end, and linger among its beautiful islands and along its winding shores. Not to have seen Lake Winnipiseogee is to be ignorant of one of the most enchanting places. It is not a solitary landscape here that wooes the eye, but an endless variety of landscapes changing with every change of the point of view, as a turn of the hand produces the magical transformations of the kaleidoscope. The accompanying sketches, drawn for us on the spot by Mr. Alfred Waud, are faithful representations of the scenery of the lake and its environs—scenery which never fails to delight and inspire the artist. They have been carefully executed by our best engravers, no pains having been spared to produce them to the best advantage. We hope they may be the means of inducing many of our friends to visit the scenes they depict, and which the facilities of travel have rendered accessible in a few hours from this city. There are two routes by which the lake may be reached; one by the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, which has a station at the Wiers, on the south-western shore of the lake, 33 miles from Concord, N. H., where the fine steamer "Lady of the Lake" awaits passengers; and the other by the Boston and Maine Railroad, as far as Dover, N. H., 68 miles; thence, by the Dover and Cocheco Railroad, to Alton Bay at the southeast extremity of Lake Winnipiseogee, 28 miles, where the steamer "Dover" takes passengers across the lake to Wolfboro' and Centre Harbor. Both these routes are pleasant, and we should counsel those making the excursion to go by one and return by the other. The cars and boats on both lines offer the best accommodations. The Boston and Maine, Dover and Cocheco line is preferable in going, for the first view of the lake at Alton Bay is most striking, and the opening of the scene as you emerge from the deep bay, seven miles long, is charming. By either line, if you take the first morning train, you reach Centre Harbor or Wolfboro' in time for an early dinner. Our artist has supplied us with a pretty sketch of the "Lady of the Lake" leaving the Wiers. She is a fine boat, commanded by Captain William Walker, a fine specimen of New England manhood, with a geniality that makes every one at home in his company. Captain Walker is as well known as any man in New Hampshire, having been connected with the travelling public for many years; in the good old stagecoach days on the Concord and Nashua line, and of late as commander of the "Lady." He is a very enterprising man, and is engaged in an extensive business in Concord. The first stopping-place of the boat on the lake is Centre Harbor, a very pretty town, a point of departure for the White Mountains, 32 miles from Conway. Here there are excellent accommodations at the Senter House, kept by Messrs. Gilman & Huntress, represented in one of our engravings. It has all the comforts and elegances of a city hotel, spacious and airy rooms, good beds, a good table, excellent saddle and harness horses, carriages, boats, fishing apparatus; in short, all the appliances to make a sojourn agreeable. It is 116 miles from Boston. Mr. Charlton, in "New Hampshire as it is," says: "Measley Pond and Squam Lake are partly in this town. In the latter we found considerable quantities of fine trout. This is a beautiful sheet of water, six miles in length, and studded with islands, some of which are mere dots upon the waves, while others contain an acre or more, and in summer they are bright with verdure, or later in the season are smiling with the gifts of Ceres. From Red Hill the view of the lake is enchanting, and awakens in the mind of the beholder thoughts of some fairy land which mortals may sometimes catch a glimpse of, but never approach. The soil in this town is mostly a rich loam. The town is pleasantly situated, and its location probably gave rise to its present name. The first settlement was made in 1765 by Ebenezer Chamberlain. Centre Harbor is widely known as one of the most pleasant summer resorts in the country. Far from the noise of the crowded city and the petty annoyances of village gossip, the man of leisure or the man of business may each find an asylum adapted to his wants." After touching at Centre Harbor, we continue our voyage across the lake, a fine view of which is presented in one of our engravings, with a back ground of mist-wreathed hills. The boat finally reaches Wolfboro', a very pretty town, which Mr. Waud has delineated as seen from the lake. The large building seen over the stern of the "Dover" is the Pavilion, an excellent hotel, kept by Mr. A. H. Dunton, formerly of the Flume House. The Pavilion commands a fine view of the lake and of the Gunstock Spec and the rugged hills of Tuftonborough rise up in the rear like the impregnable walls of a gigantic fortress, its whole scenery presents a view at once picturesque and sublime. The trip across the lake, from Centre Harbor to Wolfborough bridge, especially in a pleasant summer evening, is truly delightful. At sunset, when the evening shadows begin to fall upon the distant mountain tops, presenting their rugged outlines in bold relief, and the stars, gliding into the firmament, kindle up their brilliant fires in the depths of the clear blue waters, the excursion seems like a journey to the Elysian Fields. At this hour of the day the breezes on the lake are highly invigorating." Our other views represent Meredith, Laconia and Lake Village, all in Meredith township, which covers an area of about 13 square miles. Meredith is a flourishing place. Lake Village, situated at the foot of Long Bay, which, at the Wiers, forms the outlet of Winnipiseogee Lake, is a thriving manufacturing place. Laconia is south of it, a flourishing manufacturing village, and the seat of considerable business. Our engraving represents the principal street. It is a well built village, and exhibits every evidence of thrift and prosperity. The neatness and beauty of these lake villages harmonize with the delightful scenery in which they are placed. The waters of Lake Winnipiseogee are remarkably pure, being fed from its own springs. Its height is about 472 feet above the sea level. It has been said to contain 365 islands, but we believe the number really falls short of 300. Some of these islands comprise farms of five hundred acres. Besides being a "thing of beauty" and a "joy forever," Winnipiseogee is an immense source of material wealth, being a great reservoir of power for the immense manufacturing establishments of Manchester, Lowell and other places, which are situated on the Merrimac River.

MEREDITH, N. H.

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

LACONIA, N. H.



THE "LADY OF THE LAKE" LEAVING THE WIERS.

SENTER HOUSE, AT CENTRE HARBOR, N. H.

THE FROZEN WELL AT BRANDON, VT.

The frozen well at Brandon is a great natural curiosity. It is situated on a gentle slope of ground, which rising on one side falls off on the other, so moderately it may be called tolerably level. The soil is of a hard, compact, gravelly nature. The region round about furnishes marble (carbonate of lime) in abundance. Early in November last, Mr. Alexander Twombly commenced digging a well, and after going down about twenty-five feet without noticing anything unusual in the character of the soil, he came upon frozen ground (the surface earth at that time was frozen but a few inches). Continuing downward through this frozen earth for fifteen feet, he came to water. The soil, just at this point, he described as yellowish and sticky. The water commenced freezing over soon after it was exposed. The well was stoned up three feet in diameter at the bottom, diminishing two feet at the top. The depth of water is five or six feet, the surface of it forty-one feet from the top of the ground. During the past winter the water froze over it so that it had to be cut by a person going down into the well every day, and some days the descent had to be made several times. The ice in the morning would often be three inches thick. In addition, the sides of the well, for a distance of fifteen feet above the water, would be incased with ice. The water ceased freezing about the 15th of May last.

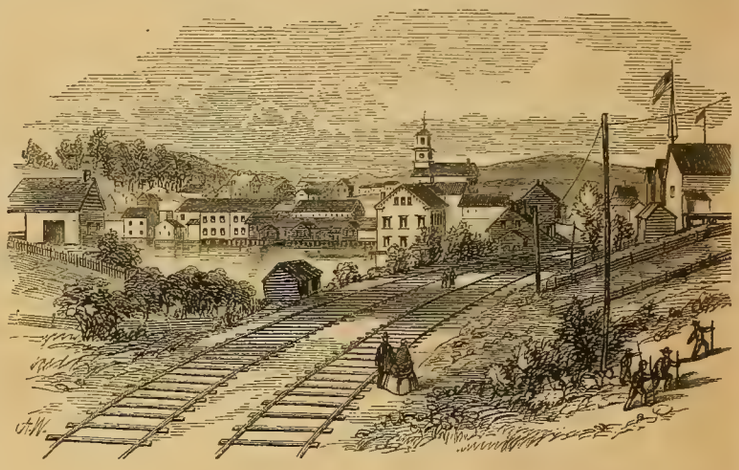
Such is Mr. Twombly's statement, corroborated by others in all essential particulars. The condition of the well, when we visited it, was this: The water in the well is enclosed in a wall of ice six to eight inches thick, inside the stone wall, but not rising above the surface of the water, and affording a good foothold to a person once down there. For six or eight feet above the surface of the water, the stone wall is incrusted with a layer of frost and ice, not thick. The water is clear, cold, and tastes well: it is not very "hard." The above facts proven, how shall the phenomenon be explained? The causes lie evidently in some peculiarity of the soil in that locality. Suppose we take into consideration several well-known facts. Chloride of calcium, with snow or ice, forms a powerful frigoric mixture. This chloride is formed by a union of carbonate of lime (marble) with muriatic acid, which is made from common salt. Chloride of calcium exists in solution of ocean water, and also in certain spring waters, commonly in union with salt and chloride of magnesium. As before stated, the region about the well abounds in marble, or carbonate of lime, and quite likely this water may be from one of the springs saturated with chloride of calcium which snow or ice will form one still more powerful, why may not the chloride, supposing it to be present, with salt, perhaps, suffice to freeze water, naturally cold by reason of its depth from the surface? If it is claimed that frigorific mixtures do not solidify, may not the above ideas point the way in which to look for a probable solution of the mystery?—*Exchange.*

LADIES' SWIMMING SCHOOL IN PARIS.

Ouarnier's Swimming School for Ladies, opens in the month of May, and it is difficult to imagine a more novel or prettier scene than it presents on a warm afternoon. Neither at concert, race, nor ball, in Paris, have I beheld so many beautiful faces as at this school; one reason, perhaps, being, that many girls from ten to fifteen, are visitors to the bath, who are excluded, by their age, from sharing in public amusements. The young ladies of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain, the daughters of the wealthy "financiers," the families attached to the emperor, all meet here with the same intention—namely, to swim; and all who are able, gambol, race and laugh in the water, forgetful of party and social distinctions. The costume is generally of some dark material, gaily trimmed with red or blue worsted binding, which does not lose its color. The upper part of the dress resembles a boy's blouse; the lower, a pair of trousers. It is all in one, and a tunic is sewn to the waist, and falls to the knee. Some of the girls go in without any kind of head dress beyond their own fine hair, neatly plaited; others wear nets of gay colors, or a slight netted scarlet or blue scarf gracefully arranged.

A basin of about 150 or 160 feet long, and about 25 or 30 feet broad, surrounded by a broad platform, enclosed by the dressing-rooms and screened alike from the sun and from public observation by an awning stretched over all. The machine is so arranged that the powerful current of the Seine rushes through it; it is, in fact, a large cage sunk to the required depth. That part of the basin, which is from four to five feet deep is crossed by a bridge; and the smaller portion thus indicated is used by those who wish to bathe only, or who are not sufficiently good swimmers to exercise, as yet, in the larger one. But the large basin is the centre of attraction. At the end where the water is deepest, flights of steps lead down for those who like to swim smoothly and quietly off; but far the greater number prefer leaping in, either from the platform, or from the little fanciful construction, half arch, half temple, raised at the end of it, and which gives a descent any height you may please—between ten and thirty feet—to the surface of the water.

Fearless, gay, and graceful, they plunge beneath the flood to reappear almost instantly, gliding down the stream without any apparent effort; floating, swimming on the the back, etc., vary the amusements which more than a hundred ladies may sometimes be seen sharing together, their evolutions being watched and stimulated by as many lookers-on—their mothers and female friends who are seated around. Little did I think, when I inscribed myself on M. Ouarnier's list that I should be hung on a hook at the end of a line, and then thrown into the water with directions to imitate a frog to the best of my ability; it was even so. O dear, how helpless you feel!—how you wish you had never thought of learning to swim! But you are ashamed to say so; you know you cannot be drowned; the man adjusts his line so nicely to the level of the water, you feel quite sure of that. So he counts, one, two three, and you perform Froggy awkwardly enough, putting out your hands when you ought to keep them in, stretching your arms forward when they ought to be close to your body, kicking in anything but measured cadence, and getting a good mouthful, notwithstanding you, silly creature, stiffen your neck, and try to keep your head up by that means. Thus ends the first lesson. After two or three lessons more, you swim off from the steps at the end, where the water is deepest, the man on the platform preceding you with a pole, as you attempt to make your way down the large basin. This large basin is constantly watched, either by Ouarnier himself, or by the swimming master. These are the only individuals of the male sex ever present. Madame Ouarnier is, as may be expected, a perfect swimmer, and takes an active interest in all the proceedings.—*Lady's Newspaper.*



LAKE VILLAGE, N. H.

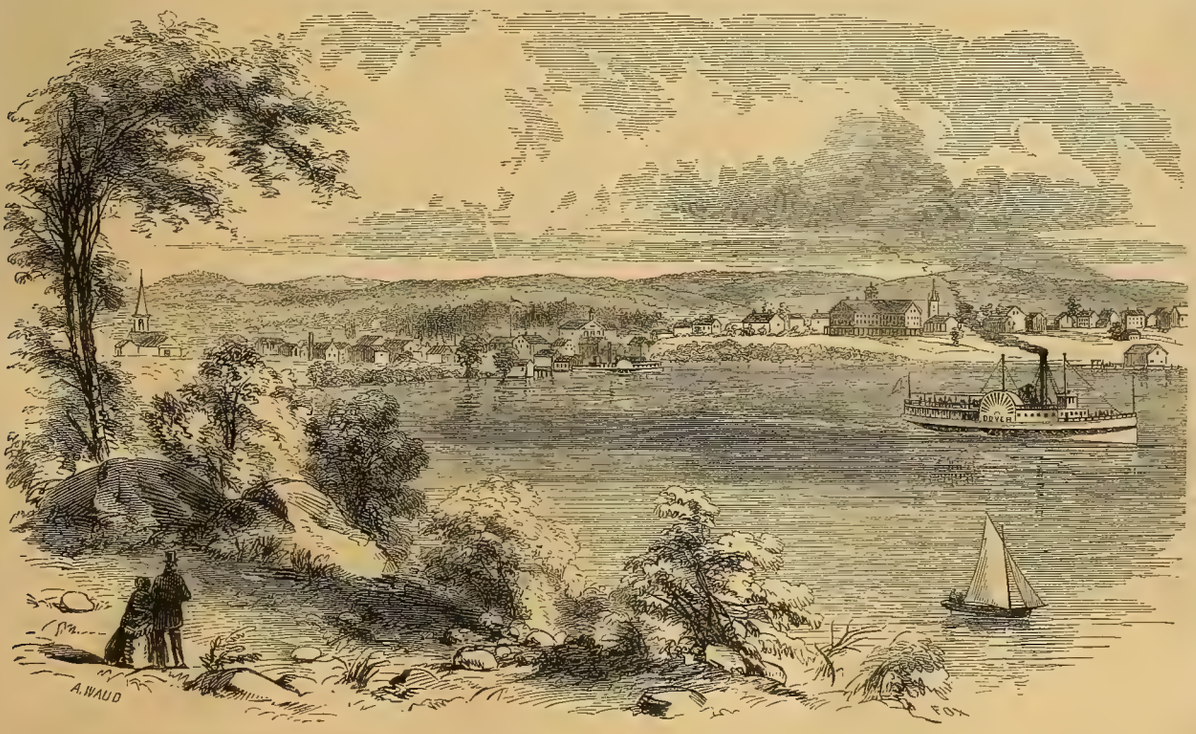
FIGHT WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

We have hitherto supposed the day long since passed for chronicling a big snake fight in the vicinity of the Central City, but such it appears is not the case, from a scene which recently transpired within a short drive from the court house. Some of the older residents will remember a building which formerly stood on Prospect Hill, about six miles distant from Peoria, and which was destroyed some seven or eight years since. During the past season another house was erected, near the same location, and all that has remained as relics of the old hotel was a partially filled excavation for a cellar, and two well preserved brick cisterns which had been kept covered up.

Last week the proprietor of the place, while busy with his wife in preparing their summer flower-garden, found himself in the want of a few bricks for the edge of the walks. Remembering the cisterns, he uncovered one of them, and finding it dry at the bottom, and only about six feet in depth, he jumped in, and commenced throwing out some of the best bricks he could pick from the walls. It seems there was a piece of plank with one end partially imbedded in the earth that somewhat incommoded him, so seizing it, with some exertion he pulled it out and threw it to the top. What was his horror and surprise, at the next moment, to find that he had unearthed an enormous rattlesnake, and himself without a weapon in his hand!

As the cistern was round, and only about five feet in diameter, he could not jump out, and the snake bristling with anger and rattling defiance, was ready for battle. His screams brought his wife to the scene, but she was so overcome with fright that she became powerless to render any assistance. The snake, in the meantime, had commenced the fight, making repeated springs at him, but fortunately he managed on each occasion to hit him on the head with his boot, without receiving a bite, the snake becoming all the more defiant and enraged. During the whole scene, which lasted several minutes, the man did not lose his presence of mind, but watching his chance made several frantic efforts to jump boldly from this seeming pit of destruction.

At the last trial, he fortunately grasped a brick which gave way with him, and remained in his hand as he again stood fronting his hissing enemy. After a few more kicks, and watching his opportunity, he fired it, making probably one of the best shots on record, for it struck the snake on the head, and between the one sent and the wall he became a "pretty well used up sarpint." Weak and exhausted, our hero by the assistance of his wife, was enabled to climb from the pit, but when once more upon the earth he fainted away, and it was sometime before he could be recovered. For several succeeding days he was quite unwell, owing, probably, to the poisonous effluvia inhaled, while his desperate exercises in the encounter, rendered him exceedingly lame. The snake was afterwards taken from the cistern, when it was found to measure seven feet in length, and contained thirteen rattles! The latter have been preserved, and are placed in Shoaff's Museum for exhibition.—*Peoria Gazette.*



WOLFBOROUGH, N. H.

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FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—The proper way to procure "The Orange Flower Lotion" is to hand an order to the express, enclosing fifty cents for small size, or one dollar for large size. The last is the cheapest. Address ORLANDO TOMPKINS, 271 Washington Street, Boston.

B. S., Rochester, N. Y.—By an old English statute suicides were to be buried in a highway with a stake driven through the body. They are now required to be buried privately at night in the churchyard, but the canon forbids the performance of Christian rites over them.

"MECHANIC."—The first actual working steam engine of which there is any record, was invented and constructed by Thomas Savery, an Englishman, to whom a patent was granted for it in the year 1698.

ENQUIRER, Lowell, Mass.—The Liverpool and Manchester railway was first laid down with rolled iron rails, weighing 35 pounds per yard, supported on chairs three feet asunder. They were found on trial not to be strong enough, and were replaced by rails weighing 50 pounds per yard, supported on bearings at the same distance apart.

ARTIST.—The first panorama exhibited in London was painted by Barker, in 1793. It represented the objects about Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. A panorama of London was the first that was introduced into Germany, in 1800. Since then they have been common in all the cities of Europe.

ENQUIRER.—*Animus furandi* means the "intention of stealing."

J. C.—An ambiguous deed or contract is to be expounded against the grantor or seller.

B. M.—"Uti possidetis,"—"as you possess,"—is a diplomatic phrase used when two sovereigns, after sacrificing a number of human lives, etc., choose to make peace, "each retaining the possessions they have acquired." Its opposite is the *status quo*, when both parties re-enter into the condition in which they stood before the war.

E. C., New York.—Marshal of France is the highest military rank in the French army. This officer appears first in history under the reign of Philip Augustus as commander-in chief of the royal armies. After the deposition of Louis XVI. the dignity of marshal ceased, but was revived by Napoleon I with the title of marshal of the empire.

L. F., Cincinnati.—The *misericordia* (or mercy) was a dagger with a narrow blade, so called in the Middle Ages because it was the weapon used by the knight against a defeated adversary when he compelled him to sue for mercy.

"JUVENIS," Portland, Me.—The practice of granting commissions to privateers first became general in the war between Spain and the revolted Netherlands at the end of the 16th century.

THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.

The war in Northern Italy will not, it seems, spare the old city of the doges, which has been invested with a new interest by recent events. We have accordingly been at the pains to prepare, from a foreign source, the following sketch of Venice as it is. The Venetian shores begin near the mouth of the Brenta and at the port of Brondolo. A long succession of low coasts extends from the point of la Maestra to that of Izonzo. The whole extent of coast, thirty-three miles, is exceedingly low, almost on a level with the water, formed of very fine sand, and intersected here and there by marshes, which render the air very unhealthy during summer. The largest of these marshes are called lagoons; two only are important, those of Venice and Grado. Nothing salient announces to the mariner the approach to land, except a few belfries which appear when close in shore. The margin of the Adriatic is also bordered with sand banks, formed by deposits from the rivers, so that at a mile and a half from land you have soundings of only thirty feet deep. The lagoons are vast marshes, dotted with islets, or rather extensive pools produced partly by the sea and by the waters of the Po, the Brenta, the Adige, and other watercourses, which, finding low ground, have covered it, leaving above the general level a great number of little islands of varied aspect, often pleasant spots, but scarcely raised above the water-level.

The vast basin thus formed, which extends about twenty-five miles from north to south, is separated from the sea by a long and narrow tongue of earth and sand, forming a natural dyke, which art has consolidated by building broad and strong walls of marble, called *murazzi*, as a protection against the heavy southwest seas, and also against interior decay. The long dyke, called the *Lido*, or shore, is pierced by six openings, which form the different passages or ports leading to Venice as you approach from the gulf. These six mouths are the ports of Brandolo, Chioggia, Malamocco, St. Andrew, St. Erasmus or Port Lido, and Tre-Porti. The whole coast comprised between these six mouths, and to a cannon-shot distance, make a part of the military port of Venice.

The lagoons are not of the same depth, and signals are requisite here and there to point out the navigable channels. They become shallower every year, especially in the environs, and there is reason to fear that they will fill up in the end, and consequently become uninhabitable, by reason of the poisonous exhalations of the marshes that have already formed round some of the islands. The government has been constantly at work keeping the canals clear and deepening them, and a good deal has been done towards turning the course of the Brenta and Piave, which carry down large quantities of earth and sand. In the whole extent of the lagoons there are more than three hundred islands, among which at least twenty-five are thickly settled; those near the shore are generally cultivated and inhabited. The city of Venice is built in the midst of the lagoon, on the largest of these islands; on others you see villages and some elegant edifices; some are in a high state of cultivation.

Among the most important islands after those on which Venice is built, is Marano, two miles off. This island is three miles in circumference, and contains several country-seats, a manufactory of glass, and some historical monuments. The island of Torcello is also well cultivated, and has an interesting duomo. At Burano, the wives of the fishermen are employed in the manufacture of a famous kind of lace. St. Lazarus is famous for its convent; Chioggia, which is united to the shore by a bridge of forty-three arches, is the seat of government of the four communes, forming a total population of 30,000 souls. Venice itself stands on seventy islands, connected together by 365 bridges. A broad canal, the *Canal Grande*, divides it into two unequal parts. There are 2150 narrow and dirty street, 20,900 houses, and 126,786 inhabitants. There is no good drinking water, though there are 177 public and 1973 private cisterns supplied with rain water and river water from the Brenta, brought in boats. An attempt to obviate this inconvenience by means of Artesian wells was made, but the water they yielded proved not to be fit for use. Conduits established on the viaduct of the railroad which connects Venice with the mainland, now bring fresh water into the city.

THE CAPITAL OF AUSTRIA.

Our readers, whose minds are full of grim images of battle, and who picture the Austrian as a fiend incarnate, deserving, for his least heinous act, hanging without the benefit of clergy, must not form an erroneous idea of the capital of the empire whose legions have overspread northern Italy like a cloud of locusts. Vivian Grey characterizes it as "light-hearted Vienna," and it has always enjoyed a high pre-eminence among the continental cities for the splendor of its buildings, the brightness of its climate, and the gaiety of its inhabitants. At the present moment, however, it is invested with peculiar interest as the spot from whence has issued those terrible decrees that have enveloped Europe in war—the seat of that monarch who, in opposition to the remonstrance of half Europe, has put an end to that peace, which, with slight interruptions, has lasted for more than forty years. Few places are better worth the while of an American going abroad to visit, especially if he be fond of the gaieties of life. There is a light-heartedness and a love of enjoyment about the inhabitants altogether peculiar to them, which is found scarcely anywhere else. A Viennese is essentially a Viennese; he looks upon his city as the only perfect elysium; and he is not altogether wrong—for Vienna is a place where all kinds of amusement are to be found. Summer is the best time for visiting it, if merely to see the country; but the winter is the season when a stranger can more thoroughly gain an insight into the character of the people.

By the beginning of November most of the fashionable world have arrived in Vienna, and All Souls' Day may be considered as the first day of the season; on that day it is the custom to visit the tombs of the departed, and this ceremony is kept by all, both rich and poor. Crowds of persons go to the different cemeteries to place flowers upon the tomb of their deceased relatives. The theatre forms another remarkable feature in the life in Vienna; the fondness of the people for theatrical representations is such, that it has long been a proverb, and is still as strong as ever. The principal theatres are the Burg Theatre and the Karls Theatre; at the former Mozart produced several of his magnificent operas. These places of amusement are always crowded, numbers of persons being obliged to go away for want of room. The first talent is engaged. An engagement at Vienna is the great aim of every rising artist in Germany. In addition to these, Renz's Circus, for the performance of feats of horsemanship, is another very favorite place of amusement, and is liberally patronized by the imperial family and the nobility. Dauns' Elysium comes in for a large amount of patronage; it is a large under-ground room, occupying the basement of the Anna-gebande. It is fitted up with grottoes, a crystal palace, tropical plants, etc.; short pieces are performed, and masks are often seen threading their way amidst the crowds which frequent this place, which is generally filled with an atmosphere of smoke that would poison any other human being than a German. The season of advent is that of the concerts. Immediately after Christmas the carnival begins. The most fashionable resorts for balls are the Redouten-Saal, in the Burg, and the Sophien-Saal; this latter is a bathing establishment, but the water is drawn off and the place covered in, and converted into a magnificent ball-room. Everybody dances; the nobility have their select balls, the different learned professions have theirs, and the members of every different nationality who may be in Vienna have theirs; the inmates of the lunatic asylum have theirs also. It is not impossible that, in the event of the present war assuming continental dimensions, this brilliant Austrian city may fall into the hands of the French.

THE BALLOU STATUE.

Brackett, the American sculptor, has been engaged for nearly four years upon an elegant marble statue of the late HOSEA BALLOU. The elaborate work has at last been completed, and is now placed over the tomb of him it commemorates, at Mount Auburn. It is a striking and noble memento of the love and honor borne for his memory by that denomination at the head of of which he stood for so many years. Mr. Brackett was employed by a committee chosen from the Universalist denomination at large, and has added another evidence of his patient skill and true genius, by producing a brilliant work of art. A cotemporary says:

"The statue of Hosea Ballou now stands at Mount Auburn. It is of white marble, pure and serene in the sunlight, calm and dignified in the shade. It has been wrought by Brackett, one of the best of our American sculptors. It stands on the main avenue from the gate of entrance. The person seeking for the grave of Ballou, will pass along this avenue, leaving the cenotaph of Spurzheim on the left, the statue of Bowditch on the right, until just as he commences to descend on the southern slope, he will see the Ballou statue on his left hand. There lies the body of that good and great man, with that of his amiable wife. The statue is of itself, we think, about seven feet in height. It is a good representation of the original. It varies slightly as you take a front or profile view—the profile is perhaps the best. It stands on a base of about six feet in height, the top of the head being about fourteen feet high. Under all is a sub-base, five feet square, of elegantly wrought granite, ten or twelve inches high; then another section, four feet or upward in height, about in the form of a cube; and on the front of this is the one word, "BALLOU." There is no other inscription."

PORTRAIT OF LONGFELLOW.—Mr. Charles H. Brainard, No. 7 Tremont Row, has just issued a fine lithographic head of the poet Longfellow, which is for sale at all the book-sellers and print-shops. It was drawn on stone, by that master of the crayon, D'Avignon, after one of Whipple & Black's best photographs. The head is handled with great grace and vigor, and the likeness is a striking one, though differing somewhat in expression from Read's painting of the same subject. With the execution no fault can be found, and the head is, in many respects, the best Mr. D'Avignon has produced.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—At the Everett House, New York, lately, a young gentleman is said to have amused himself by beating his mother-in-law with a cane.

"OLD SOL."—The great western and southwestern manager, Sol. Smith, was lately in our city, returning from Europe. May his light never be less!

NEWPORT.—This charming watering-place is as gay as a ball-room. The hotel-keepers make hay while the sun shines.

ARITHMETICAL DIFFICULTY.—Our "boy" cannot find in any arithmetic how to calculate *the weight of indignation*.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

On the last page we publish a large engraving representing all the presidents of the United States, artistically grouped together, and surmounted by the thirty-three stars which now adorn the union of our national flag, one for Oregon having been added on the 4th of July last. It is a group of striking faces, any one of which would arrest the attention of a stranger seeing it for the first time. All of them were chosen to fill the high position they occupied by the free will of the people, with the exception of two, whom the death of presidents during their official term, a contingency contemplated by the constitution, raised from the vice presidency to the presidential chair. The best commentary on the administration of these servants of the people is to be found in the rapid advance and development of our beloved country, never checked in its victorious career from the days of Washington to our own. Not one of these chief magistrates has escaped the rancor of political antagonism; but as time rolls on, the assaults are forgotten, and the true characters of men shine forth on the page of history. Party malice spared not the Father of his Country; Jefferson and Jackson were assailed with unparalleled malignity; but who recalls now, except with scorn, the atrocious misrepresentations of their characters and purposes? To all of them posterity will do justice; and of not one of them can it be said hereafter, when the mists of party prejudice and personal hate have passed away, that he was not sincerely attached to his country, and to that priceless bond of union bequeathed to us by the fathers of the republic as the ægis of our liberties and fortune. Each has been in his turn, to the extent of his ability and in accordance with his views of policy, the representative of the whole country. Of the ex-presidents four are living—Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Franklin Pierce and Millard Fillmore. After having occupied the highest official position known to the world, they have quietly resumed their places in the ranks of the great army of republican citizens.

WILLIAM S. CHASE, ESQ.

We learn with pleasure that this gentleman, who enjoys a wide reputation as a scholar and writer, has been chosen Professor of Modern Languages in Richmond College, Va. Mr. C. is peculiarly fitted for the position. He has travelled extensively in Europe, and resided many years in Paris, where he enjoyed unusual facilities for acquiring a knowledge of foreign languages and literature, and of becoming acquainted with the leading men of the times. During his residence abroad he was the regular foreign correspondent of several leading journals in this country, and his letters exhibited marked ability. On his return from his first visit to Europe, during which he saw the most interesting part of the continent, he edited an American edition of Vericour's "Modern French Literature," supplying copious notes, displaying extensive reading and familiarity with French letters. In 1849 he was associated with Mr. F. A. Durivage in translating Lamartine's History of the Revolution of 1848, published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., a version which received the unqualified commendation of the illustrious author. Mr. Chase has also written much for various American and French publications. During his connection with the American consulate at Paris, he was of great service to his countrymen abroad, and formed a large circle of attached friends. We sincerely congratulate the patrons of Richmond College on securing the services of a gentleman who would be an acquisition to any institution.

BLACK-LEG PHILOSOPHY.—Douglas Jerrold says, "I consider a hand of cards just as army of mercenaries; and, when I play, believe myself no more than an Alexander, a Pompey, or a Julius Cæsar."

MADAME MARIO.—Madame Mario, better known as Jessie Mariton White, has gone to Italy, where, it is said, she will act as "our own correspondent" to a well-known American newspaper.

CORK-TREES.—A considerable number of young cork oak trees are growing in various parts of California, from seed sent out by the United States Patent Office.

THE CHESS KING.—Paul Morphy has decided to live in New York, and practise law there.

THE AUSTRIAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The new commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, General Count Schlick de Barranoand Weisskirch, Aulic Councillor and Chamberlain to the Emperor Francis Joseph, was born in 1789 at Prague. He was orderly officer to the Emperor Francis II., and took part in all the principal engagements of the period. He lost an eye in the battle of Wachau, which prevented his being employed during the campaign of 1814. The remainder of his promotion to that of General of Division took place during a time of peace. After the revolution of Vienna, in 1848, he was appointed commandant of a corps d'armée, not more than 8000 strong. He took a brilliant part in opposing the junction of the armies of Dembinski and Georgey, and in co operating, by that manœuvre, in the surrender of Georgey to the Russians. In 1854, when Austria armed at the time of the Eastern question, he had successively the command of the 1st and 4th corps d'armée in Gallicia. General Schlick is very popular in the Austrian army. Every man knows by sight the veteran who for so many years has worn a black patch over his left eye.

RUFUS CHOATE.

Mr. Choate was born in the little town of Essex, Essex county, Mass., October 1st, 1799, and was consequently in his sixtieth year. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1819, and was a tutor in the institution until 1821. His professional studies were pursued at the Law School in Cambridge, and in the offices of the lafe Judge Cummings of Salem, and the Hon. William Wirt of Washington. He first practised law at Danvers, in 1824, and entered public life as the representative of that town in the State Legislature, in 1826–27. He removed to Salem soon afterward, and in 1830 was elected a senator from Essex county. In 1832 he was elected to Congress from the Essex South District, but declined a second election, and removed to Boston at the close of his congressional term. In 1841, on the retirement of Mr. Webster from the United States Senate to take the post of Secretary of State in the cabinet of President Harrison, Mr. Choate was elected his successor, which station he occupied until 1845. In 1853, Mr. Choate succeeded Governor Clifford as Attorney General of this Commonwealth—which was the last public office he held.

"THE MAID OF THE RANCHE: or, *The Regulators and Moderators.*"—We have just issued the *ninth* edition of this famous Texan story, by Dr. J. H. Robinson. This novelette was written expressly for us, and is illustrated with large original drawings, and being the best border story which has been published for years, we are not surprised that nearly 70,000 copies have been sold!! We will send it *post paid*, by return of mail, to any one, on the receipt of *twenty cents* in postage stamps or silver.

DOMESTIC TYRANNY.—We know a highly respectable lady, who makes her servants take their meals standing. When they dine they are not allowed to sit down. Her reason for this is, that she finds they do not eat so much, nor do they waste their time gossiping. We wonder how the same system would work if introduced at our public dinners? We fancy that the speeches would be shorter, and the consumption of bad wine infinitely less.

LIMITED AFFECTIONS.—The affections of some men are like wells, stony on the outside, narrow yet deep within; not flowing forth like a river to seek souls far and near, to gladden God's earth; nor gushing up and around like a fountain in the sun, for all who seek them, but useful, notwithstanding, and very precious, each to some one individual or household.

REFRESHING BEVERAGE.—In this hot weather, we don't know anything more refreshing than a glass of sparkling soda from the magic fount of Frederick Brown, at the corner of Washington and State Streets. Customers are not lacking there—bankers, dandies, retiring gentlemen, editors and authors.

GOOD BREEDING.—A well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults.

NAHANT.—This popular watering place in Massachusetts was purchased 250 years ago, by a Lynn farmer, for a suit of clothes.

HOW PRINCE "PLON-PLON" LIVES.

We don't mean to tell how Prince Napoleon lives in Italy, for that is the life of every soldier of distinction in the liberating army—a life of marches, receptions, brilliant entrances into cities, bouquets, festivals, balls and entertainments, alternating with sterner duties and less agreeable vicissitudes—but how he lives, or means to live, when he is at home in Paris, and what sort of a nest he has built for the bower of the little Sardinian princess it was his good fortune to marry. The new private residence of H. I. H. Prince Napoleon, in the Avenue Montaigne, is now finished, and fit for habitation. The villa is built on the model of the houses in Pompeii; it is a fac-simile, both externally as well as in all the interior arrangements. A handsome portico adorns the front. The entrance-hall is small, but opens on a spacious vestibule, in the centre of which is a marble basin of water supplied from a fountain. The walls are exquisitely painted in fresco, and the tasselated pavement is formed of the finest marble of every hue. Around are placed choice busts of the various members of the imperial family. Opening from the vestibule are three doors, one of which leads into the dining-hall, the furniture of which is of ebony, with green silk. The second conducts you into the sleeping and dressing apartments of H. I. H. the Princess Clotilde, which are strikingly elegant. The fittings are of cerulean blue silk; the walls, as well as the bed, being hung in an artistic manner with the same material. The third door leads into the grand saloon, which again opens on a conservatory. One of the most interesting objects in this room is a cabinet containing *souvenirs* of Napoleon I., and other relics. Beyond this are various other apartments, which want of space prevents our describing. The Turkish bath-room, however, merits our especial notice. It is fitted up with marble; the ceiling is painted blue; and the light being admitted through star-shaped apertures, gives the appearance of the firmament studded with stars. The requisites for the toilette are all in gold filagree. In fact, nothing can be in better taste than the *tout ensemble* of this little *bijou* of a house.

THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF COFFEE.—Any one who is fond of good coffee should get a bottle of that new and delicate liquid preparation made by J. J. Fontarive, being the essence of the purest coffee. One small bottle will make a dozen or twenty cups of unrivalled flavor, and of a quality which cannot be obtained from the berry itself. This extract is superior to any other, as it is pure, and is manufactured by a citizen of Boston whose integrity is unimpeachable. Some preparations, made up in other cities, have proved so bitter and so impure that our well known tea and coffee dealer, Thomas G. Whytal, of horticultural fame, resolved to find a substitute which he could recommend. A table spoonful or more of the extract in a cup of hot milk or hot water, which can be obtained with a spirit lamp in two minutes, and the lover of coffee can have a draught of that delicious beverage which cannot be excelled. Mr. Whytal will have it for sale at all his stores in Boston, viz: at 198 and 664 Washington Street, 110 Court Street, 65 Union Street, and 39 Beach Street.

A GREAT REMEDY.—Dr. H. E. Hewell, of New York city, says that the most effectual remedy to improve the tone and energy of the stomach is the well-known Oxygenated Bitters, which contain no *spirituous* compound. For dyspepsia and indigestion these Bitters are unparalleled, as all who have used them will cheerfully testify. The great length of time which they have been before the public, has rendered them a household word throughout a large portion of the United States, and the medical faculty have largely availed themselves of this pleasant and sure remedy. Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston, Mass., are the principal dealers, but the Bitters may be found everywhere.

FOLLY.—Sir Joshua Reynolds being asked how he would personate folly in a painting, replied that he would represent a man climbing over a wall at the risk of breaking his neck, with an open gate close by through which he might walk with ease and safety.

AN EX-PRESIDENT.—Martin Van Buren, the sage of Lindenwald, says the Richmond Despatch, is still in excellent health, and is blessed with his usual cheerful spirits.

Wayside Gatherings.

A man in Buffalo is about to walk sixty hours without sleep or rest, for $200.

Ten persons have died in Peru, Berkshire county, since December, whose ages were respectively 92, 91, 91, 86, 84, 76, 74, 72, 68, 40.

There is a negro in Philadelphia who is distinguished for the size of his feet. They measure 21 inches in length.

The State of Maine will probably have a larger hay crop this year than has been known for a long time.

Governor Dyer, of Rhode Island, has sent a message to the Legislature, containing an urgent recommendation that imprisonment for debt in that State be abolished at once.

The services of the Fall River fire department have not been required within the limits of that city since December 7th, 1857—a period of nineteen months.

The Canadians have sent the speaker of their House to invite Queen Vic to come over and visit her loyal subjects. They expect, however, to take up with the Prince of Wales.

During a cricket match at Albany, lately, one of the players threw a ball to a great height, and with such force that it struck a swallow and killed it instantly.

During the first six months of 1859, 74 boats and 327 lives were lost on the western waters—26 of the boats were burned. Value of boats and cargoes, $1,770,500.

Thomas Coleman, for twenty years one of the most prominent delineators of the Ethiopian character, died at Newark, N. J., lately. He was born in Boston.

The Ohio grape crop promises a juicy return. One cultivator thinks he will have about 6000 gallons of pure wine in the fall, and another anticipates a yield of 1000 gallons to the acre.

The University of Vermont holds its Annual Commencement on Wednesday, August 10th. Orator and poet before the Literary Societies, George W. Curtis and T. B. Aldrich, of New York.

A woman named Savage jumped out of a window in Philadelphia and fractured her skull on the pavement. She had returned with her family from the West, and poverty and suffering had driven her crazy.

David Drow, Esq., of New York, and Isaac Rich, Esq., of Boston, have each subscribed $5000 towards a fund of $50,000, to erect new buildings for the Wesleyan University, at Middleton, Ct.

A movement is on foot for raising $100,000, for the complete re-endowment of the Yale College Theological Seminary. Governor Buckingham, with his usual liberality, has already pledged $5000.

On a late Sunday evening, a party of New York police officers arrested a German theatrical company, who were acting the play of Richard III. Richard himself came near escaping, but was caught while climbing a fence.

The capital employed in the St. Louis beer breweries is nearly $200,000,000. The number of breweries in the city is thirty-five, and those produced last year 115,000 barrels of lager, and 74,400 barrels of common beer.

A gentleman walking along the streets of Philadelphia, in the vicinity of a large fire, was very much startled by the effect of a large coal, which, alighting on the top of his hat, burnt through and warmed his head intensely. His surprise was momentary, but terrific.

The slate quarries in the vicinity of Monson, Piscataquis county, Maine, now employ a large force of men and teams, and the Kennebec Journal thinks that in the not distant future they will give employment to more men than any other single branch of manufacture in the State.

In the New Haven city council, recently, a petition that all the sidewalks of the city be lowered six inches, because they were now so high that ladies' dresses drag thereon, to the great damage of their husbands, parents and guardians, was read and "sent down."

A Bangor deacon got up a few Sunday mornings since, and commenced poling his beans, and had made considerable progress before his mistake in the day occurred to him. Feeling mortified, he went round to the neighbors who had witnessed his feat, and explained the cause of his act.

The Handel Festival in London seems to have been made a handle for a great many bad jokes. One cockney said that the Hallelujah Chorus was "right up to the handle;" another that the music of Handel was done "to a turn" by that orchestra and choir. Such wretches ought to be roughly handled.

Charles Roth, a well known merchant tailor of Philadelphia, recently committed suicide by taking strychnine. Some years ago he retired from business with sixty thousand dollars of his earnings, and became a stock-broker; but unfortunate speculations in that line soon stripped him of every cent.

The total value of all the goods imported at all the ports in the United States, during the nine months ending March 31, was $233,182,278; the total value of the exports during the same time was $246,680,194. From this it will be seen that the value of the exports over the value of the imports during the time mentioned, was $13,497,916.

Sands of Gold.

.... Revolutions in fashions are not revolutions in taste, but of caprice.—*Bovee.*

.... No pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.—*Bacon.*

.... Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.—*Cervantes.*

.... The Temple of Fame contains no sepulchres so beautified by love as those of the poets. —*R. A. Willmott.*

.... There is something still better than spending one's time pleasantly—the spending it both pleasantly and profitably.—*Bovee.*

.... There is not a heart but has its moments of longing, yearning for something better, nobler, holier than it knows now.—*Beecher.*

.... The truest critic, like the deepest philosopher, will produce his opinions as doubts. Only the astrologer and the empyric never fail.—*R. A. Willmott.*

.... If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from the other lands, but a continent that joins them.—*Bacon.*

.... If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that it may be said to possess him.—*Charron.*

.... There are no fragments so precious as those of time, and none are so heedlessly lost by people who cannot make a moment, and yet can waste years.—*Montgomery.*

.... Subtract from a great man all that he owes to opportunity, and all that he owes to chance—all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends and by the folly of his enemies—and the giant will often be left a pigmy.—*Barlow.*

.... Love is the only true maturer in humanity. We ripen vainly, unless with her assistance. The germ and blossom of the heart never awaken to consciousness and bloom under any other smiles.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... Casual thoughts are sometimes of great value. One of these may prove the key to open to us a yet unknown apartment in the palace of truth, or yet unexplored tract in the paradise of sentiment that environs us.—*Foster.*

.... He never need despair of fortune who has learned calmly to look her in the face; nay, the courage to do so is frequently all that is essential to compel the fondest embraces of the capricious goddess.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... Of law no less can be acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and on earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.—*Hooker.*

Joker's Budget.

Ladies who use an excess of perfume must think men like seals—most assailable at the nose.

The man who undertook to blast his neighbor's prospects, used too short a fuse, and got blown up himself.

"Union is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

The gentleman who stood upon ceremony has lost his footing, and now finds that he has slipped out of a very pleasant circle.

"Did you see Ary Schaffer?" inquired an artist of a traveller who had just returned from Paris. "Nary Schaffer," was the reply.

A sailor of the name of Moore having presented a gold anchor to his affianced bride, a wag remarked that she was *moored.*

The man who, in a pecuniary sense, is most liberal and profuse while intoxicated, becomes very tight as soon as he is sober.

"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" inquired Mary Jane of her brother Charles. "On the looking-glass," was his prompt reply.

"Jemmy, my boy, did you see the flight of the bats the other evening. "Niver the one, my honey. What kind of bats were they?" "Brickbats, ye spalpeen."

Hearse-driver to chum, at the funeral of a great mathematician.—"After all his figgerin', Bill, this ere's vot the old feller comes to. He's been subtracted from his folks an' added to Kingdom Come."

"I do wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy husband, lounging upon his pillow. "Well, I will try the water-cure," said his wife, pouring a bucketful on him.

When some one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnson said he was glad of it. "He is rising in the world," added he; "when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him."

It may seem strange, but it is true, that although God deprived Adam of one of his ribs to make Eve, every man has still one more rib than his wife, for he has *her* in addition to his others.

A young lady up town was cured of palpitation of the heart the other evening by a young M. D., in the simplest and most natural way imaginable. He merely held one of her hands in his, put his arm around her waist, and whispered something in her left ear.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HERE.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

Pass the hours in light unclouded,
Peace's measure now is filled;
Need I say because thou'rt with me
My sad heart with joy is thrilled?
And forgotten are its sorrows,
Thoughts of thee their place adorn,
Gloom before thy radiant presence
Fades like night before the morn.

Absent from thee I am cheerless,
Blest am I with thee the while,
Finding best content and pleasure
In the fondness of thy smile.
White-winged hope is whispering to me,
We shall part, O never more,
And I bless thee and caress thee,
With a joy ne'er felt before.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LUCY ELDON'S LIFE HISTORY.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

I HAD just extinguished my lamp in the chamber of the fourth story of the house where I boarded, in Bowdoin Square. The house was so near the large stone-fronted church, that I could hear every note of the singing from thence, on Sundays, and the occasional playing of the organ on week days. Sometimes, in summer, the minister's voice would come, with a softened and pleasant murmur to my ear, and I pleased myself in thinking that I could imagine what the sermon was, and also the words of the hymn.

I was not much of a church-goer myself, at that time. I was an invalid then, and sometimes, for months, I would not see the inside of one of those venerable or modern edifices which stand all over our beautiful city, and promise, some day, to overcome the wickedness in our midst. They *can* do it, if the pastors will but address themselves to the hearers as Christ addressed those who followed after him. No sermon has yet been like the Sermon on the Mount, and until one is preached like that, the world will continue to be in darkness, and be content, too, to lie there.

But to return to my chamber in the fourth story, where I had just extinguished my lamp. It was a very warm night and the windows were all open, and everything was perfectly still. I looked from the window and, thanks to a glorious moon, I could see, from my elevated position, almost over the entire city. Voices were as distinct to my ear, as if I were in the same room with them, for the hum of the city had ceased and there was not a sound to be heard except two voices, which were speaking alternately.

"It is a pity that Edmund has so little comfort at home," said one voice. "His wife is a perfect scold."

"What! the beautiful Miss Eldon transformed into a scold! Impossible!"

"True. She is continually reproaching him for taking her from a home where she had peace and plenty, and making her submit to privations and cares of which hitherto she knew nothing."

"Good heavens! does not Lucy *love* her husband?"

This question was asked in a soft, low, female voice; yet low as it was, it was far more distinct than the other.

"Well—yes, she loves him well enough, but then, you know, she was bred in such luxury, that she finds it difficult to be contented in such a condition as they now are."

I knew well enough of whom they were talking. Edmund Blake was a friend of my own, a fine, whole-souled man, who would have died for those he loved. He had married Lucy Eldon when she was a young, gay, careless girl, who had been brought up in her aunt's family, in the midst of affluence, and had never known a want. When she married Edmund Blake, a young engraver, whose sole dependence was upon his employment, her aunt thought it a fine match for Lucy, and set about giving her a handsome wedding, the cost of which would have kept Lucy in clothes for two or three years.

Friends of the family, who had liked Lucy's lively manners, came forward with presents of laces and jewelry, or a splendid piece of plate, perhaps, for her table. To match these, Edmund was, of course, obliged to buy furniture and clothing which would put to shame these elegant presents, and the result was, that every dollar of his money was gone, and he had got considerably in debt, before the marriage day arrived.

Edmund stood aghast at finding that he had overrun his funds in this way, for he was brought up in a strictly economical way, and had been taught to look with horror upon contracting debts. He looked on Lucy's beaming face, however, as she surveyed her really handsome establishment, and, for awhile, he tried to forget it was not paid for, but it *would* stare him in the face.

A handsome house, in a fashionable street, had been selected, because the people with whom she had associated would not visit Lucy if she lived anywhere except within the limits of upper-tendom. Two servants, at least, were indispensable, and opera tickets, and a box at the theatre, and occasional drives, would be among the necessaries of life.

The soft voice under my window that had asked if Lucy did not *love* her husband, as if love could atone for the absence of wealth and fashion, belonged to Isabel Harris, a young and lately married school acquaintance of Lucy Eldon. Since the girls left school they had not met often, for Isabel's circumstances forbade her from competing with her friend, even had she wished it. Her mother was a widow, whose reduced means obliged her to take in sewing to enlarge her scanty income. She had given Isabel a good education, and when she married Edward Harris, she received from her mother a modest outfit, that, if it did not approach Lucy's in cost, was exquisite in its neatness and the perfect beauty of its needlework.

So with her house and furniture. Edward was a clerk, with a respectable salary, from which he hoped, one day, to save enough to buy them a small house. He, therefore, took only a few rooms, in the house of a friend, and Isabel did her own work. The furniture was strong and neat, but very plain; the carpets good of the kind, but not of an expensive cost; and the three pretty chambers were only covered with straw matting.

Still, they were happy and contented, and while every article in the house shone with the unsullied lustre of newness, so nicely were they kept, Edward was never ashamed to bring home a friend, even to a family dinner. He was sure to find Isabel in a neat dress, and with her hair smoothly arranged.

Had Lucy's aunt but exercised more judicious kindness in her gifts to Lucy, she might have been as happy as Isabel. The money thus expended would have been far better in useful household furniture, or laid by for a rainy day, than in the gewgaws which only made her sigh for those things which could alone correspond with them; and as, after the first year, Edmund was unable to purchase them, when they needed renewal, the only alternatives were, going without them or running still deeper in debt. His experience of the latter had been so terrible to him, and he had suffered so much in being teased for payment of the bills which he contracted at the time of his marriage, that he chose to go without these superfluities which Lucy demanded, and this led to unhappiness between them.

Often he was obliged to refuse what he knew that his income would not afford for years, if ever; for Edmund Blake, when he had once resolved upon any course of conduct, was not the one to swerve from it, even at the expense of his own peace. So Lucy went on, complaining, weeping and scolding alternately, until, at last the light of home, which should burn brightly and constantly, like the lamp of the vestal, was almost quenched.

Lucy could not apply to her aunt, for she was fitting out her own daughters to be married, and was glad that she had got Lucy off her hands so cheaply; and, murmuring and envious of her cousins, who were making brilliant matches, vexed that Edmund had discharged one of her servants, leaving household cares upon her that she despised, she degenerated at once into a slattern and a scold.

"I called on Lucy to-day," said her cousin Clara to her mother, after one of her shopping expeditions. "Really, mother, I never saw any one alter as Lucy does; she looked positively common this morning, and I think she had been crying, too."

"Well, I don't know why she should be unhappy. She has had enough done for her, I can answer for it. No girl has handsomer things than Lucy had when she married. I don't think I shall buy anything more expensive for you, Clara, than I did for Lucy."

"That may all be true, mother," said Clara, who was possessed of much better judgment than the rest of the family, "but after all, she cannot keep up the style, and her things are becoming shabby, and Edmund does not, and I presume cannot, afford what she would like to have. Mother, I tell you there is something wrong about fashionable marriages, and I have half a mind, though Charles is so well off, to set the girls an example of economy, by going to housekeeping as plain as my old schoolmate, Isabel Dean. I saw her at her door this morning, looking as fresh and pretty as ever, with the neatest of morning dresses, and the happiest face above it that I ever saw. Then I saw Lucy's face in such strong contrast, that it has made me feel miserable ever since."

"Why, Clara, how you do run on," said Jane, an elder daughter, who was also coming on the list of married people. "For my part, I shall set out as grandly as possible. I will not have Fred Parker called mean, if you choose to have Charles called so."

"O, Jane, when will you learn to distinguish between meanness and that simplicity which is, after all, the strongest type of elegance?"

"Well, well, Clara, don't bore mother and myself any longer with your strange notions. I am willing to take life as I find it, and I trust to find it as genteel and elegant as possible, leaving the simplicity to you and Isabel Harris. I am only sorry if poor Lucy cannot carry out her taste, which is really very fine. Lucy ought to have married higher than Edmund Blake—a poor engraver!"

"Edmund Blake *is* high, Jane; high in moral culture, in integrity, in everything that constitutes a *man*." And Clara sighed—for, long before Edmund had seen Lucy, Clara Conant was to him a "bright particular star," which he dared not ask to shine upon him, and Clara knew it, too, but she could not tell him so.

And then Edmund saw Lucy, and she looked so much like her cousin, that Edmund loved her, more perhaps on account of that remembrance than he would have been willing to own. And Clara could not help acknowledging that Charles Grainger had never yet come up to her estimate of Edmund. Only to herself, however, did she own it. To others, she spoke of her marriage as all she could ask, and more than she could expect.

She resolved that Lucy should accompany her on her next shopping expedition, and on the following day she sent a note to that effect, asking her to be ready quite early. Dressed in a plain light print, with a straw bonnet and a pretty stella shawl, Clara went to Lucy's house at the hour appointed, and found her arrayed in her very best dress, camel's hair shawl (an unwise present from her Uncle William, a rich bachelor), and a new and fashionable hat, which must have cost her at least twenty dollars. Clara thought first, that she would refuse to go out with her, unless she dressed more suitably for the occasion, but she knew that it would spoil Lucy's happiness for the day, so they went together.

On the way, they met Charles and Edmund, who had latterly become rather intimate. Edmund was pleased to see Lucy look so happy, and with such a brilliant color on her cheeks, but he was rather sorry that she would dress so much more than her cousin, especially as Charles had whispered as they approached, "see, Edmund, is not Clara the very personification of a pure and simple taste?"

When they entered the shops where Clara was to purchase, Lucy was surprised at her selections. Where there were a few pence difference in the cost of two articles, Clara invariably took the cheapest and plainest, provided the difference was in show and not in quality. At the furniture stores, where Charles joined them, Clara preferred some very plain, substantial chairs to a set of splendid ones, of lighter manufacture.

"No, Clara!" exclaimed Lucy, "don't take those old-fashioned affairs. These, as you see, are of vastly newer style, and the tapestry is superb."

"True, Lucy, but I really like these on more accounts than one. You will perceive that they are much better made, are of a fashion that will last for years, while the others will be out of fashion in a year, and have to be replaced."

So with everything that was purchased that day, and Charles having purposely noticed the differences in the prices, and marked them on a card, showed Lucy that Clara had saved an expense of two hundred dollars in the furniture of their parlor alone.

"And pray, what is two hundred dollars to you, who can afford it?" asked Lucy, pettishly. "It is true that *we* have to pinch enough, but with you and Clara, it is quite different."

"Two hundred dollars, my good lady," said Charles, "would be a fortune for a little dressmaker who works for my sister, and who cannot be married, because her lover is too poor to afford it this year. This very two hundred dollars shall go as a loan to Anna Smith, which, if Clara consents, we will never require to be paid in."

Clara's eyes showed him how much she enjoyed this proof of his liberality and kind feelings. Lucy went home to rail at their penuriousness to Edmund. "As if Charles Grainger could not have made a present to his sister's dressmaker, without pinching it from his own furniture. Ridiculous!"

"Very much to his credit," said Edmund, "and quite as much to Clara's."

"No doubt *you* think so," was the angry reply; "economy is your idol, but for my part, I do not like to see it in everything."

"Your dress to-day, as contrasted with Clara's, would indicate as much. I thought that hers was much more suitable for going round in furniture stores than yours; and had one been called on to designate the richest lady of the two, I fancy that I know which would have been thought so, judging by the dress."

"Would you have me look like Edward Harris's wife?"

"Surely, you would not object to looking like a lady of whom I heard several gentlemen say of her, in passing, that she was the best dressed woman in Boston?"

"She must have been less dowdy than usual on that day, then."

"She was attired very simply. A plain blue silk, a hat precisely like Clara's, and a nice white shawl, with nice, nay, the most beautiful boots and gloves that I ever saw on any lady before, were all that she wore."

"You studied her dress carefully," said Lucy, rather shortly.

"I did, but it was simply because I was hearing such commendations of it from practised judges like Willent and Thayer."

"James Willent! did *he* notice it?"

"He did, indeed, and pronounced it perfection."

Lucy did not answer. She was looking back to a dream of her own, when she did not feel so hard and envious as she did now, when James Willent had been her beau ideal of a perfect man. She had lost him by her own dressing at a party; had heard his remark on her bad taste, and had shed tears over his remembrance when he went away. He had returned now, and the first words she knew of his having spoken, were of approval of Isabel Harris, and the perfection of her dress. It was the drop too much. Lucy was worried and fretted all day, and half resolved to don a checked apron and wear leather shoes. It would please Edmund to have her do so, at least she told him so.

He laughed at her, and she could not bear that, and all that day she was peevish and uneasy, and on Sunday, she saw Anna Smith "walking out bride," and that, too, because of Clara Conant's economy, and the sight did not reconcile her to herself, for had she not urged her to spend what she had saved?

It was sometime after this, that the voices under my window let me into the new secret of the difficulties between Edmund Blake and his wife. I inwardly resolved, as I retired to bed that night, to visit them and watch for myself the trouble between them.

Lucy and I had been good friends in our girlhood. Circumstances had kept us apart, but I had always remembered her with pleasure, and often had desired to renew my acquaintance with her. Now, it seemed to me a positive duty, and undeterred by the reflection that people would say that, like other old maids, I was meddling with that which was not my business, I resolved that I would see if I could not restore harmony to these discordant souls whose tones jarred so painfully on each other's ears.

Chance favored me, as it has many gossiping old women before. I met Lucy in a store on Washington Street, where she was trying to decide between a blue brocade and a rich plaid, and was as anxious looking as if the fate of nations depended on her decision.

I approached her and offered my hand. She did not know me, and was distantly polite and cold, perhaps because my black dress was getting rather shabby, and the glove on the hand that I extended, had lost its freshness.

"I knew you well, as Lucy Eldon," I said, "and I think you must remember Ann Colchester."

She softened down a little. Perhaps she had not quite forgotten that I had watched beside her mother the very night that she died, and afterwards accompanied the desolate orphan to her aunt's house. Perhaps she had not forgotten on whose shoulder she had shed her first sorrowful tears after her mother's death.

"My dear lady," I said, "I have long wanted to see you, and renew our old acquaintance. Come to me at Bowdoin Square, some evening this week, and I will make you as pleasant an evening as I can."

She brightened up when she found where I lived. She could come to see an old friend in that respectable locality. Only a few doors from the Revere! She would be sure to come. She did me the honor to consult my taste in her dress. I laid my hand on a brown and blue plaid, which she actually took, although it was much quieter looking than either of those she had been looking at. We parted pleasantly, and I felt more than ever anxious to do her good.

Thursday night brought her to visit me. We had a social evening—talked over auld lang syne, and all our schoolmates. At nine o'clock, I asked her if her husband would not be there to wait upon her home. She blushed and hesitated. She believed not—Mr. Blake was not fond of going out, except with gentlemen's parties. He did not go much. A tear was silently dropping down her cheek. "A good omen," I thought. "She has not done loving him yet."

She sat quietly for a little while; but I could see that she was inwardly moved. I asked her many questions about him, and expressed a strong wish to see him.

"Miss Colchester," she said, with the tears now falling faster, "you are my friend; you were my mother's friend, though so much older than I am—so much younger than she was. I will confide in you, for her sake. I know that there is something wrong between my husband's heart and my own. We do not understand each other yet, though we have been married so long. We are growing farther apart every day. I am miserable, and I do not think he is far from it—but men do not feel so acutely as we do."

"You are mistaken, dear," I said. "Men feel as acutely, but they hide it more than we do. I have been sometimes surprised at the depth of their emotions, which I consider much greater than ours, but not so much on the surface."

Lucy looked up.

"You are quite a philosopher, Ann," she said.

It was the first time that evening that she had called me Ann. We were getting quite familiar.

"Not a philosopher, Lucy; only an observer. I am sure, for instance, that you love your husband, and that any little cloud that may have come between you two, may be easily dispelled."

"How do you know that?"

I did not tell her that it was by the tears that I had seen her shed; but I *did* judge by that. No woman weeps for a man she does not love. I am an old maid, but I know *that*. I had set her to thinking, which was all I wanted just now. Rome was not built in a day—but so sure as it was built at all, so surely would I rebuild this broken union between the daughter of Mrs. Eldon and my own long-ago friend, Edmund Blake.

I took to visiting Lucy after this, often. Edmund was delighted to see me, chiefly, I believe, because my sober drab gown was a pleasant contrast to Lucy's high-colored and showy dresses. Gradually I drew her, without any apparent design, into a different circle—a circle where home affections, a simple but cultivated taste, and superior intelligence supersede dress and fashion. After her marriage with Charles Grainger, Clara was drawn into that circle. Isabel Harris had long been one of its brightest ornaments, and Lucy was astonished at the reverence shown to Isabel, by persons whose station in life was indisputably the highest and best. At the homes of these ladies, she saw the appendages of wealth and sometimes, to a certain extent, of fashion. But she saw, too, how little they were valued as accessions to pride or vanity. What was better still, Edmund approved her new friendships; and when she saw how well he was received, from the superiority of his intellect and the purity of his character, she began to take pride in him too. The discords were resolving into a new harmony. The two were no longer apart. Each was approaching the other in a new relation. It was very gratifying to the old maid to mark this change, and to feel that she had not intermeddled for a wrong purpose nor with untoward results.

"I believe that you have really done Lucy a great good by renewing your acquaintance with her," said Edmund, one day, when she had seemed unusually cheerful and happy. "Before you came here so much, she used to pine and mope a great deal; and I confess to you that I was rather unkind to her. She loved show too well—I, perhaps, too little. Her taste is modified, and mine, I think, improved. At any rate, we get along happier, and I mean to owe it to you, whether you will or no."

This was not said in her hearing, of course; but two or three days afterwards, she remarked to me how very kind Edmund was, and that he had offered to move to another house if she wished.

"Did you accept his offer, Lucy?" I asked.

"No—the difference was considerable in the rent, and I told him to lay it by for our own cottage, which we can build next year."

"Bravo! little lady!" came right out of my lips, without knowing it.

Lucy looked up to see if I was insane.

"What do you mean, Ann?" she at length asked, when her surprise permitted her to speak.

"I mean that Edmund Blake is a noble, good man, loving his wife as she now deserves to be loved, and that Lucy is a wiser and a better woman than she promised to be."

She looked puzzled.

"I don't see that I have altered much, Ann. I am just as wilful and proud, and should be as passionate as ever, if Edmund had not grown so kind of late."

I patted her on the shoulder.

"You will do, Lucy. Keep on. Edmund will have a model wife, by-and-by."

"He deserves it," said Lucy, with the same old tendency to shed tears. "Please God, I will do my best to make him happy."

I looked up and saw Edmund standing behind her, and I slipped out of the room, to let her find it out. They were happy now.

STATUE OF DE WITT CLINTON, AT GREENWOOD CEMETERY, LONG ISLAND.

STATUE OF DE WITT CLINTON.

The accompanying engraving represents the bronze statue placed over the remains of the illustrious De Witt Clinton, in Greenwood Cemetery, on Long Island, near New York city. The monument was designed and executed by Henry K. Brown for the Clinton Monument Association, at a cost of $15,000. The statue was commenced in clay on the 20th of September, 1850, and was cast in bronze in March, 1852, at Ames's Foundry, in Chicopee, Massachusetts. The figure is 10 1-2 feet high, and weighs 2300 pounds, while the base is 8 1-2 feet high, making the whole height from the ground to the top of the statue 19 feet. The base is adorned by two bas-reliefs, one of which represents the commencement of the Erie Canal, with laborers, engineers, etc., at work, and the other a section of the canal in full operation, bearing boats laden with emigrants and merchandise, and surrounded by groups of Indians and other significant devices. De Witt Clinton was born at Little Britain, Orange county, New York, March 2, 1769. His father was a distinguished major-general of the revolutionary army, and his mother a De Witt, a member of the illustrious Dutch family of that name. He was educated at Columbia College, where he greatly distinguished himself and studied law. At an early age he was elected a member of the legislature. In 1801 we find him a senator of his native State. In 1813 and 1814, he was mayor of New York, and in 1817 elected governor of the State almost unanimously, both of the great parties of that day uniting to do honor to his talents consecrated by long public service. The distribution of his official patronage weakened this wonderful popularity, but he was re-elected in 1820. During his second official term, though a formidable opposition had sprung up, he was able to carry his great project of internal improvement by means of the Erie Canal, on which so much of his fame rests, and in 1822 declined offering himself as a candidate. The action of the senate, however, in depriving him of his office as one of the board of canal commissioners, in 1823, produced a reaction of popular feeling in his favor, and he was again put up for governor and triumphantly elected. In 1826 he was again elected, but died in office, of a catarrhal affection of the throat and chest, which, being neglected, ended fatally. He died suddenly while sitting in his library, February 11, 1828. His death occasioned universal sorrow in his native State, and was felt throughout the Union. Mr. Clinton was a man of noble presence. In private life the purity of his character, his benevolence, charity and kindness won the hearts of all who approached him. He was an indefatigable student and hard worker. He interested himself in the cause of science and literature, and received high honors from societies devoted to their culture. His various political speeches, messages, and literary and scientific discourses display his ability and industry. He took an interest in every praiseworthy movement going forward. His public career was marked by high ability, energy, dignity and spotless integrity. He had many opportunities of amassing a fortune, but never availed himself of his position and influence to advance his pecuniary interests. A total abnegation of self distinguished his whole career. He deservedly ranks among the greatest men of the Empire State, and his name is worthy of all the honors that have been bestowed upon his memory.

MOURNING CUSTOMS.

A French writer gives a summary of the different observances among mankind relative to mourning and funeral ceremonies, which we think will interest our readers. All the world, says he, are acquainted with the grandeur of the Roman obsequies and funeral games. The Greeks also burnt the corpses of distinguished men, with funeral feasts and the lamentation of hired weepers, though they generally displayed a less sumptuous grief and better regulated piety. The Persians buried their dead; the Scythians ate them; the Indians enveloped them, for preservation's sake, in a sort of locker; the Egyptians embalmed and dried them, exhibited them on festal days, placed them at the table among their guests, guarded them as their most precious possessions, and loaned and borrowed money on these strange pledges. In our time, the custom of dancing at funerals is only practised in India and among some savage nations; but funeral entertainments still prevail in many European countries. Among others the ceremony of interment is solemn and silent, which nevertheless does not interfere with the wish that all may be forgotten as speedily as possible. We observe more ostentatious rites for persons of consequence. Their carriages follow them to the graves, and sometimes their horses are paraded, which having been made to fast, seem to partake of the affliction. The Orientals, from whom we borrow this custom, went further—they made the horses in funeral possessions weep, by blowing a particular powder up their nostrils. In Italy the mourning was formerly white for women, and brown for men. In China it is white; in Turkey, Syria, and Armenia it is blue; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, gray. Each of these colors had, originally, its mystical signification. White is the emblem of purity; celestial blue indicates the space where the soul ranges after death; yellow, or the tinge of dead leaves, exhibits death as the end of all human hopes, and man falling like the leaf of autumn; gray represents the color of the earth, our common mother; and black, the funeral costume now adopted throughout Europe and America, is an allusion to the eternal night. In England, the sovereign never wears black; he is clothed in dark purple as mourning. Till the reign of Charles VIII., white was the funeral garb in France. The Emperor Leopold, who died in 1705, used to suffer his beard to grow in disorder during the whole period of mourning. In this he imitated the Jews. The dowager empresses never left off weeds, and their apartments were hung with black till their death. The Chancellor of France is the only person who never wears mourning. The brothers, nephews, and cousins of popes never wear it; the happiness of having a pope in the family is too great to allow them to be affected even by his death.

But the most remarkable of all these usages is, perhaps, that of the people of those ancient nations, who dressed themselves as women when they lost their relatives, in order, it is said, that the ridicule attached to their vestments might make them ashamed of their grief.—*Scientific American.*

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PEACE BE WITH YOU!

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYZ.

Parting words, with these I leave you,
Blessing as I would be blest;
This shall be my benediction,
This my prayer for peace and rest.
Life has care and toil and danger,
Thou wilt have a cross to bear;
But since Jesus bore it meekly
Shall not we life's sorrows share?

Peace be with you!—memory lingers
With a sigh o'er scenes of yore;
Evermore—ah! must I leave you?
Echo answers—evermore.
Yet my thoughts will oft be mingled
With kind words and deeds of thine,
And if clouds I e'er remember,
I will deem the fault was mine.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

Pour forth the oil—pour boldly forth;
It will not fail, until
Thou failest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.
Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.
For we must share if we would keep
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of love.—TRENCH.

WAR.

War is honorable
In those who do their native rights maintain;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak;
But is in those who draw the offensive blade
For added power or gain, sordid and despicable
As meanest office of the worldly churl.—BAILLIE.

HEART SPEAKING.

But that which issues from the heart alone
Will bend the hearts of others to your own.—GOETHE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Town and country—which is best?" This is a question endlessly discussed by urban and suburban residents. Just now the out-of-towns have their triumph. They have survived the trials of winter and early spring, the infliction of great coats and mufflers, and frozen or muddy feet, and can point exultingly to the glories of nature by which they are surrounded; the comforts and luxuries the generous earth produces for their benefit: their barns filled to bursting with fragrant hay; the sweet pure milk their Devons, Durhams, Ayrshires, and Alderneys yield them; their potatoes fresh from the earth; their vegetables sweet and succulent; their juicy, nourishing fruit. Then the pleasant evenings—the pure breezes of the hills, the bright dewy mornings, all these are blessings that the summer residents of cities cannot realize. The latter must bide their time, anticipating the operas, concerts and lectures which cannot be transported to the country, and with which they have perfect liberty to taunt their suburban friends, when the sharp biting frosts have ravaged the fair face of nature, stripped the woodlands and chained the now placidly-gliding streams in icy fetters.....The perusal of a letter from the seat of war the other day, describing the intoxication produced on a young soldier by his first battle, reminded us of what Goethe says of the "cannon fever" which he experienced when he accompanied his friend Karl August, in 1799, as a travelling companion On one occasion he rode to an exposed position on which Kellerman's artillery was playing. "In these circumstances," he says, "I was soon able to remark that something unusual was taking place within, and I paid close attention to it, and still the sensation can only be described by similitude. It appeared as if you were in some extremely hot place, and at the same time quite penetrated by the heat of it, so that you feel yourself, as it were, quite one with the element in which you are. The eyes lose nothing of their strength or clearness; but it is as if the world had a kind of brown-red tint, which makes the situation, as well as the surrounding objects, more impressive. I was unable to perceive any agitation of the blood, but everything seemed rather to be swallowed up in the glow of which I speak. From this, then, it is clear in what sense this condition can be called a fever. It is remarkable, however, that the horrible uneasy feeling arising from it is produced in us solely through the ears. For the cannon thunder, the howling, whistling, crashing of the balls through the air, is the real cause of these sensations. After I had ridden back and was in perfect security, I remarked with surprise that the glow was completely extinguished, and not the slightest feverish agitation was left behind."....A recent correspondent informs us that Paris is sad enough just now. He says: "To one who knows the gay capital well, the melancholy look of all the principal streets and avenues is but too apparent. If there are still a few fine equipages which roll silently along the Champs Elysees, the solemn black of occupants and servants contrasts mournfully with the bright blue and gold, green, or brown liveries which 'was their wont.' The young gentlemen, 'scions of a noble house,' whose greatest delight consisted in the fastest possible horses, and the lightest possible tilburies, dogcarts, and phaetons, are no longer to be seen; they have gone to the war."....All history, says Emerson, easily resolves itself into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.....Colonel Abram Duryee, the able commanding officer of the Seventh Regiment of New York, has tendered his resignation to Brigadier General Hall. Colonel Duryee is one of the most accomplished and thorough disciplinarians in the country, and his withdrawal from the military service would be a public loss.....Alphonse Karr, the talented author of "Les Guepes," and various other works, relates that he lately sent for his tailor to make him a coat out of a piece of cloth he had purchased. "Can't do it," said the tailor; "there isn't stuff enough." Karr then sent for another tailor, who, after carefully measuring the material, undertook to make the coat. In due time the garment was delivered, and Karr's first visit was to the first tailor. "There!" said he; "behold me in the coat from the very stuff you said was insufficient! You see there was stuff enough after all!" "Very likely," said the man of measures, with imperturbable coolness, "very likely; but the son of the tailor who made it is not so big as mine!".....When Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., of this city, was at Munich, the capital of Bavaria, he was announced in the city papers as der Herr Baron aus Amerika—My lord, the baron, from America!.....The following statement by Mr. Williams, editor of the Utica Morning Herald, rather jars with popular notions: "In no country on the continent, with the possible exception of Switzerland, are the annoyances of the passport system less than in Austria. In this respect she is at present far ahead of France. Her ministers in foreign courts exact no fee for Visas, nor is a single Visa required from the time one enters her dominions until one quits them. This reform in reference to passports is of somewhat recent date, and is due to the personal efforts of the emperor."....A recent letter-writer thus describes Garibaldi's personal appearance: "Garibaldi is a short, thin, nervous-looking man, a decided blonde; but his little gray eye has the sparkle of polished steel. His hair is cut as short as possible. He wears his beard, but there is nothing striking about it—you see hundreds just like it on the boulevards; it is beginning to be sprinkled with gray. I don't know whether he is cruel or not; he looks gentle, and one would give him absolution without asking for confession. He is even so civilized as to wear a *pince-nez*, as his eye-sight is failing. He does not look as if he was more than forty years old, but he is fifty-three."....A correspondent of the Trinity (Cal.) Journal says: It is rumored that when the express arrived at one of the stations on Lower Trinity, with a blooming widow in charge, a justice's court, then in session, was adjourned for ten minutes, to give the attorneys and jury a sight at crinoline.....Mr Beecher says a cow is the saint of the barnyard. She eats, ruminates, digests, and in short lives for the sake of others. She could be fat if she was only selfish, but nothing can well be more devoid of all beauty than a genuine milker She economizes beauty that she may be profuse in milk.....As many as seventy Wisconsin editors have been on an excursion to the Grand Rapids, Michigan.....A child in Albany was kicked by a horse, whose vicious habits were known to the owner. The child died, and the case came up before a coroner's jury, who looked into the statue book, and rendered a verdict of "guilty of manslaughter in the third degree" against the owner of the horse.....A letter from Casale, in the Salut Public of Lyons, says: I met, yesterday, in the Piazza Savonne, a French light infantry soldier, with a sparrow perched upon his shoulder; the soldier smoking, the sparrow chirruping. "You breed birds, my brave fellow?" said I. The man smiled, and answered, "This is an orphan from Montebello. The day of the fight, on leaving the village, we chased the Austrians across the fields. Bullets whistled among the trees like hail, and this poor bird, quite young, being terrified, fell from its nest on my arm. I thrust it into my shako, which had been pierced through by two balls, and thought no more of it until, on returning, I felt something scratch my head, and then I said, 'it is my little prisoner;' and to the surprise and great amusement of my comrades, I produced him. I have kept him since, and now we love each other dearly, 'do we not, Montebello?'" And as he spoke he held out his finger to the bird, which hopped on it without hesitation. I begged permission to buy Montebello a few cherries and to caress it. Catullus would not have kissed more tenderly the bird of Lesbia than I did that sparrow.....A leading drug house informs a morning paper, in view of the ginseng excitement in Minnesota, that the autumn is the time to gather ginsing, and that the root dug in the spring is valueless as an article of export. Perhaps the Minnesotans, by rooting up the Big Woods so thoroughly, have rooted out the crop, and thus destroyed the goose that might have laid the golden egg.....The lighting of Paris is now effected by 1595 oil, and 14,000 gas lamps, fed by 1,464.236 feet of pipes, and supplying nearly 560,000 cubic feet of gas. During six months all the the lamps are lighted every night, and during the remainder of the year a certain number for part of the night.....A family of nine persons came near losing their lives, in Clinton county, N. Y. Arsenic had been mixed with some flour, for the purpose of killing rats, but a servant, not knowing this, used the flour to make a pudding, from which all partook. By timely aid, their lives were saved .....A Paris correspondent of the Newport News, says that so far from no newspaper correspondents being allowed to follow the army, the principal papers of that city have their ablest writers at the seat of war.....In the early history of Harvard University corporal punishment was one of the most common means of correction—the tutors chastising the students at discretion. By the college annals it appears that when one Thomas Sargeant was publicly whipped in the hall, the exercises were opened and closed with prayers.....The town of Varese, says the Milan Gazette, has decided that its principal promenade shall be called the Corso Victor Emmanuel II., and the principal street Garibaldi.....A marble shaft recently erected over the remains of Aaron Burr, in the graveyard at Princeton, N. J., has been mutilated and broken by some persons unknown. The shaft was erected by stealth, no one knowing who put it there.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The armistice concluded between the allies and the Emperor of Austria, the announcement of which took every one by surprise, and sent up the French and English funds, has not yet produced the effect predicted by those who profess to be political prophets. Time must determine the effect of the measure.—If Germany come not to the rescue of Austria it is all over with the latter power in Italy. But there are threatening movements in the German confederation which may require the return of Napoleon to Paris.—Garibaldi is manœuvering with consummate skill to shut off the Austrians from the mountain passes —An exchange of Austrian and French prisoners has taken place.—Russia continues to assure Germany that she has no occasion for alarm or interference —It is said that the French will sustain the action of the pope in sending troops to Perugia.—At the battle of Solferino a balloon was used to signal the approach of the Austrians.—The harvest in Algeria has been got in.—D'Israeli declined a baronetcy on his retirement —Mr. Dallas our American minister, expressed his sympathies with the Italian liberals in a recent speech.—In the British Parliament, Lord Lyndhurst strongly advocated vigorous measures of defence, both on sea and land. He thought that a regular militia force of 100,000 men ought to be maintained, and an equal force of disembodied trained militia. He regarded the assertion that France had no wish to invade England as undeserving of consideration. England ought to live in perfect independence of French forbearance, relying only on the vigor of the people. Lord Granville deprecated the introduction of a topic of so delicate a nature. He thought Lyndhurst's remarks were calculated to annoy and irritate the French. He spoke, however, as did other members, in favor of strengthening the military and naval defences.

The German States.

The London Times asks: What has Germany to fear? What has Belgium? The best thing they can do is to remain neutral so long as the war is localized in Italy, and in the meantime to take a lesson from the lamentable breakdown of the boasted military system of Austria. The giant has collapsed at the bullet of a French rifle. Discipline, physical strength, the commissariat, the strategy, the transport—everything has failed in the hour of trial, excepting only the courage of the men, who have been marched up, famished, sleepless, and sun-stricken, to be shot down without a chance of even selling their lives dear.

Statue of Lord Clive.

Baron Marochetti's bronze statue of Lord Clive has been erected within the railings of the Duke of Buccleuch's grounds, opposite the new buildings of the Board of Trade and Privy Council, London. The figure is of colossal proportions, standing erect, the left hand falling down and holding the hat, the right resting on the side, a little above the hip. The style of its execution is broad and massive, and the attitude is unconstrained and easy.

Italy and France.

The liberation of Italy is a European necessity—the most that its enemies could do is to postpone it at an immense cost of suffering. The French government has defined the objects for which it fights, and in order that it may sheathe the sword as soon as they are obtained, it wishes to preserve the political character of the war. Nothing short of hard necessity would induce it to give the war a revolutionary character.

The French Republicans.

What may be the secret wish or hopes, or even fears of the Emperor Napoleon, it is difficult to guess; but that the final advantage is not intended to be left to him may be divined by the exultations of the revolutionary party, who, in spite of all he has done towards the liberation of Italy, clearly look to a state of general confusion for the realization of their own peculiar theories.

Hunt's Poems.

Leigh Hunt announces a forthcoming edition of his poems to form "an absolutely final collection of all the verses from my pen which have appeared in print, in whatever vehicle of book, periodical or pamphlet, boyish or other crudities excepted."

The Philippine Islands.

Sir John Bowring is preparing for the press an account of his late visit to the Philippine Islands, in the British steamer Magicienne, with special reference to the ports of Lomboango, Hollo and Saul, which have lately been opened to foreign commerce.

Rewarding a Composer.

Felicien David received from the French minister of state, the sum of five thousand francs, as a reward for the talent displayed in his grand opera, "Herculaneum."

The French Laureate.

Mery, the imperial laureate of France, lately produced at the opera an "Occasional Hymn," set to Auber's music, which was received with intense enthusiasm.

French Pamphlet.

Emile Girardin is engaged in writing a pamphlet, under the title of "The European Equilibrium," which is considered in the light of a supplement to "The War."

Madame Ristori.

Madame Ristori has been offered, by an enterprising American, twenty thousand dollars a month to visit the United States in her professional capacity.

Death of a Grand Duchess.

The grand duchess dowager, mother of the Princess of Prussia, and aunt of the Emperor Alexander, died recently at Weimar.

Russian Opera.

Madame Charton Demeur has been engaged at St. Petersburgh, to fill the place of Madame Bosio.

MEDICAL TREATMENT.

What would be thought of a professor in one of our colleges who pretended to teach *all* of the classic and natural sciences? People would simply say that the human intellect was insufficient to such a purpose, that in order to teach one science thoroughly and well, all the faculties of a man's brain are required for that *one* purpose. The professor may and should be a proficient in all the sciences, but he can be an *expert* in but one, and so we have professors of Greek, professors of Latin, professors of mathematics, etc. But now let us apply this principle to medicine, where its truths are equally obvious. Can it be reasonably expected that any physician can become a professor, or expert, in every branch of medicine, and properly understand *all* of the innumerable forms of disease, and treat any especial one as perfectly and understandingly as that man who makes a particular study of *one only*, and has time to expend all of his mental powers upon that alone? Most certainly not.

This fact is now so obvious and indisputable, that we find intelligent men and physicians acting upon it in a philosophical manner. One devotes his study and professional skill to the treatment of the eye and ear, another makes a life-long practice and study of the lungs, a third practises solely as a surgeon, and so on.

In exemplification of this we have Dr. R. Greene of this city, devoting years of study and incessant practice to the cure of *Cancers*, and hence his unequalled success and wonderful discoveries in the treatment of this wide-spread affliction. In this department of medical treatment, and the cure of *Scrofulous Humors*, we candidly believe that he has no superior in this country, if in the world, and few persons even in Boston are aware of the immense amount of business transacted at the "*Indian Medical Institute*," at the head of which Dr. Greene is. After studying the various systems of medicine, and finding that they had not the basis of nature, Dr. Greene turned his attention to the study of nature's laws—spent several years in travel, and received much useful information from those children of nature, the red men, whose habits and system of medical practice he thoroughly investigated, and which has greatly assisted him in the development of a system, having nature for its foundation, and science for its superstructure.

About ten years ago, Dr. Greene located in Boston, when the success of his treatment was brought more fully before the public, and his sphere of usefulness enlarged. His allopathic friends viewed his success with a jealous eye, and his practice was animadverted upon in one or two of their medical journals in no very dignified terms. That he was successful in all ordinary diseases was admitted; but they were slow to believe that he was able to cure *Cancers* and *Scrofulous Humors*. To convince them and the public of his success, he published facts in regard to cures of such cases, giving the names and residence of such persons who were willing to have their names used, so that any one could be satisfied of their truthfulness. He also preserved specimens of cancers as they were removed, that they might be examined by the doctors, or by the public. Several hundreds of these cancers, some of enormous size, soon accumulated, having been put up in glass jars, where they have since remained on exhibition at his rooms, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, to which the public have free access.

These incontrovertible evidences of success brought out the press in his favor, and drew around him a large number of friends who were interested in the common cause of humanity. The business at the office so increased that it became necessary to relieve Dr. Greene from the details of his practice, in order to make his services available to a larger portion of those applying for treatment For this purpose, and by the advice and co-operation of influential citizens, an organization was formed under the name of the "Boston Indian Medical Institute." Not that the practice was crude, like that of the Indian, but based upon the Indian system, or natural principles, harmonizing with natural laws, and avoiding the use of poisonous drugs. Under this organization the Institution has become the most popular Medical Asylum in the country, where patients are daily received and successfully treated.

Very many common physical afflictions arise from a diseased condition of the blood. This is peculiarly within the line of Dr. Greene's practice, and hence the great number of cases treated by him with such unvarying success, under the aspects of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Female Complaints, Disease of the Stomach, Bowels, and Kidneys, Rheumatism, and various other diseases.

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For further information concerning this mode of practice, read a pamphlet descriptive of treatment and proof of cures, which may be obtained free by addressing R. Greene, M. D., 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co, 277 Washington Street, have published, in elegant 8vo form, with neat binding, Haydn's Sacred Oratorio, the Creation (composed in the years 1797 and 1798) in vocal score, with a separate accompaniment for the organ or piano forte, edited by V. Novello.

KNITTING WORK: A WEB OF MANY TEXTURES. By B. P. SHILLABER (Mrs. Partington.) Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase. 1 vol. 12mo. 1859.

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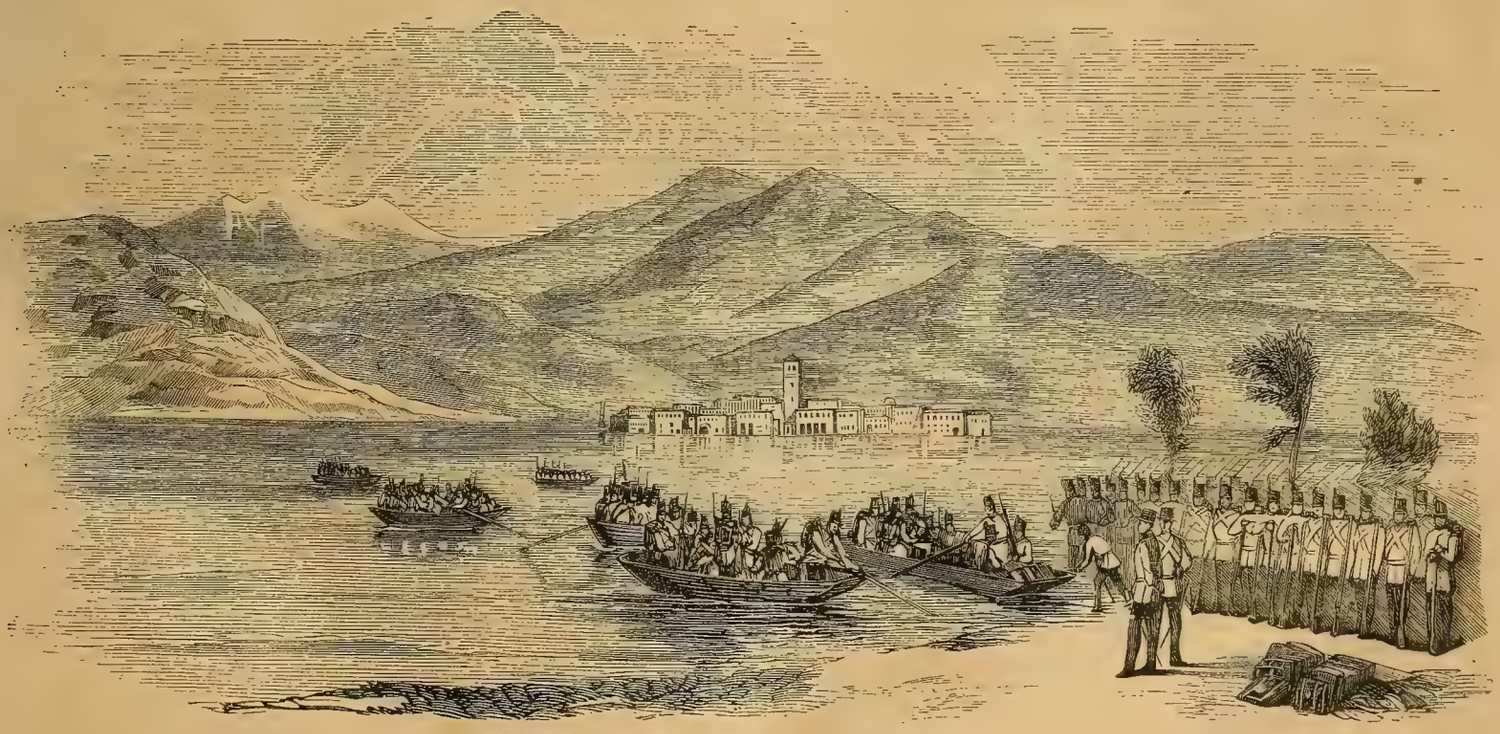
M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859. | 5 CENTS SINGLE. $2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVII., No. 6...WHOLE No. 424.

MARSHAL DE ST. JEAN D'ANGELY.

General Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angély, of whom we publish herewith an excellent likeness from a recent photograph from one of the best artists of Paris, is one of the most distinguished military celebrities of the present day. For his brilliant services culminating on the glorious field of Magenta, he received the baton of Marshal of France from the hands of Napoleon III. General d'Angély was born in Paris, July 29, 1794. Graduating from the military school of St. Germain with the rank of sub-lieutenant, in 1812, he served in the 8th hussars during the Russian campaign. Promoted to a lieutenantcy the following year, he passed into Saxony and took part in the principal actions of the campaign so gloriously inaugurated by the victory of Lutzen and crowned by the immortal battle of Bautzen, two great achievements, which would have checkmated the coalition, if there had been cavalry to complete the route of the enemy. But these heroic battles were destined to remain sterile; they could not save the doomed empire. After having carried the war into the enemy's country, France in 1814 beheld a foreign invasion, and was reduced to the defence of her own territory. Lieutenant Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angély was engaged in this campaign up to the capitulation of Paris Promoted to a captaincy in the course of the operations, his nomination was not confirmed by the restored royal government. But the ephemeral government of the Hundred Days indemnified him for the rigors of the first restoration, and, on his return from the Isle of Elba, the emperor attached M. Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angély to his person in the quality of orderly officer, and gave him the rank of major of cavalry on the battle-field of Waterloo, from which the empire never rose. The second restoration refused to ratify this appointment. Like all governments imbued with maxims of absolute authority, it could not understand that a soldier belongs to his country and not to the person of his sovereign, and so compelled M. Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angély to expiate the crime of having served France under the empire. He was placed among the lieutenants in 1815, and afterwards struck from the army list. He accordingly passed some years in retirement, but in 1825, when Greece armed for her independence, he followed Colonel Fabvier to that country, and was entrusted with the organization of a corps of European cavalry. In 1828 he served as a volunteer with the French forces in the Morean expedition. In 1830 the government of Louis Philippe undertook to repair the wrongs the old imperial officers had received at the hands of the restored Bourbons, by restoring them to rank and employment. M. Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angély was replaced in the rank of major. Restored to the service, he was employed in the campaign in Belgium of 1831 and 1833. On the 23d of October, 1832, he was made colonel of the first regiment of lancers (Nemours), and on the 18th of December, 1841, brigadier-general of cavalry. Raised to the rank of general of division July 10, 1848, he was invested with the command of the land forces in the Mediterranean expedition, and made the campaign of Italy, and accordingly had the distinguished honor of doing his part towards crushing the gallant Roman republic of which Garibaldi was the illustrious defender. Of course d'Angély only obeyed orders, and is in no wise responsible for the infamous part the French took in that affair. Also, it will be remembered, that it was republican France that crushed republican Rome, and not Louis Napoleon personally, as we have seen it falsely stated quite recently. It was through d'Angély's cavalry that Garibaldi cut his way to the mountains when Rome had capitulated. Now the gallant partizan leader and the French marshal are fighting in the same cause and on the same side. D'Angély was, after the Italian campaign, a deputy from La Charente to the Legislative Assembly, and aided the reactionary movement which destroyed the republic and inaugurated the empire. In 1851 he was appointed minister of war, and exercised its duties from the 9th to the 24th of January, after which brief term of service, and in the following year, he was made a senator, to which a large salary is attached, appointed inspector general of the army, and then president of the committee on cavalry at the ministry of war. In 1854 he was invested with the superior command of the corps forming the Imperial Guard, which is composed of picked men, and represents all arms of the French service. Indeed, it is an army in itself, and the command is only given to those in whose courage and fidelity the sovereign reposes the most implicit confidence. The bulletin of the battle of Magenta told how brilliantly the soldiers fought under the orders of this distinguished general. The emperor recognized D'Angély's valor and skill by a decree dated on the battle-field which elevated General Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angély to the grade of marshal of France, a testimonial which gave infinite satisfaction to the entire army.

MARSHAL REGNAUD DE SAINT JEAN D'ANGELY.



AUSTRIAN TROOPS EMBARKING AT LAGO MAGGIORE, ITALY.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROMAN SISTERS.

BY ANNE T. WOOD.

"THY days, O Danae, are like the rose-leaves which the breeze of morning strews on the current of the Tiber. They float on the surface of the wave, and are lost in the sea. But the rose-bud which bore them, mourns them not; she is young and vigorous, and adorns herself with new blossoms. Thou art careless of thy hours, as she is careless of her petals. Thou hast many of them to lose in the present and in the future; thy past has scarcely existed. What is thine age?"

"I can tell thee, Sabinus Vindex. I am one of those who smile at every new Aurora. It is seventeen years to-day since I was born the daughter of Corvinus Cimber, a Roman citizen, and, alas, of plebeian blood!"

"It is vain for thee to seek to persuade me that thou art ungrateful to the immortal gods, Danae. They have made thee as beautiful as the Sabine Hersilia, taken captive by the divine Romulus; they have given thee for a father the most honest of citizens. Thou art the most beloved of all the young girls of thy neighborhood; all the mothers envy the fate of thy mother, although she is dead; and I know more than one young patrician who seeks to meet thee when thou returnest from the Tiber, with an amphora on thy head, and chanting thy songs."

"I do not know what the patricians think of me, but I am certain that no one of them has touched my hand, or addressed to me a word of love."

"I believe it, Danae. If thou art beautiful, thou art proud, thou art reserved in thy looks and manners. Besides, thou knowest the patrician youth of to-day. Since Rome has had masters, the statue of Modesty has veiled her face, and the old Emperor Tiberius will certainly never avenge this outraged goddess. He is said to be ill, in his island of Capreæ, the drunken monster!"

"Ah, Sabinus Vindex, I have often entreated thee to control the tumults of thy passion. Thy republican blood is indomitable. Thou hast no regard for my peace. Shouldst thou be denounced to Cesar—"

"Thy anxiety is sweet to my soul, Danae; and to see thee thus interested for Vindex, Vindex would voluntarily seek danger every day. Women love gifts, it is said. They are ruinous oracles; if the altar is not laden with presents, the oracles remain grave and mute. As for me, Danae, I would give my life for one of thy smiles, one of thy friendly words."

"Sabinus, if I speak little of my love—"

"Well, Danae!"

"It is because my love speaks much inwardly. But here is my sister Cesonia, coming to meet us on the banks of the river. She is acquainted with our evening interviews, and is a tender and discreet confidant. What afflicts me is the profound sadness which often overspreads her brow; though there be smiles on her lips, that is always clouded. What trouble has Cesonia? Speak to her, Sabinus."

"Thy sister and myself, Cesonia, were saying as we saw thee approach, here comes the friend of our loves."

"And as I came towards you, I was saying to myself, there are the two turtle-doves whom I protect, met on the banks of the Tiber. Chance is a powerful god. When you see Danae, I would bet many sesterces that Sabinus Vindex is about to leave the earth, or has just descended from the clouds."

"Our Cesonia is unusually gay this evening. To what temple has she carried doves or kids to-day?"

"To that of Castor."

"But he is the god who presides over chariot-races. Is my sister about to give the Roman people games?"

"He is also the god who presides over fraternal friendship, Danae."

"Ah, what a gentle and elevated soul has Cesonia!"

"When Sabinus Vindex speaks thus, I always fear he flatters."

"My Cesonia, why imagine that Sabinus admires in thee only the sister of Danae? Why not appropriate to thyself some portion of his regard?"

"Why, Danae? Thou hast told the reason. Ask Diana why she pets her hounds. The huntress wishes to secure the game."

"Indeed, Cesonia, thy discourse afflicts me; and I swear to thee by the manes of my mother, and by the temple of Jupiter—"

"What an oath wert thou about to take, imprudent man! Knowest thou not that an oath is a chain—a chain easily broken, but of which an inconvenient fragment always remains? Nevertheless, let us hear what thou wert about to swear."

"Thou hast frightened me, beautiful Cesonia."

"Here is a courageous Roman citizen; the opinions of a young girl make him throw aside sword and buckler. What wast thou about to swear to me, Sabinus Vindex?"

"Thou hast then a great desire to know. And if I break my chain afterwards, Cesonia?"

"Well, the broken fragment will accompany thee always, and be thy punishment."

"And thou wilt be avenged, Roman?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And consoled, also?"

"No. What wert thou about to swear to me, Sabinus?"

"Must I tell her, my Danae?"

"My sister is one of those to whom the gods have forgotten to give a kingdom. The crown of King Tigranes belongs to her by right of heritage; when Cesonia desires, she commands; when she commands, no one resists. Her words and her glances control all hearts. I counsel thee, Sabinus, to acknowledge to my sister what thou hast no great desire to conceal from her."

"I will obey. This, then, is my oath: I swear to Cesonia that the friendship I bear towards her is entirely disinterested; that it is entirely Cesonian."

"Add besides: And that it shall survive in thy heart thy love for my sister, if this love should ever become extinct!"

"I swear it by Jupiter and the manes of my mother."

"That is heroic, O Sabinus! Thou art a true Roman of the republic. But the star of evening already begins to descend, and the shades are covering the Latin campagna. My friends, it is the hour when my tired father returns from the Sabine fields. He loves to find his two daughters on the threshold of his door. These are his festal moments, his pleasures, his triumphal games. O, let us return to our father; let us prepare the bath, the refreshing wines, the loaves cooked in the ashes, and the evening repast; what is a young girl who forgets her household duties? What is she but a parasite plant in the family garden? Come, my friends, let us ascend the banks of the Tiber, and fling on its current all the trials of the day, that it may bear them to the vast sea. Hear ye the clarions and the buccinæ? The Prætorian legions are returning to their camp. They surround Rome during her sleep; they guard her with solicitude. O, Cesar is the father of his country! If he does not watch over her himself, if he inhabits his island, be assured he does not forget his children, for he says to the javelins, stand up around them and even against them. Tiberius Cesar is a mild emperor, and I am sure Sabinus Vindex will not contradict me."

"In truth, Cesonia, thy words are as grave as the harmony of the wind in the forests. Thou art prudent, thou art beautiful, thou art a devoted friend. Let Rome honor thee; I will be the first to bow before thee."

"Sabinus, Sabinus, spare thine incense—it belongs to another idol. But let us return to the city."

They re-entered the path which wound along the banks of the river, returning to Rome with slow steps, the two young girls leaning on each other's shoulders, like a Corinthian group, and Vindex following them, enveloped in his white robe, and with his right hand hid in its folds. He walked silently, but with high head and vigilant eye. His concealed hand strongly grasped the hilt of a sword; and whenever a shadow glided behind the tall bushes on the bank, this hand quickly drew and then silently replaced the steel. Danae often turned her head and smiled on her lover, and several times Cesonia drooped her's and sighed. The waters of the Tiber were high, as it was the period of great rain. Meanwhile the night, this evening serene, had chased every cloud towards the sunset, so that mountains of gold and purple seemed to rise in the direction of Ostia. Not one fatal bird was hovering in the air; the goatherds were chanting in the distance, and all the stars smiled in the tombs and the little temples of the Roman campagna. A Latin bark, with a single bank of oars, was ascending the current. Several times Vindex cast upon it an uneasy glance, but it held its course in the middle of the stream. Arrived at the gardens of Julius Cesar, the young girls said to their friend Sabinus:

"We are now at the gates of Rome. Slacken thy pace, Vindex. Thou knowest that the matrons of the Transteverine quarter have their eyes open towards night. They are sharp-sighted birds of evening."

"Danae," replied Vindex, "a matron's tongue is less prompt and less murderous than the hand of a freedman. Tiberius Cesar has many foxes who prowl for him on this side of the city."

At this moment a Prætorian centurion appeared. As he was marching towards the river, the border of his mantle touched the arm of Cesonia. The latter started, and the centurion looked at her with a smile, then cast his eyes on Danae, and said, in the Doric tongue:

"Who sees the one, sees the other."

The infernal gods willed it that Vindex understood this dialect, which was spoken at Rhodes, where he had sojourned. He replied to the centurion:

"And who sees both, sees the pride of Rome."

"Young man," said the centurion, "art thou a Greek?"

"Art thou a Roman?" returned Vindex, who hated the Prætorians.

Then the centurion said to him in Latin:

"To guard one woman is much, but to guard two is heroic!"

Sabinus Vindex replied:

"Those whom I have once protected, are always covered by my shield.

"Art thou a snarling whelp?" said the Prætorian.

"Art thou a hungry wolf?" replied the young man.

Swords were drawn like lightning flashes, and the centurion had already felt the point of that of Vindex. The two young girls uttered a loud scream, and the echo from a funereal monument bore it to some soldiers scattered along the banks of the river. The latter hastened to the spot, and finding the centurion wounded, became enraged. Sabinus Vindex felt that Cesonia and Danae were in great peril; he raised his sword, invoking the Roman deities, then, shielding the two young girls with his arm and his breast, he marched backwards, facing the Prætorians, and rendering blow for blow, imprecation for imprecation. Meanwhile the path which bordered the river almost touched the water; there was danger for Danae and Cesonia in advancing further. Sabinus exclaimed:

"Let us stop here—and may the gods do the rest!"

He spoke, and received a blow from a pike on his left arm; it was then that he brandished his sword, and made it whirl like a wheel. It seemed a flaming circle around the young girls protected by this Homeric blade. They had fallen at the feet of Vindex; and with one hand he pressed theirs, and with the other covered his adversaries with blood. Cries succeeded wounds, and death stifled cries. Sabinus knew not how many blows he had received; his soul forgot the vulnerable body—his whole soul was at the point of his sword, and guided it to inflict mortal wounds. It was the lion bristling with arrows and rending the hunters. Suddenly he saw but one woman at his feet. He uttered a cry like the roar of the sea; he seized the young girl who remained, and with her sprang into the river, to recover the other whom the fatal, the treacherous bark was bearing away. But his strength failed, and he fell swooning, losing waves of blood.

"He is dead!" said the Prætorians.

"She is dead, also!" exclaimed they, after having touched the young girl.

Then they regained their camp, bearing their wounded, and silence resumed her seat on the solitary shore, with one hand extended over the plain, and the other placed before her mouth. The waters carried away fragments of clothing and blood; the flowers raised themselves on their stems, and the cool breeze continued to sigh among the waving mastics and cedars.

Night had reached the highest point in her course, and the star-beams were descending in long threads of silver on the bluish earth and the limpid waters; the shepherds were no longer singing on the neighboring hills, and not a bell moved in the folds of the sleeping flock. The Tiber alone murmured its eternal plaint. Near its wave a girl was sitting beside a body extended there, fixing her eyes on the closed ones of him whom she was guarding She had placed the pale face of the young man upon her knees, and often touched his forehead, his mouth and his heart. This woman was seized with a mortal shudder. To see her thus bending over the face she loved, one might have taken her for Hope with her last smile, for her life hung on the sigh which she was awaiting.

That sigh came; that breath so ardently watched for on the lips of the pale young man. Then this woman stretched out her arms to the stars of heaven, and her look expressed an indescribable mingling of sadness and joy. But, rising cautiously and laying the head of the wounded man on the grass, she approached the Tiber, dipped her hands in its waters and sprinkled it on the blood-stained eyes and features. She also washed the wounds of the arm and breast, and wrapped them in her torn veil; at last, again taking the handsome head of the young Roman upon her lap, she called him by his name; and he replied, with closed eyes:

"Have I descended among the pale shades? Have I quitted life?"

And the memory of the conflict having not yet returned to him, he uttered a few incoherent words. Meanwhile his ideas, like vapors scattered here and there, re-united, one by one, and he slowly emerged from a sorrowful dream. Suddenly a gleam of the past was restored to him, for he attempted to rise, and exclaimed:

"Danae!"

No one responded to this cry; but the lips which kissed his forehead and the hand which pressed his hand, were the lips and hand of Cesonia.

"Rome, my mother and my goddess, I will avenge thee of an obscene old man and an inflexible master! Rome, the laurel of liberty shall again flourish on thy capitol! Rome, I will chase away the Tarquin, the old Tarquin of Lucretia!"

"If my brother," returned the gentle Cesonia, "will listen to the language of prudence, I will counsel him to quiet the tumultuous passions of the fever which devours him. It is now a month since we have been hoping his restoration to health. We have passed many nights beside his bed; we have sacrificed many black lambs and many Campanian cocks on the altar of Esculapius; we have composed many philters with the salutary plants brought us by a Thessalian woman. Shall so many cares, so many anxieties, so many secret and public vows, end only in the funeral of our beloved brother? Will the gods be pitiless? More pitiless would be Sabinus Vindex, that noble heart which we cherish. My father, O Sabinus, has descended to his tomb, overwhelmed by the violence of his grief. My father was old, and the sorrow which the gray-haired feel, quickly overcame an old man. Alas, I am alone in Rome and in the universe! If Sabinus leaves me, to whom shall I relate my anxiety by day and my dreams by night? Ah, Cesonia, Cesonia! henceforth thy refuge, thy hope, thy love, is a funereal one! Well, Sabinus, shall we go and carry our votive offerings to Jupiter the Deliverer?"

"We will go, my Cesonia; and from there we will enter the temple of Jupiter the Avenger. Danae at Capreæ! Danae, my Danae, in the power of that imperial libertine! For they have borne thee to the infamous isle, O Roman maiden!—an oarsman of the galley confessed to a tribune of the people. The imperial vultures have carried thee off, and the immortal gods suffered it! But tell me, daughter of Cimber, where were the tutelary deities of Latium? Indeed, I distrust the gods, and begin to believe that virtue and courage are the only two adorable and powerful divinities."

"Take care, Sabinus! If the college of the pontiffs, if the priests of Cybele, or even the augurs, should learn that such discourse had come out of thy mouth, it would be better that thou hadst fallen in the midst of the leopards of the Circus Maximus. Are the pains of thy wounded breast less violent, my brother? Shall we carry our doves to the altar of Pity?"

"We will go, my Cesonia; but we will also sacrifice in the temple of Modesty, to please the goddess irritated by the old man. O, sister of Danae! thy virginal voice and thy chaste look recall her who visited her sanctuary, and who has been dragged to Capræan saturnalia!"

"Be sure that my soul will accompany thee, young man; in the temple, as well as at the threshold of the palace of Cesar, thou shalt find me. My Roman hand will know how to wield the sword, as it knows how to offer victims. But

the time has not come; and hasty vengeance is a snare in which conspirators are always taken. Await thy recovery—thy friends and I entreat thee."

"And the old man may die of disease, or by another hand than mine. Ah, my gods owe me his abominable head! I would dispute it with Cerberus, O Danae!"

And seating himself on his bed, the young man buried his head in his hands and shed plentiful tears. Beautiful as Pallas and young as Hebe, the Roman Cesonia then approached, and holding an Etrurian cup, offered it to the sick man, saying:

"Manes of the mother of Sabinus Vindex, I adjure you to place yourself between him and sorrow! Apollo, god of salutary plants, persuade him to drink the beverage! And thou, goddess, who hast as yet no altar in the ungrateful universe—Hope, divinity of wounded hearts, of the sick and of captives—O, descend from heaven and place thyself at the foot of our friend's bed, and smile on his pale and convulsive countenance! Lastly, Sabinus, if I dare to name myself after the gods, I adjure thee to do also for me what thou canst not refuse to the immortals—take this cup and drink this beverage with the forgetfulness of thy pains! I would invoke still another power did I not fear to rend thy heart. Danae would know thee docile to my counsels; she would supplicate thee with me."

"Give, ah, give it me!" exclaimed the invalid. "Were it a cup of gall, I would empty it for Danae—and for thee, also, our Cesonia."

"For me?" replied Cesonia, shaking her head. "But, Sabinus, thou hast said it, and I have always revered thy word."

"Yes, for thee!" replied Vindex; "for thou art the most amiable and benevolent of all the daughters of Rome; thou art beautiful and worthy; thou art the living image of our Danae. But tell me, my sister, dost thou not see coming, in the direction of the Appian Way, some young men mounted on horses? Under pretext of trying them for the races, they will direct themselves towards this dwelling, outside the walls; and confiding their coursers to Thessalian slaves, will secretly come here. We have serious affairs to talk of; we shall be serious, Roman maiden! Thou mayest remain to this council. Thou hast a soul dipped in the sources of the old Latins, and a mind enlightened by Wisdom, which is Minerva. Dost thou not see my friends?"

"Thy voice has doubtless summoned them," replied Cesonia, "for they are dismounting from their coursers near the sacred wood and the neighboring temple. They salute the threshold of the door of the god, and direct their steps towards them. May our Lares be propitious to them!"

"Go, my Cesonia, go and introduce them. They are Romans indeed!"

Now the first who entered the dwelling inhabited by Sabinus Vindex, was Quirinus, an ex-consul, whose wealth Tiberius coveted. He was followed by Cneius Lentulus, an augur, guilty of having interpreted falsely a dream of the emperor; afterwards came Pompeius and Pollion; the first a patrician of a race almost divine; the second a plebeian, but beloved and honored by all the Roman people for his virtue, and for his address in the stadium. Then came a Rhodian. He had formerly been at Rhodes, the host of Tiberius, who had outraged his wife and his domestic gods. Finally, two sworn enemies of tyranny followed the Rhodian—these were, Mersala, and especially Cassius, whose name and features recalled those of his grandfather, who died with liberty at the field of Philippi.

Vindex, on seeing them around his bed, felt an unhoped-for joy seize his heart; he rose like a shadow before enchanters, and a sudden flush animated his thin and pale cheeks. He extended to each a feverish hand, and his humid eyes roved to and fro, seeking the glances of his friends. As speech failed his trembling lips, the beautiful Cesonia was the first to break silence.

"Romans," said she, "he whom you see on his couch is a convalescent, still suffering from serious wounds; we will therefore excuse him from long discourses. Sabinus is our dearest friend."

"Cesonia," replied Cneius Lentulus the augur, "I knew thy father, that worthy citizen, and have often seen thee when a child playing with flowers on the steps of the temple of Mercury; thou wert beautiful and wise among all the little Roman girls, thy friends, and hast not belied the promise of thy childhood. Be sure, O my daughter, that we will watch over the health of Vindex."

"May the gods do so, also!" said Cesonia.

And all looked at her with a smile of admiration and friendship. Several then seated themselves on the cubiculum of the invalid, and the others remained standing, folding their arms like statues in the senate-house.

"My friends," said Pompeius, "one thought animates us; we have but one object—we are not deliberating; it remains only for us to fix the day, the hour, the place and the means. Shall we use steel, the cord, or poison?"

"Steel!" said almost all voices.

"Poison!" said the augur.

"There spoke the wily and timid priest," returned Pollion, the youth who had not yet spoken. "And if the imperial drunkard should take a fancy to give his cup to be emptied by a senator or a slave, what will become of the poison? Friends, believe me, steel always keeps its promises. As for my poignard, I swear to you it is skilful and well tempered. The republic shall place it in the temple of Victory."

"Yes," said the sick man; "and thou, daughter of Corvinus Cimber, bring us the blades concealed in the sacrarium of my dwelling. I placed them under the guardianship of my father's gods!"

A moment afterwards the Roman Cesonia entered the chamber of the conspirators, bearing in her beautiful hands a bundle of short and two-edged swords, and poignards with carved handles.

"There," said Cassius, "are the best arguments of the Roman Forum against tyranny."

And as his grandfather would have done, the young man seized the bundle of weapons and placed it on the bed of Vindex. The latter started at the clashing of steel; the lion re-awoke. Among the swords he chose the largest, the hilt of which was crowned with oak-leaves. This steel had been bequeathed by his father, who held it from his father, a veteran of the republic. Sabinus Vindex looked at this sword with ardent eyes and in silence. A circle was formed around his bed, and each awaited his words. The invalid bent his head, and they saw two large drops on the blade of the sacred weapon—they then heard these words:

"I salute thee, thou who shalt avenge Rome and my soul, those two sisters devoured by grief! I salute thee, thou who canst at a single blow free the world and break the infamous bonds which detain Danae! What is thy power! Thou art almost divine, O my sword! Go! and as thou wert faithful in the hands of my ancestors, be in mine the lightning and thunder! Friends, choose among the others—all these blades are Latin."

Then the arms of the young men were extended at once towards the bed of Vindex, and afterwards lifted at the same time holding a weapon. One poignard remained; Sabinus looked at Cesonia, and the latter, stretching out her hand towards the avenging arm, raised it as it it were a bouquet of flowers.

"Danae, my sister," exclaimed she, "I hold the key to thy prison!"

Vindex cast upon her one of those glances of gratitude and tenderness, such as the divine painters have never imitated. The infernal gods were invoked—the just Eumenides, Minos who weighs life, the inexorable Styx, and even Mercury, the conductor of shades. A branch of cypress was dipped in the lustral water; their cups were filled with precious wine, and they proceeded to the libations. The deities were adjured in their turn, and when that came of the Fortuna of Rome, Pollion uttered these words:

"Goddess, sleep no more at the capitol; we have groaned long enough. Look at our grief-worn brows and our eyes red with the tears of shame and of anger, and yet Carthage is our colony, and Parthia and Dacia are far away. Goddess, who makest us victorious, of what use will be to us the conquered universe, if we march beneath the rod of a tyrant? Take back our conquests, O Fortuna, the Orient and its kings, our turbaned tributaries; take back the West where the world ends, warlike Gauls, frozen Germany; take back all the labors of the consuls and their legions, and leave us only the Latium of our fathers, provided the rostra remain free and the Roman senate virtuous. Goddess, I consecrate to thee this steel taken from the double altar of friendship and liberty!"

"*Et nos similiter, Fortuna,*" repeated all the rest.

Sabinus Vindex received from each the fraternal kiss, and assured them all that the day of secret departure for Capreæ would be fixed as soon as he should have strength enough to wield a sword. At the moment of embracing the augur Cneius Lentulus, he thought he perceived some hesitation on his countenance, and said to him: "Has our friend any confidence to make us?"

"None," returned Lentulus.

"Then," resumed Vindex, "it is perhaps the augur who wishes to speak!"

"What can I say to thee?" replied the latter; "all signs are favorable, and even now the thunder rolls at the right of thy dwelling."

Vindex listened a moment to the voice of the thunder in the distance, and began to smile.

"Ah!" said he, "this alone was wanting to the conspiracy of Muraena under Cesar Augustus!"

The augur smiled in his turn, and Cesonia, who was looking at him, thought she saw treachery in the corner of his mouth.

She whom you behold on the sea, and who looks eastward on the shores of Campania and westward upon the green and illimitable wave; she who seems to be encircled with a girdle of sharp and angular rocks, and who gleams in the dawn like a ship at anchor, is the ancient Capreæ. She had twelve imperial villas, bearing the names of twelve divinities. These were the villa of Ceres, with its white columns light as palm-trees; the villa of Juno, where the marvellous fishes of the Ganges swam in seas of porphyry; especially the villa of Jupiter, which stood on the western platform of the island, crowned with a gilt frieze and surrounded with a forest of odoriferous cedars. On her right was the tower of the Pharos, whose eternal light was reflected on the boundless waves like a sun of night; at her feet were baths where the sea entered, blue and transparent to such a degree, that the mosaic pavement did not, beneath its waves, lose a single one of its paintings. The villa of Jupiter was the delight of the world. Cesar Augustus had loved Capreæ, which he called the city of idleness; he had acquired it from the Neapolitans, and given them in exchange the island of Enaria. It is known that he visited it during his last sickness, wishing to bid adieu to a friend who had always been to him pleasant and faithful. Augustus consoled himself at Capreæ with his children and the empire; at sight of its peaceful waves, amid the shadowy paths of its forests, in the sighs of its serene breezes, he breathed more at ease, and remembering his friend Virgil, sang his verses, and often saw his pale shade glide among the leaves. Augustus, at Capreæ, was a sage and a poet. So, at the news of his death arriving from Campania, the echoes of Capreæ shed long tears.

Towards sunset, in the month of Maia, one who had succeeded in introducing himself into the gardens of the villa of Jupiter, might have seen a man of ripe age and clad in a scarlet laticlave, walking alone and with eyes cast upon the ground. He was quickly joined by another younger man, wearing the Greek mantle. The latter was Charicles, the emperor's physician; the other, the diviner, Thrasyllus. The Greek spoke to him low and smilingly, according to his custom; Thrasyllus replied only by a sign of the head, and followed him, with an air rather preoccupied than dreamy. They arrived at the grand vestibulum from which opened the lower halls, which were called sellavia. The last rays of the sun were ascending from the sea to the horizon in immense sheaves of gold, so that the lower halls which looked toward the west were all illuminated. The sea, smooth and clear, reflected the forms of the statues and the paintings of the interior walls. From time to time a light breath of the vespertinus cast a long ripple over the wave, and then all the reflections trembled in the sea, and the friezes and columns of the palace there seemed in motion. As he passed beneath a portico, Thrasyllus cast a rapid glance over the sea and said, "The god Phœbus descends to his couch very pleasantly to-night."

"Knowest thou his lover, Thetis?" returned a voice.

The diviner started; he hastily turned and saw the familiar dwarf of Cesar.

"If thou knowest her not, thou who divinest all things, thou shouldst at least know that she has arrived at our Olympus."

The diviner contented himself with smiling at the dwarf as graciously as his mouth, contracted by reflection, would permit, and the monstrous dwarf followed him, flinging large oranges up to the ceilings of the galleries and catching them in his hands. Arrived at a bathing saloon illuminated by the last gleams of day and by immense torches, the friends of the emperor paused on the threshold. Young girls, in short tunics, were throwing essences and leaves of mint and lotus into the large square basin, which was reached by steps of green marble. In the midst of this basin of living water, and lying on a curule of jasper, with his head alone out of water, an old man was smiling as he listened to the music of sistra, cithara and Lydian flutes. As soon as Thrasyllus and Charicles appeared, the white head of the old man made a movement on the waters of the basin, and one of his hands was reached out to beckon for the instruments to be silent. Then old Cesar said, in an emphatic tone, "Thrasyllus, I have summoned thee to tell thee that I shall certainly have the books of the oracle of Præneste brought to Capreæ. We will consult them together."

"Divine emperor," replied Thrasyllus, "what canst thou learn which thou dost not know already?"

"I shall not be sorry to assure myself that they can teach me nothing. This oracle of Præneste has never deceived me, neither hast thou, Thrasyllus. But go; the night advances, and my stars will be fine for consultation this evening. As for thee, Charicles, I certify to thee, that my strength is returning; I have gained thirty years. But why is this stupid dwarf here? he frightens my nymphs. Go, both of you, physician and buffoon!"

And the old man emerged from the porphyrian sea in which he was bathing. Naiads placed over his shoulders fine linen. Tripods were brought and golden cassolettes in which burned the usual perfumes, and, when the body of Cesar was dry, he was clothed in his tunic, then in his laticlave, and his waist encircled with a girdle of purple and gold. The Naiads confided the divine old man to their sisters, the Dryads, young like themselves, but crowned with oak and myrtle. Afterwards came the joyous Bacchantes, girded with clamydes of leopard-skin and the Hours holding them by the hand. Surrounded and supported by these beautiful youth, Cesar at last arrived at the hall of feasts where the triclivium awaited him, and meats, fruits, wines and flowers, the luxuries of the supper. He half-reclined on the purple, beckoned the fans of peacock's feathers to give him air, and then this deity deigned to eat.

Towards the end of supper, in that moment of idleness in which we speak of business or pleasure, the Roman emperor said to one of his nymphs: "Leucotoe, my Lesbian, introduce to my presence that young girl who arrived here this morning in a bark from the port of Ostia. Thou wilt also tell a lictor to stand near me; then thy sisters and thyself will withdraw. Go!"

The Lesbian quickly returned, followed by a young girl. The latter was placed opposite the triclivium, and remained standing as immovable as the statue of Silence. The lictor and his fasces were already at the side of Cesar. All the nymphs went out one by one, gliding like shadows over the marble pavement. As they passed the new comer, they cast upon her lascivious glances and smiled with that dubious smile which partakes of irony and of levity. The unknown carried her head high, but her eyes cast down; a modest blush colored her cheeks, embrowned by the warm sun of Italy; her brow and lips were pale; her hands were hid in the folds of her tunic, and a pallium half-concealed her robust and rounded shoulders; her hair was black, fastened behind by little fillets of red wool braided among them.

Cesar looked at her a long time, slowly sipping the Cretan wine. The lictor stood immovable; the doors of the hall were closed.

"My daughter," at last said the amiable emperor Tiberius, "thy name is Cesonia, is it not? Thy country is Rome; thy father was a plebeian, the son of a centurion of one of the legions conquered at Philippi; thou abhorrest me; thy friends are my enemies; in fine, thou seest that I know thy history. The emperor is like the gods; he sees everything. Even the oracles assert that the Cesar who speaks to thee is a god. Let us see, my beautiful Roman, why have we so wicked a heart and so rebellious a spirit, with a brow so noble and blue eyes so tender beneath their black eyelashes? Rare and marvellous beauty! what have I done to thee, my Cesonia, that thou shouldst wish to assassinate me. If it is through republican virtue, I will tell thee that

Rome does not complain of me; she never sees me. It is now nine months since I have lived retired, like a sage, in my villa of Jupiter. I hoped the conspiracy of Sejanus would be the last. Thy friends are very insensate. How, you embark at Ostia, you cause yourself to be thrown on the rocks at Capreæ, you traverse my island secretly, you interrogate, you arrive even at my gardens, and there undertake to seek the emperor to murder him—him, the Cesar whom you do not know, who avenges you of the pride of the patricians, gives you games even in his absence, and sends you wheat from his Sicilian granaries in unfruitful years! This is wrong, my Cesonia. But I am as serious with thee as with the consuls. Pardon me; the empire makes me grave—for it is not with me the effect of age; my hair was whitened by some accident. I fling the javelin and the discus; I can bend a Scythian bow, and often weary in a walk my Greek Charicles, that physician so useless to the Latin emperor. I do not know why they represent me at Rome as being sick; there are idlers who have busy tongues. Thou wilt tell them, I hope, that the old man is well. But thou dost start! Why, I have not for a moment thought of punishing thee by the axe or by poison, nor even of detaining thee [illegible] ous which thou detestest, O modest [illegible] anks of the Tiber! Go, return to [illegible] " said a sweet and calm voice.

"No? What means that *no*, presumptuous girl? Thou wouldst then remain at Cypreæ, my daughter?"

"Yes, Cesar."

"May the immortal gods preserve me from opposing thy desires! I should have suspected them; I am surrounded by the delights of the land, and my sweet Cesonia has allowed her heart and her senses to be captivated by the paintings of my halls and the melodies of my musicians. Thou wilt not be the least beautiful of the nymphs that serve and adore me; thy face at once serious and tender, thy modest and slightly-proud mien, will contrast wonderfully with the lascivious arts and attitudes of thy companions. I drink to our loves, my Cesonia!"

"Cesar, if I remain, it is on a single condition."

"This is new language. Kings themselves have never put a condition in their treaties with me. But let us see, Queen Cesonia!"

"I will take the place here of one of thy women; she shall be free to return to Rome with one of the conspirators in thy power."

"A woman and a conspirator? Here are two conditions already. I will gladly give up the woman to you; there are many of whom I am weary, and thou, thou art the beautiful new star! But the conspirator—that is a bird more rare, and must be kept in a cage, were it only through curiosity. I mean to have a menagerie of conspirators—that will amuse me. Thou castest down thy head—thou sheddest a tear, Cesonia! Ah, tears at Capreæ! tears in my festal hall! Never, never! thou shalt have the conspirator!"

"Cesar, I thank thee."

"It is thy first kind word; it will be followed by many others. Now name the captives who are to be ransomed at the price of thy person."

"Why, I will designate them to thy freedman."

"No. That is my absolute condition also."

"Well, one is Sabinus Vindex."

"How well thou knowest how to choose! But I grant him to thee."

"The other is Danae."

Here Tiberius looked in the bottom of his cup, as if to read there the solution of the enigma which he sought; then he slowly, and at long draughts, emptied the magnificent chalice. Meanwhile he repeated in a low tone:

"Danae! Why Danae, and not Pannichis, Lesbia, Leucothoe, Camilla, or some one of the others? My daughter," said he aloud, "this Danae is very beautiful; she is new at Capreæ. It is only three months since the pirates brought her hither. She is from Rome; thou knowest her, tell me her history. The pirate is a rapid and mute bird of prey; he bears off the dove, he places her on my shore, and flies away. I scarcely have time to ask from what sea he comes. Why hast thou chosen Danae? Has she then loved Vindex? But this Vindex is not thy brother?"

"Danae is my sister," replied the young Roman.

"Immortal gods!" exclaimed Cesar. "I had not divined it, neither had Thrasyllus. Thy sister! In fact, those are indeed her eyes which trouble my senses, it is indeed her voice that makes the heart bound; only she is not so dark as thou, Cesonia. It is because thou hast come from the Circus Maximus and the Campus Martius, is it not? O, the shades of Capreæ are enchanters! They whiten the skin, and give it a hue like the mists of morning; thou shalt experience it thyself, my Amazon. It is a settled thing, Danae will leave me. Yes; but if she will not?"

"It is possible," replied Cesonia, "that the generous soul of my sister—"

"Thou dost not comprehend me, Roman girl. If thy sister should be acclimated to the villa of Jupiter?"

At these words Cesonia smiled with pity and incredulity. Cesar repeated what he had said. Indignation appeared on the countenance of the young Latin. The vanity of the emperor was wounded; he changed the conversation.

"We will also summon Vindex. I wish to pay my adieux to him."

Then his formidable voice called a nymph, and a few moments afterwards Vindex was introduced by two lictors, who did not quit his side. This young man was still pale from his wounds; his superb brow bore a long scar. He looked at Cesar fixedly, more astonished than indignant; but when he cast his glance around him and saw Cesonia, he nodded and smiled.

"*Cesonia soror!*" said he.

"That is precisely what I did not know," returned Tiberius. "Cneius Lentulus, the augur, was very discreet. Nevertheless, I paid him lavishly."

"Ah!" said Sabinus Vindex, in a suppressed tone, "it was then our friend the augur?"

"You will be offended with him!" resumed Cesar. "Young man, what is the duty of an augur or a horaspice, if not to predict the future and fathom the depths of mysteries? He has sounded your hearts; would you rather that he had examined your entrails? And certainly, never did diviner or pythoness speak more truly than Lentulus. We were on bad terms; we are reconciled. Vindex, thou wilt tell the Romans that I am not ungrateful. But let us cease this grave discourse before her who is advancing, bright as the goddess Aurora."

He said, and at a gesture from his hand appeared the white robes of his nymphs. In the midst of them a beautiful girl walked alone, like an Oriental queen. She wore a tunic transparent as the light cloud around the moon; her hair was raised like a black helmet and sparkled with pearls; she bore in her hand the sacred bandelettes. Cesar said to her:

"This is thy sister, Danae. Thou hast never spoken to me of her. She has conspired against me, in order to find means to come and see thee. She is a tender sister. And the other, Danae, is he whom thou lovedst on the banks of the Tiber. They call him Vindex, Sabinus Vindex. Beautiful women sometimes lose their memory. This Cesonia asks to take thy place at Capreæ, that thou mayest accompany this Sabinus to Rome; for I have pardoned, I have pardoned! I am naturally kind-hearted, notwithstanding all my mother Lina, that worthy spouse of Augustus, said against me long ago. It is therefore permitted to thee, my Danae, to embrace thy sister and depart with Sabinus."

Then the most beautiful among the nymphs sprang into the arms of Cesonia, their hearts beat against each other, and their lips met again.

"My sister!" exclaimed Cesonia. "Ah, Cesar, thou art magnanimous!"

At the same time she threw on the mosaic pavement a poignard which had been concealed in her tunic. Tiberius saw the steel and turned pale; the silvery ring of the blade on the marble resounded in his ears like the hiss of a viper. He asked for the poignard, and when he had it in his hands, stuck the point in an orange, and said to his nymphs:

"The republic is safe! And thou, Sabinus Vindex," added he, "hast thou not also a concealed blade to give me? Make me thy votive offering. Thou wilt tell me that thou hast been disarmed; and I reply that a good conspirator is never so. There are infinite folds in the robe and the soul of a true descendant of Brutus. Give me thy poignard, and then let Danae dispose of thee."

"Go!" said Cesonia to her sister, "thou art free; you are both free."

"Free!" replied Danae. "O, yes, my sister, we will never part again!"

"Nevertheless, it must be so. There is thy lover, Danae—depart for Rome."

At this moment Sabinus Vindex loosed the folds of his mantle, and drew from it a slender and sharp weapon. He was about to cast that also at the feet of Cesar, when he heard this thunder-stroke:

"Leave delightful Capreæ? O, no, my sister, never!"

Cesonia repulsed the courtesan with the force of an athlete, and her eyes flashed fire. Fallen on the pavement, the latter slowly rose, supported by her companions. She trembled in every limb—fever seized her. It was then that Sabinus Vindex said to his gods:

"I must kill her!"

But his glance encountered the majestic brow of Cesonia, and he reluctantly dropped the weapon. The beautiful and fainting form of her who was once called Danae was borne away, wrapped in veils of purple.

Left alone with the lictors and the conspirators, the Roman emperor laughed with an expression of scorn which moved the soul of Vindex. The young man felt his heart swell, leap, and almost burst in his bosom. His eye sought the little poignard which had dropped on the pavement; it was no longer there. Then Tiberius raised a cup filled with wine, and encircling it with roses, sent it to Vindex.

"Here," said he, "this is better. Lictors," added the emperor, "guard these two mad persons in an elevated gallery of the palace. They have amused me much this evening." And he left the festal hall.

On the morrow of this day a storm passed over the island of Capreæ. Long white flashes of lightning crossed each other like swords, and two vultures which were traversing the cloud, were struck by the thunder-bolt; the voice of Etna was heard afar off, and the soil of Capreæ trembled with terror; the lighthouse was seen for a moment to topple like a giant overcome with wine.

The Latin emperor and Thrasyllus shut themselves up in the sacrarium of the villa of Jupiter, to consult the books of Præneste. They had just been brought to Capreæ in their golden arca. The diviner looked at the seal of the sacred box, and saw that the sigillum was untouched; then he broke it in the presence of Cesar. The latter, according to his custom on stormy days, had crowned his head with a green laurel, so that he did not fear the thunder. He was like an ancient poet; the grave, handsome old man! As he wished to be the first to touch the books of the oracle, he thrust his nervous hand into the arca opened by Thrasyllus. O, terror! the sacred books were not there! And yet the priests of Præneste had announced them by a message to the divine emperor.

The pale Cesar looked at Thrasyllus; he, immovable and with half-open mouth, comprehended that the hour of death was approaching for the master, was afraid. Tiberius walked backwards, and with his glance fastened on the wide-open eyes of the diviner, left the sacrarium; he called his freedman, and the latter, placing his shoulder beneath the hand of the great old man, slowly conducted him to the secret chambers. Thither no one accompanied him; a shade excepted terror.

Now, at the end of this day the rain had ceased, the wind had retired to the sea, and the thunder was expiring in the distant horizon. If Capreæ was still covered with mist, the vast black curtain was cleft at sunset, and the solar orb plunged into the waters red and glowing. Night being come, the fire of the lighthouse shone more brilliantly than usual. Around the lofty flame clouds were piled up; it seemed an aerial amphitheatre, in which strange phantoms were sitting; the silent universe awaited.

At the foot of the tower was a plateau of polished and sloping rock. This rock commanded the sea at an immense height, like a wall of iron hewn in peaks. Its edge was so slippery that a bird would have feared to alight there; one felt as if seized by the aspirations of the abyss. Upon this elevated plateau appeared two young people. One said to the other, in a low voice:

"It is from thence that the condemned are thrown."

"And we are such!" replied another voice, more feeble.

"Yes," replied the first; "but the rude, the ferocious hand of the lictor will not touch us. Our gods have opened the prison-doors."

"Come, Sabinus," resumed the melodious voice, "let us die. There is but one outlet to Capreæ, and that the Prætorians cannot guard."

"Let me die," replied Vindex; "that is just and decreed; but thou, Cesonia, thou art so young!"

"Yes," said the Roman girl, "young, but mortally wounded! Come! And thou sea, be kinder to us than the land!"

The young man took both her hands, and for the last time entreated her to delay the moment of her death. The young girl replied:

"My father had two treasures. One has been sullied; the other shall repose unspotted in the bosom of the waves. But look!" said she to Vindex.

The white head of an old man appeared in a lofty gallery in the palace of Jupiter; it was crowned with laurels; it looked attentively at what was passing on the edge of the abyss, and from time to time made a movement as if to hasten the fall of the condemned. To see it thus pale on the black curtain of night, one would have sworn it was the shade of Tiberius. Meanwhile Vindex approached the brink, then, with a threatening gesture at the old man, he exclaimed:

"*Morituri te salutant!*"

Repulsing Cesonia, he sprang from the cliff; but the latter has seized him by the arm, and fell with him. At this moment, between the sky and the waves, a cry resounded, and these words were heard:

"Sabinus, I love thee! I loved thee in secret!"

And the voice was extinguished in the sea. The waters parted and threw up their foam; they then closed, and large circles undulated slowly. The white head for a long time watched their ripple in the distance, and when the surface of the abyss had resumed its limpidity, the phantom smiled and disappeared.

The next day, at dawn, the waves gently bore to the shores of Campania two young corpses pale in death, with their arms interlaced. The magnificent black hair of one of them floated over her ivory shoulders and enveloped her like a mantle. They reached the golden shore amid wreaths of foam and aquatic plants, which the matinal breeze had borne over the waves. It seemed as if the Mediterranean had wished to restore to Italy these two children, the pride of Latium! She therefore bore them to its shore, and quickly buried them beneath the sand and marine flowers which she cast over their sacred remains.

THE HOUSE FLY.

The formation of the wings of a fly is curious, enabling it to attain a velocity of from 30 to 35 feet in a second. In this space of time a race-horse would clear only 90 feet, which is at the rate of more than a mile per minute. Now, our little fly in her swiftest flight will in the same space of time go more than a third of a mile. If, therefore, we compare the infinite difference of the size of the two animals, how wonderful will the velocity of this minute creature appear! The foot of a fly is equally curious. It is sub divided into five joints, the final one being furnished with that remarkable apparatus which enables the insect to walk upon what appears to us perfectly smooth or polished surfaces, and also to progress in a position opposite to the laws of gravity. The oyster belongs to that division of mollusca called bivalve shells joined together by a ligament, which forms a hinge. The branchiæ of the oyster are external, being situate between the folds of what is called a mantle, and freely admit the access of the water when the shell is open. This mantle is an organ of great importance to the animal, as it is by its means that the shell is enlarged. It lines the edge of the internal surface of both shells, and is furnished with glands, which deposit carbonate of lime with a glutinous secretion when the shell requires increasing on the edge, and also on the internal surface. On dissecting away on the upper lobe of the mantle, the liver, stomach intestine, and heart become apparent. It will be found that by means of the heart the blood is forced into the filaments of the bronchia, in order to be impregnated with oxygen.—*London Times.*

THE CONGRESS OF VERONA.

Whilst looking at the cluster of crowned heads it was impossible not to remark that the absolute lords of so many millions of men had not only nothing to distinguish them from the common race of mankind, but were, in appearance, inferior to what might have been expected from the same number of gentlemen taken at hazard from any society in Europe. Nor was there to be seen a trait expressive of any great or attractive quality in all those who were to be the sources of so much happiness or misery to so large a portion of the civilized world. Yet some of these were notoriously good men in their private capacity, and scarcely one of them had been distinguished for vices eminently pernicious to society, or any other than the venial failings of humanity: or, as a writer of no democratic tendency says of them, "all excellent persons in private life, all scourges of the countries submitted to their sway."—*Lord Broughton's Italy.*

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA.

Letters have been received from Mr. Charles J. Anderson, the African traveller, from Lake Omanboude. He had spent his leisure in hunting elephants, giraffes, elands, gnoos, and other wild beasts. He had the good fortune to kill a number of noble male elephants. Of these mammoth creatures in their wild state, and their prodigious strength, he gives the following very interesting account:

"The more I see of these stupendous animals, the more I am surprised. I should very much like to know the *real* strength of a full-grown male; it must be something almost incredible. Nothing gives a person a better idea of their stupendous powers than a day's walk through one of their favorite haunts. There may be seen whole tracts of forest laid prostrate, and such trees, sometimes! The trees, which are for the most part of a brittle nature, are usually broken short off by the beasts; but when they meet with a tree that seems too tough to snap at once, up it goes, root and all. If they can do this in mere play, or for the sake of feeding on the branches, etc., of the prostrate trees, what will they not effect in a paroxysm of rage? The other day, after very many hours fatiguing 'tracking,' I was closing with a very large troop of elephants, consisting chiefly of females, when to my left I suddenly espied another troop of what I took to be males. I at once left the first troop and proceeded to attack the second. I 'stalked' unperceived to within twenty-five paces of the herd, when to my annoyance I found that they also were mostly cows and calves. There were, however, a couple of fine bulls among them—one evidently acting the part of paterfamilias to the herd; this beast's position was unfavorable, and I was waiting for him to present a better mark, when suddenly they all made off As they were disappearing in the brushwood I fired at one of the hindermost—a male, as I imagined. In an instant the herd wheeled about, and with a terrific rush came crashing through the bushes nearly in a direct line towards me; but after running for about sixty or seventy paces they stopped short, evidently disappointed at not finding the enemy. I felt very much inclined to take to my heels, but a moment's reflection convinced me that safety lay only in keeping close; and it was well I did so, for in a few moments the paterfamilias made an oblique rush through the jungle with such force as actually to send a whole tree that he had uprooted in his headlong course spinning in the air. A huge branch remained fixed to one of his tusks. His head he carried aloft, his huge ears were spread to the full, while with his trunk he sniffed the air impatiently. In this position, and when within less than a dozen paces of me, he remained, I should say, about half a minute. I think it was the most striking and thrilling sporting scene that I ever saw; my assailant looked the very picture of grandeur and rage. I use a heavy rifle, carring a conical steel-pointed bullet (three to the pound), and ten to twelve drachms of the best English rifle powder. With this charge I sometimes send the ball clean through an elephant. Once I fired at a huge cow; the bullet entered her hind quarters, and obliquely traversing the entire length of her body passed out at the shoulder! The only objection that I have to the gun is that it kicks frightfully, and I dare not now fire it without previously placing a thick wad on my shoulder."

Elephant hunting, however, is exceedingly tedious as well as dangerous sport. Mr. Anderson says: "But elephant hunting on foot at this hot season of the year is tremendous work. It is rarely that I can succeed in tracking, stalking, and killing my elephant, and return to camp in less than ten hours, and more frequently it takes me twelve, fourteen, or even sixteen hours to accomplish the feat. Of course it would be nothing in a temperate climate; but here, where the air is like the draught of a strongly heated furnace, it is most trying to the constitution. So severe is the labor, indeed, that I am obliged to divide my native attendants into two sets, making use of one set the one day and the other the next. Elephant hunting on foot is also exceedingly dangerous work. The fact is, every time I go in search of these animals, I consider my life in peril. It was only a few days ago that I was suddenly and unexpectedly charged by an elephant, and that by one not previously wounded. Before I was aware of the brute, he was so close upon me that I found escape by running impossible. Poor Waldberg's sad fate flashed across my mind. However, as good luck would have it, I broke one of his fore legs, which at once brought him on to his head. He was not above three times the length of my rifle from me when he thus fell. But this is only one of the hair-breadth escapes that might be mentioned. I have also had some dangerous encounters with other animals. One fine moonlight night, while watching for elephants, I encountered a troop of lions, and without any kind of molestation on my part was suddenly attacked by the leader, a magnificent male. Fortunately a well directed bullet from my elephant rifle put him at once *hors du combat*. The next morning I finished him."

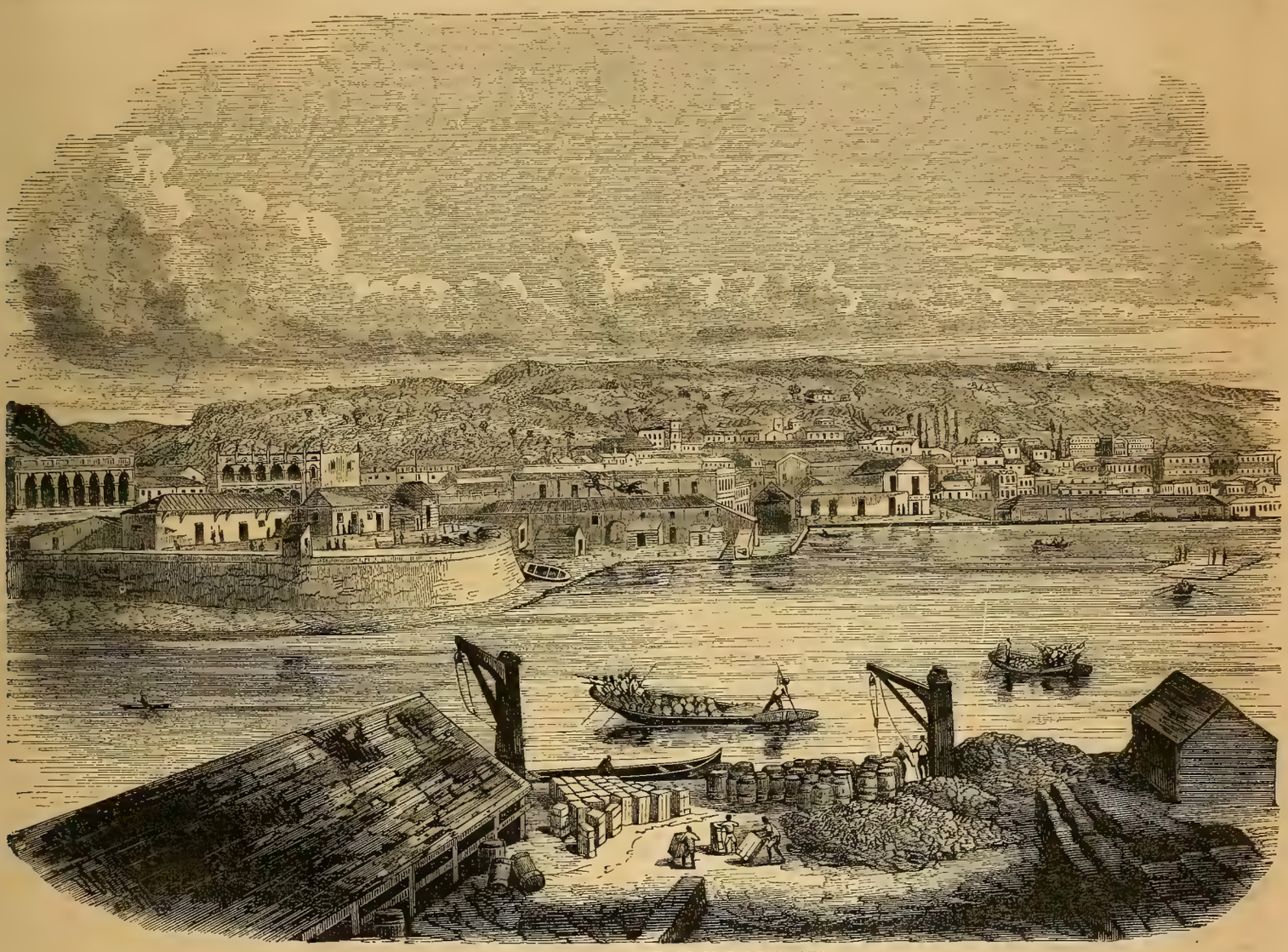
VIEW OF MATANZAS, CUBA.

The interest always felt throughout the United States in the beautiful island of Cuba, lying, as it does, so near our southern coast, yet forming such a contrast in its government to ours, has received fresh vigor from the recent publication of Mr. Dana's clever work, and Mrs. Howe's spirited record of her voyage to Cuba, now publishing in the Atlantic Monthly. We are confident, therefore, that our readers will be gratified with the accompanying graceful and faithful view of Matanzas. The sketch was taken from a sugar and molasses depot and timber yards, on the southern side of the mouth of the San Juan, and some 300 feet from the magnificent stone bridge built in 1849, which connects Matanzas with Pueblo Nuevo. From those wharves the sugar boxes and molasses hogsheads are taken to the loading vessels, on board large open boats, called *lanchas*, of fifty tons each, and manned by a coxswain, who is usually a white man, and six or eight half-naked negro rowers. Opposite the place where this view has been taken, on the other side of the water, lies the small fortress called La Vigia (watch-tower), built in the last part of the eighteenth century, at the expense of a loyal citizen who made a present of it to his Majesty Charles IV. This fort is a miserable structure, poorly gunned and garrisoned, and of scarcely any use, as the walls are split and nearly demolished. At a distance of some fifty yards, north-west from La Vigia, is the custom-house, an elegant stone building, one story high, built in the earlier part of this century, at an expense double its value. Next to it, the eye of the observer rests on Mr. Turner's house, one of the finest specimens of architecture in Matanzas. Between both buildings, at the bottom of the picture, there appears the Abra de Yumuri (the Yumuri ravine) which affords a passage to the river of that name. On the right side of the engraving, which represents the ward of Versalles, the attention of the observer is attracted by the "Cuartel" (barracks), a two story building capable of containing 1000 soldiers; and then, by the Hospital, where poor citizens, prisoners and the military, are attended to. The whole panorama is bounded by a range of hills called La Cumbre (the summit or top of a mountain), where some of the wealthy Matanzeros have built their *quintas* (country seats) which are healthy, and fine places of resort in summer. The one which appears on the top of the heights belongs to the family of Garcia; and some two miles distant, are Mr. Tenckes' *quinta* and sugar plantation, where Vice-President King received the kind attentions of Cuban hospitality in his last illness. From the Piazza of Mr. Tenckes' house the observer may enjoy one of the most picturesque and romantic views—that of El Valle de Yumuri (Yumuri Valley), which extends below like an immense amphitheatre, interspersed with hills, dales, rivulets, farms, and luxuriant woods and meadows.

Matanzas is a regularly built city, and a very picturesque one; but its streets are narrow, and badly paved, though superior to those of Havana inside the walls. Besides the public buildings already mentioned, there are in Matanzas two churches, one in the centre of the city, and another one in Pueblo Nuevo; one theatre, belonging to a society of Catalans, the worst in Cuba; and the Carcel (public jail), of which the left wing only has been built.

The population of Matanzas and its three wards may be calculated to amount to 25,000, comprehending white, free colored, and slaves. The custom-house receipts, yearly income, are no less than $1,500,000.

Two railroad lines are established in Matanzas—one in connection with the Havana road, and another one leading to the interior of the country in a south east direction, called the Coliseo Railroad, on an extension of about thirty miles. The Coliseo, and the neighboring *partidos* (counties), are the most valuable places to be selected for agricultural purposes, on account of the luxuriant fertility of the soil, and the facilities afforded for the conveyance of produce to the market. The Limonar, one of those *partidos*, may be properly called a French-American-Cuban colony, as almost all the owners of sugar or coffee plantations in that district are of French or American descent, whose fathers, many of them still living, came at different epochs to settle there. Most of the dwelling-houses in that district are built after the American or the French style; the English, French, and Spanish languages are spoken with equal fluency and correctness by the inhabitants, whose manners, tastes, and cast of countenance, participate of the French, the Saxon, and the Creole traits.



VIEW OF THE PORT AND CITY OF MATANZAS, CUBA.

KEEP GOOD COMPANY.—Intercourse with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful; we are creatures of imitation, and by a necessary influence, our habits and tempers are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE AND SURGERY.

BY WILLIAM S. LAWRENCE.

The reader must know that I am a native of one of the southern counties of this State (Virginia). My infancy was cradled in opulence and ease. My early childhood was a petted and a luxurious one. Costly stuffs enrobed me, and more than a hundred servants stood ready to obey my call. I was caressed by every one.

But, before my first lustrum was complete, my silken attire had been exchanged for homespun, and the crowd of attendants had been reduced to a single superannuated negro woman. My poor father was one of those unfortunate beings who labor under a constitutional inability to say no. The consequence was a succession of security-debts, to an enormous amount, the payment of which left him almost without a dollar. His fortunes were utterly wrecked.

Nor was this the worst thing he had to suffer. Black-hearted treachery, from pretended friends, to whose honor he trusted as implicitly as to his own, so complicated the affair, that the shock was more than he could bear. He soon sank, broken-hearted, into the grave, and I was left fatherless at an age when it was impossible to realize my loss, or to be more than a negative comfort to my surviving parent.

I was an only child. It was an arduous task for my poor mother to rear and educate me in a creditable manner; but she accomplished it without assistance from any one.

It could not have been long after my father's death, that an incident occurred which so fixed itself in my memory as to remain there ever afterwards, constituting about the earliest of my well defined recollections. My mother had taken an humble cottage in a neighborhood at some distance from that in which I was born. She herself was a native of another State, and a total stranger in the vicinity of her new home.

One day, my old nurse Dinah took me out to walk. It was the first of May, and we fell in with a party of children gambolling and dancing around a May-pole. Little people of my own age were a great novelty to me then, and I was highly delighted with the rencontre.

In that crowd of children—most of them pretty children—the prettiest by far was a blooming, bright-eyed fairy, not quite four years of age; just emerging from infancy into a childhood of almost superhuman beauty. Neither painter nor poet ever imagined anything more exquisitely lovely. A carmine tint of wondrous delicacy, offspring of perfect health, glowed in changeful hues upon her ever-varying cheek; her eyes were twin sapphires, blazing with the lustre of the morning star, and sunbeams and darkness contended for the mastery amid the rich luxuriance of her golden hair.

To you who never saw her, this may seem extravagance; but if you had seen her, I do assure you that it would appear to you far short of the truth. The coldest observers always looked with enthusiasm upon that remarkable child, and felt half inclined to doubt whether her wonderful beauty could really be of mere mortal origin.

The name of this glorious creature was Alice Claye. General Claye, her father, was a distinguished lawyer, and a member of congress. Young as I was, she at once riveted my attention, to the exclusion of all other strangers. Old Dinah had often talked to me of angels, and I came to the conclusion that little Alice was one the moment that I saw her. I well remember how I puzzled myself thinking what had become of her wings; and how I finally settled the matter by deciding that, being little more than a baby-angel, they were probably not grown yet.

While I was gazing upon her in an extacy of childish admiration, there came slowly up the glen in which we were, a woman who might well have been Meg Merrilies, *in propria persona*. A troop of children followed her, vociferating that they had found a fortune-teller. She stepped in among us, and announced herself as a native of the Highlands of Scotland, and a possessor of the rare and wonderful gift of "second-sight." If a native of Scotland at all, she was probably a Scotch gipsey.

Very few if any of us had ever heard of the second sight or knew what it meant; but all believed it to be something very delightfully mysterious, and all were anxious for an exhibition of it. The juvenile group put their heads together, and as a result of that put their pennies together, and presented the Caledonian Sybil with a purse, a heavy purse, and well filled—with copper.

Having satisfied the more clamorous and importunate, by predicting for them all sorts of impossible fortunes, she placed the children in a circle around her. With the single exception of the little angel Alice, they were all larger and older than I was; and unused as I was to company of any sort, I shrank bashfully behind my nurse. The woman's eye was upon me, however, and she insisted that I should enter the circle with the others. My nurse laughed at my shyness, took me by the shoulders and pushed me into the ring, where I stood fumbling at my pinafore, not daring to look up.

Trying as this was to my inexperienced nerves, I was soon thrown into ten-fold perturbation by an unexpected manœuvre of the grim fortune-teller. Singling me out from all the rest, she made me stand close behind her in the centre of the circle. She looked at me very sharply for some time, and then examined both my hands very attentively. Then she asked the nurse my name and how old I was. Then she directed her attention to my hands again, and continued to gaze at them so long and so earnestly, that several of the children cried out and asked her what she saw on my hands. She started and said: "I see blood! His hands are full of it."

Greatly terrified, I looked down upon my little digits, and was inexpressibly relieved to find that they were not reeking with gore, as I had confidently expected to find them. All eyes were turned upon me; but the woman soon directed their attention elsewhere by calling out little Alice and subjecting her to a similar examination. The child was not frightened at all, but very much amused, and showed her brilliant little teeth behind her red lips, like the seeds of the pomegranate gleaming through its crimson pulp.

"Are her hands bloody, too?" cried the children, as the woman continued to gaze upon the lovely child as intently as she did upon me.

"No," she replied, "it is on her neck. Bloody hands—bloody neck! Bloody hands—bloody neck!" And pointing alternately to me and to the little girl, she strode rapidly away, still repeating: "Bloody hands—bloody neck!"

But the children were too much excited to let her go without some farther explanation. They flocked around her, impeded her passage, and insisted upon knowing what it meant. For a long time she resisted and would give them no satisfaction; but at last, as if worn out by their importunity, she wheeled about abruptly, and said, in a deep-toned, sepulchral voice:

"It means *murder!*"

The children recoiled with frightened faces, and she passed on without further interruption. This scene has ever since remained indelibly stamped upon my memory; not that I ever attached any great importance to it, but simply because of the strong hold it took upon my young imagination at the time it occurred.

As we both grew older, I had many opportunities of seeing the peerless Alice, and always with increased admiration. The weird woman and her wild, oracular prediction had greatly heightened the interest which her beauty had inspired, and her moral loveliness still farther enhanced and hallowed it.

The promise of her infantile years was even more than realized as the beautiful child blossomed into the exquisitely lovely maiden. I can hardly say that I loved her, though I certainly would if I had dared. But for any mere male creature, of ordinary flesh and blood, to aspire to the possession of such a glorious being, seemed to me like sacrilege—and most of all for one in my humble position.

There was no school of even ordinary respectability in our neighborhood; my mother was therefore obliged to send me to an academy at some distance. It was very hard work, but she struggled through it honorably. Alice Claye was educated chiefly by governesses and teachers at home.

When I was a little over seventeen years of age, and she about fifteen, I returned home from school for the last time. My mother was anxious to complete my education by sending me to the university, but I was resolved that she should toil for me no longer. I was now old enough to provide for myself, and do it I would, in some way.

One day, while I was seriously inquiring within myself what that way should be, rambling about in the meantime with a gun on my shoulder, I saw some wild ducks, and in trying to get a shot at them, I lost my footing on the brow of a precipice, and tumbled down the rocky steep into the river which rolled beneath. Though a good deal bruised, I would have thought nothing of the affair if it had ended there. Unfortunately, however, there was another chapter to the adventure, which gave it a more serious coloring.

When I first lost my foothold at the top of the rock, I clutched a small bush with my right hand, and supported myself by it for some time, though it was in vain that I endeavored to draw my body up and regain the summit. While struggling desperately for this purpose, I suddenly felt some one grasp my left hand. This gave me new hopes. I caught eagerly at the proffered hand, seizing it with all the energy of despair; but instead of saving myself, I drew the friendly hand and the body to which it belonged both over the precipice into the abyss below.

Down we went together a fearful distance. If we had fallen upon rocks, or even upon the earth, we must inevitably have been dashed to pieces. Fortunately there was water below us—deep water—and we reached it with no other damage than some pretty severe bruises. The shock of coming into contact with the water so violently was a stinging, stunning operation, but not permanently injurious. When I came to the surface again, after having touched the bottom of the river, the first thing I saw was my companion in the plunge, and that companion was—Alice Claye!

The kind-hearted girl had seen my peril, which she supposed to be much greater than it really was, had run to my relief, seized my hand, and unable to resist the violent wrench I had given her, had been dragged over the precipice. So vexed and mortified was I at what had happened, that I verily believe I would have suffered myself to drown without a struggle if there had been nothing to interfere with the impulse of the moment. But there was Alice, whom I had precipitated into the river, and who was in danger of drowning. This consideration swallowed up all the rest.

I was a good swimmer, and I soon bore her to the shore, at a spot where it was easy to land. As soon as I was fairly out of the water, I began to stammer out some kind of an incoherent excuse or apology. Alice soon checked me.

"Come, Arthur," cried the lovely girl, laughing merrily, though I knew she was in pain, "don't make a fool of yourself, I beg you. What you say just amounts to this—if you had known it was I, you would not have fallen! If you had found out the truth before you got to the bottom, you wouldn't have fallen an inch farther—would you?" And she laughed till the rocky shores rang with the music.

"But you surely must be hurt?" said I, anxiously. "Your neck is all bloody."

"Is it? And so are your hands, I do declare! Bloody neck and bloody hands! The 'second sight' has come true—word for word" And she clapped her own little white hands, and shouted aloud in unchecked merriment.

True enough, her neck and my hands were both covered with blood, the result of lacerations received in our descent. Alice had had the worst of it. Her neck and one of her cheeks were cut and bruised considerably, and must have been quite painful; but a braver and more heroic spirit than hers never lived, and she showed not the least sign of being either hurt or frightened.

Her father, who had been but a little way off, and had seen her fall, soon came running round the cliff in a paroxysm of excitement and apprehension. He could hardly be made to believe that his treasure was safe, even upon the testimony of his own senses. He asked so many questions, and inquired so minutely into the affair, that Alice at last, with one of her ringing, musical laughs, declared that her papa would be satisfied with nothing short of an ocular demonstration, and proposed that we should tumble over the cliff again for his especial accommodation. The happy father called her an unmitigated and incorrigible madcap, and dropped the subject.

As the general's house was much nearer than my mother's, he insisted upon my going home with him to have my hand dressed. It was pretty severely cut. I went, and Alice's rosy-tipped fingers bandaged my wound, the housekeeper performing a like office for her. One side of her neck, just below the ear, was very much bruised and lacerated.

After this I had a long and interesting conversation with my host, which ended in his proposing that I should study law with him, and receive a salary for acting as his secretary. The general was one of the most eminent men of his day, and his correspondence alone was a pretty good job for one man. I had no particular bias in favor of the law, or indeed of any other profession, but I accepted the offer with gratitude, and at once commenced my duties and studies.

I remained with my employer nearly three years, during which time additional wealth and honors flowed in upon him in torrents. He was a very kind man, and very much beloved by his friends and dependents, but thought to be proud and reserved by people in general. The fact is, his whole life had been tinted with a sombre hue by the untimely death of Alice's mother, less than two years after their marriage. I need not tell you how he loved and cherished his Alice, the sole representative of one prized so highly and lost so early. He had very few intimate friends. His peerless daughter was the empress of his heart and home; and even ambition's star paled before the love-light in her soft blue eyes.

And those same glorious orbs were the twin lode-stars in the horizon of my life—worshipped as devoutly as Persian *Magi* ever adored the sun, but with hardly more definite idea than they of ever making the object of this fervent adoration mine. In my visions of the far-off future, it is true, wild dreams of ambition would sometimes haunt me, in which the "queen of love and beauty" was sweet Alice Claye; but these were dreams, and nothing else—dreams as unlikely to "come true" as any that had ever visited my pillow.

Her unrivalled beauty and transcendent worth, together with the great wealth and high position of her father, were what placed Alice on such an inaccessible pinnacle. No pride or assumption on her part had aught to do with it. The north pole is not farther from the south than she was from every species of superciliousness. But her father was a proud man, in his way, and had, I knew, high hopes for his daughter.

Soon after my admission to the bar I lost my mother. This blow was a very severe one, and it confirmed me in a design I had for some time entertained of removing to the West. To breathe the same air with Alice was at the same time a delight and a torture to me, and to leave it brought to my heart both delight and misery. But I thought it best to go.

For nearly three years I applied myself diligently to business in a flourishing western town. My success was even greater than my expectations; but Alice was in my "mind's eye" continually, and at last my desire to see her once more, in flesh and blood reality, became so strong that I could no longer resist it. As the French so expressively phrase it, it was *plus fort que moi*—stronger than I.

Once more I was in the mansion of General Claye, and in the presence of its proprietor. He received me kindly, but there was a change in his appearance which shocked me exceedingly. The straight, erect and somewhat haughty port was gone. He looked bowed and broken and emaciated. His glossy black hair was abundantly streaked with gray, and his strikingly handsome face clothed in an unwonted gloom. That all this was the shadow of some great sorrow, was evident even to a careless observer. What could it be?

I was not long in suspense. I asked for Alice. He said she was not well, and he tried to say it in a calm, indifferent tone of voice; but the attempt was an utter failure, and it was easy to perceive that his heart was writhing in agony. It was Alice then who was the cause of all this emotion. The thought terrified me. I was eagerly anxious to question him, but I could see from his whole manner that it would be distasteful to him in the extreme. I therefore forbore.

I need not tell you that I took the first opportunity, after leaving the general's presence, to make inquiries about Alice. The result was very unsatisfactory. All I could learn was that Miss Claye had been unwell for more than a year, and in all that time no one saw her but a few intimate friends. Some of these I saw, but they seemed to know nothing but that Alice was sick.

All that I could discover was simply the fact that the young lady had had an attack of what was supposed to be "mumps," and that they had terminated in some serious derangement of health. What that was, my informants either did not know or would not tell. Even Alice's beaux—and she had scores of them—were no better informed, it seemed, than other people.

The general had been with his daughter to Philadelphia, then even more than now the grand emporium of medical science, but no good had come of it. They had returned only a week before, and the general had since appeared more hopeless than ever. I was sorely puzzled with all this, and my grief was still greater than my perplexity. One idea, however, stood prominently out amid the darkness. I could not help feeling, unreasonable though it might be, that this affliction, in subjecting the matchless Alice to the ordinary lot of humanity, had brought her so much nearer to myself, that the idea of loving her, no longer seemed so preposterous as I had been accustomed to consider it.

In this state of mind I wrote a letter to General Claye, laid bare my whole heart before him, confessed the love which had been a part of my existence, nay, almost the whole of it, ever since my childhood, and ended by conjuring him to allow me to see his daughter. An answer was sent back by the same messenger who took my letter. It was comprised in a single word, and that word was "come."

When I reached the house again, and saw the afflicted father, he welcomed me in silence, and immediately ordered a servant to inform Miss Alice of my presence. After a minute's absence the servant returned, and said that Miss Alice would be down in a few moments. This surprised me, for I had supposed that she must be confined to bed. Presently I heard her step in the passage, and felt still more astonished. No vestige of disease could be detected in the firm, elastic tread. But alas! when the door was thrown open, I saw a sight which made me start back almost in horror—a movement which I deeply regretted the next instant, for father and daughter both remarked it. The peerless Alice of my daily thoughts and nightly dreams was no more, and in her place was a creature of almost hideous deformity.

A tumor, rising at the corner of the lower jaw, had gradually enlarged, until it so encroached upon her face as to rob it of almost every characteristic which gave it a title to the epithet of *human*. Not a particle of the original expression remained, and it was only in her voice (and that too sadly changed) that I could recognize anything of her former self.

Yes, it was but too true that an uninterested observer would have pronounced the once magnificent Alice—absolutely hideous! No wonder that such a terrible metamorphosis had rent with anguish the proud heart of her doting father, and changed him, in a few months, from vigorous manhood to almost decrepit age.

But there was no change in Alice's nature. No possible deformity of person could sully for a single instant the bright beauty of her noble soul. She told me, honestly and frankly, that the contents of my letter would have given her great pleasure if they had been revealed to her sooner; but now she could only rejoice in the fact that I had not bound myself to an unsightly object, which was so soon to perish. Love and joy could be hers no more; but she hoped I would sometimes think of her when her ruthless malady had consigned her to the tomb.

I seized her hand, which was as admirable as ever—a rare model of grace and beauty—and strove to speak; but great sobs came bursting from my over-burdened heart, and I could not utter a single word. At this juncture her fortitude too gave way, and her father begged me to leave. I wrung that lily hand, pressed it to my lips, and then hurried away into the dark pine forest, where no eye but the Eternal One above could witness my agony of soul.

It was not in my nature long to give way to unavailing grief. I sought and obtained from General Claye a history of his daughter's disease. Its seat was in the *parotid gland*, which lies at the angle of the lower jaw, just beneath the ear. It is one of the salivary glands, and the seat of the affection called mumps. It was enormously enlarged and thoroughly diseased, and I felt it like a stab in my vitals when I learned that that bruised and "bloody neck," the consequence of the fall over the cliff, was supposed to be the primary cause of the tumor. From that day the gland had always been subject to inflammation and soreness, though little attention had been paid to these things until a permanent enlargement began to take place.

The magnates of medicine and surgery in Philadelphia had been consulted, had tried various remedies, and had finally pronounced the case incurable. Nothing but the entire extirpation of the tumor could effect a cure, and that was impossible, for it was a well known surgical maxim that *the parotid gland could not be extirpated*. This was not an opinion merely, but a fact susceptible of demonstration.

With a heavy, heavy heart, I returned to my business in the West. I still continued the daily routine of my professional duties, but my whole heart was with that poor girl in Virginia, stricken so terribly while "towering in her pride of place," and going down with slow but certain footsteps to the grave. I felt an uncontrollable desire to know more of her disease, and works on the anatomy and pathology of the parotid gland became my constant companions. I read everything on the subject that I could find, though that to be sure was not much in that region and at that day.

While my thoughts were all running in this direction, I happened to pick up, at a sheriff's sale, a fragment of a work on surgery, and in that fragment I found it emphatically stated that the parotid gland *could* be extirpated, and *had* been in several instances.

This statement excited me so that I could not sleep or rest in any way. Suppose the Philadelphia surgeons were mistaken. They were distinguished men, but they were not infallible. I pondered on the subject till I became almost distracted. I consulted the most eminent surgeons within my reach; but they gave me no encouragement. They all pinned their faith upon the sleeves of the great men of Philadelphia, and the Pennsylvania university.

Still, however, I was neither convinced nor satisfied; and at last I came to the wild and Quixotic resolution, as my friends called it, of studying medicine myself, with a particular reference to this one case. I felt that nothing short of a personal investigation of the whole subject would ever set my mind at rest. My practice as a lawyer had been lucrative for one so young. I had some money, and gladly devoted it to this object.

The medical lectures had already commenced, and I hurried to Baltimore, where I matriculated in the university of Maryland. I felt shy of Philadelphia. The extirpation of the parotid gland, however, seemed to have no more advocates in the former city than in the latter. I threw my whole soul into my studies, and spent much of my time in the dissecting-room. I remained in Baltimore till midsummer, when business obliged me to spend a few months in the West.

In the meantime I corresponded constantly with Alice. Her disease was slowly but very perceptibly advancing, and the idea of being cured was to her the very remotest of impossibilities. I never hinted to her anything of my new studies. She believed me to be absorbed in law and law-suits.

The fall arrived, and I hastened to Baltimore, intending to get my degree and then start immediately for Europe. A new professor of anatomy had arrived from abroad and taken possession of that chair in the university. It was Granville Sharpe Pattison, the predecessor of Sir Charles Bell in the university of London, and afterwards professor of anatomy in Philadelphia, and subsequently in New York. I attended his introductory lecture, and I soon found that fame had not spoken falsely of him when she reported him to be one of the very best teachers of anatomy then living.

In the course of his introductory, he dwelt upon the rapid advances of surgery in modern times, eventually spoke of the pathological anatomy of the parotid gland, asserted that it had been extirpated repeatedly, mentioned when and where, and ended that branch of his subject by declaring that the operation had been recently performed in America.

I devoured the words as they issued from his lips, and waited in breathless anxiety for the name of the operator. This, however, he did not give. As soon as the lecture was over, I hastened to beg a minute's interview with Dr. (then Mr.) Pattison. He received me very courteously, and in answer to my eager inquiry, informed me that it was Dr. George McClellan, a young surgeon of Philadelphia, who had successfully performed the hazardous operation for the extirpation of the parotid gland.

As fast as steamboats and stagecoaches would carry me, I hurried off to the Quaker City and inquired for Dr. McClellan. His foot, as yet, was but upon the very first round of fame's steep ladder, and it was with some difficulty that I found his office, in an obscure alley, not far from the Delaware. He was a native of New England, a small, spare, wiry man, with a keen gray eye, and so full of native energy that it seemed impossible for him to be still a single instant. He soon afterwards rose to great distinction in the profession which he loved so ardently. He died a few years ago, leaving a son who inherits with his name professional abilities perhaps equal his own.

At the mere mention of the words parotid gland, I saw the fire of enthusiasm flash brightly from the doctor's eyes. He had already had a controversy on the subject with some of the grandees of the profession in Philadelphia.

"Sir," said he, "if you will go to the university in Ninth Street, you will there hear a distinguished professor demonstrate, to the satisfaction of his pupils, the utter impossibility of extirpating the parotid gland. And yet there is, in that jar, a *bona fide* parotid gland, which was actually removed from the jaw of a patient, who is now alive and in good health. You can put my demonstration alongside of theirs, and choose whichever you please."

My choice was already made. My whole soul was enlisted on the affirmative side of the question, and I was in no condition to compare facts and weigh arguments. I took the tickets of the professors of the university, and attended some of their lectures, but nearly all my time was devoted to the private instruction which I received from Dr. McClellan. My anatomical studies, too, were unceasing. With the parotid gland and its surroundings, in particular, I made myself perfectly familiar, and before the lectures were over, I had the gratification of witnessing its successful extirpation from the jaw of a living patient, by the knife of my preceptor.

Then, for the first time, I fully understood how an important organ like this, while in a diseased condition, might be removed without destroying life, though its extirpation, in a normal, healthy condition, would inevitably prove fatal.

In the month of March I received my diploma, and immediately set out for the residence of General Claye. I found poor Alice calmly awaiting the approach of the king of terrors. The general was sadly broken, and I felt convinced that he could not long survive her. Nor did he appear to wish it.

After spending some time with her, I walked out in company with the afflicted father. As we left the door an involuntary groan escaped him—the evidence of agony too deep for words. Never, it appeared to me, had father so idolized a daughter; never had daughter been so worthy of being thus idolized.

"General," said I, "did you know that tumors of that sort have been extirpated?"

"Alas, no, my friend; not tumors involving the parotid gland, as this does. Such can never be removed without certain destruction."

"It is precisely such that I speak of. Tumors involving the parotid gland have been removed, successfully, more than once."

"You are in error, Arthur. I have my information from the first surgeons in America."

"And yet, my dear sir, I must stick to my assertion. The great ones of the earth silenced Galileo, but he never ceased to whisper, 'It moves, for all that!' The parotid gland *has* been extirpated, for all that. The thing has been done lately—in America. And more than that, I have seen it done."

"You?"

"I myself, with my own eyes."

"And do you really think that any one could be found to undertake so hazardous an operation?"

"Yes."

"And who, pray?"

"I."

The general thought I was deranged. And no wonder; for I had never breathed a syllable with regard to my medical and surgical studies. I was unwilling to excite even the faintest shadow of a hope which might never be realized, and had therefore been studiously silent on the subject. I now told everything—what I had done, and the hope with which I had done it; the one object which I had ever kept in view, and which I now believed that I had attained. The case was a bad one, and final success must of course be doubtful; but, like my preceptor, Dr. McClellan, I believed that the most desperate case was worth trying, if but one chance in a thousand, of success, was probable. At the worst, it could but be hastening death by a few months.

The idea was so new and so startling, that it was a long time before my companion could become familiar with it. I begged him to take time and consider it well. I believed myself competent to undertake the operation. I had studied it not with my head only, but also with my heart; and I had improved every possible opportunity of familiarizing myself with the use of the knife. If they preferred it, however, I would return to Philadelphia and beg Dr. McClellan to come and perform the operation, and I had no doubt he would do it.

The father left it to Alice to decide, and she decided, without a moment's hesitation, to trust herself to me. Fearful as I felt the responsibility to be, the decision gave me great joy, and I at once prepared for the trial.

The momentous day arrived. Napoleon or Wellington, at Waterloo, did not, I am sure, feel a greater weight of anxiety as to the issue at hand. Artificial *anæsthesia* was unknown at that day, and Alice had to bear the full burden of suffering imposed by such a tedious and terrible operation. Having all things in readiness, and being assisted by the general's family physician, I went to work.

If you will imagine yourself standing before a mirror, hewing off great masses of your own flesh, it may enable you to form some idea of my feelings. With a keen-edged scalpel I made the first incision, of an elliptical form, and commenced dissecting away the integuments from the mass of the tumor.

It is a very prevalent notion that deep-seated, bloody incisions are the most painful. You will often hear people say that the marrow of the bone is the most acutely sensitive of all the parts divided in an amputation. Nothing can be more erroneous. The bone and marrow are nearly insensible, and the division of deep-seated muscles gives comparatively little pain. It is the division of the skin and the parts immediately beneath it—the subcutaneous tissues—that is the most exquisitely painful part of such operations.

Before I had made half a dozen strokes of the knife, the idea of the horrible tortures poor Alice was suffering, and of the issues of life and death which were at that moment trembling on the point of my scalpel, so overwhelmed me that I faltered, turned deadly pale, and staggered back, while the knife nearly dropped from my nerveless grasp.

It was an awful moment—one on which probably depended the lives of two, perhaps three, human beings. The agonized father clasped his hands and gazed at me in mute supplication, the poor girl's life-blood was streaming from the divided arteries, and yet I felt it impossible to proceed. I was utterly unmanned, overwhelmed and discomfited. I looked at my bloody hands and her bloody neck, and shuddered as I thought of the Scotch woman's prophecy.

"Arthur!" said a faint, whispering voice.

I looked down at Alice. She was gazing in my face, and all the distortion of her pitiless malady could not destroy the heavenly sweetness of her smile, as she whispered: "Courage! Courage, dearest Arthur!"

The words thrilled to my inmost soul. Should I play the woman—the coward rather—while she was exhibiting such heroic fortitude? Perish the unmanly thought! In a very few seconds a complete revulsion had taken place. I nerved myself for the work, and from that time forth my hand was as steady as the rock of Gibraltar. I was astonished at myself. Both hand and eye seemed guided by intuition, and I threaded my way through the labyrinth of nerves and arteries at the corner of the jaw with an unerring precision, ease and expedition, that looked like magic. In far less time than I had expected, the tumor was dissected out, the arteries secured, the wound dressed, and Alice quietly asleep.

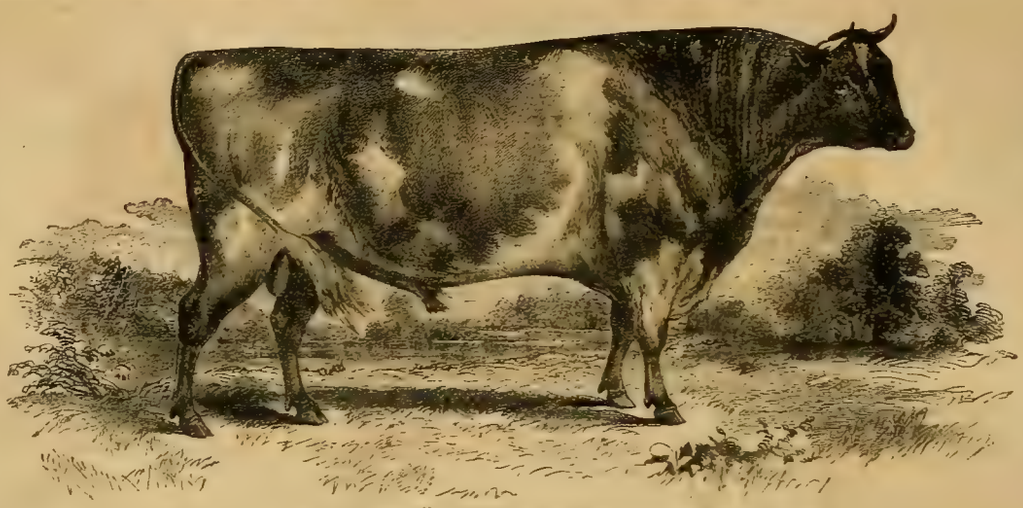
The operation proved successful beyond my most sanguine hopes, and before midsummer Alice had entirely regained her health, a trifling scar being all that remained of her terrible disease. In the fall we were married, and I took up my abode in this county, which, for two short years, was to me a paradise such as few of Adam's race have found on earth.

But alas! some choir of angels must have been incomplete in the eternal paradise above. My darling was taken from me. For many years I was a morose and melancholy man, and I am not much better now. Those who best know what I have lost and what I have suffered; those, in short, who know best what I was, are most indulgent to what I am. Many men have lost wives, and good ones; but not one in many thousands has lost an Alice Claye.

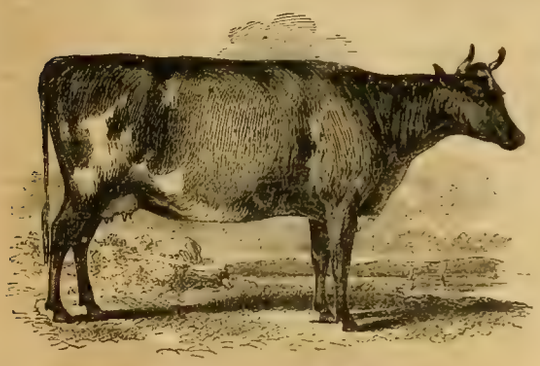
An author may be likened to an elephant, seeing that he frequently has to carry a house upon his back filled with a numerous family.—*Jerrold.*

Dairy Cows and Farming.

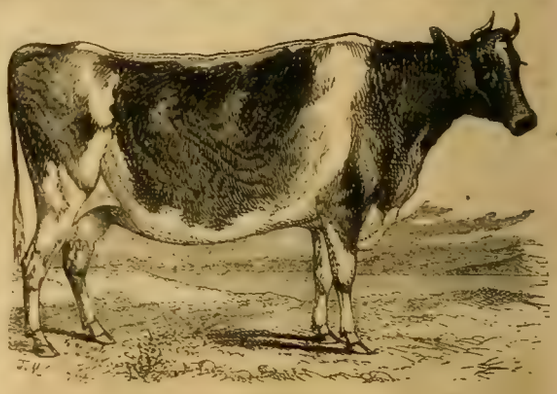
From the most remote periods of antiquity, the animals which constitute the herds of the field, have been held by man in the highest estimation; and among them, those of the ox-kind have always been considered as the most important. The natives of Egypt, India and Hindostan seem alike to have placed the cow among their deities, and judging by her usefulness to all classes, no animal could, perhaps, be selected, whose value to mankind is greater. In nearly all parts of the earth, cattle are employed for their labor, for their milk, and for human food. In Southern Africa they are as much the associates of the Caffrees as the horse is of the Arab. They share his toils, assist him in tending his herds, and are even trained to battle, in which they become fierce and courageous. In central Africa the proudest ebony beauties are to be seen on their backs. They have drawn the plough in all ages and in all lands. In Spain they still trample out the corn, and in India raise the water from the deepest wells to irrigate the thirsty soils of Bengal. When Cesar invaded England, they constituted the chief riches of the inhabitants, and at the present day they form one of the most important elements in that country's abounding riches; amounting in value, at the present time, according to the estimate of Mr. Youatt, to nearly six hundred millions of dollars. The breeds of cattle in England and in our own country are remarkable for their numerous varieties caused by the almost endless crossings of one family with another, although all may be traced back to a common origin, in the wild oxen, bisons and buffaloes that still roam at large, in immense herds, in various parts of the world. Strange as it may seem, it is a point upon which, we believe, all agree, who have thoroughly investigated the subject, that the present distinct breeds of superior cattle, for which Great Britain is so justly famed, are descendants of those same animals, some remnants of which are yet to be found in Chillingham Park in Northumberland, in a state of tolerable purity, and which are described as still possessing all the characteristics of the ancient breed, such as hiding their young in the most dense portions of the forest, feeding at night, concealing themselves in the woods during the day, and when descending to the lower parts of the park, always moving in single file, the bulls leading the van, and in retreat always bringing up the rear.



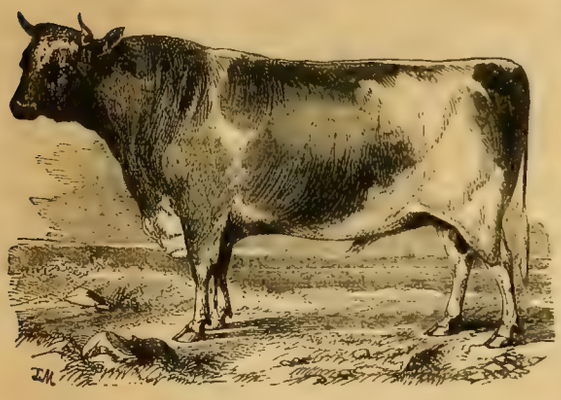
AYRSHIRE BULL, "ESSEX," OWNED BY DR. GEORGE B. LORING, SALEM.



AN AYRSHIRE COW.



A JERSEY COW.

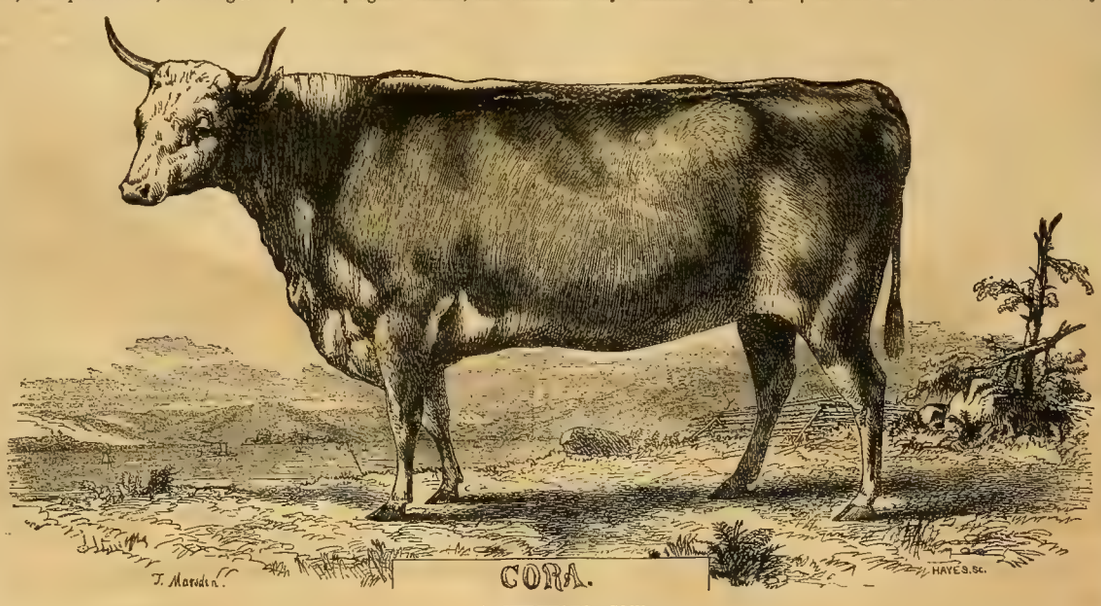


JERSEY BULL.

SHORT HORN COW.

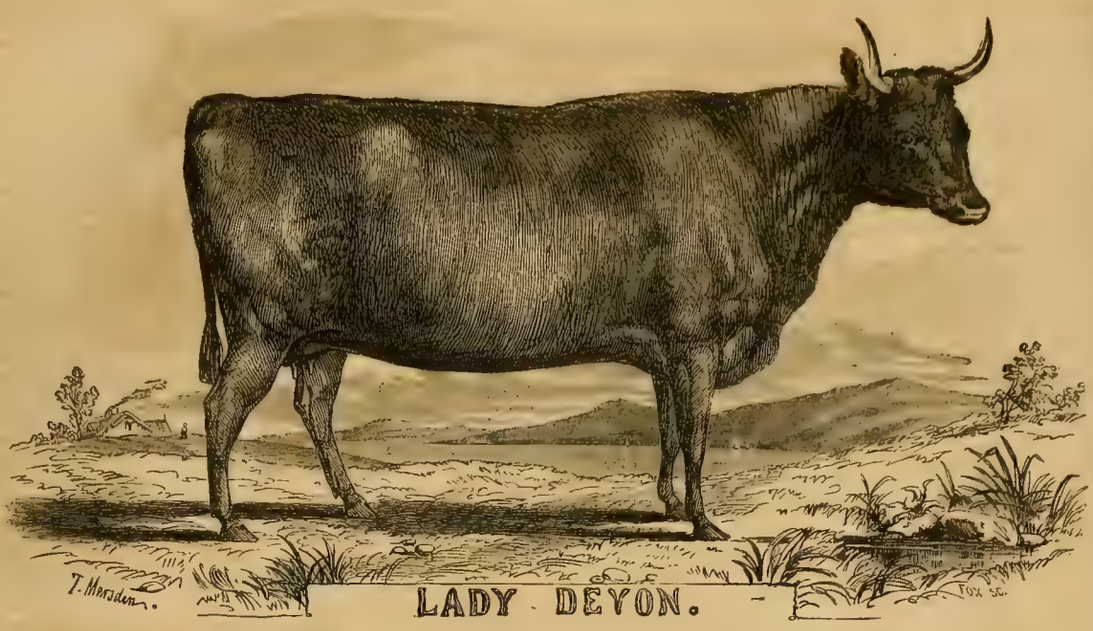
The various modern breeds of domestic cattle are classified by writers on stock by the length or shortness of their horns, but it is considered preferable to arrange them according to the peculiar characteristics which they possess, and which fit them for the peculiar purposes required, such as their capacity for beasts of burden in one section of country, for milk in another, and for beef in still another; cultivation by breeding having produced animals in immense variety, varying much in appearance and size, but all equally well adapted for peculiar purposes, and capable of imparting their prominent characteristics with certainty to their offspring. "Careful domestication," says Dr. Pritchard, "is to animals what cultivation is to vegetables, and the former probably differs from the natural state of the one class of beings in the same circumstances which distinguish the latter from the natural condition of the other class." Animals in a wild state, procure a simple and unvaried food, in precarious and sometimes deficient quantities, and are exposed to suffering from the inclemencies of the seasons. Their young are produced in similar circumstances to the state of seedlings which spring uncultivated in an uncongenial soil, but in the improved state all the stimuli of various and proper food, of warmth, etc., are afforded in abundance, and the consequence is a luxuriant growth and evolution of varieties, and the exhibition of all the perfections of which each species is capable. The improvements that have taken place in neat cattle may be attributed, chiefly, to the system here alluded to, of cultivating the growth of the animal by every means that practice and science have suggested, and by mating the females with male animals possessing such characteristics as they were most deficient in. This practice has been reduced to a regular science, of late years, and hence the magnificent species now met with at all our agricultural exhibitions, of every class of stock, and upon whose beautiful proportions the farmer who has produced them gazes with such feelings of honest pride and satisfaction, and the spectators engaged in other avocations and pursuits, with so much astonishment and wonder.

Although so much attention has been bestowed upon the subject of improving the breeds of cattle in Great Britain during the last fifty years, and with such splendid results, not only to individuals but to the nation at large, this branch of agriculture has made but slow progress with us, and there are many localities in all parts of the Union, in which the farmers still plod on in the old way, rearing the same degenerate stock, such as their fathers raised before them, whose gaunt sides and angular proportions are constantly reminding us of the dream of ill omen in which the wicked ruler of gold beheld the decline of his kingdom and his power. But we believe that a better day is about to dawn, and that the liberality and enterprise of a few of our leading agriculturalists in different States of the Union, the aid and encouragement which has been given to this important interest through the importation of some of the finest animals in the world, by agricultural societies in various parts of the country, and the light which has been disseminated by means of books and newspapers, will ere long produce a condition of things altogether different, and from which the most beneficial results will follow. Until recently, we have had no thorough systematic treatise upon the subject of cattle-breeding; no reliable descriptive history of the different breeds of animals, which the progressive farmer and his household could consult with advantage and profit; no clear, succinct instructions based upon science and experience combined, which the intelligent dairy woman could refer to with a certainty of improving the quality and quantity of the productions of the dairy; except such as were imported from abroad and which, owing to the differences of soil, climate, etc., were not entirely adapted to meet the wants of an American farmer. But recently this want has been happily met by the publication of a volume, entitled "Dairy Cow and Dairy Farming," from the pen of Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, a work which has met the most hearty approval of practical farmers everywhere, who have examined its merits, and which has received the most hearty endorsement of the agricultural press in all parts of the land. Believing that we cannot do a better service to our readers, a large portion of whom are engaged in agricultural pursuits, we shall avail ourselves of some of Mr. Flint's illustrations in the work referred to, for the further illustration of our subject,



A HEREFORD COW.

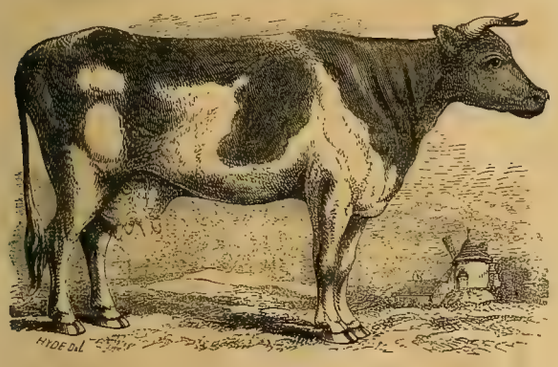
and, by his permission, of such extracts from his well written and comprehensive treatise as may be necessary for their explanation. And first, of the Ayrshire breed, the portrait of a fine specimen of which, drawn from life, is given in our first engraving. The Ayrshires, says Mr. Flint, are justly celebrated throughout Great Britain and this country for their excellent dairy qualities. Though the most recent in their origin, they are pretty distinct from the other Scotch and English races. In color the pure Ayrshires are generally red and white, spotted or mottled, not roan like many of the short-horns, but often presenting a bright contrast of colors. They are sometimes, though rarely, nearly or quite all red, and sometimes black and white, though the favorite color is red and white brightly contrasted, and by some, strawberry color is preferred. The climate of Ayrshire is moist and mild, and the soil rich, clayey, and well adapted to pasturage, but difficult to till. The cattle are naturally hardy and active, and capable of enduring severe winters, and of easily regaining condition with the return of spring and good feed. The pasture-land of the country is devoted to dairy stock,—chiefly for making butter and cheese, a small part only being used for fattening cows when too old to keep in the dairy. The breed has undergone very marked improvements since Aiton wrote, in 1815. The local demand for fresh dairy products has very naturally taxed the skill and judgment of the farmers and dairy-men to the utmost, through a long course of years; and thus the remarkable milking qualities of the Ayrshires have been developed to such a degree that they may be said to produce a larger quantity of rich milk and butter in proportion to the food consumed, or the cost of production, than any other of the pure-bred races. The Ayrshire cow has been known to produce over ten imperial gallons of good milk a day. A cow-feeder in Glasgow, selling fresh milk, is said to have realized two hundred and fifty dollars in seven months from one good cow; and it is stated, on high authority, that a dollar a day for six months of the year is no uncommon income from good cows under similar circumstances, and that seventy-five cents a day is below the average. But this implies high and judicious feeding, of course: the average yield, on ordinary feed, would be considerably less. The second engraving is a correct representation of a cow of this breed recently imported by a distinguished agriculturalist of Massachusetts, and whose excellent qualities seem to confirm the statements of their superior milking qualities given above. We must conclude, then, that "for purely dairy purposes the Ayrshire cow deserves the first place. In consequence of her small, symmetrical, and compact body, combined with a well-formed chest and a capacious stomach, there is little waste, comparatively speaking, through the respiratory system; while, at the same time, there is very complete assimilation of the food, and thus she converts a large proportion of her food into milk. So remarkable is this fact, that all dairy farmers who have any experience on the point agree in stating *that an Ayrshire cow generally gives a larger return of milk for the food consumed than a cow of any other breed.* The absolute quantity may not be so great, but it is obtained at a less cost; and this is the point upon which the question of profit depends.



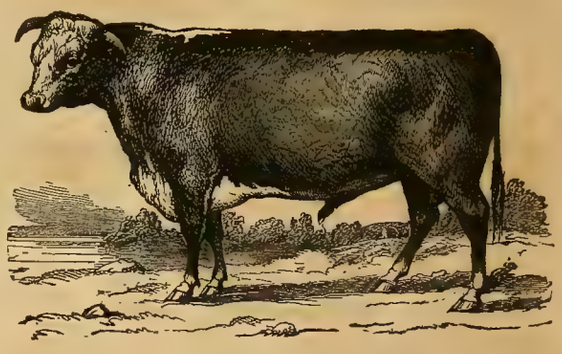
DEVON COW, OWNED BY WM. BUCKMINSTER, EDITOR OF MASS. PLOUGHMAN.

The Jersey cattle, says Mr. Flint, have now become widely known in this country. Many of them have been imported from an island of the same name in the British Channel, near the coast of France, and they may now be considered, I think, as fully acclimated. They were first introduced over thirty years ago, from the channel islands Alderney, Guernsey, and Jersey. The opinions of practical men differ widely as to the comparative merits of this race, and its adaptation to our climate and to the wants of our farmers. The most common decision, prevailing among many even of the best judges of stock, appears to be that, however desirable the cows may be on the lawn or in a gentleman's park, they are wholly unsuited to the general wants of the practical farmer. This may or may not be the case. If the farmer keeps a dairy farm and sells only milk, the quantity and not the quality of which is his chief care, he can satisfy himself better with some other breed. If otherwise situated,—if he devotes his time to the making of butter for the supply of customers who are willing to pay for a good article,—he may very properly consider whether a few Jerseys, or an infusion of Jersey blood, may not be desirable. Haxton calls the Jersey cow the cheese and butter dairy-man's friend when her milk is diluted with that of ten or a dozen ordinary cows, and his enemy if he should attempt to make either cheese or butter solely from her produce, as, from the excessive richness of the milk, neither will keep long; and, finally, an ornament to the rich man's lawn, yet in aspect altogether devoid of those rounded outlines which constitute the criterion of animal beauty. The head of the pure Jersey is fine and tapering, the cheek small, the throat clean, the muzzle fine and encircled with a light stripe, the nostrils high and open; the horns smooth, crumpled, not very thick at the base, tapering, and tipped with black; ears small and thin, deep orange color inside; eyes full and placid; neck straight and fine. The color is generally cream, dun, or yellow, with more or less white, and the fine head and neck give the cows and heifers a fawn-like appearance, and make them objects of attraction in the park; but the hind quarters are often too narrow to look well, particularly to those who judge animals from the amount of fat they carry. We should bear in mind, however, that a good race of animals is not always the most beautiful, as that term is commonly understood. Beauty in stock has no fixed standard. The bulls are usually very different in character and disposition from the cows, and are much inclined to become restive and cross at the age of two or three years, unless their treatment is uniformly gentle and firm. The third engraving very accurately represents one of the best animals of the race in the vicinity of Boston, which has beenpronounced by good judges a model for a bull of a dairy breed. The beautiful Jersey cow "Flirt," represented fourthly, received the first prize at the Fair of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture in 1857, which brought together the largest and finest collection of Jersey cattle ever made in this country. She is well-shaped, and a very superior dairy cow. Her dam, Flora, was very remarkable for the richness of her milk and the quantity of her butter, having made no less than five hundred and eleven pounds in one year, without extra feeding.

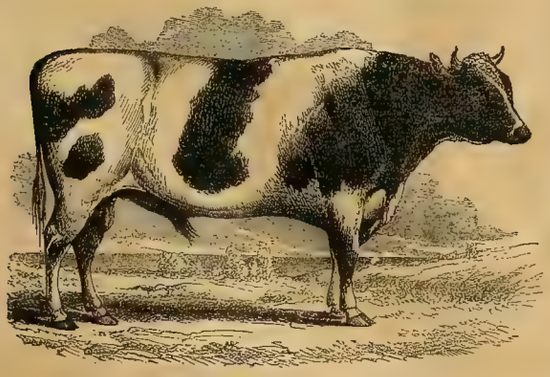
The Short-horns or Durhams.—No breed of horned cattle has commanded more universal admiration during the last half-century than the improved Short-horns, whose origin can be traced back for nearly a hundred years. According to the best authorities, the stock which formed the basis of improvement existed equally in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Northumberland, and counties adjoining; and the pre-eminence was accorded to Durham, which gave its name to the race, from the more correct principles of breeding which seem to have prevailed there. There is a dispute among eminent breeders as to how far it owes its origin to early importations from Holland, whence many superior animals were brought for the purpose of improving the old long-horned breed. A large race of cattle had existed for many years on the western shores of the continent of Europe. At a very early date, as early as 1633, they were imported from Denmark into New England in considerable numbers, and thus laid the foundation of a valuable stock in this country. They extended along the coast, it is said, through Holland to France. The dairy formed a prominent branch of farming at a very early date in Holland, and experience led to the greatest care in the choice and breeding of dairy stock. From these cattle many selections were made to cross over to the counties of York and Durham. The prevailing color of the large Dutch cattle was black and white, beautifully contrasted. The cattle produced by these crosses a century ago, were known under the name of "Dutch." Their milking qualities were good, surpassing, probably, those of the improved short-horns. The color of the North Dutch cattle is mostly variegated. Cows with only one color are no favorites. Red or black variegated, gray and blue variegated, roan, spotted and white variegated cows, are especially liked. The engraving of the Dutch Dairy Cow gives a correct idea of the cow most esteemed in Holland; the type of the race so noted for the production of milk; and of the excellent round Dutch cheeses. The bull, of which a likeness follows, was imported in 1857 by Wintrop W. Chenery, Esq., of Watertown, from near the Beemster, in the northerly part of Purmerend. Both animals are truthfully delineated, and give a correct idea of the



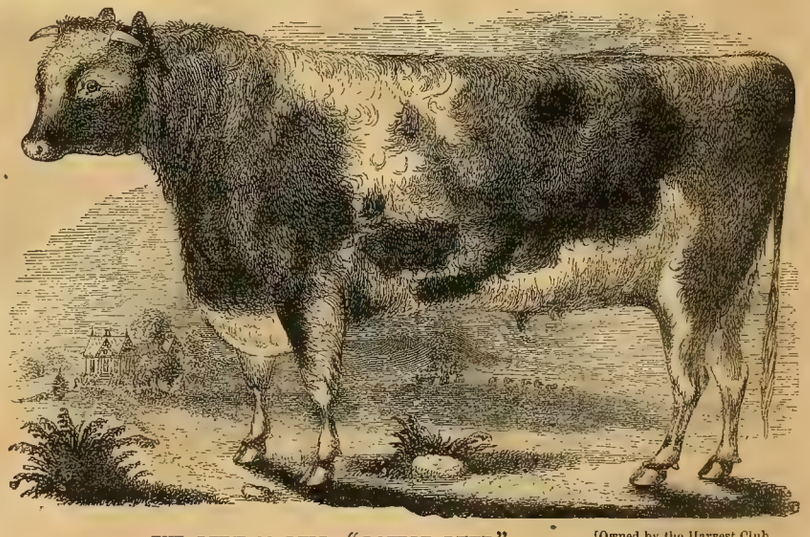
DUTCH DAIRY COW.



HEREFORD BULL.



IMPORTED DUTCH BULL.



THE DURHAM BULL, "DOUBLE DUKE." [Owned by the Harvest Club, Springfield, Mass.]

points of the North Dutch cattle. Whatever may be the truth with regard to these crosses referred to above, and however far they proved effective in creating or laying the foundation of the modern improved short-horns, the results of the efforts made in Yorkshire and some of the adjoining counties were never so satisfactory to the best judges as those of the breeders along the Tees, who selected animals with greater reference to fineness of bone and symmetry of form, and the animals they bred soon took the lead, and excited great emulation in improvement.

The famous bull "Hubback," bred by Mr. Turner, of Hurworth, and subsequently owned by Mr. Colling, laid the foundation of the celebrity of the short-horns, and it is the pride of short-horn breeders to trace back to him. He was calved in 1777, and his descendants, Foljambe, Bolingbroke, Favorite, and Comet, permanently fixed the characteristics of the breed. Comet was so highly esteemed among breeders, that he sold for one thousand guineas, or over five thousand dollars. Importations of the improved short horns, a specimen of which is given on page 88, have been frequent and extensive into the United States within the last few years, and this famous breed is now pretty generally diffused over the country. A family of fine milkers still exists in Massachusetts, known by the name of the "Sukey breed," supposed to have been derived from "Denton," a very superior animal imported by Mr. Williams, of Northboro', some forty years ago. Many of the best milkers of that section can be traced back to him. The Patton stock, originally imported into Maryland and Virginia, in 1783, and thence to Kentucky, may be classed in the same category. A part of these were at first known as the "milk breed," and others as the "beef breed." But the improved short horn is justly unrivalled for symmetry of form and beauty. I have never seen a picture or an engraving of an animal which gave an adequate idea of the beauty of many specimens of this race, especially of the best bred in Kentucky and Ohio, where many excellent breeders, favored by pastures eminently adapted to bring the short-horn to perfection, have not only imported extensively from the best herds in England, but have themselves attained a degree of knowledge and skill equalled only by that of the most celebrated breeders in the native country of this improved race.

Herefords.—The Hereford cattle derive their name from a county in the western part of England. The last engraving on page 88, gives a fine view of a cow of this breed. Their general characteristics are a white face, sometimes mottled; white throat, the white generally extending back on the neck, and sometimes, though rarely, still further along on the back. The color of the rest of the body is red, generally dark, but sometimes light. Eighty years ago, the best Hereford cattle were mottled or roan all over; and some of the best herds, down to a comparatively recent period, were either all mottled, or had the mottled or speckled face. The expression of the face is mild and lively; the forehead open, broad, and large; the eyes bright and full of vivacity; the horns glossy, slender, and spreading; the head small, though larger and not quite so clean as that of the Devons. The Herefords have been improved within the last century by careful selections, the first step to this end having been taken by Benjamin Tompkins, of Herefordshire, who began about 1766, with two cows possessing a remarkable tendency to take on fat. One of these was gray, and the other dark red, with a mottled or spotted face. Taking these as a foundation, Mr. Tompkins went on to build up a large herd, from which he sold to other breeders, from time to time, till at his decease, in 1819, the whole herd was disposed of at auction—fifty-two animals, including twenty-two steers and two heifers, varying in age from calves to two-year-olds, bringing an aggregate of four thousand six hundred and seventy-three pounds fourteen shillings sterling, or four hundred and forty-five dollars and thirty-seven cents a head. Hereford oxen are excellent animals, less active but stronger than the Devons, and very free and docile. The demand for Herefords for beef prevents their being much used for work in their native county, and the farmers there generally use horses instead of oxen. A recent writer in the Farmer's Magazine makes the following remarks on this head: "It is allowed on all hands, I believe, that the properties in which Herefords stand pre-eminent among the middle-sized breeds are in the production of oxen and their superiority of flesh. The Herefords have been brought to this country, to some extent, and several fine herds exist in different sections; the earliest importations being those of Henry Clay, of Kentucky, in 1817. The figures of the two animals of this breed presented in this connection represent a bull and cow bred at the State Farm in Massachusetts, and are good specimens of the breed.

The North Devons.—The last of the pure-bred races which it will be necessary for us to describe as prominent among our American cattle, is the Devon, a middle-horned breed, now very generally distributed in some sections of the country. The engraving at the head of page 89, shows a fine resemblance of the Devon cow, "Lady Devon," owned by William Buckminster, the editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman. This beautiful race of cattle, dates further back than any well-established breed among us. It goes generally under the simple name of Devon; but the cattle of the southern part of the county, from which the race derives its name, differ somewhat from those of the northern, having a larger and coarser frame, and far less tendency to fatten, though their dairy qualities are superior. The North Devons are remarkable for hardihood, symmetry, and beauty, and are generally bred for work and for beef rather than for the dairy. As milkers, they do not excel, perhaps they may be said not to equal, the other breeds, and they have a reputation of being decidedly below the average. In their native country the general average of a dairy is one pound of butter per day during the summer. They are bred for beef and for work, and not for the dairy; and their yield of milk is small, though of a rich quality. I have, however, had occasion to examine several animals from the celebrated Patterson herd, which would have been remarkable as milkers even among good milking stock.

Our limits will not permit us to pursue this interesting subject farther at this time, although we have merely glanced at a single one of the departments of this excellent treatise. With the same thoroughness and completeness with which the author treats of the several breeds of neat cattle, he discusses the diseases to which they are subject; the established principles of breeding; the feeding and management of milch cows; the rearing of calves intended for the dairy; the culture of grasses and forage plants to be used for fodder; the selection of milch cows, with a full explanation of the ingenious and wonderful system of selection established by Guenon; the details of the skilful dairy system of Holland, together with his own practical experience in the care of an extensive dairy, and the results of his observations in some of the best dairy districts of the country; and to the volume itself, which is published in Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s. best style, we will refer our readers who may wish thoroughly to understand this important branch of husbandry in all its details.

SWISS AGRICULTURE.

A recent traveller in Switzerland thus writes, in substance, of farms and farming in that country. No good terraced land can be had there for less than $4000 to $7000 per acre, and the quantity of such land is one per cent. of the entire territory. No man owns more than 10 to 15 acres of such ground. In that country investments are made for security rather than profit, and 2 1-2 per cent, is usually satisfactory. The terraces are always chosen with a southern exposure, and are walled up on the lower side with stone and lime. They are generally from 10 to 50 feet wide, and incline at an angle of at least 22 degrees. They ascend up the sides of the mountain from 500 to 800 feet, and are reached by stone steps, up which the manure and everything else is carried in baskets. Generally the steeper the terrace, the steeper the price. Grape culture is the principal use made of these grounds. Thirty days' labor is the required average of every acre of vines, and is as often performed by women as men. The vines are kept low, and trained to stakes about four feet high. The stakes are taken up every fall, and put down in the spring. Some of the vines are from 80 to 100 years old, though they prefer to renew them every forty years. Six hundred to seven hundred and fifty gallons of wine is the common product per acre. This wine is the common beverage of the country, is of two kinds, red and white, is worth the first year from one to one and a half francs per gallon, the second year, when racked twice, from two to three francs, and in the same proportion for a longer time. The vineyards are worked with a mattock having a head like that of an axe on one side, and two teeth about six inches apart, and twelve to fifteen inches long on the other. The laborers work slowly, but in summer commence at 3 o'clock in the morning and continue till 7 at night. Other lands than those terraced are used as mountain pastures, and though only used about three months in the year, and seemingly lying at an angle of 45 degrees, command from 500 to 1500 francs per acre. The cattle are taken to these pastures by steep and circuitous paths, and are kept there while the season lasts. The herdsmen remain with them, living chiefly upon milk, and making cheese. Many of the herdsmen's huts on these pastures are at an altitude of from 300 to 500 feet. Above and over all is everlasting snow, and forms a combination of scenery rarely elsewhere seen.

AN EQUINE PECULIARITY.

I have stated that horses in any way nervous or high tempered are much affected by sounds and noises, particularly when arising from any object or circumstance they cannot see. I have had two remarkable in this particular, the one a mare. Whether in harness or out, a horse or carriage behind her drove her almost mad; let either come alongside of her, she was quiet directly. When in harness, if she but heard a horse behind her, up went her head and tail, and she would bound something as we have seen a fallow deer do in passing us; and, though at other times possessing a fine mouth, on such occasions it was difficult to hold her. The other horse was a hunter, as placid and steady as a horse could be when alongside hounds in chase; but, when they were finding, or, what was worse, running in cover, the cry of the pack would cause him to tremble with anxiety or some such feeling, and he would burst into a sweat ten times more profuse than any run would call forth. Being both good horses and pleasant, except in these particulars, I was determined to try and palliate them. I had a pair of thick earcaps made for each of them. This I found produced a wonderful alteration for the better; but it struck me these earcaps must heat the horse. Why not try cotton? I did; stuffed their ears well with it when using them; and found no inconvenience from sounds afterwards.—*Harry Hiever.*

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER.—The mineral called Jamesonite, after Professor Jameson, consists of sulphur, lead and antimony.

R. S., Lowell, Mass.—You can obtain the article at the jewelry store of Messrs. Shreve & Brown (successors to Jones, Ball & Poor), corner of Washington and Summer Streets, Boston

R. S.—The likeness of Longfellow, drawn on stone by D'Avignon, and published by C. H. Brainard, is an excellent one

C. C.—Photo-lithography is a process by which photographs are taken on stone, in such a way that impressions may be printed therefrom by a lithographic press Cutting & Turner, No. 7 Tremont Row, practise this new art.

M. M.—The fineness of gold is estimated by carat grains equivalent to 2 1-2 dwts., Troy; gold of the highest degree of fineness, or pure, being said to be 24 carats fine.

A CONSTANT READER.—Morana was the old Bohemian goddess of winter and of death—the Maryana of Scandinavia.

STUDENT.—An under graduate who is partly supported by the college funds, is called a servitor at Oxford, and a sizar at Cambridge, England.

A SUBSCRIBER, Gallipolis.—Park Benjamin is occasionally absent on lecturing tours, but makes New York his headquarters.

COLLEGIAN, New York.—Critically speaking, Pope's Homer is a faulty and loose translation of the Latin translation of the Greek poet. Still it is energetic and harmonious.

C. C.—The monastery of La Trappe was founded in Normandy, by Count de Perche, in 1140. The rules of the order are very strict.

W.—The address is Joseph Willard, Esq., No. 30 Tremont Street.

INVENTOR.—We should judge from your description, that your contrivance would be likely to prove popular. We cannot inform you where you would be likely to sell the right, but should suggest writing to the editor of the Scientific American, New York, for information.

REMARKABLE TREES.

During the present season the trees in this vicinity have appeared in the full glory of their summer garniture, for the rains of June were copious, and supplied every root and fibre with the moisture necessary for their full development. There are some noble groves in the neighborhood of Boston, but none of them finer than a group of magnificent oaks in the town of Waltham, near the Waverley station on the Fitchburg railroad. These hardy giants are supposed to be six centuries old—that is, they were venerable trees long and long before Columbus discovered America.

Many trees of yet greater age are found in this country. In Calaveras county, California, is, or was, a cedar tree, 285 feet high, 92 feet round at the base, with bark 14 inches thick, and tapering gracefully to the summit. The cedar is of slow growth, and this specimen is estimated to be 2520 years old.

The famous Fairlop oak, the pride of Hainault Forest, England, was believed to be nine hundred years old. This vegetable wonder, which was rough and fluted, measured, at three feet from the ground, about 36 feet in girth, and the shade of its branches was proportionably large. Under this oak a fair was annually held on the first Friday in July, which was founded by one Daniel Day, a pump and block maker of Wapping, commonly called "Good Day," who died July 19, 1767, aged 84. To this venerable tree he used to repair on the first Friday in July, having previously invited a party of his neighbors to accompany him, and under the shade the party dined on beans and bacon. In addition to the entertainment given to his friends, Mr. Day used to distribute from the trunk of the tree several sacks of beans and a proportionate quantity of bacon to the persons assembled. Public curiosity being attracted to the spot, a sort of fair was established, which, though the oak and its eccentric founder are gone, still, we believe, continues to be held. For several years after Mr. Day's death, the pump and block makers of Wapping, to the number of thirty or forty, went annually to the fair in a boat made like an Indian canoe of an entire piece of timber. This amphibious vehicle was covered with an awning, mounted on a coach carriage, drawn by six horses, with ribbons, flags and streamers, and furnished with a band of musicians. The oak having endured the whirlwinds and tempests of ages, was finally prostrated by the high winds of February, 1820. A portion of the wood was used in constructing the pulpit of Wanstead Church, and the two magnificent pulpits of St. Pancras new church, London.

In the East, at the side of a road leading from Smyrna to Bournabat, there is an old plantain tree remarkable for its size and no less so for its singular form and picturesque appearance. Its trunk is divided into two parts, though united at a considerable distance overhead, forming an arch through which foot-passengers and horsemen pass.

There is an elm at Brignoles, in the department of Var, France, which was a curiosity as early as the 15th century. Michael de l'Hopital celebrated its rare proportions in the writings which he composed during his exile in Provence, in the first half of the sixteenth century. On the 25th of October, 1564, Charles IX., who was stopping at a house opposite the elm, was much delighted by witnessing a ball given under its spreading boughs, where the "volte" and the "martingale" (now obsolete) were danced in a right gallant manner. Time, which endangers all things, rendered it, however, at last necessary to prop up this venerable patriarch of the trees of Var, and it is at present supported by wooden pillars about seven and a half feet high. It is said that the hollow sides of the old trunk have served more than once as a dwelling-house for poor people. But this vegetable retreat is now protected from the weather by a wall of stone and cement, and it is only since it has been repaired like an old house, that it has ceased to afford a hospitable shelter.

The famous Winfarthing oak, a gigantic relic of the sylvan glories of the "olden time," stands on the estate of the Right Hon. the Earl of Albemarle, about four miles from his seat at Quiddenham Hall, Winfarthing, near Diss, Norfolk, England; in the midst of what was formerly "Winfarthing Great Park," anciently a royal demesne, belonging to the adjacent palace of Kenninghall Place, from whence Mary, of unhappy memory, was called to the throne in 1553. It is conjectured that this tree must have been in existence before the Christian era; and this opinion is strengthened by the fact, that, notwithstanding the obvious ravages of time upon its massive trunk, yet no *perceptible* alteration has taken place within the last sixty years. The oak was, in 1820, 70 feet in circumference at the extremity of the roots; in the middle, 40 feet. The trunk is completely hollow, the "heart" being entirely decayed; and the inside presenting a singular appearance, resembling the old rugged masonry befitting a Druidical temple.

But perhaps the oldest tree on record is the cypress of Somma, in Lombardy. It is supposed to have been planted in the year of the birth of Christ, and on that account is looked on with reverence by the inhabitants; but an ancient chronicle at Milan is said to prove that it was a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar, B. C. 42. It is 123 feet high, and 20 feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree.

A MORAL LESSON.—Mr. Sinclair, the Scotch temperance lecturer, stated in one of his lectures that when a boy he saw a man's head chopped off in Glasgow, by the public executioner, and the head held up by the hair and pronounced that of a traitor, because he was engaged in stirring up the people to demand an extension of their privileges, and an increased liberality in the laws. Ten years afterwards the very privileges for which he contended were granted, the very laws which he demanded were enacted, and at the present day in Glasgow, in Edinburgh, in Manchester and in London may be seen monuments erected to perpetuate his memory. Thus the living are crucified that the dead may be glorified.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—"What on airth ails these 'ere shirt-buttons, I wonder? Just the minnit I puts the needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they splits and flies all to bits." "Why, grandmother, them isn't buttons, they's my peppermints, and now you've been a spiling them."

PICTORIAL SATIRE.—A caricature is going the round of Vienna, representing the Austrian rank and file adorned with the heads of lions, their officers with those of asses, and the generals with no heads at all.

MAN AND WIFE.—A gentleman burying his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much on her funeral. "Ah, sir, she would have done so much, or more, for me, with pleasure."

IT PAYS.—The stockholders of the horse railroads in New York in 1858, received dividends to the amount of $1000 a day through the year.

VERONA, ITALY.

The city of Verona, Italy, which threatened to be the scene of a terrible conflict between the Austrians and the Allies, occupies what is considered the finest site in Northern Italy. It stands on the river Adige, the greater portion of it lying on the western bank. A strong belt of forts encircles it; and the Adige, moreover, so winds and winds again as to embrace within its folds nearly the whole city. Four bridges cross the river, but neither communicates with any of the principal streets. The *Corso*, or Grand Drive of Verona, runs across the western part of the city from east to west. The *Campo Marzo*, or Field of Arms, lies in the eastern portion, not far from the railway station. The *Arena*, or Amphitheatre, a splendid memorial of the Romans, is in the Piazza Bra, at a short distance from the Corso; and, speaking generally, all the principal attractions and notabilities of Verona are situated on the same side of the river.

Verona well deserves the epithet of "fair" given to it by Shakspeare. It forms the centre of a beautiful landscape, where glitter the brightest of rivers, where wave the leafiest of trees, where in the distance the purple mountains lift up their brows to gaze upon the blue Italian sky! The Adige rushes down from the hills with a wonderful force and rapidity, and on its banks stands many a gleaming villa, shining through its fences of cypress and tall pine. The chief thing, next to Juliet's house and tomb, which attracts the traveller's attention in Verona, is the *Amphitheatre*, supposed to have been built about the same time as the Coliseum at Rome, or nearly eighteen hundred years ago. There are other memorials of Imperial Rome scattered about the city—especially two Roman gateways in excellent preservation. But, perhaps, to the general tourist the relics of mediæval architecture are the most interesting.

The fortifications of Verona are of remarkable strength, and have been devised by the most consummate military skill. They have been erected at different dates, and consequently illustrate the growth of the science of defence. The Roman Emperor Gallienus commenced them, and so stout was the Roman work, "large masses of it yet remain." Theodoric, Charlemagne, and the Scaligeri, lords of Verona, successively added to its ramparts and increased their strength. The latter "crowned them with forked battlements which render them so picturesque, especially the part beyond the Adige; and the towers which rise upon the bold and precipitous hills add much to the beauty of the town." Lastly, are the outworks of the Scaligerian walls, begun by the Venetians about 1520, and completed in accordance with the plans of Sanmicheli, "the father of the science of modern fortifications."

Since 1815, the Austrians have been unceasing in their endeavors to render it an almost impregnable fortification; and, indeed, it is affirmed that it could only be reduced by a rigorous and prolonged blockade. It requires for its defensive force a garrison of 20,000 men, and its importance may very readily be understood by a glance at the map, which will show the reader its position on the main traject between Milan and Venice, the two capitals of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and on the line of communication with the Valley of the Adige, Tyrol, and the resources of Austria.

Verona claims many illustrious men as her children:—the Roman poet Catullus; Pliny the younger; the historian Cornelius Nepos; Frascatore, poet and physician, "one of the three great masters of modern Latin poetry;" the famous painter, Paolo or Paul Veronese; and Scipione Maffei, who wrote the annals of his native city. To Verona, Dante, the great bard of modern Italy, retired when expelled from Florence—

His first retreat,—first refuge from despair!

Verona, exclusive of its garrison, has a population of 60,000. The climate is keen, but healthy, and fruit and flowers abound in its vicinity.

HORSE-RADISH FOR STOCK.—A little horse-radish is excellent for cattle. Cut it up fine and mix with potatoes or a little meal. It will create an appetite, and is also a preventive of disease.

MOUTH.—An instrument to some people of rendering ideas audible; and of rendering victuals invisible.

PEN.—The silent mouthpiece of the mind.

NAPOLEON III. AND ENGLAND.

It is almost ludicrous to witness the panic of the alarmists in England with regard to the designs of Louis Napoleon; it reminds us of what we heard about some of the old women in petticoats and pantaloons in this country, in the beginning of this century, when Napoleon I. was sweeping Europe with his victorious armies. It was the deliberate opinion of these venerable old ladies that "Boney was coming over to eat us all up." The "Corsican ogre" was a terrible bugbear in those days. He was the infallible "bogey" with whom mothers and nurses used to terrify refractory children into shuddering obedience. Now, for our part, we do not believe that Louis Napoleon has the slightest idea of attempting to make a mouthful of England; that is, unless England, by her course, invites an attack. So long as she honestly preserves a strict neutrality, and lets Austria fight out her quarrel with France, just so long will France keep faith with her; and, the war ended, Louis Napoleon will have enough to do to repair the wrecks of the gigantic struggle he is now waging, and build up the industrial prosperity of his empire. He will have had enough of glory as the liberator of Italy to incline him to cultivate the arts of peace.

THE UNDISTINGUISHED DEAD.

It is only the men who wear epaulettes whose graves are designated. The privates are buried in heaps, with quick-lime thrown over them to hasten decomposition. Yet those remains are as dear and sacred to loving hearts as the ashes of generals and marshals. What reflections this suggests! Think of thousands of men, one day full of life, hope, courage and enthusiasm, the next tumbled into a common ditch with no stone to mark their resting-place. Yet they fertilize the earth, and rank grows the grain for years upon a battle field like that of Waterloo or Solferino. Belgian and Italian families feed upon dead heroes.

TO DYSPEPTICS.—It is a well established fact that soda, magnesia, and all alkalies, either afford but a temporary relief, or confirm the disease which they are designed to cure, into a chronic affection; therefore let our readers be warned against their use. There is an agent, however, the "Oxygenated Bitters," which immediately relieves, and permanently cures, all forms of dyspepsia and difficulties of the stomach. It is a long-tried and thoroughly tested specific, which has been the means of restoring health to vast numbers of suffering invalids all over the wide extent of this country. It is for sale by all respectable apothecaries in the various States.

YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL.—We would call particular attention to Rev. Dr. Gannett's card in another column, relative to the excellent private school conducted by himself and wife in this city. Having the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the doctor and his system, we can cordially endorse the same. The rooms are remarkably well situated for the purpose of a young ladies' school—*retired*, possessing every convenience, well ventilated, light, and built expressly for Dr. Gannett's purpose.

NEW PAVEMENT.—The new "kidney stone" pavement on Washington Street from State Street, is laid in the most substantial manner. The crown is only about five inches to a width of twenty-five feet. This is only about one-half the crown of many of the city avenues of the same width.

RUFUS CHOATE.—The Traveller learns that the amount of insurance on the life of Mr. Choate is $25,000, viz., in the New England Mutual, 10,000; the Massachusetts, Charter Oak and Connecticut, $5000 each.

HEAVY LOSS.—Sixteen mules, belonging to D. B. Motley, of Lebanon, Tennessee, were killed by one stroke of lightning, a short time since. They were all huddled together under one tree.

A DEAR KISS.—A woman in England lately bit a man's nose off for kissing her against her will. She was tried for the offence, and acquitted.

BAD LUCK.—Five whaling vessels, lately returned to New Bedford, have lost for their owners $100,000.

Wayside Gatherings.

The coal mines of Arkansas are beginning to be worked to advantage and profit.

Arrangements for taking the next census are beginning to be made in Washington.

Seven hundred thousand children attend school in the six New England States.

It is stated that the fruit crop of California this year will amount to $7,000,000.

The State of Maine will have a larger crop this year than has been known for some time.

A quartz gold mine, which yields well, has been discovered in Talladego County, Ala.

At one time during the air journey of the great balloon Atlantic, three out of the four inmates were sound asleep.

Myriads of grasshoppers have made their appearance in Salt Lake Valley, and are devouring the crops.

The New York fashion among the ladies, of cropping their hair and curling it, is extending to the country.

At the Salines in Cherokee County, Texas, salt is manufactured of a good quality and in great abundance.

The N. Y. Herald is pleasant at the expense of Boston, which town, it graciously says, "is growing to be rather a popular watering place."

Colonel R. Cunningham, the father of the "Southern Matron," so efficient in the Mount Vernon movement, died in South Carolina recently.

P. St. George Cooke, Esq., has presented to the Virginia Military Institute $20,000 for the establishment of an agricultural department at that institution.

Fifteen French criminals have lately arrived at New York from Boulogne. They were released from the Toulon galleys, and their passage paid hither by the French authorities.

It is said that the continued flow of burning lava from the volcanoes of Hawaii into the water, has had a very disastrous effect upon the fisheries of the coast.

During the first six months of 1859, 74 boats and 327 lives were lost on the Western waters; 26 of the boats were burned. Value of boats and cargoes $1,770,500.

At Norwich, Conn, on the 4th of July, a party of juveniles paraded the streets with a banner, on which was inscribed the following words: "Give us liberty, or give us confectionery."

A rattlesnake with seventeen rattles was stirred up by two women who were picking whortleberries in Glastenbury, Conn., recently. Instead of running, they got a stake from the fence and killed him.

A couple of foolish men in Cincinnati were amusing themselves on the evening of the 4th of July by shooting at each other with Roman candles, when one of them lost an eye in the conflict.

The Tompkins Blues, an old New York company, with whom the Boston Tigers have interchanged kindnesses, have hired a steamer, and will pay another visit to Boston. They will stop at Newport and Providence on their way here.

The commercial men of New Orleans have in consideration a ship canal six miles in length, to connect the river with the ocean, at a point on the coast above the sand bars. Engineers say it can be done at a cost of about a million and a half, and will give a permanent channel.

The inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty, who were recently removed to Norfolk Island by the British government, are becoming dissatisfied with their new home, and numbers of them are returning to Pitcairn's Island.

At Cirencester, England, a tory gentleman named Poole is on trial for having drugged a liberal voter and put him asleep for a whole day, so as to deprive him of his vote. The gentleman employed his gardener and groom to ply the voter with drugged beer and tea, and the object was accomplished.

About 125,000 bushels of corn, or 3000 tons, were conveyed from Port Colborne on Lake Erie to Port Dalhousie on Lake Ontario over the Welland railway 4th of July, with one locomotive and one train of cars. This is said to be the largest draft ever made with the same power over any railway in America.

The Austrian Kaiser, determined not to be behind his French brother in his patronage of art, has also *his* painter at the seat of war. It is said that Herr Eugen Adam, from Munich, known by his representations of the former Italian wars, has gone to the Austrian headquarters to take part in the campaign as battle-painter.

We have heard very little of the Great Eastern steamship lately. It now appears that she is to be completed in September—the contractor to have £1000 for each week he gains upon this time, and to forfeit $10,000 for every week he loses. She will have room for five hundred first class, and four hundred second class, and any number of third class passengers.

A singular performance of the wind is noticed on the hillsides, near Monte Cristo, California. Air currents strike a snow drift, and, piercing it, catch the dry flakes, bringing them forth and rising in the shape of water spouts at sea. Frequently, a number of the spirals form and unite, at a height of from 30 to 50 feet, when they separate and fall like water spray.

Sands of Gold.

.... Poetry is the eldest offspring of Literature.—*R. A. Willmott.*

.... In old days people married when they loved; but that fashion is changed.—*Congreve.*

.... Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.—*Penn.*

.... Women and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted.—*Chesterfield.*

.... It's odd how folks will force disagreeable knowledge upon us,—crab apples, that we must eat and defy the stomach-ache.—*Jerrold.*

.... The taste of beauty, and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable, perfects the character of the gentleman.—*Shaftsbury.*

.... Everybody has imagination when money is the thought—the theme. The common brain will bubble to a golden wand.—*Jerrold.*

.... Great books are not in everybody's reach; and it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more.—*Coleridge.*

.... It is impossible to love when we cannot esteem; and no woman can be esteemed by a man who has sense, if she makes herself cheap in the eye of a fool.—*Vanbrugh.*

.... A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down. —*Dr. Johnson.*

.... How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles. —*Washington Irving.*

.... In argument there is no such thing as "shutting up" and finally and definitely putting down an opponent. There is always still something to be said, under cover of which a decent retreat may be made.—*Bovee.*

.... Our virtues are frequently exercised at the expense of our charities. They should never be allowed to lift us so far above our neighbors, as to make us lose sight of their sorrows and necessities.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... We seldom stop to consider the wisdom of a bad man's words, but incline a willing ear to the suggestions of the worthy. Weight of influence is, therefore, according to purity of character.—*Bovee.*

.... Revelation may not need the help of reason, but man does, even when in possession of Revelation. Reason may be described as the candle in the man's hand, to which Revelation brings the necessary flame.—*W. G. Simms.*

Joker's Budget.

The room where the matrimonial harness is kept is indeed the "*bridle*-chamber."

Ladies redden their cheeks by the aid of the looking-glass; gentlemen by the wine-glass.

Sheridan, having been asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

Why is a sheet of postage-stamps like distant relatives? Because they are but slightly connected.

The gentleman who stood upon ceremony has lost his footing, and now finds that he has slipped out of a very pleasant circle.

"Gold" has been waggishly defined by a dictionary-maker as a comprehensive money-syllable.

A gentleman having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the *piano* was her *forte*.

Dr. Hall says that for the period of a month before marriage, and a month after death, men regard their wives as angels.

Heavens! what rosaries might be strung for the memory of sweet female kisses, given without check or art, before one is of age to value them!

"I will lay you a wager," said Bouncer, "that I will shoot more crows to-day than you." "O, yes," replied his companion, "you always beat me at *crowing*."

"I say, Broom!" Call me by my whole name, if you please, sir. It has a handle to it, and it was meant to be used, sir." "That's so. Well, Broom-handle, how are you?"

"I am certain, wife, that I am right and that you are wrong. I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to *such extreme lengths*."

An advertisement in a Boston paper, lately, for a young man to work in a store, was answered by eighteen applications. But one for a "gentleman" to travel and play on the banjo, met with four hundred and eleven responses.

A Kentucky paper says it has seen a chicken with two distinct backs, two pairs of wings, two windpipes, and four legs, with but one head. It survived the hatching but a short time, owing to bad treatment, it is supposed, from the hen.

Customer to restaurant man: "Boy!" Restaurant man: "Don't call me a boy, sir—I'm no boy, sir." Customer: "Then do as you'd be done by, and don't call this old mutton *lamb* any more."

Why is the speech a Jew would make when paying a bill, like two characters in one of Shakspeare's plays? Because he would say, "Cash I owe (Cassio), and dere's de money (Desdemona)."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HOUSEHOLD BAND.

BY A. P. C.

Six loved ones of a household band,
Three on the sea—three on the land!
Three are afar on ocean tide,
And three by home's dear fireside!

Six willing hands and loving hearts
All toiling to perform their parts,
Three to make glad a cheerful home
And welcome back the friends who roam.
And three far sailing o'er the deep,
Praying that God will safely keep
Those loved ones till they once more meet,
Circling around home's altar sweet.

Lord of the earth! Lord of the sea!
We give this household band to Thee.
O, grant these friends, to each so dear,
Again be blest in union here;
And grant that in that happy land,
Where naught divides the household band,
They meet in joy, to part no more,
Safe landed on its sacred shore.

Six willing hands—six loving hearts,
All toiling at their destined parts.
This household band, here scattered wide,
There, earth nor sea shall more divide.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A STORY IN LETTERS.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

WESTON, May 24, 1858.

DEAR JULIA:—In six short weeks my school-days will be over forever. You cannot imagine how desolate and dark time stretches out before me from that period; how utterly wretched I am when I gain courage to contemplate it. I wish, sometimes, that things would never change with me; that I might always stay here and board with good, kind Mrs. Burleigh, receiving quarterly the scanty remittances of a careful guardian, whose object seems to be to make the most of my little property until my education is completed; and reciting day after day my lessons to Mr. Davenport. But it cannot be so. I must go out into the noise and confusion of the great world from which I have been guarded so long, and fashion with my own will and care my future. It may be better so. I know that it must be.

Yet, in all this place I have but one friend; and that one, I need not tell to you, is my teacher, Mr. Davenport. Dignified, reserved—and some say cold and proud—he is all the dearer to me, because I have broken through the quiet and apparently icy surface of his heart, and found the warm, gushing springs of affection which others cannot see. Dearer, because to me he has unbent from his quiet and reserve, and showed me the sunshiny part of his character, till I have grown purer and better beneath its influence; because in the proudest expressions of his face, the sternest glances of his deep, piercing gray eyes, I can see the light and warmth of a great soul shining through, while others shrink timidly away, chilled by an imaginary coldness. Dear, kind Mr. Davenport, what should I have done, what should I have been without him!

But last night I learned something about him which made me discontented and unhappy. Smile not at the disinterestedness of my friendship, when I tell you that my heart sank heavily within me, and the color went away a moment from my face, when Mrs. Burleigh told me he was engaged to a lady in a neighboring city; that she had heard it from a friend who could not be mistaken about it, and that the lady was of a family of distinction and very wealthy. There was no reason, I assure you, why the knowledge of such a fact should come upon me with such a darkness, shutting down with its winglike shadows upon everything bright and pleasant; no reason that I had known, why the swift, hot tears filled my eyes, as I sought my chamber, and fell like a rain of fire upon my cheeks.

He was only a friend to me, and yet I did not sleep last night thinking of the woman who was some day—may-be very soon—to find a home in his heart, a shelter within the clasp of his arms; thinking of his future and mine, so vividly divergent; recalling his looks and words from time to time, which, unconsciously, I had carefully laid away in my heart, and then chiding myself for the very thoughts which I could not control. What right had I to do this? What right had I to take so closely and tenderly to myself all the little kindnesses he had shown me? Was it a right above that of a thief who steals away his neighbor's goods, and gloats over them secretly? Dear, dear Julia, you who are older and wiser than I am, can perhaps better understand all this! Understand better, did I say? God knows, in the double night of darkness that was upon me, I read plainly and clearly my heart, which for months, ay, for almost years, has curled its pages backward from my sight, and words of thankfulness trembled upon my lips, that at last I had found the secret to guard and keep forever! Francis Davenport should not, by the slightest look, word or action, learn how like an idiot I had poured upon him the riches of my love, I said again and again to myself.

And so this morning I went as usual to my school-room, a deep feeling of humiliation at my heart, while I was outwardly proud, haughty and reserved. Not once during the long forenoon did I raise my eyes to meet the steady, earnest gaze of my teacher, though I was certain he could but notice the strange mood that was upon me. But I could not trust myself; the very light of his pleasant, kindly smiles would have kindled a perfect flame of tell-tale blushes upon my face. At noon he lingered a moment by my side, and asked me if I was "quite well to-day."

"Very well, I thank you," I replied; and as I finished speaking, he turned away.

In the afternoon, the presence of a stranger in the school-room set me once more at ease. While he was there I thought Mr. Davenport would not notice any little confusion of manner upon my part, and, relieved for a while from the embarrassment that had rested so heavily upon me, I turned contentedly to my books. But I was not to escape so easily. When the classes were released for the afternoon, I was summoned to the teacher's desk, and gravely presented to the stranger, Mr. Solomon Park, who, he said, had marked with pleasure my studiousness, as well as the readiness I had displayed at my recitations. I stammered forth a complicated sentence of gratitude, in return for his good opinion, and bowing coldly I turned to the hall, to meet the prying, inquisitive wonderment of a score of my class, whose curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch on seeing me presented to the gray-haired, portly visitor. With a few curt, well-directed answers I ridded myself of their questionings, and turned moodily down the green, shady way that led to Mrs. Burleigh's house. I had not walked far before I heard hurried steps behind me, and while I strove to quiet the loud beating of my heart, which rose up joyfully in acknowledgment of his presence, Mr Davenport gained my side, remarking at once, with an abruptness peculiarly his own, upon the rapidity of my pace.

"I was not aware that I were walking fast," I answered.

"Perhaps you were in deep thought," he remarked; "people at such times were often unconscious of what they were doing."

"No, I was not thinking at all," I replied—"at least of nothing in particular."

"Perhaps not," he said, relapsing into silence, while a strange smile lingered at the corners of his mouth.

We walked along quite a distance without speaking, until we came to a spot by the roadside blue with violets.

"If I would stop a moment, he would gather me some of them," Mr. Davenport said; and while I paused, watching him as he placed the long, white pulpy stems carefully in his left hand, he asked "how was I pleased with Mr. Park?"

"I did not know," I answered. "I had not thought."

"He is an eccentric gentleman," he went on to say, "who, though he has arrived at a goodly age, and visited all parts of the world, has not married, because he has never met with a woman that pleased him, until—" He hesitated before completing the sentence, and looking roguishly up into my face, added with emphasis, "*until to-day.*"

"Ah, indeed!" I remarked carelessly.

"At his earnest solicitation I presented you to him, even without first gaining your permission, for I could not put him off. You are aware of what I am about to say, Miss Eunice—*you* are the fortunate lady who has at last charmed his fastidious eye, and taken captive his hitherto invulnerable heart. Let me congratulate you. Will you take the violets?" He added this, looking earnestly down into my blushing face. I took the flowers mechanically from his hand, without thanking him, and he commenced again in the same cool, provoking, tantalizing strain:

"He quite put me to my wit's ends with the numerous questions he asked me concerning you. The more I answered, the more he wished to know; and at last, to save myself from being your biographer, I referred him to you. Was I right?"

"Quite right, Mr. Davenport," I answered, a little piqued.

"Here are more violets," he said, without appearing to notice the answer I had made him. "Let me gather you a few white ones. I am wise, you see, plucking the flowers as I go along. May has let her blossoms slip sparingly through her fingers this year."

"Yes," I said, "as—" I did not complete the sentence, but asked instead, with a feigned attempt at liveliness, if his aged hero was wealthy.

"Immensely so," was the reply.

"Wealth has turned the heads of wiser persons than I am," I remarked, darting a keen glance up into his face, to note the effect of my words. To my surprise, he answered composedly:

"Certainly, Miss Eunice, and perhaps truer hearts—perhaps, I say, remember! But here we are already at Mrs. Burleigh's door, and I must bid you good-night."

As he spoke, and while his eyes rested on my face, he reached out his hand for the violets he had given me, saying as he placed between my fingers a wild rose-bud, "Let us change, Eunice."

I pressed the half-open flower to my lips, as he turned away from me. My heart was full. But I am wearying you, dear Julia, and so good-night. Yours ever,

EUNICE RUSS.

WESTON, July —, 1858.

DEAR JULIA:—As you requested me, in your letter of early June, I will continue "the little story," as you are pleased to term it, at this, my earliest opportunity. I wrote you last, if I remember rightly, on the evening following the day upon which I was presented to Solomon Park. That day was but the commencement of the evils which followed after it. As Mr. Davenport had hinted, this strange and eccentric man had taken it into his head that I, of all the women in the world, was the only one calculated to perfect his earthly happiness. At first I received his attentions with a silent contempt, which I could not conceal; but as days went by, and he still strove by a respectful yet earnest perseverance to win my favor, giving me the while such proofs of his kind, true-heartedness as I could not gainsay, I grew to look upon him with less of disdain than compassion.

So it was that matters went on until the evening of the party given during the last week of the school, Mr. Park following me as closely as though he had been my shadow, and I striving to the best of my ability to show him, that whatever might occur, I could be nothing more than a friend to him. At first Mr. Davenport looked upon the singular phase with more of curiosity than aught else, joking me occasionally upon my conquest. One morning—and for a long time I did not forgive him the joke—he came to my desk while I was studying, before school hours, to conquer a difficult, puzzling lesson, and laid a white rose upon my open book, saying as he did so, with a mischievous merriment shining in his eyes, "That even *Solomon* in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" The flower was worthless to me from that moment, and when I left the school-room at noon, I laid it upon his table. Others might make merry over my annoyance, but I could not, though I wished it, bear one little word from him.

But on the evening of the party every one seemed conspiring against my happiness. A score of times was Mr. Davenport's lady pointed out to me, and as many times a eulogy poured into my ears of her superior excellence and beauty. How noble and good a woman she might have been, I could not say, but there was nothing in the dark, haughty face, and the cold, cynical expression that hovered about her well-curved lips to attract me towards her. I watched her while Mr. Davenport was lingering by her side, and saw the proud face grow radiant and beautiful with smiles, and the dark eyes kindle with expression, till I did not wonder that he loved her—did not wonder that he was charmed and fascinated, and the homage of his loyal heart was paid reverently at her shrine. Then came to me the thought—so dangerous and fearful to the peace of woman—that if I had given all my love unasked—my love where I might never recall it, what mattered it to whom I gave my hand! The gray-haired, kind old man standing by my side, loved me truly and well, why should I not reward that love as well as I could? I might be a dutiful, faithful wife, as far as the world could see, what more would be wanted? In a few days I should be homeless—the whole of my little property spent to pay for my education—why would it not be well for me to go with him to his rich, stately home, the pride and joy of his life, the light of his household? I looked up into his face, as the thought flew across my mind. It was a kind, good face, warm and genial, and for a moment a wish to see it light up with a joy that I alone could bring to it, almost sent from my lips words that would have sealed my fate forever.

"O that I had some one to advise me!" I said inwardly; "some one that I might rely upon and trust." I looked around; Mr. Davenport was standing but a short distance from me, conversing with Mrs. Burleigh, while both were regarding me attentively.

"Let us go to the lower end of the room," I said to Mr. Park. As we moved along I heard Mrs. Burleigh say, in answer to some remark of Mr. Davenport, "I am sure she will never do better!"

I half paused to catch the answer, but it was drowned before it reached my ears in the confused murmur of voices. But I thought, as I sauntered along slowly with my companion, that I would give more for the opinion of my teacher than any other person living. If I cared so much for it, why need I not ask it, I grew to wondering suddenly.

I should have one more opportunity of conversing with him, before the close of the school, on the following morning, and why not broach the subject to him as I had a hundred others that perplexed me? My resolution was taken—I would speak to him the next day. He could not read my heart, and to him there would be nothing strange in the questions I should ask him.

So, in the early morning, I went down to the school-room, my heart beating wildly with intensity of feeling, and my cheek flushed to a deep crimson with excitement. But I was not the only one who had planned an early visit to the old recitation-room—nearly half of the graduating class were already there. Some lingered tearfully with their books by the long windows, where the sweet morning air came in freshly through the green branches of the elms, and others sitting thoughtfully by their desks, silent and sorrowful. Mr. Davenport was leaning forward upon his table as I entered the room, looking a fit companion, with his sad face bent low upon his hands, for the silent group about him. I went to my desk without speaking, and taking a book from it, went to the extreme end of the room and seated myself away from my companions in the window.

As I did so, Mr. Davenport commenced making the tour of the room, pausing as he went along to speak to each member of the class. I wished I was back again to my seat, but did not dare venture to go lest it should seem that I was over-anxious to speak with him; and if I remained where I was, would it not appear like a manœuvre? I leaned back in the window, hoping he would forget me, and yet disputing that hope with a half-tearful fear that he would. But I was not forgotten. He came to me at last, and leaning his arm upon the shutter that I had drawn forward to conceal myself, asked, in his old abrupt way, if I wished to teach after graduating?

"I don't know; I am undecided what to do," I answered.

"And to-morrow is the last day of school! But perhaps," he added, looking suddenly up, "you will not—"

"What?"

"As the wife of my worthy friend, Mr. Park, you will have little necessity for labor."

"And do you advise me to marry him?" I asked hurriedly. "You have been a kind friend to me all the while I have been here; I can rely on your judgment. Tell me, O, tell me what to do!"

He looked at me inquiringly. "Do you believe in love?" he asked.

"Yes, in idolatrous, worshipful love," I answered fervently.

"Then do not wrong your belief by referring such a question to any one. In your own soul you already have an answer from the very King of kings! Heed that, and that only."

"But he will be a friend to me," I said, half in excuse for the question I had asked him.

"Yes; and if you do not love him, you will turn to be the direst enemy of your peace and purity, in giving yourself to him."

"I promised to decide to-day," I said, the hot tears rushing blindingly to my eyes.

He made a movement towards me, as I spoke, then looking into my face, he drew back without answering me, and moved down the aisle.

That night I gave Mr. Park my final answer, that I could not marry him, and on the morning of the last day of school, handed my name in to Mr. Davenport with those of my companions who were desirous of obtaining situations as teachers. I did not stop at his desk, as did my classmates, to particularize upon the situation that I cared to gain, but stole away silently to my seat. My heart was running over with joy; within it right and wrong had fought a fierce battle, and right had conquered.

"Then you have concluded to teach?" asked Mr. Davenport, as I stood by my desk for the last time, the day following that of the examination, packing my books and papers.

"Yes sir," I answered, without looking up.

He did not speak again for a moment, then he said, in a slightly tremulous voice, "Do you know, Eunice, that the woman who finds her way back to the right, from which she has strayed, by the inward light of her own soul, is doubly blessed?"

I looked up into his face, and then down again to my books, for his eyes telegraphed too distinctly to my waiting heart for it to remain silent. And so he continued: "For weeks my lips have shut back from a strong, passionate utterance, words that have burned for expression in the purest depths of my heart. While you could not tell which was the dearest—whether you would be the wife of a man you did not love, or a free, pure woman, I could not, would not speak to you of my love. Now—"

He held out his hand to me, and trustingly, reverently and happily I laid mine within its strong clasp, and as he pressed his lips to mine, I thought, while tears of thanksgiving rose to my eyes, that indeed I was "blessed among women; not because of the victory I had won over self, but because of his love!"

And that is all, dear Julia. I cannot say more.

Yours affectionately,

EUNICE RUSS.

VIEWS ON LAGO MAGGIORE.

On this and the first page of this number, we publish sketches of the Lago Maggiore, in Northern Italy, a beautiful sheet of water, extending through a range of magnificent mountain scenery, and now invested with an historic interest by the events of the present war. The sketch on the first page is given because it delineates an event worthy of commemoration, which occurred on the 30th of April. The passage of this lake by Austrian troops is indeed well worthy of illustration, as being one of the chief incidents in the first act of the great war-drama which now fascinates the world with its terrible interest. The Austrians passed from their own territory to that of Sardinia in three columns—two divisions penetrating by way of Gravellona and Albiati Grasso, whilst the other division entered the country from the Lago Maggiore, landing on the Sardinian shore of the lake, occupying the towns of Stresa, Intra, Pallanza and Arona, and driving back the Sardinians by the superiority of their numbers. With what high hopes did the Austrian officers lead their well-trained troops into the fertile plains of Sardinia! Yet how short a time was necessary to drive them back, beaten in a series of terrible battles, to the base of their frowning fortresses in the famous quadrilateral! As a final resort, the Emperor of Austria took the field in person; but the terrible battle of Solferino destroyed his last hope. The London Times ably comments on his despair at this result.

"When the Emperor of Austria saw the retreat of his troops from the Tower of Cavriana, he had tears in his eyes. Those tears that started in that young man's eyes, were, perhaps, drawn forth only by the sting of baffled hopes. Perhaps he felt only at that moment the hopelessness which we have all experienced when the stream of events has gone against us, and when not even the excitement of personal effort remained. He had gone forth that morning confident that the sanguine predictions of his aged advisers would be fulfilled; that the immense army which obeyed his command, like a well-finished machine, was invincible and irresistible; that the plan of the day's battle would be worked out with the rigid certainty of a piece of official routine; and that the evening would see the French and Sardinian invaders broken by his troops and flying in disorder before him. The only fear was lest they should fly too soon, and before his extended lines could converge and surround them. Hess had doubtless reminded him how a similar invasion had been resisted ten years before, and how Radetzky, when he ceased to retreat and had doubled back upon the Sardinians, had given out 'Turin' as the watchword of the day. He had relied undoubtingly upon the virtue of the precedents of former years, and had believed the old field-marshal when he attributed the smaller disasters of the present campaign to the weakness of Gyulai, in not fighting over again the battle of Novara. He had trusted in his numerous artillery—so efficient, according to the only standard of efficiency which he and his generals knew. He had confided in that well-trained cavalry, which he had seen so perfect in their evolutions upon the plain before him, where they had wheeled and charged in many a grand review, chasing before them imaginary foes. He religiously believed that no enemy could stand the shock of his columns of sturdy infantry, or could break the bristling masses that to his eyes were the incarnation of infrangible power. But in one day illusion after illusion had broken up and drifted away. He had been learning for many hours the incapacity of matter to contend with mind. His artillery, outshot by a more perfect arm, had proved little better than an incumbrance in the battle; his impregnable position upon that high hill had, after a desperate resistance, been taken at a rush by a more active, a more intelligent, and a more enterprising soldiery; his infantry, although numerically superior in the field, has always been 'too few on the decisive point and at the decisive minute.' While he looked from the Tower of Cavriana this massive organization was being dissolved before him, this long-prepared system of physical force had broken at its first test, and in vexation or in sorrow the Emperor of Austria wept."

Lago Maggiore, where the opening scene of this great drama was enacted, is the largest lake in Italy, and extends about fifty miles in length from north to south; its greatest breadth, which is eight miles, is about the middle of its length; but it is only between two and three miles broad in most other places, and still less at the north and south extremities. The elevation of its surface above the sea is 678 feet, and its greatest depth is 1100 feet. Its northern half extends between the lower offsets of the Pennine Alps on one side, and the Rhætian Alps on the other, receiving all the streams that flow from the southern slope of those mountains, from Mount Rosa on the west to Mount Bernardin on the east. The southern extremity of the lake touches the level plain of Lombardy. The principal affluents of Lago Maggiore are:—the Toccia, or Tosa, which comes from the Val d'Ossola; the Maggia, which flows through the valley of that name; the Ticino, or Tessin, coming from the St. Gothard; and the Tresa, which flows out of the neighboring lake of the Lugano. It also receives an outlet from the small lake of Orta, which lies west of the Lago Maggiore. The outlet of the Lago Maggiore is formed by the Ticino, which issues from its southern extremity at the town of Sesto. The northern extremity of the Lago Maggiore, which is called at that end the Lake of Locarno, extends into the Swiss canton of Ticino. Through the remainder of its length the Lago Maggiore divides Austrian Lombardy, on its eastern bank, from the Sardinian territory which lies along its western shore. The Ticino continues to mark the boundary between the two States to its junction with the Po. The principal towns along the banks of the lake are: Intra, Palanza, and Arona, on the Sardinian coast; Locarno and Magadino, on the Swiss coast; and Laveno and Sesto, on the Austrian shore.

ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS AT MILAN.

The engraving which occupies our last page, and which is characterized by spirit, naturalness and artistic effect, represents the welcome given by the people of Milan to the Italian volunteers from other portions of the country, as they flocked to the standard of Victor Emmanuel, full of enthusiasm in the glorious cause of Italian independence. Many of these recruits were young men of fortune, nurtured in the lap of luxury, yet gladly abandoning the splendors that surrounded them for the rough usage of the bivouac and the battle-field. The picture, spirited and admirable as it is, gives but a faint idea of the enthusiasm with which they were welcomed, and of the spirit of fraternity and good-will which, for a time at least, annihilated all sectional feelings, and recognized only the fact of Italian nationality. Flowers, wine, refreshments were lavished on the volunteers, and how well they deserved these marks of distinction has been shown in the gallantry of their behaviour in the field. Garibaldi's corps, composed entirely of Italian volunteers, performed exploits, which, when related by future writers, will excite astonishment and admiration; while the Italian wing of the allied army at Solferino, combating for hours a superior force, showed in the loss of five thousand men in killed and wounded, what heroes filled its ranks. Nothing so hopeful has been witnessed in the annals of modern Italy. This heroism assures us, not only that the Italians are worthy of independence, but that they will achieve it, even if again abandoned to themselves. Men who have made such sacrifices, endured such hardships, and fought with such bravery, can never again be made to bend beneath a foreign yoke. It remains for their influential leaders to guide the movements of their enthusiasm, that they will not fall into the pit of Red Republicanism, the grave of continental liberty in 1848 and 1849.

VIEW OF LAKE MAGGIORE, NORTHERN ITALY.

A MODEST REQUEST.

When the Duke of Ormonde was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Queen Anne's reign, one of his friends applied to him for some preferment, adding that he was by no means particular; and was willing to accept either a bishopric, or a regiment of horse—or to be made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. This, however, is surpassed by Horace Walpole's anecdote of a humane jailor in Oxfordshire, who made the following application to one of his condemned prisoners: "My good friend! I have a little favor to ask of you, which, from your obliging disposition, I doubt not you will grant. You are ordered for execution on Friday week. I have a particular engagement on that day; if it makes no difference to you, *would* you say *next* Friday instead?"—*English Anecdotes.*

With the vulgar and the learned, names have great weight; the wise use a writ of inquiry into their legitimacy when they are advanced as authority.—*Zimmerman.*

HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

Several years ago, when the Astor House in New York city was still in its early youth, and Wenham Lake ice was not yet known on London dinner-tables, a British "functionary," who was on his way to his post, put up at that excellent hostelry. He was accompanied by his wife; and though not posted in the peculiarities of the land they had reached, their eyes and ears were open for new impressions. We heard two of these mentioned the other day; and the anecdote—whether it make you smile or not—is absolutely true. As the lady and gentleman stood at the door of the large drawing-room, and were about to enter, they observed, seated near each other, but not communicating, two female figures adorned in the height of fashion, and waving to-and-fro with a peculiar movement entirely incomprehensible to the new-comers. In short, they saw for the first time the rocking-chair in use, and were so much struck with its oddity, as compared with an elaborate costume and formal air, that they exchanged a mutual glance of intelligence, and retired, with the *sotto voce* exclamation, "Poor things! maniacs, of course!"—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NOW AND THEN.

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYZ.

Then, life was all bright and joyous,
Every hour was happy then,
And I muse of days passed happy,
While the echo murmurs—when?
Peace, insulting, hateful whisper,
Breathe no more the doubt of bliss—
Are there not some happy moments
In so bright a world as this?

Now, old age comes slowly creeping,
With a slow and noiseless tread,
Yesterday an infant sleeping,
And to-morrow with the dead.
Thus our life glides slowly onward,
While with feeble tongue or pen,
We can dream of joys long gone,
And the change since now and then.

CHILDHOOD.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope
Down which the child would roll to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.
CHARLES LAMB.

MY LOVE.

She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay,
The graces play all round about her:
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.—PRIOR.

WITH A GIFT.

A trifle, sweet, which true love spells—
True love interprets—right alone.—TENNYSON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— We are living in the midst of stirring events. From a safe standpoint we are contemplating a series of transactions, deeply interesting in themselves and pregnant with a possible future of vast magnitude. In the days of the French republic and first empire, days which were only the "beginning of the end," the news came to us in meagre instalments and at long intervals, but now, although the Atlantic telegraph refuses to flash intelligence across the dividing deep with the speed of light, still the continental telegraphs in co-operation with ocean steamships, bring us news perhaps quite as vast and copiously as we can digest it. In fact we read of battle after battle, at a few days' interval, and are dazzled and perplexed as we read. We have no time to reflect and appreciate the magnitude of the strife. Great achievements thus become dwarfed, and time must elapse before we can truly measure them. And while on this theme let us do justice to the enterprise of a contemporary—the New York Times. From the very opening of the war it has contained admirable articles and early intelligence upon the subject, but the climax of newspaper enterprise was crowned when its editor, Mr. Raymond, wrote the description of Solferino on the battle-field itself and despatched it to his journal in time to anticipate the English and even the French journals themselves. The prestige of such a feat is invaluable. And what a souvenir Mr. Raymond has secured! It is really worth some little trouble and expense to be able to say, some twenty years hence, when Solferino is historically ranked with Waterloo, "When I was at the battle of Solferino," etc.....There is nothing new under the sun. The greatest of modern warriors find it convenient to adopt some of the practices of the greatest of Roman captains. The Duke of Wellington was a careful student of Cæsar. "Had Cæsar's Commentaries with me in India," he says, "and learnt much from them,—fortifying my camp over night as he did. I passed over the rivers as he did, by means of baskets and boats of basket-work; only I think I improved upon him, constructing them into bridges, and always fortifying them and leaving them guarded, to return by them if necessary.".....The Paris Constitutionnel says it has reason to know that it is the intention of government to employ the Austrian prisoners in making railways in Algeria. It is also said that the prisoners will be let out to hire to agriculturists and manufacturers who may be willing to pay them. The officers are everywhere well treated. They are free on parole, and may even obtain without much difficulty, leave of absence from the places assigned for their residence. Those who are married may send for their wives. The pay allowed them by the French government is fixed as follows: Generals of division, 4000 francs; generals of brigade, 3000 francs; superior officers, 2400 francs; captains, lieutenants, and sub-lieutenants, 1200 francs.....The owners of Copley's great picture of "King Charles the First demanding the five Impeached Members," have generously offered the painting to the trustees of the City Library of Boston. It cost $9000.....The emperor of the French wishing to re-establish old and glorious traditions, has decided that any regiment which shall take a color from the enemy shall bear the cross of the Legion of Honor attached below its eagle.....The Paris correspondent of the New York Post states that the difficulties between the Imperial Bonapartists and the descendants of Mrs. Patterson of Baltimore, the reputed wife of the Duke of Westphalia, are in the way of being composed. The emperor has offered to make her son Jerome a duke, and her grandson Jerome, who graduated at West Point, and is now with the army in Italy, a count, with suitable pecuniary endowments for the rank, if they will formally renounce all claims to the name of Bonaparte.....There is to be a grand celebration by the Germans of New York on the 10th of November, which is the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the German poet, Schiller.....The Austrian general, Baron Reischech, received three wounds at Magenta. It is said that a Zouave, who sent a bullet into his thigh, called out, as he took aim: "That's for you, general.".....The newly born son of the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier has been christened, and in accordance with the Spanish custom, not fewer than twenty-three Christian names were given to him.....The Commercial Bulletin, which, by the way, maintains its high character for excellence, says: "The project of establishing a line of steamers between Boston and New Orleans is by no means abandoned as yet. Gentlemen of means and experience are exerting themselves in behalf of the enterprise, and we hope their efforts may meet with the same success attained in establishing the line between Boston and Charleston.....Among the vessels employed between France and the Crimea, though not stated in the report, were 40,000 tons of American shipping, embracing some of the finest and largest clipper vessels, as well as some steamers of the American mercantile marine, and for whose services a liberal compensation was made.....A recent writer has penned the following eulogy on domestic life: He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path, but when he returns to the fireside, and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is a comparatively happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows—increase his joys—lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes. No, that man cannot be miserable who has such a companion, be he ever so poor, despised and trodden upon by the world.....Accounts from Scotland state that the drought during May and a part of June was more severe than during any past year since 1826. The rivers Earn and Tay were nearly dry—the famous Doon, immortalized by Burns, would slide through a gallon measure, and other well known streams and rivers were thoroughly dried up. In some places water was so scarce that in villages it was sold at five shillings per barrel, and many had to go miles for water for their cattle. The crops, notwithstanding, are reported as looking excellent; and recent rains will no doubt advance them considerably.....Sir Walter Scott admits that the battle of Waterloo created in the British empire fifteen thousand widows. It is probable that the recent battle of Magenta has created at least twenty thousand widows and sixty thousand orphans.....Mrs. Anna Pope of Spencer, in this State, died recently at the great age of one hundred and five years. Her immediate death had not been anticipated till within ten days, when she began to decline rapidly, and at last passed away without disease and almost without pain. Her husband, the Rev. Joseph Pope, was for upwards of half a century a minister in Spencer, and died many years ago. She leaves four descendants, among whom are her son, Mr. William Pope, with whom she lived, and a grand-daughter, the wife of Hon. William Upham of Spencer. Mrs Pope was probably the only living person who remembered Whitfield, and the march of Burgoyne's captured troops was fresh in her memory nearly eighty years after.....M. Adams of Munich, a celebrated painter of battles, was requested by the Emperor of Austria to proceed to the theatre of war, in order to make paintings of the principal events of the war. M. Adams, who, in order to be a close observer, had adopted the costume of a Tyrolean chasseur, was so unfortunate, while making sketches, as to be made prisoner by a Piedmontese detachment.....An experienced vintner, who has one of the best vineyards in Hamilton county, Ohio, says that 1000 gallons of wine per acre may be safely depended upon this year as the product of the grape crop.....Amidst the excitement and conflagration of war, Vesuvius will urge its claims on public attention. A letter from Naples inform us that its forges are more active than those of the nations united which are now applying the resources of science to the construction of weapons for human destruction. The mountain beats them all; and, with the quiet assurance of undisputed power, hourly it is laying waste rich lands growing with all the promise of harvest. Any one who looks at it from Naples observes a large river of fire actually flowing, but apparently arrested and attached to the side of Vesuvius. Within the last three months it has increased wonderfully in proportion; it is no longer a rill, it is a sheet of fire; it has risen and overflowed its banks, and God help the poor small proprietors who have invested their all in little portions of land now incrusted with lava.....The Handel Centenary festival in England was an immense affair. There were 20,000 people at the opening. Figure to yourself, intelligent reader, as the French feuilletonists say, the noise made by a chorus which embraces 2538 voices, viz.: 617 sopranos, 718 altos (296 females), and 565 basses The receipts on the occasion amounted to $140,000.....The following statement we find in a New York paper is doubtless an exaggerated picture: "There is a rum-shop at every corner, a bar in every grocery; men lie stupified upon the steps, or stagger along the street almost without remark; rich men madden themselves with costly wines, and blow each other's brains out in a duel to finish the entertainment. Poor men drink fighting rum in an Irish grocery, and go home to abuse, and perhaps murder their wives and children; women desert their babes, sons rob their mothers, brothers kill each other—and rum is at the bottom of it all. Is there no way to stop it? Are there no means to save these poor mad wretches? God alone can tell!".....The three Collins steamships, the Atlantic, Baltic, and Adriatic, have been purchased by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and the Panama Railroad Company conjointly.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

Our European papers are of course still discussing the treaty of peace between Austria and the allies which followed hard upon the armistice, after an interview between the two emperors. The Italian States are formed into a confederacy, something like the German confederacy, with the Pope of Rome as honorary president—a merely titular office, it is said. Louis Napoleon waives all territorial aggrandizement, as he declared in the outset he would do, while the dominions of the King of Sardinia are enlarged. The emperor of Austria still has a foothold in Northern Italy by the retention of Venetia. The Daily News affirms that the past hopes and expectations of Italy are deceived. It adds: History will call the emperor to a strict account, for having made war on false pretensions, and signed a mock and selfish peace,—a peace that leaves Austria impregnably fortified in Northern Italy—that connects Central Italy to the patronage of the pope, and to the constant menace of military intervention on the part of the pope's patrons and protectors—that takes no account of the welfare of the people, and substitutes for national independence a confederation under the lock and key of Austrian garrisons. The Emperor of France has sown the seeds of future wars, and the closer we examine the pretended pacification the more futile and iniquitous it appears.—The Morning Post contends that the soul of the treaty agreed upon is the nationality guaranteed under every variety of local government, in a confederation of Italian States. The Emperor of Austria is to be King of Venetia solely, as an internal member of the confederation. He will rule less than 3,000,000 Italians, and will be controlled by a confederation ruling not less than 26,000,000. The pope is shorn virtually of his temporal supremacy—he is deprived of the substance, but keeps the shadow. This re-organization of Italy may not be enduring. If the government be not administered satisfactorily, French bayonets will again intervene.

Kossuth and Garibaldi.

A correspondent of the New York Times, describing a dinner given in London in 1854, at which Kossuth, Garibaldi, and some other revolutionary leaders were guests, says that in the course of the conversation, Kossuth's eloquence became the theme of eulogy. At the close of his response, Kossuth exclaimed, with electric earnestness, "Gentlemen, would you know what I think the most eloquent speech of modern times?" He repeated in impressive tones the words—"Soldiers! for the love you bear your country I offer you war, hunger, thirst, cold and death. Who accepts the terms let him follow me!" he said, waving his hand towards him, whose intrepid impetuosity now again rings through the world. Garibaldi, taken by surprise, was for a few instants quite overcome with emotion, but he mastered himself, and made a beautiful and soldierly reply.

Napoleon III.

The Emperor Napoleon has astonished even the French by his calm courage. One would think that after running the gauntlet of the Pianoris and Orsinis, he would have little to fear on the field of battle; and he seems to have gone into the thickest of the danger as if conscious that he bore a "charmed life." One account of the battle of Solferino says that one of his epaulets was carried away by a ball; and it is certain that Baron Larrey (chief surgeon), and several of the staff that were close to him, had their horses shot under them.

The Italian Tricolor.

Some of the Parisiennes are sporting red, white and green, and fortunately this choice of colors, with its political meaning, does not violate the rules of good taste. A white dress, trimmed with green and red, is by no means an unpleasant spectacle, and it can be very well managed by wearing green ribbons all down the side of the skirt, and a bunch of red flowers in the corsage and in the head-dress. It is far easier with bonnets; for what is prettier than the white rice straw, with poppies or geraniums, and long grass streamers.

General Niel.

General Niel is, according to a writer in one of the Paris papers, not more than fifty-seven years old, and looks much younger. His reputation as a scientific officer has always stood remarkably high. He is a tall, handsome man, and very *distingue* in his appearance and manners. It will be remembered that he was selected in January last to go to Turin to make the official demand of the Princess Clotilde's hand for the Prince Napoleon.

Schamyl's Son.

Schamyl has ordered the decapitation of his own son, who, it will be remembered, after a detention of several years in Russia, where he became an officer in the army, was not long ago sent back to his father—for suspected complicity with the enemy on this occasion.

An Enormous Anvil.

An anvil block was lately cast in England, which, when finished, will weigh twenty-one and a half tons. The quantity of metal melted for it was twenty-three tons, and it was cast in one run. It is to be used in the making of Sir William Armstrong's guns.

England and Germany.

The New English ministry has addressed counsels of moderation to the German States, cautioning them in language serious and firm against the dangers of encouraging a policy which might lead to a general war.

Italian Regiments.

The Italian regiments in the Austrian service have become very difficult to manage. The men desert by scores and fifties. In the neighborhood of Trieste a whole battalion raised a cry in favor of Victor Emmanuel.

Vienna.

The municipal body of Vienna have offered to maintain peace and order in case it was necessary to despatch the garrison of Vienna to the seat of war.

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[For description, see page 98.]

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M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859. $2 50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVII., No. 7...WHOLE No. 425.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, CAMBRIDGEPORT.

The accompanying engraving is from a fine drawing made expressly for us, by Mr. Kilburn, and represents the Church of the First Universalist Society, which stands at the corner of State and Main Streets, Cambridgeport, in a conspicuous position. In everything but the frame and boarding it is a new church, entirely remodelled from the old church erected in 1822. The old building was raised, and a new brick basement built; the interior has been arranged on a new and peculiar plan, a fine organ placed in a recess at the rear, the interior walls frescoed, and the windows furnished with tinted diamond panes. The exterior is very striking, the steeple being a model of grace, designed by J. W. Silloway, of Boston, the architect employed in building the new church. The history of this church is quite interesting. The society was organized in 1821, and met in the old Franklin schoolhouse, since removed to Somerville. Rev. Hosea Ballou delivered the first lecture before this society, and they were continued, principally by him, twice a week until a preacher was called. On the 17th of September, 1821, Thomas Mason, Peter Tufts, Jr., and Josiah Oakes were appointed a committee to see what encouragement there was to build a house, and to select a draft for the house. The Legislature granted an act of incorporation February 9, 1822. The draft reported by the committee having been accepted, preparations were immediately made for commencing the work, and the corner-stone was laid June 24, 1822, with appropriate ceremonies. Prayers were offered up by Rev. Mr. Kent and Rev. Thomas Whittemore, and an address delivered by Rev. Mr. Dickinson. Last year, on breaking up the stone foundation, to prepare for the new building, the contents of the original corner-stone were brought to light. The stone was in the northeast corner, and contained in a small cavity a silver plate, on which was engraved the following:—"The Corner-Stone of this edifice, designed for the service of Almighty God, and erected by the First Universalist Society in Cambridgeport, was laid in Masonic form, by Amicable Lodge, R. W. John Tarbell, Master, in the year of Christ 1822, and of light 5822." On the back of this plate was inscribed, "James Munroe, President, U. S. A., John Brooks, Governor of Massachusetts. Thomas Mason, Peter Tufts, Jr., Josiah Mason, Jr., Committee for erecting the building." The Cambridge Chronicle says: "The dedication of the edifice took place December 18, 1822. On that occasion select portions of Scripture were read by Brother Hosea Ballou, 2d, of Roxbury, after which an anthem was sung by the choir. The introductory prayer was offered by Br. Thomas Whittemore, at the conclusion of which Dr. Madan's celebrated 'Magdalene Ode' was performed. The consecration prayer was offered by Brother Thomas Jones, of Gloucester. The sermon was preached by Brother Hosea Ballou, of Boston, who took for his text the 23d verse of the 14th chapter of Deuteronomy. The services concluded with a prayer by Brother Jacob Frieze, an anthem, and the benediction. The Universalist Magazine of that date states that 'the feelings of the society were highly gratified to behold a numerous assembly present, who evinced by their decorum and attention a deep interest in the services. In this house simplicity, neatness and elegance are combined; which manifest a true economy in the architect and proprietors. An elegant chandelier, from the glass manufactory in Cambridge, adds much beauty to the house. The position of the building renders it a great ornament to Cambridgeport,'—so they thought in 1822. The whole cost of the land and meeting-house was $9430.08, to pay which pews were sold amounting to $8946—the balance due the treasurer was paid in pews. In 1839 the original society, in consideration of improvements to be made, placed the whole property in the hands of a corporation styled 'The Proprietors of the First Universalist Meeting-house in Cambridge.' During this year the deep, heavy galleries were taken away, and the floor was run across from their location, making room for a vestry and lyceum room in the lower story; and other alterations made. In 1849 the society was styled the "First Universalist Society in Cambridge'—its present name. Rev. Thomas Whittemore was the first pastor of this church. He commenced to preach April 28, 1822, and remained till May 29, 1831. Rev. Samuel P. Skinner, his successor, commenced in June, 1831, and remained but one year. Rev. Lucius R. Paige was settled July 8, 1832, and continued to July 1, 1839. For more than three years there was no minister settled, the pulpit being supplied by different clergymen. Rev. Lemuel Willis began to preach October, 1842, and continued till September 28, 1845. Rev. L. J. Fletcher was settled from January 1, 1846, to May, 1848. Rev. Edwin A. Eaton preached from Jan., 1849, to May, 1852; he was succeeded June 2, 1853, by Rev. Charles A. Skinner, the present pastor." The re-building having been completed on a liberal scale, at a cost of $11,000, the church was dedicated with appropriate ceremony, January 26th of the present year. We find in a number of the "Trumpet and Universalist Magazine," the following minute description of the new steeple, the characteristic feature of the edifice: "From a large porch—of the height of the main building—finished with heavy entablatures, pilasters, columns, and balustrades, rises a clock section, from three of the sides of which project large tablets to receive the dials. Immediately upon this is the bell section, which is finished with Ionic pilasters, entablatures, etc. At the base of this section and over the angles of the one below, stand four large vases. Upon the bell section is another, octagonal in plan, in each of the eight sides of which are semi-circular headed windows filled with lights of diamond-shaped glass, around the base of this section, and over the eight Ionic pilasters below are vases decorated to agree with the general finish of the work. From the top of the octagonal section rises the spire, which is at two points in its height pierced on each of its eight sides with circular windows. The angles of the spire are finished with heavy beds terminating at the top with a finely carved finial, the whole being surmounted by a richly-gilded vane, the top of which stands some 140 (or more) feet from the grading about the edifice." The organ recently placed in the church was manufactured by Messrs. Simmons & Willcox, of Boston, and was first tested in the presence of a large and delighted auditory on the 14th of July. The Cambridge Chronicle of July 16th published a minute description of this noble instrument. The case is of the Grecian style of architecture, and is painted in different colors to correspond with the fresco painting in the church, with which it harmonizes admirably, and makes a perfect finish—with its noble gilded pipes and other ornaments—to the chancel end of the house. The organ contains two rows of keys with fifty-six notes each; two octaves of pedals from CCC to C. In the Great Organ are 17 stops and 728 pipes, all of which are enclosed within a large and capacious swell box, by which means some of the most magnificent *crescendo* and *decrescendo* effects may be produced at the will of the performer. The Choir and Solo Organ contains 8 stops and 302 pipes; and the Pedal Organ contains two stops, the double open diapason and the bourdon, each 16 feet stops. Preparations have been made for six additional stops of 56 pipes each, which can be placed within the organ at any time hereafter. We congratulate the society on their acquisition of so fine a specimen of art as a helpmeet in their worship. They are entitled to all praise for their liberal outlay of money in beautifying that section of the city with so fine a church edifice, and placing therein a work of art that will reflect honor on their good taste, and will be a gratification to themselves and generations yet to come.

THE NEW UNIVERSALIST CHURCH AT CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD BUTLER'S STORY.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

"THAT's true for you, miss, she is indeed the sweetest bride one could look at on a summer's morning. Ah, how lonesome the place is now that she is gone; but there will be sunshine in the new home that receives her. Something told me how it would all end when Colonel Fielding came here last Christmas on a visit to the gineral. I was waiting at the table, and sure 'twas easy to see that the colonel had eyes and ears only for Miss Ethel."

Turning from the open window, where I had been watching the departure of the bridal party until the last carriage disappeared down the winding avenue, I observed a tear on the old man's cheek as he bowed his head to hide his emotion. Darbey Doyle was a privileged person in the household of General Granger, whose guest I had been for several weeks, and from the first I felt an instinctive regard for the old butler, all worthy of esteem as he was.

"You appear to be much attached to your dear young lady, as you call her, Darbey," I remarked.

"Attached to her?" he repeated; "I would lay down my life for her, God bless her! This very morning, when she was going away a happy bride, she came to me, as I stood silent and sorrowful by the door, and putting her little snowy hand into mine, left a kiss as tender as a daughter's on my old cheek, and all the while the tears were glistening like diamonds on her bridal robe. Through many a dark day her bright presence has been a blessing to me—her sweet words ever falling on my withered heart like heaven's dew. You'll be returning home this afternoon, miss," he said, after a pause, "and I promised to tell you before you left, a little story about meself, and how Miss Ethel, that was, came to be adopted by the gineral and his good lady. It is a long story and a sorrowful one, and perhaps you'll get tired of listening before it is half finished."

"Indeed, Darbey, it will be a pleasure to me to hear you relate anything that concerns yourself," I returned. "It is Mrs. Granger's desire that I should hear from your own lips the story of the parentage of her adopted daughter. But in gratifying me, I fear that you may distress yourself, by recurring to events which sorrow has rendered sacred."

"You are very kind, miss, to listen to an old man, and I'll make the story as short as possible, so as not to tax your patience."

Drawing his hand slowly across his forehead, as if the action assisted his memory, he began:

"It is now forty long years since I became a butler to Sir Bryan O'Neill, in dear old Ireland. Sir Bryan's estate was a beautiful place intirely. The grand old castle covered with ivy from the highest turret down to the smooth-shaven lawn; the demesne with its ancient trees that had sheltered many a generation of the noble family; the serpentine river that wound away through the grounds until it was lost in the woods. Ah, it is no wonder that Mountmain Castle was the pride of all the country around. 'Tis there you would see the deer skipping about as if they had a presentiment that their noble owner belonged to a race that could boast of having in their veins the blood of one of the great kings of Munster, who was baptized by St. Patrick himself. But it isn't for me to think of describing a place that I never saw the eaquals of yet, and I've thravelled far and wide from Killmalone to Botany Bay. But don't think that I went to the last place at the expense of the government. Faix, no; but a love for the salt water made a sailor of me before I anchored down into quiet life at Mountmain Castle.

"Sir Bryan was married to a beautiful English lady; but she was too proud and cold in herself to be loved by the tenantry and servants, while Sir Bryan was followed by blessings wherever he went. They had one daughter, Miss Grace; and well did her name suit her, for she was all grace and sweetness. O, then, wasn't she the beauty to look upon, with her long golden hair, cheeks like roses, and eyes laughing and blue as the summer skies? Pride was a feeling unknown to Miss Grace; yet it would have been better for her if she took after Lady O'Neill in that respect, and kept her inferiors at a proper distance. But there's no use in fighting against one's nature, and hers was a mixture of playfulness and merriment.

"Twelve years had slipped by unnoticed, for they passed away in sunshine, and left no dark shadow in their track. In the meantime, I had married a clean, likely girl, and was the happy father of two rosy boys. My wife lived in the village with her old father, and I still remained at the castle, hoping in time to save enough to purchase a snug little farm, where, with my Nora and the children, I would be as happy as the days were long.

"All this time Miss Grace had been receiving her edication at home in the castle, masters coming all the way from Dublin to teach her branches of larnin' that went beyant the understanding of her two governesses. She was now sixteen, and Sir Bryan carried herself and Lady O'Neill to spend the winter in Paris. There was many a red eye in the castle that day, when Miss Grace came and wished us all good-by, not thinking it beneath her to shake hands with the under house maids. They returned home after being away a little over a year. Her gay Paris life made no change in Miss Grace, and she took to her old ways again, riding about on her Arabian pony, or sailing in the little pleasure-boat that Sir Bryan had built on purpose for herself. But Lady O'Neill was no longer contented with the quiet life at the castle; so from that hour the place was like a hotel, with visitors and strangers from foreign parts that they had met with on their thravels. To be sure Miss Grace had a power of suitors, but she turned a deaf ear to them all; and I've heard tell that when she was in Paris she refused two lords, one after the other. Sir Bryan and Lady O'Neill never interfered with her, but let her have her own way, for she was the idol of their hearts.

"Well, they weren't many months at home, when, to the great joy of Sir Bryan, his lady presented him with a son and heir. Though he loved Miss Grace with all the strength of his heart, yet a new light shone in his eyes when he held in his arms the son that was given to him so late in life, and breathed his thanks to Heaven that the honored name of O'Neill would still be heard in the halls of his ancestors when he himself was gathered to his forefathers. It was a beautiful sight to see the love that Miss Grace bestowed upon her little brother, who had deprived her of the heirship to Mountmain Castle. But she never seemed to value wealth, and would be as contented in a cottage as a castle if her soul was nourished with love. Ah, could she then have known that the innocent babe gathered to her young heart would grow up a stranger to a sister's devotion, that his infant lips would never lisp her name, his ears never hear it repeated— But I'm wandering away from my story.

"Not long after this there came to the castle as fine a looking young gentleman as ever I set my two eyes upon. He had come all the way from America, and was making the tour of Europe, when he became acquainted with Sir Bryan in Paris, and as one would suppose, he fell in love with Miss Grace at once. He was a great favorite with Sir Bryan and Lady O'Neill, and they gave him a warm invitation to the castle; so that when he came to see the lakes of Killarney he posted down to Mountmain, and sure his heart had thravelled on there before him. Well, there he remained, as if held by golden chains. The marriage was as good as settled in the servants' hall, and Lucy, Miss Grace's waiting maid, put off her own wedding with the coachman, so as to be married at the same time with her dear young lady, she said.

"To make a long story short, he proposed for Miss Grace's hand; but Sir Bryan wouldn't promise him her hand unless he agreed to remain in the old country as long as Lady O'Neill or himself lived. Through love for her, who was more to him than all the rest of the world put together, he consented, though he owned it was a hard thing to part from his friends and country perhaps for ever. To the surprise of all, Miss Grace refused this offer also, giving as a reason, that she didn't love him well enough to become his wife, and that she would never pledge her hand unless her heart went with it. The poor young gentleman looked down-hearted enough, and he would have left the place at once; but Sir Bryan insisted that he should remain, thinking that before long her feelings would change, and that all would end as they wished.

"Well, the first birthday of the young master, as the servants called the little Bryan, was approaching. As it happened, there was a power of visitors at the castle for weeks before, spending their time fishing and hunting, and enjoying all kinds of diversions. All employed on the estate were to have a holiday; a grand feast was to be spread out under the trees in the demesne, and as for the boys and girls in the village, their heads were half turned at the thought of the iligant dance they would have on the lawn before the very eyes of the gintry.

"Well do I remember Sir Bryan as he sat at the foot of his table that morning, his fine open face beaming with kindness, and the quiet smiles around his mouth showing that happiness and contentment made their home in his heart. More than once I saw him glancing fondly at his beautiful lady as she chatted gaily across the table with an English lord, while Miss Grace's patient lover sat silent, his eyes fixed on the door, watching to see her sweet face appearing there. My dear master, little did he think that before another minute the black shadow of sorrow would fall upon him, shutting out the blessed light of peace from his eyes. There sat my lady looking as proud as a queen, and O, how soon her haughty head was humbled in the dust. I was standing back of her chair when the servant returned who was sent to let Miss Grace know that the company were waiting breakfast for her. She went up to Sir Bryan and said in a low, trembling voice, that her young lady was nowhere to be seen, but that a letter directed to Sir Bryan was found on her dressing-table.

"'The dear child,' said Sir Bryan, with a fond smile, taking the letter without noticing the girl's troubled manner. 'What new piece of merriment is this? All archness—all archness,' he repeated, half aloud.

"With a smiling apology to his guests he opened the letter. All of a sudden his face flushed up; then he turned as white as if the life was leaving him, and with a deep groan he fell heavily from his chair. Some of the gentlemen lifted him up, while Lady O'Neill hung over him half distracted with grief and fear, crying:

"'O, my child! my child! where is she? What has happened to my darling Grace?'

"He heard her, and seemed to recover himself at once.

"'Ethel,' he said, in a voice so hollow that I scarcely knew it was the master that was speaking, 'Ethel, let me never hear her name again. Would to God that death had taken her before she had lived to merit a father's malediction.' Turning to the wondering guests, he added, with a smile—O, such a smile, my heart faints within me to think of it: 'My friends, the missing one fled this morning to wed the groom that attended to your horses yesterday.' He sank back speechless into the chair, while the poor mother was taken to her room in hysterics.

"The guests withdrew at once, all but Miss Grace's lover, who looked the very picture of hopeless sorrow. Noticing that I remained in the room, he motioned to me kindly to leave them alone. I did so with a foreboding heart, but waited outside, not knowing how I might be wanted. For two long, dreary hours not a sound was heard within. At length, when the door opened, Sir Bryan tottered out, leaning on his kind, faithful young friend. My poor master, the terrible smile passed from his face; and while I thanked Heaven that his reason hadn't deserted him, it pierced me to the heart to read the tale of suffering written there. They went up stairs and I heard them parting on the passage above, Sir Bryan going towards my lady's chambers; then all was as still as if death was under the roof. Ah, it would have been a happiness to the father and mother mourning together in their ancient apartments, if their once idolized daughter was mouldering in her coffin, rather than that she should have disgraced the noble line of the O'Neills. O, what a change a few hours had made. Before evening but one of all the visitors remained at the castle; to be sure it was little comfort they could offer at such an hour, and perhaps they felt that the calm of solitude would have been a welcome and soothing balm to the wounded hearts of their late happy host and hostess.

"Of course there was an end to the fun and feasting that the whole village had been looking forward to for many a long day; but no one thought of that now, for pity was uppermost in every heart for Sir Bryan in his trouble. To tell the truth, many a one would be glad to see my lady's proud head lowered, if it was done without hurt or harm to anybody else. But when the first great shock was over, she was more haughty than ever, while the poor master was all broken down with the heavy sorrow that was lying cold upon his heart. Wherever I turned that sorrowful day, I heard nothing but bad wishes sent as wedding gifts after Jimmy Drake, the impudent thief of a groom that had bewitched Miss Grace. Poor young creature! Not one of us but said that Jimmy must have managed some way or another to drop a love powder into her tay, maybe, and after that she would follow him through fire and water, iligant young lady as she was.

"Well, I said that one of the visitors remained; yes, the young American gentleman, who was paying his addresses to Miss Grace, staid with Sir Bryan to the very last. One week after, when Sir Bryan was going away to travel on the continent, he was seated in the carriage beside him. It would melt the heart of a stone to see my dear master, as he stood upon the lawn before getting into the carriage, turn slowly round with a melancholy gaze at the old pile, as if something whispered to him that he was looking his last upon it, and the servants standing by silently weeping. At that moment, what should come bounding towards him but Miss Grace's pet fawn? With a smothered groan and trembling from head to foot he stepped into the carriage, where sat my lady looking unmoved and giving orders to the nurse, who was beside her with the young heir of Mountmain in her arms. Just before the carriage passed the gates, Sir Bryan leaned out and again gave a parting look at the old home, which had been his heaven of happiness through a long life—his purgatory of suffering in a few short days. While I blessed that sad face when I saw it again, a shiver went through my heart, well knowing what a bad sign it was for one to look back that was going on a journey.

"After that the castle was shut up, and but a few of the old servants retained to take care of the place, and with a sigh for past times, I turned to the new life opening before me. My Nora's father was now sleeping beneath the daises in the churchyard, and in the same holy ground her mother and my own dear parents were laid. Heaven rest all their souls in glory!

"With the savings of years I was able to lease a small farm and stock it without delay; but by the time I was comfortably settled, there came the sorrowful account of Sir Bryan's death at Rome. 'He died of a slow fever,' his physicians said. A slow fever! if ever a heart was broken by sorrow, that heart was Sir Bryan O'Neill's. Ah, sad as was this news, we were half prepared to hear it, for ever since Sir Bryan went away, the banshee was heard wailing all round the castle in the dead of the night. We never could learn whether he forgave his misguided daughter or not, and from the morning that she disappeared, nothing was ever heard of her; but as time wore on the matter ceased to be talked about. Lady O'Neill remaining in England, where she intended to bring up her young son, Mountmain Castle soon had the appearance of being deserted, no footstep ever waking the echoes that were left to sleep undisturbed in its grand old halls.

"Six years of unclouded happiness shed their sunshine upon our little home, when the old agent died who had been appointed by Sir Bryan himself, leaving his place to be filled by one of the greatest tyrants, since the days of Nero, that ever profaned the earth with his presence. It didn't take long for him to set his greedy eyes upon the little farm that my care and labor had made, for its size, the most productive in the parish. In a shorter time still he discovered a flaw in the lease that gave it to me, and, with the first feelings of hatred that ever burned in my heart towards one of God's creatures, I received his orders to quit the home where I had hoped to end my days. I will pass over the months that followed, when every good feeling was withered up in my heart, and never a prayer passed my lips, for my tongue refused to utter the holy words, 'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' God be praised that led me away from temptation, and opened my heart to the blessed influence of religion, till every evil thought vanished, as darkness fades before the light. Then, and not till then, did I begin life anew, praying to Heaven to forgive him who had deprived a happy family of their home to bestow it on one of his followers.

"As Nora had some knowledge of business, there was nothing left for us to do now but to open a little shop in the village; so we rented one that was kept by her father in former days. The good will of all Mountmain was ours; again prosperity was smiling on our way, and contentment, like a wandering dove, flew in at our door. But it pleased God, blessed be his holy will! to

send us our portion of troubles in this world, to make us remember what poor dependent creatures we are. For some time I felt that the storm that was sweeping over the land, from one end to the other, was destined to wreck us with the countless other families who had seen all they possessed swept away. O, these were fearful times, when death and famine went hand in hand through all the land, leaving sorrow and ruin in their track. A year from the day that we went to live in the village, the closed shutters of our little shop showed the neighbors that good fortune had deserted Darbey Doyle as well as the rest of them. It made our hearts sick to see the misery and suffering around us; but we had reason to be grateful, for the good Lord kept want and sickness from our door.

"'Twas at this sad time that I determined to try my fortune in America. Mine was the breaking heart the day that I was forced to part from my darlings, yet for their sakes a smiling face hid the darkness within—dark, dark it was, cold and dark. Didn't I see my children scattered, one here, and one there, among our poor friends, and their sorrowing mother going out in service to help support them! We parted; I tore myself from their arms, and running along the road to be the sooner out of their sight, every sob and cry sent after me were like so many daggers in my heart.

"I was travelling from Mountmain to Cork on foot, and from that sweet city I intended to take shipping for New York. Well, it was the last day of my journey, and worn and weary I travelled on, thinking of the past and gone, of the happy days that had passed away like a dream, the weeping wife and children I left behind me, and whose kisses were yet fresh on my lips. Though my heart was full, for a moment its sorrows were forgotten, while a feeling of pity stole over it at the sight of a poor woman, on the road before me, with a heavy load upon her back. She seemed ready to sink to the ground with weariness, while every now and then she would be obliged to lay down the basket that she was carrying. Weak and tired as I was, I was unable to give her any assistance, and having to stop to rest myself, she was out of sight when I started again on my way. I hadn't gone far, though, when a sudden turn in the road brought me close beside her, as she sat on the wayside picking the thorns out of her bare feet. The hood of her blue cloth cloak had fallen over her face, shading it from view; but with surprise I noticed her small white feet, and my heart melted with pity when I saw the blood trickling slowly from one of them. I could no longer bear to leave the poor thing to struggle on under her heavy burden, and with a few kind words I offered to help her. She raised her head as if to thank me, the hood fell back, and the minute I looked in her face I knew her; changed as she was, I knew Miss Grace.

"'O, my God! it is Miss Grace!' When I uttered the words she started wildly up, and the next minute fell fainting on the ground. Trembling with grief to see her reduced to such a state, I lifted her gently, and rushing to the spring that flowed across the road, I sprinkled her pale, sweet face with the cool, refreshing water. O, what were my feelings as I bent over her, thinking of the time when she used to ride through Mountmain on her little pony, and her footman in livery following her, while the women, spinning at their doors, would bless her as she passed! Ah, could Sir Bryan look down from his home in heaven, and see his 'fair one with the golden locks,' as he loved to call her, lying senseless on the roadside, and the golden locks now sprinkled with the white emblems of sorrow and care. While these thoughts were passing through my mind, she opened her eyes and sighed heavily. She knew me at once, and my presence brought back all that she had lost. O, then how she cried; I thought her tears would never stop flowing; I was crying myself like a child, for it would be the hard heart that would remain unmoved before the agony of that darling young lady. It was a painful thing to me to be answering the plain truth to all her questions about the way that Sir Bryan and Lady O'Neill bore her elopement and marriage, when every sad reply made her sob and cry as if her heart would break.

"At last, when her grief seemed to have spent itself, I ventured to ask her if she would allow me to carry her basket for her. Thanking me in trembling tones, she said that she would be grateful for my assistance, being too weak and tired to carry it any farther herself. She lived about a quarter of a mile distant, and as we went along, of her own accord, she gave me an account of the unhappy life she had been leading for seven long years. She had taken a foolish fancy to Jimmy Drake, she said, and poor young innocent as she was, she thought him as perfect as man could be, and only wanting wealth to make him a gentleman. She soon found to her cost how deceived she had been in him, but repentance came too late; when she fled from Mountmain Castle, she parted forever with happiness, in exchange for misery and suffering. After being married to him in a neighboring town, they went to Cork to live, where the small sum of money she possessed supported them for awhile. Time passed on, and as all the letters she had written to Sir Bryan and Lady O'Neill were returned unopened, poverty at length forced her to apply for assistance to her rich relatives both in England and Ireland. But their unfeeling answers to her touching letters were more painful to her sensitive nature than if they had remained silent and indifferent. Knowing how Sir Bryan and Lady O'Neill idolized their daughter, Jimmy hoped that after a while they would open loving arms to her; but when he became convinced that she had wounded their pride too deeply to be forgiven, then he began by slow torture to revenge himself on the poor, hapless young lady for his disappointment in not receiving the great fortune that he had all along been expecting. He brought her soon after to this wild country place, and here she had been living ever since, leading the life of a slave between him and his mother. All the rough work of the fields was done by her tender hands, and their produce brought home on her back for the distance of half a mile; this was her employment when I met her.

"While she was speaking, her whole manner seemed to have lost its natural gentleness; a kind of wildness in her look plainly showed that despair was the only feeling left in her heart. So I thought; but when I told her how surprised I was that she should continue to live with him and endure such cruel usage, when with the edication she had received she could support herself comfortably, a soft light dawned in her eyes, the bitterness of her tones melted into sweetness as she said:

"'Ah, Darbey, I am a mother. Heaven has given me two darling children. For their sakes I endure all my sufferings uncomplainingly.' Then clasping her hands, and raising her streaming eyes to heaven, she cried: 'O, my father! my father! I deserve all this pain and punishment for the sorrow I brought on you and—' She broke down with grief.

"For many minutes nothing was heard but her low, moaning sobs, and the blackbirds and thrushes singing for very happiness, as she of en had done in the blessed days that had passed away forever. It wrung my heart to see her agony; but when I attempted to comfort her, she said in a choking voice:

"'O, let me weep! For seven long years these tears have been frozen in my heart.'

"Yet in the height of her grief she inquired in her own kind way for Nora and the children, and when she heard of our troubles, with her sweet, hopeful words she cheered my sinking heart, and made the future look brighter before me. By this time we had arrived at a little cabin on the side of the road, and turning to me, she said, with a smile: 'That is my castle, Darbey.'

Once before I had seen just such another smile, and that was on Sir Bryan's face the morning that his happiness received its death-stroke. We now stood outside the cabin door, which was partly open. She asked me to stay and rest myself; but as I glanced in and saw Mr. Jimmy sitting inside smoking his pipe by the fire, I didn't dare to trust myself in his presence, for the hot blood of anger was rushing through my veins, and a desire to revenge the wrongs of her who stood weeping before me burning in my heart. So I laid down the basket of potatoes, which was no light load, and holding my hat in my hand, I turned, half choked with grief, to Miss Grace and said:

"'Good-by, Miss Grace.' I couldn't bring myself to call her by her married name. 'Good-by, Miss Grace, dear, and may Heaven's smile light upon you night and day; and may the sorrowful tears you have shed here on earth, be shining gems in the crown of glory that awaits you in a better world.'

"Her trembling hand, cold as death, was in mine, her lips moved, but her eyes alone expressed what her tongue failed to utter. I bowed my head as if I was receiving the blessing of an angel; then in silence and tears, on both sides, we parted.

"Six weeks after, I landed in New York with but one shilling in my pocket and nowhere to lay my head. After wandering about the great city all day long, at last, tired, weak and hungry, I turned into an illignnt private street, where all the houses looked like palaces, and sat down on a door-step to rest myself. I wasn't there many minutes, when a gentleman came down the street and turned to come up the steps. He was a fine looking man of about thirty, with a mild, thoughtful look, but there was that in his face that sadly showed his heart contained a haunted chamber, through which the ghost of a lost love flitted continually. As he stood before me I remembered him at once, for it was no other than the American gentleman who was at Mountmain Castle for so long a time. I took hope from the recollection of his former kindness of manner, and yet half doubting I said: 'Mr. Yielding, I believe you don't know me, sir?'

"He looked at me for a minute or more with a pleasant, inquiring smile, saying that though my features were familiar, he could not bring to his mind where he had seen me before. When I spoke of Mountmain Castle he started, his lips quivered, and a deep flush passed over his face, leaving it almost deathlike in its paleness. After a little while he remembered me, and on learning that I was without friends and money, he kindly brought me into his uncle's house, where he was then on a visit. Two days after, he returned to his father's plantation in Louisiana. He never married, and now that his widowed father is dead, he lives alone in the home of his boyhood. The day after I met him, he himself came here to Staten Island with me, and through his recommendations I was at once employed by Gineral Granger, and with him I've been living ever since.

"At the end of a year, besides being able to send for my wife and children, I had a sweet little cottage neatly furnished to receive them. O, what a new life thrilled my heart as the time drew near when I would again fold my darlings in my arms. I could scarcely regret having ever parted from them, so joyful did I feel at the thought of meeting them so soon. One blessed Sunday morning I got up at daybreak, and the first thing I did was to go to the window and look out upon the bay, in hopes of seeing some signs of the ship that I had been watching for days and nights. But a heavy white mist hung over land and sea, and shrouded every object from view. It was a sultry summer morning, and as I sat by the open window I fell into a sleep as calm as an infant's, and dreamed that I was with my loved ones again. The church bells were filling the air with their music, when I awoke to see a beautiful ship lying at anchor directly opposite the mansion. The sun had lifted up the shroud of mist, and the bay was sparkling like a sea of glory, while the skies bent blue and smiling over all. Rubbing my eyes again and again to make sure that I wasn't dreaming, and seeing the ship still before me, like a swan resting upon the waters, I caught up my hat and hurried down to the quarantine grounds to learn her name. I was almost beside myself with joy when I was told it was the Ocean Queen; but while I inwardly thanked God for her safe arrival, my heart grew cold within me on hearing one of the custom-house officers carelessly remarking that several deaths had occurred on board during the passage. As I stood there, trying to get the better of my fears, the captain's boat put off from the ship, and trembling in every limb, I stood beside it when it touched the shore. As the sailors got out of the boat I sprang forward on seeing a cousin of Nora's among them, and grasping him by his two hands, I gasped: 'For God's sake, Andy, tell me how are my wife and children!'

"The poor fellow turned the color of death, the big tears stood in his eyes as he bowed his head without uttering a word. At that moment I knew of my affliction as well as if he had told me all, while there came over me that strange feeling that often makes us seek to inflict deeper wounds in our bleeding hearts, and, with forced calmness, I told him to hide nothing from me—that I was prepared to hear the worst. Then his words burned into my brain as he told me that the fever had carried off all my children; and when their stricken mother saw the last of her loved ones lowered into the sea, she looked to Heaven and prayed that she may soon meet them in glory. She was then lying between life and death, having been seized by the fatal malady. A darkness like death fell upon me, and when I again became conscious I was lying on a bed in my lonely cottage, Mrs Granger sitting beside me like an angel of goodness. I couldn't bear the sight of the bright sun smiling in at the open window, and the little birds singing in the garden outside seemed mocking my grief. I even wished to see the whole world covered with darkness, for in that first dire hour of agony, my heart grew insensible to the woes of others—it rebelled against its own. But Mrs. Granger, God bless her, saved me from going mad; and, as I listened to her kind voice teaching me to be resigned to the will of Heaven, I covered my face with my hands and wept tears of sorrow and repentance.

"After spending three weeks in the hospital, my darling wife came home to me looking the shadow of her former self. The poor woman drooped and pined away like a bird robbed of its young; my love couldn't save her, and before a year her prayer was granted—she clasped her angels in heaven. When my poor Nora returned from the hospital, she brought with her a lovely little girl about seven years. Then I found that shortly after I left the country Jimmy Drake deserted his wife and children; but whatever his plans were, they were never carried out, for the steamer, in which he went as a deck hand, was wrecked on her way to Bristol, and every soul on board perished. His unfortunate wife sold some trinkets that she possessed, unknown to her tormentors, and which she kept through all her poverty as sacred relics of happy days gone forever. It was thus that she was enabled to take passage in the Ocean Queen for New York, where she hoped to support her two children by the exercise of her accomplishments. Alas! she and her youngest child were the very first to be attacked by the fever on board the luckless ship, and when the cold hand of death was laid upon her, she gave her little Ethel to my wife, who watched and tended her to the last. When my poor Nora was taken from the troubles of this world, Mrs. Granger adopted the lonely child, and, from that day to this, both the gineral and Mrs. Granger love her as if she was their own.

"Well, as I said before, when Colonel Yielding came here last Christmas, I knew it would end in a marriage. The colonel loved at first sight, and Miss Ethel wasn't slow in returning his affection. But, to cut a long story short, who should arrive from Europe, after two years, absence, but Mr. Washington Yielding, the colonel's eldest brother, and Miss Grace's former lover.

"When he beheld Miss Ethel for the first time, he was almost overpowered with emotion, for he saw in her the sweet image of his first and only love. It was generally believed that Miss Ethel was the orphan child of a deceased relative of Mrs. Granger; but that evening, as they all gathered round the drawing-room fire that blazed merrily in the grate, while the pale, silver moonbeams slept upon the carpet, at Miss Ethel's request, Mrs. Granger informed the two gentlemen all that was necessary to be known in regard to the parentage of her adopted daughter. She ceased speaking, and Mr. Yielding, taking Miss Ethel's hand, put it in that of his brother's, saying, in a husky voice, that he knew her instinctively, and that it gave him untold happiness that his brother won the love of one who would bless his existence. Then he went on to say that he had but just returned from a visit to Mountmain Castle, whither he had been invited by her youthful uncle, the present Sir Bryan O'Neill. Not many months had passed since Lady O'Neill breathed her last in London. Before her death, she revealed to her son that he had a sister, telling him that her low marriage had changed a mother's love to hatred, and acknowledging that Sir Bryan died blessing his absent darling. But her heart was hardened against her unfortunate daughter. Concealing the fact that Sir Bryan had forgiven his child, she led a life of fashion and gaiety, neither knowing nor caring whether the wronged one was living or dead. Her son soothed her last moments by promising to seek out his sister and fulfil his father's dying wish, by restoring to her the large fortune to which she was entitled. Mr. Yielding, who had corresponded for a long time with Lady O'Neill, and of late years with her son, now aided the anxious brother in his attempts to discover the fate of his poor sister. All their efforts were in vain; no trace of her could be found, and Mr. Yielding returned to New York, where such unexpected tidings were awaiting him.

"That very night Miss Ethel wrote to her uncle, and before many weeks had passed he answered the letter in person. How it rejoiced my old heart to see him grown up into such a fine, handsome young gentleman; and though he bears such a striking resemblance to Lady O'Neill, he has the noble heart of his father. It was with tearful eyes that I refused him when he offered to take me back to Mountmain, for I longed to see it again; but I'm an old man now, my days are drawing to a close, and when I lie down to my last sleep I hope to rest beside my darling wife. Yet my heart follows the merry bridal party that will so soon see dear old Mountmain Castle; a few short months will pass away, and, please God, I will be welcoming them back again. To be sure, I will miss young Sir Bryan, but there will be the happy bride and bridegroom, the gineral and Mrs. Granger, and Mr. Washington Yielding, who has my heart's best gratitude and affection until it ceases to love."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SHIRLEY BROUGHTON.

BY L. T. TURNER.

"WELL, my dear Harry, I declare you're handsomer than even your father was at your age. If Shirley doesn't lose her heart to you at first sight, I shall not be a little surprised."

This sentence was addressed by the widow of Colonel Broughton to her only son, and as she ceased speaking, she dropped the eye-glass through which she had attentively contemplated his features, and gave a sigh of regret, partly to the memory of her husband, and partly to the recollection of her own departed loveliness, which a mirror opposite told her had sadly faded during the twenty-three years which had matured the rosy, pretty infant into the young man beside her.

"I am told Shirley is rather odd, mother," he observed.

"What do you mean, my dear boy? She is a charming girl, with a large fortune, and you have been engaged to her these twelve years—what *do* you mean?" And again the eye-glass aided the perceptions of the fair widow.

Harry Broughton did not explain what he meant, but he bit his lip and looked out of the window, and then his eyes wandered to his two sisters, the youngest of whom, Camilla, was lying half asleep on the sofa, her long black eyelashes all but closed on the pinkest cheeks in the world; while the elder, Antoinette, sat apparently reading, but occupied less with her book than with the subject of the conversation, of which, however, she gave no further sign than by meeting her brother's glance with an arch and meaning smile.

"We shall start for Scotland next week," resumed Mrs. Broughton, in a displeased tone, fixing her gaze on the piquant countenance of her rebellious daughter.

"So soon, ma?" exclaimed Camilla. And opening her wide blue eyes in astonishment at the idea of anything being performed in a week, again resigned herself to a state of drowsy enjoyment not unlike that in which comfortable old tabbies pass the summer days.

Antoinette said nothing, but the offending smile still lurked in the corners of her mouth.

"I wonder how Gertrude has turned out," thought the widow, as she withdrew her glance. "She was handsomer than either of her sisters; no, nothing *can* be handsomer than Camilla." And the eye-glass was permitted to rest complacently on the exquisitely proportioned form and beautiful face of her youngest daughter, while a vague and rapid calculation of the different sort of match she might expect for each of the girls, passed through her mind. Camilla was already a duchess; when a visitor entering, turned her thoughts into another channel.

When Mrs. Broughton ran away to Gretna Green with a young officer who had only his commission, and married him as much from love of frolic as from love of the man himself, she acted upon impulse; but having her own reasons, in later life, for disapproving of such motive of action, she had asserted that she never *would*, and it was her boast that she never *did* "do anything without a plan."

She had accordingly formed and executed a number of small plans with great success; but her expected master-stroke was to marry her son to his cousin Shirley, who was to inherit the whole of the Broughton property. In furtherance of this plan, she had sent her daughter Gertrude to stay with General Broughton and his daughter, during her own residence in Italy, for Camilla's health; accordingly her letters to her absent child had always contained the most miraculous accounts of Harry's sweet temper, talents, and anxiety to return from the continent. She was now about to visit Scotland, for the treble purpose of reclaiming Gertrude, introducing her son, and paying a visit to the old general; who, pleased with the prospect of marrying his child to a Broughton, and thus keeping the property in the family, looked forward with eager satfaction to their arrival.

Shirley, too, anticipated with tranquil joy the fate which had been marked out for her in infancy, and which appeared to promise all human happiness. She was already in love with Mrs. Broughton's descriptions of her cousin; and forgetting that he was but a little fair, shy boy when she had last seen him, believed the ideal Harry to be the counterpart of the object of her affections.

Lady Isabella Broughton, the general's wife, ran away from him soon after her marriage, and her husband was for a length of time inconsolable. He gave up all society, shut himself up in a wild, romantic place he had in Northumberland, and devoted his whole attention to his little girl. Shirley Broughton became in consequence, at an early age, the companion and friend of her father. She would sit with him when he had letters to write, and copy in a clear, neat hand, dry directions respecting farm business and show cattle, without ever wearying or appearing to consider it a task.

Latin, geography and arithmetic were the studies pointed out to her by her father; she had no governess; General Broughton cursed accomplishments as the cause of a woman's ruin; but she was an excellent French scholar, and sketched from nature without any other assistance than what was afforded by intuitive talent. Such studies, however, occupied but a small portion of her time.

Slightly formed, but well knit and vigorous in limb, her naturally good constitution strengthened by constant exercise and the enjoyment of heaven's pure air, she would follow her father with a light step and a merry heart in most of his shooting excursions; and when the general caught sight of her glowing cheek and fearless eye, he felt as much tenderness and pride in her beauty as ever monarch in his newly crowned child.

Shirley was also an incomparable horsewoman; no road was too dangerous, no steed too spirited for her nerves, and the risk was to her a source of wild and intense enjoyment. With this being, strange and eccentric in her habits, romantic and enthusiastic in her disposition, Mrs. Broughton's second daughter, Gertrude, had spent the last four years of her girlhood. Taken from among very worldly people at an age when the youthful heart is most susceptible of strong impressions, no wonder if Gertrude, whose feelings were naturally warm, became ardently attached to this strangely fascinating being, the first *she* had ever seen who was perfectly natural.

The merits of Shirley Broughton, and she had many, were perfections; her faults were not such in the eyes of her youthful companion. Indeed, the latter became gradually as much the objects of imitation as the more worthy points of her character; for Gertrude, with the same degree of ardent feelings, had few of her cousin's better qualities; headstrong, rebellious, gifted with intense vanity, and with something peculiar of harshness and coarseness in her ill-trained mind, she copied the habits without being able to seize the virtues of Shirley, and the consequence was such as might be expected.

The same words and actions which acquired a wild charm from the native sweetness and originality of Shirley, became perfectly odious when copied by Gertrude, and the utter want of tact she displayed, joined with her strange manners, made her conversation as galling to the feelings as it was revolting to the delicacy of those who were her occasional associates. Even her cousin, who had sighed for a female companion to share her tasks and sports, could scarcely be said to be fond of her present one. Before Gertrude had been a fortnight at Heathcote Lodge, Shirley heartily wished herself alone again, in spite of flattery, open and expressed, and the more silent and gratifying flattery of imitation.

What did Shirley care whether others thought her handsome, when her father's eyes silently told her how much rather he would look upon her countenance than on any other in the universe? What did she care that her horsemanship was admired, as long as her little Arab, Omar, carried her over the wild moors with the speed of lightning—the blue arch of heaven over her, and the free winds around her head?

At length the day of meeting arrived. Mrs. Broughton and her family, after being twice overturned, drove up the long avenue, and never, perhaps, did a more uncongenial party assemble round the dinner-table as met that night. The affected, worldly mother; the conceited, talkative, half French, half English Antoinette; the foolish, languishing beauty Camilla; and opposite to these, the wild but graceful and noble-hearted Shirley, the shy, handsome Captain Broughton, and Gertrude, half contemptuous and half jealous, as she looked at the manner and attire of her sisters.

Every day increased the mutually repellant nature of the qualities each was endowed with, by making them more known to each other; and it was with difficulty that Mrs. Broughton concealed her dislike in order to forward a match so much to the advantage of her son. His sisters were not so cautious; Antoinette, with a keen perception of the ridiculous, and considerable talent, occupied herself daily, almost hourly, in ridiculing—not Shirley—she had tact enough to see that it would be a dangerous attempt—but the clumsy imitation of Gertrude she visited with unsparing satire; and the consequent coldness between the sisters drew the two cousins more together, and opened Shirley's heart more towards the faulty Gertrude, than four years of constant companionship.

The unheard-of insolence of her niece, who christened the elder and younger Misses Broughton "the squirrel and the dormouse," made their affectionate mother ill for two days; and the ejaculation of the old general, who said, on seeing Antoinette and Camilla enter the apartment in their white ruffled morning dresses: "I wish to heaven, Mrs. Broughton, you would put something decent on those girls," determined the crafty widow on making her own escape, at least, and leaving her son to pay his court to the eccentric bride at his leisure. To Captain Broughton she spoke of the errors of her niece in a kind, indulgent, motherly way, assuring him that she was convinced time and instruction, and her own valuable society, would make his wife all he could wish. Captain Broughton's only reply was a deep sigh, and so they parted.

It was agreed, after much entreaty, that Gertrude should remain at Heathcote Lodge, and return under her brother's escort, Mrs. Broughton, comforting herself by the reflection that, when once Gertrude was at home again, she should be able to remodel her manners.

After the departure of the trio, the party at Heathcote Lodge were more happy and companionable; but Harry Broughton was disappointed, and he could neither conceal it from himself nor from his sister, nor even in a degree from Shirley herself. Shy, vain, and with an insupportable dread of ridicule, the impression made by the beauty, warm-heartedness and evident affection of his cousin, was painfully contrasted in his mind with what *others* might think and say of her.

He figured her introduced to the world—*his* world—as his wife. He imagined to himself the astonished stare of his well-bred friends, the affected disgust of his *fine* female acquaintances, and at such moments he loathed the sight of Omar, hid his face from the sunshine and the breeze, and groaned when Shirley passed her fingers through the short curls of her distinguished looking head—though that hand was small and white, and her hair bright and glossy.

Antoinette's letters were by no means calculated to improve his feelings in this respect. "I see her," wrote this amiable sister, "entering the queen's drawing-room to be presented; all eyes bent upon her, all tongues murmuring her praise; I see her in the Park, Omar not quietly entering the ride by the posts intended for that purpose, but *franchissant les bornes* (as his mistress does), at one leap, from long habit, which, as you know, is second nature. I am practising the song, '*Mein Schatz ist ein reiter*,' as I don't doubt it will become a great favorite of yours, and only beg of you to be careful not to go *more* than forty miles a day, as it will be sadly injurious to your health and looks, frere Adonis, and you know that any alteration in the *latter* would bring the (gray?) hairs of my mother with sorrow to the grave."

The slave to the opinions of others retired to rest, full of recollections inspired by that letter.

"From the force of habit, which is second nature," he muttered, as he turned for the twentieth time on his restless pillow. He fell asleep and dreamed that he was married, and that his brother officers rose from the mess-table to drink Shirley's health. Just as he was lifting the glass to his lips, he saw Shirley enter; she was dressed in a long green riding habit; she passed her taper fingers rapidly through her hair; he remonstrated, he entreated her to leave the mess-room, but she only laughed; he rose from his place and walking to the spot where she stood, endeavored to persuade her to go.

Suddenly, he thought she turned and kicked him, and the little, well-shaped, firmly-knit ankle was unaccountably transformed into Omar's hoof. He started in violent pain and woke. Full of mingled irritation and sadness, Harry Broughton sat alone that day in his uncle's library, leaning his aching head on his hand and gazing listlessly from the window on the long avenue of lime trees which opened to the moor. He was interrupted by the entrance of Gertrude, who, tapping, him lightly on the shoulder with her whip, exclaimed: "Why, Harry, what are you musing about? Come, come and take a ride with us." Harry shook his head.

"O, come, there's a good fellow; cheer up; drive away black thoughts and let Romeo be saddled immediately, for my horse and Omar will take cold standing so long."

"For goodness sake," said Captain Broughton, impatiently, "do strive to be less like that anomalous being they intend for my wife." Then suddenly turning, he added, "O, Gertrude if I marry that girl, we shall both be miserable!"

There was a breathless silence, for, as Harry turned, he beheld, standing within two paces of him, his cousin Shirley! The eloquent blood rushed as rapidly to that glowing cheek as if the sun had never touched and mellowed its original tint of pure rose, and the big tears stood for a moment in those clear, kind blue eyes; then a deadly paleness overspread her face, and Captain Broughton thought she would have fainted. He sprang forward, but the moment his hand touched hers she started from him, and before they could follow her to the door, the fleet foot of Omar had borne his mistress far over the wild moor, which was her favorite ride.

For long weary miles she galloped on at full speed, till even the little Arab relaxed its exertions and, unchecked by the bridle, slackened its pace. The alteration recalled Shirley Broughton to herself. She stopped and dismounted, and gazing far round on the barren heath, as if to assure herself that no human eye could witness her weakness, she flung herself on the ground and wept bitterly.

"My God!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, as she clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven. "What have I done to make him hate me?"

And as the speech she had heard again rang in her ears, she contrasted the affection she had borne him ever since she could remember, the pleasure with which she looked forward to sharing his home, the many resolutions never to suffer her past liberty to tempt her to dispute his will, and to keep a careful watch over that rebellious heart which was his alone, with the sentiments of dislike, almost of disgust, which he had openly expressed towards her.

Again she repeated to herself, "What *have* I done?" And again she wept, till, weary and exhausted, she sunk into a profound slumber. When she awoke, the calm glow of sunset was on the moor, and Omar was feeding quietly at a little distance. She mounted her favorite for the first time without a caress, and for the first time turned towards home with a slow step and a heavy heart.

At dinner, Shirley Broughton was in wild spirits, and though her face was pale and her eyes dim, her manner repelled all attempt at explanation or consolation, even from Gertrude. She retired early to rest, pleading a bad headache to her anxious father.

The next morning, the following note was brought to her by her maid:

"MY DEAR SHIRLEY:—I implore you to see and hear me patiently for a few minutes, and be to me what, except in my hours of madness and folly, I have always hoped to see you.

"HARRY BROUGHTON."

She was just struggling against the temptation of once more conversing with her beloved cousin, when a tap at the door announced Gertrude.

"Come in," she said, in a low voice.

Gertrude obeyed the summons.

"Heavens, Shirley, how ill you look!" she exclaimed, "and you have not been to bed last night. O, Shirley, how can you be so foolish for a little quarrel?"

"A *little* quarrel, Gertrude!" repeated her companion, while a slow, bitter smile crept round her mouth—"but sit down and say what you came to tell me, for I must go to my father."

Gertrude came as her brother's ambassador, and earnestly did she endeavor to promote peace, for she loved Harry and almost worshipped his *fiancée*. But she had none of the tact necessary for the performance of such an undertaking; while she wounded the feelings of the sensitive girl she addressed by the constant allusion to her brother's distaste for her manners and habits, she also bluntly reasoned upon the impossibility of his feeling otherwise, when he looked forward to presenting her to the world, because he knew the world would judge harshly of her; and with natural coarseness of mind, she seemed to suppose that nothing more than a mutual concession of certain points, an apology on the part of Harry, and a sort of "kiss-and-be friends" ceremony, was necessary to establish them in the situation they were before.

But she spoke a language Shirley Broughton did not understand. What could it signify to Harry what the world, that strange world, thought of her, so long as he himself was satisfied of her affection and pleased with her society? What had the opinions of others to do with the comfort of his home? The opinions of others, too, none of whom he appeared to respect, and many of whom he openly avowed to be worthless? No, *that* could not be the reason of his dislike, and she resented the supposed attempt to impose on her understanding.

Had Gertrude had to deal with one of her own disposition, the task would have been comparatively easy. Had her cousin been angry, she could have soothed her, but vanity had no place in Shirley Broughton's heart. It is the vice of society, and she had lived alone almost from childhood. It was her heart that was crushed, and it would have required a tenderer and far more skilful hand to have healed the blow.

By his sister, Harry received an answer to his appeal; it was as follows:

"After what passed yesterday, dear Harry, it can serve no good purpose to comply with your request, but will only give great pain to both of us. I shall tell my father that I cannot marry you, as it would grieve him were he to know how differently others can think of his only child. I am at a loss to know how I have forfeited your good opinion; but of this I am very sure, I have never voluntarily given you a moment's uneasiness. We are not likely to meet often again, but I shall always feel an interest in all that concerns you. I would not desire to end with a reproach, but I earnestly wish you had *told* me what chance has discovered. Did you intend to marry me, under the conviction that our union would be productive of misery to both? If it is because you are attached to another that you have dealt thus strangely by me, I will hope your present freedom may conduce to your future happiness. If it is really and truly for the reasons Gertrude gave me, may that world, dear Harry, of which you are a worshipper, be able to repay you for your submission to its opinions."

It was with tolerable composure that Shirley wrote and despatched this note, but with her father the fountain of her tears again burst forth. The general was electrified—he had never seen her weep before; for in that happy home she had no cause for sorrow, and her tears made an impression upon him that erased from his memory the long cherished plan of continuing the property in the family by this much desired union. He himself informed Captain Broughton of his daughter's decision, and that information was accompanied with expressions of regret.

Years rolled on. Shirley Broughton continued unmarried, in spite of the offers of more than one suitor for her hand.

Gertrude remained at home under the auspices of her careful parent. But though self-love and vanity did what her mother's advice would most assuredly *not* have done, and she soon began in some degree to conform to the tastes of the people she was among, still her real and acquired faults were not eradicated, and "as odd as Ger. Broughton," became a by-word by no means pleasing to the rest of the family.

Taunted and reproached at home, alternately caressed and sneered at abroad, Gertrude always entered a ball room with a vague spirit of defiance against uncommitted injuries. At once affecting to scorn, and making faint endeavors to conciliate the world; beautiful in person, harsh in manner, fearless by nature, she said everything and did anything that came into her head, and the consequence was as might be expected. She was flattered by those she amused, courted by those to whom her notice gave a sort of notoriety, admired by many, and abused by the whole of her acquaintance.

Camilla's drowsy existence was by no means interrupted or disturbed by her sister's strange ways; but Antoinette, while by dint of mockery, she unconsciously caught something of the gesticulating manner and audible tone of voice which accompanied Gertrude's speeches, resented as an injury the notoriety she thus obtained, and visited it with the whole force of her wit; while forgetting how different the copy was from the original, Harry Broughton never ceased to congratulate himself on his escape from the matrimonial snare prepared for him.

While things were in this state, Mrs Broughton received a letter one morning, which forced an ejaculation from even her little, cold, compressed lips, and sent a momentary flush of emotion to her faded cheek.

"Your cousin Shirley is dead," said she, turning to her daughters, and then, as if seeking to excuse her own emotion as she felt the rush of tears to her eyes, she added, "but—she is dead in such a shocking way."

The letter was read, and it was with bitter feelings that Harry listened to its contents.

Since the departure of her cousin, poor Shirley's whole character seemed to have changed. Wild with a sort of delirious gaiety at one time, dejected and incapable of occupying herself at another, she seemed always the slave of some unintelligible caprice. Her eyes grew dimmer, her figure thinner and less graceful, her voice—that low, laughing voice which had given a charm to all she said, acquired a sharpness and shrillness which was foreign to it. Gloom rested on her countenance like shadows in a sunny place, and while her father merely remarked that Shirley's temper was not so good as it had been, the old nurse declared that her child was dying of a broken heart.

But it was not by slow degrees, by the sapping and mining of grief, by the wasting away of the body's strength under the soul's weakness, that one so full of life and energy was to die. Suddenly, in the flower of her youth, she was to be cut off, as if it were vain to wait until decay should creep into so light a heart, and within so bright a form.

Among other changes, Shirley had become very absent; frequently she forgot she was in the presence of companions, and with a low, moaning exclamation, would hide her head and weep; frequently she would remain out on the sunny moors for hours, and wander home, unconscious that the day was drawing to a close, and that her father was waiting for her return.

At such times she would fling her arms around his neck and give way to a hysterical burst of mingled tears and laughter at her own thoughtlessness, and then put on the wild gaiety of a child. There came a day when her father waited in vain; when the look that pleaded for pardon, the voice that soothed, the laugh that cheered him, were lost to him forever; and that light, hurrying step, which was the signal for the old man to rise and advance to fold his daughter in his arms, was silent in the desolate corridors of his own house.

All that was ever known of Shirley's death was told by a peasant girl, who, while waiting for her young sister to cross the moor, saw a horse with a lady on it, flying at full speed down the narrow road which skirted it. She ran as fast as she was able to the foot of a little bridge, which made a sudden and short angle from the road. She stood still and listened, but the dashing and murmuring of the waters prevented her hearing the approach of the horse's hoofs. She called, but nothing, except the faint echo, muffled, as it were, by the branches which shadowed the lonely and rocky stream, answered her cry. She waited, knowing that the road had no other turn, but all remained sleeping in the quiet sunshine as before

Suddenly a sick and horrible fear crossed the girl's mind—she turned and looked far down into the bed of the stream, and there, among the broken granite and white stones, she distinctly saw some dark object; and while her heart beat so loudly as almost to stifle the sound, she fancied that a faint wailing cry swept past on the wind.

Slowly, and with cautious steps, she crept down round by the bridge, over the bank, swinging by a branch, or letting herself slip down the steep and broken ground. At length she descended into the torrent, which ran meagre and half dried up by the summer sun, struggling over and under and round the stones in its course, murmuring and complaining as it went.

There lay the little Arab, Omar, with the last life-pulse faintly quivering through his limbs, and there, with her face hidden and the stream rippling through the curls of her golden hair, lay poor, forsaken Shirley Broughton.

The girl stopped; a natural and unconquerable horror made her pause before she would venture to turn round and lift what she did not doubt was the face of a corpse, bruised and frightful. At length she approached, and with shuddering, trembling hands, raised the head of the unhappy girl from the water.

No bruise was there—pure and calm, with closed eyes and parted lips, and the glistening drops hanging on the still fresh pink of her cheeks, she lay—but death was in her face!

Time passed away. Antoinette's more successful plan for her brother's advancement was put into execution, and Harry became the easy husband of the all-accomplished and beautiful Lady Fanny Davenant, the chosen companion and confidante of the sprightly Miss Broughton.

Lady Fanny was a duke's daughter; she therefore thought herself entitled to treat her husband as her inferior. She was a spoiled child, and she therefore conceived herself at liberty to accept the homage of those around her, and to show off sundry little airs of wilfulness and vanity, just as if she had not married the handsomest man in England, as she was in the habit of calling Harry.

She was headstrong and violent, and the same adherence to her own fancies, which had led her to oppose her doting father on the subject of her marriage, led her now to oppose her husband. She was frivolous and heartless, but she was a strict observer of the rules of etiquette. The most celebrated modiste made her dresses, the most distinguished friseur dressed her hair, and the world declared she was a most truly charming woman.

Five years after his marriage, accident brought Harry Broughton to the spot where his young cousin, with whom from his infancy he had expected to pass his life, had died unseen, alone, with no one to hear her last word.

He was with a pleasure party, and their loud laughing voices rang in his heart as he bent over the little bridge, and with straining eyes he looked downwards, as if he could still see the light form which for years had been mouldering in the grave.

"Is that a good trout-stream, Broughton?" asked one of the gentlemen.

Harry turned hastily away, and catching Lady Fanny by the arm, he muttered: "Come away—it was here that Shirley died—they will drive me mad!"

"You are always sentimentalizing about that girl," said his wife, pettishly; "I am sure it is no great compliment to me, the way you regret her."

She moved on, and joining the party, walked forward.

"O, Shirley, Shirley," exclaimed Harry Broughton, as rushing tears dimmed his view of that death scene, "was it for such a heart that I scorned you?"

RONG-JINGS, OR DANCERS OF THE INTERIOR OF JAVA.

RONG-JINGS,

OR DANCERS OF THE INTERIOR OF JAVA.

The curious picture on this page represents a pair of female dancers of the interior of Java, performing the accompaniment of a rude native orchestra, which cannot "discourse most eloquent music." The title of dancers hardly seems to us appropriate when applied to these women, for in reality the feet are the portion of the body least brought into action in their performances. It is from the knees upwards that all the movement takes place. The songs that accompany these pantomimic scenes, are, for the most part, improvised on every description of subject; sometimes they have reference to the lookers-on, or, may be, are composed in honor of a distinguished personage who happens to be present. The beauty of form and suppleness of limbs, peculiar to the inhabitants of Java, give to these representations an originality which is not devoid of grace, but it is above all at the entertainments of the Javanese chiefs, whose wives on these occasions perform, that one can most appreciate the elegance of the dancers. The singing with which they accompany their actions, considered musically, has no pretensions to harmony; the notes are brought out in a nasal tone, which is the fault of all Asiatic nations in their chants. They sing from the head, although the natural voice of the women of Java is soft and clear. The Dutch are the possessors of the island of Java, but several native States exist in the interior under their protection. The principal capitals of these are Surakarta and Yugyacarta. Java remained under Hindoo sovereigns until 1478, when it was conquered by the Arabs, and its possession has since been chiefly Mohammedan. It contains the ruins of several considerable ruins and temples, the principal being Mojopahit and Boro-Budor, and various large structures of substantial architecture are scattered over its surface. The Javanese are of the Malay family, and short, thickset and robust. Many of the women, however, have very elegant and graceful figures, which, from the free and unconstrained character of their costume, are allowed full development. It is presumed that the Hindoos, at an early period, settled in the island, as Hindoo monuments of antiquity are found. The religion is Mohammedan, mixed with Buddhism. Three dialects of the Malay language are used, and they have an ancient sacred language, containing a number of Sanscrit words. They have a national literature and translations from the Arabic and Sanscrit. The Javanese are superior in civilization to other natives of the Indian Archipelago. The Portuguese formed a settlement in Java in 1511, and the Dutch in 1575. The British held the island from 1811 to 1816. The government is administered by a governor-general with authority over all the Dutch East India colonies, and assisted by a secretary-general and a council of four members of Dutch descent. Java is divided into twenty-two residences, in each of which are a European governor and secretary, and various sub-residents.

IRISH ZOUAVES.

It is not unlikely that ere long, France will have in her service another Irish Brigade. We have learned, says a Kilkenny paper, from reliable sources that many young men even from this peaceful city of the Nore, moved by the old military ardor of the ambitious Celt, stole away from their friends, and nothing was heard of them, till a letter from Paris announced that they had joined a Zouave regiment in that city, were under drill, and would be moving towards the seat of war about July. One young fellow, named Conway, from Irishtown, took £10 from his father, and paid the expenses of two companions, and they are now in Paris, learning the noble science of war, to rival the fame of the old Brigade, and to win new laurels for the brow of glorious France. Conway has written home stating that they were received with open arms by their "brother Zouaves," and that for his part he is resolved to win either a marshal's baton, or a glorious grave!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PLUTO AND PROSERPINE.

A RHYTHMICAL ALLEGORY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

In the tower where classic lore is hidden,
Cobwebbed chronicles, defaced by age,
Where by mystery still we seem forbidden,
Stands this record on the Gothic page.

'Tis, I ween, a myth of strange creation,
Since a story of that wondrous time,
When, in earthly faith and contemplation,
Genii peopled every land and clime.

Wandered on the earth—so reads the story—
Once a maiden, holy and divine,
Beauteous to behold, in her rare glory,
Whom the gods above called Proserpine.

As she passed (how beautiful the fiction!)
Earth assumed a gentler, kindlier mood;
For she seemed a breathing benediction,
Or a glorious beatitude.

In the spots where her light feet had lingered
Straightway sprang the loveliest flowers of earth,
While invisible and fairy-fingered
Harps to sweetest symphonies gave birth.

Hideous Pluto, from his realms infernal,
Creeping stealthily up to the day,
Seized—the gods might weep—the maid supernal,
Bore her then triumphantly away.

Bore her down to Hades, place of terror,
There with him in darkness to abide.
Cruel fate! With not one trace of error,
Proserpine became grim Pluto's bride.

See, where Night has spread his gloomy pinions,
With maternal bodings almost wild,
While her torches flash through earth's dominions,
Ceres, seeking for her ravished child!

Seeking vainly; yet her grief maternal
Gaineth part fulfilment of her prayer.
Rescued briefly from her home infernal,
Proserpine at times shall breathe our air.

Thus the legend; and in doubt we wonder
When, by whom, 'twas fabled, where and why,
While its mystic meanings, hidden under
This thin mythologic veiling lie.

O'er this modern earth, once BEAUTY wandered,
Like the Proserpine of old belief:
And the bounty of her wealth she squandered,
Winning weary mortals from their grief.

And, alas, like her of old, she vanished,
Driven hence by unpropitious fates!
Though at times the sprite thus sadly banished
On bereaved and mourning mortals waits.

Yet we feel the beautiful has perished,
From its earthly habitation fled,
Still we know an idol dearly cherished
Hath been numbered long among the dead!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WINNING CONSENT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"WILL you promise, Clara?"

"*Never!*" And the little maiden set her pearly teeth firmly together, compressed her rosy lips till they quite lost the line of beauty, and folded her white arms across her breast in an attitude at once defiant and queenly. "Never, father," she continued, after a moment's pause, and the words were hissed rather than spoken, "never will I become the wife of that old miserly tyrant. Sooner would I die; yes, die by own hand;" and the black eyes flashed with a fearful light.

"Pretty doings, these," muttered the angry parent. "Things have come to a fine pass, in my opinion, when a girl of eighteen thinks to fool a man of fifty, defies him to his face." Then raising his voice, he said, and emphatically, too, "you will go to your room, Clara Havens, and remain there till I call you. Go," seeing that she hesitated, "go, girl!" And he stamped his foot with such energy that the china rattled in the closet.

With a quick, nervous movement, the daughter crossed the room, but as she lifted the latch, she turned her head and looked back, and then deliberately retraced her steps.

"Father," the voice was low, sweet and musical now; "let us not part in anger; let us forget the harsh words that have passed between us. Do, father!" And clasping his hand, she looked affectionately into his eyes.

"I sent you to your room, girl;" but here the stern tones melted into tenderness, and he continued, kindly, "you've tried your old father sorely, Clara."

"I know it," she said, meekly; "yet he will not refuse his child a pleasant good-night;" and she raised his hand and laid it on the rich auburn hair that waved about her forehead.

"Thank you, dear father. I shall sleep sweetly now," and she tripped lightly up stairs.

"This is dreadful, dreadful," she said to herself, as she stood before her little dressing-table, divesting herself of her few ornaments and preparing for bed. "Who would ever have thought that I, Clara Havens, the idol of her old father, would have talked to him in such an unfilial way; bearded him, as a rough boy might have done? And yet, I cannot, will not, take back one word. I will not marry that old Wiggens; no, indeed, though heaven and earth conspire against me. Who is he? A coarse, rough, low, ignorant, ugly old fellow, whom, but for his money, my father would spurn from his fireside even as a guest, much more as a suitor for his daughter's hand. O, my father, my poor, dear father," and she wrung her hands and paced her chamber, "how can you be so infatuated with the love of gold? How can you sell even your daughter for a miser's hoard?"

Back and forth went her little bare feet across the floor, till at length fairly tired out, she seated herself beside the open window and leaning her head on the casement, looked out upon the night. It was a glorious June evening. A brilliant moonlight lay upon the landscape, making it seem like a fairy land, while from the garden that stretched away to the south, there was wafted up the breath of a thousand budding roses. The river that ran to the one side of the old mansion, glistened like a broad band of silver set in emerald lines, the low ripple of its waves, as they beat upon the narrow strip of sand, stealing upon the ear like the muffled music of distant chimes. The dense old forest that lay between it and the mountains was beautiful as a picture with its soft, gently waving shadows and the mottled light that flickered over its fresh green mosses. The meadows, broad and lovely, with their rich harvests of grass and grain, seemed like ruffled lakelets with green breasted billows rising and falling in the evening wind.

Clara gazed long on the familiar scene. Its quiet and its beauty soothed her disturbed spirits, and when as the village clock tolled ten, she dropped the curtain and laid her head upon her pillow, there was no trace of agitation on her fair young face.

An hour afterward, her father stole noiselessly to her room. He knew she was a daring, resolute girl, with a good deal of his own firmness in her disposition, and he would not have been greatly surprised to have found her packing her trunk, or writing him a farewell letter. But instead, as he lifted the snow-white drapery that fell about her bed, he saw her there sound asleep, and angry as he had been with her, he could hardly repress an exclamation of admiration at the sweet picture she presented, as she lay there in her fair, girlish beauty, her pure wrapper falling in statuesque folds about her slender but exquisitely moulded figure. Her hair, rich and luxuriant, had escaped from the silver comb that fastened it, and rippled now over the pillow in dark, lustrous waves. Her hands were clasped above her heart, as though she had gone to sleep saying her prayers, while the quiet smile that softened about her ripe, red lips, seemed to say that her last waking thought had been one of joy and beauty.

"My darling child!" And great tears stood in the old man's eyes, and when he bent his head and kissed her, they fell upon her cheeks. Starting as from a pleasant dream, she whispered in low, plaintive tones, "Don't weep, my Fred, I am all your own."

In a moment the father's brow grew stern, and as he dropped the drapery and went out again, he muttered, "It shall not be Fred, though, wilful girl. We'll see who's strongest."

But while he sat and brooded over his dark, unholy thoughts, the little maiden slept on as quietly as though no cloud had darkened her young life, no shadow fell upon her pathway. She dreamed, and her dreams were such as the spring gives to the earth in April, breezy, balmy, flowery and musical with the blended melody of birds and brooks. She awoke in the morning bright as ever, and so refreshed by her quiet night, that she felt strong enough to battle friends and fortune. Her simple toilet over, she seated herself by the window and watched the sunrise and revelled in the glory of the morning, with its floods of amber light, its countless jewelled dew-drops, its clouds of fragrant incense, its soft pearly mists, its rich golden sky, its opening flowers, glistening meadows and singing birds.

Her father found her there as he came up the stairs and summoned her to breakfast. But when, her young heart full of joy and gladness, she bounded forth to meet him, his cold, dark look struck terror to her, and without speaking, she followed him to the table. It was a quick meal and Clara was glad when it was over.

"Go back again," said her father, "and do not dare to leave without I say you may."

"And how long must I stay shut up there like a prisoned bird?" she asked, with spirit.

"Till you promise to obey me."

"Which means, being interpreted, I suppose, till I will consent to become Mrs. Wiggens. Mrs. Wiggens! Good heavens! The name is enough to scare a girl, were the owner of it a saint fresh from the better land. Mrs. Wiggens! Father, I will stay in my room for ever and ever *and ever*, if need be, but I will never be known by that horrid name."

"You would rather be called Mrs. Fred Ashton, I suppose!" and the old man sneered.

A brilliant blush rushed over the young girl's face, and for a moment she dropped her eyes. Then lifting them, she said, fearlessly, "Yes, sir, I should be proud to bear *that* name, and God willing, I *shall* bear it yet!" and turning, she went back to her room.

Something that was strangely like an oath trembled on her father's lips, but suppressing it, he passed to the front door and locking it, and dropping the heavy key in his pocket and bidding his wife watch the back doors, he went out to his work.

And Clara! Did she sit down and wring her hands and tear her hair, and cry, and sob, and mourn? Not a bit of it. She made her bed, swept and dusted her room, arranged her toilet-table, looked over her bureau, and then sat down quietly to her sewing.

Her father found her busy with it at noon when he called her down to dinner, and when, at two o'clock, he looked in again upon her, he saw her still busy with her pretty needle-work.

"You must watch her close, wife, you and the boys, and don't let her know that I am gone;" and with the key of the front door yet in his pocket, he set out for a neighboring town.

For an hour or so, Mrs. Havens and little Bill and Jim watched the staircase, but then, weary and sleepy, the mother dropped her knitting-work and fell into a doze which ere long deepened into a profound nap. A butterfly with speckled wings drew Bill into the garden on a mad-cap chase, while a bit of string dangling from his mother's work-basket reminded Jim of the trout that gambolled in the orchard brook, and seizing his old hat and diving into his father's desk for a hook and line, the little angler started off, forgetting in his excitement that he had a sister to take care of. She, cunning as a little mouse, had been all the time watching affairs from one of the bannisters, and no sooner was the coast clear, than she came silently down, bonnet and cape on and a little bundle in her hand, and walked out of the open door and down the path, and across the meadow and over the stile, and up a little green lane.

A cottage, new, neat and tasty, stood at the end, embowered in climbing vines and shaded by two old maples. She paused a moment on the threshold, and her heart went pit-a-pat so strangely that she nearly fainted. Subduing her emotion by a violent effort, she opened the door and went in and passed through to its little kitchen. A young man stood there in the act of nailing up a shelf.

"Fred!"

He dropped his hammer and nail, and turning quickly, exclaimed, "Clara, what made you come? You promised you would wait till it was finished. But what is the matter? You look strangely."

"Fred, I have come to bid you good-by."

"Good-by! Why, Clara Havens; are you crazy? What do you mean? Where are you going?"

"To seek my fortune."

"Afoot and alone?" and her lover laughed.

"Yes, Fred. Can't you say God speed me?"

"But in earnest, Clara, what do you mean?"

"What I say, Fred. My father is resolved that I shall marry old Tim Wiggens, and has shut me up in my chamber till I will promise to obey him. I have run away, and as I said, am going to seek my fortune."

"Where?"

"In Philadelphia. My mother has many friends there, and some of them, I think, will shelter me in their home till I can earn my own support."

"It's a good idea, Clara, and you're a girl of spirit to carry it out." And then, folding her in his arms and kissing her crimson cheeks, he said, tenderly, "good-by, my darling, and God speed you." And picking up his hammer and nail, he pounded away.

Something very much like tears twinkled in Clara's eyes as she latched the garden gate and went on her lonely way. She had never said it to herself, she had hardly dared think it, but away down in heart had been a something that told her, she would not have to go alone upon her journey, that a strong arm would be offered her to lean upon. But instead, he, her lover, her betrothed husband, indeed, had merely said good-by. Poor Clara! Her heart grew heavy, and her eyes so misty that she could hardly see the footpath.

She went "cross-lots" from the cottage to the turnpike, not only because it was nearer, but to avoid being seen by the neighbors. As she climbed one of the fences, her dress caught on a rail and an ugly tear was the result. Ever thoughtful, she had put her needlebook into her pocket and the rent was soon repaired. But the detention worried her and she hastened on with quickened steps. She had gained the dusty road, when suddenly, on turning a corner, she came face to face with Fred.

"I thought you might like company," he said, quietly, linking one of her arms in his, "and so, packing up my Sunday clothes, I started after you."

Happy Clara! Her heart grew light at once, and smiles, beautiful, radiant ones, played over her face. Happy couple! They had loved each other ever since they had first gone hand-in-hand together down to the old red school-house, and the love had widened and deepened, and lengthened, until it filled their whole hearts and they had promised to live the one for the other.

Beguiling the way with pleasant reminiscences and blissful hopes, they passed rapidly on, not halting a moment until five miles lay between them and home. A friend of Fred's lived here, and entering at once into the spirit of their flight, he harnessed a fleet horse into a light buggy and with a "God speed you," put the lines into the young man's hands. Midnight found them at a cousin of Clara's, a young wife, who, blest and happy in her own new life, was only too willing to aid the fugitives. Tarrying only till early dawn, they started once more on their way, taking the less direct and less frequented road along the Jersey shore. All went well with them till they came in sight of Burlington, but then, just as they were congratulating themselves on the good luck that had followed them, a turn in the road brought them in contact with a light wagon containing three men. A single glance satisfied them that it was Mr. Havens, and in an instant, in a tone of authority, he bade them halt, displaying at the same time a warrant and pointing to the two constables who sat beside him. Fred, instead of reining in his steed, whipped him up briskly. But it was of no use. There were three to one. The horse was seized by the officers, and Miss Clara dragged from the buggy by her incensed parent. Fred, ready to play the hero in behalf of his stolen bride, drew a pistol, but Clara, breaking from her father's clasp, or grasp rather, ran to him and laying her lips close to his ear, whispered earnestly. Magic words they must have been, for thrusting his weapon into his pocket and gathering up his lines, he whistled to his horse and drove on with an air that seemed to say, it's a bad bargain, but I'll make the best of it.

Meanwhile, Miss Clara, with her father beside her and the two fierce-looking constables in front, was borne rapidly back to her old home.

"There, girl," said her father, as he pushed her into the room, "I reckon you'll stay awhile this time, if bolts and bars will keep you." And closing the door, he locked it and then fastening the key to that which secured his strong box, he went his way. One, two, three days passed and then one, two, three more and Clara was yet a prisoner. Regularly as meal time came, Mr. Havens unlocked the door and set in a plate of food, and as regularly asked her if she would marry Mr. Wiggens.

"No, sir, never, never!" was the invariable answer.

"She holds out pretty well," he said to his wife on the seventh morning; "shows more grit than I thought she could, though I always knew she was a full blooded Havens; but I reckon bread and water and solitary confinement will conquer her soon;" and taking up the prison fare, he went to the chamber.

She was not in her usual seat by the window,

nor was she in the bed, nor were the pillows and quilts rumpled in the least. She was not in either of the closets; she was not in the room, no, nor in the house. Where was she? Where?

Her mother's cheek turned white and she leaned on the table for support, for there, right before the little mirror, stood two empty phials, each one labelled, *laudanum*.

"You've killed her, yes, killed her!" she screamed. "O, my child, my fair, sweet child!" And she fell on the floor in hysterics.

Nearly crazy himself, for he did not know till then how dear that only daughter was to his old heart, Mr. Havens aroused the neighborhood and sent it all, young and old, in search of his missing child. But morning brightened into noon, that softened into evening, and no tidings were brought to him of the beautiful one.

With a last, almost despairing hope, he sent for Fred Ashton. Seizing him violently by the hand, he exclaimed, "where is she, where is my child, my Clara?"

"It is I who should ask," said the young man, sternly. "You tore her from me, when I would have gathered her to my heart as the shepherd does his one ewe lamb. Yes, tore her from me, locked her up, fed her on bread and water, broke her heart, and all because she would not be a traitor to herself. What wonder that she wearied of life! What wonder that she swallowed the deadly draught, and then, half-frenzied, leaped from the window and hid herself! Dying, she feared you, even. O, man, man," and his eyes glared on the trembling father, "Heaven will mete out to you a terrible vengeance."

"For God's sake, do not curse me!" cried the stricken parent. "O, Fred, Fred, find her, find my child. Let me look again upon her face, though it be white in death. And Fred, O, my boy, if she be yet alive and you can find her, she shall be all your own; your wife at once. Go, go. Young eyes are keen, and if you love her as you say you do, you can find her yet."

"And what surety have I, man, that you will keep your promise? You gave her to me once; yes, blessed our vows and afterward swore she should marry that old miser. Better she should die in the forest, drown in the river, poison herself, hang herself, stab herself, than live to be his wife."

"Boy, boy, you will drive me mad. Here," and he tore a leaf from the family Bible, and catching up a pen, rapidly inscribed a few words on it, "here; let this show you I am in earnest, and now go, go!"

Fred read the paper, quietly folded it, placed it in his pocket-book, and without uttering a word went out. All night long they sat and waited for his return, but he came not, nor any message. The long day passed away and no tidings of the lost one. That terrible suspense, that awfullest ordeal of the soul, how hard it was to bear!

Just at evening a violent storm set in. The lightning flashed, the thunder boomed, the wind rose to a gale and the rain came down in torrents. The children huddled into the darkest corners of the room and hid their eyes and stopped their ears, but the two agonized parents leaned against the windows, looking eagerly out, as though each storm-flash would be a revelation.

It was over at last, that terrible cloud-strife over entirely, and the stars came out and twinkled with pure, clear beams in the deep blue of the sky. But, alas, the star of hope, brightest of all, did not rise for the two anxious watchers, and with aching hearts they turned away.

There was a hurried footstep on the gravelled walk, a hasty knock, and ere they could answer it, the front door swung open and Fred, drenched to the skin, came in.

"Have you found her, our child?" They screamed, rather than asked the question.

"Yes, yes, I have found her. *If you would see her alone*, follow me."

Father, mother and the two little boys hurried after him, scarcely daring to draw a long breath, lest it should detain them from the loved one.

Fred led the way into the little lane and up to the pretty cottage. Opening the door, he motioned them into the parlor. It was a cosy little room and looked cheery and comfortable to the chilled group, for they had come off bareheaded and the children barefooted, and had drabbled against the wet bushes till every garment was damp and cold. A little wood fire crackled on the hearth, flashing out a ruddy light and casting a genial warmth. Candles blazed upon the mantel and on the little round table that stood between the mirrors. Vases of flowers stood on the window-sills, boughs of asparagus drooped over the little mirror, while a basket of scarlet strawberries on the stand in the corner scented the room with a delicious fragrance.

Slowly, for the brilliant light blinded their eyes, so long in the out door dimness, they gathered in the picture-look of the room and its simple, yet fair adornings. They marvelled at it too, for instead of funeral gloom, here was bridal brightness.

"Be seated," said Fred, quietly, and left them. Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed and the silence of the little parlor was undisturbed save by the deep breathings of the expectant family.

Then the door opened and radiant in girlish charms, robed in snowy muslin, with white rosebuds in her hair and on her bosom, leaning on the arm of Fred, Clara entered the room.

"If you would see her alive," said Fred, but ere he could speak more, father, mother and little brothers were gathered about the dear one and smiles and tears were strongly mingled.

"But where did you find her, my boy?" and the old man's voice was broken.

"That's a secret, my dear sir, but hereafter when you would know of her whereabouts, just call on me, for Fred Ashton will always know where his *wife* keeps herself; eh, darling?" and he pinched the rosy cheek till it was a burning crimson.

"Outwitted," said the old man, but his tones were far from stern. "And so, to win consent, you frightened your old father by making him believe you had swallowed poison, and then jumped from the window and gone into the forest to die. O, Clara, Clara, do you suppose I can ever forgive you?"

"Of course I do, dear father," and she nestled her head confidingly on his heart. "Only think how tired I was of living on bread and water;" and then she laughed, a merry, musical laugh it was, too, and she looked into his face with such a roguish glance in her black eye, that the old man could hold out no longer, but putting his hands upon her head, said, and O, how tenderly, "God bless you, child!"

And that the prayer was heard and registered in heaven, seemed evident from the after life of that young bride and groom, for sunshine beamed ever in that cottage home, while the only shadows cast there were those beautiful ones made by the rocking cradle.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MISCONCEPTION.

AN INCIDENT IN A FRENCH DILIGENCE.

BY WALTER CLARENCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WITCH OF THE NORTH SEA," "THE PAINTER OF PADUA," ETC., ETC.

READER, have you ever visited Europe? "Yes." Then if you have and have travelled over the road between Calais and Paris, especially if your visit was made before the introduction of railroads, when the old fashioned, lumbering *diligence* was the only mode of conveyance, you will acknowledge that the road is one of the dullest that you ever passed over, and that the scenery is commonplace and uninviting. Most travellers over that route have a very excusable desire to get on to Paris as quickly as possible, for, in addition to the ordinary fatigue of travelling, in the olden time, the passengers—the male passengers, at any rate, and oftentimes the females—were compelled to alight from the vehicle at the foot of the numerous steep hills, and walk to the summits, whether it were day or night, and, not seldom, when the roads were unusually heavy, which, I believe, was at all seasons, the male passengers were obliged, for their own sakes, to help the passage of the diligence up the steep, by pushing behind. The consequence was that most old stagers took care to supply themselves with books to while away the time during the day, since the landscape offered no attraction to scenery hunters, and endeavored to secure a seat wherein they could sleep at night, as comfortably, or rather with as little discomfort as possible.

In the spring of the year 184—, it was my fortune to visit Paris for the —th time in my life. I had travelled by stage from London to Dover during the night, crossed the twenty-one miles of "channel water," on board one of the ill-conditioned steamboats then employed on the route, and, immediately on arriving at Calais, had started, *par diligence, en route* for Paris, consequently when night again approached, I felt very much fatigued, and was desirous, if possible, of securing a few hours' sleep in the corner of the *interieure*, where with a wise forethought, I had snugly ensconsced myself.

All day long the *diligence* had been crowded to excess in all its various compartments, and I was very glad to find, when we stopped to change horses at Amiens, that all the occupants of the *interieure*, save myself, had reached their destination, and that there was a probability of my having that compartment of the conveyance entirely to myself for, at least, the next stage. However, before the *conducteur* again gave his noisy orders to start anew, some fresh passengers demanded admission.

"How many?" thought I. Two, only. Heaven be praised for that! I looked to see what manner of men my new companions were. As well as I could perceive by the dim light of the lantern held by the ostler at the door of the *cabaret*, one was a stout-built, florid-complexioned, short man, clad in a blouse, fastened at the waist with a black leather belt, and wearing on his head a convenient felt travelling cap; the other wore a travelling costume of grayish cloth, cut somewhat jauntily and a close-fitting skull-cap with lappels covering his ears. They were evidently strangers to each other, and both were young men and, apparently, gentlemen.

"Thank Heaven there are no more," I muttered, internally, and as the horses started with the vehicle, I re-composed myself to sleep. I was, however, soon disturbed by the voice of the first-mentioned passenger, whom I had taken to be a German, and I was confirmed in my opinion by the words he uttered.

He asked, in execrable French, with—I fancied—a strong German accent, whether, since there were no ladies in that compartment of the *diligence*, it would be too disagreeable if he solaced himself with a whiff from his pipe, producing at the same time a highly and beautifully colored meerschaum.

"By no means, so far as I am concerned," said the second traveller, speaking, in compliment to his German *companion de voyage*, in the German language, but speaking the language abominably, and as I thought, naturally enough—for I had judged him to be a Frenchman as soon as I saw him enter the vehicle—in a French accent. At the same time this gentleman produced a cigar-case. He was evidently glad that his fellow-traveller had introduced the question of smoking, since it afforded him an opportunity of indulging in the luxury of a "weed."

Both looked inquiringly toward me. The weather was warm, the windows might be raised without inconvenience from cold; true, I didn't much fancy being smoke dried during my anticipated slumbers, but I consented.

"*En avant, messieurs.*"

My French *companion de voyage* politely offered me a cigar from his case.

"*Je vous remercie bien, monsieur,*" said I, with a gentle shake of the head, "*mais je ne fume pas.*"

Tobacco smoke was, in those days, an abomination to me. Both my fellow-travellers lighted their tobacco and commenced to puff away with an appearance of intense satisfaction. The ice now being broken—the pipe is a great leveller, and not only a great leveller, but a great provocative of boon companionship—both gentlemen began to converse freely on various topics, the German speaking always bad French, the Frenchman execrable German; the consequence was they were generally perfectly incomprehensible one to the other, and both answered to the questions put to them, ludicrously at random.

At length, by some means or other, for both kept on chattering and misunderstanding each other, it came out that both had been in England. There was a chance that by speaking that language both could get on a little better—could guess better at each other's meaning.

"You can speak Engleesh?" said the Frenchman.

"Yes, I speak Engleesh, me," answered the German.

"Then suppose we speak Engleesh together, you and me? We shall understand, perhaps, more bettare in Engleesh—I no very well speak German."

"Nor I no very well speak French," answered the German.

It was a mutual compact.

"You go on wid the *diligence* to Paris?" inquired the Frenchman.

"No. I stay at Saint Pol, the next stage—you comprehend? I have one friend I shall expect to meet there."

"Me—I go on to Paris," replied the Frenchman.

From this moment until the diligence stopped at the *cabaret* at Saint Pol, a running fire in exquisitely, oftentimes ludicrously broken English, was kept up by the two smokers, who puffed away together, shook out ashes, threw away cigar-stumps, re-filled, re-lighted and puffed again, and became such strong friends that I am satisfied that if the thing had been possible, they would have struck a bargain to continue their continental travels in each other's company. The diligence came to a stand-still.

"Saint Pol, messieurs," exclaimed the *conducteur*, flinging wide open the door of the *interieure*.

It was nearly broad daylight. Several persons were standing on the balcony of the hotel, some waiting to proceed by the diligence to Paris, others looking out for friends whom they expected to arrive by the same conveyance.

My fellow-traveller in the blouse alighted and looked eagerly around him, as if in search of some well-known face among the crowd of strangers. At length he saw the object of his search.

"Hilloa, Tom!" cried he. "So you are there, eh? Tell the fellows to carry my luggage to your room."

The next moment the two friends were shaking hands, and asking and replying to—in good English—innumerable questions. The little gentleman in the jaunty travelling costume stood aghast with wonder. For some moments his tongue seemed to refuse its office. At length he burst forth in unmistakable Yorkshire:

"Why—what! why, you speak English as well as I do!"

"I am an Englishman," replied the gentleman in the blouse, his countenance scarcely less expressive of annoyance and astonishment. "But you; why have you been talking to me, ever since we left Amiens, as if I was a foreigner, and couldn't speak my own language?"

"Why—why," stammered the other traveller, "I thought you were a German."

Now, perfectly understanding the case, the gentleman in the blouse burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"By George! old fellow," he cried, "I took you for a Frenchman. Upon my soul, I did. What a pair of stupid asses we have been making of each other! But, come; there's time enough before the diligence starts—let's drink a glass of wine together. It was a good joke, after all, wasn't it?"

The people around, who were French, looked on at the laughter, but did not join in the merriment, not comprehending the joke; but I, who had not spoken a word during the journey, and who had been equally deceived in both my fellow-travellers, could not help enjoying the unexpected *denouement*. They observed this.

"Are you an Englishman, sir?" said the gentleman in the travelling-dress.

"I am," I replied.

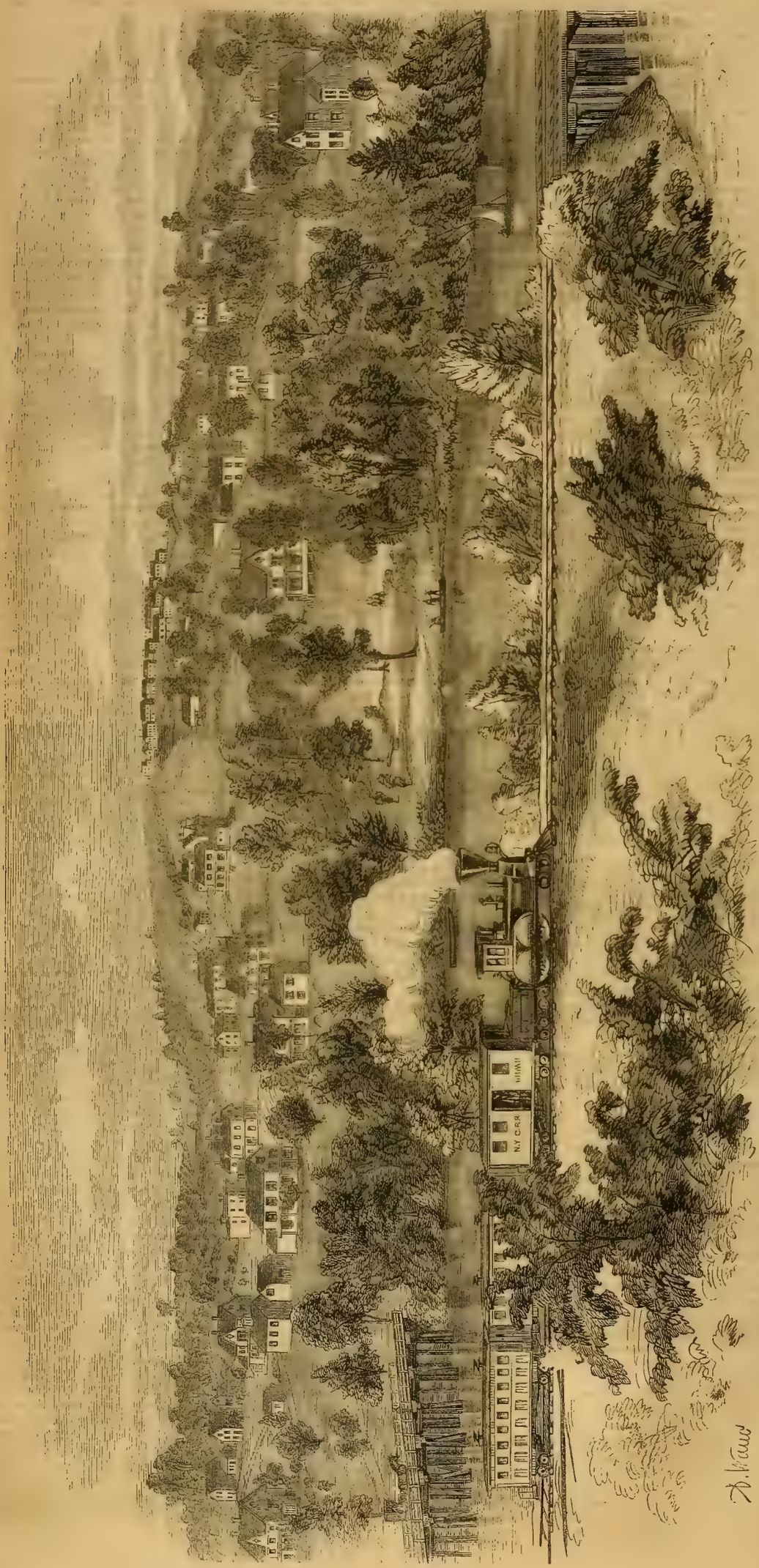
"Then how you must have laughed in your sleeve at us two donkeys—"

"Not I," I returned; "for I was mistaken in you both. I naturally took one of you to be French, the other German."

"Was it so?" they both exclaimed, laughing. "Then come along with us and help us to empty a bottle of wine before the diligence starts."

I willingly accepted the invitation; then, bidding good-by to the blouse-clad traveller and his friend, the other gentleman and myself re-entered the diligence, and were pleasant companions during the remainder of the journey to Paris, frequently reverting, in the course of our conversation, in English, to the absurd misconception of the last stage from Amiens to St. Pol.

This is a true story. I give it to show how apt people are to entertain the ridiculous idea that a foreigner can understand a language imperfectly spoken, better than he can if it be spoken with propriety. Dickens ridicules this in "Little Dorritt," by making Mrs. Plornish speak broken English to the Italian until she at length persuades herself that her bad English is pure Tuscan. But we see and hear instances of the like absurd misconception every day, in the fashion in which mothers address their infants, and grown people speak, habitually, to very little children—almost universally talking to them in broken English. The wonder is how, under such tuition, the infant generation ever learn to speak correctly at all, and that the jargon of the nursery does not cling to them in after life.



HYDE PARK AND FAIRMOUNT, FROM MOUNT NEPONSET, DORCHESTER, MASS.

HYDE PARK AND FAIRMOUNT.

The occasional traveller over the Boston and Providence Railroad has had his attention arrested by the magical growth of Hyde Park and Fairmount during the last two years Our accompanying illustration was drawn expressly for us by Alfred Waud, and is exceedingly correct. Not even Aladdin, with the aid of his wonderful lamp, could have desired a more astonishing transformation than this settlement shows. For the execution of the many, often exceeds, alike in rapidity as in magnitude, the possible thought of the solitary dreamer. They have succeeded in the face of a series of obstacles, enough to have discouraged any but the most sanguine spirits. We have often, as with the wings of the steam propeller, we have flown past this locality, which has now become so famous, admired the energy and perseverance that have subdued those slightly tilled farms and wild, natural woodlands, into no inconsiderable degree of civilization and settlement.

Located just at the juncture of Dorchester, Milton and Dedham, seven and a half miles from Boston, will be found the settlement of which we speak. The lands of Fairmount have been nearly all taken up. They are on the Milton side of the river Neponset, and command a most extensive view of the surrounding country. Those who originated this plan of settlement, three years since, visited all the neighborhood of Boston within seven or eight miles thereof, desirous of finding some spot with at least three important elements of success: railroad accommodation on two independent roads; one thousand acres of contiguous unsettled land; such a low price for the land as would allow the poorest man in the country to purchase a house lot from the proceeds of a few months' labor.

After an examination, almost if not quite unexampled, of all the neighboring towns, there was found no place so eligibly located, and possessing all these essential elements of success that we have enumerated, as what is now called Hyde Park and its immediate neighborhood. Hyde Park they found a beautifully fertile territory, well covered with trees, variegated with hill and dale, situated chiefly in the town of Dorchester, with the charming river Neponset running through the territory, and navigable for several miles.

The projectors owned no land in the neighborhood. They were, therefore, swayed by no selfish considerations of a desire to settle their own farms. But they found it impossible to purchase Hyde Park. Its location between the New York Central and the Providence Railroads, there less than a third of a mile apart, its river facilities, its variety of highland and lowland, its proximity to Boston, its beautiful woods and groves, its scenery, both perspective and immediate, all combined to raise its value so highly in the eyes of its owners, as to induce them to refuse to sell on any considerations whatsoever. They said to themselves and to their friends, "If nature and art have combined to mark this spot as the most eligible, from its varied attractions, for suburban residences, of any that can be secured, population will flow here without our efforts, and all that we need do, is quietly to wait for the tide of immigration."

Forced, therefore, to change their plans, the originators of the movement crossed the river Neponset, and first, the Twenty Associates, and soon after, the Fairmount Land Company, were organized. A village soon rewarded their labors; and Fairmount now possesses one hundred houses, and a population of about five hundred. No settlement, however, took place in Hyde Park. Spontaneity was there a plant of slow growth. And at last its owners concluded that it was better to part with it, than, "dog-in-the-manger" like, to monopolize what they could not improve. The Real Estate and Building Company was organized, and proved by far the most powerful land organization. It is the leading one of the influences that now controls seven hundred acres of land in this vicinity, and that have interested upwards of seven hundred persons in the success of this enterprise.

To this Company the proprietors of Hyde Park concluded at last to sell it, and the owners of neighboring farms also sold to it their estates; and three months since, the organization became complete by the disposal to the public of the last of two thousand shares of the Company's stocks. A change at once began. The whole property was surveyed. Streets were opened. The hum of busy life commenced. And during the last few months the settlement has progressed so rapidly that there are now some twenty-five or thirty houses erected by as many different individuals.

This is one of the most attractive places for residence that it has ever been our lot to witness. None of the land is so low as to be unhealthy, and none of it so high as to be inaccessible. Much of the land has been sold at the low price of two cents per foot, so that one hundred dollars will secure a spot twice as large as a good sized city lot of 25 by 100 feet The demand for it has, however, so much increased of late that most of it has been recently sold for from 2 1-4 to 3 cents a foot. Three stores have already been erected, and upwards of thirty more houses, in addition to the twenty-five already finished, will soon be in process of building on lots which have already been sold.

A system has been adopted by the Real Estate and Building Company, which has an income of twenty-four thousand dollars a year, independent of its receipts from the sales of lands, by which loans can be obtained either from it or from other Companies or Savings Banks interested in the success of the enterprise, for the purpose of building houses on the territory, so that by this means the settlement is increasing in even a greater ratio, than other places, without such facilities, could possibly secure.

If, as has been said, "He who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor to mankind," how much more are they benefactors, who, by the magical power of will and influence, build two houses where only one stood before! The story is told of Demosthenes that on a celebrated festive day, in commemoration of the settlement of one of the Grecian cities, when asked to play upon some stringed instrument, he replied, "I cannot fiddle; but I know how to create from a small village, a great city." The *conditores urbium* of the ancients were almost deified. The names of Romulus and Remus became as household gods to the Romans, and are not unfamiliar to the youth of our schools. When, five years hence, we look

back on the causes of the settlement of Hyde Park, now only an embryo village, we shall not forget the names of those whose energy, determination and influence are accomplishing this rapid settlement

There are so many elements of success about this enterprise that we have taken the pains concisely to recapitulate them: 1. The low price of the land; from two to three cents a foot. 2. The extremely low fare. Persons desirous of visiting the grounds can, we are informed, obtain tickets at the office of the Company, in the Mercantile Building in Summer Street, Boston, for ten cents each. 3 Its proximity to Boston. A pleasant drive of 7 1-2 miles will satisfy the settler that he is not purchasing Eastern lands a foot under water, or Western lands filled with marsh miasmata 4 The Company builds nothing on its own account; and hence holds out no false inducements of settlement to the public. 5 Accessibility by means of the vicinity of two Railroad Depots, a quarter of a mile apart, on two independent Railroads; so that, if one should be temporarily suspended as at present, the other can be used with equal facility. 6 Monopoly by speculators prevented for years to come, by securing 700 acres of land, so that the price can be kept moderately low, and the settlement thereby ensured. 7. Seven hundred persons interested pecuniarily or otherwise in the success of the enterprise. 8. Healthiness of the locality; so great that no physician has yet found business enough to induce him to locate. 9. The success on a small scale that has already been secured at Fairmount by the projectors of this enterprise, working on a similar plan. 10. The Neponset River, navigable for some miles above and below. 11. Facilities for loans, so that mechanics, and men of small means, may own houses equal in attractions to those fortunate enough to pay for their houses at once. 12 The small quantity of land that may be purchased in a single lot. 13. The sale of lands to Americans or to educated foreigners only, so as to avoid the objectionable associations of an Irish neighborhood. 14. General beauty, centrality, and attractiveness of the entire location. 12. The substantial and influential men connected with the enterprise; the Directors and Stockholders of the Real Estate and Building Company alone representing about five millions of dollars.

VIEW OF ISOURA, ON THE SCRIVIA, NORTHERN ITALY.

We have obtained the view at Hyde Park and Fairmount which we here present to our readers, not from any pecuniary interest that we have in this enterprise, for we have none whatever; but because, as faithful chroniclers of the progress of the times, we could not avoid noticing the success of an undertaking, which is now attracting, in no inconsiderable degree, the attention of the public.

VIEW OF ISOURA,

ON THE SCRIVIA, NORTHERN ITALY.

As a reminiscence of the war just closed, we present the accompanying accurate drawing of an old chateau at Isoura, with French troops crossing the bridge—a wild and picturesque scene. Isoura, a small village about five miles from Alessandria, is situated on the banks of the Scrivia, and was one of the first places in which the French army took up a position to watch the movements of the Austrians. From the summit of the mountains which surround the village the Austrian camp was easily discernible, so that it was quite impossible for the French to be taken by surprise The village, which has an antiquated appearance, is extremely picturesque; and there are some fine old chateaux in the immediate neighborhood of the bridges across the Scrivia, which the reader will observe represented in the annexed picture. Nearly all the localities of the late war are identified with other days, from their historical associations, and some of them bring back to memory events of olden time with fresh interest.

GREEK REFECTORY.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made on the spot, and represents the interior of one of those vast refectories, in which the Greek monks assemble to partake of their simple meals. Nothing can be more stern and simple than its appointments. Not even wooden seats are permitted, but the huge tables are provided with massive blocks of stone. The fare consists mostly of vegetables, and, occasionally, on feast days, a little meat, chiefly mutton. Nothing is set before them to flatter the palate and tempt the appetite, only what is sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger; and, to guard against indulgence, even where so little material is provided, a venerable priest, occupying a pulpit during the meal, delivers a homily on the sinfulness of gluttony and the virtues of temperance and simplicity of living. The Greek monks are sincere observers of the rules of abstinence enjoined by the church.

TEA FIRST IN EUROPE.

In 1610, by the Dutch East India Company; and it must have been in use in England by the year 1660, as appears from an act of Parliament passed in that year, in which a tax of one shilling and sixpence was laid on every gallon of tea sold at the coffee-houses. There is also the following entry in Pepys' Diary, dated September twenty-fifth, 1651:—"I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink), of which I had never drunk before." In six years more it had found its way into his own house, as this entry shows:—"Home—found my wife making tea, a drink which Mr. Pelling the potticary tells her is good for her cold," etc. About this time the East India Company ordered "one hundred pounds weight of goode tey" to be sent home on speculation. The price was about fifty or sixty shillings the pound; and two pounds three ounces of the best tea was not deemed an unfitting present from the East India Company to the king. But so greatly has the exportation increased, that now more than fifty thousand tons of shipping are employed in its transportation, while it is consumed at the present moment by probably not less than five hundred millions of men. Still, so vast is the home consumption, that it is alleged that, were Europeans and Americans to abandon its use altogether, the price would not be much diminished in China.—*All About It.*

REFECTORY IN A GREEK MONASTERY NEAR ATHENS.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. C.—We shall be obliged to refer you to the librarian for the regulations of the institution.

MRS F. M., Roxbury.—1. The low price of pearls, as compared with other jewelry, is owing to the excellence of the imitations. 2. Roman pearls are prepared with the purest alabaster.

INQUIRER.—The origin of the phrase "Robbing Peter to pay Paul" is thus given. In the time of Edward VI. of England, much of the lands of St Peter, at Westminster, were seized by his majesty's ministers and courtiers; but, in order to reconcile the people to that robbery, they always allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated towards the repairs of St. Paul's Church; hence the phrase, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul."

LANDSMAN.—We know of no remedy for sea-sickness. To lie in a horizontal position mitigates the violence of the suffering.

REFORMER.—It is a mistake to suppose that the temperance cause has made no progress in Germany. Four years ago there were 300 temperance societies in Germany embracing a million members They pledge themselves, however, to abstain from the use of ardent spirits only.

QUERIST.—The term "Mussulman" signifies "resigned to God," and is the dual number of the singular "moslem," the plural being "muslimin."

L. B.—The popular lines entitled "The Dead of 1832" were written by Robert C Sands of New York, and appeared in the New York Commercial Advertiser, of which the author was assistant editor, a few weeks before his death, which occurred Dec. 17, 1832.

C. C.—The shark's fins used as an article of food in China, are chiefly collected in the Arabian and Persian gulfs

ARTIST.—Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, died of apoplexy, March 24, 1844. He bequeathed his fortune, which amounted to nearly a million of dollars, to the foundation of a museum at Copenhagen, which bears his name.

PUPIL.—Victoria has been queen of England 22 years.

CHINESE MANDARINS.

The intimate and valuable commercial relations now opening between this country and China, render it important as well as interesting for us to acquire an accurate knowledge of the singular people who inhabit the "Central Flowery Land." We need not, therefore, apologize to our readers for exceeding in the present article the usual length we have adopted for a "leader."

The term Mandarin for officer is not properly a Chinese word, but has become so associated with our ideas of China, that it is difficult for us to conceive of its being of European origin. We shall therefore use it in the following article on Chinese officials. The mandarins of China are divided, according to the nature of their duties, into three grand orders, viz., 1st, the civil; 2d, the literary, who superintend the examinations; 3d, the military. The mandarins of all these three orders are subdivided into nine classes, each class distinguished from the others by a peculiar uniform, the most characteristic part of which is the button. Each of these classes is again subdivided into a first and secondary division, without, however, any difference in the uniform. To these nine classes may be added another, unclassed, whom the Chinese call *wi ju lieu*—"not yet entered the stream." Their uniform is the same as that of the 9th or lowest class. This classification is merely one of rank, hence the button, as part of the uniform, does not indicate the particular office of the wearer, nor even show his true standing as a mandarin. For instance, a district magistrate, who by his office wears a gilt button, is in reality higher, and holds a more lucrative and more influential post, than the secretary of a provincial superintendent of finances, who as such belongs to the 6th class, and wears a white button. The peacock's feather has nothing to do with this classification, it being, like the European orders of knighthood, always especially granted to the individual wearer.

The full-dress uniforms of the Chinese officials are described at length in the Chinese *Red Book*, which contains a complete list of all the officers under the Chinese government. The following particulars respecting the buttons worn at the apex of the caps, contains all the information necessary to a tanqui or foreigner:—1st class, a plain red button; 2d, a flowered red button; 3d, a transparent blue button; 4th, an opaque blue button; 5th, an uncolored glass button; 6th, a white glass button; 7th, a plain gilt button; 8th, a gilt button with flowers in relief; 9th, and unclassed, a gilt button with engraved flowers.

The mandarins, from the first to the fifth classes inclusive, wear a chaplet of beads around the neck, a conical cap, on which these buttons are fixed, and from the apex of which strings of red silk, or red hair, fall down on all sides nearly to the lower rim, together with a pair of wide black satin boots, and a gown gathered around the waist by a girdle, forms what we would consider the half or undress uniform of a mandarin. There is no fixed color for the gown, but a reddish-brown grass cloth is generally worn in the summer, and in winter blue silks, over which fur pelisses are frequently worn. Their full-dress uniforms are worn only on occasions of ceremony, and may be regarded as similar to the full dresses of foreign or European officers. On the front and back of these is a square of cloth, on which the civil and literary mandarins have birds, and the military beasts painted. They have still a third and plainer dress, called *chau-i*, or court garment, which is worn only on the most solemn occasions, having reference to the imperial family.

It is impossible to learn, with any degree of certainty, what the real incomes of the Chinese mandarins, as increased by illegal fees and especially bribes, may amount to. They vary with the harvests, which, according as they are good or bad, render it easy or difficult to collect the land tax—a proceeding with which much extortion is carried on; they vary, also, with the number of lawsuits, and the wealth of the litigating parties; and lastly, they vary with the characters of the mandarins and their *yemeen* or establishment. The legal incomes of the lower mandarins are indeed so notoriously insufficient, that they have little hesitation in speaking, even to a foreigner, of their other gains, in a general way; but they have many reasons for not entering into particulars. Hence if you do not learn what the gross income of any post averages, it is next to impossible to gain any idea of the net income, or how much is left after all the higher mandarins have had their presents, etc. It may be guessed, however, that the highest mandarins receive about ten times, and the lowest about fifty times the amount of their legal incomes—an amount of pickings and stealings from office that even our model republic, celebrated as it is for such things, cannot at all rival. Mr. Meadows cites as an instance, a mandarin, whose whole legal income was but £22, or $107, and who complained to him of his poverty, but on his hinting that his post was not a bad one, protested with some earnestness that his income did not exceed 7000 tails, equal to £2333, or $11,315, of which, he said, he had a great deal to give away, though Mr. Meadows is inclined to estimate that this was his *net* income.

Mr. Meadows has furnished a curious table, exhibiting the titles, rank and legal income of the Chinese mandarins, from which we compile the following:

The *tsung tu*, or *chi tai*, equivalent to an English Governor-General, is a mandarin of the first class. He wears a plain red button, and has a legal income of £60, or $291, while his extortions amount to £8333, or $40,415.

The *hsun fu*, or *fu t'ai*, answering to an English Governor, is a mandarin of the second class, and wears a flowered red button. His legal income is £50, or $242 1 2, but his extortions amount to £4333, or $21,015.

The *pu cheng si*, or *fan t'ai*, in English, the Superintendent of the Finances, is a mandarin of the second class, wears a flowered red button, and has a legal income of £50, or $242 1-2, but his extortions amount to £2666, or $12,920.

The *ancha si*, or *nie t'ai*, or Provincial Judge, is of the third class mandarins, wears a transparent blue button, and has a legal salary of £43, or about $209, but his extortions amount to £2000, or $9700.

The *yeu yun se*, or *yun t'ai*, the Collector of the Salt Gabel, has the same rank, and a legal salary of $209, as the last named, but his extortions are calculated at £1666, or $8070.

The *leang chu tau*, or *leang tau*, the Grain Collector, ranks as a fourth class mandarin, and wears an opaque blue button. His legal salary is only £30, or $170, but his extortions equal £1266, or $6140.

The *shou hsun tau*, or *tau tai*, answering to an English Intendant of Circuit, is also a mandarin of the fourth class, and wears the same button and has the same legal salary as the preceding, but his extortions are £1000, or $4850.

All of the preceding are addressed by the Chinese as *ta jeu*, or "Your Excellency."

The *chi fu*, or Prefect of Department, is a mandarin of the fourth class, but is styled "Your Honor." He has the same salary as the last named, but his extortions are equal to £652, or $3162.

The *chi-li-chi chou*, or Prefect of Inferior Department, is of the fifth class mandarin, and wears an uncolored glass button. The *chi litung chi*, or Independent Sub-Prefect, and the *tung chi*, or, Sub-Prefect, are of the same rank, and all three enjoy the same legal salary of £26, or $126, but their extortions vary from $1858 to to $1091. The *chi chou*, or District Magistrate, when of the same rank, receives the same legal salary and $1271 extortions.

The *t'ung pan*, or Deputy Sub-Prefect, is of the sixth class mandarins, wears a white button, and has but £20, or $97, legal salary, but his extortions give £176 additional, or $853. All of these, from the Prefect of Department down, are styled *ta lau ye*, or "Your Honor."

Besides these principal officers, there are the *chi hsein*, or District Magistrate, a mandarin of the seventh class; the *hsein cheng*, or *tso tang*, or Assistant District Magistrate; the *chu pu*, or Township Magistrate; the *hsun chien*, or ditto, ditto; the *li mu*, or Inspector of Police; the *tien she*, or ditto, ditto; the *gho po go*, or Inspector of Police; the *ching li*, or *ching l'ing*, or Secretary; the *chau mo*, or *chan ting*, or ditto; the *ku-ta-shi*, or *ku ting*, or Treasurer; the *si yu*, or Prison Master; all of which are mandarins from the seventh class down, and are usually addressed as *tai ye*, or "Your Worship." Their legal salaries range from $100 to $50, and their extortions vary according to circumstances.

The *ghai kuan*, or Superintendent of Customs, is of the third class mandarins, and as such called "Your Excellency." His legal salary is £43, or $207, and his extortions amount to £833, or $4040 In all these calculations, the pound is counted at four dollars and eighty-five cents, its value in the United States.

MORMON ATROCITIES.—The San Francisco Bulletin has a letter from Salt Lake, giving accounts of further developments of Mormon crimes. Judge Cradlebaugh, the fearless, has just returned from his southern tour. In all the country over which he passed in the southern part of the territory, he has received details of hideous crimes scarcely hinted at before. The graves of dozens, murdered for apostasy or a few dollars, or because they knew too much for the good of their priestly leaders, were pointed out to him by those who knew personally of the dread mysteries clustering around those deserted tombs. Even the massacre of still another train of emigrants, in the fall of 1856, was in part developed. The Mountain Meadows massacre, instead of standing the first and only occurrence of its kind, seems to have been, in fact, the culmination of wickedness, to which its Mormon perpetrators had become emboldened by previous successes.

FAINT HEART.—"Faint heart never won fair lady," says the old Spanish proverb, and we will add, "or anything else worth the winning." Stout of purpose, inflexible of will, should be the man who expects to achieve great ends. There is no velvet turf on the road that leads to fame and fortune. In fact it is a much harder, rougher road than that which leads to the coldest woman's heart; and all the buffetings of a proud woman's scorn are nothing to the blows which he who aspires to reach a high position by honest means must take and ward off in his upward struggle.

NEW HOTEL.—The English, after cracking jokes at the "St. Bobolink," the Metropolitan, and other mammoth caravanseries of Gotham, are about to erect one on a similar plan in London, and wish Colonel Paran Stevens to take charge of it. Perhaps he will—he has only five hotels in this country to manage.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.—True science and true religion are twin-sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the depths and firmness of its basis.

A NEW TENOR.—In one of the battles of Italy the French captured thirty guns, three flags, and an unapproachable tenor, who is shortly to appear in opera on the Parisian stage.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—The bridal veil of a young lady about to be married in New York, is to cost a thousand dollars. Other brides may hide their diminished heads.

IN TOWN.

We really cannot see the slightest traces of misery and despair in the countenances of the numerous individuals who compose that large and respectable fraternity, the "can't-get-away club." On the contrary, they look remarkably jolly. We have spoken soothingly to some of these relics of the tidal wave that has swept out of the city, and we find, to our astonishment, that they absolutely refuse to be comforted, on the ground that they are perfectly comfortable. They tell us that "there's no place like home;" that the Common affords them all the rural nature they desire; that the air of the city is pure, alternately freshened with breezes from the country and the sea; that places of amusement are open for them nightly, and the public library is a never-failing resource for their hours of leisure. They say that a trip to Long Island, or Nahant, or Gloucester, or Hingham, is cheap, and encroaches but little on their time or purses, and that they fare in every way better than if they were whirled about in a crowd of pleasure-seekers and not pleasure-finders. There's a philosophy in this which sets us to thinking, and we are almost ready to prophesy that these home-keeping friends of ours will compare favorably, in condition and spirits, with the best of fashionable emigrants, when all are gathered together within the city limits on the advent of September.

FRENCH EXECUTIONERS.

Among the decrees, says a Paris letter, lately issued by the Minister of Justice concerning the salaries of its functionaries, the most interesting item is that relative to the public executioner. The remuneration of this enviable office is fixed at 5000 francs a year for Paris, 4000 for Lyons, 3000 for Bordeaux, Rouen and Toulouse, and 2400 for the other criminal courts throughout France. The vulgar error of the hereditary nature of the office has been completely rectified by the debates upon the subject, and it affords much reflection for philosophy to learn that for the single appointment of headsman at Orange, in the south of France, twelve hundred candidates sent in their claim to the minister. It was always thought that the reason of this hereditary maintenance of the office in the family of Samson, was owing to an aversion manifested by others for its acceptance; but Samson has just given the explanation of this peculiarity. When asked the other day what obliged him, rich, well-bred and highly considered as he was, to accept the horrible profession left him by his father, he replied, with some degree of dignity, "The greatest obligation in the world, that to which all men must bow—the obligation of position!"

THE TOILET COMPANION

Is the name by which Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., at Boston, designate the neat and convenient case in which these famous chemists and perfumers put up their superior preparations for toilet use, viz, "KALLISTON," "COCOAINE," "ORIENTAL TOOTH WASH" and "FLORIMEL." The Kalliston is an article the ladies already regard as an indispensable preparation for promoting the healthy condition of the skin, and beautifying the complexion. The Cocoaine, containing a large proportion of cocoa-nut oil, imparts to the hair a glossy appearance, invigorates it and gives it a healthy growth. The Oriental Tooth Wash arrests decay of the teeth, cures canker, hardens the gums and imparts fragrance to the breath. Florimel is a delicate and enduring perfume of exquisite odor, and so pure as not to discolor the lightest fabric. Burnett's Toilet Companion will be much in demand as it becomes generally known.—*Providence Press.*

A MONSTER SHARK.—The Halifax (N. S.) Journal says that a shark, measuring thirty feet in length, became entangled in the nets of a fisherman near that place, some days since, and was killed with a scythe. The liver of this monster filled two puncheons.

THE CHARLESTON (S. C.) MERCURY.—Wm. Gilmore Simms, the popular American novelist, and man of letters, takes care of the literary department of this able journal.

GOLD FOR NOTES.—A certain singer in Paris has been engaged at the opera at 8000 a month. According to our arithmetic, that's about nineteen thousand dollars a year.

THE GREEK SLAVE.—Powers's original Greek Slave was lately sold in London for 1800 guineas. "Stattiary has riz—shouldn't wonder if we could sculp a little ourselves."

DARKNESS VISIBLE.—In Brown's Hotel they have a room which is lighted only by the keyhole of another room.

FIGHTING EDITORS.

To a certain class of journalists it must be very uncomfortable to live in a latitude where the hand that wields the pen editorially must be equally familiar with the pistol, and where revolvers are considered as necessary to the sanctum as the paste-pot and scissors. There are others who may like the excitement of this two-fold fighting and writing life, and who can insert an article on, or the point of a small sword in, an adversary with equal coolness, and who can point a paragraph or a pistol with equal felicity. New Orleans has been somewhat famous for its editorial duels.

A letter in a St. Louis paper says "the past eight years' personnel of the Crescent newspaper have had about their share of whatever satisfaction can be obtained by the duello. The proprietor of that paper, at the time of Frost's death, was a gentleman named Maddox, who had killed one man in a duel, and may have been concerned in other affairs of the sort that I know nothing of. The successor of Frost in the editorship of that paper was a young man named Carroll, who, shortly after fighting two harmless duels, laid himself down and died quietly in his bed. He was succeeded by a venerable and erudite gentleman, Mr. Johnson, who, to his many other excellent qualifications as an editor, added the recommendation of having fought and wounded his man, some years ago, somewhere in Virginia. The paper afterwards fell into the hands of Messrs. Nixon & Adams, and in a fearfully brief period the former found himself facing an antagonist at ten paces, pistol in hand. Shots were exchanged twice, and Mr. N. escaped unhurt, but the other gentleman, in essaying to stop one of the bullets with his leg, got that member lamed for life. Not long after this affair, the reporter of the Crescent, Mr. Gibbons, fought two duels, in one of which he was severely wounded by a pistol-shot. The editorial gentlemen of the other papers have never been at all backward at this sort of sport. Lumsden, of the Picayune, some years ago did a brother editor the kindness of shooting off one of his thumbs; Judge Alexander Walker of the Delta, and Hugh Kennedy, of the True Delta, fought and dodged each others' bullets when they were younger than they are now, and one of Carroll's duels was with John Maginniss, of the True Delta, and fought with double-barrelled guns loaded with ball. There have probably been several others, and the editors of the French departments of the Courier and Bee have had two or three hundred little affairs of this kind with the small sword, among themselves and with outsiders. The fact of all this has been to exclude from the press of New Orleans much vulgar personality and blackguardism. A malignant scribbler will generally be more circumspect when he is aware that in all probability the future soundness of his body depends upon his use of prudent and temperate language."

EARLY RISING.—Ward Beecher says getting up early is venerable. Since there has been a literature or a history, the habit of early rising has been recommended for health, for pleasure, and for business. The ancients are held up to us for examples, but they lived so far to the East, and so near the sun, that it was much easier for them than for us.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Any one residing within fifty miles of Boston, can hand his magazines, sheet music, or newspapers, to the express, tied up with the directions, and addressed to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be bound up strong and handsome, at a trifling charge, and *returned in one week.*

HOW THIS COUNTRY WAS NAMED.—When the seamen on board the ship of Christopher Columbus, after a series of fatigues, came in sight of St. Salvador, they burst out into an exuberant mirth and jollity. "The lads are in a merry key," cried the commodore. America is now the name of half the globe.

LITERARY REWARDS.—Thackeray receives $1750 a month for the next thirty-two months, for his contributions to the new monthly magazine of Smith, Elder & Co., London.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Prince of Wales, since his return to England, has been quite marked in his attention to the Countess of Neuilly.

A GOOD WORLD.—The world is good enough, if those who inhabit it would make the best of it.

SCIENTIFIC ROMANCE.

An English journal indulges in the following piece of scientific romance: Suppose that any one was allowed to pay the Great Eastern a visit once a week for a single year, upon condition that a pin must be dropped upon her deck at the first visit, and that upon each of the succeeding weekly visits the number of pins must be doubled. On the first week there would be one pin, on the tenth week there would be 512 pins, on the twentieth week there would be 524,228 pins, on the fortieth week there would be 549,755,813,889 pins, and on the fifty-second, or close, there would be the enormous number of 2,251,799,813,685,248 pins. The weight of this quantity of pins would be, as nearly as possible, 251,316,943 tons, 7 cwt. 67 lbs., 15 ounces; so that it would require about 1117 Great Easterns, calculating the tonnage of each at 22,500, to carry the weight of pins that might be deposited in fifty-two weeks, upon the simple condition of commencing with the unit and doubling the quantity each time—the calculation being a very simple one, which almost any schoolboy can go through with.

NAPOLEON III. UNDER FIRE.—A letter written from Milan by a musician of the 1st regiment of the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, says: "At the beginning of the battle, when the Zouaves and our corps rushed to the attack of the bridge of Magenta, the emperor was behind us, surrounded by his whole staff, and I assure you, that, notwithstanding the balls, grape and shells that rained on us from all sides, he commanded as coolly as if he had been on parade; but at last the danger became so serious, that his generals represented to him that it was not prudent to remain there. Still he did not stir, and we were obliged all of us to gather round him, and tell him that was not his place, before he was induced to retire." At Solferino also, he exposed himself with equal courage.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—An old but true saying, as shown in the instance of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which is now acknowledged to be the remedy *par excellence* for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough, bronchitis, asthma, phthisic, sore throat, influenza, and last, but by no means least, consumption. Years of steady trial have placed this remarkable medicine in a position rarely attained by any patent compound, and it has become an article of household necessity everywhere. Buy none unless it has the written signature of "I. Butts" upon the wrapper, which is always the case with the genuine.

CURIOUS AND ENTERTAINING.—Let no one, either stranger or citizen, fail to visit the Aquarial Gardens, at 21 Bromfield Street. Hundreds are daily delighted and instructed here, old and young. The remarkable features of the exhibition just now, are a live Man-Eating Shark, in his native element, a Sea Raven, the most remarkable and brilliant colored fish we ever saw, and a male and female Seal; docile, beautiful-eyed, and as pretty as a petted spaniel. Mr. Cutting calls them to him at will. Since the day it first opened, this exhibition has been thronged.

TRICKERY.—Of all the atrocious sorts of selfish, sneaking treachery, some of the practices of certain unscrupulous tradesmen are the most abhorent.

"When chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life."

"BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY."—This is certainly the cheapest Dollar Magazine ever published, containing as it does one hundred pages reading matter in each number. No continued stories—each number a complete book of itself, containing history, biography, well-written stories and poetry, curious items, cooking receipts, news, and wit and humor enough to make one "laugh till he cries." besides two pages of original comic pictures.—*Express, Sullivan, Ill.*

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—It is a singular fact that on the day of the great battle on the banks of the Mincio, a noble Spanish lady, bearing the titles of Duchess of Solferino and Countess de de Fuantes and Centellas, died at Barcelona.

AN EMPTY HEAD.—Of a light, frivolous, flighty girl, whom Douglas Jerrold met frequently, he said, "That girl has no more head than a periwinkle."

DOGS.—In Cincinnati eleven hundred and twenty-five dogs have been made to bite the dust this season under the operation of the dog law.

Wayside Gatherings.

The town of Lohama, Cal., has been destroyed by fire. The loss was estimated at one hundred thousand dollars.

A man died the other day, in consequence of drinking corrosive sublimate, supposing it to be gin.

Sun strokes have caused many deaths this summer. In Fitchburg, a woman of 94 died of sun stroke, while returning from berrying.

We see it stated that Mr. Hawthorne has completed a new romance, and that he is soon to return home.

The wheat crop of New York this year, is the largest ever known. The weevil has ceased to be a serious annoyance.

A man was fined one dollar at Wheeling, Va., last week, for "allowing a horse in his possession to run away."

The New Haven police are successfully administering their new Sunday law, in the matter of closing drum shops on the Sabbath.

The Italian colony at Tobasco, in Mexico, has been abandoned in consequence of persecution by the government, they being suspected of liberalism.

Joseph C. C. Kennedy, Esq., has been appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to superintend the arrangements for taking the eighth census.

The naval authorities at Norfolk have just concluded a series of experiments with a submarine lantern, which is said to have resulted satisfactorily.

The ginseng excitement has nearly died out in Minnesota and the adjacent States. Prices have depreciated, the trade is declining, diggers are returning, and the buyers are winding up their business.

The new shell boat built in New York for one of Yale College boat clubs, is made of Virginia cedar, carries six oars, and weighs less than one hundred and fifty pounds.

Commodore Hudson, of the navy, who assisted in laying the Atlantic Telegraph cable, believes that the break is near Trinity Bay, and that it will be underlaid, and will eventually work.

Twenty thousand dollars in premiums have been offered by the Agricultural Society of St. Louis. The Fair will be held in that city on the 26th of September, and continue six days.

A Washington clergyman, a Sunday or two since, while stating a deficiency in the collections, remarked that since the issue of three cent pieces the revenue of his church has declined nearly one-half!

Frederick A. Maffit, son of the late celebrated revival preacher, John Newland Maffit, died on the 17th of July, of delirium tremens, in the county jail at St. Louis, where he was awaiting trial on a charge of forgery.

The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences has received from Africa 2500 specimens of different birds, and 250 of quadrupeds. They are the contributions of Dr. P. R. Chaillu, who has travelled over four hundred miles of that continent in pursuing his natural history studies.

The Merrimac River Agricultural Society have purchased of the Nashua Manufacturing Company a lot of land lying on the Ledge road, between the canal and the road, and just east of the ledge, for fair grounds. It comprises twenty-five acres, and is eligibly situated for water.

Tom Taylor's old and "intimate enemy," Read, is again charging him with plagiarism, in putting forward a French piece under the very English name of "The House or the Home?" This is in retaliation of Taylor's attack on "White Lies."

The celebrated driver and trainer, Sam McLaughlin, has left for England, for the purpose of driving the trotting horse Jack Rossiter in the great match of twenty miles against time. He will astonish Johnny Bull, if anything can astonish him, by the way in which he handles the ribbons.

A noted burglar in Washington named Ray, who was recently sent to the penitentiary for six years, said he could afford to serve that length of time, as he "had his eye on a bank that would be ready to rob just about the date of his release, and he would rob it, as he was determined to die rich or in the State's Prison."

Mr. Nathaniel Morse, of Newburyport, was fined $27 in the Police Court of that city, for shooting ten robins. His defence was that the birds visited his cherry trees and partook of the fruit. There seems to be a disposition in all parts of the Commonwealth to enforce the law for the preservation of useful birds.

The Hartford Times says the birds must wonder what fools we are, and proves it by telling about a lady of that city who hung up her husband's best shirt on a cherry tree, to act as a scarecrow in keeping off the robins. The birds not only took the cherries as fast as ever, but the shirt was quickly converted to shreds, and used to line their nests with.

Mr. Long, in his travels through Pennsylvania, found many families who had never heard of the Bible, and did not know its character. In one case a lady claimed to have "a pooty family Bible," which turned out to be a "History of the Mexican War." In another, a lady unable to say whether she had a Bible, was asked if she had "the good book," to which she replied with an earnest affirmative, "O yes, you mean the almanac."

Sands of Gold.

.... Every anniversary of a birthday is the dispelling of a dream.—*Zschokke.*

.... Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath. —*Fuller.*

.... It is easier to increase our wants, be it ever so much, than to reduce them, be it every so little.—*Bovee.*

.... The love that has naught but beauty to keep it in good condition, is short-lived, and subject to shivering fits.—*Erasmus.*

.... Love is better than a pair of spectacles to make everything seem greater which is seen through it.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

.... He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... We should forget that there was any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.—*Bovee.*

... Ballads are the gipsey children of song, born under green hedge rows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer time.—*Longfellow.*

.... Never hold any one by the button or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—*Chesterfield.*

.... A man—so to speak—who is not able to bow to his own conscience every morning, is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.—*Jerrold.*

.... One contented with what he has done, stands but small chance of becoming famous for what he will do. He has laid down to die. The grass is already growing over him.—*Bovee.*

.... He who falters, in apprehension of his neighbor, has already put himself in the harness of a master; and the genius which commands the keys of the future, is always an outlawry.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... The face of the world is not apt to frown on success; no, it is too ready to break into smiles at any gigantic prosperity, no matter how darkened the means by which it was attained.—*Jerrold.*

.... Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus: it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

.... My experience makes me an enemy alike to premature marriage and to distant engagements. The first adds to our individual cares the responsibility for the beloved and helpless pledges of our affections, and the last are liable to the most cruel disappointments.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Joker's Budget.

What poet do miners value most? Cole-ridge.

The empress of the French is surrounded with *Paris*-ites!

Which of the reptiles is a mathematician? The adder.

Why were the Amalekites never allowed to speak? Their king was A-gag.

The statute legalizing matrimony at a certain age, is, properly speaking, a *maritime* law.

Which of the English poets would be most likely to make a lion feel at home? A Dry-den.

What poet is least distinguished for brevity? Long-fellow.

What scripture character would have made a suitable husband for a tall laundress? A-hi-tub.

An architect proposes to build a "Bachelor's Hall," which will differ from most houses, in having no *Eves.*

It is well known that the philosopher Thales believed water to be the first principle. Query: Was Thales a milkman?

An apothecary asserted in a large company, "that all bitter things were hot." "No," replied a physician, "a bitter cold day is an exception."

What proof have we there was sewing in the the time of David? Because he was *hemmed* in on every side.

Prentiss thinks it is no more than right that men should seize Time by the forelock, for the rude old fellow, sooner or later, pulls all their hair out.

According to the Talmud, one party of the Rabbins allowed divorces, when a woman had only been so unfortunate as to suffer her husband's soup to be burnt. What a burning shame!

"Why don't you mount a clean collar, Brown? I mount one three times a day." "Yes," replied Brown to the swaggering Jones, "but every one's mother isn't a washerwoman!"

"Mary, is your master at home?" "No, sir; he's out." "I don't believe it." "Well, then, he'll come down and tell you himself. Perhaps you'll believe him."

"Gubbins is very close," it was observed: "he will squabble about a single farthing." "Well," remarked Sharp, "I have always thought the *less* one squabbles about the better."

"I wish I could have seen your great feat," said a lady to a young gentleman who had had a hazardous adventure in the Mammoth Cave. "There they are, madam," said he, pointing to his pedal extremities.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY.

BY LEONORE GLENN.

I'm thinking of the past, to-night,
Of years long since gone by.
When life was but a pleasant dream,
Without a grief or sigh.

Ah! those were halcyon days to me,—
Those mirthful, childhood hours,
And O, too quickly have they flown,
While sporting 'mid life's flowers.

As years sped on, I paused to think,
And learned that life was real;
Then taught my heart to know the fact
I could no more conceal.

Ah, time still flies, and with it fades
Bright, happy childhood's days,
And with a thoughtful mien I turn,
And follow life's stern ways

I've tried to feel that all were not
Deceitful and untrue;
But O, I've learned to know they are
But few, yes, very few.

And if so young I'm forced to know
The world is false and cold,
I do not wish that many years
Their wings may round me fold.

I wonder if the coming year
Has aught of good for me?
Or if my way be dark and drear?
But O, too soon I'll see.

But I'll keep courage in my heart,
Let come what ills there may,
Remembering it is always dark
Before the dawn of day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"I'LL DO IT, THIS VERY MINUTE!"

BY M. T. CALDOR.

"I'LL do it! I'll do it, this very minute!" exclaimed Squire Ellis, throwing down his newspaper and lifting off his spectacles from his generously-proportioned nose. Then rubbing away vigorously at the glasses with his handkerchief, he repeated again, with double energy, "Yes, hang me if I don't do it this very minute! and there goes Lawyer Ellery."

Whereat he commenced a violent thumping at the window, which, with his grotesque gesticulations, arrested the attention of a gentleman cantering by on a sleek, black horse, who immediately turned the head of the spirited animal, and came dashing up the broad avenue that led from the highway to the steps of the handsome, old-fashioned mansion.

"What is it you are so unusually earnest about accomplishing immediately?" asked a fair, bright-faced girl of twenty, looking up archly from her work.

With his natural impetuosity, when once aroused, the squire was dashing by her to the door, but pausing a moment, he laid his hand fondly on her soft brown tresses, saying, with a perceptible quiver in his hearty voice:

"My old chum, Tom Farnsworth, is dead, so I see by the paper. He was younger than I, and it set me to thinking that it was time for me to be looking out for the grim messenger. At any rate, I mean to fix things all right before he comes, and now's the only time to make sure of it."

Marion Grey's soft eyes filled with tears, and she said reproachfully, "Naughty, naughty papa, to talk so, this bright, beautiful morning, and you so hale and hearty too, worth a dozen of the young men of these times."

"In the midst of life we are in death," answered he, his jolly face subdued into most unwonted solemnity. Then perceiving the tears gushing over the girl's delicate cheek, he added, cheerfully, "Never mind, pet, there may be many a happy day in store for you and me yet, but there is no harm in being ready; and for your sake, my dear, I must make a little preparation."

He passed along to the hall-door, spoke a few words to the horseman, who immediately dismounted, and led the way to the library. When they returned to the piazza, the lawyer was buttoning his coat over a long, sealed paper, and saying, carelessly, "As I told you, I am on my way to the cars, and probably shall be away several weeks; but I'll see it all in legal security, and keep it, as you suggest, till there is a call for it, which, I trust, will not be for many a year yet."

"That's all right. Take good care of it. I'm glad to have it off my mind, for no one knows what may happen."

The lawyer cantered away, and the squire returned to his handsomely-furnished drawing-room, and his stepdaughter, where he stroked the drooping head, and smiled cheerfully into the pensive face, until Marion brightened again into her habitual light-heartedness.

Squire Ellis was quite as fond of Marion as if she had been of his own kindred. When he made Widow Grey his wife, he opened his heart likewise to her pretty, bright-eyed daughter; and though the pale, shrouded form of the meek wife was laid at rest beneath the churchyard sod, he only drew the sobbing girl closer to his manly breast, assuring her, thenceforward, she should receive love enough from him to recompense her for the loss of her natural parents

Right honorably had he kept his word, and, as he always declared, was more than rewarded by the warm devotion and earnest gratitude of Marion, the only member of his household who was certain to pass unscathed through the shower of sparks his fiery temper occasionally sent off in every direction.

Never a hasty word had the orphan received from him, not even when she disappointed a long cherished scheme that had laid very near his heart, and sent away his only nephew and sole legal heir, with a sorrowful refusal of his proffered hand.

The anger and indignation of the mortified suitor were peremptorily checked by the squire's declaration that Marion was at liberty to do as she chose in such matters, and for his own part, he did not wonder she could not fancy such a scapegrace as Henry Ellis. Poor little Marion, however, read plainly how grievous a trial it was, in reality, to her generous foster-father, and never dared confess the truth in the case, that she had no heart to bestow on Henry Ellis, since Frank May had carried it away with him to the far off western city where he was struggling against poverty and discouragement in a dusty lawyer's office, with the memory of her sweet face the only light to brighten his gloomy prospects.

The morning after the lawyer's visit, Squire Ellis took a cheerful leave of Marion, to answer a business summons to a neighboring city, promising, playfully, to return speedily, with some very mysterious packages for her investigation. Ay, a speedy return it was! That very night a violent ringing of the bell started the quiet household, and the bewildered Marion sprang up in shivering terror, as the servants' shrieks rang out on the midnight stillness. Scarcely a thought had darted through her paralyzed brain, ere she found herself standing in the hall below, gazing, with white lips and dilated eyes, at the rigid form a group of strange men were bearing into the library. One moment she remained dumb and breathless, then had torn away the muffling cloak, to find the revered head crushed and mangled, the soft, gray hairs she had stroked so fondly that morning, stiff with clotted blood, and no voice, no word for her from the lips that still betrayed the horrible struggle with which life had fled.

No wonder the poor girl could gather little meaning, and cared not to hear the recital of the terrible railroad disaster that had brought mourning and desolation into many another home. One only thought was crushing hope and life from her heart. Moaning feebly, "My father, my more than father, is dead—dead!" she crept away to her chamber, where the servants found her, white and insensible, lying across the threshold.

Day and night came, but no relief, and the mangled form had been laid beside her mother, before Marion left her feverish couch and descended to the rooms, where his beloved presence no longer cherished and strengthened her. A new grief aroused her from the apathetic horror that had chilled her heart. Henry Ellis sought her presence one day, and, with ill-concealed, triumphant insolence, inquired if he could, in any way, be of service to Miss May? He still cherished kindly feelings towards her, he said, and as his uncle's sole representative, might perhaps be induced to renew the offer she had once so audaciously spurned; nevertheless, she must be aware that a residence beneath his roof was hardly decorous, unless, indeed, he should conclude to make her his wife immediately.

Marion's tear-dimmed eyes turned bewilderedly towards him, and catching the bold, exultant look of his face, read his meaning. The old spirit flashed in her face again, and almost sternly she replied: "The decision she had pronounced once, with Squire Ellis's sanction, was irrevocable still."

The astonished, narrow-minded man of the world forgot all honor and chivalry in the passion of rage that swept over him, and defiantly informed her that as everything lately his uncle's belonged to him, she might as well know it at once; his roof should not shelter a single day longer so thankless and scornful a person as she proved to be.

Sharply and vividly Marion Grey realized now the extent of the woe that had befallen her; but it raised the crushed spirit from its stupor. Without a single word, but a flashing glance eloquent with scorn and contempt for his pitiful meanness, she left the apartment, the graceful head haughtily erect, and the slight form drawn up to its proudest height. But ah, what a burst of frantic grief followed when she had reached her chamber! Homeless, bereaved, penniless! what sudden blow was this? She reeled beneath it—only the proud resolve to relieve the house of Henry Ellis from her presence, supported her fainting spirit. Feverishly and wildly, she gathered together the generous wardrobe provided by the love so terribly missed now, and leaving directions with the indignant servants to send her trunks to a friendly neighbor's, she, who had reigned so long in that stately house, its honored and cherished mistress, passed away alone and unattended from its threshold.

Only one gleam of light shone in Marion's troubled sky: Frank May would never change. She needed no assurance of that; but all his efforts were needed for his own advancement against the obstacles in his pathway. She was too true a woman to wish to burden or hinder him in his upward struggle; therefore, not till all her arrangements had been made, through a sympathizing friend, and a situation procured as the humble mistress of a little country school, did Marion write to her lover of the change that had befallen her.

She was not much surprised, however—certainly not much offended—when, before it seemed possible for him to have traversed the distance between them, she found herself clasped in the strong arms of the young lawyer, and her weary head once more pillowed on a friendly shoulder. Her lover's indignation at the cruel treatment she had received, was only cooled by the bitter consciousness of how little he himself was able to do for her.

"One thing only is clear to me, dearest," he repeated, again and again; "we must be married immediately. The little I have you must share, but my worst grief is the change it will be for you to such an humble home as I can provide. But I am young and strong, and surely, for your sweet sake, fortune will smile upon my untiring efforts."

They were standing in the churchyard, by the new-made grave, when he said this. Her tears were flowing freely, and his manly face wore a look of deep dejection. At that moment Henry Ellis, in an elegant equipage, dashed up to the gateway, reined in his spirited horses, and came up the walk with a workman to superintend the lettering of the inscription on the monument. The lovers drew back, but not till the heir had flung them a glance of malicious and scornful triumph.

Frank May clenched his hand threateningly, and bit his haughty lip till the blood started, but Marion's soft clasp on his arm kept down the mighty torrent of passion raging within him. Not a word was spoken by either during their homeward walk, till they reached the temporary home of Marion, when he exclaimed, suddenly, after a deep, inward struggle, "I'll do it! I'll do it, this very minute!"

The words startled Marion like a shock of electricity. A wild expression crossed her face, then came a passionate burst of tears. Her astonished lover strove vainly to soothe her. At last the tempest of emotion cleared, and like the rainbow of promise shone the light over the girl's whole pale face.

"Frank, Frank!" said she, earnestly, "there is hope for us yet. I had forgotten it, all in the sudden horror and desolation that came upon me with his death." And briefly and distinctly she related the occurrences of the morning when that same exclamation from Squire Ellis had amused and surprised her.

His rapidly changing countenance showed how important Frank considered her communication.

"Squire Ellery, you say? He has been away from the State several weeks, I know, and may not return for some time yet. I must hunt him up immediately. Cheer up, cheer up, my Marion. I knew the good squire meant to provide liberally for you. I am confident that Lawyer Ellery has the will, and does not know of your stepfather's death. Aha! Henry Ellis may be humbled yet!"

True enough, it was even so. Not more than three weeks from their meeting in the churchyard, Frank May and his new-made wife sought Henry Ellis in the house the latter had left so sorrowfully—Lawyer Ellery and the clerk of a neighboring court, as well as the clergyman of the place accompanied them. The youthful owner, called from a jovial party in the dining-room, met them with cool, irritating politeness, but a few words from the lawyer, and his flushed face paled a little and his hand trembled nervously, as he unfolded the papers handed to him, purporting to be, as the label declared, "the true copy of the last Will and Testament of Richard Ellis, Esquire."

It was soon dashed angrily to the floor. "It is a forgery, sir. I shall contest the thing, I can assure you of that. To leave me only a pitiful sum like that is not my uncle's doing. It is a forgery, and I shall contest it from court to court."

"That would be as absurd as useless," replied the lawyer, coolly. "You see the instrument—any such proceeding on your part forfeits the generous allowance given you, in case of your quiet surrender of the estate to Mrs. May here, named in the will as his beloved step-daughter, Marion Gray. Call in the old housekeeper and the gardener. I am surprised that they have not already informed Miss Grey that they witnessed the will, although, of course they were ignorant of its contents.

Henry Ellis strove to hide the convulsions of his countenance, and his audacious tongue faltered, as he excused himself a few moments while he returned to his friends, whose noisy mirth and clanking glasses reached them even there, to quiet them, and summon the servants to make inquiries.

Very proudly flashed the dark eyes of Frank May, as the humiliated rival disappeared. "He shall be well humbled for so pitilessly turning my Marion from her home," replied he sternly. But Marion was gazing fondly, through her flooding tears, at the noble portrait of the former master of the mansion. The generous, loving heart of Squire Ellis looked out upon her through the canvass, and the fair young wife said, solemnly, as she touched her husband's arm and pointed to the picture:

"No, no, Frank, we will not try to humble his only nephew. We will all be friends yet, and you, for his uncle's sake, will forgive poor Henry, even as I do."

The young man's brow darkened, then cleared again, and the fine countenance shone with a flood of generous emotion, as he exclaimed, heartily, "Yes, yes, you are right, Marion. I'll forgive him. *I'll do it! I'll do it, this very minute!*"

THE PRIDE OF GENTILITY.

I heard a story of a young lady of the north of the island, who not long ago was married to a respectable farmer. Her husband took her on a wedding trip, and on their return introduced her to her future home, where was a table nicely laid for supper, and two excellent mould candles burning. She had so sooner entered the room than she burst into tears. Her husband, who was a very good fellow, was alarmed at her hysterical sobbing, and begged her to explain herself. At last, after sedatives had been administered to her, she gave vent to her agitated feelings, and, pumping up her words at intervals, said, "I didn't think, when I left my comfortable home and took you for my husband, that I had married into mutton fats." The fact was that the young lady, who probably was the daughter of a convict, was chagrined at finding mould candles, instead of wax or sperm, on the table.—*Diary of a Working Clergyman.*

OF WHAT IS SALT A SYMBOL?

Of fidelity; a man who has partaken of salt with you, is bound to you by the laws of hospitality; and thus bread and salt are eaten at the ratification of a bargain or treaty, to make it binding on all parties. Salt is also an emblem of desolation; conquered cities were sown with salt. In Scotland and Ireland salt appears to have been considered to represent the incorruptible spirit, and was therefore laid above the heart of a corpse; and in some cases a platter was so placed containing a small portion of salt and earth unmixed, the one to represent immortal, the other the mortal part. In former days, when it was the custom for all the household of a nobleman or gentleman to dine together, the large salt-cellar, which was placed in the middle of the table, was the boundary of distinction between the family and the menials.—*All About It.*

AFTER THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, and peace has been established, after a campaign of six weeks, we can calmly review the history of the war, and collect authentic particulars respecting the memorable encounters which crowd this page of the world's history. As illustrative of these eventful days we publish a spirited sketch representing the French soldiers of various arms, congratulating their chiefs on the result of that long summer day's fighting, that "contest of giants," which closed with the gleam of victory on the French and Sardinian colors. Dearly purchased was that triumph. Even yet the number of slain on both sides has not been proclaimed to the world. Still it was a victory. French gallantry and military science proved superior to Austrian stubbornness and mouldy routine. This great conflict ended the war. The Austrian army, by feigning a precipitate retreat behind the Mincio, reckoned on the impetuosity of the French troops in the pursuit, and hoped to strike a decisive blow. But they were disappointed in the last, as in the first battle. Montebello and Magenta had demonstrated the irresistible force of the French infantry and the solidity of the French cavalry. At Solferino the cavalry completed the experiment of Magenta, and proved once again that the Austrian horse was incapable of standing against it. But the French artillery particularly played a brilliant part on the day of the 24th of June, and gave the measure of its power. The artillery is the favorite arm of the Napoleons. "In our days," said Napoleon I., "the artillery makes the true destiny of armies and nations." And Napoleon III. has profited by his ideas. His excellent work on artillery, published when he was a young man, shows how well he understood the importance and use of this arm of the military service. In the last great battle he showed how well he could handle this terrible arm. At the village of Solferino it was the artillery of the guard, commanded by General de Sevelinges and by General Labœuf, which, going by the emperor's order, and in the open field, within a thousand yards of the enemy, decided, it is said, the success of the centre. Before the village of Medola, the artillery of the two first divisions of the second corps promptly silenced the numerous Austrian batteries planted on that position. At Cavriana, the artillery of the guard again contributed to carry the position by changing the retreat of the Austrians into a precipitate flight. At Casanova, 42 pieces of artillery, directed by General Soleille, arrested the enemy victoriously as he attempted to turn the left of the Vinoy division. "Finally," adds the official report, "in the midst of the movements of this battle of twelve hours' duration, the cavalry was a powerful help to arrest the enemy on the side of Casanova. Several times the divisions Partouneaux and Desvaux charged the Austrian infantry and broke their squares, but it was especially our new artillery which produced the most sensible effects on the enemy. Its balls struck at distances whence their heaviest calibres were unable to reply, and strewed the ground with corpses." The rifled cannon have a range and precision which rendered them terrible to the Austrians. At 7000 feet distance they shattered the enemy's batteries, without their being able to reply except by a few balls which were spent when they reached their destination. A single French battery completely dismounted two Austrian batteries and silenced them. The guns belonging to these batteries were almost all taken by the French. The French gunners are men of unquestionable bravery, but placed out of the reach of the enemy's pieces, in a manner indifferent to what was passing around them, and experiencing no loss of men and horses, a source of so much trouble in field operations, they could fire at their ease, and take aim as carefully as if in a school of practice. Almost all the shots at Solferino were effective. In the plain, the brigade commanded by General Delvaux was fighting heroically against a corps three times greater, when the general saw that a regiment of hulans and three regiments of Austrian hussars had just taken up a position on his flank and was menacing a destructive charge. The general immediately issued orders to Capt. Fiant, commanding the 8th battery of the 16th regiment of artillery, to fire a few shots into this formidable body of horse. Capt. Fiant obeyed, and, from a distance of more than 5000 feet poured a fire of grape upon the hulans, who were in the front line. The effect was terrific; the cases of grape bursting in the middle of the ranks, tore out huge gaps; men and horses fell upon each other; disorder reigned through the leading battalions, terror seized on the others, and the regiments, turning bridle, fled at full gallop from the scene of disaster. A French gentleman who examined the field of battle, writes: "I saw the place where the Austrian horse were thunderstruck by our artillery. It was a spectacle to strike terror to the soul. There were masses of bodies—men and horses. Almost always—and this is a rare occurrence—rider and horse had been killed by the same discharge, and had fallen together, without being separated by death, *as an equestrian statue would fall.* An artillery officer pointed out to me this incontestable and bloody proof of the excellence of our rifled ordnance. Our cavalry did not distinguish itself less than our artillery in this great battle. The chasseurs d'Afrique, those Zouaves of the cavalry, are marvellous soldiers, whose intrepidity inspired the Austrians with a terror they could not overcome On the eve of the battle I was talking with some of these terrible chasseurs. They are jealous of the fright with which the Zouaves inspire the enemy, and they said—'When these boobies have made acquaintance with our sabres they will look on bayonets like playthings.' Mounted on light and untiring Arab horses, the chasseurs d'Afrique are veritable Centaurs. You can judge of their intrepidity by the style in which they handle their horses. Yesterday I was watching a squadron going to the drinking-place. The road to it turned to avoid a steep hill. The chasseurs d'Afrique thought it would make shorter work to keep straight ahead. Rushing over the steep hills, they ascended and descended at full gallop. At the foot of the hill is a paved road; the horses reaching it with the speed of an avalanche, slid for five or six yards, all four feet together, striking a blaze of sparks from the stones. Not a horse fell; the riders seemed to think nothing of the feat they had accomplished, but were laughing, chatting and smoking their pipes just as if they had been in the wood of Boulogne. Three days ago I was crossing the Chiese, going to Lonato. It was about two o'clock. It was a torrid heat, to which the Italians seemed to succumb, but which we Frenchmen sustained easily and gaily. A regiment of chasseurs d'Afrique had camped on the shores of the river. The soldiers were bathing themselves and horses. The men were naked, and the horses had only a halter passed through the mouth. Nothing was finer than to see these men in their primitive costume descending on horseback the sandy shores of the river. We were carried back into ancient Africa. The Numidian horsemen must have had this haughty bearing. How valuable such a spectacle would have been to a sculptor! At a certain part of the river the course is very narrow and forms a deep chasm. Some of these men started at a gallop and forced their horses to leap from the high bank into the river. Horse and rider disappeared with a tremendous splash, leaving a white furrow, and reappeared again a few paces further on. On the day of the battle of Solferino, a squadron of chasseurs d'Afrique had been ordered to accompany a convoy of baggage and provisions. When the battle commenced, it was thought useless to employ this squadron merely as an escort, and they were ordered to rejoin their corps. The chasseurs commenced their march, but at the end of an hour they met a squadron of hulans. To fall upon the hulans, to defeat them, slay the greater number and put the rest to flight was done in a short, sharp gallop. Some minutes afterwards our chasseurs met with two other squadrons of hulans. They prepared to fall upon their new enemies, without counting their number, when they perceived that a third squadron of hulans, after having turned them, were preparing to surround them. Our chasseurs soon decided what to do: wheeling about they dashed on the squadron of hulans which was pursuing them, cut their way through, and making a turn, joined their corps safely" During one of the warmest episodes of the battle of Solferino, the corps d'armee, commanded by General Niel, assailed by the enemy on all sides, found itself in a most perilous position. The general succeeded in getting a note, written in pencil, to the emperor, begging him to execute a cavalry charge to disengage him. The emperor sent to the rescue of the general four regiments, the 5th hussars, and three regiments of chasseurs d'Afrique, who started at full gallop, and made a most brilliant charge. The chasseurs, giving the rein to their intrepid horses, rushed on the squares of infantry, and broke them to pieces. The squares being reformed, the cavalry dashed on them again and shattered them to pieces. This diversion operated by the horse succeeded admirably. General Niel, having disengaged his corps, succeeded in repulsing a body of men five times greater than his own. In a word, the battle of Solferino was one of the greatest on record, whether we regard the numbers engaged, the duration of the strife, or the valor of the individuals and bodies of men engaged.

FRENCH TROOPS CONGRATULATING THEIR OFFICERS AFTER THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

THE TALKING AND PERFORMING FISH.

Some weeks ago I noticed an advertisement of this creature being exhibited in Manchester, and promised when it came to town that I would give an account of it. It is now being exhibited in Piccadilly (opposite the end of Sackville Street), and proves to be, as was expected, a specimen of a seal. The proprietor has taken for its exhibition a well-lighted room, in the centre of which is an enormous tub, and within this tub reposes the "Talking Fish," nearly covered with water, and looking as happy and contented as a seal can look. Every now and then the water is let off and fresh supplied; the animal seems to enjoy a shower-bath under the spout where the water is let in. It has been long known that seals are exceedingly capable of domestication, and that they can be readily taught to perform tricks like a dog; and this is a case quite in point. "Jim" (for such is the fish's name) at the word of command turns round and round in the water at a most wonderful rate, and checks his motion almost instantaneously. He gives the right or the left fin (or rather fin-like paw) to his master, and it is evident he can distinguish the right from the left. He raises either fin as ordered, and then leaning up in an upright position against the edge of the tub, crosses his fins across his breast in the most ludicrously pathetic way. He will scramble up on the edge of the tub, and, bending over, place his great wet mouth against the face of his master, by way of showing "how he can give a kiss." These are all the tricks I saw him perform, but he doubtless has many others. As to the "talking" part of the story, while he is panting about in his tub he utters a sort of plaintive cry which sounds something like "Up-yar" (if letters will represent it), and when expressly told to "talk," he utters a sound which, if told it was to mean "mama," would sound to your ears like "mama." He got no further in his address to his constituents than this single word, much to the disappointment of a little girl who was there, and who, I believe, expected the "fish" would hold a conversation with her. Those desirous of seeing how far an animal whose home is the sea (but who is not a fish for all that) can be made obedient to the voice of man, should go and witness this exhibition of what is really and truly a fine specimen of the seal, trained to perform tricks and utter sounds at the word of command.—*F. T Buckland.*

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DYING SOLDIER'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY E. G. JOHNSTON.

Farewell, thou proud banner! bright glory be thine!
O'er land and o'er ocean mayst thou ever shine,
Unrivalled in splendor of worthy renown,
While heaven approvingly on thee looks down!
For me the wild clamor of battle is o'er;
The soul-kindling trumpet shall thrill me no more;
My bosom is shattered, my life's waning fast;
Proud banner, I've battled for thee till the last!
Thou emblem of valor, and boast of the free,
'Tis glory, 'tis virtue, to perish for thee.
Whatever I've suffered of torturing pain
For thee, death-defying, I'd yield to again.
The cold sod my pillow—to-morrow I'll sleep
Where darkness and silence their gloomy reign keep.
Dim shadows around me are ringing my knell:
Mayst thou ever prosper, proud banner! farewell!

THE MAN OF COURAGE.

——O courage! there he comes;
What ray of honor round about him looms!
O, what new beams from his bright eyes do glance!
O princely port, presageful countenance
Of hap at hand! He doth not nicely prank
In cinquant pomp, as some of meanest rank,
But armed in steel; that bright habiliment
Is his rich valor's sole rich ornament.—SYLVESTER.

WAR.

War knows no rest,
War owns no Sabbath; war with impious toil
Unspent, with blood unsated, to the fiends
Of vengeance still rebellious, still pursues
His work of death; nor pauses, nor relents
For laws divine, nor sight of human woe.
GRAHAME.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The campaign of Italy has opened a new page in the history of Louis Napoleon. Hitherto the world has recognized in him an adroit politician, a skillful administrator of public affairs, and a consummate diplomatist. But the laurels of the successful soldier were wanting to the chief of a military nation. His enemies at home and abroad sneered at his pretence of wearing a general's epaulette and reviewing armies. They looked on him as a "carpet knight," and a mere holiday soldier. They insinuated that his military ability was equal to no greater achievement than making a good figure on horseback while the troops defiled before him on the Champs de Mars. They predicted that his first attempt at the serious business of war would be a miserable failure. We were told that his generals and colonels stood aghast when they heard of his determination to command in Italy in person. Two months have sufficed to sweep away all these charges, insinuations, and prejudices. Six months' manœuvering and fighting have been enough to rank Louis Napoleon with the great captains of the world, with Hannibal, with Cæsar, with Frederick, and with Napoleon I. If this day the French army were perfectly untrammeled, and with nothing to fear or hope from their action, were called upon to elect for their chief the man best fitted to conduct them through a difficult campaign to victory, their choice, passing over the scarred veterans whose whole lives have been passed in the battle-field, would designate their present ruler as the man. He promised to bring back his victorious eagles to Paris in six months; he will have done so in little more than six weeks. Before leaving for Italy he told his favorite officers that they should be hunting at Compiegne in September; he will prove himself a true prophet. Through the carnage of Magenta and Solferino he has borne a "charmed life," and we believe he is destined to accomplish yet greater things before his career is finally closed.....But a few months have elapsed since one of the greatest of American historians was borne to his grave; but a few days have passed away since one of the greatest of American lawyers and orators was laid in his narrow grave. Prescott and Choate have passed away. The press still teems and the air yet vibrates with the eulogies of pen and tongue that this last great loss has called forth. Most fittingly have his services and gifts been honored, showing that the ingratitude attributed to republics is a fiction. Solemn and affecting was that great congregation in Faneuil Hall, where, the sunshine excluded, and artificial light falling on the funereal hangings and emblems of public sorrow, the greatest living orator of America, speaking from and to the heart, discoursed of the great dead. Edward Everett on this occasion surpassed himself. Representing the public sentiment, he clothed it in a solemn splendor of language that thrilled every soul in that vast auditory. With no time for preparation, he spoke from the fullness of his mind and heart, and never in the flush of youth, or the glory of early manhood, so warmly and so well. The music of his requiem will always haunt the memory of those who were so fortunate as to hear him .....We have entered now on the last month of summer. Soon will its green glories pass into the "sere and yellow leaf." Autumn is pressing forward. A brief season of mellow sunshine, of floral glory, of abundant harvest, and we shall have the clear blue skies, the keen air, the icy kisses of September. The autumn will come to us not unwished for or unwelcome. In the vicissitudes of our northern climate there is a charm unknown to those portions of the globe where eternal summer reigns. When the pulses become languid with heat, we have an invigorating change; when the system becomes tense from long-continued frost, we are ushered again, through a gradually increasing temperature, into the torrid atmosphere of summer.....At the Porte St. Martin, Paris, they have played a great spectacle founded on the war in Italy—*La Voix Sacree*—one of those peculiarly French dramas, made up of liberty, glory and gunpowder, in which the *grande armee* smashes its enemies all to pieces, and then behaves with most overwhelming charity to the countless prisoners it has taken. The piece includes all the events of the war, from the departure of the emperor from Paris to the battle of Solferino. Two or three hundred people were employed to give effect to the battle scenes, and an immense quantity of gunpowder was burnt. The piece takes nearly five hours in the performance .....The Paris opera houses have been suffering for the want of a good tenor singer. The French army has, however, captured one. A letter from Marseilles says that a sub-officer, of the Austrian service, taken prisoner at Montebello, had been brought to France. He was rejoiced at getting out of the Austrian army and going to France, and in his joy used to delight his companions by singing airs by the great German composers. A French officer promised him that he should not long be a prisoner, as he found he had a tenor voice which even Tamberlik might envy. He undertook to secure him an engagement, and has written to Paris on the subject. Conquering tenors on the battle-field and at the bayonet's point is something new and curious.....Rev. Mr. Vox, Episcopal chaplain in the army at Fort Laramie, has preached in the famous Mormon Tabernacle, and Bishop Kimball and Brigham Young delivered addresses at the close of the discourse. Everything was pleasant and harmonious. It was currently reported that not a few of the Mormons were recovering from their delusion.....A New York correspondent writes that Meyerbeer's new opera, "Le Pardon de Ploermel," has just reached the music stores; and all the amateur pianists and private prima donnas are banging their keys and cracking their voices over it. The opera, like all of Meyerbeer's great works, is gorgeously elaborated, and has the average number of simple, sweet melodies. It will probably figure on the Academy boards next season.....Of the sixteen buildings belonging to Harvard College four were erected before the American Revolution, viz: Massachusetts Hall, built in 1719 and 1720; Holden Chapel, built in 1744; Hollis Hall, built in 1762 and 1763, and Harvard Hall, built in 1764, to replace the second Harvard Hall, which was destroyed by fire in January, 1764.....The Vienne Presse having stated that Gyulai was going to the waters at Baden, inquires somewhat pointedly, "Will he *take* them?".....The annual report of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which has recently been published, states that during the last year 1,012 808 passengers and 16 863 emigrants have been carried on the cars of the company, and not a single life has been lost. This speaks volumes for the efficiency and care of the managers of the road.....The wheat harvest is progressing in Michigan. The crop promises to be large. Some new wheat at Grand Rapids brought $1 25 per bushel.....Some heartless wretch says "a ship is called she because a man knows not the expense till he gets one—because they are useless without employment—because they look best when well rigged—because their value depends upon their age—because they bring news from abroad, and carry out news from home.".....We believe the Transcript is responsible for the following military joke: The French have displayed their prominent national characteristic during the Italian war, in their treatment of the Austrians, who have no reason to complain of any lack of Zouav-ity on the part of their opponents.....The ability to prepare cotton seed for the market, by means of machinery used for hulling it, has added a large percentage of value to the cotton fields of the South. The seed is sent to Europe and converted into a fine oil much needed in the arts.....An eminent Hungarian has transmitted to the London Daily News an authenticated contradiction of the report that Kiapka and the Hungarian exiles had offered the crown of Hungary to the Grand Duke Constantine.....General Concha is at present engaged in organizing a permanent school of practice with the Minnie rifle, at Havana, which is now in the hands of most of the troops of the island. The captain general has it likewise in contemplation to establish "a general school of arms and gymnastics," to take the place of those established in 1841 and 1845 by General O'Donnell. To this will be added a well chosen library for the use of the army.....Baron Henry Larrey, son of the well-known Larrey who was so highly esteemed by Napoleon I., is, at the present time, as was formerly his father, director-general of the army medical department in Italy.....Volunteers are at present engaged in Paris for organizing fresh battalions of Zouaves, and such is the desire of the soldiers there to be employed in active service, that a considerable number of non-commissioned officers have applied to be permitted to form part of that body even as privates.....The Bishop of Cortoni, in whose diocese the towns-people of Perugia have taken refuge, has issued a pastoral strongly reprobating the atrocities of the Swiss troops.....The Fourth of July was very handsomely celebrated in Paris by a banquet at the Hotel du Louvre. Opposite the entrance of the room hung a portrait of the emperor, surrounded with American and French flags. Tables, richly ornamented with silver candelabra and adorned with flowers, accommodated a hundred guests, among whom were about twenty ladies. The banquet was presided over by Mr. Mason, United States Minister at Paris. His lady occupied a seat at his right. Among the lady guests were Mesdames Mason, Date, Smith, Holdane, Seeley, and Miss C——, of Fifth Avenue. Among the gentlemen were Messrs. Mason, Lansing, Date, Train, Young, Bigelow, Lamson, Seeley, and the Russian officer, Captain Shestakoff. The dinner was magnificently served in every respect—brilliant lights, exquisite dishes, wines of the first quality. Appropriate toasts were given, speeches made, and general hilarity prevailed.....Upwards of $600 has been subscribed toward erecting a monument to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.....Baron James de Rothschild has given a sum of 20,000 francs toward the subscription for the wounded of the army of Italy.....An ancient and exceedingly simple method of book-keeping, is to keep all the books you lay your hands on.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The proceedings of the Peace Conference at Zurich are watched with the intensest interest in Europe, whose vital interests are involved in its decisions. Louis Napoleon's policy, it is thought, will be generally sanctioned, yet it cannot be disguised that deep discontents are rife in portions of Italy, and, after all, the peace may only prove a truce, and precede a war on a grander scale than Europe has ever witnessed.—In France the channel fortifications continue on a great scale, the whole coast being rapidly covered with works soon to be bristling with guns. England is still uneasy as to the future intentions of France.—In Ireland the radicals are looking forward with hope to the prospect of a rupture between France and England.—The news from the East is unimportant.—Strong defensive preparations continue to be made in England.

Count Cavour.

The London Times augurs evil of Count Cavour's resignation. "He was," it says, "an honest man He believed in Italian independence as a future work of Napoleon III. It was by means of the confidence he felt himself and inspired in others that Mazzini and his emissaries were discredited throughout Italy. It was Cavour who gave the signal for the successive risings in the smaller Italian States. It was by means of his influence that the revolutions at Florence, Parma, and Modena were bloodless, and that Rome remained tranquil."

English Paintings.

At a collection of English modern pictures sold recently in London, the sale realized £4000 ($20,000). The following are a few of the pictures sold, with the prices: "A Summer's Afternoon," T S. Cooper, £236 5s; "The Sanctuary," E. M. Ward, £242 11s.; "A Landscape," P. Naysmith, £267 15s.; "A Rustic Home," W. Muller, £315; "Sea-shore," W. Collins, £220 10s.; "The Waterfall," P. Naysmith, £320 5s.; "The High Altar," D Roberts, £357 10s.; "Cranmer led to the Tower," F. Goodall, £388 10s.

Verona.

An order of the day published at Verona says Austria concluded the war for the maintenance of sacred treaties, relying on the devotedness of the people, the bravery of the army, and her national allies. Not having found allies, Austria yields to an unfavorable political situation. The emperor cordially thanks the people, as well as the army, who have again showed that their sovereign may confidently rely on their devotedness, if any new struggle should arise.

Paris Fashions.

Fashion in bonnets is nearly at a stand still, and the *artistes*, for the time being, have ceased racking their brains for novelties. The newest thing we can mention is a bonnet made of fine black hair, embroidered with buttercups in silken straw. The ribbon used for the trimming has a black ground, and the flowers at the side are entirely black with jet centres. The effect of this combination is very original, and it has the advantage of defying dust.

Kossuth's Sons.

In the list of students at University College, London, who recently received prizes at the hands of Lord Palmerston, we find the names of the two sons of Louis Kossuth, the ex governor of Hungary. While he is seeking the independence of his country, his sons have been winning laurels in the more peaceable departments of architecture, natural philosophy, and astronomy, and civil engineering.

Prussia.

The Prussian Gazette says that in consequence of the treaty of peace, orders had been transmitted to the troops on the march to halt at the respective places where they happen to be; also that the proposal made by the Prussian ambassador to the Federal Diet in regard to the federal troops, had under present circumstances been withdrawn by the Prussian government.

A Fast Age.

In two months and one day from the time the Emperor Napoleon left Paris he made peace with the Emperor Francis Joseph at Villafranca. In this interval the French army was engaged in five or six battles, two of which may be numbered among the greatest battles the world has ever seen. The emperor seems likely to redeem his promise to hunt at Compiegne in September.

The Italian Confederation.

Austria and France will support the formation of the Italian Confederation. Lombardy as far as the line of the Mincio is to be given up. Mantua, Peschiera, Burgoforte, and the whole of Venetia remain Austrian possessions. The Princes of Tuscany and Modena are to return to their States. A universal amnesty is granted.

Switzerland.

The Federal Council have resolved to disband the troops in the Canton Ticino, where the guard for the Austrian vessels will alone remain. They also resolved upon proposing very severe measures to prevent the enrollment of the Swiss for foreign military service.

The Armistice.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says that three applications were made to the Emperor of Austria before he would consent to an armistice. The overtures were made direct by the Emperor Napoleon for the purpose of preventing the mediation of neutrals.

European Agitators.

The peace has "shelved" three great European agitators—Cavour, Kossuth, and Mazzini,—at least for the present But they are all men who must be heard of in the future.

Menagerie burned.

Jean Gauthier's menagerie was burned in Copenhagen in June last. Only one animal, a large polar bear, escaped. A monkey set it on fire by playing with matches.

Solferino.

During the storm at the battle of Solferino, the emperor of Austria and his brother Maximilian lost each other, and the latter wept like a child, fearing lest Francis Joseph had been taken prisoner, while the Duke of Modena foamed at the mouth with disappointment and vexation. The emperor was furious with his generals who pronounced the fatal orders to retreat; his own command would have been "remain on the field and die."

A Veto.

The project of erecting a monument to Egmont and Horne has been vetoed by the city authorities of Brussels, upon the ground that the published correspondence of Philip II., and other recent historical investigations, conflict with the traditional and political conception of Egmont's character, and place him in a much less favorable light.

Sardinia.

It is remarked that Sardinia, by accepting Lombardy without the fortresses necessary to defend it, has made herself the vassal of France, and that Italy has gained nothing; while the emperor returns to Paris, nominally a conqueror, but in reality a baffled and dishonored man.

French Liberals.

The Siecle (organ of the French liberals) is dissatisfied, and says France will have everything to begin again in a few years if the minutest Austrian influence is suffered abode in Italy. It calls for the expulsion of the petty Italian princes, confederates of Austria.

Trans-Atlantic Criticism.

The London Athenæum is very savage upon a recently published American book. It says: "The preface is the revolution of a phantasmagoric Christmas holiday wheel. The work is written as with a bowie-knife; it is all revolver, firing and brandy-smash."

Salmon plenty.

Salmon was never known to be so abundant in the river Shannon as at the present season, and it is now selling by hawkers at 6d per pound, whilst large quantities are sent off daily by rail and steamer to the London markets.

Hudson's Bay Company.

The Duke of Newcastle stated in Parliament that the government did not intend to renew the license by which the Hudson's Bay Company held their North American territories.

Fourth of July in Ireland.

A party of Americans on a tour through Ireland celebrated the Fourth of July at Killarney with "complete success and stirring enthusiasm."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING. By CHARLES L. FLINT, Secretary of the Mass State Board of Agriculture. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 410. 1859.

This work, the result of experience, study and reflection, is a most valuable contribution to our agricultural literature. The title-page states that the treatise "comprises the breeds, breeding and management, in health and disease, of dairy and other stock; the selection of milch cows, with a full explanation of Guenon's method; the culture of forage plants, and the production of milk, butter and cheese; embodying the most recent improvements, and adapted to farming in the United States and British provinces; with a treatise upon the dairy husbandry of Holland; to which is added Horsfall's system of dairy management." The promise of the title-page is amply redeemed by the text, which is moreover illustrated by numerous excellent engravings. The work contains the cream (we don't intend a pun) of all that has been written on the subjects treated, with many valuable ideas of the author, based on personal experience and observation. We have examined it with great care, and can recommend it conscientiously to our numerous agricultural friends through this country and Canada. It is written clearly, and nothing is left unexplained.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Edited by SIDNEY BARCLAY. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp 251. 1859.

This work purports to be a publication of the private journal of a lady, the wife of an officer of the Revolution and the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, written during the absence of her husband in the field, and portrays the domestic trials of the women of the heroic age of American history. Whether genuine or otherwise, it is a charming and interesting book. It is printed in a quaint, old-fashioned style, and is altogether admirably got up. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

SHELLEY MEMORIALS. From Authentic Sources. Edited by LADY SHELLEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 308. 1859.

Few characters in the range of literary history are invested with so much interest as the poet Shelley. The work is an authentic history of his life, undertaken to correct the many errors existing in received biographies of the poet. It concludes with Shelley's unfinished essay on Christianity, now first published.

ITALY AND THE WAR OF 1859. By MADAME DE MARGUERITTES. Philadelphia: George G. Evans. 12mo. pp. 359. 1859.

Both publisher and author deserve the thanks of the public for the promptness with which this work has been produced. It is from the pen of a lady well known in the literary world, and well informed on European affairs. She has given us a satisfactory sketch of the war and its causes, and spirited biographical notices of the principal actors. The work is introduced by Dr. Shelton McKenzie. It is embellished with portraits and a map of Northern Italy. For sale at 45 Cornhill and all the Boston bookstores.

ETTORE FIERAMOSCA: or, THE CHALLENGE OF BARLETTA. By MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 356. 1859

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THE TROTTING PARK, SOUTH END.

The accompanying engraving is a sketch of a scene on the Trotting Park, at the South End, and represents a 2.40 flyer "making play" in the presence of a group of delighted spectators of both sexes, for be it remembered that the fairer and better portion of humanity take nearly as much interest in the performances of fast trotters as the uglier and worse division of the human race. This was evinced three years ago, in this very locality, during the Agricultural Fair, when the "trials of speed" (they were not races—racing is wicked) always found the seats filled with lovely and virtuous maids and matrons, watching the track with the intensest interest, and from their bright eyes raining inspiration on the drivers, as they were reining their flying steeds. And Bostonians may well take an interest in such sports, for the American trotter is a New England notion. Years ago, farther back than the memory of this deponent runneth, a certain horse named the "Boston Blue," astounded the whole country by his performances. This wonderful animal actually did travel a mile in three minutes, which, in his day, was lightning speed. But the present is a faster generation. There is not a respectable livery stable in the city which does not own half a dozen hack horses capable of making that time, at least, and a few pets that can travel "low down in the thirties." In fact, a three minute horse is "nowhere" on the road; for there are always to be found, of a fine afternoon, a few flyers waiting to pick up customers, who can make much better time If we take the statements of their owners, about every horse on the road is a three minute horse; and yet, to the uninitiated, a three minute gait appears a rushing one.

The speed which characterizes New England horses, is the result of careful breeding and careful training. It requires great skill, great patience and good temper to bring out and develop the points of a trotter. Long and regular exercise is necessary to develop and strengthen his muscles; long walks, minute attention to feeding and stabling, and very careful handling. American trotters have achieved a world-wide reputation, and the fame of such animals as Lady Suffolk and Flora Temple has pervaded Europe It would seem as if even the English, with all their horse-lore, are unable to compete with us in this respect. When an English or French gentleman is desirous of fairly flying over the road, he is under the necessity of importing horses from this side of the Atlantic. Louis Napoleon has, on several occasions, recruited his stud from the United States, and his favorite team is a pair of American trotting horses. The trotting-park at the South End is not, and never has been, a race-course, though trials of speed have been frequently held here. It is leased by a gentleman of this city who sells tickets to persons desirous of driving, or having their horses trained there. Occasionally a "trial of speed" between horses takes place on the ground, and then admittance is obtained by the public on the payment of a small admission fee. Lying nearly on the line of the horse railroad, and within a short walk of the centre of the scene, such an exhibition always attracts great crowds of spectators

HOW TO CLEAR OFF A POACHER.

"You once spoke of firing at a poacher," said my friend; "how did that occur?"

The old man gave one of his quiet smiles, as he replied, "I ought to be ashamed to tell that story, sir, but I was very young at the time, and as you have asked me, you shall have it.

"One night the under-keeper reported that a fellow had arrived at a public house in the neighborhood, and was boasting that he had left London with only 5s., walked the whole way, and now had his pockets full of gold, picked up by poaching as he came along. I was starting on my rounds at the time, and called in to see him. He was sitting at the fire, and had evidently been drinking freely. At the first glance I saw that he was a bad one, more like a returned convict or a housebreaker, than a poacher; indeed I had reason to believe afterwards that he was both; or he spoke a good deal about Australia, and left a skeleton key behind when he left. His dog, evidently the best of the two, was beside him, and knew me for an enemy as soon as I came in; for he retreated into a corner, and never took his eyes off me while I remained. After a time we got into conversation. He made no secret of his profession, which was, perhaps, partly assumed to cover a worse; spoke freely about his methods of catching game, and very slightingly of Scotch keepers. Among other things, he said he could clear a cover of pheasants in one night, by smoking them with a preparation of sulphur that he had invented.

"'I don't believe that,' said I shortly.

"'Will you take a bet, keeper?' said he, putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out a handful of gold and silver.

"I was wrong to do it, but the fellow vexed me—which was, perhaps, what he wanted. So I did, and he agreed to settle it at once. In ten minutes he was ready to start, and I brought him to a small fir cover full of pheasants. Whether he could really do what he said or not, I cannot say; but after spending an hour or two in the operation, he did not succeed in securing a bird, and we returned to the public house, when in a few moments he drank himself speechless, and I left him.

"I had scarcely lain down when it flashed across me that I had been sold, and that the fellow's object in making the bet was to discover the birds' roosting place. The more I considered of it the clearer it appeared, and I could have knocked my head against the wall to think how stupidly I had been taken in. The only consolation left me was, that if he visited that cover again, I would be there before him.

"The evening I mounted my pony, called at the public house as if on my way to Stirling, saw the poacher, who had only just left his bed, and rode on for a couple of miles, when I turned down a lane which brought me back to the lodge through the forest.

"Soon after nightfall I took my gun and started for the cover. It was bright moonlight, and there was a little snow on the ground, so that you could see an object a long way off. I lay down about sixty yards from the trees where he made the unsuccessful attempt, and waited quietly the result. Hour after hour passed away, and still no poacher came. It was bitterly cold, and had I remained much longer I would have certainly fallen asleep, and perhaps never awakened; so I was just about to give it up and return to put a watch upon the house, when I heard footsteps in the snow, and the next moment a man made his appearance. It was my friend, but so disguised that but for the dog I could not possibly have recognized him. He had on a smock-frock, broad brimmed hat, knee-breeches, and long white stockings. The dog kept close to his heels, but seemed ill at ease, rearing up every now and then on its hind legs like a fox, and snuffing the air, as if it knew there was an enemy near, which I strongly suspect it did. Fortunately the wind was blowing towards me, or I should have been discovered at once. The master, too, seemed uneasy, and stood leaning on his gun with his head bent down as if he were listening.

"What to do now I could not tell. My legs were so stiff with the cold that to catch him with sixty yards of a start was out of the question, and though morally sure of his identity, I could not have sworn to him. But the poacher himself soon brought matters to a conclusion. Stepping forward a few paces towards the trees he raised his gun to his shoulder; almost unconsciously I did the same to mine, and taking aim at the stockings, which stood out white as snow against the trunk of a tree, pulled the trigger. The report was followed by a yell from master and dog. I heard footsteps going straight away at a tremendous pace, and started myself in an opposite direction, warming as I ran, so that in ten minutes, if we both kept on at the same rate, there must have been nearly four miles of country between us. Good material for an *alibi*, as I thought afterwards; but there was no occasion for it—he never came back, and in his haste forgot to pay the bill at the public house.

"I visited the spot in the morning, and picked up a good Manton gun, evidently stolen, for part of the barrel was sawn off, and it was otherwise disguised. Except a few bits of wool from the stockings and some dog's hair, there was no trace of any harm being done, though he must have been pretty severely stung, for my gun carried far and hard. He was surely a rare one for running. I measured his footsteps in the snow, and every stride was eighteen inches longer than my own, though I could run a bit myself at the time.

"I told my old master of it the next time we went out shooting together. He tried to look grave at first, for he was a magistrate; but it wouldn't do, and leaning against a tree, he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. It got wind in the country, and for a long time afterwards I was very little troubled with 'night poaching.'"—*Game Preserving in Scotland and Ireland.*

THE FRENCH PULPIT.

We might expect in the pulpit of the nation which has pre-eminently the reputation of wit, epigram and repartee, some signs of this national characteristic. We find, on the contrary, very little wit in French sermons—less than in those of England and Germany, far less than in those of Italy. Where there is most room for humor, where there is a temptation to say that which may provoke smiles, the temptation is resisted and the opportunity lost. The prevailing style is grave, serious, oftener solemn than playful. Such writers as About, Houssaye and Gautier have no imitators among preachers. In scores of French sermons that we have read, we do not recollect one single saying that would pass as a witticism in the *cafes* of the Boulevards. A change in this respect has come within the last twenty years, since the romantic school began to decline. The spirit of that school allowed what the severe taste of the classic school rejected as profane. The nearest approach to wit which we find in the French pulpit now is in the use of what Cardinal Maury calls in his treatise "*des mots heureux;*" such, for instance, as Colani uses, where he speaks of Jesus seeking to vanquish the "insolent repugnance of a Nathaniel;" or of half converted men "modifying themselves *on the circumference*, losing this fault and gaining that virtue;" or of mercy, that "in organizing it, men smother it under its very organs." There are many expressions in French sermons which might, in Germany, pass for *bon mots*, but rarely any that would be repeated to convulse the company over the tables of the Trois Freres or the saloons in the Champs Elysees.—*Christian Examiner.*

SCENE IN THE TROTTING PARK, SOUTH END, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

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CAPTAIN ROBERT B. FORBES.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Homer, from a fine photograph by Silsbee, Case & Co., and the likeness of the original has been so well preserved that it will be immediately recognized by all who have ever seen him, and there are few of our citizens who are not familiar with the features of Captain Forbes. The photograph was so striking that as soon as we saw it we determined to reproduce it by means of engraving. We should be pleased to present a detailed biography of one whose whole life has been useful and active, and whose record could not fail to be interesting and instructive, but in the case of contemporaries this can only be done by the assistance of the subject, and we have been informed that Captain Forbes has invariably declined to furnish the material for a sketch when applied to by editors of leading journals. An authentic account of his career can only be expected after he has passed away from the present sphere of his usefulness, and we sincerely wish that day may be far distant. As it would be manifestly unjust to attempt an imperfect sketch of a life filled with incident and purpose, we can only allude to Captain Forbes's career in general terms. In early life he was a shipmaster, and to the present day has devoted his talents to the improvement of navigation and the increase of the facilities of commercial intercourse between nations. He has modelled a large number of vessels—we believe the first propeller launched in these waters was built from his plans. He invented the new rig which bears his name, and which saves a vast amount of labor and danger to seamen and ships. The various philanthropic enterprises of the day have found in him a liberal contributor, sympathizer, and worker. He has labored hard to increase the comforts and provide for the wants of seamen, and has achieved an honorable reputation by these and other services. When the Jamestown was sent to Ireland with supplies for its starving inhabitants, Captain Forbes received the command of this fine United States vessel, converted from a ship of war to the beneficent almoner of a nation's charity, and his reception in Europe must have been regarded as an interesting event in his career. Captain Forbes enjoys vigorous health, and bids fair to attain a long life.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

On coming into possession of the vessel the new company thought that in case of war the Great Eastern might prove an invaluable auxiliary to the government, if not for carrying guns, yet still more effectively in running down the largest of the enemy's ships, which the immense speed of the vessel would enable her to overtake with perfect ease. For this purpose, therefore, it was decided to strengthen still more her sharp powerful bows, by laying down three complete iron decks forward, extending from the bows backward for 120 feet. These decks are entirely completed. They cover 8000 square feet, and afford storage for 1400 tons of cargo space. They will not, however, be used for this purpose, but for accommodating the crew of 300 or 400 men. With this large increase of strength forward, the Great Eastern, steaming full power, could cut in two the largest wooden line-of battle ship that ever floated. The deck alone requires 18 miles of five inch planking to cover it; the paddle boxes are of rolled iron, and each contains 24,000 cubic feet, and is equal in size to a vessel of 600 tons. Everything connected with the vessel is on a gigantic scale. Thus, it requires more than six tons of paint to give one coat to the interior iron-work, and nearly eight tons to give one coat to the outside, from the water-line to the bulwarks. When completely rigged, she will have six masts; one forestaysail mast of wood, three mainmasts, square rigged, of iron; one mizzenmast of wood; and one jiggermast, the last also of wood. The three wooden masts are already placed, and almost entirely rigged; the iron ones will be so shortly. The last mast is a single tree, Canada pine, about 130 feet high, and proportionately thick. The foremast is a built mast, as is also the mizzen, but all the topmasts, yards and gaffs, are single sticks of immense length and width, straight as arrows, and free from knots or sap. The cabins, as far as they have yet been fitted, are amply spacious when compared with the accommodations offered by other vessels. The berths are very ingeniously made to fold flat against the wall during the day, and so give much increase of room for any who may choose to use their cabins as sitting-rooms. Both paddle and screw engines are almost completely finished. It is quite impossible by mere description to give any adequate notion of the colossal proportions of both of these sets of engines. The paddle engines consist of four oscillating cylinders, of 74 inch diameter and 14 feet stroke; each pair of cylinders, with its crank, condenser, and air-pump, forms in itself a complete and separate engine, capable of easy disconnection from the other three, so that the whole is a combination of four engines. A friction clutch connecting the two cranks is the means by which the engines can be connected or disconnected. All the sets of engines, both screw, paddle and auxiliary, are provided with governors, expansion and throttle valves. The paddle engines will work up to an indicated power of 3000 horses, or 33,000 lbs., when working 11 strokes per minute with steam in the boiler at 15 lbs., the expansion valve cutting off at one-third of the stroke. All the parts, however, are so constructed that they will work smoothly either at eight strokes per minute, at 25 lbs., without expansion, beyond what is unavoidably effected in the slides, or at 16 strokes per minute with the expansion valve cutting off at one quarter of the stroke. Under the latter circumstances, the paddle engines alone would give an indicated power of 5000 horses. The boilers are immensely strong, and have been tested to double the pressure they are required to bear. Their weight, including donkey engine, pumps, funnels, etc., is 210 tons, and they are capable of containing 156 tons of water. Each set has about 8000 square feet of surface, exclusive of flue or furnace, and about 400 square feet of fire-bar surface. Each is equal to supply freely, with moderate firing, steam for an indicator of 1800 horse power when working with 15 lbs.; but with full firing can supply freely for an indicator of 2500 horse power. The fireplaces and ashpits are fitted so as to be well adapted for the use of anthracite coal. The screw engines are constructed on the same improved principles. They have four cylinders of 84 inches diameter and 4 feet stroke. The cylinders are capable of being worked together or separately. When working 45 strokes a minute, with steam on at 15 lbs., and cutting off at one-third of the stroke, these engines give an indicated power of 4400 horses, but at 55 strokes a minute, steam on at 25 lbs., and cutting off at one-quarter of the stroke, the power will reach 6500 horses. Thus the united efforts of both screw and paddle engines will drive the immense vessel through the water with a power of no less than 12,000 horses. What fleet could stand in the way of such a mass, weighing some 30,000 tons, and driven through the water by 12,000 horse power, at the rate of 22 or 23 miles an hour. The screw engine boilers are in three distinct sets. Their weight is 362 tons, and their capacity for water is 270 tons. The probable consumption of coal when both engines are at full work will average 250 tons per day. The cellular compartments at the bottom of the ship will be used for pumping water into instead of ballast, and as the webs subdividing these are made perfectly water-tight, any one or any number can be filled at pleasure. The vessel is to be completed Sept. 4, with a premium of £1000 a week for earlier completion, and a penalty of £10,000 a week for each complete seven days beyond the allotted time. This agreement includes the masts, sails, rigging, boats, cables, engines, boilers, ironwork and woodwork, with suitable accommodation for 500 first-class and 400 second-class passengers. Of course a contract so extensive is not all performed by Mr. Russell, the contractor, himself, but distributed in various branches among different firms which he has been in the habit of employing for his other ships. Some of these subdivisions include work enough to be considered as extensive contracts. Thus the rigging will require 900 blocks, and about 79 tons of hemp rope, with 30 tons of mixed wire and hemp for the standing rigging. Her sails will consume nearly 12,000 square yards of canvass; she is to have 20 boats fitted with masts and sails complete, exclusive of two small screw steamers, each to be 100 feet long by 16 wide, of 130 tons measurement, and 40 horse power. She is to carry upward of 1000 fathoms of chain cables, all of the most massive description. Her anchors are 16 in number, ranging from one to seven tons, the largest. Had she been fitted with the Admiralty anchor, and had the old rule been followed of requiring a certain weight of anchor according to the vessel's tonnage, her largest anchors must have been 25 tons each.—*London Times*

CAPTAIN ROBERT B. FORBES.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ACTRESS'S VICTIM.

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

GEORGE HERBERT and I were school-fellows. He was two years older than I, talented, handsome, good-tempered, always at the head of his class, and a favorite alike with his teachers and his playmates, for he was not, like many studious boys, a dull fellow on the playground. He was foremost there, as he was everywhere else, the leader of all our juvenile games; and what, perhaps, tended to increase his popularity more than anything else, he was ever the supporter of the weak against the strong. His generous disposition prompted him to be this.

We were at a boarding school, and I need not say that a cowardly, lubberly boy at a boarding school is likely to fare badly, and to be hustled and bullied about by his schoolmates, often by boys smaller and younger than himself. Talk of men finding their level in society! There is no place where a level is so quickly, so easily found, as among the boys at a large boarding school.

However, George Herbert, though he made the leading lads of the school his chief companions, never spurned the advances of the feeblest of his schoolmates. He would suffer no one to be ill-treated, or even to be ill spoken of in his presence, and there was no way by which a friend could so quickly fall in his esteem, as by assuming a tyrannical, scornful demeanor towards those less gifted than himself. George hated nothing but meanness and falsehood. These he could not abide; once assured that a boy had been guilty of either, and his esteem was lost forever.

Even old Dr. B——, the principal of the school, who seldom smiled upon anybody—though he was a good man and an excellent schoolmaster—often spoke kindly and encouragingly to George Herbert; and more than once—though not in George's presence or hearing—held him up as an example to his schoolmates, and, strange to say, without causing any feelings of envy or jealousy! All were ready to admit that what the doctor said was true.

Now the reader may imagine that I am attempting to describe that most disagreeable and impossible of literary creations—because it has no counterpart in real life—a perfect character. Such is by no means the case. George Herbert had his failings as well as all other creations of humanity. "Though," as Goldsmith writes, "even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

He was generous to a fault, often, though not intentionally, at the expense of justice. He was somewhat hasty in temper, and prone to sudden fits of passion, though his anger was seldom aroused save by witnessing acts of injustice or oppression; and, though this weakness was not observable while at school, or in early boyhood, he was too susceptible to the blandishments of the fair sex. No *man* could have tempted George Herbert to a wrong action; a *bad woman* might, though it must have been in such a manner that he could not perceive the folly that he had been guilty of; for I don't mean to say that *any* woman could have tempted him to crime, until he had gone too far to easily extricate himself.

While he was at school, George was always supplied with an abundance of pocket-money, which he spent freely, for he was the only son, the only child of a country gentleman of independent fortune, who, with good reason, doted on him.

George Herbert left school at the age of eighteen, some two years before I did, with the intention of going to Oxford University, where he intended to remain four or five years, after which it was anticipated that he would be elected to represent the county in which his father's estates were situated in parliament, as his father and grandfather had done before him. It was not intended that he should practise any profession, as his father's rent-roll, from landed property in the county, to which he was sole heir, was amply sufficient to maintain a luxurious establishment. It was the boast of the family that since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, they had lived on their estates, fulfilling to perfection the ordinary duties of country gentlemen, generally holding the commission of a justice of the peace, or a colonel of militia; and once or twice the lord lieutenantcy of the county had been held by the head of the family; the younger sons had from time immemorial held commissions in the army or navy, and had often risen to eminence in those professions; but George being an only child, and not being inclined to the profession of arms, the only public employment he expected to engage in was, as I have said, the somewhat onerous one of representing in the House of Commons the constituency of his native county.

This being the state of affairs with him, it was, and ever has been a matter of wonder with me, how the family became all of a sudden reduced in circumstances, for I never heard the matter satisfactorily explained; and as George himself seldom alluded to it—indeed, he seemed to shun the subject if it became by chance the topic of conversation—of course I never asked him for any explanation of the mystery.

Still, as I knew that his father's income amounted at least to eleven thousand pounds per annum (the old gentleman was one of the wealthiest in the county), and as I was aware that for several generations the estates had descended to the eldest son by a strict entail, I could not make out how that entail should suddenly cease in the person of my old schoolfellow's father, nor how the elder Herbert—Squire Herbert, of Herbert Manor, he was styled—could be reduced to poverty, especially as, excepting the maintenance of a profuse hospitality, a handsome establishment, a good stud of horses and a pack of fox hounds, all of which expenditures his income was amply sufficient to defray, and leave a wide margin, the squire was given to no extravagances, nor no to vicious indulgences, such as gambling, horse-racing, and the like.

I left school and entered the navy. My first cruise was to the Baltic and the Northern Ocean. It occupied three years, and I returned home. It was about five years after George Herbert had entered himself, a gentleman commoner, at Baliol College, Oxford University, when, one day, shortly after my return, I was standing in St. James's Park, watching the manœuvres of the Household Troops as they went through their customary morning drill, in the rear of the war office, when I received a smart clap on the shoulder from some person among the crowd of spectators.

Now, had I any reason to imagine that such might be the unwelcome salutation of a sheriff's officer, I might have endeavored to take advantage of the throng of admiring gazers, and, to use a vulgar phrase, "have cut and run." But as a wandering son of the ocean is not apt to be troubled with dunning tailors, and jewellers, and horse-dealers, *et hoc genus omnes*, who are apt to hang upon the skirts of fashionable young men about town, I turned about sharply, and somewhat angrily, to confront my rough assailant, when who should I see before me but George Herbert, taller and a little stouter than when I had last seen him, and somewhat disguised by a pair of well-trimmed black whiskers which concealed his once smooth schoolboy cheeks, but as handsome and more gentlemanly-looking than ever? I started back in surprise. George was the first to speak.

"Ha, W——," said he, "who'd have thought of seeing you here amongst these idlers? I believed you to be thousands of miles away across the raging main. But welcome, my boy, welcome. When did you arrive in England?"

"Only last week," I replied. "In fact, I only left the frigate yesterday, for the first time since I started on my cruise, and came up from Deptford last night. But I may repeat your question. Who'd have thought of seeing *you* here? I should have looked for you among the classic shades of old Oxford instead of in this gay park of London city. Indeed, I was thinking of taking a trip to Oxford next week, and surprising you at your studies."

"In which case you would not have found me," he replied, in a peculiar, saddened tone of voice, which I remembered afterwards, though it did not strike me at the time.

"What," said I, "I thought you intended to remain at the university until you were five-and-twenty?"

"Circumstances alter cases," he replied. "I left Oxford two years ago."

I could think of no reason for this, unless the old squire were dead, and George had succeeded to the estate, and consequently had been called to occupy his father's position in the county of K——. I did not like to ask the question bluntly, so I said:

"Perhaps I see before me the new lord of Herbert Manor, and have to congratulate my old schoolfellow on his position as one of the law-givers of the country?"

"Not so," he replied, with a sigh, "though my poor father is indeed no more. He died a few days after I returned home from Oxford."

"Suddenly?" said I, thinking from his manner that his father's death had been unanticipated.

"Suddenly, indeed," was his reply. "My father broke his collar bone while out with the hounds. He was thrown from his horse in consequence of the animal's stumbling, after having leaped a high fence. My poor father! He was insensible from the moment of his fall till he died, on the fourth day after the accident."

"That was shocking," I answered.

"It was," replied the young man, sadly; but immediately brightening up, he continued: "You are staying in London at present?"

"Yes, I shall remain in town till the end of the week, then I intend to go down to H—shire. Are you staying in London?"

"Yes, permanently. I will not stay to talk with you now, though I'm glad to see you home again. I have a business call to make which must be attended to. You are not engaged anywhere to night?"

"I was thinking of going to the theatre."

"Postpone your visit till to-morrow and I will go with you. To night come and dine with me in P—— Street, and let me hear the story of your adventures."

"Gladly," I replied. "What street did you say? What number?"

He put a card in my hand.

"There's the address," he said. "Sharp six, mind, and don't expect anything but a steak and a glass of wine, with perhaps cigars and punch afterwards."

"You'll not have company, because—" and I looked down at my naval uniform,—"a uniform is not exactly the thing for a private evening party, and I've not had time—"

"Pooh!" he interrupted, "come in your uniform, or just as you please. As to company, there'll be you and me and the punch-bowl. Now, good morning. I wont keep your attention off the soldiers any longer."

He shook hands with me heartily and walked rapidly away. I looked at the card.

"GEORGE HERBERT,
"No. 7 P—— Street, Chelsea."

"P—— Street, Chelsea," I ruminated, recollecting that it was a most unaristocratic quarter of the city. "What on earth can have induced George to take up his abode there? And permanently, too!" And then I recollected the peculiar, saddened tone of his voice that I have already alluded to. "And what business can call the heir of Herbert Manor, and £11,000 per annum, to a peremptory appointment at this early hour?"

It struck me that there must be something wrong, though I could not surmise what. Poverty I scarcely thought of; besides, George was always perfectly gentlemanly, and never gay in his appearance and attire, and he was as gentlemanly in his manners and appearance as ever.

I spent the greater portion of the day rambling about the parks, and at the appointed hour found myself at the door of No. 7 P—— Street. I really was amazed.

P—— Street was a tolerably good street. Such a street, and No. 7 was such a house as I, a plain midshipman in the navy, might have chosen for a boarding house, if I had intended to remain for any length of time in London; such a house in such a street as any respectable young man, not overburthened with money, yet desirous of maintaining a fair appearance in society, might establish himself in; but I should almost as soon have thought of looking for the rich and fastidious George Herbert in the neighborhood of St. Giles, as in P—— Street, Chelsea!

However, I knocked at the door. It was opened by a middle-aged woman, who, when I asked if Mr. Herbert lived there, directed me to front room up three pair of stairs. I ascended. George was expecting me, and hearing my footsteps, he came to the door of the room, wrapped in his dressing-gown, and invited me to enter, at the same time calling over the balusters to the woman who had admitted me to the house to bring up dinner.

"And now, W——, let me welcome you to my town residence," he gaily added. "The apartments are not spacious, you perceive, but comfortable. This is my drawing-room, dining room and study, and the closet adjoining is my bedroom, just big enough to stretch myself in."

"Narrow quarters after Herbert Manor," I replied, laughing. "I suppose you like the contrast. Like the prime minister of one of the Georges—I forget which—who occasionally dined for eighteen pence, and enjoyed the homely meal, after the luxurious fare to which he was accustomed. The hall at Herbert Manor will seem all the more pleasant and spacious when you return, after the House adjourns."

"*When* I return to Herbert Manor," said the young man.' "Ah, W——, Herbert Manor has departed forever—

"'Round thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle,
Thou, the home of my fathers, hast gone to decay.'

And the *House*, my boy. You are sadly mistaken if you fancy that I have the honor of a seat on the benches of the Commons."

I glanced at the table, covered with manuscripts and books and pamphlets.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "you thought you had caught me writing a speech to astonish the clod-hoppers of K——, eh? Rather scant quarters these, though, for an M. P."

"In Heaven's name, George," I said, "what do you mean? What has happened? What are you doing?"

"Earning my living, to be sure," he answered, with a smile. "But here comes dinner. Come, sit to the table. I'm hungry. I don't know whether you are; and after dinner, or supper, call it which you please, we'll draw to the fire, light our cigars, and tell our mutual adventures."

The dinner was a good substantial one, and George produced a bottle of capital wine. He steadily refused to converse on anything but commonplace topics during the meal; but when the cloth was removed, and the table drawn closer to the fire, and hot water brought up, and the cigars produced, with the materials for a bowl of punch, he asked me to relate all that had occurred of interest during my late cruise, and how I liked a sailor's life. When I had satisfied him fully, I requested a like detail from himself.

"To begin," said I, "what do you mean by your allusions to Herbert Manor? And what is the purpose of that multitudinous manuscript?"

"Of Herbert Manor, the less said the better," he said, impatiently. "It matters not how, I shall see it no more—to claim it as my own demesne. For the manuscript which excites your curiosity, 'tis my vocation, Hal.' By that I earn my living. W——, does it not surprise you to find the heir of Herbert Manor an author?"

"An author?"

"Ay, and a tolerably successful one, considering the short time that I have been before the public."

He caught up a parcel of magazines which lay on the table, and hurriedly turning over the leaves, handed them to me open at certain stories, reviews, essays and short poems, all signed with the initials "G. H."

Utterly astonished and confounded as I was, I glanced them over. They appeared to be written in a style adapted to please the class of readers to whom the magazines were familiar, and all bore evidence of the great talent and classical taste of the writer.

"Can it be possible that all these were written by you, George?" I asked.

"Certainly it is possible," he replied, laughing. "What you see is a portion of the literary labor of two years. The first year I was somewhat discouraged. Last year I cleared over four hundred pounds, and this year I expect to make from six to eight hundred pounds. Is not that doing well for a young author?"

"Six to eight hundred pounds! The income of a post captain! Where I must hope to leave off aspiring, after years of service, with perhaps a wooden leg or a single arm. Still, eight hundred pounds is but a trifle compared with the rentals to which I always believed you to be the heir."

"Say no more about that, my good fellow. Some day, perhaps I may be in a humor to explain further. At present I cannot bear to think of the subject. Enough, that on my father's death I found myself a beggar. Bred to no profession, what could I do? Thank Heaven, I possessed some natural talent for composition, a lively, poetic imagination, and an excellent education. I had practised composition for my amusement, when I never expected that it would fall to my lot to practise it for bread. 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' I laid aside my ancestral pride, and tried my luck as an author. I have told you with what success. After all, I have not lowered myself. There have been royal and noble authors, and the latter, at all events, have not scrupled to accept remuneration for their effusions."

"You have gained rather than lost," said I. "But you have been unusually fortunate. Are you known as an author by your full name?"

"I have some reason to believe that my incognito is discovered. In fact, I fancy that to that knowledge I am partially, at least, indebted for my success. If I had been some poor deuce from Grub Street, I suspect I should have had to struggle with penury for years, even had I twice the talent I am beguiling to give myself credit for. Come, now, let's sink the shop and talk of other matters. Fill your tumbler again, and light another cigar. When do you sail again, and where?"——

We spent a very pleasant evening, and I did not take my departure until "the wee sma' hours ayont the twall," as Burns sings. Then I bade my former schoolfellow good-by, nor did I see him again for several years.

I had been absent on two distinct cruises, each of more than three years' duration, ere again I visited London. During this long period I had neither seen nor heard anything, personally, from Herbert; but I had heard of his still increasing fame. As a magazine writer he was exceedingly popular, and he had published two novels and a volume of poems, all of which works had met with marked success. He was everywhere highly spoken of as a young man who would attain to the summit of the profession he had chosen, and for which he had such a natural aptitude, that it seemed scarcely to be regretted that he had been so singularly disappointed in the high anticipations of his boyhood and youth. When I re-visited London, George Herbert was about thirty-two or thirty-three years of age.

My first endeavor, when I reached the capital, was to learn where he resided, in order that I might call upon him. I expected to find him a married man, living in a style very different from that in which, more from choice than from actual necessity, I had met him seven years before.

A new book—a novel—had just come out. The town was ringing with the praises of the author, who still signed his initials to his works, but whose name and family were known to everybody. Still I had great difficulty in finding him; and I only succeeded, at last, by applying to the publisher of his last work, and even he was unwilling to give me the information I sought, until I had satisfied him of our former schoolboy friendship. Then, indeed, he seemed rather desirous that I should visit the author.

"You will find him sadly changed," said the bookseller. "I hope a visit from an old friend may do him good; but I am afraid, poor fellow! that his days are numbered."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, greatly shocked; "is he really so ill?"

"In the last stages of consumption, I fear," replied the bookseller.

"George Herbert in a consumption?" I cried. "I never should have suspected such a thing. His constitution appeared to be of iron, and he had no vicious habits. By the way, is he married?"

"It would have been a happy thing for him had he married five years ago," replied the bookseller. "No, sir, he is not married."

"What has brought him to the unhappy condition in which you describe him to be?" I asked.

The bookseller shook his head mysteriously, but made no reply. He appeared desirous that I should leave the shop, and having written down the address he had given me in my note book, I wished him good-day and then stepped into the street.

I could not understand it. The address which had been given me was to a poorer quarter of the same poor and plebeian parish. Yet George must, I felt assured, have made large sums of money by his works. What could be the matter? Had he fallen into low habits? Become a gambler or a drunkard? It seemed scarcely credible that the high-minded and refined George Herbert could have fallen so low!

With sad misgivings I traced out his abode. It was a small but decent house in a poor street, in one of the most densely populated districts of the parish of Chelsea. The woman of the house seemed to be disinclined to admit me, until I had answered a number of strange questions, and satisfied her that I was really a friend, and intended her lodger—whom she appeared deeply to sympathize with—no harm. Even when, at last, she directed me to his room, she still appeared to regard me with suspicion, and when I reached the landing on the upper story, I saw her standing listening at the foot of the stairs.

Notwithstanding my forebodings, I was ill-prepared to encounter that which met my eyes when I entered the room, which I did after knocking thereat with my knuckles at the door. George had either been asleep, or was dreaming awake, for he had not heard me, and when the noise of my footsteps on the floor of the room attracted his attention, he started from his chair with a half wild look of alarm.

The room was clean, but scantily and very poorly furnished, and so small, that the bed, a chair, and the table at which he sat, completely filled it. The table was covered with manuscript, scratched, blotted and torn, until it was for the most part illegible, and the floor beneath the table was littered with it.

But all my attention was directed to the inmate of the apartment. Had I met him in the street I should not have known him. Death was plainly stamped upon his pallid countenance. Although still quite a young man, his fine, curling brown hair, of which he had once been so justly proud, had almost all fallen out. His full, broad forehead looked unnaturally large in consequence, and in comparison with the thin, shrunken features of his face and his hollow cheeks. His dark eyes looked black as jet and singularly large, while they gleamed with a fiery, passionate light, which almost looked like the fire of insanity. His well-formed head, naturally so beautifully set on his once full, round throat, was sunken on his breast. His broad shoulders were bent, and his full chest sunken, while his fair skin looked yellow as parchment, and the blue, knotted veins showed beneath it like whipcord. The few hairs that still remained to him, as well as his whiskers, were strewn with gray.

"Why, George, my poor fellow, what means this?" I asked, advancing towards him, and taking his thin, cold hand in mine.

He recognized me then, and a deep, crimson blush suffused his sallow skin, covering his neck, cheeks and brow with the same burning hue of shame. He made no reply, but let his hand lie passively in mine. Then he essayed to rise, as if to offer me his chair, the only one the room contained, but I refused him with a shake of the head, and took my seat on the edge of the narrow pallet.

"Why," said I, assuming an appearance of cheerfulness, "is this the popular author with whose fame the world is ringing? whose name is spoken of in India with love and admiration as earnest and strong as it is here? When were you taken ill? You are working too hard, George. You are killing yourself. Throw away that pen. You are writing *now*. This is madness."

I tried to take the pen from his hand, for I was really vexed.

"I am writing for bread!" he muttered, in an unearthly tone of voice, which seemed to whistle as it came up deep from his hollow chest. "Yes, for *bread!*"—and he fairly hissed forth the last word—"and I *can't* write. I am growing mad. See here."

He pointed to the pile of manuscript sheets on the table, on the floor, to the still smoldering folios that sparkled in the embers of the grate, where he had thrown them to burn.

"I *can't* write. All that is the work of the last twenty-four hours, during which I have only dozed for a few minutes in my chair, and it is all useless—all nonsense!" He laughed almost fiendishly as he continued; "If they saw *that* they would send me to the madhouse, where I sometimes think I ought to be. Such thoughts come into my brain, and I jot them down. I can't help it. I am possessed with a legion of devils."

I carelessly took up a page of manuscript and endeavored to decipher it, and with much difficulty I partially succeeded. I threw it down, shuddering as I did so. He who wrote it, I thought, must be possessed with devils.

"It is a comic poem they want me to write," he screeched rather than spoke. "They bid me write *com-dy* in—"

A fit of coughing came on, during which I feared he would suffocate; and when it ceased he vomited blood, and sank back utterly exhausted in his chair. Again I repeat, I knew not what to say; how to act! I could not understand this poverty—this more than poverty—this destitution!

"Surely, George," I ventured at length to say, "you cannot be really suffering such want as you appear to be? I have heard that you received such large sums of money for your writings. How is it? Tell me. Can I relieve you? Can I assist you in any way?"

"No!" he shrieked, savagely. "No, if you had the wealth of a Jew *she* would swallow it up. Why should *you* trouble yourself about *me*? Go away. Who told you to come here? I don't want to see you."

I am not a coward; still, had I not perceived the utter physical as well as mental prostration of the wreck of glorious manhood and intellect before me, I should have felt alarmed for my personal safety. I endeavored to soothe him, spoke of old times, of our former friendship, of our schoolboy days, of my long absence in distant lands, and of the pleasure that I had anticipated in meeting one, as a friend, whose praises filled the mouths of strangers at the antipodes. I partially succeeded.

"*Do* they thus speak of me?" he said. "I have been told so. I have read so. The fools! the liars! What do *they* know? If they were here they would point at me the finger of scorn. *I*, the poet, the novelist, the essayist, the reviewer! Pah! They mock me; *you* mock! The world is all mockery! ha! ha! ha!"

He fell back in his chair and foamed at the mouth, while he uttered from time to time unearthly shrieks. I wanted to summon assistance, yet I dared not to leave him. I deeply regretted that I had called upon him, for I felt that it was my presence that had caused all this frenzied excitement, and I feared that he would die with me alone near him. Presently, however, he grew more composed.

"Forgive me, W——," he said. "I am mad sometimes, I know. It was kind of you to call upon me. What was it that you were saying? Ha! I remember; of fame, of *my* fame abroad. Yes, it might have been so. If it had not been for *her*. She fiend that she is, and yet I cannot destroy her. If I were to throw this into the flames, she would perish as it burnt and withered away. Ten times an hour I am urged by devils to do so, yet I dare not; no, I *dare* not."

He grasped a miniature that hung suspended from his neck by a narrow ribbon, and was hidden in his bosom, and as he spoke, his eyes glared so savagely, and his muscles worked so strangely, that I feared a return of his former paroxysm. I wished to see the portrait, but I dared not ask him to show it to me. He sat silent for a few minutes, biting his lips till the blood started; then suddenly assuming an appearance of intense earnestness, he hissed out through his teeth in a low whisper:

"*Hist! hist! hush!* I must write. They will be coming for copy soon. They want this to speak before the curtain rises to-night, and *I* want the money for it. Where is all the money gone? *She* swallows it all—gold, red, gleaming, hissing, red hot, molten gold, and I can't make it fast enough. I must *write, write, write,* till my head splits and my brain is on fire, and then I shall go mad—mad. *I am mad.* Hip, hip, hurrah!" And feeble as he was, he rose from his chair, threw some of the scribbled paper into the fire, and then snatching it forth, threw it on the floor. Another moment, and the house would have been on fire, and he would have perished in the flames. I had great difficulty in extinguishing them, while the madman, for he was now a raving maniac, danced wildly on the floor, until he overset the table and chair, and at length he fell prostrate, almost breathless, on the bed.

I felt it absolutely necessary to call for assistance now. The landlady came up stairs looking dreadfully frightened. I explained briefly what had occurred, and desired her to send immediately for assistance to convey the poor unfortunate to a place of security, for I feared to let him remain by himself throughout the night; indeed, I did not think he would live till morning.

"I feared as much, sir," said the trembling woman. "Poor gentleman! It is some love affair, this, sir, with some wicked woman. I have heard something of it, but I don't know exactly the rights. He's been getting worse every day, and he wouldn't see the doctor. He was afraid of bailiffs coming to carry him to prison, and I've heard say as he was once a rich gentleman and a great writer—"

The poor, well meaning woman would have talked on for an hour had I not interrupted her; but she knew little more than I, and I feared my poor friend would recover from his prostration and be seized with another fit, which might prove fatal, or during which he might do himself or me some grievous bodily harm. So I bade her hasten for a doctor, and describe to him the actual condition of the sufferer.

She was absent nearly half an hour, during which space George Herbert lay breathing softly and quietly, until, at last, he fell asleep, and he was sleeping soundly when the physician, accompanied by his assistant, entered the room. I explained to him the condition of the patient, and described his recent paroxysm and the fit of delirium which had reduced him to his present prostrate condition.

The doctor had previously visited him, and had anticipated this result. He felt the poor fellow's pulse. It beat so feebly that he said it was doubtful if he would ever revive. We remained with him throughout the night, for it was dark when I had first called, and it was now growing late. He slept pretty soundly till near daylight, his rest being only disturbed by occasional convulsive movements of the limbs, and difficulty of breathing. Towards morning he awoke calm and quiet, but his reason had forever flown. He attempted no violence; indeed, his system was now completely prostrated, and he was unable to move a limb. His mind wandered. He spoke calmly of the days of his boyhood at Rugby school; of his former playmates; of his happy home at Herbert Manor; of the loss of fortune and friends, and the triumph of genius. Then he spoke of the great sorrow of his life; of that which had blighted his prospects, blasted his hopes, and brought him to ruin, for aught we could tell, to shame and disgrace; for we could not understand his strange rambling *then*. *I* understood it afterwards—when he was gone.

There was a strange mingling, as it seemed, of happy and unhappy love. He spoke in terms of endearment, as if he were addressing a young and gentle girl; and then, in a burst of fiery passion, to one whom he alternately appealed to in terms of fond affection, and then accused as a beautiful demon to whom he had sold his soul. He even fancied himself face to face with her in the gulf of fiery torment, and accused her of dragging him from the gates of heaven to the depths of hell; but in his more lucid moments his fancies ever reverted to the loving, gentle girl, whose devotion he accused himself of having betrayed.

He was removed to the hospital, where he lingered in a state of unconsciousness for several days, and where he died, suddenly, on the eighth day after his removal, from the bursting of a blood-vessel during a fit of coughing.

I accused myself of having been the innocent cause of hastening his death by my ill-timed visit; but the doctor assured me that I had but hastened the paroxysm by a few hours; the long, latent insanity in his blood must have made itself manifest sooner or later. He was buried at the expense of his most intimate friends. The funeral was quiet, and few knew of his death until long afterwards.

On the very day on which he was buried, the newspapers announced another of the numerous editions of his last novel, and the editors were loud in its praise. That very day, one of the quarterly reviews contained an article of several pages in length, eulogizing the work, and promising both wealth and fame to the gifted author!

I saw him in his coffin, and I saw the miniature which he had guarded with such jealous care. It was the portrait of a woman, apparently older than himself, beautiful, certainly, yet not remarkably beautiful; but there was an indefinable fascination in the glance of her eyes, the expression of her features, which compelled me to gaze upon it, as it were, against my will; a strange, weird fascination that had something terrible in it. I knew afterwards who she was, and once I saw her, and shuddered as I gazed upon her, as I would have shuddered had I seen a beautiful fury from the bottomless pit—a she demon!

And I saw, some time after, in a country village churchyard, a few miles from London, a plain white tombstone, on which was inscribed simply the word "Annie," and I knew who she was whose remains lay beneath. I heard poor George's story. It was soon told; his generous heart proved his ruin.

He had fallen in love, shortly after I had sailed on my second cruise, and just when he was rising into fame, with the lovely and only daughter of the curate of the village nearest to his late father's country seat—Herbert Manor. His love was reciprocated, and the handsome pair—for a handsome pair they truly were—had plighted their vows of love and truth, and had even agreed upon a day when they should be united in wedlock; when George was solicited by Mrs. B——, a widow and an actress of great personal beauty, to use his influence in her be-

half with the manager of one of the leading theatres of the metropolis. He consented, and did as he was requested, but he was too late. There was no vacancy for her. He called at her lodgings to tell her of his ill success, and found her in tears—in the direst poverty. Extravagance, since the period of her husband's death, might have led to this. It was said it had done so. That was no matter. George saw her distress, pitied and relieved it.

The widow was grateful, at least she appeared to be grateful; but she had two young children to provide for. The theatres were dull; she could procure no engagement anywhere, and her calls upon her generous young benefactor—she was five years older than he—were frequent, and always promptly answered. Some busybody secretly informed Annie L—— that Mrs. —— and George were keeping up a correspondence, and that the latter had promised to marry the actress. The simple, innocent country girl refused to believe the story, but the busybody brought proof of George's frequent visits to the house of the widow. Annie was a fragile, delicate flower—she made no complaint; but she took, as she thought, her lover's falsehood so much to heart, that she sickened and died. George did not hear of Annie's sickness until it was too late to avail her. He had not for a moment been unfaithful, and he hastened to her and told her so. He only reached her father's house to see her smile her satisfaction; to hear her whisper in his ear that since she could not be his bride on earth, they would meet in heaven, and then to see her die.

George was overwhelmed with grief. The widow heard of this sad affair, and hastened to comfort him, hypocritically blaming herself as being the innocent cause of poor Annie's death. At first George could not endure the sight of her; but she continued to visit him, and to affect to sympathize with him. By degrees she so worked upon his feelings, that he not only believed in her sincerity, but, unwittingly, as it were, began to regard her with affection, which soon ripened into passionate love—into almost adoration.

The actress had now gained her end. So well she plied her singular powers of fascination, that she induced him to pay various heavy debts that she had incurred, and promised to become his wife and console him for the loss of Annie. At length he fell completely into her toils. Step by step she led him on, until he became answerable for debts so large in amount, that with all his success he was unable to pay them. His property was seized; the profits of his books were appropriated by the widowed actress's creditors, and still he blindly allowed himself to be more and more deeply ensnared. At length he found himself a ruined man; ruined by the woman he had served in the first instance, and afterwards so passionately loved. He loved her blindly, madly still!

He went to her at the green room of the theatre, for he had, at last, succeeded, by dint of great effort, in procuring her a lucrative engagement. He told her how he was situated, urged her to fulfil her promise to marry him, and advised that they should strive to be more economical in future, at least for a little while, and all would be well.

"What!" cried the false traitress, "*I* marry a beggar? a pauper? No, no. Go, sir, and seek some fool of your own condition. I am otherwise engaged."

Even at that moment, she had another, richer victim in her toils. Not satisfied with this unfeeling treatment of one who had done so much for her, she sought to blacken the young author's character in the eyes of Annie's father and friends. The broken-hearted father accused him of being the murderer of his child.

This, and the knowledge that Mrs. B—— had openly avowed her intention to marry a certain wealthy baronet whom she had succeeded in captivating, and her open derision of her young benefactor, together with the blight that had temporarily fallen upon his literary prospects, proved too much for the sensitive mind of George Herbert. He fell into bad habits, was tempted to drink to excess one night—one night only—for he was strictly temperate in his habits. A fever was the consequence, from which he recovered only to fall into a rapid consumption. His creditors—the faithless widow's creditors—dunned him constantly, although he had not only given up all, but had pledged himself to years of future labor in their behalf. His enfeebled frame could bear this no longer, and symptoms of insanity appeared. He wrote constantly night and day, scarcely taking any rest; but his writings were useless. They were the outpourings of a diseased intellect. He had removed to the humble lodgings in which I had found him, still cherishing the miniature of the woman who had proved his ruin!

The reader knows the rest. I have only to add that it became known that this woman could count her victims by the score, males and females, men younger and older than herself, women young and innocent, whose hearts, like the heart of Annie, she had broken; but none of them had been so susceptible as the gifted and youthful George Herbert. He alone had suffered with death.

This is no tale of fiction. I have not given the real names of the parties of whom I have written, for all have friends still living, who would not like to be paraded before the public. But the widowed actress, Mrs. ——, as many persons will recollect, hurried to insanity and to a premature grave, a young man, who, had he lived, bade fair to have acquired literary distinction second to no author now in existence, and who was as much loved and admired for his amiable character and handsome person, as he was respected for his intellectual ability.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE EXILE'S SISTER.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

MANY years ago, for my hair is gray now, and it was bright brown then, I spent a summer at Newport. All the winter I had been very ill, and when summer came was so pale and weak that change of air was ordered me. My aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson, and their two pretty, fashionable daughters Alice and Louise were going to Newport, and my good parents insisted upon my accompanying them. I didn't wish to go at all, really dreaded the idea of a few months spent at a fashionable watering-place; but seeing that my father and mother had set their hearts upon having me go, I hid my objections and went. The first few days were pleasant enough, for the scenes had all the charm of novelty. My cousins, Alice and Louise, were very handsome, dashing girls, lively and good-natured, and very soon became the reigning belles. With their life they appeared content, never appearing to weary of the continual calls of fashion, the endless round of gaiety and show. They dressed four times a day, and danced half the nights, and yet never appeared weary—were always ready for a ride or walk.

After the novelty wore off, and it soon did, I wearied of this life, and longed for my father's quiet, well-stocked library and my music and painting. I was small, pretty, accomplished, and always richly and tastefully dressed, and gifted with more than ordinary conversational powers, and at first was much sought after. I do not blush to write these encomiums about myself, for I am old and gray-haired now, and the day of my beauty, like my youth, has passed away. If I seem egotistical and vain, I throw myself upon your generosity, dear reader.

The attentions of the empty-headed, fashionable beaux annoyed me, and the senseless twaddle about *this* fine dancer and *that* good singer, young Knowbrains' span of white pacers, Charley Flitie's great black trotting horse and new buggy, Colonel Hardnutt's superb crimson-lined barouche and long-tailed bays, Mrs. Langley's real point lace berthe, and Mrs. Mercury's ninety dresses, etc., which I heard carelessly commented upon by the young ladies of my own age, sickened me and tired my patience out; so wrapping myself in a cloak of the most impenetrable reserve, I treated all advances so coldly that I soon had the satisfaction of being left undisturbed, to come and go as I pleased.

I do not mean to say that *all* the gentlemen were brainless and the ladies silly, but there was a fair proportion of such at the hotel. I was called odd, old-maidish and blue, and some went so far as to call me misanthropical, and others even to hint at insanity; but I cared very little for the opinion of the crowd, and often laughed with my cousins at the remarks made upon me. We three, Alice, Louise and myself, agreed perfectly, and my uncle and aunt, who had at first remonstrated with me upon my retiring habits, when they saw that I really improved in health, that the color came back to my cheeks, let me do as I pleased, only striving to be kind as possible.

One morning my cousins, beautiful and fresh as roses, though they had danced half the previous night, burst into my room. I was sitting by the window reading. Louise perched herself in the window, and Alice curled herself on the floor beside me. Alice pulled my book away and bade me listen with both ears.

"You dear little mole, if you will not come out into the world to hear the news that is stirring, we must bring it to you. There is another arrival!"

"Some rattle pated youth, I suppose, with more money than brains, who drives a span of grays before a dashing curricle," I said, striving to recover my book.

"No such thing, Maggie!" burst forth Louise. "It's a more exciting arrival than that, though to be sure I shouldn't turn up my aristocratic nose at such a new comer, for positively I've ridden behind and on all the horses anywheres round, and find them tame. A new pair would come very acceptable. But to real business, Maggie, a real—"

"Count?"

"No, you torment! better than that—a real exile! O, such a handsome, distingue man!"

If I had any weakness then it was for exiles, so I seemed as I *was*, interested.

"Isn't that an event worth hearing about, you little nun?"

"Tell me all you know about this famous exile this very minute, or I shall die of curiosity," I said, laughing.

"Don't you wish to read?" questioned Alice, maliciously; then went on: "Last night, as we were flirting on the piazza, a close, aristocratic-looking carriage, drawn by a span of switch-tailed horses, rolled up to the door, and the coachman, springing from the box, opened the door, and out stepped a young man—a regular Apollo. As soon as his feet touched the ground, he turned and assisted a lady dressed in deep mourning to alight. I learned this morning that it was Colonel Pulski and his sister, Polish exiles."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"All! Why, you cormorant! Isn't that enough to set us all on wires? Only reflect, Maggie, a real Polish exile, maybe even a nobleman, in our very midst! But come, Louise," laughed Alice, "not even our exile can rouse our nun to worldly excitement, and we may as well go and dress for the promenade, where we shall undoubtedly meet the handsome Pole, and it is necessary to look as charmingly as possible. Farewell."

So laughed the merry, wild girls, and left me to my book—Vivian Grey. Somehow, when they had gone, the book was not so interesting as before, and I found one word would dance all over the pages and through my brain, and that word was—exile! Finally I scolded myself out of the nonsense, and read steadily on, and by the time the gong sounded for dinner, I was completely oblivious of the existence of any such persons as Colonel Pulski and sister. Just as I was taking my seat at the table, Alice nudged me and whispered:

"There they come now, Maggie; they are just behind fat Mrs. Plummett."

I raised my eyes, and was so fascinated that I could scarcely withdraw my gaze. Coming across the room, I saw a handsome man, about thirty, on whose arm leaned the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. It was the lady who fascinated me. Tall and graceful, the figure was draped in deep black, which only served to enhance the lovely, wan face. The eyes were deep violet blue, and from their depths shone deep sadness, and the exquisite mouth expressed a sorrow all too deep for words or sighs. The hair was a golden brown, wavy and soft. I bent my eyes upon the plate before me, and was fast losing myself in thought, when Louise trod on my foot under the table, and whispered:

"Don't look now, Maggie, but the colonel and his sister are taking their places nearly opposite us. They have taken the chairs vacated by that odious Mr. and Mrs. Bumpum."

This announcement filled me with a certain kind of joy, because I felt that an occasional, careless glance would bring me that pale, beautiful face. All that dinner time I thought only of that face, and longed to hear the voice. When the dessert was brought on I heard Mademoiselle Pulski's voice, and it completed the charm. I went from that room thinking only of the deep blue eyes and musical voice of the young Polish lady.

Weeks passed, and we had become well acquainted with Colonel Alexander Pulski and his sister Julia, who proved to be intelligent, refined, sensible and talented people. Julia seemed to shun all society but mine. The better I became acquainted with Julia, the more I was struck with her wondrous beauty and varied talents, yet oppressed ever by the deep sadness which hung over her. One thing in particular I noticed as very singular; it was this. A ball seemed to possess a horrible kind of fascination for her. From the little "hope" she seemed to shrink, yet I often found her lingering near the door of the ball room. At such times she was always deadly pale and cold as marble, while her eyes seemed fairly black with intensity of feeling. I have often shuddered as I encountered her gaze, and felt the touch of her ice-cold hand. She would watch the dancing awhile, then suddenly, while she perceptibly shuddered from head to foot, turn away and seek her room. The next day she would seem as calm as usual. Again and again I noticed this strange behaviour, and tried in vain to solve the mystery. At last I came to the conclusion she was under some fatal vow. That seemed to be more romantic and in keeping with her situation than the idea which I was half inclined to cherish, of her being partially insane.

One evening all the company were assembled on or near the piazza to witness the exhibition of some fireworks. It was a glorious, warm, moonless night, but the stars were brilliant, and the waters of the bay heaved and sparkled in the light. The company were grouped about; some flirting, others dreaming, and yet again, others neither flirting nor dreaming, but idly talking, under which head Colonel Alexander Pulski, his sister, Louise Donaldson and myself could be counted. Alice and Fred Skympole were carrying on a desperate flirtation in the walk just beneath us. We four were idly talking of this, that and the other. Louise was the life of the whole party; no, not only Louise, for Julia Pulski followed in her lead, and was more fascinating, merry and witty than I had ever seen her. Colonel Pulski said but little, but appeared amused. I, alone, was low-spirited. That morning I had awakened to a new and apparently hopeless life. With the rising sun had come the conviction that I had acted like a fool, that I had given the love of my heart to the grave, young Polish soldier. I felt the absurdity of my conduct, and it was that thought that made me feel dull and sad. In the midst of our conversation a loud report rent the air, startling nearly everybody. It was the report of the cannon fired as a signal for the fireworks to commence. At the sudden explosion Julia Pulski turned as pale as death, uttered one long, heart-rending shriek, and fainted. Instantly the colonel raised her in his strong arms and bore her to her chamber. I offered my assistance, but he gently declined all aid, and said in a low voice as he passed me:

"Be so kind, Miss Warner, to turn all attention from my sister."

I did my best, and Louise aided me by saying, merrily: "How provoking and silly of Julia Pulski to faint in the first start. She has just upset all my arrangements by her weakness, for I intended to have fainted myself when the last grand explosion came, and obliged that handsome, impassable colonel to carry me out."

This lively, wild sally from my pretty cousin helped along amazingly, and in a very few minutes the company were watching the brilliant wheels and rockets of blue, green and red flame. I looked at the fireworks, but listened for the return of the colonel. Pretty soon I heard his step and knew that he stood behind me.

"How is your sister now?" I asked, quietly, without turning my head.

"Better, thank you. But, Miss Warner, how did you know I was near you?"

"I heard your step.'

"You must have sharp ears, for I thought I stepped so softly that none could hear."

"Well, perhaps so, but I heard you."

"Miss Warner, I thank you."

The tone was so grave that I involuntarily turned, and there was that in his face which sent the blood to my cheeks and made me droop my eyes, though I endeavored to say, with an air of surprise and indifference: "For what do you thank me?"

"I can't say. But a truce to this. I have not yet done my duty. Julia bade me say that when the fireworks were over, she would like to speak to you."

"May I not go now? I do not care anything for this show."

"If you wish, certainly." And the colonel offered me his arm and led me to his sister's room. There, I was just laying my hand on the door-handle, when Colonel Pulski stopped me.

"Miss Warner, though it is abrupt, I must tell you that I love you. I do not wish you to answer me now, but I must tell you that I love you as man only can love. I hope for nothing, I, a poor exile; but I could not seal my lips any longer."

This sudden avowal nearly made me faint. As he finished speaking, he opened the door and stood aside to let me pass in. As I passed him, I bent my head and whispered: "Hope everything, for I love you."

Such was the manner our love was declared, and Julia, lying on her couch, suspected nothing of what had passed between the two people who so calmly entered her room.

"I asked you to come, Maggie Warner, because I love you, and because I wish this night to explain what must have appeared to you as strange in my behaviour, to disclose to you some events of my past life. If you have no objections, I would like to have Alexander present, for I may fail in my recital, for what I have to say is very painful."

"Then do not speak on the subject. Let me read to you and cheer you up."

"You are kind, Maggie, but I would rather speak. Shall my brother stay?"

"Certainly!" And I raised my eyes with a glad smile to Alexander's face. How happy I was.

"Three years ago, on my eighteenth birthday, my father, Count Hermann Pulski, gave a splendid ball. All the nobility of Warsaw were present. People said it was the most brilliant affair of the season. I, of course, was very happy, and made doubly so by my betrothal that day to Count Armand Sosinski, whom I loved fondly. The future seemed opening brilliantly before me, and my only drawback was the presence of one Baron Von Kalisch, a discarded suitor, a bold, bad man. All the young nobles and officers were in full uniform, and, as I said to Armand, looking as if ready for a battle rather than a ball. I thought Count Sosinski seemed annoyed by my remark, and should have questioned him wherefore, but just then the band struck up a waltz, and passing his arm round my waist, we were soon whirling round the room with swift, flying feet. In the midst of the most bewildering strains of one of Strauss's waltzes, a deafening report rent the air, and, as if by magic, the hall was deserted. Armand led me to a couch, and imprinting one kiss upon my lips, he too was gone. Terror settled over all. None dared to question, but all looked anxiously at each other. Terror-stricken, speechless we all sat In about fifteen minutes, which seemed like as many days, the doors opened, and back came the gentlemen, looking flushed, excited, and with their uniforms disordered. The first person who entered the room was the Baron Von Kalisch. He came directly towards me. I eagerly questioned him.

"'What was that frightful report that we heard?'

"'The signal.'

"'The signal for what?'

"'O, only for a little skirmish, a little battle,' he answered, coolly, wiping his face with his kerchief.

"'A battle?' I cried; and leant faint and terror-stricken against the wall.

"'Yes, nothing more. We had arranged everything with consummate skill. It was for this that your father gave this grand ball. Did you not notice that many were here, students, under-officers, etc., who would not naturally have been here? No, of course you did not; but nevertheless they were present, and we were all ready. We had a hot, murderous fight.'

"'Armand!' It was the only word I could gasp out.

"Assuming the most fiendishly indifferent air, the baron turned on his heel and calmly surveyed the room; then bent over me as he said, quietly: 'Ah, I had forgotten him. Poor fellow, I do not see him here, so he must be lying dead where we fought in the square.'"

Julia Pulski leaned back upon her couch and murmured: "Alexander, you must tell the end, I cannot."

"Little remains of the sad tale to be told, Miss Warner. While the baron was talking to my sister, a bleeding figure staggered across the room and fell, with his head resting in my sister's lap, dead. It was Armand Sosinski. My father died in that struggle, and we are now alone, for last year my mother rejoined her husband."

Now I could understand the strange behaviour of my poor, sorrow-stricken friend. I thanked her for her confidence, and quietly withdrew, my aching heart and bewildered brain needing to be at rest.

Years have passed since the events just related transpired. I am a happy wife and mother, and though, at the time, many of my fashionable friends said I was caught by a title, the slander caused me little pain, for I knew, and another, too, that my heart was given before I knew the Count Alexander Pulski was other than a colonel. Years have passed, and brought me more than my full share of joy, and some sorrow, too. From my chamber window I see beneath the dark trees a gleaming white cross, which marks the spot where sleeps THE EXILE'S SISTER.

There are folks who would take their smallest wrongs with them into Paradise. Go where they will they carry a travelling-case of injuries.

ALL-SOULS' CHURCH,

CORNER OF FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTIETH STREET, N. Y.

The city of New York has for some years been celebrated for the magnitude, beauty and costliness of its church edifices. They bid fair in time to give it a marked character. The spire of Trinity is a landmark in approaching New York from the bay, just as Boston State House is in approaching our city. One of the most striking edifices in New York is that represented in our engraving, All-Souls' Church, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street. It is unlike any other in the city, and was at first a sad puzzle to those natives who were not versed in architecture, and had never heard of the Byzantine style. The travelled eye, however, instantly recognizes its kindred with those gorgeous fanes in which Christian art has borrowed some of its inspiration from the arabesque splendors of the Orient. Standing before it when the moon is wheeling up in the sky, and carefully excluding all other buildings from your range of vision, you seem to stand in the square of St. Mark, and look to hear the music of the bells and the distant warning cry of the gondolier. The architect of All-Souls' is Mr. Jacob Wrey Mould. The material used in the structure is the cream-colored Caen stone and brick, laid in alternate courses, to produce the stripes noticeable in the engraving, and a favorite though not a commendable feature of the Byzantine style of architecture. The windows are of stained glass, and the light permeating through them produces a fine effect in the interior. The interior rises into a dome like that of the new basilica of Munich. The campanile, or bell-tower, which reminds us of that in the Piazza of St. Mark, is intended to be 285 feet in height, and will cost $40,000. The church and parsonage house were erected at a cost of $170,000. The church belongs to the First Unitarian Society of New York, and its pulpit has always been ably filled. The first pastor was Rev. William Ware, a noble man, a finished scholar, and distinguished in literary annals by his classical novels, in which erudition and fancy were gracefully blended. In 1837 he was succeeded by Dr. Follen, a man of profound learning, brilliant talents, and a gentle, loving nature that drew all hearts towards him. His connection with the society lasted two years, and was suddenly severed by his death in the terrible catastrophe of the burning of the Lexington. Dr. Follen was succeeded by Dr. Henry W. Bellows, the present pastor. Dr. Bellows was born in this city, June 11, 1814, and received his education at Harvard, whence he was graduated in 1832, and where he received the degree of D. D. in 1854. He was ordained as pastor of All-Souls' in 1839. He is a fine scholar, writer and speaker, a man of broad, liberal views, and energetic and fearless in the advocacy of his opinions. His sympathies are bounded by no narrow circle, nor is the respect for him confined to his church or sect. The First Unitarian society of New York has built three churches during its short history of thirty years; the first, of white marble, in Chambers Street, which cost $30,000; the second, of brown stone, in Broadway (now occupied by Dr. Chapin's congregation), and the one represented in our engraving.

ALL-SOULS' CHURCH, CORNER OF FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTIETH ST., NEW YORK.

ORIGIN OF THE BAYONET.

The bayonet is an arm peculiarly French. It was invented, it is said, at Bayonne, in 1641, and employed in 1670 in the regiment of the King's Fusileers. It sensibly modified the system of military art in Europe, as it made cavalry less redoubtable to infantry, and caused the fire of lines of battles to be regarded as the principal means of action. The bayonet has become the decisive arm of combat. According to a local tradition, it was in a small hamlet in the environs of Bayonne that this arm was invented. What led to the invention of it was, that, in a fierce combat between some Basque peasants and some Spanish smugglers, the former having exhausted their ammunition, fastened their long knives to their muskets and by means of the weapon so formed put their enemies to flight. This arm rapidly came into general use in Europe. In 1678, at the time of the peace of Nimeguen, all the French grenadiers had the bayonet, but the socket, which makes the use of it so easy, was not invented until a later period. Bayonets at that time were a sort of dagger, of which the handle was placed in the muzzle of the musket, and of course prevented the musket from being fired. The first battle at which the bayonet was seriously employed was that of Turin, in 1682; but it was not until the battle of Spires, in 1703, that the first charge of the bayonet was executed. After that epoch up to 1792, the bayonet was often employed in combat, but the real value of it was not revealed until the wars of national independence. Then the bayonet really became a French arm.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

PARISIAN THEATRES.

The total receipts of all theatres in Paris, for the year 1858, amounted to about £553,000, showing an increase upon the year 1857 of between £6000 and £7000. In estimating these receipts, however, it should be remembered that Good Friday is the only day throughout the year when the busy machinery of the twenty two playmills of Paris altogether stops, though some of the more important theatres cease during Passion Week. On the other hand, all theatres, whether *subventionnés* or not, pay ten per cent. on the gross profits towards the maintenance of hospitals and other public charities. The managers of secondary theatres are also at a great loss from being obliged to keep their houses open during the summer heats, the expenses at that season often continuing on the usual scale, approaching, perhaps, to £100 per night, while the receipts occasionally scarcely realize £10. Theatrical gains are again, generally speaking, more affected by the weather in Paris than in London. In summer, fine weather draws off numbers of the middle, and even of the upper classes, to the out door amusements; and at all times of the year decided rain affects the profits of those theatres which are attended by audiences, the greater part of whom arrive there on foot. M. Bouffe (not the actor), recently manager of the Vaudeville, when speaking of the weather, used to refer to an imaginary barometer of his own invention, and marked by a money scale. With him it was always, *un temps de* 500 *écus*, or *de* 50 *écus*, according to circumstances. The salaries of dramatic performers at Paris, of all grades, vary from £1200 to £12 a year. Probably two dozen names would include all of both sexes who receive the former sum, except, of course, the great musical performers at the two operas; at which theatres, owing to the large sums paid to the performers, there is often a serious balance against the manager at the end of the year. Confining our attention to the strictly dramatic world, a chosen few of the second grade as to payments receive from 20,000 francs to 18,000 francs; after which would follow a larger number gaining 10,000 francs, 6000 francs, or 5000 francs, *d'appointments*. Lower again in the scale comes a numerous host, who receive but a mere pittance; 1800 francs, or 1200 fracs, being a very usual salary for the performers at the Boulevard de Crime. The number of actresses who receive the larger sums is exceedingly limited; add to which must be reckoned their expenses in dress—that is, in *costume de ville*, which is much more varied and costly than the eternal *pantalon noir* and *cravatte blanche*. All *costumes de ville*—namely, dresses which may be worn in society—are provided by the actresses. Besides the annual salaries, the leaders of the profession receive for each night of their performance what are termed *feus* (fees), varying, according to the class of the performer, from 30 francs to 5 francs a night for actors and actresses; and in many theatres, though not at the Theatre Francais, actors are allowed to play while *en congé*. Ravel, Arnal, Felix, and others, add much to their gains by starring in the provinces, or by acting in foreign countries. The actors of the Francais are not allowed to exhibit elsewhere, unless the whole *troupe* is engaged. The actual state and condition of the theatres of Paris is, generally speaking, far from satisfactory, and contrasts unfavorably with the otherwise forward march of architectural construction. It would seem, perhaps, at first sight, strange that a nation so passionately fond of theatrical entertainments should have neglected improvements in so important a particular; but this is easily accounted for, when we reflect that, under the parental authority of the government, the embellishments of Paris proceed on a general and uniform plan, without special reference to any particular interest. In the work of demolition and reconstruction, the churches alone are respected. The new boulevard shortly to be built from the new barracks at the Chateau d'Eau to the Barriére du Trone, will necessitate the destruction of the entire line of theatres in that quarter; and, whatever may be the difficulties arising from an endeavor to meet the public taste in its various aspects, there can be no doubt that these playhouses, as well as others when occasion may require it, will be rebuilt on improved models.—*New York Tribune.*

SILICIOUS OR ARTIFICIAL STONE.

A peculiar kind of artificial stone has been successfully introduced, of late, which, although perfectly plastic at one stage of the manufacture, is of perfectly uniform composition, entirely free from all shrinking and contortion during the process of kiln-drying, and bears exposure to winter temperatures and a moist atmosphere without any deterioration. This important immunity from so serious an evil it owes to the fact that no part of the material used consists either of lime or clay. It is a silicious or flinty stone, the particles of which it is made up—fine, pure sand—being united together by a fluid, which, after exposure to the kiln, becomes changed into a kind of glass. The chemical fact on which the discovery of this stone is based is the perfect solubility of flint, or any silicious material, when subjected to the actions of caustic alkali—soda or potash—at high temperature in a steam boiler. or in cylinders communicating with such boilers. with a peculiar base, and is technically an acid. On being heated with caustic soda at a high temperature, a thick, jelly-like fluid of pale straw color is formed, which is a hydrated silicate of soda. This, mixed with sand and other material, forms a thick paste, moulded readily into any shape. Exposed to air, it gradually hardens, and put into a kiln, it becomes a solid mass.—*Com. Bulletin.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LAST EVE'S MISSING GUEST.

BY M. T CALDOR.

The lamps were burning brightly,
The fireside snug and warm,
And with hearts that bounded lightly,
We heeded not the storm.

The rain was briskly dripping
Adown the fresh robed trees,
The pearly blossoms stripping
From out the tender leaves.

Like wizard whispers seemed it,
Soft tapping at the pane;
Perchance our vision dreamed it—
That soft voiced summer rain.

We waited, gay and cheerly,
A welcome weekly guest,
Unto us known more dearly
With each new week's behest.

What though without were dreary,
With moaning wind and storm?
"The Guest" would picture clearly
Some landscape bright and warm.

Some famous human study
Would place before our view,
Or in the lamplight ruddy
Some thrilling tale renew.

Such was the glad beguiling
We deemed so very near,
"Ballou's Pictorial" smiling,
Soon, thought we, would appear.

But list the footstep laggard,
That brings the tidings home—
And what bold hopes are staggered
To know no Guest has come.

Ah! how the scene is changing,
How dismal falls the rain;
What lengthened faces ranging
Around the household chain!

Whose was the luckless caper?
We ask in mute dismay;
What kept the dear old paper?
Pray send it on to-day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DOOMED MAN.

BY R. ROLLINS FAY.

"A FINE gintleman—a gintleman's son too, and what is more, discinded from the ould stock of the Lords of Iveleary; I mind they call it in Irish, *Ibh Laoghaire*—that manes the O'Leary's county. It onct belonged to Muskirry."

"A gentleman, I grant you, but not fit for a husband for my sister Ellen," answered his listener, gravely. "The O'Connell blood will mingle with the O'Learys only when the eagle comes down to match with the hawk."

"See what a fine thing it is to be larned, Cousin Dan!" rejoined the first speaker. "Having no edication to spake on, I should niver have thought of comparisonin' me Cousin Ellen wi' a sea-gull; or did ye mane she was the hawk?"

Tim Connell's eyes winked beneath their shaggy brows, and sparkled with a sly glance of pleasure, at the thought of bringing down the dignity upon which his cousin prided himself.

No two branches of any family could be more distinct in their characteristics than that of the two brothers O'Connell, the fathers of the two young men who now sat in the old mansion of Derrynane. This was the residence of the proud descendants of that O'Connell who married the daughter or granddaughter of one of the Irish kings. One of his brothers had degraded himself by wedding the child of a miserable, wandering *spae-wife*, or fortune-teller, and thenceforward a dividing line between the two families was created. Not that they did not recognize each other as relations—that being a sacred duty with all Irishmen; but it was plain enough to be seen that the fortune-teller's side of the house could not walk in the same path with that of the king's daughter.

The two young men were attached to each other, after a certain way of their own. Daniel, the proud son of the proprietor of Derrynane, was fond of the society of his cousin Tim, in all cases of sporting, hunting, fishing, or any outdoor affair, but he did not like to see him come in from the bogs, and spatter the mud over the carpet, to the great detriment of sister Ellen's white dresses. Tim, however, was wholly unaware of this feeling on the part of his genteeler cousin, and continued to meet him at his own home, with the same good-humored ease that distinguished him when they carried rifles, side by side, on their many fowling expeditions, or called to each other from one end of the angling rods. Every commendation, therefore, of Ellen's new suitor stung the pride of the descendant of the kings of Ireland, and Tim's favorite sentence, "me Cousin Ellen," struck on Daniel's ear with a sharp ring, that reminded him that he could not bluff off the relationship, and that young Arthur O'Leary could point to Tim as a proof that he did not aspire greatly above his own level, when he asked for the hand of Ellen O'Connell.

"Sure," continued Tim, to the great disgust of his hearer, "sure, it's meself that wishes that Master Arthur had liked me own sister Kitty. I would never have turned up to him the difference betune the blood of the O'Connells and O'Leary."

It was the first time that Daniel had even smiled since the interview commenced, but this was too much for his gravity, and he indulged in a hearty guffaw, in which good-natured Tim merrily joined without knowing wherefore.

"Never mind, Tim, my good fellow," said the polished tones of Daniel, as he resumed his grave look. "Let us go out upon Derry Moor, and you shall carry home a bag full of ptarmigan to Kitty."

"Sure, I will, Dan!" said Tim, eagerly, "but first I'll look at me cousin Ellen. I've a bit iv a letther for her own eyes to read."

"I will take it to her," answered Daniel, majestically.

"Divil a bit is it! The gintleman tould me to give it into her swate hands, and did ye iver know an O'Connell to lie?" Tim's swaggering air in saying this was wholly irresistible, and Daniel suffered him to send for his sister and deliver his letter, at the same time warning him never to be guilty of the same misdemeanor again.

Ellen O'Connell came at the summons. A pretty, rosy-looking girl she was—her eyes as blue as the "pleasant waters of the river Lee," and her locks of a deep chestnut. Blushingly, she received the missive from Cousin Tim's hand, while she greeted him with a familiarity that shocked her brother, who hurried away as fast as possible.

For an hour or two after they had gone, Ellen sat gazing at the characters written on the paper before her. She could hardly believe herself awake. The letter breathed all kindness and affection, and her heart thrilled at the soft love-words that had dropped from the pen of the ardent and whole-souled writer. But one clause gave her a bitter heartache. It was this:

"Love, I feel that you will be sad, when I tell you what I am about to do; but good will come of it *sometime*. Holding as I do, and God helping me will always, to the faith of the holy church, I can have no opportunity of distinguishing myself in the British army, since their high Protestant pride and haughtiness refuse to enroll Roman Catholics in their lists. But, my own beloved, I will make myself a name *somewhere*, that will force your proud family to acknowledge me as their equal, at least. Much have I desired to become a soldier, and had I not met you, I should have been satisfied to have glory my sole mistress; but since I have known a dearer hope even than glory, I will use that only as a stepping-stone to my higher aim. I go on Monday to other lands, where the weight of an Irish arm and the courage of an Irish heart will be acknowledged of some value. I will earn a right to your hand, Ellen; and you will be true, *I know*. I go to join the Hungarians. Meet me this evening, by the tree where we have so often stood to see the sun rise, when Derrynane was buried in sleep. And with all the rest, keep up faith and courage. I see a bright star that I know will bring me, at last, home to the haven of your loving heart.

ARTHUR O'LEARY."

Her meditations, which were so mixed with sweet and bitter that she could not decide which predominated, were broken in upon by the entrance of a young girl about her own age. Tall and slender, with raven-black hair braided into a broad coronet about her finely-shaped head, a hand which was somewhat darkened by the sun, but perfect in shape and proportions, Catherine O'Connell, the sister of our friend Tim, was the most beautiful girl in all Raleigh—I might have said, in all Cork. Beside her, Ellen's beauty, bright and rosy as it was, seemed tame and dull. What education had done for Ellen, Nature had forestalled in Catherine—"me own sister Kitty," as Tim called her.

The same half intimacy subsisted between the two female cousins that was shared by their brothers; but Catherine was more than Tim's match in refinement and natural grace, while Ellen was free from her brother's haughty pride. She therefore welcomed her cousin affectionately, and asked her to remain with her for several days. Catherine, however, declined, on the plea of her mother's sickness.

"I have come only on the urgent plea of Arthur O'Leary. He beseeches you, through me, to come to the place of meeting three days earlier than the time fixed in the letter. He goes to the continent on Thursday."

Ellen's face flushed deeply. "Methinks," she said, "that Mr. Arthur O'Leary has taken special pains to make everybody acquainted with the fact that he desires a meeting with me. I shall not meet him."

"O don't, Ellen! You do not know why he confided in Tim and me. Your brother Daniel has been seeking to disgrace him in some way, to prevent his becoming a soldier; and he will not see you, lest he should be forced into a quarrel with him. He is determined to avoid him until he is past his malice."

"Is that so, my good Kate? Then I will foil Daniel's intentions. He shall know that I have a courage not to be intimidated, and a faith in Arthur that cannot be shaken. Kate, tell Arthur I will meet him; and will you go with me, so that there need be no chance for Daniel to believe anything against me afterwards?"

Kate promised, and at dark they set out together. Arthur was there. Perhaps the meeting and parting of lovers in their condition have been chronicled so often, that we could not find a single word of their conversation that had not been repeated a million times before—so the reader will please string together all the endearing epithets and sad exclamations that occur to him, and place them in the order most agreeable to himself. We shall be satisfied with any arrangement of a reasonable number of the said materials. Kate considerately turned down a long path, at the close of the interview; and, the night being still, she *did* hear some small sounds resembling fireworks, but no light, nor indeed any great explosion.

What apology can we offer for the gallant soldier, when we say that years intervened between that evening and his return? He did return, and brought home a whole frame and a considerable amount of glory, the Hungarians giving all due credit and reward to Irish courage and prowess. Best of all, he married Ellen—her brother being satisfied that he might now, with justice, aspire to her hand; while Tim was still constant in his lamentations that his sister Kitty had not been the favored one—"jist the wife for a soldier." But Kate had her own plans, and the marriage of his poor cousin with a young surgeon, a very intelligent and worthy young man, made Daniel O'Connell begin to think that her branch of the family was not so contemptible after all. He now treated Tim with more consideration, and at Ellen's wedding there was quite a ceremonial of introduction of the relatives to certain high people.

This wedding took place in 1770, when Arthur was about twenty-three years of age. He settled down as a country gentleman, hired a fine old place in Raleigh—the laws not then permitting Roman Catholics to own real estate—and made a pleasant and beautiful home, where both branches of the O'Connell family were equally recognized and gladly received. The peasantry acknowledged him as a sort of chief, and paid him that unlimited deference which his birth and creed alike drew from them. For two or three years there was no trouble; but it had been gradually engendering in the foolish jealousy of some of the neighbors who were of English blood.

An opportunity occurred to favor the breaking out of a quarrel. One Morris, the owner of some fine horses, lost one of his best in a bet. The winner, unfortunately, was Arthur O'Leary, and the indignation and mortification of Morris were at fever heat. While smarting under the sting of losing a favorite horse, Morris met John Sinclair, an Englishman, who had often felt himself aggrieved by the homage shown by the peasantry to Arthur O'Leary. Morris's red face betokened inward agitation, and Sinclair soon arrived at the cause of it.

"My dear sir!" said Sinclair, blandly, "don't you know that a person of O'Leary's faith cannot keep a horse of more than five pounds in value, according to the present law?"

"I was not aware of that. Are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Very well! My course is taken then. I shall offer him that sum, and secure my horse."

A violent knocking at O'Leary's door, half an hour afterwards, brought the master himself to answer it. It was Morris himself; and his excited state, and the insolent way in which he claimed the animal, drew Ellen to the parlor, trembling and pale. In vain she stood mutely beckoning to Arthur to leave him and come away, he declared that he would not give it up save with his own life.

A warrant was made out before the day was over, and served upon Arthur. He resisted, and the result was that he was declared outlawed. The military were ordered out; and as they neared his residence, they met him and his servants riding on the road, armed to the teeth. Meantime, Ellen was in a half-dying state at home. Once she was on the point of rushing out to find Arthur, but she was withheld by her servants. She was nearly frantic when the sound of pistols was heard; and at that sound she fainted—*mercifully* fainted.

When she awoke from that long swoon, Arthur was lying in the next room, in the long sleep that knows no awakening. From that moment a settled melancholy, almost amounting to insanity, was the portion of the heart-broken widow.

Arthur was buried amidst the ruins of Kilcrea Friary. After his death, a brother who had long been absent chanced to return home. The passionate love which he had for Arthur, was now merged into a revenge that never slept. Unceasingly he kept watch of Morris, until he one evening saw him standing at an open window at his house. The next moment a pistol-shot laid Morris low. Charles O'Leary escaped to America, where he died not many years ago.

THE WYANDOTTE CAVE.

Dr. D. L. Talbot, in an article in the Fort Wayne Times, thus speaks of this cave:—"Wyandotte Cave, one of the most extensive and remarkable in the world, is situated in Crawford county, Indiana, about twenty-five miles below New Albany, on Blue River. The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky has hitherto been designated as the greatest known cave in the world. It may startle your scientific readers to hear me assert the fact that there is one stalagmite alone in Wyandotte Cave more massive than all the stalagmites and stalactites in Mammouth Cave put together. This cave I have surveyed, and mapped a distance of twenty miles in length, and there are numerous avenues. I have never penetrated to their end, although I have visited the cave, for scientific and other purposes, over a dozen different times, spending on one visit four days and nights within its dark-some halls. The Mammoth Cave is distinguished more for its vastness than its beauty; the Wyandotte for its great extent, its mammoth hall, its lofty ceilings, reaching frequently to the height of 267 feet, and especially for its numerous and beautiful natural fountains, which almost continually meet the eye in every direction. A portion of this cave has been known and visited for over forty years. This portion is about three miles in length, and is termed the Old Cave. In 1850, a new door from within the old cave was discovered, which extended the caves united to about twelve miles in extent. In 1853, a still newer discovery of ingress was accidentally made, which has added eight or ten miles thereto, and disclosed a plan of formation more extensive and more beautiful than any heretofore known. This cave contains every kind of formation peculiar to the Mammoth, and other caves, besides some very peculiar and unique formations found only at Wyandotte Cave."

MOORISH LADIES,

AND A "JACK-IN THE-BOX."

To their eyes it was at first only a plain little box; but when I opened the lid, and out flew a a little black, frizzly devil, with horns and a tail, and a scarlet and white mouth, the sensation produced could only be compared to the effect of a spark of fire falling into a barrel of gunpowder. All order was instantaneously lost; they shouted and screamed like maniacs; they pressed close to each other, and huddled together in apparent terror. Had Milton's Satan appeared bodily among them, he could not have been received with more awe than that which was for a short time evoked by the unexpected appearance of my little toy-devil. It is impossible to describe the excessively ludicrous appearance of all these fat women, bedizened with gold and paint, and glittering with costly jewels, endeavoring to press themselves together into the smallest possible space, in order to get out of the way of the object of their terror. It was only after the lapse of a little time, and by degrees, that their agitation calmed down. First one raised her head, and gave a timorous and distrustful glance; then another and another, until several eyes were doubtingly cast upon the toy. But when I held it out to them, that they might examine it closely, a herd of frightened deer could not have started off with more alarm. However, by coaxing and persuasion, they at last ventured to look up with less fear and suspicion. If familiarity did not quite breed contempt, it at least inspired confidence. At last they ventured to touch it, to handle it, to pass it from one to another.—*Life in Morocco.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PACTOLUS.

BY ISA. AMEND KERRIART.

I have dreamed, and in dreams I have wandered
By a mythical river of old,
The beautiful river Pactolus,
That changes its sands into gold.
I stood on its banks when the moonlight
Had met the sun's lingering beam,
And they linked arms and joyously gamboled
On the bright, golden shore of the stream.

And I slept, yet I knew I was sleeping,
And dreamed, though I knew 'twas a dream,
For I saw the bright vision departing,
And wept for the mythical stream.
Then I woke, and the bright sun was throwing
His gold arrows in on my floor,
And a gold breasted robin was singing
A song by my bedroom door.

And it seemed on the flow of its music,
Soft whispers were floating along,
And I reached with my fancy and gathered
These words from the stream of its song:
"Each heart has a beautiful river,
More bright than Pactolus of old,
That flows from a deep hidden fountain,
And turns all it touches to gold."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EDITH DORRANCE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

The life of Edith Dorrance had flowed on in a smooth, almost unvaried stream of quiet happiness. Negative, perhaps, rather than positive happiness; and of a nature hardly exciting enough to a strong, impassioned heart, which might almost yearn for sorrow rather than to endure a continual calm. As it was, she had no choice. That power which we perhaps impiously call Providence, and which we identify in our minds only with chance, laid Edith's path through soft and smiling scenes, avoiding the rocky mountain and the deep river. Her father's wealth enabled him to procure every indulgence which she could ask; and her mother and only brother were equally devoted to her gratification in all reasonable pleasures.

Their residence was just far enough from a populous city to enable them to enjoy all its best attractions; while its retired situation gave them all the advantages of a country life.

Their house had been the ancient family mansion of the Montgarniers, the last heir of which had gone abroad some years before, and left it in charge of an old servant, to be sold. Mr. Dorrance had seen and admired its locality, and lost no time in calling it his own. Here he brought his young bride, and here his two children were born and reared; and here too passed away twenty years of calm repose and cheerful, though, it must be confessed, not very sprightly life. At all events, it was a life of which Frank Dorrance, the brother of Edith, was soon tired, after entering upon manhood; and he earnestly besought his father to allow him some change, if it were only for a brief year.

Reluctantly — for the heart of Mr. Dorrance was bound up in the presence of his children — he permitted him to be absent for a tour to the south of Europe; and it was very near the time of his return.

Edith's life, during her brother's absence, had been even more monotonous than ever before. She had fallen into a state, which, if not absolutely melancholy, was still calculated to excite the deepest anxiety in her parents. Music, painting — everything which she had hitherto loved, seemed distasteful to her now. All occupation was neglected, and she turned from anything like amusement with a feeling like that of absolute disgust.

In this state of things, Mr Dorrance called in an old and highly valued physician, and begged him to prescribe for his daughter. He visited her as if by chance, watched her through a whole day of listlessness, and then gravely wrote a prescription and gave it to the father when alone. Mr. Dorrance glanced at it hastily, and then looked Dr. Wells full in the face. "Trifling with my daughter's health, sir?" The doctor laughed. "Forgive me, my dear friend," he said. "I have written a strange prescription, I know, but the only one that will cure her. It stands thus:

R.—Real trouble, 1 grain.
Employment, quant. suff.

"Depend on it, this is a wholesome remedy for one diseased like Edith. I know of no strong, healthful, or self reliant character — no cheerful or happy temperament, where the surroundings are like hers. You do not give her any object to live for save herself; and we all know by experience how *self* palls and tires, if not mingled with an active benevolence towards others. Give Edith employment; something to do for the poor; give her some sorrow to bear; if not her own, let her take another's trouble. It will hang heavy upon her only until she is herself able to minister to the sorrowing. When that moment comes, her own mind will be at peace, because she has imparted peace to some wounded spirit. Believe me, this is all the medicine Edith needs."

The father mused long upon the doctor's words, and his judgment acknowledged their wisdom. Edith had, he knew, felt too little of the changes which come to all; and some day they would come to her with tenfold weight, because so long delayed. He must keep his bird no longer in the glass case in which he had so carefully enshrined her; but must allow her to come out into the stern battle of life. Such was his resolution, at the very moment that other events were preparing for her, which his love or wisdom could neither foresee nor avert.

It was a mild and genial evening near the latter end of May. The orchard blooms were showering down beauty and fragrance, and the warm, spring air was vocal with the song of birds in the branches, retiring to their newly made nests. In the west, the topaz clouds marked where the sun had gone down in his glory, and left behind him a glory scarcely less resplendent, and far more beautiful than his own. The short, crisp grass was fast assuming the emerald hue of summer, and the tender green of the trees was gradually giving way to a deeper tint.

Edith and her father had just returned from a walk, and were about to join Mrs. Dorrance at the tea table, when the sound of horses' feet broke the quiet stillness of the hour. Frank Dorrance had returned! He was not alone. A young man accompanied him, whom he introduced as his friend Eugene Montgarnier. The name struck familiarly on the ear of Mr. Dorrance, and he remembered well that the property on which he had so long dwelt, once belonged to that name. He welcomed the stranger with every demonstration of hospitality, and was pleased to see Edith's cheek lighted up with a glow which it had not worn for a long time, as the young man was eagerly talking to her of their adventures upon the road. She was all attention, her eyes betraying the interest she felt in the narration. The guest tarried long, enjoying every attention that could be bestowed on him. Still there was something in his manner which did not altogether suit Edith's fastidious taste, educated as it had been to perfect refinement, in the solitary home in which she had been reared. It was not for want of frankness on his part, for, apparently, he was open as day; and his singular brusqueness and sincerity had been the theme of Frank's eulogiums from the time he had arrived. Perhaps it was that it was too conspicuous; that he made a parade of being candid. At any rate, he commented on Edith's faults with a freedom that would have ill become any but a near and dear friend, and excited her anger, from the circumstance of his being a stranger, and not from reluctance to have her faults spoken of. Indeed, his assumed sway over Frank often provoked and annoyed Edith, although her brother would not allow that it was so. The father and mother were of Frank's opinion, and Edith had the mortification of being quite alone in hers.

Worse still, she found that the family were absolutely speculating upon an alliance with Montgarnier, of which she was to be the connecting link; and with the natural repugnance of female pride to having the hand disposed of without consent of the heart, she grew even colder and more distant to their guest.

"Can you not see, dear mother," she exclaimed one day, when his praises had sickened her of even his name, "can you not see how hateful this is becoming to me? How can you join your voice to that of his too partial friends, to make me hate, where I am now simply repugnant?"

Mrs. Dorrance sighed, but promised to leave her undisturbed. Just then, Mr. Dorrance entered, and, in a few words, informed them that proposals had been made him, from Montgarnier, for Edith's hand, and expressed the strongest desire that they should be accepted. In vain she pleaded dislike. Mr. Dorrance was quite imperative in his demands that she should receive his visits, and *try* to like him; and left her to prepare for his reception.

"There is some mystery in this," said Edith to herself, "something which does not meet the ear. I will see him, and it shall not be the fault of my woman's wit, if I do not find it out."

A moment afterward, Eugene Montgarnier, handsome and confident as ever, entered the room where she sat. There was an air of assurance about him, as if he deemed himself irresistible. Could any one resist those dainty locks, those piercing black eyes, and all the artillery of his lady-killing attractions? No thought of defeat came into his brain.

"Your father, Miss Dorrance," he commenced, "has given me leave to ascertain how far I may be successful in winning your affections."

"Do not name it, Mr. Montgarnier. I cannot consent to such a conversation, and beg you to spare me the pain of continuing this interview."

"How! did your treatment of me on the first evening of my arrival, prepare me for an answer like this?"

"I do not know how far my attention to you as a stranger, and the friend of my brother, might have led you to anticipate a more intimate relation; but believe me, the rites of hospitality were not blended with any unusual sentiment for the person receiving it."

"But I have another and more powerful incentive to offer you to become my wife; what I think you will have little difficulty in acknowledging is of some weight. Perhaps you do not know that your father only owes his wealth to my forbearance — that it is in my power at any time to make his claim to this property void, and of no effect."

Edith started, but quickly recovered her composure.

"I trust there are no considerations of a mercenary nature, that would influence either my father or myself, in any decision on principle," she said proudly.

Montgarnier muttered something like a threat between his closed teeth; but she gave no heed to it, and went on. "Nothing can make me change my mind, and therefore it is best to terminate this interview, and our intercourse now and forever."

"I go, then, to tell your father of the destruction you bring upon him," answered her auditor.

Tormented by a thousand conjectures, Edith sat where he left her, musing upon his strange and unwelcome words. She heard the door of her father's study open, and she doubted not that it admitted Montgarnier. Half an hour elapsed, and she saw her father walking slowly, and with a troubled air, toward the stables. Terrified lest he had heard the evil tidings which had been threatened, and was growing desperate, she hastily followed him. He seemed to shrink at her approach, but allowed her to place her arm within his, and walk with him to the bottom of the garden. His face was very pale, and his whole bearing sad and dejected.

"Edith," he said at length, "would it trouble you very much, if you knew that our situation was to be changed at any time, from affluence to poverty?"

"No, father," she answered, "not for myself. I should feel sorry for you and my mother, because you are now too old to begin life anew; but for Frank and myself, I do think it would be a blessing. We have been too much indulged; and I do not see how we can ever develop to any higher character than we have attained, while life is so full of uninterrupted enjoyment."

Mr. Dorrance thought of the doctor's words in regard to Edith; and he felt that the storm might indeed be brewing, which would bring to his child that "real trouble" which had been prescribed as a healthful medicine. He said nothing that Edith could construe into a belief that he *knew* any impending trouble; but she argued something from his questioning, and her imagination did the rest.

She did not wait long in doubt. Seeing her brave and courageous look, Mr. Dorrance told her all. She did not flinch from a single word; but she was surprised at his not speaking of the remedy which their guest had proposed for all this.

"He tells me that he can bring proof that he is the rightful heir to this estate; that his grandfather could not lawfully sell or convey it to any one, and that he can demand the entire rent for the whole term for which I have held it."

"Will it ruin you, dear father?"

"Thank God, no!" said Mr. Dorrance. "Our little farm in Coverdale is our own. Would to heaven we had never left it!"

"Then, why not remove to it at once, and spare us the mortification of being ejected from hence? No one can occupy it until the proofs are established; and surely Mr. Montgarnier will not presume to remain our guest any longer."

"Why, Edith! Do you not love this man?"

"Are you serious, father?"

"Perfectly. He told me that your scruples had all vanished, and that it was only to make you the possessor of this estate, that he wished to bring these proofs; and further added that you knew and approved of his plan."

"Father! it is not possible! You must have misunderstood him. I positively refused him; and then — not till then — did he threaten me with loss of property to you."

Nothing had been permanently fixed on, except the determination to remain quiet until Montgarnier produced his proofs; a measure which he seemed to delay, from some motive or other — and also to delay his departure, although Mr. Dorrance had politely hinted that he would prefer being alone with his family. Frank had begun to think that his friend was after all not so near perfection as he had thought him; and as for Edith, she would not make her appearance.

Mr. Dorrance was walking alone at some distance from the house, late one evening, when he heard Montgarnier's voice in conversation with some one whose tones he could not recognize. In answer to some question asked by his companion, he heard the young man say, "I have had hopes, all along, that the girl would relent, and marry me at once. Then, you know, I should be safe. But *she* does not believe my story, while the father and mother *do*. They believe, good, simple old souls! that I can dispossess them at any time! I only hope that my poor old grandfather wont rise from his grave to prove me a liar—"

A few whispered sentences were unintelligible, but at parting, he heard the words, "never fear; you shall have your share, if I can make these circumstances work together. Be here to-morrow at ten, with your proofs! ha, ha, *proofs!* and we will try our luck. This evening I shall devote to one more attempt to see the daughter. Be prompt and wary."

Mr. Dorrance waited until the footsteps disappeared, and then returned home by a short path. He was seated quietly in his arm chair when Montgarnier returned, with his wife and son near him. They could not prevail on Edith to come down, but gave her a hasty insight into the facts.

"I know not if I ought to spare you, young man, from public disgrace. Forbearance here is not a virtue; for you may more successfully plot other villanies as deep as this."

"Never, Mr. Dorrance. Believe me when I say, that I was not the original plotter of this; and believe me also when I say, that had not my tempter come to me again this evening, I should have given up my share of the conspiracy against your fortune. Spare me — if not for my own sake, spare me for my mother's. Frank, *you* will have pity upon me, when I tell you that the instigator was none other than Du Plessis, the gamester, and that I owe him large sums at play, which he had threatened to expose to my uncle, unless I employed these means to raise the money for his demands."

Occasionally, in my walks through the city, I meet a squalid looking man, with red eyes and shuffling gait, who never looks one directly in the face, but, after skulking about the corners of the public streets, turns aside into a poor, dark court, which corresponds well with his shabby clothes. You would hardly believe this man to be the once handsome and gay Eugene Montgarnier; but truth is stranger than fiction, and, as he is now known by a less imposing name, he is not recognized by those who formerly knew him as such, and the gayest man in Boston.

It was but the other day that a handsome carriage, in which were a lady and some children, was driven rapidly through the street. A man, poor and abject looking, was on the crossing. A sudden check from the driver alone prevented him from being thrown to the ground. The lady looked eagerly out to see if any one was hurt, and resumed her seat without discovering who it was that had so narrowly escaped. *But he knew her!* One could tell that, even if he had not been heard to mutter to himself the name of Dorrance.

"Who was that lady?" I asked of the companion with whom I was walking.

"Mrs. Kingston, of Worcester," he answered. "She was formerly Edith Dorrance, of L——."

"And that man," I said, "was Montgarnier, Of course you remember his history."

"Is it possible? Truly, the way of the transgressor *is* hard!"

BELGIUM.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

AMERICAN CUSTOMS.

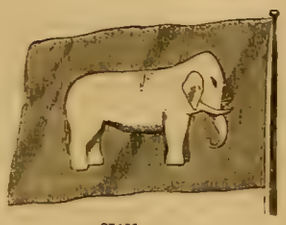
IRELAND.

DOMINICA.

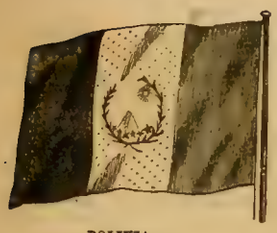
SARDINIA.

CHINA.

COCHIN CHINA.


SIAM.

BIRMAH.

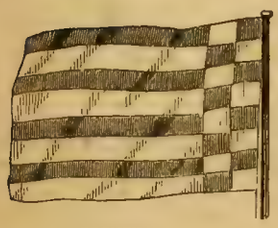

BOLIVIA.

PARAGUAY.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

MEXICO.

SWEDEN.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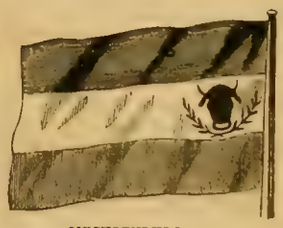
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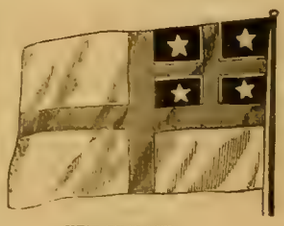
TUNIS.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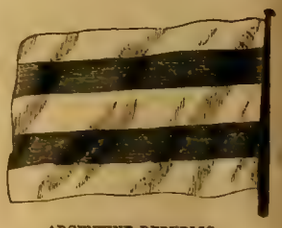
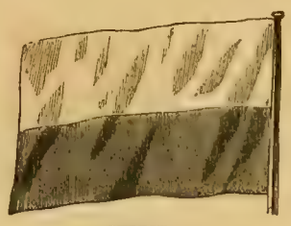

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

HAMBURG.


LUBECK.

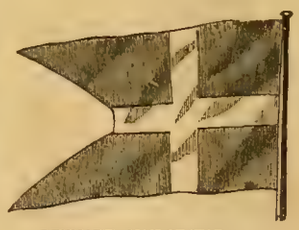
POLAND.

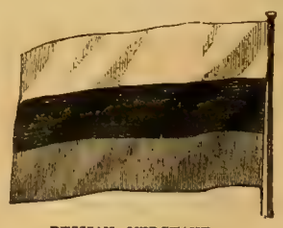
PRUSSIAN, MERCHANT.

PRUSSIAN, MAN-OF-WAR.

URUGUAY.

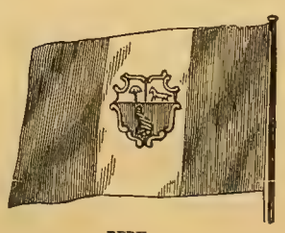
DENMARK, MERCHANT.


DENMARK, MAN-OF-WAR.


RUSSIAN, MERCHANT.

RUSSIAN, MAN-OF-WAR.

BRAZIL.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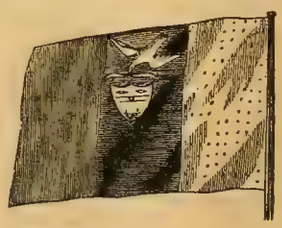
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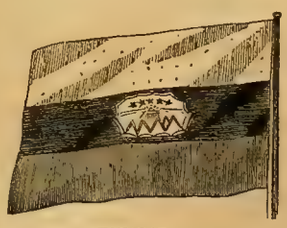
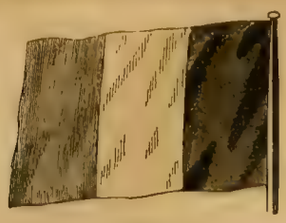

EQUADOR.

VENEZUELA.

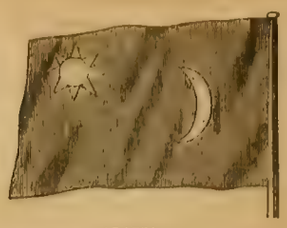
A REPRESENTATION OF

JAPAN.


FRANCE.

ENGLISH UNION JACK.

ENGLISH RED ENSIGN.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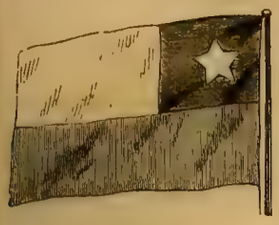
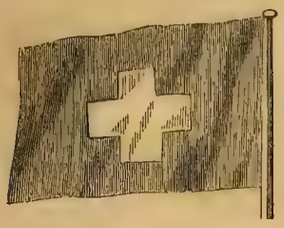

CHILI.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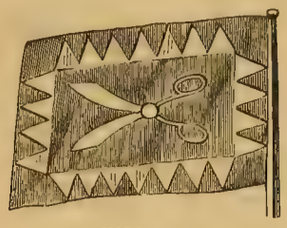
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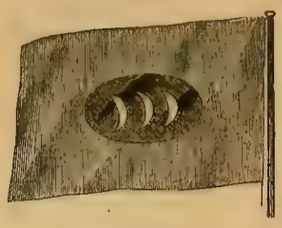
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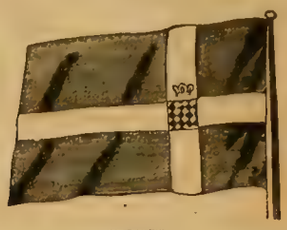
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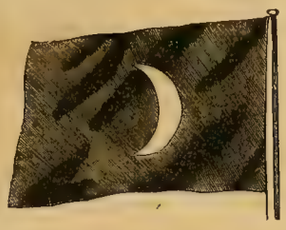
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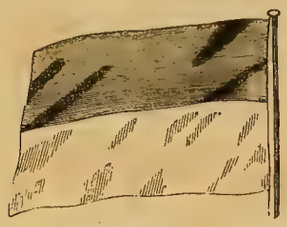
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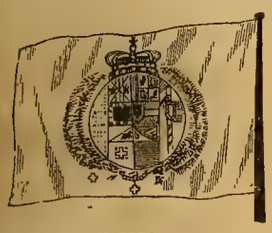
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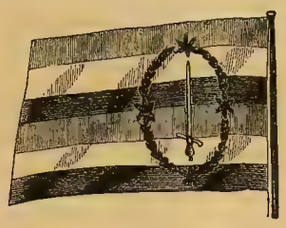
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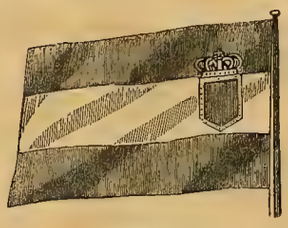
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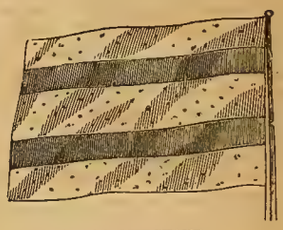
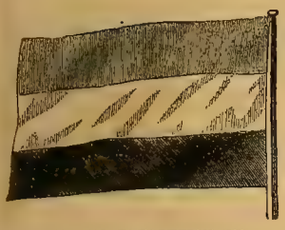
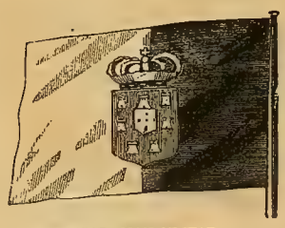

SPAIN, MERCHANT.


HUNGARIAN, REVOLUTIONARY.

ITALIAN, REVOLUTIONARY.

PORTUGAL, MERCHANT.


PORTUGAL, MAN-OF-WAR.

SPAIN, MAN-OF-WAR.

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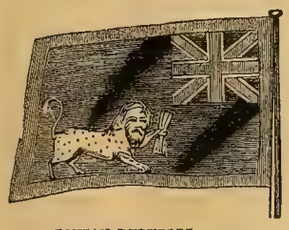
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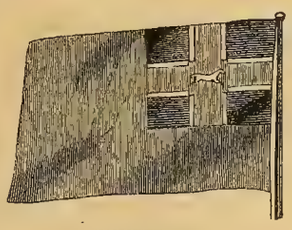
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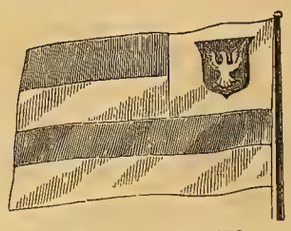
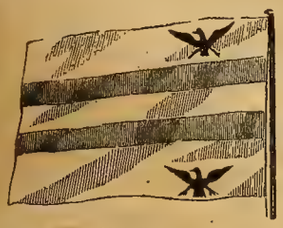

FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.

PAPAL STANDARD.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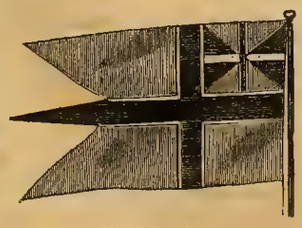
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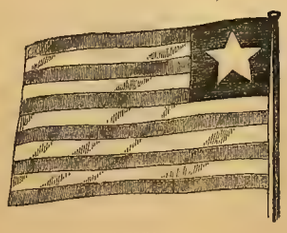
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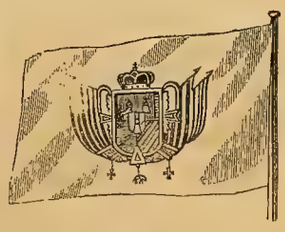
TUSCANY.

PERSIA.

FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.

[For description see page 123.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SMOKING THEM OUT:

— OR, —

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

About the middle of June, 1675, the inhabitants of Lancaster were thrown into an unusual state of alarm by the announcement that King Philip had broken treaty with the whites, and with Sagamore Sam, chief of the Nashaways, and several other inferior sachems, had formed a league to exterminate, if possible, every white settler within the then limited settlement of "ye province" of Massachusetts, and also by the still more startling information that, at the head of some fifteen hundred warriors, Philip, the most intellectual and warlike chieftain of the early Puritan times, was then on his resistless march towards Lancaster, and ere many days might be expected to fall upon the town.

Although they had enjoyed many years' uninterrupted tranquillity, in consequence of the familiarity and friendship of the Nashaways and Nipnets, yet they had not allowed themselves during all this time, to remain idle, and two strong garrisons, or block houses, had been erected in different quarters of the town. One garrison was under the command of the Rev. Mr. Rowlandson, and the other was maintained by Captain Kerley, an experienced officer, who had considerable knowledge of Indian warfare. The news of Philip's approach was brought into the town by Seth Farrar, a little after noon on the 21st of June, and the inhabitants, as before stated, rushed in great alarm to the garrisons; but the Indians, although they were seen hovering on the outskirts of the town just before sunset, made no attack upon them, although the fact of their close proximity to a deadly foe debarred all repose to the occupants of the garrisons through that long night of agonized suspense.

All the next day they waited, but no attack was made, and on the following day the inhabitants returned to the peaceful occupancy of their homes, but on the 22d of August, following, an attack was made, so sudden, that nearly half the inhabitants of the town fell at the first onslaught.

The Indians distributed their forces so as to attack the town in five places at once. Most of the unfortified houses were destroyed, but neither of the garrisons suffered a like fate. Some twenty women and children were carried into captivity, though some of them subsequently returned to the settlements.

In the height of the carnage a foraying party composed of five savages, having penetrated to the house of a settler named John Divol, situated in a hollow among the hills, surprised him in a field some sixty rods from the house, where he was instantly shot and scalped. Mrs. Divol, who had been an eye-witness from the house, of this barbarous spectacle, and being a woman of remarkable courage and nerve, seized two loaded muskets and succeeded in shooting two of the savages and barricading the house before the surviving three could reach her to prevent it. She then loaded the empty muskets and with wonderful adroitness managed to shoot one of the three through a friendly loop-hole.

Determined to revenge their fallen comrades and seeing no possible way of forcing an entrance at the door, they quickly mounted to the roof, which was low, with the intention of descending to the room below by way of the chimney, but Mrs. Divol, who instantly comprehended the object of this move, thrust a large bundle of straw up the flue, and ignited it just as the foremost Indian had commenced his descent. She next seized a hatchet and stood ready to receive him. She was not obliged to wait long, for the smoke and heat of the blazing straw brought him down in a hurry.

On his arrival he was too near dead to offer any serious resistance, and with a couple of well directed blows from her hatchet she succeeded in despatching another of her deadly foes. Seeing the tragical fate of his last surviving companion, the remaining savage leaped from the roof and commenced beating a hasty retreat before the indomitable enemy. But here Mrs. Divol, with characteristic forethought, knowing that if this one succeeded in effecting his escape there was the chance of his bringing others to molest her, unbarred the door, and seizing the other musket which she had previously loaded, but had not discharged till now, took deliberate aim at the retreating foe and shot him dead at the distance of two hundred yards.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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☞ One copy of Ballou's Pictorial, and one copy of The Flag of our Union, together, $3 50 per annum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. C., Salem, Mass.—Capital punishment was long since abolished in Norway.

Inquirer.—The Louisville and Nashville Railroad will be completed by the middle of November.

Student.—"Le Nouveau Faust et la nouvelle Marguerite" was written by Charles Nodier.

"Trader," Concord, N. H.—According to a paragraph in the China Telegraph, the plan for the opening of the nineteen free ports in the Dutch East Indies, which was fixed for June 1st, has undergone serious modification. Owing to protests from the protectionist party in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, the importation of cotton and woolen manufactures is still to be prohibited.

C. C.—Macadamizing was first introduced into England by McAdam, a Scotchman.

Pupil.—The term *lusus na ura* (a sport of nature) is applied to anything unnatural in the physical world.

Reader.—In animals which go into the state of hibernation, the blood ceases to circulate, or circulates very slowly; the pulsations of the arteries are stopped, and, on opening a vein, no blood, or merely a few drops, issues from the orifice.

Voyageur.—During the year 1859, up to June 30, the total number of boats burnt and otherwise lost on the western rivers was seventy-four; flatboats lost, thirty-six. Number of lives lost, three hundred and twenty-seven. Value of boats and cargoes, $1,770,520.

R. C.—James Hillhouse, the author of "Percy's Masque" and "Hadad" died January 5, 1841.

S. S.—A new cable containing six conducting wires was recently laid between Folkestone and Boulogne. It is the largest and strongest cable ever made, its weight being ten tons per mile.

Mrs. C. B., Medford, Mass.—Bristol diamonds or Bristol stones are small and brilliant crystals of quartz found in the neighborhood of Bristol, England.

Typo, Boston.—From official returns it appears that the number of printing-offices in France is but 1037. These employ 9500 compositors, 3000 pressmen, and 900 correctors and overseers. The product of the whole is valued at five millions of dollars.

"Register."—The deficit in the post-office department for the last fiscal year was $4,325,000.

THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY.

Among the many attractions which render a summer sojourn in the city more than tolerable, is the exhibition of paintings and statuary now open in the galleries of the Athenæum, Beacon Street. It is a great privilege to be able to step from the crowded street into the presence of such transcripts of varied nature as greet one on every side upon the well-filled walls of the picture-gallery; to pass a quiet hour there, and to photograph on the sensitive plates of memory images of beauty which will live there while life endures, ready to start forth at a hint, perfect and undimmed. From a few moments passed there the other day, we carried away some most vivid and agreeable impressions; and the hasty examination then made led us to believe that this is the best exhibition we have enjoyed in that locality. In the first place, there is a pleasing dearth of portraits of ladies and gentlemen in fashionable garments, smiling intensely from highly-varnished canvasses, though a few good heads in oils and crayon have been admitted. Wight is represented in this department; Alfred Ordway has one finely colored head; there is a good portrait by Walter M. Brackett; and Rowse, Cheney, Hartwell, and T. M. Johnston, have crayons which will amply repay study.

From the mass of paintings exhibited, we only lingered before those of rare merit. Thus while we paused to refresh our memory with a look at the exquisite "Holy Family," by Page, we turned from his "Birth of Venus." The former is the best, the latter the worst picture he ever painted. Of the *genre* pictures, the best, and it is excellent, is E. Johnson's "Negro Life at the South (191)." This painting has already figured in the New York exhibition, and was much commended by the connoisseurs. Its liveliness, variety and naturalness commend it to every one who has eyes to see, while it has artistic merits which reward a critical study. Are you for a picture on a grander scale, and appealing to deeper emotions? Look at that "Dying Brigand," by E. H. May. It will remind you of the Dying Gladiator. Life is ebbing away from the powerful frame; the cheeks are ashen, and "Death's pale standard is advanced there." The bandit has fired his last shot; his useless musquetoon lies beside him, and now, as the agonies of remorse and dissolution together rack his frame, he is half dragged by his faithful wife, half drags himself, through the crimson dust to the wayside shrine of the Madonna, where he will breathe his last.

But let us turn from this unpleasant subject. The "Wadsworth Oak" (287) is a nice, cool, breezy picture, most delicately touched in by J. F. Kensett, one of our best landscapists, a careful student of nature, to whom she lovingly unveils her beauties. Away to Naples. Here is a grand view of Capri, by A. Bierstadt, a forcibly drawn and finely colored picture. The sweep of the waves, the gleam of the white sunshine on the water, the frowning line of coast and the fantastic rocks, are all admirably rendered and highly effective.

G. H. Hall's "Don Quixotte" is admirable in color, while his large fruit piece (209) is a mass of chromatic splendors, yet perfectly true to nature. S. R. Gifford's "Mansfield Mountain, Vermont," (No. 283,) is a fine specimen of atmospheric effect. You seem to stand with those figures on the stern, splintered ridge, and gaze over through the bright mist that fills the yawning abyss, at the swelling mountain chain that soars up cloud-like into, rather than against the sky. The Roman Campagna, (No. 278,) by W. S. Hazeltine, is a fine painting. W. P. W. Dana has some very clever pictures, the subjects being French landscape and life.

But we must pause for the present. We have written a rambling article about a brief ramble through the gallery, but not in vain, if we induce any one to visit it who would otherwise remain unaware of its very great attractions.

THE DUTTON CHILDREN.

We have several times referred to these interesting girls, who unitedly do not weigh as much as the celebrated Gen. Tom Thumb. Some weeks since we published in the Pictorial their portraits. We notice by our exchanges that at every place they appear, more persons apply than can be admitted; and all, especially the ladies, are delighted with them. The Portland papers state that eight thousand persons visited them there in four days, and many persons went several times and were not able to gain admission; and that in the last day of their levees in that city, fifteen hundred more applied for admission than their large Mechanics' Hall would contain. They are probably the most interesting specimens of humanity on the face of the globe. They are so intelligent, so tiny, so sprightly, so every way interesting in body and mind, that we really feel interested in them, and urge all of our readers to attend at least one of their levees, if they can at any time do so even by riding a few miles. They are under the management of Albert Norton, Esq. Thousands of our readers have already seen them, and know that what we say of them is strictly correct.

Chinese Wit and Wisdom.—When a man seeks advice and wont follow it, the Celestials compare him to "a mole that's continually calling out for the newspaper." A drunkard's nose is said to be "a lighthouse, warning us of the little water that passes underneath." If a man is fond of dabbling in law, they say "he bathes in a sea of sharks." The father who neglects his child is said "to run through life with a wild donkey tied to his pigtail." The young wife of an old man is compared to "the light of a sick bedroom." Their picture of ambition is "a Mandarin trying to catch a comet, by putting salt on its tail." Mock philanthropy is described by one of their greatest poets, as "giving a mermaid a pair of boots."

Aquatic.—There was great excitement in Kansas City lately, on the introduction of a water cart to sprinkle the streets. The boys hurrahed, the newspaper reporters followed it from street to street to see how it worked, and a good hearted old woman ran out to inform the driver that *all his water was wasting.*

Speaking French.—Clapp, of the Gazette, says, and he ought to know, that we have but three actors in the country who pronounce the French language well upon the stage—Mr. Henry Placide, Mr. William Warren and Mr. John Nickinson.

Saratoga.—The Saratoga Springs hotels are now crowded with visitors. There are quite a number of families from the West—Chicago, Milwaukie, St. Louis, and other Western cities, taking the lead for the present.

The fastest Trip.—The new steamer John Brooks has run from Bridgeport to New York in three hours, the quickest water trip ever made between the two places.

East and West.—The Commercial Bulletin says pithily, that sunrise and sunset must be the only boundary of "down East" and "out West."

BOSTON A WATERING-PLACE.

We believe our neighbor of the Advertiser was the first to discover that Boston was a watering-place, and deserving of patronage on that account, and now several of our oldest inhabitants and some of our younger ones have become proselytes to the theory. This is manifest in the increase of boating and yachting. It has been found by experiment that after building some of the fastest crafts in the world, it is not necessary to send them to remote points of the coast, but that they will actually float in Boston Bay and on Charles River. Consequently our *jeunesse dorée* (we don't mean *dory*) is becoming intensely nautical; blue shirts and tarpaulin hats have had a rise, sculls are more in request than during the palmiest days of phrenology, and "catching crabs" is a favorite amusement with amateur oarsmen. All this is very pleasant, and we rejoice that aquatic sports have come into fashion in a city enjoying so many advantages for their pursuit.

HORSE AND MAN.

Some of the quadrupeds in New York fare a great deal better than many of the bipeds in that curious microcosm. The stables on the Fifth Avenue, N. Y., are described as very luxurious affairs—built of brick and freestone, with much architectural display, lighted with gas and supplied with Croton water, with large and roomy stalls. In one, owned by a wealthy banker, lately a foreign minister, are half a dozen splendid coach and saddle horses, a beautiful Shetland pony and a cow, half a dozen dogs, and some Guinea pigs. Everything about the place is kept as neat as a pin, the horses are littered with fine hay, occupy large, airy stalls, and seem highly to appreciate their home comforts. The whole interior of the stable is handsomely painted. In the coach-house are three or four rich, heavy coaches, of European manufacture, and an American phaeton.

An old Visitor.—One of the old *habitues* of Saratoga Springs, now there, is a wealthy planter from Arkansas, named Walworth, who has been blind for several years. He is accompanied by a retinue of servants and attendants. Last year he made his will, and bequeathed some $250,000 for charitable objects; among his other bequests was the sum of $50,000 to the State of New York towards founding a hospital for the blind; if the State should refuse to accept it, it is to go to the State of Michigan, and if not accepted by Michigan, it is to go to Ohio.

The American House, Boston.—This is one of the largest and best hotels in the United States, and a great favorite with the travelling public. The house is kept on a model plan of neatness, order, and liberal elegance. We are gratified to know of its great and continued success. Let our readers, when they visit Boston, give the American House a call. See the advertisement in another column of this paper.

Mrs. Cunningham.—Mrs. Virginia Cunningham, whom we are sorry to lose from the Museum, is engaged for the coming season by DeBar as leading lady of the St. Louis Theatre, and the St. Charles, N. O. Mrs. Cunningham is a beautiful woman and an excellent actress.

Increase of Revenue.—The duties collected at New Orleans on foreign goods during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1859, were $2,103,066 41, against $2,034,554 14 in 1858, showing an increase this year of $68,512 27.

The Ravels.—These Zouaves of the stage are astonishing and delighting the New Yorkers. They are always attractive even when "the times are out of joint." They never did a better business than during the panic of 1857.

Minot's Ledge Lighthouse.—This immense and costly structure will be completely finished next year. It will present the appearance of a huge granite pillar rising out of the ocean, crowned by a brilliant lantern.

The Crops.—The crops are coming in finely; there will be plenty to eat next winter, and, if no European war turns up, the people will be supplied with food at moderate prices.

Edwin Booth.—Some of the New York critics have been attacking this brilliant young actor very savagely—sorry for them.

A SCENE IN A BALL-ROOM.

Speaking of Lola Montez, who is now in London, the other day, to a travelled friend, he related an anecdote of one of her affairs on the continent, which shows that she was sometimes foiled in spite of her audacity. Some years ago she was passing a few days at Baden-Baden, so famed for its miscellaneous company, and the attractions of its gaming-tables, which are farmed out by the duke. Having subscribed for a ticket to a grand ball, she presented herself at the door of the ball-room, dressed splendidly and glittering with diamonds. Glancing at her card, the door-keeper coolly informed her that she could not be admitted. Lola stated that she had subscribed. The door-keeper informed her that her name was not on his check-list, and that it would not have been received on the subscription if she had been better known. He added that the price of her ticket would be restored to her.

This was too much for the fiery temper of Lola, and the unfortunate door-keeper soon measured his length upon the floor, while the triumphant *danseuse* boldly entered the ball-room and took her seat between two German baronesses, creating a prodigious flutter and sensation in the hall. After the lapse of a few moments, a grave-looking gentleman in black approached, and bowing stiffly, said:

"M'lle Lola Montez, I presume? I beg to tell you, madam, that you cannot be permitted to remain in this room. You must retire."

"Sir!" said Lola, starting up, "I shall not leave the room."

"Then, madam, I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of removing you under the escort of a corporal and four men."

"Sir, you have insulted me, and I demand gentlemanly satisfaction. Choose your arm."

"I choose infantry, madam," replied the gentleman in black—"the grenadiers of the line. Know that I am the Bailiff of Baden-Baden, and am authorized to call upon the military. I am going to the barracks now, and if I find you here on my return, I shall have to escort you to the guard-house. Moreover, you have but twenty-four hours to remain in the duchy. If you persist in remaining after that time, the most unpleasant consequences to yourself will follow."

Finding that she had a resolute man to deal with, and doubting her ability to cope with the whole military force of the place, Lola, like a wise general, beat a retreat, and retired from the enemy's territory within the given time.

A Heroine.—Among the wounded at Vercelli was a canteen-woman who received a bullet in the thigh, at the affair of Turbigo. After seeing several of the soldiers falling round her, she seized a musket and joined in the bayonet-charge on the Austrians. This young woman attracted the notice of the emperor. At first it was thought advisable to amputate the wounded limb. "I am not afraid of the operation," said she, "but I wont submit to it; for if I lose my leg, how can I follow my regiment?" She is now getting well, and will probably be able to continue the campaign in a few weeks.

The three Kisses.—Herr Hacklander, the Stuttgard author, says life has three kisses that are crises:—"The first is that which the mother presses on the new-born infant's head; the second that which the newly-wedded bride bestows on your lips; the third that which love or friendship closes your eyes, when your career on earth is ended."

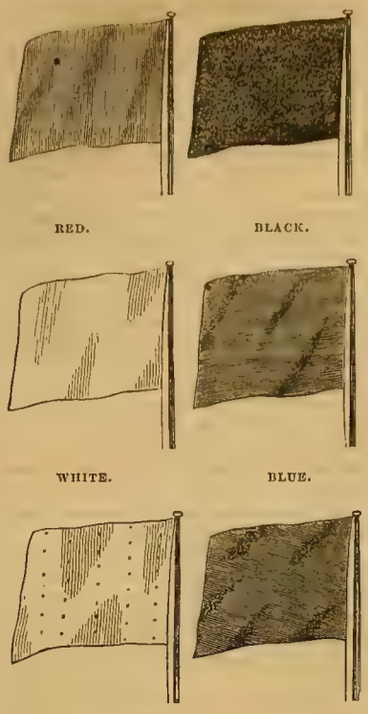
Sock and Buskin.—The buskin was a high-heeled boot used by the Roman and Greek actors to give elevation to the stature. Buskin is used in contradistinction to the sock (*socus*), the flat-soled shoe worn by comedians; hence both terms came to be used to express the tragic and comic drama.

Sweet Business.—Thompson, the great New York confectioner, has retired on a half million. Taylor, near by, pays him $4000 per year for ten years not to let his place for a continuation of the business.

Warlike.—The U. S. government is sending 10,000 muskets from Springfield Armory to California. The guns are soldered up in tin cases inside wooden boxes, to protect them from moisture.

Mr. Choate.—Mr. Choate never used opium. Strong tea was the *steepest* article he ever drunk, and in not over quantities at that.

THE FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.



In obedience to the reiterated requests of numerous regular subscribers, as well as agents, we have placed on pages 120 and 121 of the present number, the elaborate flag map, carefully drawn and engraved for us some years since, our copies containing it having been long ago exhausted by the demand. This sheet is invaluable for reference; and to render it complete, we publish herewith a key to the colors of the flags, these colors being invariably indicated by engravers in the direction of the lines of shading, or by the insertion of dots, as in the accompanying cuts. These flags, as emblems of nationality, are dear to the heart of every people. They are associated with all our peaceful displays and civic and military celebrations, and in time of danger, their display rallies ever brave and stout heart. To an American, the casual sight of the stars and stripes in a foreign land causes a thrill of joy and pride that language can hardly picture, while a thousand glorious historical memories are evoked at the glittering constellation of its union, and the blood-red color that streams athwart its field.

A true Balsam.—Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is truly a balsam and a blessing to invalids. It contains the pure balsamic principle of the Wild Cherry, the balsamic properties of tar and of pine. Its ingredients, which are mingled after the true principle of chemistry, are all balsamic, and therefore it is safe and sure in effect. Coughs, colds, consumption and bronchial troubles disappear under its genial balsamic influence, as though charmed away. Probably no medicine has ever reached to so extended a popularity in this country, or has accomplished so great an amount of good. Buy none unless it has the name of "I. Butts" written on the wrapper.

Ailanthus Trees.—The New Yorkers are complaining of the disgusting and poisonous effluvia of the ailanthus trees, of which large numbers shade their streets. They are called the "Tree of Heaven;" why, only the long-tailed Celestials who invented them only know.

England and France.—Lord Lyndhurst insists that steam has so changed the whole system of naval warfare and of the transport service, that England is in no small danger from her powerful continental neighbor.

Quotations.—Good books are not in everybody's reach; and it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more.

The China Silk Trade.—The export of silk this year to Great Britain is 65,228 bales against 56,434, or an increase of 8794 bales this season. To Marseilles 7859 bales were exported.

Wayside Gatherings.

The population of Texas, as given by the late census, shows a total of 458,620.

A fast mule is owned in St. Louis that can make his mile in 3.30, and fifty miles in five hours.

It is a singular fact that suicide is most prevalent in those countries where the highest degree of civilization exists.

There are twenty-three Savings Banks in New Hampshire, and the amount of the deposits is thirty-four million dollars.

There is a chap near Savannah who raises 63 pound watermelons, and gives them to the editor of the Republican. Generous fellow!

During the session of the Circuit Court at Reading, Tenn., Judge Walker fined a man fifty dollars for kissing a respectable lady against her wish and consent.

Mrs. Rhoda Douglas of Freetown, Mass., entered her 100th year in June. She was left a widow in her 59th year, and has remained such for forty years.

Since the introduction of sleeping cars, the travel over the Illinois Central Railroad has increased materially. The cars on this road are very much superior to those hitherto in use.

The first iron made in the United States from mineral coal, was smelted in 1837. Now we make nearly 50,000 tons of mineral iron per annum.

George William Warren, the noted organist of Albany, N. Y., has been made an Honorary Member of the Philharmonic Society, Florence, Italy.

The late Henry L. Lambert, of Salem, made a bequest of five hundred dollars, to be expended during the summer succeeding his death for evening promenade concerts on Salem Common.

Two hundred and eleven thousand acres of land have just been certified to the State of Wisconsin, for the Chicago, St. Louis, and Fond du Lac Railroads, under the Act of Congress of 1856.

A German, at Cincinnati, made a bet of fifty dollars that he could drink half a barrel of lager in twenty-four hours. Seeing how he was going on, the other party paid him ten dollars to stop and throw up the bet.

There are 511 lodges of Odd Fellows in Pennsylvania, with 42,542 contributing members. The receipts of the order for the year ending June 30, were $225,966, and the amount paid for relief, $110,076.

In Baltimore, the other day, a woman offered for sale at a bone factory some human bones, which she had picked up in an old graveyard, where the coffins have been exposed by the cutting away of the hills.

The production of wheat in the several States for 1857 and 1858, may be stated thus: 1857, 180,000,000 bushels; 1858, 158,500,000 bushels. The crop of 1859 is variously estimated, but it is safe to place it at 200,000,000 bushels.

The canal at Niagara Falls is open to the deepest grade contemplated, and the workmen are being discharged. It has been excavated under the supervision of S. M. Allen, and forms the greatest water power in the world. Its construction has occupied six years.

There are four churches in New York supported by the Welch, viz., one Baptist, one Congregationalist, one Wesleyan and one Methodist. There are two newspapers printed in Welch, with a circulation of ten thousand copies. They have also four benevolent associations.

We understand, says the Buffalo Republic, that a broker or banker of this city is about papering his office with a very rich description of wall paper, the border to be composed of $100 bills on the Brighton Market Bank, which he took in the way of trade and exchange.

Since the 4th of July, it has been unlawful for any person to pass or receive in the State of Arkansas, any bank bill of less denomination than ten dollars. After the 4th of July, 1861, no bill of less denomination than twenty dollars can be put or kept in circulation.

More camels, says the Civilian, of Galveston, are coming to Texas. The new exportation now expected is to be made from the valleys of the upper Mongolia. They are stronger than any other kind of camels, and are accustomed to the severest hardships. They are to enter the United States via San Francisco.

At a recent meeting of peach growers in the vicinity of Woodville, Mercer county, N. J., it was ascertained that in a space of about three miles square there would be at least 20,000 baskets of peaches for shipment. In the same space, there are over 90,000 trees planted, 22,000 of which are in bearing.

The man who runs knives and bodkins into his body was examined by some doctors at Cincinnati, who quickly brought him to a sense of feeling. They found that he had spots thoroughly cicatrized, in which he placed his instruments, but when the awl was stuck in elsewhere, he screamed with pain.

At a vendue of the personal property of a Mr. Oaks, recently deceased in Dauphin county, Pa., lately, a bag of flax-seed was offered for sale. One of the bidders put his hand into the bag to examine the seed, and hauled out a bag containing gold and silver coin. The bag was overhauled, and over one thousand dollars in gold and silver coin found therein.

Sands of Gold.

.... Poetry is the morning dream of great minds.—*Lamartine.*

.... Practical happiness is much oftener thrown away than snatched from us.—*Isaac Taylor.*

.... It has been wisely said that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.—*Isaak Walton.*

.... The more compassionate men there are, the fewer men there will be requiring compassion.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Great warriors, like great earthquakes, are principally remembered for the mischief they have done.—*Bovee.*

.... It is wicked to have no respect for the truth—it is just as wicked to have no contempt for falsehood.—*Pascal.*

.... Man has less need of enjoying than of not suffering; pleasure is so doubtful, pain so real, and there are so many sufferers.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Patience, after all, is the highest courage, since it affords us time to mature all our energies. —*W. G. Simms.*

.... It is exceedingly difficult to pronounce upon the character of some men's minds, for the sufficient reason that they seem to have no mind at all.—*Bovee.*

.... To describe women, the pen should be dipped in the humid colors of the rainbow, and the paper dried with the dust gathered from the wings of a butterfly.—*Diderot.*

.... There is reason to fear that he who treats you as a friend of twenty years' standing, will treat you at the end of twenty years as a stranger, if you have any important favor to solicit of him. —*Rousseau.*

.... Many persons fancy themselves friendly, when they are only officious. They counsel, not so much that you should become wise, as that they should become recognized as teachers of wisdom.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... All our strong feelings, like ghosts, have their influence for a certain period only; and if a man were to say to himself, this passion, this pain, this rapture, is sure after three days to lose its effect on the mind, then would he always be more composed and quiet.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

.... Hair is the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us, like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."—*Leigh Hunt.*

Joker's Budget.

There is no objection to *boils* in the house, so that they be confined to the *dinner-pot.*

The Funambulist, who tried to balance the North Pole, got seriously cut by the axes of the earth.

Why may it be said that Dutchmen come into the world ready dressed? Because they are born in Holland.

Why does no man confess his vices? It is because he is yet in them. It is for a *waking* man to tell his dreams.

A writer on ornithology inquires what kind of eagles fly highest? We don't know; but unquestionably golden eagles generally fly fastest.

If your watch is snatched from you in the streets, probably the best thing you can do is to raise the cry of "watch! watch!"

Punch thinks that the carriage-drivers would make the best soldiers in the world, as no troops could stand their charges.

Fitzgerald's City Item asks: "If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where is the audience and orchestra to come from?"

One of the Vermont gold-diggers has come very near making his fortune. With immense labor he has dug up an old sledge, a woodchuck trap, a jewsharp and an old cent.

The newspapers are cautioning people not to go out in the sun, just as though they could gather their harvest in the shade. Don't go near the water, Billy, till you learn to swim.

"If you call this skinning," says Tom to the barber, "it is not so bad; but if you call it shaving, I should prefer your using the other side of the razor."

Foote being once annoyed by a poor fiddler "straining harsh discords" under his window, sent him a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one *scraper* at the door was sufficient.

"Jim," said one youngster to another on the Fourth, "Jim, lend me two cents, will yer? I got up so early, I spent all my money before breakfast. I didn't think the day was going to be so long."

One of the beauties of the court of Prussia said to the king: "Sire, how is it that you, who are so glorious already, still seek for new fame?" "Madame," he replied, "for the same reason that you, although so beautiful, still wear rouge."

The latest advertisement of an air-tight coffin is, that it protects the form from decomposition, "and can be retained in the parlor as an elegant piece of furniture, without any annoyance whatever." What an inducement for an early death!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WOULD I WERE DEAD.

A LOVE SONG—FOR MUSIC.

BY J. HARRY HAYWARD.

O! would that I were dead, Fannie,
Or that we ne'er had met;
That my sad heart for e'er, Fannie,
Thine image might forget.
For just so long as mind retains
One lingering thought of thee,
My faithful soul will be in bands,
While thou, alas, art free—
Through life to act as best thou will,
And choose some other heart to fill
My place!

O! would that I were dead, Fannie,
Or that my love would die;
That in one common tomb, Fannie,
Both there in peace might lie;
For then I would not constant be
As now, so deep distressed
By that, which proved to be a curse,
When it no longer blessed.
Ay, blest was I, when thy love-light
Made all seem joyous, fair, and bright
With thee!

O! would that I were dead, Fannie,
That thou with me hadst died,
Ere first thy rosy lips, Fannie,
Thy love for me denied!
For then my aching breast no more
Would feel the gaping void,
Which in my heart still yearns for thee,
Who won, and then destroyed.
As was destroyed my peace of mind,
When thou to death for e'er resigned
My love!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MONOMANIAC.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

MADNESS! The simple thought is enough to induce a shudder. To be plunged at once from the full enjoyment of sense and reason, into an utter darkness of mind; to suffer a total extinguishment of that faint, and yet strangely powerful flame, which alone renders life endurable or possible—this is an evil from the contemplation of which humanity recoils with fear and trembling.

Nor is any insanity stranger, nor perhaps more terrible, than monomaniacy. While upon every other subject the mind of the unhappy sufferer appears normal and rational, upon *one* all-absorbing idea he dwells and raves with incessant pertinacity. His madness will at times assume the most terrible forms, and he will conjure up to the illustration of his insanity, the most horrible demons of the mind which it is possible for such a person to conceive; and again, he will astonish, and often move to irresistible merriment, the friends, whose sympathies cannot always prevail against the ludicrous imaginations and absurd visions of the miserable victim of madness.

I was upon one occasion conversing with others in a numerous company, upon this interesting subject, when an old physician, who had remained silent for some time, volunteered a chapter from his experience.

"I have frequently known cases," he said, "where the mind of a man, being acted upon by grief, overwhelming trouble, or anxiety, or any other of the thousand ills with which humanity is afflicted, becomes strangely sensitive to outside influences, and, which is strangest of all, fearful of losing its reason. And in many instances it has occurred within my knowledge, that the sufferer becomes possessed with a presentiment, solely by reason of this fear, and quickly *forces himself*, as it were, into the very condition which he is so anxious to avoid.

"I remember a strange case in point, which will perfectly illustrate my meaning. It is that of Gilbert Le Fevre, an old schoolfellow of mine, and a friend whom I esteemed highly. He had a fondness as well as an aptness for mercantile pursuits; and as we were both settled in the same neighborhood, a pleasant intimacy sprang up between our families; while our own boyish attachment for each other was greatly strengthened and augmented.

"There was at this time, but one thing particularly noticeable in the constitution of Le Fevre's mind. He was excessively nervous; and trivial causes were often productive of strange consequences, with him. A very slight annoyance was sufficient to throw him into a transport of passion; while, upon the contrary, any small gratification often made him unproportionably happy. His health was always good; and up to the time when my story now properly commences, his success in business had been marked and encouraging.

"Early one morning I received a message from him, requesting my immediate attendance at his house. From the urgent tone of the note, I inferred that some pressing necessity prompted it; and neglecting several other professional visits which I had appointed for this hour, I repaired immediately to Le Fevre's dwelling. I found him alone in his library; and seating myself, I quite anxiously awaited his communication.

"I was, I must confess, somewhat surprised at his appearance. He sat in his arm chair, wrapped in his dressing-gown, his appearance very much like that of an invalid. He was very thin and pale; and more than this, his face wore a melancholy look of despondency such as I had never seen there before.

"'You are not ill, I hope!' said I.

"He looked up vacantly as he heard my voice, and ran his fingers abstractedly through his hair; and then, as if only just aware of my presence, he arose, and walking to the door, carefully closed it. Then re-seating himself, he said:

"'I sent for you this morning, doctor, to make a revelation to you. The truth can no longer be concealed; and you are the fittest person to hear it. Look at me—examine my face carefully! You see that it is almost bloodless; you observe that my eyes are dull and inactive. Now feel my pulse.'

"I did so. The pulsation was very slow, and at the same time faint and feeble.

"'You observe the symptoms; and now indicate the disease, if you can! What am I about to be afflicted with?'

"'Nothing of any consequence,' I replied. 'You are low-spirited; and you may perhaps have become a little indisposed, in addition. Beyond this there is nothing.'

"A faint, sickly smile crept over his face as he heard these words.

"'It is all very well, doctor,' he said, 'to attempt to deceive me; but I have studied these symptoms too long and anxiously to be easily misled. Within the last week I have grown sick both in body and mind; I have become weak and despondent. There is a cause for this; I am not afflicted in vain. Doctor, *I am becoming mad!* The horrible truth has forced itself home to me within the last twenty-four hours; I am rapidly becoming a drivelling fool, or a maniac! My mind is deserting me! I have scarcely intellect enough left to grasp at what I am telling you. But it is the truth—the truth! and O God, what a fate!'

"He pressed his hands to his forehead, and walked several times across the room, uttering, during all this time, the most pitiful and heart-rending groans.

"'Le Fevre, my old friend!' I exclaimed in astonishment, 'how is it possible that you can deceive yourself in this manner? Mad? *You* becoming mad? Why—the very idea is an absurdity!'

"He shook his head sorrowfully and incredulously.

"'It is no fantasy,' he said. 'I have wrestled and struggled with this terrible fate; but every day the monster comes nearer, nearer! Before you see me again, I shall be doomed—irrevocably doomed!'

"By this time I had become seriously alarmed. I readily conceived that it was far from impossible for a person of Le Fevre's peculiar temperament, to work himself into the condition of a madman, by the help of his imagination; and for a long time I talked earnestly with him, endeavoring to reason him out of his belief. But this belief had now become fixed in his mind; he listened to me, but still persisted in his strange assertions.

"'It is useless—all useless,' he repeated, again and again. 'I know your motives, and honor you for them; but my doom is unhappily fixed, past any efforts of yours to recall it. But I have yet one thing to tell you. Doctor, I am a beggar; utterly ruined, and stripped of everything! Unfortunate speculations have ruined me; my property is scattered to the four winds of heaven! This is the cause that has almost made life unendurable. My family know nothing of it; and if they can be kept ignorant until I shall not have sense enough left to convey them the news, it will save me one pang, at least.'

"This was the whole burden of his conversation. He talked quietly, and was, I had then no doubt, perfectly rational; but the one idea which seemed prominent in his mind above all others, was that his reason was entirely deserting him. When I took my leave, I had hardly decided upon any course to pursue with him. I knew him too well to believe that these singular fancies would desert him very quickly; and I waited with some anxiety for some further developments.

"Upon the second day after my visit, I received another request from him to come to his house. The incoherence of the note gave me an instant presentiment; and I lost no time in repairing to him. As I entered the library, I found, to my surprise, a roaring coal fire burning in the grate (the day being one of the most sultry of the summer), and before this, with his coat off, stood Le Fevre, holding a bucket of water in his hands. Setting this down as he heard me enter, he sprang towards me and caught me hurriedly by both hands, ejaculating at the same time with a rapid utterance, these words:

"'How are you, North Pole, how are you! by all the icicles in your kingdom, it delights me to see you here! Do you know, my dear polar bear, that my fortune is made? I shall be called a benefactor; I shall be made king of the universe, for the stupendous labor I am about to perform!'

"I did not need to inquire the meaning of this demonstration; I well knew it from the first. The wild, restless eye, the incoherent speech, and the whole appearance of the man, informed me that Gilbert Le Fevre had indeed become *a madman!*

"'I know you—I know you well!' he shouted in a paroxysm of insane delight, as he danced around the room, clapping his hands in extacy, and sending forth peal after peal of wild merriment. 'You are the great bear of the north, come to help me put out the flames! Don't you know *the world's on fire*? Yes—hear the flames! smell the smoke! It's all consuming! the universe is being destroyed in one great bonfire! Hurrah—here's for a quenching!'

"Seizing the bucket again, he dashed its contents into the fire; and as it went out with a prolonged hissing, filling the room with the steam, Le Fevre again laughed uproariously, and renewed his wild dancing and eccentric ravings.

"'We'll drown the Fire-Demon—we'll cool his breath!' he pursued. 'I dampened him then; but he burns—he burns! This miserable world is frying out like a pine knot; it is drying up like a musty parchment! The Pacific has turned to molten fire—the Atlantic will soon follow; they heave and writhe around us like serpents! Pluto was the incendiary! he applied the match, and now we're all in a blaze!'

"He stopped to gain breath, and walked rapidly around the room, snuffing and smelling. In a moment he burst out again.

"'I smell it! I smell it!' he exclaimed.—'The old football has commenced to scorch already; smell the woolen, the old shoes, the onions, the gunpowder! Ha—I believe you're on fire yourself! stand perfectly still, and I'll extinguish you in a jiffy!'

"Before I could escape from the threatened flood, the madman had drenched me with the contents of a second pail; and then throwing me to the floor with irresistible force, he enveloped me closely in the heavy table-cover.

"'It shall not even singe your hair, while the Great Extinguisher is around!' he continued; and the door mat and rug were instantly piled upon me, Le Fevre seating himself astride of both, and muffling the table-cover closely about my head.

"Until now, I had not been seriously alarmed for myself; but as I saw that I should soon be smothered to death under the hands of the madman, I shouted with all my voice. This only increased the frantic efforts of Le Fevre; so that when assistance arrived, I was perfectly exhausted, and almost insensible. By the assistance of several of the servants, Le Fevre was secured, and confined with cords; but these were taken off when I perceived that there was no necessity for them. The madman had become perfectly weak and helpless, by the violence of his own demonstrations; and he lay in a state of semi-insensibility until the next day.

"This was the first intimation that his family, or any of his friends, save myself, had received of his derangement; and their distress and apprehension were unbounded. By my request, Le Fevre was placed entirely under my charge; and I commenced a thorough and careful study of his malady.

"The unfortunate man never experienced another of those terrible paroxysms. When he awoke from his insensibility, upon the next day, he was entirely sane, save upon this one subject—the destruction of the world by fire. He recognized his family and friends, and conversed rationally with them while I permitted them to be near him. He still persisted, however, in declaring me the great polar bear of the north, who had come to aid him in extinguishing the flames. And very often, at times when he seemed most rational, he would suddenly diverge from his subject, and branch out into some wild demonstration of his mad theory.

"'You have been ill, Gilbert,' his wife said. 'The doctor thinks you will recover in a little while, if you keep perfectly quiet.'

"'Yes—I know I have been ill,' was his reply. 'There—lay your hand on my forehead—it's hot and feverish. But, pshaw! what is that to the great fever-fire which is constantly consuming the world! Madam—let me tell you, the world was made for no other purpose than to burn! For innumerable ages the sun has been drying and heating it to the proper temperature; I am the thermometer by which old Pluto ascertained that the heat of this hollow combustible shell was sufficient. For ages, since the creation, ten thousand legions of imps have been constantly busied in collecting inflammable materials around us—pitch, tar, turpentine, camphene, gunpowder, and lucifer matches! Hear the flames, as they hiss, and writhe, and crackle, and sputter around us! See the smoke! How it rolls up, and fills the whole arch! Upon my soul, I believe the heavens will be turned to a dirty brown by this obnoxious smoke! The earth has only just commenced to curl up at the edges, and feel the heat; but let the hot air but once get inside of the old shell and expand, and I'll show you travelling on a new principle!'

"For some moments he lay perfectly silent, with his eyes closed; and then suddenly began again—

"'I am the omnipotent annihilator,' he said, 'by whose efforts this enormous waste is to be stopped; and now let me deliberate as to the means. It was thought, in the more savage and illiterate ages of the world, that water was the best counteractive of fire; but I've tested the folly of the thing. It is a complete absurdity to talk of extinguishing one element with another. The only way to annihilate these furious fires is *to stifle them!* it was in this way that I extinguished the polar bear, after I had proved upon him the inefficiency of water! Madam—quick! your needle! Hem me one universal blanket, fifty thousand miles square! I will wrap this around our blazing planet, and old Pluto shall be defeated at last!'

"It would be impossible for me to describe all the vagaries upon this all-absorbing subject which entered the brain of Gilbert Le Fevre during the following six months. He arose from his bed in a few days, and resumed his usual habits, apparently as well as ever in body; and with the exception of this one unhappy mania, his mind seemed not in the least impaired. The course which I had adopted was to humor him in every assertion, and assent to all his views, as I feared that contradiction or argument would tend to excite him and make matters far worse than they had yet been.

"After much deliberation, I decided upon a course which I was led to hope might be favorable in its result to my patient. I had read many cases of monomaniacy cured by stratagem; and the peculiar mania of Le Fevre gave me an excellent opportunity to practise one upon him.

"I had anxiously waited for some time for my opportunity; and at last it arrived. It was now the middle of summer, and no rain had fallen for several weeks, when, towards the close of a sultry day, the heavens became slowly overspread with an enormous mass of threatening clouds, which together with the low rumbling of the thunder, heralded the approach of a storm. It came on quickly; and a more furious one I have seldom seen. As the night grew dark, the rain came down in torrents, and the air was everywhere resonant with thunder and vivid with lightning.

"I lost no time in hastening to Le Fevre's, where I found the monomaniac sitting by the open window, gazing out upon the storm.

"'The planet still blazes!' he exclaimed, as he saw me. 'It burns like the stubble—nothing can quench it; we shall all go to ashes together!'

"'But here—what is this?' I replied, speaking in a loud and emphatic tone. 'Here is water, rivers of it! Let us try and extinguish the fire now!'

"'Ho—you talk like a madman!' and Le Fevre burst into a loud and boisterous laugh. 'What will you do with a cupfull of water like this?'

"'We shall see. Le Fevre—you are Gilbert Le Fevre, are you not?'

"I looked him steadily in the eye. Evidently my scrutiny made him uneasy.

"'You said yes, I believe. Well—now who am I? Look the other way, sir, if you dare! Look me straight in the eye! Now answer—who am I?'

"'Why—why,' he faltered, becoming more restless under my gaze, 'you are Doctor—'

"'No, sir—no! I am the the mighty polar bear, whom you have sent for to aid you in putting out this conflagration. I am here, and I am ready to do the work! Yes, sir, I mean to extinguish the world this night—this very night!'

"I stamped my foot so emphatically, that Le Fevre stirred in his chair.

"'Come—I am ready now! The thing must be done this very hour; and I shall want you to assist me. Come!'

"'I—I'd rather not,' he stammered. He seemed completely cowed by my demeanor.

"'But you must—you *shall!* Do you mean to say that you doubt my ability to perform this work?'

"'No-o-o. But do it alone; don't take me out in the wet.'

"I immediately rapped on the wall. Three of the men-servants, previously instructed by me, entered; and laying my hand peremptorily upon Le Fevre's shoulder, I pointed to the door. I saw that he wished to refuse, but dared not, and we were quickly out in the storm.

"'See—see!' I exclaimed, clutching him by the arm, while the rain fell upon us like a deluge. 'Do you observe my process? Before to-morrow morning fifty millions of hogsheads will be emptied upon the earth.'

"The tone and manner which I had assumed, imitated from his own, were evidently a perfect bewilderment to Le Fevre. He stared wildly at me, and then at the darkness, shivering and shaking most uncomfortably. Just then a faint flash of lightning appeared.

"'See, again!' I vociferated. 'The flames have almost expired; I have made the whole heavens my watering-pot! Hear them hiss and crackle, as they die out! The world is saved!'

"Before the bewildered Le Fevre could recover from this last onslaught, I made a sign to the servants. They instantly pounced upon him, and, spite of his cries and struggles, held him firmly beneath the spout from the eaves. A thick stream of water blinded, deluged, almost drowned him; and in the most piteous tones, he besought me to release him.

"'We must extinguish you first' I coolly replied. 'You are the only creature upon the earth which is still burning; but, by the powers of water, you shall not burn long! Hold him fast, men; he is not quite quenched yet!'

"The strength of his madness had now entirely deserted him. His teeth chattered, and he shook and shivered in every muscle; and when I ordered his release, he fainted immediately, and was carried back to the house.

"The end proved the wisdom of this measure. Le Fevre was sick and delirious for the two following days; but on the third, he awoke to perfect reason and sanity; nor was it long before his strength and health were restored to him, and he was, in every respect, the man he had formerly been.

"I was somewhat surprised to learn from Le Fevre, that he had no distinct idea of his madness—merely a confused remembrance of it, which seemed much more like a dream than a reality. Nor was he, I ascertained, entirely in his right mind when I first conversed with him, as he assured me that if he did really declare himself a beggar, at that time he was, nevertheless, richer by many thousand dollars than alms-seekers usually are. Yet I have no doubt that it was the fear of becoming deranged, which having fastened itself in some inexplicable manner upon his mind, forced him into the terrible condition of the MONOMANIAC."

GENIUS.

Self-communion and solitude are its daily bread; for what is Genius but a great and strongly marked individuality—but an original creative being, standing forth alone amidst the undistinguishable throng of our everyday world? Genius is a lonely power; it is not communicative; it is not the gift of a crowd; it is not a reflection cast from without upon the soul. It is essentially an inward light, diffusing its clear and glorious radiance over the external world. It is a broad flood, pouring freely from its deep waters; but with its source forever hidden from human ken. It is the creator, not the creature; it calls forth glorious and immortal shapes; but it is called into being by none, save God.—*Woman in France.*

THE WATER-CARRIER OF VENICE.

The jaunty, bright-eyed girl who faces us in the engraving, carrying her water-cans suspended from a yoke borne on the shoulders, as the London milkmaids used to carry their pails in old times (speaking of water always reminds us of milk), is a fine specimen of Venetian beauty, not unworthy of the pencil of Titian. And we must remark, *en passant*, that specimens of that florid and gorgeous beauty which enchant us in the productions of the old Italian masters, are oftener met with among the poorer than among the richer classes of Venice.

"In Italy," said Alfieri, in an often-quoted sentence, "the plant Man reaches its full growth, and this, of course, includes the Better Half of humanity. Shelley has left, in his letters, a very striking record of his impressions of the beauties of that peninsula. He says the women are lovely enough till they open their mouths. Kingsley might, one is apt to say, have written that line of his sonnets expressly apropos of such creatures:

"Lips that should but kiss, and so be still."

But that Shelley did not find *all* Italian girl alike he has recorded, still more imperishably, in his "Epipsychidion," addressed to Emilia V—,

"Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror!"

There she comes, with her semi-infantile smile, her purple-black hair, and her little red shawl; and if your idea of a woman's mind is that it should be intellectually a blank, in order that you may write what you please upon it, she is probably not unlike what you would seek. But, ignorant or not, she is a woman, with all the infinite mystery of her sex about her; and, if you are at all open to impulses of tender reverence, you will find upon close approach (should you decide for this darkling little beauty) that she can make your heart sink into your feet.

As for the water-carrier, she is a public character, and in virtue of her mingling with her fellow-creatures, and seeing more "life," may, though of course without the graces of culture in the shade, be a really better-trained bein than her sister with that coil of necklace. She is well known at the Doge's Palace, in the square of which you may often meet her, going to fill her pails, with a bouquet of flowers in her black felt hat, and the most charming nonchalance of manner under her yoke. The sisterhood of water-carriers are, as a body, not handsome, but this sample is a very pleasant exception to the general plainness. Salute her respectfully, reader, and hope, with us, that her shoulder is not galled with her burden.

The enthusiasm and generosity of the Italian women were never more apparent than during the late war. Their treatment of the wounded showed them "ministering angels" "Never yet were men made so much of," said a letter-writer from Milan. "I speak not of the officers only, but of the rank and file. The private sentinel finds himself the hero of the hour, welcomed and caressed in society, into which, but for this campaign of liberation, he would have gone down to his grave without penetrating. The Zouave is particularly in demand. One sees him driving about in elegant carriages with aristocratic ladies, and attended by liveried domestics. With one arm in a sling, he gives the other, clothed in the coarse uniform sleeve, to delicate, silk-clad dames and damsels, who gladly accept his escort, walk with him in the street, and sit with him in the cafés. Many of those ladies have made his acquaintance in the hospital, and, having nursed him into convalescence, desire to complete his cure, that he may again go forth and do battle in Italy's cause." We can very well believe this letter-writer, when he says, "Long after the laurels of Magenta and Melegnano shall have lost their freshness, and after the majority of those who have fought there and survived shall have fallen in other fights, or have quitted the army's ranks, will Milan be a word of pleasant memory to the soldiers of France."

THE WATER-CARRIER OF VENICE—FROM LIFE.

and no country, we think, can show a larger muster-roll of illustrious women than Italy. Nothing but long intermixture of races can materially alter national character, and original types will appear at intervals, even after long apparent fusion of peculiarities in an ethnological mean. But culture could do wonders for these ladies; and when their sunny native land, washed by the blue tideless sea, gets good government, we dare say they will come in for a little of the care of the school-mistress abroad. Nothing can well be lower, within the bounds of civilization, than the educational chances of an Italian girl. If she can play the piano, speak French a little, and say "How do you do?" in English, she is "accomplished." In the land of the Cæsars, she is ignorant of the history of the Julius that came to Britain; nor does she know where that little island rides in the bosom of the deep. Ask her of the Lake of Como in her own country, and she is as bewildered as if you asked her the way to Asgard. She writes, like a schoolboy of six, upon ruled lines; and talks smaller things than an American waiting-maid. This is, perhaps, not a very incorrect description of the Italian lady. In the morning you may see her—if you are on the spot—on her way to church, and in the evening on her way to the theatre, with much the same expression in her face.

IDOLATRY IN CALIFORNIA.

A few days ago I visited a Chinese temple in this city, and in doing so was fortunate enough to secure the company of a very intelligent converted Chinaman, who speaks English quite well, and who was able to explain many things that otherwise would have been unintelligible to me. The temple stands in a central position, and is built of brick, without much architectural pretensions. It cost about $20,000, of which some portion was contributed by Americans. There is connected with it an asylum, which is a place of refuge and relief for the sick and suffering, which is supported on the same principle as those of our Masonic and Odd Fellows' associations. Every Chinamen in the State who is able, contributes money to meet the expenses, and then he is entitled to the benefits of the establishment when he needs it. The front part of the lot on which this institution is built, is occupied by a suite of rooms for uses connected with the asylum. By a tortuous passage you reach a small area in the rear, on which the temple fronts. Over the entrance, in large characters, is written the district in China to which the idol belongs, and there are numerous other tablets or signs containing mottoes. The lower story is occupied as a parlor or sitting-room, and flights of narrow stairs lead up each side to the sacred room above. On the other side of the passage leading to the idol, are small rooms for the occupation of the inmates of the asylum. On entering the room which contains the idol, you behold first, near the door, an altar or table, on which stands a kettle for burning incense. On the two longest sides of the room are arranged seats for the occupation of persons who come to worship, while they wait, each his turn, for but one can go through the service at the same time, except on great occasions, when many combine and empower one to act for them all. All over the ceiling and along the wall of the room are mottoes, either on paper or elegantly painted, and gilded tablets, according to the wealth of the offerer. These are cabalistic signs or permanent prayers to the god for good luck through his favorite interposition. At the back end of the room stands the idol, under a gorgeous canopy of lacquer-work. The image is of a deep-red wax—Chinese, of course, in appearance—with heavy black whiskers and beard, and a pleasant countenance. His dress is of splendid yellow and crimson stuff, trimmed with gold lace. His name is *Kwang tu.* On one side of the canopy which encloses the figure stands a huge battle-axe, which he used when in the flesh, and with which he destroyed multitudes; and on the opposite side stands his banner. In the corner, on a frame, hangs a large bell surmounted by a drum, and on important occasions the drum is beaten and the bell rung furiously, to awaken the attention of the god and let him know that persons have come to worship. Before the idol are arranged three small cups of tea, the contents being changed every day, and on a table is placed some fruit for his refreshment. Lamps are kept constantly burning before the idol. On a sort of altar are placed vessels in which the worshippers set up the wax tapers and sticks of sweet-scented wood, which they burn in honor of the deity. While sitting and viewing the arrangements, two Chinese miners from the mountains came in, one of whom seemed to be actuated by mere curiosity, while the other appeared very devout. As soon as the latter entered the room, he motioned with his hands towards the image and made obeisance. He then stepped into an adjoining room and purchased two small red wax tapers, with some sticks and several pieces of paper. The tapers and sticks he lighted, and set them upon end to burn in the appointed receptacle, while he performed his devotions. Placing himself in front, he joined his hands and motioned several times to the god, and then kneeling on a rug, he bowed three times towards him, each time kissing the floor. This he did three times, making nine in all. Then rising, he lighted the papers which he had procured, and waved them, while burning, towards the idol. This completed the service, and, as he supposed, secured the favor of deity. These acts of worship are being performed continually by resident Chinamen, or those who visit the city from the country. My companion informed me that the Chinese have no weekly holy-day, nor any special public and social services, except on New-Year's, the birthday of the god, and certain festal occasions. They have, as the ancient heathen did, "lords many and gods many," deifying all great personages. He says there are sometimes hundred of idols in a single temple in China. The one that is worshipped here is the image of a man who flourished in China about three hundred years ago, and was a great warrior—as one said to a friend of mine—"like your Washington." Such persons are supposed to be able to assist their devotees, and help them to accomplish their designs. This idol and his paraphernalia were imported from China at an expense of about $30,000. Thus you will see there is a regular temple in this Christian city where idolatrous worship and heathen rites are celebrated. How strange the sensation with which one contemplates it!—*Correspondence of the Independent.*

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG."

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYZ.

Breathe no vows of faith undying;
I have proved such words are vain,
And the love that lives by sighing
I will ne'er believe again.
Teach me, censure, and reprove me,
Plainly tell me of my wrong,
But remember my petition—
"Love me little, love me long"

Write to me in friendly accents,
Do not speak of hope or love,
Let me know thee staunch and faithful,
And thy love by friendship prove;
Then I'll own thee all I'm seeking,
And through life for thee this song
Shall reveal my heart's devotion—
"Love me little, love me long."

WAR.

Take heed,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of War;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed.
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a wo, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the swords,
That makes such waste in brief mortality.

SHAKSPEARE.

NEVER HOLD MALICE.

O, never hold malice! it poisons our life
With the hail-drop of hate, and the nightshade of strife;
Let us scorn what we must, and despise where we may,
But let anger, like sunlight, go down with the day.

ELIZA COOK.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—While the merchants, manufacturers and agriculturists of Europe are rejoicing over the peace, the liberals regard it with gloom and indignation. The Italians are not satisfied, and even in France the discontent is deep and serious, if not expressed. Louis Napoleon has not kept faith with the world. Believing in his declaration that he would sweep the Austrians from Northern Italy to the shores of the Adriatic, and give the Italians a fair field for making the experiment of self-government, even republicans were willing to forget the past and bid him God-speed in his career. But the peace which leaves Venetia and the armed "quadrilateral" in the hands of Austria is a mockery—a "lame and impotent conclusion." The self-styled Liberator of Italy is a party to a new Holy Alliance. He has thrown away the fairest chance of acquiring true glory that was ever offered to man, and tarnished the fresh laurels he reaped upon the battle-field. If the knives of the Italian carbonari again see the light he has only his own intense selfishness to thank for it. The campaign of Italy has been fought in vain. He has wasted the blood and lavished the treasure of France to strengthen the bands of despotism.....The re-appearance of the oidium in the vine, together with the disease in the potato, forms the staple of scientific discussion in Paris. The former is expected to be easy to counteract by the sulphur treatment; but the latter has baffled all scientific research, and after having restrained its ravages for two years, the dug potato again re-appears in the western provinces with all its primitive symptoms. The most strenuous efforts are being made to attack the source of the disease, but up to this moment science has done no more than signal its existence, leaving the discovery of preventive and cure to time and chance.....A writer in a late number of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, while reviewing some of our modern novelists, falls into some amusing blunders with respect to English manners. The author of "Adam Bede" states that one of his characters was a member of the Tract Society; and the French commentator is at pains to inform his readers that the *Track* Society consists of persons who "track" out people that are supposed to be accessible to a change of religious opinions, and endeavor to proselyte them. The same writer speaks of Gallio-like persons, which the patriotic critic, more alive to French than to Scriptural associations, translates "men who have *French* leanings.".....A Syrian correspondent of an English paper says the whole silk crop throughout Lebanon and the adjacent districts will not exceed this year more than one-tenth, perhaps not so much, of an ordinary average year.....Rarey has had another triumph over a vicious horse called the King of Oude. He handled him at an exhibition given at the Alhambra, London. Notwithstanding that his method is no longer a secret, and that the charges for admission were high—being a guinea, fifteen shillings, and a half-guinea—the attendance was numerous. Mr. Rarey read a letter from the owner, from which it appeared that the King of Oude was so vicious that there was only one groom who could manage him, and that on this account he was so useless that if Mr. Rarey could not succeed in taming him he would have him shot. Mr. Rarey perfectly succeeded in his attempt to tame him.....Two young ladies in the Isle of Man solicited a farmer for a subscription to a charity; he declined to give them any money, but proposed to the ladies that if they would drive home, in daylight, a pig to which he pointed, they might constitute it an addition to the funds of the society they collected for. Much against his expectations, the ladies thankfully accepted his kind offer, and started with their not very tractable companion for their destination, which they reached in triumph after a tedious journey of about two miles.....Punch says the French have rushed to the rescue of Italy to save, what is familiarly called, the boot from the iron heel of Austria—but for the Italians to expect that a separate kingdom will ever be patched up out of the disjointed bits is, we are afraid, in the hands of the French, a hope that is quite bootless.....A French writer mentions as a proof of Shakspeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland, in the words, "Hail, hail, all hail!".....Recently a farmer in Cummington, Hampshire county, went after his cows; one of them persisted in going the wrong way. After trying a while to bring her to his mind, he gave up and let her have her own, and followed. She led him to a remote part of the pasture, where he found another cow, cast. Releasing the captive cow, the refractory one willingly returned to the yard.....Mr. H. W. Miner of Leyden, Mass., lost a colt in a singular manner recently. There was a small apple tree in the pasture, well trimmed up, with a crotch about three feet from the ground, into which the colt thrust its head, and finding itself caught, pulled back and broke its neck.....An old lady was in the habit of teaching the duty of charity to her grandchildren in this wise: "My dears, when I and your father and mother have finished our meals, when you have eaten all you conveniently can, and when you have fed the three cats and the parrot, then, my dear children, remember the poor.".....A machine for the manufacture of ice is now in operation in London, which turns out three tons of that commodity daily. It is the invention of a Mr. Harrison of Australia. The refrigeration is produced by the evaporation of ether in a vacuum.....A letter from Arlon, in Belgium, states that the crops of all kinds are so fine that there is every reason to expect that the harvest will produce one-third more than that of 1858. The crop of hay is so heavy that the farmers scarcely know what to do with it. Potatoes also look remarkably fine.....The coast of Massachusetts has been surveyed from the New Hampshire line to the Manomet Hills, south of Plymouth, and from Orleans, on the bay side, around to the Rhode Island line,—leaving space between Orleans and Plymouth.....Capt E. Ferry of Easthampton has in his garden a pie-plant, obtained from Kenosha, Wisconsin, a single leaf of which measures fourteen feet and eight inches in circumference. The stalk is of corresponding size.....'Mother,' said a little urchin the other day, 'why are orphans the happiest children on earth?' 'They are not, my child But what makes you ask that question?' 'Because they have no mothers to spank em!'.....The London correspondent of the Commercial figures up, as a moderate calculation, that the war in Italy has already cost 130,000 lives, and considers that at least 700,000 persons are now mourning their slain relatives.....A newspaper, desirous of paying a compliment to a minister who lately officiated in one of the fashionable chapels, says his prayers were the best ever addressed to an audience.....A suit has been instituted in a Kentucky court for the recovery of over forty thousand acres of farm lands in Harrison, Bourbon, Nicholas, and other adjoining counties. The claim is made by some non-resident heirs, and covers land to the value of over a million of dollars.....A gentleman living in Hyannis, Mass., had a dog that has been in the habit of playing with a kitten kept about the house, until a great intimacy had grown up between them. The kitten finally died and was buried in the garden. Another kitten was procured, and that died after a little time, and was buried in the garden. A third kitten was obtained, and the acquaintance of the dog soon became familiar One day the dog was found in the garden with this kitten, and he had dug a large hole, and placed the live kitten in it, and was about proceeding to cover her with earth, when he was discovered by his owner.....Blondin, whose foolish feats of tight-rope walking across Niagara Falls have elicited special wonder and admiration, says that he has not realized fifty dollars over his expenses by the speculation. He might have made a vast deal more in any country circus with much less risk to his neck.....The Philadelphia Bulletin lays down a number of rules of action in case of one's clothes taking fire, and concludes by recommending any lady who should unfortunately find herself enveloped in the flames of her burning garments, to "keep as cool as possible.".....How comforting to many must be the conviction that they are constitutionally exempt from any disease of the brain.....The mysterious disease popularly known in portions of Central Ohio as "Milk Sickness," or the "Trembles," is prevailing with extraordinary fatality in a portion of Marion county, Ohio. A tenant of William Fisher, named Gibson, was first attacked and died. Mr Fisher was the next victim, and then his wife and two adopted children were taken. The five cases terminated fatally, though the Republican says that the best medical skill of the county was exerted in behalf of this unfortunate family. The systems of the victims had become so thoroughly infused with the deadly poison that the remedies employed had no effect whatever.....Mr. Greene, better known as the "Reformed Gambler," has settled down quietly at Christiansburg, Iowa, where he is discharging the duties of postmaster for that not very populous neighborhood. Mr. Greene, we learn, is now in Washington applying for two patents which appear to promise favorably; the first is for an envelope which cannot be opened and reclosed again by steaming, wetting or any other process, without instant detection; and the second for a composition to supersede the present leather tips of billiard cues, which will not require chalk of any kind, and with which, it is claimed, "miscues" will become impossible.....Thompson, the confectioner and restaurant man, in Broadway, N. Y., and a great chess-player besides, has retired from business with an ample fortune, and one of the incidents that accelerated the retiracy, was that the proprietor of Taylor's saloon, near by, agreed to pay him $4000 a year for ten years for that curious manœuvre.....The Worcester Spy says an "Old Folks' Quilting" took place in South Sutton, recently. The "quilting" was done at the house of widow Joshua Lackey, and was attended by sixteen ladies, whose united ages amounted to ten hundred and fifty-four years. They quilted a quilt of nearly two thousand pieces, the largest less than four inches square.....Louis Napoleon has spent as much again in seven years as the preceding governments of France spent in thirty-seven.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The settlement of the terms of peace between France and Austria may occupy more time than the war itself which gave rise to it.—The English papers seem to be subsiding into a somewhat calmer frame of mind, and to be willing to take on trust the repeated assurances of Louis Napoleon that his intentions are loyal. A mutual disarmament may actually take place.—Letters from Rome assert that the principle of the Italian confederation has been accepted by the pope.—Garibaldi still remains in command of a large body of troops.—The French forces have nearly evacuated Italy.—The money-market abroad still indicates an uneasy feeling.—Napoleon has granted a pension of 3000 francs from his private purse to the mother of General Auger, who was mortally wounded at Solferino.—It is said that the Grand Duke Constantine will shortly visit London, and that the emperor of the French will also do so.—The Grand Duke of Tuscany wishes his son to succeed him—the Tuscans do not wish for either.

Statue of Handel.

The statue of Handel, which has been erected at Halle, the native city of the great composer, was uncovered on the 1st of July. It is bronze, and ten feet in height, and stands on a pedestal of marble, raised upon granite steps. The great composer is represented in the costume of his time, leaning on a music desk, on which lies the score of "The Messiah." In his right hand he holds a roll of music. In front of the pedestal is inscribed in characters of gold the name "Handel." On the opposite side are the words, "Erected by his admirers in Germany and England in the year 1859." On one side of the pedestal there is a wreath of oak, and on the other a wreath of laurel in gilt bronze. A bronze statue of Handel has also been erected at Berlin.

Highland Festival.

A great gathering and festival of Highlanders was held near Liverpool lately, at which the entertainments consisted of races of all kinds, archery, vaulting, throwing the hammer and the stone, broadsword exercises, and other athletic games. Music and dancing formed a prominent part of the amusement. A series of prizes were offered for amateur brass bands, playing on the Highland bagpipes, and the dancing of strathspeys, reels, Highland fling, sword dance, etc. For archery and the gentlemen's amateur running matches, gold and silver medals were given; a medal was also offered as a "champion medal" to the winner of the most prizes, and a silver medal to the best dressed Highlander.

Curious Wager.

A most curious wager has just come off in high life in Paris The old Viscount de L—— has just won 3000 francs by playing at billards for thirty-six hours without rest. The viscount is seventy-two years of age—his adversary, the Marquis de C——, a much younger man. The conditions included eating and drinking, but always to take place standing. At the end of twelve hours the marquis gave in, and asked leave to continue with some game to be played sitting. This was acceded to by the viscount, and picket was fixed upon. For twelve hours more the game was kept up, when M. de C—— fell asleep, and the viscount was declared the winner.

Collier's Shakspeare.

It is said that the librarian of the British Museum has discovered the fact that the copy of Shakspeare's works with the marginal emendations supposed to have been made by the poet, and upon the authority of which Mr. Collier published his emendations, is a bit of imposition, as the binding, instead of being of 1632, or even of that century, is of the last century. Mr. Collier preserves silence.

French Gunboats.

The gunboats built at Toulon for the siege of Peschiera, were eighty feet long, each calculated to carry one enormous siege gun and 200 soldiers. They drew five feet of water with their armament and machinery on board. They cost in Toulon $10,000 each, and their transportation in pieces and putting together on the lake cost $10,000 more for each

The Italian Feeling.

To show the ferment which prevails in Milan, the correspondent of the London Times says that recently five persons were conveyed to the mad houses raving maniacs, and that one young man committed suicide. The broiling heat of the season may, to some extent, account for such calamities.

Military Dramas.

The French government has put a stop to the spectacles founded on the events of the Italian war, which were performing at several theatres in Paris, on the ground that it is wrong and impolitic to perpetuate a hostile spirit toward any people after peace has been made.

The Opera in Paris.

The Grand Opera is keeping on in its old track with the Herculaneum and the Sicilian Vespers. Vestvali is said to be preparing to appear there. Bellini's "Capuletti e Montecchi" is now being translated into French, and will soon be in rehearsal for her first appearance.

Austria and Lombardy.

Since the Spanish war of succession (1701), Austria has lost and regained Lombardy no fewer than twelve times. On the 11th of July, 1859, she lost it for the thirteenth time.

Death of Grattan.

Henry Grattan, Esq, only surviving son of the immortal Grattan of '82, died suddenly, July 17, at his residence in Wicklow.

A Painter's Monument.

A monument is about to be erected to Sir Joshua Reynolds, at Plympton, England, his native place.

Parisian Life.

A letter from Paris says there is much gaiety there just now. The Americans are there in great numbers, and are squandering thousands of the old folks' hard-earned dollars. No foreigner goes into the follies and pleasures of Parisian life with such a "perfect looseness" as the American, and he is, in consequence, adored by the shop-keepers, cafe waiters, restaurant proprietors, hackmen, gamblers, valets de place, and lorettes. Commend us to your Yankee in Paris for an unconscionable spendthrift.

The New English Singer.

Miss Augusta Thomson, the new English prima donna, at the request of Queen Victoria, was present at a private concert, given lately by the queen to a distinguished circle at Buckingham Palace. Miss Thomson sang the recitative airs from "Robert le Diable," "Depuis longtemps," "Reviens, ma noble protectrice." We are glad to learn that the young and fair cantatrice's appearance on the occasion was a decided success.

The Russian Policy.

A recently discovered document, drawn up by the Russian cabinet twenty years ago, contains the following significant passage: "Our aim is to give the greatest splendor to the name of the Slavi, to the name of Russia. The Slavonic empire of Russia is to be raised to an eminence domineering the world. Is that aim near? Is it distant? Attained it shall, it must be."

London Land Company.

Steps are in progress for the organization of a land company in London, with a capital of £500,000 sterling, to be devoted to the purchase and settlement of lands in Illinois. The Prairie Land and Emigration Company state that a conditional purchase has been made of 25,000 acres of prairie land from the Illinois Central Railroad Company.

Death of a Man of Science.

M. le Baron Cagniard de la Tour, an octogenarian academician and man of science, whose name was brought before the musical public recently, in recognition of his having invented the instrument called "La Sirene," for the regulation of tuning forks, has just "paid the debt of nature" at Paris.

New Symphony.

A symphony, oddly entitled in these days of odd titles for symphonies, "The Marriage of Alexander the Great and Statira," has just been produced at Berlin, the composition of Her Zobel, who is announced as a pupil of Dr Liszt, and as writing in his manner.

Jenny Lind.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is to visit Ireland in the autumn, for the purpose of singing in oratorios. She intends giving the "Messiah," for the benefit of the Mercers' Hospital, in Dublin.

Carl Formes.

Herr Carl Formes, the celebrated basso, recently passed through London, en route to the Rhine, where he intends remaining for a short time to repose after his arduous tour through America.

Longevity.

The Dinan Journal announces an extraordinary case of longevity in that town, where the Viscountess de Marigny, sister of Chateaubriand, has just entered on her hundredth year.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A PLEA FOR THE INDIANS: With Facts and Features of the late War in Oregon. By JOHN BEESON.

The author of this pamphlet, which is rendered interesting by his personal adventures, takes a very different view of the Indian character from that generally accepted by Americans. He believes in the possibility of Christianizing and civilizing them, and also that they have been deeply wronged, particularly the tribes residing in Oregon. Whether successful in making converts to his views or not, he has certainly produced a readable book.

LIKENESS OF BISHOP FITZPATRICK.—A fine photographic likeness of the Rt. Rev. J. B. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston, is for sale by Mr. P. Donahue, at the office of the "Pilot," Franklin Street. The photograph is taken directly from a large crayon drawing by T. M. Johnston of this city, and of course reproduces every touch and tint of the original, which is an admirable work of art. It is by such reproductions that the photographic process exhibits one of its most striking fields of utility.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published the "Highlander's Quadrille," by Henri Laurent; "Muriel," a ballad from John Halifax, written and composed by George Linley; "Yes, I'll wed him, mother dear," words by J. E. Carpenter, music by Stephen Glover; "Ah! why sing the song of pleasure?" song by C. M. Tracy.

LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE. By REV. H. STOWELL BROWN. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans, 439 Chestnut Street. 12mo. pp. 414. 1859.

Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, the author of the Lectures before us, is the minister of Myrtle Street Baptist Church, Liverpool, and one of the most popular dissenting preachers in England. The elegant portrait which faces the frontispiece shows a vigorous young man, with a plain, but thoughtful and energetic countenance. His lectures are forcible and sensible, and treat of religious and moral themes—such as the "Golden Rule," "The Prodigal Son," "Cleanliness next to Godliness," "Waste not, Want not," "Saturday Night," etc. There is nothing in them limited to any particular latitude, and we are inclined to think they will be as popular here as on the other side of the Atlantic. Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie has furnished a very interesting biographical introduction. For sale by G. G. Evans & Co., 45 Cornhill.

IDYLS OF THE KING. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L. Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp 227. 1859.

Every one is reading this poem; and all who love to look upon the legendary and chivalric past through the golden page of a poet's fancy, and who admire gorgeous imagery and verse that rolls in music, will lay aside the book only to dream of its splendors, and to listen to the echo of its music.

KATE FELTON: or, A PEEP AT REALITIES. By an American Lady. Boston: Edward P. Weston, 16 Devonshire Street. 12mo. pp 444. 1859.

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FRENCH VIVANDIERES.

Though the war in Italy has ended, yet the interest in the military of Europe has by no means subsided, and we are sure our readers will thank us for publishing a spirited engraving representing a group of French vivandieres. We believe there is no army in Europe, save that of France, which possesses an Amazonian rearguard,—a rearguard, however, only in so far that it is the duty of those who compose it to follow the battalions to which they are more immediately attached. The subjoined engraving represents three cantinieres, or vivandieres, of the French army—the Zouave, the Chasseur, and the Infantry of the Line. We may observe, however, that a vivandiere has not precisely the same duties to perform, nor does she hold precisely the same rank, as the cantiniere. To every battalion of the French army, both cavalry and infantry, are attached a certain number of cantinieres and vivandieres, in accordance with the permission of the commanding officer. Some regiments have only three, others four; while the regiments of Zouaves and Chasseurs can boast of as many as six. Whether the ladies are more particularly attached to the costume or to the gallant bearing of the men who compose these regiments, we are unable to say. These, for the most part well-conducted and brave women, are generally the wives of men belonging to the regiment or regiments to which they are more immediately attached. The duty of the cantinieres is similar to that of the holder of a canteen when the regiment is in barracks or quarters. When before an enemy in the field, they supply the men with spirits, wine, tobacco, and occasional luxuries in the way of food, and not unfrequently provide a table for the officers; whereas, the vivandiere follows the regiment (as do the cantinieres also) on the line of march, and even to the battle field, where, often under fire, they present the refreshing cup of wine or *eau de vie* from the little keg swung across their shoulders, to the parched lips of the wounded or dying soldier. Among the men of the regiments to which the vivandieres belong, it is held a point of honor to protect them from insult and danger, whenever they are exposed.

VIVANDIERES OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

PIAZZA DEL POPOLO, ROME.

On entering Rome through the Porto del Popolo, by the ancient Flaminian way, the open circular area in front is called the Piazza del Popolo, and, with its fountains and Egyptian obelisk, the heights of the Pincian Hill, crowned with public gardens on one side and rows of trees on the other, and its southern sweep flanked by the domes and porticoes of the churches Santa Maria del Popolo and Santa Maria del Miracolo—the whole terminating in three long and spacious streets, which carry the eye a long distance, it forms one of the handsomest entrances to be seen in any capital of Europe. Leading southward from this piazza, the Corso, the Ripetta, and the Via del Babbuino, are three fine streets of considerable length. The Corso is the principal street of modern Rome, and is the central of the three thoroughfares issuing from the Piazza del Popolo. The Ripetta, leading from the Piazza del Popolo, westward of the Corso, runs for a considerable distance along the bank of the Tiber. The Via del Babbuino, which proceeds eastward to the Piazza di Spagna, is a handsome thoroughfare, lined with good shops and some of the principal hotels of the city. The obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo originally stood in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. It was taken to Rome by Augustus Cæsar when he returned after his victory at Actium, and was erected by him on the Circus Maximus, and dedicated anew to the sun.—Prostrated during some one of the disasters which befel the city in the decline of the empire, it lay for centuries buried amidst ruins and rubbish, on the spot where it had stood, until Pope Sixtus V. raised it; and when the three fragments into which it had been broken, were carefully united, under the direction of the architect Fontana, had it removed and placed on its present site, surmounted by a cross, as emblematic of the triumph of Christianity over the superstitions of Paganism. The shaft of this beautiful ornament consisted of a single block of red granite, eighty feet high, and was covered with hieroglyphics. The whole structure forms a grand ornament in the centre of the finest piazza in Rome; it is approached by a flight of steps on each side.

VIEW OF THE PIAZZA DEL POPOLO, AT ROME.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859. $2 50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVII., No. 9...WHOLE No 427.

FIELD-MARSHALS HESS AND WIMPFFEN.

The accompanying portraits of two of the most distinguished officers in the Austrian service, our readers may rely upon as genuine and authentic. They are engraved from good photographs recently taken. The figure directly facing us is Hess, with his comrade Wimpffen standing beside him. Marshal Hess is an old soldier, and has met with his share of triumphs and reverses. Born at Vienna in 1788, he commenced the career of arms as an ensign in 1805 He had previously distinguished himself at college by his attainments in the exact sciences, and in the field he was called upon for an immediate application of them, having been attached to the service of the head-quarters staff, soon after he joined the line; and his conduct on the terrible field of Wagram proved his bravery equal to his intelligence. He had the misfortune to see the day result disastrously for the house of Hapsburg, so that his first and last services have been against the same foe, France, and with the same result, defeat to Austria. During the military operations which preceded the downfall of Napoleon, he was constantly on duty, and wherever employed distinguished himself. At Dresden and Leipsic, his skill, intrepidity and coolness were conspicuous, and were rewarded by rapid promotion. In 1830 he was a colonel in the army of Italy, but it was not till the long period of European peace was shaken by the events of 1848, that he again had an opportunity of distinction. Previous to that date, namely, in 1842, he had been created Field Marshal-Lieutenant. Every one knows how successfully for Austria the campaign of 1848 closed, in a triumph of the arms of despotism over those of liberalism. Much of the success of Marshal Radetzky was attributable, as the old warrior himself acknowledged, to the plans and counsel of Hess. Vicenza was stormed and captured by the Austrians, the Piedmontese driven into full retreat from Custazza, and an armistice concluded on the 9th of August. Hess again sketched the remarkable campaign of 1849, when in three days the army of Charles Albert was crushed and defeated, terminating the war, and breaking the heart of the Sardinian king. Radetzky, in recounting these successes, reported to the minister of war at Vienna: "Before all, I hasten to name my quarter-master-general, General Von Hess. To him, I declare in the fullness of my heart, is due by far the greater portion of the results which have been achieved by the imperial army during the last campaign. Seeing everything at a glance, always seizing the right opportunity, and profiting by it with celerity, always keeping an eye on the most elevated aim, he enjoyed my entire and boundless confidence; and with him beside me, I led the army to assured victory. The troops knew this, and were victorious." Hess's services were not unappreciated. He received the title of baron, the grand cross of the order of Maria Theresa, the order of Leopold, and the rank of master of ordnance and chief of the head-quarters staff. In 1849 he served as ambassador to Prussia, and during the Crimean war was in the field for a time, in command of an army of observation in the Turkish provinces. In the late Italian war, he succeeded to the command after Gyulai was defeated at Magenta, but, as in the first campaign of his life, he was doomed to witness the disastrous defeat of his countrymen by the French. He retains, however, the unbounded confidence of his sovereign, and has, as recent advices inform us, been placed at the head of all the land and sea forces of Austria in Italy.

FIELD-MARSHAL FRANCIS EMILE DE WIMPFFEN was born at Prague, in 1797, and is descended from an illustrious Bohemian family. He has risen step by step through the different grades of promotion, till, in 1846, he was appointed Field Marshal Lieutenant, and in that capacity commanded the 2d corps of the army of Italy, where he distinguished himself. With General Nugent, he defeated the army of the Roman Republic under Durando and Ferrara, and was conspicuous for his valor and promptitude at Vicenza and Custazza. His services were rewarded by the cross of the order of Maria Theresa. After the armistice concluded with Piedmont, he was sent with his corps to suppress the insurrection in the States of the Church, where he captured Ancona, and bombarded Bologna. The civil and military government of Trieste, and of the coast of the Adriatic, was afterwards entrusted to him. In 1854 he was appointed Field-Marshal, with the command of the first corps of the Austrian army in Italy, where he went through the recent disastrous campaign.

THE AUSTRIAN FIELD-MARSHALS, HESS AND WIMPFFEN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A WEDDING TRIP TO THE MOON.

BY WILLIAM S. LAWRENCE.

AMONG the other follies of my youth, I was a good deal addicted to what is called being romantic. I had beau ideals of all sorts—beau-idealic men, women, children, horses, dogs, houses, everything. Only one of these did I ever meet with outside of my romantic dreams, namely, my beau idealic man. A lady's beau ideal of a man is, in most cases, I suspect, an ideal beau. But mine was a very different sort of thing. His name was Alden Adderley, and he was my "chum" and classmate in college.

Adderley had not what would generally be called a very handsome face, but he had a very striking one. It was dark to swarthiness, and had such an expression as one might fancy in one of the Hebrew princes of the Old Testament days. I have often heard of "flashing" eyes, but I never saw any but his, and their flashes were such as to make you believe that you might light a candle by them. His figure *was* handsome; nobody ever disputed that. I have heard distinguished artists say that no Antinous or Apollo Belvidere could surpass it.

To this remarkable-looking youth nature had been as prodigal of mental as of physical endowments. If he had chosen to exert himself, I do honestly believe that the "admirable Crichton" would have been a fool to him. Indeed, I never believed in that historical personage at all till I saw Adderley. But there was a strange perversity about my chum which caused him to disdain the loftiest prizes as soon as he assured himself that they were within his reach. The fact is, in this, as in almost everything else, he was an oddity—eccentric to the *nec plus ultra* of eccentricity.

With all his transcendent abilities, this strange being did not by any means take such a rank in college as his friends confidently anticipated. He never stood at the head of his class. And no wonder. College faculties, in general, do not particularly fancy such tremendously erratic geniuses. The fact is, Adderley was more than once formally and officially censured, and in one instance threatened with expulsion—not for any moral delinquency, but for disobedience and "contempt of court." He was never a favorite.

He often studied intensely; but just as often was intensely idle—idle, that is with reference to collegiate exercises; his restlessly active mind could never indulge in absolute sloth. If one of the studies of the college course happened to please him, he plunged into it with an energy and avidity almost frightful to behold, and soon acquired such a mastery of it as to excite not only the astonishment, but in some cases the envy also, of the learned professors. On the contrary, if the study was one that he did not like, no law of the institution, no command of the faculty, could induce him to touch it, or to answer one word about it at the examinations.

Pursuing such a course as this, it is not to be wondered at that Alden Adderley did not take a very high position upon the nicely adjusted but somewhat pedantically graduated scholastic scale. The truth is, he was altogether unsuited to a college life. Neither the lectures of the professors nor the competition of his fellows was of any use to him. He was an exception to all rules—a human comet, travelling in an orbit of more than hyberbolical eccentricity; and one of those blazing mysteries could have been as easily checked or directed by human agency as my queer classmate, Alden Adderley.

His physical abilities were perhaps no less extraordinary than his mental ones; and he certainly strained and abused them less, though he probably exercised them more. His compact, faultless figure more than redeemed the promise it gave of an almost superhuman degree of strength and activity. Nature, in the first place, had been exceedingly bountiful to him in this respect, and then he had improved her gifts to the very utmost. Unremitting bodily exercise was the only thing in which he was perfectly regular and methodical. It seemed to be an indispensable want of his nature.

Foils, boxing gloves and all the other paraphernalia of the athlete were prominent objects among the furniture of our sitting-room; and indeed I was the only one of the students who could—or at least would—give him anything like an opportunity for satisfactory practice. One playful tap of his padded glove would knock most men to the uttermost corner of a moderate sized apartment. I was more heavily built, it is true, than most of my companions; but my superiority did not arise from this cause; it was owing to the constant practice, the ceaseless exercise which Adderley's furiously gladiatorial tastes imposed upon me.

The reminiscences of my chum's eccentric exploits would furnish forth a whole volume of anecdotes; but a very few such will suffice for my purpose—the illustration of the extraordinary character of the individual who is the most prominent object which this little history has to deal with.

It was in our Freshman year, and not long after I began to room with him, that, returning from forenoon recitation in mathematics, I found him seated in a chair, in the middle of the floor, with an orange poised upon the top of his head, and making certain ludicrous gestures, with a solemnly earnest countenance, which called forth from me an abrupt expression of unqualified astonishment:

"Why, Adderley," shouted I, "in the name of all that is foolish and farcical, what are you doing?"

"Don't bother," replied the gesticulator, apparently most deeply absorbed in something, but for the life and soul of me I could not tell what; "don't bother; stand in the bedroom door; there, that's it." And, without paying any farther attention to me, he went on with his motions, dodging his head, first to the right, then to the left, then up a little, then down a little, and then sideways again.

"What the mischief *are* you about, Alden?" I asked, a second time.

He made no answer, but went on "bobbing round" as before. I repeated the question, with still stronger emphasis.

"Don't bother," repeated Adderley, somewhat impatiently, and still going on with his gesticulations, but rather more slowly and less violently.

Seeing that it was in vain to expect any enlightenment from him, I bethought me of following the direction of his eye. It was fixed upon a small pocket pistol which he had placed at the other end of the room, with the muzzle pointed directly towards his head. An exclamation of astonishment burst from my lips, and simultaneous with it came the report of the pistol. At the same instant the orange on Adderly's head was shattered into fragments by a bullet from its barrel.

"That orange was too large by half," muttered Alden, as he coolly examined the bits which lay upon the floor. "I will try a smaller one, or else a lemon."

"Alden Adderley," exclaimed I, "I do believe your brain-pan is cracked somewhere."

"No, it isn't," replied he, "but it might have been—you bothered me so."

I now saw that he held in his hand a long string, one end of which was fastened to the hair-trigger of the pistol, having been previously carried round a pulley, so as to enable him to perform the dangerous feat of shooting an orange from his own head, he being at one end of the room and the pistol at the other. Many mad pranks of this sort was he guilty of, and it was a great wonder that he did not lose his life in some of them. His iron nerve and almost miraculous dexterity, however, bore him scatheless through them all. It was a marked peculiarity of this singular being that he took no pleasure whatever in exhibiting these extraordinary feats to others. On the contrary, they were always performed in the strictest privacy, being never witnessed, even by myself, unless by accident.

To this last remark there was perhaps one exception, in an incident, the memory of which has been handed down, by college tradition, in its minutest particulars, from that day to this. As is the case in most institutions of the sort, there had been, "from time to memorial," as our old *janitor* used to say, a bitter feud between the students of the college and the young men of the town, particularly the apprentices, journeymen, mechanics, etc. College students are but too apt to make themselves ridiculous by assuming airs of superiority over working men, a species of assumption of which the said working-men are by no means tolerant.

The bully of the town party was a gigantic blacksmith, named Gummerton Byell, and familiarly and indeed universally styled "Gum-Bile." He was a tremendous mass of bone and muscle, somewhat clumsily put together, six feet two inches in height, with shoulders like great, crooked stone buttresses, and a fist like one of his own sledge hammers. In fact, he was the most perfect embodiment of brute strength I ever saw; and, unlike most giants, his ill-temper was as well developed as his strength.

One evening a considerable number of the students being gathered together at the college cricket-ground, the blacksmith, having received some real or fancied insult, stalked up to the spot, in company with some half dozen of his companions, and challenged the best man of the party to fight him. I was not present myself, but I had my information from an eye-witness. There were some brave young fellows upon the students' side, but the oldest of them were mere striplings, not more than half the size and strength of the challenger.

Lashing himself into a fury by his own vociferation, the latter strode to and fro, smacking his enormous fist into his left hand, and filling the air with the most impious oaths and blasphemies. Several of the youths, being goaded beyond endurance by this spectacle, were anxious to accept the fellow's challenge, though they knew that a terrible defeat was inevitable. Fortunately, however, their friends succeeded in preventing them, though not without the use of actual force in some instances. At this juncture, some one called out:

"Where is Adderley? Wasn't he on the ground a little while ago?"

"There he is," cried another, "lying under that mulberry tree, with a book in his fist."

A number of the youngsters instantly started for the tree, and after a good deal of persuasion succeeded in bringing Adderley to the spot. Most of them were greatly elated when they saw him, for they knew that if there was any one about the institution who was a match for the bully, it was he. Those who knew him best, however, were not very sanguine, for they knew him to be the most uncertain of all human beings. What he would or would not do, in a given contingency, no one but a prophet could tell.

The knowing ones, therefore, were not disappointed, when Adderley, instead of "tackling" the bully, stretched himself at full length upon the grass, looking straight up into the sky, and, to all appearance, paying no more attention to the boasting blacksmith than to the grasshoppers which chirped around him.

"Ha!" roared the giant, "is that your fightin' man? Is that your body-bruiser? Is that your game-cock—that delikit, lady-fingered bantam? Ha, ha, ha, ha! Why," continued the fellow, with a horrible oath, "I could chaw him up for terbacker, and make but a single chaw of him at that, and I'll do it, too," he added, with another imprecation, walking up to Adderley and shaking his fist within an inch or two of his face.

"Why, that fellow is a coward, after all," whispered a Freshman to my informant.

"A coward? *Adderley* a coward? Then was Hannibal a dastard, and Julius Cæsar the arrantest poltroon that ever drew breath. No, no, he is no coward, but he is just the queerest specimen of humanity ever born of woman. If he thought proper to punish that fellow, he would do it just as easily as you would crush the tiniest insect."

"Why the mischief then doesn't he think it proper?" said the Freshman, with querulous impatience.

"Ask him."

"Well, that mightn't be safe, and wouldn't be altogether courteous. But why not persuade him to do it?"

"You might just as well talk of persuading that sun yonder not to set. But, hark! what's the matter now?"

They saw a movement at one extremity of the crowd, and heard the voice of a crying child. A bright-eyed, curly-headed little fellow, a son of one of the professors, had, in company with an elder brother, been looking at the cricket-players, and afterwards at the bully blacksmith. As the latter paced to and fro, in front of the students, the child laughed at one of his uncouth grimaces. Blinded by rage, the fellow strode up to him, and hit him, with his open hand, so violent a blow that it felled him to the earth, and of course made him cry out.

This incident occurred at some distance from the spot where Adderley was lying, but he saw it all. As if moved by steel springs instead of muscles, he bounded to his feet and hurled himself like a thunderbolt upon the unsuspecting bully, and before any one had time to discover what was taking place, the Cyclops lay prostrate beside the little boy. Bellowing like a mad bull, he rose again and rushed at the student, but before he could even raise his ponderous fist, Adderley planted another blow upon his temple, and he fell heavily to the earth again. Again he scrambled up and ran madly at his opponent, but only to fall again, as before.

As Adderley dropped his huge assailant for the third time, he said, as calmly as if he was talking about the weather: "You seem to be remarkably fond of being knocked down."

But "Gum-Bile" was not yet satisfied. The real state of the case had not penetrated his thick skull. He appeared to think these repeated prostrations were somehow accidental. He could not believe that Adderley was really his master. Seeing him approach a fourth time the latter said: "This may be very amusing to you, but I don't like it. You had better clear out while you have a whole skin, for if you attack me again I will beat you to a mummy. I give you fair warning."

"Gum-Bile" was impervious to any argument except the *argumentum baculinum*. Frothing at the mouth, and roaring like a wild beast, he came on as before. With a panther-like spring, Adderley avoided his fist, and before he could recover himself had his own left arm about his neck; then, with an adroit trip and a twist, he brought him to his knees. The bully's head was now fairly "in chancery," and Adderley, exerting his immense strength, kept it there. I know something of the qualities of my chum's "mauleys," and I can readily believe that "Gum-Bile's" own mother would not have known him three minutes after his punisher commenced operations. Just as he was beginning to roar out lustily for mercy, there passed along the road, within a few feet of them, a water-tight cart, filled with liquid manure of the very filthiest description. Quick as thought, Adderley seized the bellowing bully by the nape of the neck and the seat of his stout, coarse trowsers, and tossed him over the fence into the cart, where he immediately sunk and disappeared in the liquid abomination. From that day forth, "Gum-Bile" was never heard of more about the college, and he certainly became a quieter if not a better man.

My chum did not remain at college long enough to take his diploma, and for a very good reason—because they would not let him. I doubt very much, however, whether he would have taken a degree if it had been in his power, for he held all college honors in sovereign contempt. He was not exactly expelled, but left, voluntarily, in the last term of his senior year, under the following circumstances:

There was a menagerie and circus exhibition in town, and "everybody and his wife" were there, including, of course, Alden Adderley and the reader's humble servant. Adderley had with him a little boy, the same bright little fellow in whose behalf he had punished the bully blacksmith. In close proximity to our little party was a young city gentleman, patronizing the little college town in general and the showmen and their animals in particular. His chief peculiarity was a "bran-new" hat, of a remarkably shiny, brilliant appearance, a perfect miracle of newness. This resplendent hat was evidently the one grand object of its owner's affections—"his darling and his pride." Never, in all my experience, have I seen a mere stove-pipey head-covering so proudly exhibited, and so feted and caressed.

My chum's temper was not a very long-suffering one towards vanity and stupidity combined, and I saw that this hat-worshipping popinjay was beginning to chafe him. I therefore managed to turn his attention in another direction. As ill-luck would have it, however, when "the world-renowned pony Animalcule" began his "astounding performances," the hat and its owner made their appearance directly in front of us, so as entirely to obstruct our view of what was going on. To Adderley and myself this was a matter of but little moment, but to the boy, whom he held in his arms, and who was in a paroxysm of anxiety to see the fun, it was a great disappointment.

"Sir," said Alden, tapping the shoulder of the young gentleman of the glossy head-piece, "will you be kind enough to remove your hat? It prevents the child from seeing the pony."

The fellow looked round with an impudent stare, but made no reply. Nor did he remove his hat; but, on the contrary, with a defiant air, elevated it to the ultimate altitude of his consequential pericranium, and then gave it a thump with his fingers to steady it.

"I humbly beg your hat's pardon, sir," said

Adderley, "but I must really *insist* upon its coming off."

This time the youngster paid no attention whatever to what was said to him. Adderley waited about two minutes, and then, with a sweep of his right arm, sent the hat flying across the tent. The owner of the outraged beaver said nothing, but sent a most furious scowl behind him as he started off in pursuit of the highly prized property.

Some ten or fifteen minutes later, a young naval officer made his appearance, bearing a bombastically worded challenge from Mr. Silverton Smith, for such, it appeared, was the name of the hero of the hat. Greatly to my surprise, it was accepted on the spot. The meeting was to take place the next morning, at sunrise, about two miles out of town, and the sailor man was referred to me for the settlement of the necessary preliminaries.

"You don't mean to put a bullet in that fellow's head, do you?" said I, as soon as the young officer had taken leave of us.

"No, no," replied Adderley, "that would be a poor revenge. I mean to do something far more terrible—I shall put a bullet in his *hat*."

It was not until the affair had gone thus far that Alden remembered that my position as his second might get me into trouble with the college authorities. The moment he did so, he begged that I would withdraw and allow him to choose another second; but I was determined to see the end of the affair, happen what might, and I did so.

When the hat and its wearer reached the ground the next morning, the brilliancy of the former contrasted unfavorably with the excessive dullness of the latter. His consequential swagger was no more, and his self-satisfied smirk had given place to a wan, anxious look, pitiable to behold. Some one had evidently told him of Adderley's wonderful dexterity in the use of pistols, the weapon fixed upon, and it was abundantly manifest that he would never have appeared at the rendezvous without the agency of his much-mortified second. His face was pale to blueness, and his teeth chattered audibly in his trembling jaws.

The ground was measured, the combatants were placed, and I was just about to give the word to fire, when Mr. Silverton Smith bolted—ran away—with all the speed his long legs and his terrible fright could command. He had made but half a dozen strides or so, when Adderley, with a contemptuous smile, levelled his pistol and fired. The fellow dropped, instantaneously, like a slaughtered bullock, and lay perfectly motionless.

"Good Heavens! you have killed him!" exclaimed the young officer.

"No, sir," replied Alden, "I have done just the very thing I came here for. I have *spoiled his new hat!*"

And so he had. The second ran to him, raised him up, and found that the entire damage was a bullet-hole through the centre of that darling hat, though his terror-struck imagination had led him to believe that his head was perforated. When fully satisfied of the truth, he raised the well beloved *chapeau* from the ground, gazed ruefully at the hole, and rolling his eyes up piteously, exclaimed: "It couldn't be *mended*, could it?"

As I have already stated, the duelling exploit terminated Alden Adderley's connection with the college. He had one staunch friend in the faculty, the father of the above mentioned little boy; but duelling was a most serious offence, and would hardly have been overlooked in this case. At all events, Adderley, who did not value a diploma to the amount of a single sixpence, resolved to anticipate the probable decision of his judges, and left the institution without waiting for a trial. I was severely censured for my own share in the business, but I managed to rub through and get my "sheepskin."

Four years rolled rapidly away, during which I saw nothing of Adderley. I heard from him occasionally, however, and *of* him and his mad pranks I heard enough to fill a volume. I think it highly improbable that there was one man alive during those four years whose existence was so literally crowded with incident and adventure. He had been in every quarter of the globe, and had everywhere kept the faces of men agape with astonishment. Some of these extraordinary doings were recorded in the journals of the time; but, from his excessive aversion to even the semblance of display, it resulted that very few of them were ever heard of out of the immediate region in which they occurred. Thrice in the space of time I have mentioned was my old chum reported to be dead, and in each instance his escape from destruction was but by a hair's breadth.

On one of these occasions he was hunting, far in the interior of Southern Africa, before Gordon Cumming or any other white man had ever been there. From the branch of a tree he leaped upon the shoulders of an infuriated rhinoceros, and kept his seat for a long time, in spite of the animal's frantic efforts to dislodge him. It was his purpose to despatch the beast by plunging a long, slender stiletto into his spinal marrow. Unfortunately, however, it struck a bone and broke, and its only effect upon his savage steed was to render him still more furious. At last, finding it impossible to get rid of his burden in any other way, the monster tumbled down and rolled over on his rider. Both of Adderley's legs were broken, and the rhinoceros no doubt left him for dead, giving him a finishing stroke, as he supposed, by rolling him down a steep bank into a river.

When the daring rider came to his senses, he found himself stretched out upon the bank at the distance of two or three miles from the spot where the animal left him. He had floated down with the current, until he was seen and fished out by some savage Bechuanas, who eventually carried him off. His companions supposed him to be dead, and believed that his body had been carried down the river where it would never be heard of again.

His friends at the cape all believed him to be no more; but in less than two months he was heard of again among the wild elephants and lions, perilling his life every day by dare-devil feats almost too incredible to be recorded. At last he disappeared again, and what then became of him I do not even know to this day.

The next thing I heard of my eccentric friend was that he was fighting like a madman in Algeria; not for the French, as any one else would have done, but for the scattered remnant of the followers of Abd-el-Kader. Here, unassisted and alone, he entered and captured a French fort, disguised as one of their own officers, and unsuspected, from the mere fact of his being apparently a European. The garrison, to be sure, was a small one, but he had secured all their arms and made them believe that there was a whole army behind him, when, after he had hauled down their flag, he was unfortunately overpowered and taken by six or seven men, whom he had overlooked, they having been asleep in an unused casemate.

Having entered the fort in disguise, and made a complete examination of it, and being afterwards captured in an assumed character, he was sentenced to be hanged as a spy, and for several months was believed to be dead. It seems, however, that a gallant French officer risked his own life to save his, by conniving at his escape. In order that he might not compromise his preserver, Adderley left the country with the utmost secrecy, and to this day, no doubt, his death as a spy remains a matter of record in the archives of France.

The next time this modern paladin was left for dead, was while he was fighting the Russians in Circassia. In a bloody battle, where he fought like a tiger for hours, by the side of Schamyl, he became engaged with a dozen or more Cossacks, and received a spear thrust in the back, which sent him rolling under their horses' hoofs. Though very severely wounded, he managed to seize by the leg the horse of the fellow who struck him, and clung to it with desperate energy till he found means to draw his bowie-knife and hamstring the animal, so that he fell to the earth and his rider with him.

The Cossack came to the ground unhurt, but Adderley had him by the throat almost before he reached it, and hanging on to him with the tenacity of a bull-dog, strangled him before the others could come to his assistance. When they did reach the spot, half a dozen of their long lances were thrust into his body, and he was left to all appearance a corpse. But his exhaustless energy and iron constitution triumphed over death once more. He was carried to a peasant's hut, and after lingering for two months on the brink of the grave, during which time his friends all supposed him to be dead, he finally recovered; and after making a night attack upon one of the enemy's camps, singly and unaided, and carrying off two prisoners, he returned to the United States.

It was about six months after Adderley had informed me of his return, that I received a letter from him, containing an earnest request that I would be present on the occasion of his marriage, which was to take place in just five weeks from the date of the letter. It was a long journey to make, for he was to be married in the far southwest; but I felt a strong desire to see my old friend once more, and to become acquainted with his bride. I had just completed a course of medical study and taken my degree in Philadelphia, so that was bound down by no ties of business; without much hesitation, therefore, I determined to go.

In due time I arrived at the home of Adderley's intended. It was about the middle of May, and I have rarely, if ever, looked upon a more exquisite picture of rural beauty than the place presented. The lawn, the grounds, the garden, were one blooming wilderness of sweet southern flowers, the fair mistress of the domain being by far the sweetest of them all. Adderley had not yet arrived; but I was known to be his intimate friend, and every attention that hospitality could contrive or that kindness could bestow, was lavished upon me.

On the morning of the wedding day he came, and it was a most pleasing thing to observe the joy which his presence shed upon the fair young bride. Her somewhat pensive loveliness seemed transfigured by a sort of holy joy, the very incarnation of trustful happiness, and purity, and peace.

And well might any female heart have been captivated by such a being as Alden Adderley then was, in the full bloom of his youthful manhood. I have already remarked that he was the only one who ever came up to my beau ideal of manly perfection. When we were at college, I could never look at him without thinking of the heroes of antiquity, or the fabulous knights errant of the days of chivalry. But what was I to think now, when every masculine grace, every excellence of mind and person, which was but in its bud of promise then, had now become a full-blown flower? No reader of Shakspeare could have seen Alden Adderley without murmuring to himself:

> "See what grace was seated on this brow;
> Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
> A combination, and a form, indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a *man*."

The quotation, it is true, is so trite as to be almost musty, but proper subjects for it are far from being common. In all my life I have seen but one.

But it must be confessed that with this wonderful development of manly beauty, there was a corresponding development of the eccentricity and extravagance which had ever accompanied it. When I looked upon the reckless audacity that flashed in his splendid eyes, I trembled for the future of the lovely Ada, his lily-like young bride. His restless vivacity had the appearance of a perpetual intoxication, but it was merely the gradual, harmless effervescence of that mighty soul's volcanic energies. I shuddered to think of such an eruption of these pent-up fires as might possibly take place.

The bride's father was one of the first men in the State in which he lived. There was a large party assembled at his house in the evening, and among them were some of the most brilliant as well as some of the wildest spirits of the rude, untamed southwest. The better class of these were just the set to appreciate a genius like his, and the intellectual flashes which a collision with such minds elicited, was sometimes fearful to behold.

Some of the occurrences of that night were spread abroad by the public prints, but the world has ere this forgotten them. I will venture to say, however, that not one of those who listened to Alden Adderley that night, and witnessed the sparklings of wit and the flashings of eloquence which issued from him, like one continuous stream of electric corruscation, will ever forget the scene or the man as long as they breathe the breath of life.

But I will not dwell upon that which, from the very nature of it, cannot to any extent be described. Adderley and Ada were made one; and

> "So stately his form and so lovely her face,
> That never a hall such a galliard did grace."

I had heard of people being moved to tears by the mere sight of others dancing, and had ridiculed the idea; but that night I had a demonstration of the possibility of the thing practically brought home to me. Adderley and his bride, on that occasion, danced a little Spanish dance, which exhibited the "poetry of motion" in a guise of such exquisite beauty, dignity and grace, that my eyes, as well as those of others, actually filled with tears, in spite of most strenuous efforts to prevent them. This wonderful dancing, in fact, produced upon my feelings an intense and almost painful excitement, of that sort which I had sometimes experienced on beholding, or even reading of, some deed of heroism, or some act of exalted magnanimity.

I have attempted to give some idea, not of the dancing of this remarkable pair, but of the effect it produced by it upon myself and others; but of their music, or at least of Adderley's, it would be in vain to say anything. They sang and played duets for some time, and then Adderley sat down to the piano and sang and accompanied his own improvisations. As I have already intimated, I will attempt no description of them. I might as well try to paint the thunder, or set the lightning's flash to music. It was not merely beautiful—it was wildly magnificent, grand, terrible, sublime!

At one time these strange improvisations would present a musical chaos, "without form and void;" then would come flashes of light and beauty, breaking through the gloom with all that intensity of contrast which the master hand of a musical Rembrandt alone knows how to generate; and then these fitful gleams would become great bursts of light, breaking in in every direction, and flooding the whole landscape of sound, until the ear became dazzled (if I may use such expressions) with a splendor almost unendurable! Anon, this glory would all disappear, to be merged in a strain of pathos so wildly sweet, a wail of anguish so inexpressibly mournful, that you would think it the last despairing cry of some lost Peri, shut out from heaven's gate forever!

But I am unwittingly attempting that which I had promised not to attempt, and betraying myself into the folly of undertaking what I have declared to be impossible. The fact is, I am loath to advance to the completion of my story. It includes a dark and dismal page of my life's history, haunted by ghosts of joys departed, and friendships gone down to the silent tomb.

It was somewhere between two and three o'clock when the guests who were to go went, and those who were to stay retired to rest. My dormitory was a very small room on the ground floor, with a single window looking upon the lawn. The night was warm, and I left the window open.

I had been in bed some time, but was not yet fairly asleep, when I was startled into wakefulness by a piercing shriek, uttered by a female, and evidently coming from some quarter outside of the house. To spring up and draw on a portion of my clothes was but the work of an instant. Before I could do so, however, there was a repetition of the shriek, still longer and louder than before. This time I noted the point from which it came, and leaping from the window, I ran across the lawn in that direction. The full moon was shining brightly, almost in the zenith. While I was yet running, a succession of the same ear-piercing screams guided me to the exact spot whence they proceeded. It was a small enclosure, where, as a part of the festivities of the ensuing day, Adderley had had a many-colored balloon prepared, large enough to carry three persons, which was to ascend at an early hour in the morning. He had intended to go up in it himself, but his wife, by her earnest entreaties, had induced him to abandon the idea. The inflation had been completed a little after sunset, and all prepared for starting.

To my inexpressible astonishment, when I reached the spot, I saw the great globular mass surging to and fro, and Adderley and his bride seated in the car, the former being in the act of cutting the last of the ropes which bound it to the earth! At my approach, the poor girl redoubled her shrieks, calling out wildly for assistance. Upon the impulse of the moment, I made a leap for the flying car, and barely succeeded in catching with my right hand one of the ropes by which the machine had been fastened to the ground. In another minute the buoyant apparatus was flying above the tops of the highest trees, with my body dangling from it by the sole frail support of my fingers. Concentrating all my strength in the effort, I succeeded at length in "swarming" up the unstable rope until I fell exhausted into the car.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NELLY'S ROOM.

BY SYBIL PARK.

This is the room which she called her own,
It hath rung with music and laughter gay;
Where hath our white-browed darling flown?
Why doth she tarry so long away?

Where are the curtains her small hands swept
Backward in many a graceful fold,
When the June sunlight lovingly crept
Through the low windows, a flood of gold?

Beautiful pictures are on the wall,
Raphael pictures, that breathe and glow,
Luring the soul, like an angel's call,
Up from the shadowy depths of woe.

Gay-winged birds of a southern clime,
Vases glowing with fragrant flowers,
Weave in the flush of the summer-time,
Pleasant dreams of her woodland bowers.

Dainty and soft are the pillows white,
Meet for so young and so fair a face;
When will she nestle all warm and bright
Down 'mid their frillings of pointed lace?

Patiently waiting in silence now,
Her bounding step on the oaken stair;
When shall we look on that pearly brow,
And golden brown of her silken hair?

Is it the voice of the cold dark sea,
Breaking in sobs on the lonely shore,
That bringeth as sad, as sad can be,
Such dirge-like echoes of "nevermore?"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HIS NOISY NEIGHBORHOOD.

Report of the Griefs of a Newly Married Couple.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

A STRANGER came to the writer's room one morning (room 48, one flight, right-hand side), amazed him with his pale face and astonished him with his card; for on that dainty bit of pasteboard was printed the name of John Jawbone! strange name, suggestive of a celebrated scriptural animal. But it seemed that Mr. Jawbone was no ass, though his ears were quite large enough to hear well—perhaps too distinctly—as will be seen.

The brief colloquy which followed, resulted in his leaving some disjointed notes for the purpose of having them weaved into a narrative for the press. The task being subsequently finished, herein is submitted a detail of the recent sufferings of Mr. and Mrs. John Jawbone, a newly married couple, who lately took a house in one of the environs of New York, hoping, from the apparent quietude of the place, to pass their honeymoon in peaceful clover. But alas!

Their dreams were disturbed—not by their own clashing disappointments and ill dove-tailed natures, as is the common case with too expectant honeymooners; for the Jawbones coincided to a charm; but disturbed by the villanously noisy neighborhood into which they had moved, like a pair of innocent but incautious turtle-doves. But Mr. Jawbone shall speak for himself—if a man can be said to speak for himself who speaks by proxy. And thus he is delivered:

"When we engaged the house, we put into it about a thousand dollars worth of furniture, intending to entirely eclipse Adam and Eve. But what Maria and I suffered while we stayed there, may be gathered from a list of the principal noises which harassed our souls every twenty-four hours. To begin:

"Regularly, at about three o'clock in the morning, as many as forty or fifty enterprising roosters began to crow all around our neighborhood. As preceding noises had kept us awake till then, we despaired of slumber, being forced to listen. Never before had I thought it possible for any, even of the most unprincipled squads of chanticleers who delight to murder sleep, to utter forth such a variety of noises. Not one of them had a good voice; all were horrid, and each was worse than the others, and none had sense or shame enough to keep his bill shut; and then there was one abominable foreigner from Shanghai, which would earn a good salary if hired to do the groaning in Richard III. When we first heard him, Maria was sure that somebody was dying by an assassin's hand, and my hair got all out of curl. He groaned so long and so regularly, however, that Maria remarked that it was singular he should be so long a dying, and then I concluded it must be a rooster. What his hens must have suffered is beyond human conception; but as the hen is not a musical bird, perhaps not much.

"Rolling in agony, we invoked the light of day, and showered blessings on the earliest carts, which, nigh the edge of morning, began their philanthropic rounds, and dulled the dismal clamor.

"But daylight, which even to the sick brings some relief, brought none to us. For pedestrian feet and more carts rattled and shuffled with fast increasing harshness, the inevitable heralds of those loud-mouthed rural monsters, the vegetable '*Hilly-oes!*' A stranger in these clamorous regions needs to be informed that the hilly-o is a peculiarly Hadean cry, which every wandering vegetable and fruit-monger, male or female, sets up at every utterance of the article thus hawked about the streets. In our street more than forty shrill hilly-oes perambulate every morning, like rampant wolves or crazy tigers, howling, yelling, screaming and shrieking the names of all manner of berries and vegetables, ending with the eternal hilly-o! a heaven and earth-defying and heart-rending assault upon the ear, which no guilt of man could justify, and which the constant practice of these lawless savages renders odiously audible for a mile. O, hilly-o! and O, remorseless murderers of morning slumbers, would that Maria and I could consign you to annihilation, even at the sacrifice of the whole vegetable kingdom.

Straggling hilly-oes of other descriptions usurp the street at intervals throughout the day, when the ear has somewhat recovered from its morning shocks, and is better able to bear them; but the cast-iron shout of the ragman, with his rag-pennoned cart, was usually the signal for Maria and me to abdicate the couch which had vainly wooed us to repose.

"'Rags! rags!' roars the stentorian herald of dilapidated garments, as if the air had not been torn to rags before he came. 'Rags! rags! rags!' shouts the relentless demon, making faces look as wretched as the forlorn and motley shreds he bawls for.

"Then 'whang! whang! clang!' comes another unquiet spirit, with his heavy bell, as if, with ingenious and persisting cruelty, he would slaughter the very ghost of some murdered echo, which was just about to rise and moan for vengeance against his hateful predecessors. But ere that baleful bell is out of hearing, comes on, with straggling stride, the pudding-mouthed vender of brooms—not the tidy, sweet-voiced lass of old Bavarian memory, ah, no!—but a short, thick, plodding Hodge of a fellow, who thunders, mumblingly, 'Bromps!' as the grumbling bellow of a bull might sound, half-smothered in a vat of lager-bier.

"And now, as if all animated nature were engaged in a rivalry to see which could make the most and the worst noise, a waddling drove of silly-billed geese come vibrating along, with their cackle-ations as to where the daintiest bits of street-lunch may be found, and quarrel at every object which disturbs in the least their chosen line of march. A melancholy herd of swill fed cows follow, with melancholy lowing; a kid and a dog, harnessed to a boy's cart, stop exactly opposite our door, and the restive antics of the unprincipled kid, and the reproachful yelping of the dog, attract a crowd of delighted children, who are suddenly dispersed by the clumsy and panting passage of a big ox, harnessed by rope to a rudely fashioned vehicle, laden with a vaporous and inodorous cask of grain from a neighboring distillery.

"Dogs bark, the driver shouts, children scream, mothers call after them, and on go the kid and dog, with the juvenile rabble, who leave place for the almost incessant procession of water-pails to and from the neighboring street-pump. The public viaducts have not yet been carried to that high ground, and when Maria and I first observed that same procession, chiefly composed of women and children, we imagined there must be a great fire near us, and wondered why the people did not give the alarm—as if any extra noise could have been distinguished in the general din of that dissonant locality! When we learned that the pump supplied something less than five hundred families with drinkable water, we felt a momentary satisfaction that we were not pumps ourselves, and concluded that we must be dwelling in a temperate neighborhood at least.

"But the closing day dispelled that delusion. For hard by there are two of the lower order of taverns in full blast; and from supper-time till past midnight the hangers-on at those places diversified the noises of the vicinity with excited jargon and at least one fight, resulting in renewed clamor from men, women and dogs; large knots of the tenants of the adjoining houses remaining conveniently at hand, seated throughout the evening, laughing and jabbering, upon the sidewalks. The fight was usually postponed till about eleven o'clock, though sometimes, to accommodate, it began earlier, and sometimes there were three or four, occasionally ending with an arrest.

"The weather being warm, the windows of the neighbors were generally open, thus affording a prolonged opportunity for them to become familiar with each other's babies' cries. Whether there were more infants there than in any other place of the size on earth, it certainly seemed so to us from the variety; though perhaps we, in our frantic bewilderment, attributed noises to them which belonged to other specimens of animated nature. But they assuredly delighted to cry, and this may perhaps be owing to the influence of the 'spirit of the spot,' the genius of turbulence which haunts the air; possibly to the warm weather; and undoubtedly, in part, to their inheriting a noisy nature from their parents, who are liberal patrons of the two taverns aforementioned; and thus they had the benefit of examples, and we of knowing the various degrees of their proficiency.

"One of the parents is in reality a crazy man, who exults in a red flannel shirt, leather lungs, and a little baby. Maria, with more significance than elegance, denominated him the frantic bullfrog; for as, according to 'his custom always in the afternoon,' he perambulated up and down the sidewalk, near the tavern, he tossed his little offspring in the air or hugged it to his brawny chest, he was in the habit of uttering most enormous croaks, monosyllables, of which nobody could easily divine the meaning, and loud enough to be heard over all the other noises.

"The bullfrog usually croaked for three or four hours, at short intervals, occasionally repairing to the inn to refresh his exhausting energies. He was the most peculiar of the human nuisances. But over and above all the other plagues in the discordant calendar, that which annoyed Maria and me the most was a little black dog, which generally stayed in the house all day, but always came out as early as nine o'clock, and barked all around the neighborhood all night.

"Now Maria is very fond of a good dog, and so am I—a thorough bred, well-behaved, sensible dog, who stays where he belongs, and don't bark for the sake of barking. But there was not a dog of that kind in our neighborhood, that's certain. All that we saw or heard were of that character which predominates in metropolitan suburbs—a set of parti-colored, shapeless, mongrel, mangy, quarrelsome, cowardly and barking curs that seem to catch the ill-natured and inhospitable spirit of sottish, brawling masters, and whose principal object seems to be to make the night hideous. And of all the dogs of this kind that ever were seen or heard by Maria and me, this little black dog was the most inveterate and detestable.

"He used to come out every evening, regularly, at about the time when the human bullfrog left off, and barked all night, or at least until the concert of the roosters, at three o'clock, A. M., had fairly begun. And such a bark! It was not so particularly remarkable for volume, but it had a harsh and piercing sharpness, a sort of scalding series of tones which curdled the blood, and went to the very marrow of his hearers. He knew it, too. I know he knew it. And he knew the very time when his power of tormenting could be exercised to the best advantage. Else why did he stay at home and keep silent all day, out of harm's way, and when night set in scamper forth, under cover of darkness, and annoy all the neighborhood within a radius of three squares?

"He was the earliest and the latest of the barkers—for there were many thereabouts—but to him I attribute all the blame, for I watched and timed him to a hair. Conscious that his bad example would infect the rest, this cunning little pest invariably began the evening's entertainment, all the other dogs being still. For awhile they would disdain to answer. This would seem to enrage him. He would change his tone and vary his style, now high, now hoarse, now tremulous, now rasping, as if the venom of a fiend was in him, until finally he achieved his object. A reply, sometimes in rebuke, and sometimes in the form of a question, would come from one, two, three, and then an indefinite number of dogs, far and near, and in every kind of canine tone, until sometimes it seemed as if as many as a thousand dogs were engaged in the business—all owing to that ugly scamp of a little black dog.

"Sometimes, as if delighted, he would pause to listen; but if he noticed any material cessation, he would begin again, inevitably, to keep the *band* a moving. How a dog that couldn't have weighed more than fifteen pounds could hold out so long, was a serious mystery to Maria and me. He always outbarked them all, and when they had relapsed into a tired and disgusted silence, he would leave our immediate neighborhood and trot around into the nearest street and bark there, in the malignant hope of waking up some dog who had not done his share. Maria, being charitably disposed, at first used to think that some misfortune had happened to his master, or that he was hungry or in pain; but ultimately her charity was exhausted, and she even suggested the propriety of giving him a piece of meat garnished with strychnine.

"But milder counsels prevailed; and finding that our health as well as our temper was suffering severely from the multitudinous combination of midnight noises which deprived us of our needful slumber, a thought occurred to me which Maria thought was very bright.

"'How would it do, my dear,' said I, 'for us to change, and sleep in the back chamber?'

"'That would be a good idea,' said she, a faint smile of hope lighting up her pale face. 'We shall get rid of the street noises at any rate, including that horrid little black dog.'

"'I wonder we never thought of that before,' said I. And we tried it. But it didn't succeed, of course.

"The first night was cool, and it rained, and so few people were abroad, and windows were down, and the dog was in, and we slept refreshingly. But the second night, everybody, including the dog, the night being sultry, seemed endeavoring to be making up for lost time. Our change of quarters staved off and stifled some of the noises, but the black dog was no fixture, and seemed to be ubiquitous. For about half the night we heard his familiar voice on that side of the house with aggravating distinctness; and though somewhat relieved, as far as he was concerned, a new affliction came on us, causing us to sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness.

"This new desolation arose from the unhappy fact, that, opposite the rear of our house, lived a man and his wife, who were in the habit of indulging in too strong potations, a consequence of which was, that when they did not drive slumber from our weary eyelids by their boisterous mirth, chat and discordant singing, they got intoxicated, quarrelled and fought, ending with shouts, shrieks, oaths, lamentations, intervention of neighbors, and calling for the watch.

"'I do believe,' cried my dear wife, sobbing, after long endurance of this sort of thing, 'that there is very little rest to be had this side of the grave. And O, how happy we ought to be that we *can* die, some time or other.'

"'There is, indeed,' said I, 'much satisfaction in that style of thinking. But, Maria, it strikes me that it is too early to wish for death, when we have so recently been married. It is my opinion that the best thing we can do is to move. Yes, move, even though, for the sake of a little peace by day and rest by night, we should go to the remotest region of the habitable globe. Besides, I am afraid that the hilarious and somewhat belligerent example of that man and wife may have a tendency to irritate our matrimonial character.'

"'I am willing to go,' she murmured, resignedly, just as the mournful Shanghai began to groan again; 'but we must be careful to go where there are no roosters and no little black dogs.' And the thought was so soothing that she actually fell asleep!

"'A good omen!' thought I, tenderly. And the next day I compromised with my landlord, and we did move, far away."

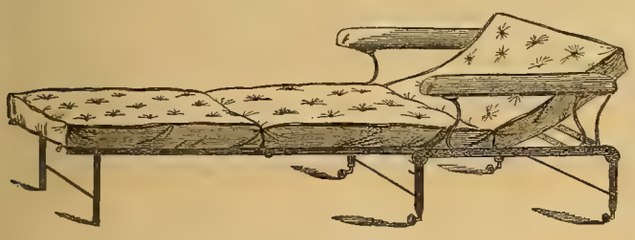
POWER OF THE JEWS.

The Jews, though scattered over the earth, yet maintain a secret and indissoluble bond of union and common interest. In every country they are, as it were, the servants; but the time may come when they will virtually be the masters in their turn. Even at the present time are they not, to a great extent, the arbiters of the fate of Europe? Maintaining, on the one hand, the bond between the different states, by the mysterious power of wealth which they possess; and, on the other, loosening the ties of social life, and introducing or fostering ideas of change among various peoples? In the Jewish nation stirs the Nemesis of the destiny of Europe.—*Haxthausen.*

IRON MANUFACTURES.

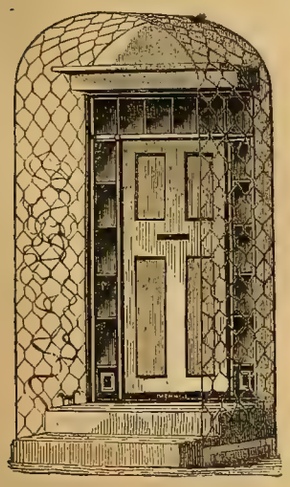
FLOWER STAND.

Ages ago, philosophers told us that iron was of more value to the world than gold, but few persons realize this as a tangible fact. Yet, in view of the manifold uses to which this metal is applied, the age we live in might almost be termed, with truth, the age of iron. Iron supplies the material for the soldier's sword and the statesman's pen; without it, the vast machinery by which the marvels of the century are wrought, could not exist. We sweep through the world with the speed of the wind on iron roads, drawn by iron horses; warehouses and splendid dwellings are built of iron, and the ocean is traversed in every direction by iron ships. Yet it is not alone in vast masses, in bulky fabrics that this precious metal is employed; it is so tractable to manipulation that it lends itself to the shaping of the most delicate fabrics, and yields obediently to the requirements of art. We were not fully aware of its capacity or the extent of its employment, however, until we visited the warehouse of our neighbors, Chase Brothers & Co, No. 15 Winter Street, and examined the various objects with which it is stored. We there beheld tables, chairs, fountains, bedsteads, statues, music-stands, ornamental railings—a hundred different objects, all of iron, and many of them of great beauty and exquisitely delicate workmanship. The strength of the material admits of very delicate fashioning, and yet, however delicate, they are indestructible A casual overturn will often destroy a costly piece of wooden furniture; no such casualty can happen to one of iron. The cleanliness, too, of the material is a great recommendation. We passed a long time in examining the objects submitted to our inspection, and were so much gratified, that we have procured engravings of some of them, to show what a comparatively new art has accomplished. The Flower Stands, one of which is shown herewith, are of iron and wire, exceedingly light and pretty, and of graceful patterns. The Folding Bedstead is a very ingenious contrivance. The Extension Bedstead occupies very little room, and is one of the most useful articles we looked at. The Piazza Settees are of very pretty patterns, and are precisely what is needed for out door exposure. The Chair-Bed commends itself to every one's favorable consideration. The Card-Stand



CHAIR-BED EXTENDED.

is a pretty and useful piece of furniture. The Aquarium Stand, of iron, is very extensively used. The Arbors, of iron wire-work, are very graceful, are put up in a few minutes, and can be readily moved from one spot to another. Cradles and Vases of iron are susceptible of adaptation to every taste. The other day we saw a summer-house manufactured by Messrs. Chase Brothers & Co., wholly of iron, and one of the prettiest we remember ever to have seen. It was octagonal in form, with a very beautiful open-work cornice, the interstices of the frame work being filled up with elaborate arabesque designs. We should imagine that country-gentlemen who are every now and then called upon to renew some mouldering wooden structure in their gardens, would jump at the opportunity of obtaining in their place an imperishable *kiosque*. Iron wire-work fences are also coming greatly into vogue. Their cheapness and strength, the rapidity with which they are put up and moved, their invisibility, permitting a full view of the flowers and shrubbery they protect perfectly against all intruders, biped or quadruped, entitle them to the favor they receive. We have not enumerated a tenth part of the articles we examined in our neighbors' salesrooms, but we have said enough to give an idea of the variety and value of these manufactures of iron. It will be seen that a house not only may be built, but also nearly furnished throughout with iron, and that, not in the coarse style which alone was possible a few years ago, but in a style of the greatest elegance. Iron stores, of which there are several specimens already completed in this city, and the number of which will greatly increase before long, are susceptible of great finish. The exterior, when painted white, from the peculiar texture of the iron, so closely resembles marble as to escape detection except on the closest inspection. Such is the case with Parker Fowle & Son's building in Washington St. Another fine specimen of iron work fronts is the building on Court Street, near the corner of Tremont Row. All that these manufactures of iron require to ensure their durability, is to be kept coated with paint and varnish, to prevent oxydation. The taste of the times is gradually bringing these edifices into existence, and they add much to the beauty of the street.



ARBOR.

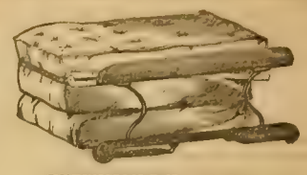
ALUMINUM.

FOLDING BEDSTEAD.

It is only a few years ago that this valuable metal was uncommon and expensive, owing chiefly to the difficulty of reducing it from its oxyde. We believe that about three years ago, its market value was no less than $18 per ounce, but so many improvements have since been made in the manufacture, that it now has become cheaper than silver. M. H. St. Claire Deville, of Paris, was the first chemist who succeeded in producing it in anything like large quantities, but his process was very expensive. The oxyde of aluminum had first to be converted into a chloride, and from this reduced to the metallic state by sodium in crucibles submitted to a high heat When Deville commenced his experiments, the price of sodium was five dollars per ounce, and it required three ounces to obtain one of aluminum. In a very outcast region of the world—cold Greenland—an aluminous mineral called *cryolite* has been discovered in great quantities, from which the metal can be reduced at a very limited cost, and a large factory has lately been erected at Battersea, England, by M. Gerhard, for this very purpose. To 270 parts by weight of powdered cryolite, 150 parts of common salt and 72 parts of sodium are added, and all mixed together in an earthen crucible, which is then covered and exposed to a red heat in a furnace for two hours. The crucible is now removed, uncovered, and its contents poured out, when the aluminum is found in small buttons among the slag. These are again smelted with common salt, and by this means so reduced that when the scum is taken off, the aluminum is pour'd out into ingot molds. By this short but very satisfactory process, M. Gerhard has been able to obtain aluminum at such a comparatively low cost, that he has been able to sell it for about one dollar per ounce. Aluminum is the lightest of all the metals, its specific gravity being about the same as glass, or four times less than silver. This quality should recommend it for coinage, to take the place of coins of the lowest value. It forms an alloy with all the metals but mercury and lead, and is well adapted for electrotyping, as it deposits easily with the galvanic current. By adding eight per cent. of aluminum to common steel, a metal very similar to Bombay wootz, celebrated for making sabres, is the result.—*Scientific American.*

CARD-STAND.

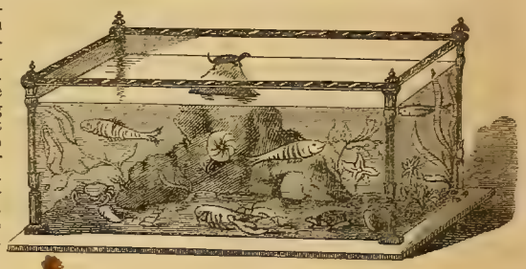
THE LONDON DOCKS.



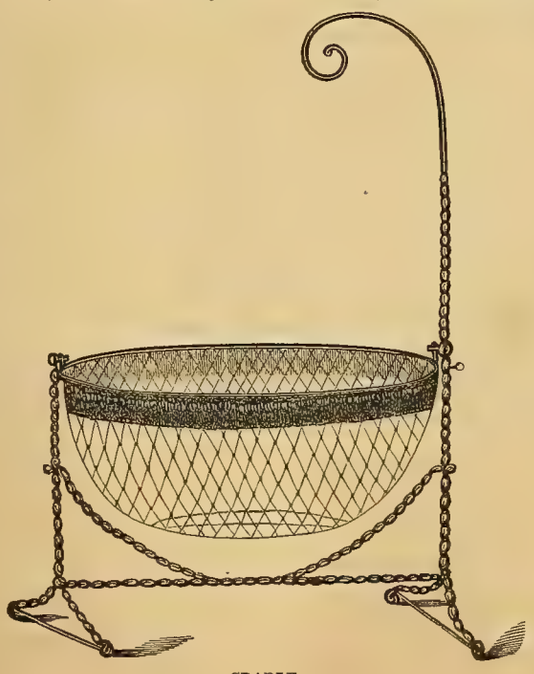
EXTENSION-BED FOLDED.

PIAZZA SETTEE.

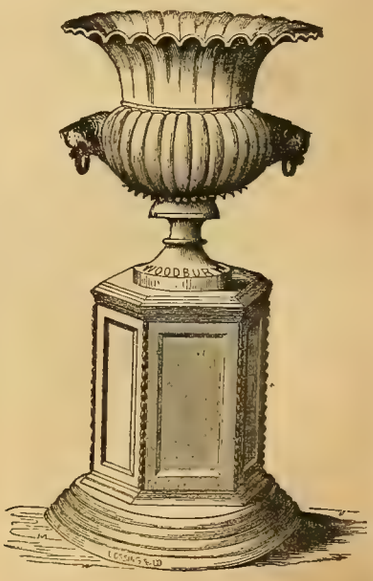
These magnificent works, designed by Rennie, the architect of Waterloo Bridge, were first opened in 1805; although among the smallest of them, these are the most interesting to the general visitor. The Thames near the city is too shallow and narrow for vessels of large size to lie at anchor in the stream, and to remedy this disadvantage, large reservoirs, covering hundreds of acres of ground, are excavated in the mainland, communicating with the river by means of canals, with locks or gates. Moored within these vast basins, thousands of vessels from all quarters of the globe discharge their ample cargoes, and in the immense warehouses may be seen all the varied productions of the earth There are gathered the choicest of the vines of Portugal, Spain, France and Germany, the cotton and tobacco of America, the ivory, gold and spices of India and Africa, the silks and teas of China, and the coffee of Arabia and the Indies. This magnificent establishment covers over ninety acres—forty-nine acres of warehouses, thirty-four acres of water, and twenty acres of vaults, and cost four million pounds sterling. The tobacco warehouse covers five acres, and the eastern vault about eleven acres, and contains many thousand pipes of wine. A visit to this vault is quite interesting, and numerous parties, including ladies, may be seen with their torches wandering under its dark arches. Having provided ourselves with a guide, we descended to the entrance where we were furnished with the lamp torches, and entering through a broad doorway, we stood within its damp and mouldy arches. Before us was an aisle or tunnel with blackened columns and roof, from which was suspended a long row of oil lamps, which twinkled through the distance until the light faded in that gloomy atmosphere, and hardly seemed to make darkness visible. A strange odor of wine, decayed wood and oil-smoke from the numerous lamps, filled the atmosphere, and as we wound through its gloomy labyrinthine passages, we saw the torches of other parties who were making the tour, and the waving of lights by invisible hands produced a singular effect in so dismal a place. Luxuriant festoons of dark fungi and moss-like excrescences were suspended from the roof, and they became more and more numerous as we proceeded onward in the gloom. On each side of us were heaped countless casks of wine covered with mould and damp fungi. In our tour we saw several parties who had provided themselves with what are termed in complimentary language, "*wine-tasting orders*," but judging from the extraordinary avidity with which several individuals poured down the exhilarating beverage, it would be more proper to term them *drinking orders*. From the vaults we proceeded to the great tobacco warehouse, an immense structure, covering five acres of ground, with accommodations under its roof for twenty-five thousand hogsheads of the "weed." You need not inquire the way, for an atmosphere of the narcotic surrounds the building; as you walk along its passages, huge hogsheads are noticed, piled up far above you on either side. I never before conceived of the enormous consumption of tobacco, but here one may form a slight idea, for there is more tobacco under this roof than anywhere else on the globe. Vast rooms in the edifice are devoted to the storage of cigars. In one corner of the inclosure is a kiln where the unclaimed and damaged tobacco is burned. The chimney, which is constantly vomiting forth tobacco-smoke, is called by the workmen, "the Queen's Pipe." Her majesty certainly consumes great quantities of tobacco, for in one corner I saw about seven tons of iron and nails, which were raked from the ashes after the scrap-tobacco is consumed. I peeped into the drug warehouse, but the atmosphere was so laden with medicated vapors that I quickly turned away, and again sought the streets. Whoever wishes to form an idea of the trade of London, let him visit the docks.—*The Scalpel.*



AQUARIUM.



CRADLE.



WOODBURY VASE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HELENE OF HUNGARY.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

O'er the broad moor, white with its wreaths of snow—
Flanked on each side by shadowy forests deep—
The sun's last rays in softened lustre glow,
Or, halting on the pine-tree summits steep,
Seem waiting for an hour that soon must come,
And nature thrills through all her trembling frame—
For lo! with scream of fife, and rolling drum,
And clarion blast, and cannon's breath of flame,
Proud Hapsburg's legions march the Magyar land to tame!

Forth from the forest's darkening aisles they wheel—
The Croatian savage—Tyrol's heart of fire!
Up leaps the sunlight from their gleaming steel,
As high thoughts from the patriot soul aspire,
On from the farther shade thy warriors pour.
O fated Hungary, so soon to weep!
Thy blood-stained page, 'mid History's magic lore,
Writ with the sword, the circling years shall keep,
Till rising Europe break the despot's Lethean sleep!

"*Eljohn el Magyar!*" swift the war-cry rolls
In rending echoes down the levelled line.
The volleying musket Freedom's tocsin tolls—
Low, cannon-stricken, sinks the rocking pine;
Still Hungary's banner flings defiant scorn—
Still from her front war's crimson currents veer,
Till like a tempest on the Danube born,
Downward, with bugle-blast and charging cheer,
Bursts through her death-thinned ranks the thundering Cuirassier!

Shout, tyrant minions! lo, the field is won!
Back reels the Magyar to his forest lair!
Sheathe the dulled sword, the day's red work is done,
And shriek and groan swell through the twilight air.
But who art thou that on this fearful spot
Crimsonest with life's warm tide the shot-ploughed snow?
Thou art a maiden—nay, deny it not—
Thine eyes are radiant with that mystic glow
That speaks a nearer heaven, man's soul doth never know!

What brought thee to this field of strife and gloom?
Frail woman's arm avails not in the fray,
When o'er the plain the trembling cannon boom.
And round the reeking lines the war clouds play.
Thou liest in death—not in the homestead hall,
Where love's soft tears distill in gentle rain—
Alone thou liest, where, at fancy's call,
The fainting foe hears, 'mid his deathful pain,
The Drave's low murmuring song—the Moldau's home-like strain!

Brave spirit, thou art gone! thou cast aside
Life, hope and joy, to bless the Magyar land
With Freedom; for thy love—thy bosom's pride
Cheered Austria's minions on the patriot band!
Slowly he came, but at the rending sight
Hushed in his conquering heart the victor-flow,
And o'er his spirit closed a starless night,
As "Iaeger" hands shaped out thy dwelling low,
Where, o'er a shot-torn oak, the cloud-bands wander slow!

O, soul! thou art a stranger to this land!
Didst steer thy bark in ages long ago—
Like the bold Genoese—through some ocean grand,
Where golden islands in their beauty glow,
Seeking a new world's glory for thine own.
And wrecked where time's remorseless surges pour,
Was't bound by savage hands, prisoner lone,
As Afric's sons, on wild Sahara's shore,
Seize on the storm-tossed wretch who 'scapes the Atlantic's roar?

So doth it seem; for oft against the bars
Thy pinions to the angel choir keep time,
And as the twilight brings the marching stars,
Thou hear'st the watchword from their ranks sublime!
Oft dost thou see thy duty high unrolled,
And rising grandly, by thy fetters stayed,
Thou shak'st earth's prison through its confines old,
As when the lightning's lurid flags displayed,
And heaven's fierce cohorts pour the storm-king's fusillade!

As some tall bark, that from a roadstead lone
Essays once more to breast the rolling main,
While cheery mariners with stirring tone
Heave link by link the anchor's rattling chain—
So with the world, though long its power hath lain
By sin's wild coast, where dark'ning currents sway,
Yet God's own hand draws in the century chain!
Soon shall its anchors burst the cumbering clay,
And o'er its heaven-bound sail Shechinah's glory play!

HEATHEN ANTI-MISSIONARY PETITION.

The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. G. Hall, of Madras, dated April 11:—"Alas what sights and sounds meet me! On Saturday evening last, I passed a place where it is said 10,000 natives were assembled. And why do you think they had met? It was to adopt a memorial to Lord Stanley, the Secretary of State for India, praying that hindrances may be put in the way of propagating the Gospel in this land. And while I write, the memorial is lying before me in the Tamil language. Sad, indeed, is the state of matters here. There has not for many years been such a violent opposition to the Gospel as there is at present. We have great reason to believe that it is the success of the Gospel which has stirred up the present antipathy of the heathen."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STORY OF NONNEN-PERTH.

A DOUBLE LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

I.—THURISNELDA.

The lordly Rhine, fruitful in its almost inexhaustible stores of legendary literature, abounding in localities which might well seem to have been created for the chosen haunts of romance, and rich no less in its own remarkable beauty and grandeur than in these wild, attractive traditions, and the thousand historical reminiscences to which it has given birth,—

"The Rhine, the Rhine, its beauteous vineyards laving,"

we repeat, has been again chosen, dear reader, for the scene of another story from our humble pen. And hardly *chosen*—for we have to assure you that the following tale has received very few additions from Cis-Atlantic hands; we give it almost exactly as we received it from German lips.

Towering far above the waters of this glorious stream, and boldly presenting their scarred and gigantic battlements to the assaults of the elements, upon the right hand of the river, are the lofty elevations known as the Seven Mountains. Among these, none are more conspicuous than the craggy summit of Drachenfels, standing, as it does, dark, gloomy and stern against the sky, and marking forever the locality, where, as our legend informs us, its scenes were enacted.

Far back in the ages, at a time so remote that its precise date has become obscured and lost, an immense cavern yawned at the base of this crag. It was naturally a repulsive spot, appearing, in its darkness, a very bottomless pit; and to many of those who dwelt in its vicinity, it had proved a pit of destruction. For this was the den of an enormous dragon,* which, by its terrible strength and rapacity, had made itself the terror of the surrounding country. No efforts had ever been made for its destruction; but, on the contrary, it was feared and respected, and sacrifices were offered to it, as to some divinity, to propitiate its favor and mercy.

The dwellers of this vicinity, at the time of which we write, were a wild and barbarous race, hardy and vigorous, excelling in feats of arms, and engaged almost incessantly in predatory warfare with some of their no less savage and and brutal neighbors. This was a period not many centuries removed from that of the Christian era; and into these dark and barbarous regions, the light which shone from the hill of Calvary had not yet penetrated.

To these statements, however, we are compelled to make one exception. Almost directly opposite the Dragon's Cavern, and upon the left bank of the river, a small number of men and women of a very different character had made their abode. They were, strange to relate, Christians, who, persecuted in their homes in the far south, had wandered into the Rhine-country, and settled down among its warlike and inhospitable natives. Their knowledge of arms and means of defence were poor and scanty; they lived a peaceful, pastoral life, affording in every respect a striking contrast to their neighbors opposite. Hitherto the latter had made no offer of violence or hostility; aware of their weakness, and engaged in active warfare with powerful enemies, the chiefs of the tribe had regarded them only with contempt and ridicule.

But now a rumor was circulated which instantly attracted the attention of Rinbod and Harswick, the leaders of these warlike people. It was to the effect that the Christians were using their appearance of weakness and poverty as a cloak to the possession of enormous stores of treasure, which it was asserted they possessed. The cupidity of the chiefs and their followers was excited to the highest pitch; and it was quickly resolved to test the truth of these reports by an incursion into the homes of their defenceless neighbors.

This plan was immediately carried into effect. Dividing their force into two equal bodies, Rinbod commanding one, and the young and valiant Harswick the other, the chiefs crossed the river, and led them by different passes into the little hamlet. At the angry and imperative demands of the fierce invaders, the trembling and affrighted Christians came forth from their rude huts, whither they had fled at the first intimation of danger; and they were imperatively commanded to bring out all their wealth. They protested earnestly that their hamlet contained nothing of the kind, even beneath the blows of the angry brigands; and the latter, with a presentiment that they had been deceived, commenced a thorough search, the result of which made their presentiments a certainty. Not so much as a coin or an ounce of precious metal was to be discovered.

A terrible scene of violence and blood was the consequence. Angered, disappointed, and furious with passion, the savage Rinbod gave his eager followers the signal of slaughter. The powerless and unoffending Christians were sacrificed mercilessly by the hands of their assailants; and infuriated with the sight of carnage, Rinbod and his men pursued them as they fled for safety to the passes in the rocks. None escaped who fell into their power; and although a few succeeded in hiding themselves beyond the reach of their enemies, the majority, without regard for age or sex, were left dead in the lanes of the village, and along the shore. To add to the horrors of the night, the torch was applied to the huts of the deserted hamlet, and soon nothing remained of these lately peaceful houses but smoking heaps of cinders.

To Harswick, brave, gallant, and withal gentle as he was, these scenes were sickening and abhorrent. His heart was one of those noble and generous ones which are sometimes found in the midst of ruthless and unlettered barbarism; in the wars in which he had been engaged, and in fair and open battle, he had slain armed enemies, but to strike down the weak and innocent was something of which he was utterly incapable. Refusing to join Rinbod in the massacre, he withdrew across the river, compelling his followers to accompany him.

Another day had dawned before Rinbod abandoned the pursuit, and returned to the foot of the Drachenfels. As he joined Harswick, he held out his arms, exclaiming, eagerly, "See—a prize: a glorious reward! Ah, could you have found such another, 'twould have been better to have played the man!"

Without regarding the rough words of Rinbod, the young chief gazed fixedly upon the burden which he carried. It was a young maiden whom the brutal chief had captured from among the fugitive Christians, and who now, having fainted through excess of terror, lay still and passive in his arms. Well might Harswick continue to gaze, for a more beautiful being his eyes had certainly never beheld. Her long, raven hair, unloosed in the haste of her flight, was thrown back from a forehead of perfect whiteness; her dark eyes shone faintly through the half-closed lids, a tremor still agitated her lips, and seemed to extend to her pale cheeks, while over the whole contour of that sweet, childlike face an expression of startled innocence was fixed, almost marvellous to behold.

While Harswick still looked upon her in speechless astonishment, a low sigh came from her lips, and she unclosed her eyes. They rested upon the eager features of her ruffianly captor, and with a cry of terror she sprang from his grasp and darted away. Rinbod, with an exclamation of anger, pursued her; but his way was suddenly barred by Harswick. Supporting with one arm the beautiful stranger, who had instinctively thrown herself upon his protection, the young chief looked calmly and defiantly towards her furious oppressor.

"I claim her as my own!" the latter menacingly exclaimed. "Abandon her—give her up to me, or—"

"Your threats cannot terrify me," the other interrupted. "She has sought my protection—I should despise myself, did I refuse it. Back, Rinbod; advance at your peril! Is it not enough that you have slain and scattered to the winds the poor, homeless people of her fathers? do you demand her as a victim to your passions? By the heart within me, that shall never be! I am weary of this constant bloodshed and violence—here, at least, shall be one base deed prevented!"

The speaker was thoroughly aroused, and spoke impulsively, and with determination. His pity was excited for the lovely captive, and he resolved to defend her with his life; and she, meanwhile, looked up gratefully into his face, murmuring her thanks. As for the enraged and baffled Rinbod, his anger knew no bounds. Stamping furiously upon the ground, he shouted, madly:

"Do you defy me, then, traitor? As I live, shalt thou repent then! Ho, there my men! hither, and seize this stripling, who dares to cross the will of your chief!"

But this was far easier said than done. The followers of Rinbod rushed forward at his command, but with them came those of Harswick; and as the two troops became aware of the cause of the quarrel, each collected around its leader and waited for his orders.

"I am prepared," the young chief firmly said, "to carry my demands even to bloodshed."

"And I!" was the stern response. "If you will be thus foolhardy, your blood shall be the penalty!"

A fierce struggle seemed now unavoidable. Arms were already drawn and brandished, and the rival forces stood eyeing each other in stern silence, when suddenly one of the old patriarchs of the people rushed in between them with outstretched hands.

"Hold—forbear!" he cried. "Think of the cause of this trouble, and blush for shame, men as ye are! Was ever any hatred or ill-will between our chiefs before the paltry Christian girl was brought hither? Shall it be that ye will shed each other's blood for one poor, worthless woman?"

These words had an instant effect; those who were upon the point of rushing to the encounter, lowered their arms, and heeded the admonitions of the patriarch.

"No," the latter exclaimed, "let not this be. Rather than that she should bring us harm by the sorcery of her Christian arts, which have manifestly set our leaders in enmity, the one against the other, deliver her to the dragon! It is long since he has received a victim from us; let us sacrifice to him this captive, who threatens the peace and safety of our people!"

This startling proposition was received with favor and loud acclamations. Throwing aside all appearance of hostility, the men rushed in a body towards the trembling captive, and before either Rinbod or Harswick could interpose, she was torn from the protecting arms of the latter, and hurried away to the fearful fate for which she had been destined!

Crowning the summit of the Dragon's Cavern, a broad, flat rock extended like a shelf far out over the waters of the Rhine. Upon this the helpless captive was securely bound, and then abandoned by her savage captors. Drawn off at a distance, in several bodies, the latter now eagerly watched for the appearance of the dragon. In a moment the hideous monster issued from his den, lashing his scaly sides with his tail, breathing forth clouds of venomous steam from his deep throat, and darting out his fiery tongue in horrible sibillations, which made the beholders of the scene tremble for their own safety.

But what pen can describe the agony of the lovely Thurisnelda, the unfortunate Christian maiden, as she realized the terrors of her situation? She turned her eyes in eager supplication towards the spectators of her doom, but she failed to discover among them the brave young chief who had just been her champion. Had he, too, deserted her in this awful extremity?

Her eyes rested, with the fascination of sickening terror, upon the dragon. The huge monster had now discovered his prey, and with a roar which seemed to make the very summits of the mountains tremble, commenced scrambling up the rocks towards her. He drew nearer and nearer, the poison of his breath had already impregnated the atmosphere which she breathed, and in hopeless agony the doomed maiden raised her tearful eyes, and snatching a miniature crucifix from her bosom, held it with outstretched hands towards Heaven.

"Thou, God of my fathers," she cried, in sweet and thrilling tones, "canst yet snatch from death the survivor of a lost people, who have ever served thee! In thee have I trusted, O, Father; leave me not now to the mercy of my enemies!"

The words, the voice in which they were uttered, and above all, the beautiful and sublime spectacle of the kneeling Thurisnelda, were more than the gallant Harswick could endure. With a loud cry of encouragement, which animated the breast of the victim with a new hope, he sprang from the eminence where he had been standing in petrified horror, and shouted, in trumpet tones:

"Who will go with me to the rescue of this maiden? Have we ever warred with women, my men? and will you suffer yourselves to join in this brutal wickedness?"

The words and the example of the young leader seemed to inspire his followers with like

* It was from this circumstance that the Drachenfels obtained its name—the word signifying *Dragon's Rock*.

generous sentiments. With a cry of approval, they rushed after him, sending as they went a shower of well-aimed missiles towards the dragon. Wounded in twenty places by this attack, the monster paused and sent up a cry of pain and anger. Before he could turn upon his assailants, another assault confused and weakened him still more, and the heavy axe of Harswick descended upon his head in a terrific death-blow. Writhing in convulsive agony, the monster rolled to the edge of the rock; and as he fell from it, the water below was lashed to foam by his death-struggles, and crimsoned with his blood. Soon, however, he sank from sight, and the Rhine closed over him as if glad to entomb so dreadful a scourge.

The eager hands of Harswick unbound the grateful Thurisnelda, and his willing arms bore her from the scene of her peril. Various sentiments, in the meantime, prevailed among the bands, some approving the act of Harswick, and some denouncing it. Passing boldly before the infuriated Rinbod, the young chief exclaimed, "In the sight of all, I avow this deed; and thus will I continue to defend and protect this maiden from harm! Who is with me? Who will join me against the wickedness of her oppressor?"

The appeal was answered by the clamor of an hundred voices. The better feelings of the brigands had for once become aroused, and they continued to flock around Harswick and Thurisnelda, until scarcely a handful was left to sustain the cause of Rinbod. The latter looked around upon the decimated number of his followers, and glaring with savage hatred upon his young rival, he shouted in his fury:

"You have made this the hour of your triumph; but may my strength turn to weakness, and this right arm wither like the blasted pine, if my own shall not come at some time! And ye, faithless people, who have cast me out from among ye, may ye receive your punishment, which my hands shall be henceforth engaged in preparing, against the day of reckoning!"

Shaking his clenched hand menacingly towards those whom he had thus threatened, Rinbod sprang away up the ascent of the Drachenfels, followed by a few whose depraved hearts sympathized with him and his avowed undertaking. With a glad feeling of relief, Harswick watched them until they entered one of the upper passes and disappeared from his sight.

II.—HILDEGONDE.

High up upon the side of the Drachenfels, shortly after the occurrence of the events just detailed, the Count Harswick built for himself a castle, to which, in commemoration of the slaying of the monster which had so long infested the region, he gave the name of Drachenborg, or Dragon's Castle. And here the lovely Thurisnelda was installed as the wedded bride of the devoted young chief.

It is unnecessary to specify the particular reasons which induced this union—they must already have occurred to the reader. We may remark, however, that it seemed perfectly natural for the captive maiden to love the man who had so heroically shielded her from injury. He was young, handsome and noble-hearted; and Thurisnelda, cast suddenly upon him for protection, her people cut off in a moment, as it were, and her home destroyed, accepted the ardent offering of his love with undissembled satisfaction. As for Harswick, he well nigh idolized the beautiful object of his affections, and the days which had formerly been spent in the chase, or in distant forays, were now passed at her side. The ardor of the lover seemed to be increased rather than diminished, in the husband; the music of her voice, and the light of her eyes, never ceased to thrill his heart with unspeakable rapture.

Nor was it long before the companionship of his bride had worked in him an important change. It could not be otherwise than that the purifying influence of a spirit so refined, so holy as was hers, should soften the asperities which long familiarity with scenes of violence had thrown around his otherwise generous and noble heart. Silently, and almost reverently, Count Harswick received from the lips of his wife the truths of Christianity, in which her faith had ever been placed; and for her sake he pondered, listened, and finally believed with her. And it was marvellous to see the wonderful change which was wrought through the agency of that brave Christian woman. The rough followers of her husband revered her as though she had been an angel of light; and through her efforts, and those of Count Harswick, they too learned the wondrous story of the redemption. They may not have perfectly comprehended it, or, comprehending, may not have believed, but yet the precious seed thrown by the gentle hand of Thurisnelda had taken root among them; and so marvellous was the change which was thus induced, that the Lady of Drachenborg could hardly persuade herself that these were really the savage men whose hands had once devoted her to a fearful death.

This strange alteration in the characters and habits of Harswick and his followers was speedily noised abroad through the country. Rinbod heard of it in the mountain fastnesses, where he had taken refuge, and he laughed in scorn and derision.

"It will be well for thee, Harswick," he soliloquized, "if this mummery of prayer can save thee from my vengeance! For as I live, thou shalt answer at the sword's point for the prize which thou hast snatched from me!"

It had been the intention of the savage and revengeful chief to collect a band of hardy and unscrupulous men in the mountains, and descend with them to the accomplishment of the vengeance which had now become an object and a passion with him. In this, however, he was unsuccessful, all the mercenary banditti of the neighborhood being engaged in a war which was being waged between two of the feudal barons near the marches of the empire. Thither he himself soon repaired, and engaged with his few followers in the service of one of these feudatories, resolved to patiently abide his time until a chance for the accomplishment of his purposes should occur.

In the meantime months sped swiftly upon their course, and still all was happy and peaceful at Drachenborg. The castle overlooked the beautiful islands of Grafen and Nonnen-Perth, in the Rhine; and upon the latter, the Lady Thurisnelda had caused a convent to be constructed, within the walls of which she had gathered together the surviving maidens of her people. Bereft of home, parents and friends, the sorrowing few gladly accepted the shelter of this calm, religious retreat, and devoted their lives thenceforth to works of devotion and ministrations of kindness and charity.

It was more than a year after the nuptials of Harswick and Thurisnelda that their union was blessed by the birth of a child. But the blessing was unheeded amid the mourning which followed; for hardly had the eyes of the little stranger first opened to the light, than those of the wife and mother closed forever upon it! The Lady of Drachenborg died; and, according to her last request, she was buried in the vault of the convent which she had founded.

The blow was a heavy one to Count Harswick; he sank under it, and was for a long time inconsolable, absorbed in the magnitude of his grief. This romantic affection was his first and only love; and although time, which heals all wounds, softened and calmed the intensity of his grief, yet his face forever after wore a confirmed expression of sadness, and the buoyancy of youth had departed.

One melancholy pleasure, however, remained to him; the care and tutelage of the infant daughter of his beloved Thurisnelda. With pleasurable care he watched the development of the mind and person of this darling child, to whom he had given the name of Hildegonde, through the years of her infancy, her girlhood, and until she budded forth into the full perfection of maidenly charms and graces. And after all this had passed, the Count Harswick, now in the middle stage of life, would gaze with wondering delight into the features of his daughter, and there mark the almost perfect resemblance which she bore to her deceased mother. There was the same pure, white brow, the same dark, soulful eyes, the mouth, formed in a never-varying expression of sweetness—the same raven hair, and form of matchless contour and symmetry—all, all the same. And it gladdened the heart of the bereaved husband, as he saw his lost bride reproduced in the beautiful Hildegonde.

The unity of affection which existed between the Count Harswick and his daughter was most beautiful and perfect. The years which he had spent in the careful nurture of her mind and person were more than repaid in the filial love and devotion with which the maiden comforted and blessed him, almost causing him to forget the grief of his great bereavement.

It was impossible that the beauty of Hildegonde should fail to obtain the homage and suit of numerous lovers. But, as a matter of course, among all those who repaired to Drachenborg to prosecute their advances, one only was favored. This was a nobleman, Roland by name, whose castle stood several leagues above, and upon the opposite shore of the Rhine. Young, noble and chivalrous—possessing, in fact, all the advantages of the Count Harswick in his early days, he could hardly fail to recommend himself to the favorable consideration of Hildegonde. By the waters of the Rhine their faith was plighted; and the other and unsuccessful lovers were compelled to retire from the unequal contest.

Count Harswick saw the choice of his daughter, and smiled approval upon it. It required an effort for him to relinquish his darling child to another; but the thought of his own youthful days and happy companionship with Thurisnelda pleaded powerfully for the lovers, and pleaded successfully. And now again the castle of Drachenborg was made the scene of a love as pure and beautiful as that of Harswick and Thurisnelda. The romantic haunts of the vicinity were made the places of the affectionate intercourse of Roland and Hildegonde; and especially did they love to sit together in the twilight, when the music of the vesper bells from Nonnen Perth came stealing up the rocks. At such times, the maiden could almost fancy that she heard the voice of her mother, blessing and approving her choice.

But suddenly, and upon the eve of their union, the lovers were awakened from their blissful dream by a harsh reality. The wars of the lords-marchers of the frontier, continued through a number of years, had at last been brought to an end; and now, supplied with the force necessary to gratify his undying hatred, by the baron whom he had assisted, and with all the means for its accomplishment in his hands, Rinbod was rapidly making his way towards Drachenborg. The carefully pursued thirst for revenge had in seventeen years reached its culmination, and the savage chief pursued eagerly on to its accomplishment.

This alarming intelligence was received from a reliable source by Count Harswick; and it stimulated him to instant activity. Learning that his old enemy was now within a day's march of Drachenborg, he laid his plans of action with prompt celerity.

"I will not," he said to Roland, "wait until Rinbod shall shut me up within my castle, but rather march out and meet him upon fair ground, where I can make my strength felt. Do you stay here with a few of the men-at-arms, to keep the castle, and protect our dear Hildegonde. Should I be hard pressed, I will not fail to send for your aid."

Roland cheerfully acquiesced in this arrangement; and Harswick, bidding adieu to his tearful child and her young defender, marched from the castle with almost his entire force, leaving with Roland a scanty handful of men-at arms, with which to fulfil the father's parting charge. And through the whole day, the lovers waited anxiously for the arrival of some message from the count, that they might learn the fortune of the day.

None came, however; but instead, at sunset, a terrible summons from without greeted their ears. Avoiding Count Harswick, the crafty Rinbod had reached the castle by a circuitous march, and was now thundering at the gates with his whole force! Almost frantic with desperation, Roland embraced his terrified betrothed, and rushed to the scene of danger. Disposing his few defenders in the court-yard, he awaited the attack of the enemy. This was all he could do; there were too few to man the walls; nothing remained but to die in defence of the charge which had been committed to his keeping!

The gates were burst open by repeated assaults from without, and Rinbod and his followers poured in overwhelming numbers into the yard. The onset was a fierce one, and yet, the defenders held their ground so bravely, that they seemed at first to render the unequal conflict doubtful. Animated by the voice and example of their desperate leader, they fought with obstinate fury, and many of the mercenary followers of Rinbod fell beneath their blows. But against such overpowering numbers as those they contended with, resistance seemed almost useless. Step by step they were forced back, until but a few feet remained between them and the castle doors.

At this desperate and alarming juncture, the attention of Roland was attracted by a loud noise outside the gates; and immediately a new body of men thronged into the court-yard. Blind with hopeless despair, he sprang furiously towards them; and the leader, a mailed knight on horseback, was stricken down by a terrific blow from his battle-axe. But who shall portray the horror, the fearful presentiment of Roland, as he recognized in the followers of the knight, the retainers of Count Harswick! With nervous eagerness he knelt beside the prostrate body of the fallen knight, and unclosing his visor, gazed with the speechless fascination of remorseful sorrow upon his face. The count himself lay before him, breathing his last—slain by his own hand! Once the dying man opened his eyes and looked reproachfully upon him; and then the unhappy Roland was kneeling by the dead!

The young nobleman seemed as though bereft of sense as he gazed. He knew not of the fierce conflict which was raging around him—he heard not the victorious shout of the retainers of Drachenborg, repeated from every throat as they drove the invaders in panic from the gates—he realized only that he had slain the father of Hildegonde, and yet lived himself! A hand was laid gently upon his arm—Hildegonde was beside him. But as her eyes rested upon the fearful spectacle of her father's corpse, and the incoherent ravings of her lover informed her of the dreadful truth, she uttered a feeble cry of agony, and sank down upon the body, herself seemingly as cold and lifeless.

A little distance from this place of terror one of the outlaws lay, dying from a ghastly wound in his breast. This was Rinbod himself; and as he comprehended the meaning of the scene which we have just described, a demoniac look of joy covered his grim features, and with a cry of satisfied revenge upon his lips, he fell back and expired.

Slowly did Hildegonde return to life and consciousness; and with frantic eagerness Roland threw himself at her feet, and seizing her hands, besought her to forgive the irreparable injury which his rashness had caused. She heard him, and replied in faltering, hopeless tones:

"I forgive thee, Roland—but thou and I must forever part! It is not well that the slayer of the father should with the same hand wed the daughter; and though it breaks my heart to give thee up, still must I do it! Farewell, Roland; we shall meet in heaven!"

Her mind was unalterably fixed, and the passionate pleadings of the despairing lover could not change it. Once more she permitted him to clasp her to his heart in one last fond embrace—once more their white lips met, in a farewell kiss; and then they parted forever.

In pursuance of a determination which she had formed, the sorrowing Hildegonde entered the cloister of Nonnen-Perth; and there the remainder of her life was passed. The terrible tragedy which filled her heart with mourning had denied her an earthly bridal; but as the bride of heaven, among the gentle, pious sisterhood of the convent, she learned to bear her great afflictions with resignation, and to pray for an eternity of happiness with Roland.

As for the latter, the lapse of time somewhat assuaged his violent grief; but his heart remained forever steadfast to the object of its best affections. His days were passed in one of the lonely upper chambers of the Drachenborg which overlooked Nonnen-Perth and the white walls of the convent; and in the solitude of this mournful employment, soothed only by the sweet chiming of the matin and vesper bells, he waited anxiously for the approach of death.

By a pleasing coincidence, as the legend tells us, the spirits of Hildegonde and Roland were freed in the same day and hour. Sympathizing with a love so romantic, so sorrowful, and withal, so devoted, the gentle sisters received the remains of Roland into the convent, and laid them side by side with the body of his beloved, in the tomb of Thurisnelda.

Such is the remarkable tradition of Nonnen-Perth; and with a parting word, we will bring it to a close. The crumbling stones of the convent are yet seen upon the island where it formerly stood, although all traces of those to whom our story relates have disappeared. But the Rhine still flows onward to the sea, and the giant Drachenfels still looms up against the sky—and both continue to testify by their presence, of the beautiful and enduring love of ROLAND and HILDEGONDE.

LIBERTY.

O, could I worship aught beneath the skies
That earth hath seen, or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild, as fair
As ever dressed a bank, or scented summer air.

COWPER.

THE RAPIDS BELOW THE DAM.

FRANKLIN MILLS,

SARANAC RIVER, PLATTSBURGH, NEW YORK.

The picturesque views on this and the following page were drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, and are correct representations of the largest lumber mills in the State of New York. This extensive establishment is located on the Saranac River, two miles above the city of Plattsburgh. The business was first commenced at this place about four years since. The mill, erected by a company of lumber dealers from Maine, is considered the most perfect establishment of the kind in the country. There are manufactured at this mill 40,000 feet of lumber, 9000 shingles, and 14,000 laths, daily. The force employed to produce this great result is from sixty to seventy men. The timber which is here manufactured is cut about seventy miles up the Saranac. The proprietors of the Franklin Mills own 32,000 acres of timber land near the head waters of the Saranac River. The work of cutting is done in the winter, and the timber is rafted down the river in the spring to the pond shown in our second view. This pond contains about seventy-five acres, and has a capacity of 50,000 logs. We give a view of a portion of the pond above the mill with the logs therein. The lumber manufactured here is conveyed by sloops and schooners through Lake Champlain and the Northern Canal to Albany and a market. One of our pictures gives a distant view of the mill from the banks of the river below the dam. Another of the sketches was taken from the opposite bank just below the dam. The remaining picture shows one of the gangs which contains ten saws. The gangs contain from one to twenty-four saws. These mills are owned and operated by J. DeMerrett & Co., whose office is at 344 Federal Street, Boston. The mills are under the superintendence of Mr. W. H. Stoddard. The same firm also have in Sherbrook, Canada East, the largest saw mill in the world, employing one hundred and twenty men night and day. The product of this mill is 120,000 feet of lumber per day. The timber land which this enterprising firm possess in Canada covers an area of ten miles square, and is located on the St. Francis River, fifty miles distant from the mill. The Sherbrook mill has a gang of twenty-six saws, for sawing boards of all widths, called the stock gang, —a live gang of nineteen saws, which trims the logs through all widths, a single saw for large logs, a gang of ten saws, called the "slabber" gang, for sideing logs for the stock gang, a shingle, lath, and picket machine, and a machine for filing saws. This mill cost $30,000 and the running expenses are $150 per day.

FRENCH ARMY.

The French army is certainly one of the best developed bodies of men that the world has ever seen. Formed almost entirely of conscripts, the sons of honest families, it draws its strength from the best blood of the nation. For seven years they are kept circulating through France, except when each regiment takes its turn in Algiers. Thus the entire country is known to the entire army, from the thronged capital to the most quiet provincial town. The ideas of the most ignorant are enlarged, their minds expanded, as they are drawn away from the contracted circles of their little communes; and the sons of the poorest villagers enjoy the pleasures and reap the profits of travel. Each individual of this mass is taught to walk, to stand, to run, to jump, to swim, to climb, to handle the small sword and the broadsword, to manage the musket and the bayonet, with such skill as not only to slay his enemy far off or near at hand, but to protect himself against more numerous bayonets, or against the long sword of the trooper, or even the far-reaching and more formidable lance.

Paris is the centre of this system, and having one day obtained the necessary permit, I had an opportunity of seeing how sedulously this training is attended to. There were not more than half a dozen soldiers exercised at this time, but it must be remembered that those who show most fitness for the task are chosen and drilled most thoroughly, so that in their turn they may become teachers in their several regiments. After some of the more ordinary gymnastic feats, three men were placed in front of an end wall, against which were three platforms, rising one above the other to the roof. Each of the upper platforms was smaller than the one below it by about eighteen inches, enough to make comfortable standing room for a man. Each platform had three equal faces, forming a half hexagon, and just under the edge of each face of each of the platforms was firmly fastened a round iron bar, so that if a man were not tall enough to jump and catch the edge of the platform he might catch the bar below. I forgot to mention that each platform was about seven feet high, and, besides being fastened to the wall, was supported by wood-work below, but so far from the edge as not to interfere with the men. Three soldiers were placed in front of these platforms, standing on the ground, and each opposite one of the faces. The moment the word of command was given each man jumped at the edge of the first platform, caught it, raised himself up so as to turn up one elbow, and so got on the top; jumped in like manner at the second platform, and got on it, and then upon the third. All this was done so quickly, in fact with such startling rapidity, that I can readily understand the confusion of the Austrians at the startling movements of the French soldiers. It seemed but an instant before the same three soldiers who had been standing motionless upon the ground in front of the platforms were standing just as motionless upon the highest platform, waiting for the next command. At the word they descended in the same way, and stood once more upon the ground.

In a yard attached to this gymnasium I noticed a jumping ditch, some two feet deep and about four feet wide at one end, spreading out to about nine feet at the other. It was about ten feet long, so that the widening was sufficiently gradual. Here was also a strong plank fence, with a roof on top, forming a sort of shed, with the back toward you, and about fifteen feet high. The roof did not lap over the fence, but was securely fastened to it, as was also a strong iron rod running along the fence at its junction with the roof. Slats of inch plank were nailed on this fence, about three inches apart, and the whole fence sloped out from the bottom to the top, so that when a man caught hold of the slats with his fingers his feet would swing clear, and he could thus get no assistance from them in climbing. The same three soldiers who had scaled the platforms were placed in front of this fence At the word of command each jumped at it with fingers hooked like claws, and, having no hold but what the slats gave them, they crawled their way up quickly to the top. There, catching hold of the bar, they doubled themselves up in a most curious way, turning a back somerset and lying at full length on their backs upon the roof, with their arms against their sides. At the next command they stretched out their arms, caught hold of the bar, threw up their legs so as to turn a reverse somerset, and so clawed their way down again.

Besides this they are taught to perform all their evolutions on a run, a style which has been adopted at West Point. They are taught to swim holding the musket and the cartridge-box above the water; to jump from a height upon a ledge where there is barely standing room, with their muskets in their hands, and all their accoutrements upon their backs; to walk in the same way along beams, both square and round, or along the irregularly shaped trunks of trees across ditches or ravines; each man is taught to use his musket and bayonet as a vaulting-pole; and to climb up his comrade's shoulder so as to scale a wall twenty-five feet high.

In the recent accounts of the Zouaves we are told that they also employ in battle *la Savate*, or the art of kicking. Having often heard of this, I one day asked our teacher in the gymnasium at Paris if he knew it.

"O, yes."

"Well, give us a specimen of it," I said, inquiringly.

"Very well; place yourself in position as a boxer."

I did so, and he advanced towards me with his hands a little out from his sides, like a wrestler ready to take hold in any way.

"Now I can kick you on your forward leg, and break the bone or hurt you. While you are disturbed by that, or, in case you draw it back, I can raise my foot to your stomach or your chin."

"Well, suppose you should kick at my chin, I would catch your foot. Then what would you do?"

"Well, try it."

He kicked, and I caught his foot, but while I held it firmly he turned, threw both hands on the ground to support his body, and instantaneously brought his other foot so near my nose that I let go of his foot in a moment.

"That is very clever. Is there no parry to that?"

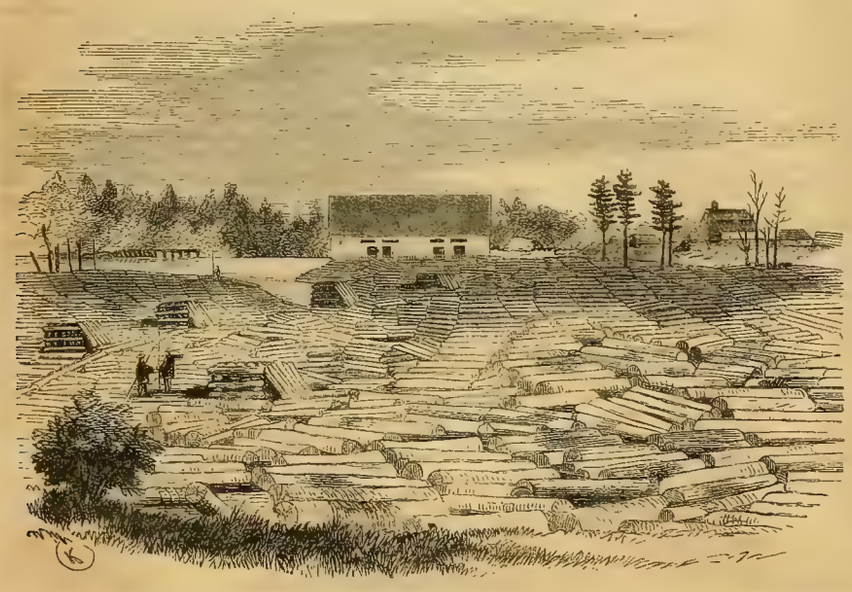
"O, yes. It is very simple. You do what I did and I'll show you."

I kicked; he caught my foot; I turned, threw myself on my hands, and thought of course to kick him with my other foot; but he simply put one foot firmly against the thigh of my other leg, and I was powerless. There was also in his movements this same startling rapidity. The kicks were like flashes of lightning, and the hands constantly ready for a grapple or a blow. From what I saw, I have a most respectful dislike to *la Savate*, or, as we would say in English, the Old Shoe.—*Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE CREST OF THE ALPS.

The crest of the Bernese Alps is an extended ridge, nowhere less than 700 feet, culminating in peaks some of which are twice the height. No carriage road is constructed over for a great distance, and, indeed, this is the only pass of any kind for a distance of several days' ride, and here existed none till the latter part of the last century. The difficulty of constructing a road lay in the fact that limestone precipices of great height everywhere abound as one approaches the pass from the valley of the Rhone, the opposite from which I approached it. After rising to the height of 3000 feet above the sea, the valley up which the road runs terminates in an amphitheatre of precipices, which rise at a very high angle, in places perpendicular, for 2700 feet. Up this a path has been cut, wide enough for mules, winding this way and that, sometimes on a projecting crag, sometimes on a niche or groove cut in the rock, merely wide enough for the path. It happens, in several places, that a plumb line dropped from the edge of the path will pass outside of the path at some lower point. In many places the path skirts precipices 500 to 1000 feet high, and in one place a plumb line may be dropped from the edge of the path, almost unobstructed, into the valley 1600 feet below. It requires strong nerves to look down from these fearful heights, and still stronger to ride a mule up and down the path, which is only five feet wide, and often without a parapet or guard on the outside. There is a noted water-cure in the valley below, and invalids are carried over on the shoulders of men, but are blindfolded before they come in sight of these places, for fear of the shock it may produce on their nerves. I approached it on the opposite side, and came up to these precipices from above. Suddenly, while I was up at the height where the snow lays, I came to the verge, and the view burst upon me. The effect cannot be described. Nearly 3000 feet below me, or over half a mile perpendicular height, while the horizontal distance was not half that, was a lovely green valley with pastures, and the picturesque village of Leuch. It seemed as if a stone might be tossed on the houses so far beneath. I sat down and gazed on the scene; the gorge below, through which the torrent of the Gala rushes, the valley and its pastures, the village, the rugged limestone precipices, while all around at my sides and in the distance, along the horizon, were the snow-capped peaks, those on the northern horizon being beyond the Rhone, and some of them in Sardinia and Italy.—*A Tourist's Notes.*

FRANKLIN MILL, SARANAC RIVER, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.



POND ABOVE THE DAM.

THE MILL IN THE JURA.

Switzerland is rich in what theatrical parlance denominates "scenic effects;" in marvellous combinations of crag and chasm, deep and shadowy glen and foaming torrent, unfathomable woods of sombre pine, and vast precipitous walls of glittering ice. In no other European country has Nature worked on so vast a scale, or accumulated (and within comparatively narrow confines) such masses of stern and solemn grandeur. There, the Alpine heights rise up in all the wonderful beauty of their snowy crowns above the very clouds; there, savage torrents tumble and toss through narrow ravines, and over abrupt crags, and down steep walls of rock into abysses of darkness and shadow. Not that where the brow of Nature wears so severe a majesty her smile is always wanting; for there soft sheeny lakes lie in the bosoms of the mountains, reflecting the lights and shades of heaven, and there groves of leafy acacias are musical with the song of birds. But our artist now puts before us a landscape of a wilder and grander character, and shows us the foaming waters and the lofty peaks, —the

> Darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
> Precipitously steep,—

even as they appeared in the bygone days to the poet-gaze of *Childe Harold*.

On the high road from Lausanne to Paris, about three miles from a town called Orbe, the traveller obtains a glimpse of the village of *Les Clefs*, or *The Keys*,—or, at least, of a swarthy old tower and a few picturesque chalets, lying several hundred feet below, in a defile of wild rocks,—a ravine, or pass, of which the village is, as it were, the Key.

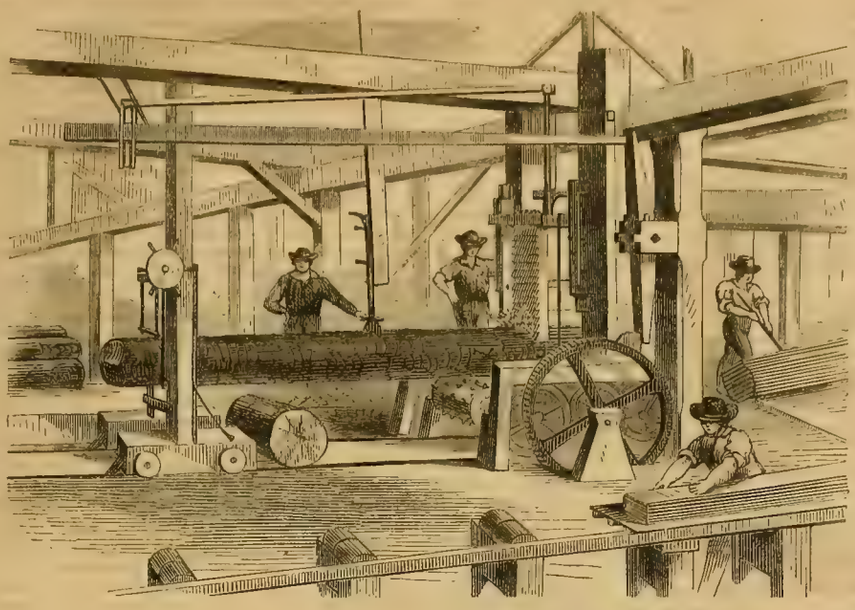
The river Orbe rises near Iverdun. One of the mountain summits of the Jura is called *La Dent*, The Tooth, and here there is a natural hollow, about forty feet square, known as *The Fairy's Grotto*. Gazing down into this aperture, some hundred feet below you, may be discovered the birth-spring of the Orbe, which leaps out like a young giant from the womb of the mountain, and goes on its adventurous way amidst rocks and precipices, and in the gloom of close inwoven trees. It soon enters the pass, of which we have already spoken, and to a landscape already characterized by unusual features of sublimity, adds the most picturesque effects imaginable.

Below the village of Les Clefs, that is, still lower down the river, stand *The Mills*, which form a prominent subject of the illustration at the foot of this page. What a position for a peasant's chalet! What a fitting locality for a stormy imagination like Byron's, or a mystical fancy like Shelley's! The river seethes, and frets, and foams against the walls of rock that hem it in; the misty peaks of Jura soar upward in the immeasurable distance; the black boughs of tall gaunt pines sweep to and fro in the wind like spectral arms. Only to dream of a night of storm and thunder in such a spot, is to feel for awhile a poet.

> O, night,
> And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
> Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
> Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
> Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
> And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
> Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

These *chalets* of the Swiss peasantry are picturesque objects enough in a landscape, and certainly more poetical in aspect than the homes of English laborers. The side-walls are low, but the roofs of considerable height, with numerous picturesque gables and singular twisted chimneys. They are fashioned almost wholly of wood. In the centre of the building provision is generally made for the cows and their winter fodder; and the apartments of the family, their workshops, and store-rooms, are all huddled together under the same roof. Under the eaves, which project considerably beyond the walls, runs a gallery round the whole building, to which ascent is gained by an outer staircase, leading to the first floor, or ground floor, for, in the winter, the lower apartments are usually deep hidden in impenetrable snow. We remember to have met with a passage, graphically descriptive of a Swiss chalet, in Simond's Travels in Switzerland. It ran somewhat as follows: On the ground blazed a huge fire, round which had been hollowed a ditch a foot deep, and in this the dwellers placed their feet, sitting meanwhile upon the earth. Over the fire hung a great cauldron, warming milk for the manufacture of cheese. All the implements used in the manufacture were the handiwork of the owner of the chalet, and were made of maple and pine. The hut itself was built of trunks of trees rudely joined together, and covered with thick shingles, through which the smoke found vent as best it could. The roof advanced ten or twelve feet beyond the walls, forming a sort of open gallery all round, called the *Milkgang*, or Milk-way, beneath which the cows were milked in bad weather, and beneath which a sort of sleeping-place for the men was provided, with straw for their simple couch. In Swiss chalets, however, as in metropolitan houses, there exists a great disparity; and there are an Upper Ten Thousand among the valleys of the Jura as well as in the squares of Belgravia.

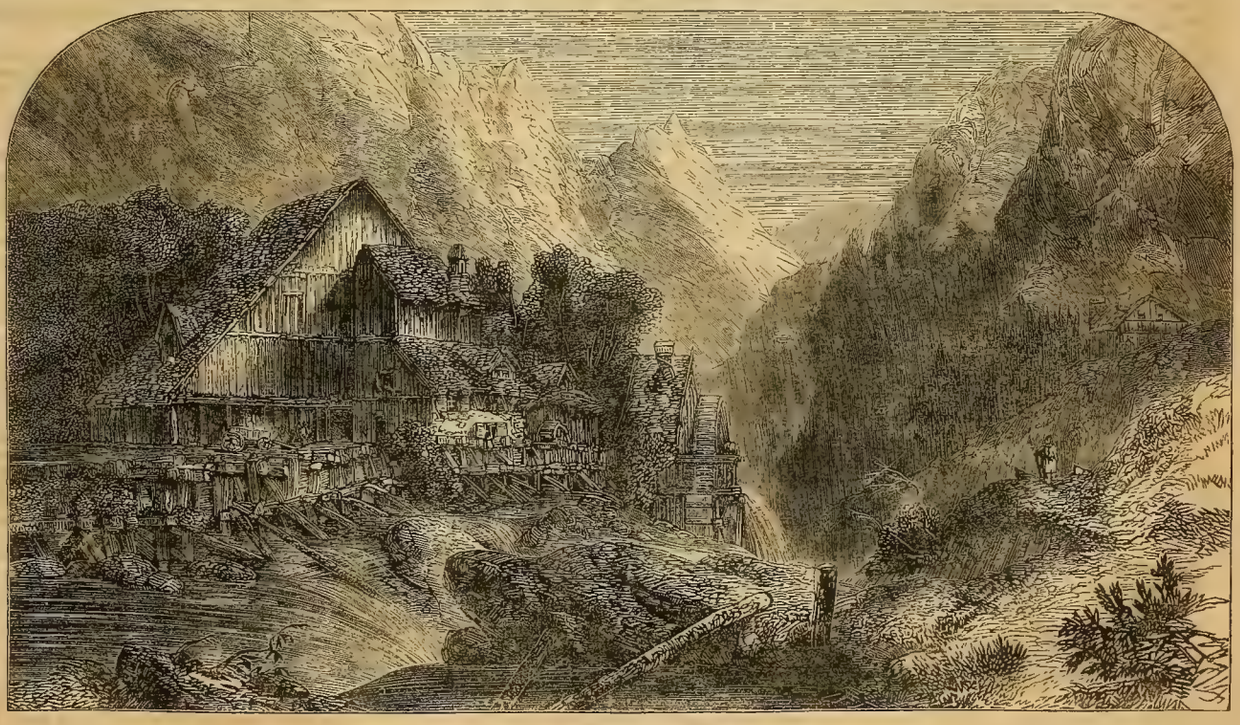
Such a locality as that which our "pen and pencil" have endeavored to describe is, of course, well-frequented by mysterious visitants, whose weird shrieks mingle during the night hours with the roar of the torrent and the swift rush of the wind. Not a peasant but believes in them, and, however strong his heart and arm when contending with mortal foes, trembles to cross at night the rude, frail wooden bridge which is thrown across the river, or to venture into the depths of the shadowy pine-groves! Up from the foamy abysses of the waters rises at midnight an aery figure,—the Maid of the Mist,—prepared to wreak her vengeance upon those unhappy mortals who may chance, woe's them! to gaze upon her fatal beauty. And there are other supernatural heroes and heroines, about whom a thousand terrible legends are related and accredited, so that few of the peasants of the Jura believe themselves, their families, or their property, secure from evil influence, unless they are provided with a certain wonderful powder which is to be obtained in the neighboring town of Orbe, and which, to be perfectly useful and infallibly efficacious, must be purchased without a word being exchanged between vender and purchaser. And, indeed, the chemist intuitively understands his customer's wants, and turns immediately to a mysterious drawer, labeled *Gumma Benja:* or, *Benzoin*. But let not our readers laugh at their simplicity, unless they never purchase "pills" reputed to cure all the maladies that "flesh is heir to," nor dose themselves with the thousand and one patent medicines with which suffering humanity is promised relief from pain and disease.



INTERIOR OF FRANKLIN MILL.

THE "NATIVITY" OF RUBENS.

We have placed on our last page an engraving representing one of Rubens's most celebrated pictures, that in which he has most distinctly, in the design, risen above his usual materialism to a high standard of religious feeling. It is also said to be one of his best colored pictures, rich and striking, but not from that meretriciousness which induced Allston to remark once that "Rubens was a splendid liar." Yet with all his faults, this artist deserved the honors he received in his lifetime, and merits the honor which posterity has paid him. Peter Paul Rubens was born on the 28th June, 1577, at Cologne, where his father, formerly a nobleman and Sheriff of Antwerp, had taken refuge during political troubles. After his father's death, he was appointed page to the beautiful Countess of Lalaing, in Antwerp, but, being naturally a modest youth, was so shocked at the licentiousness which prevailed in the palace of this lady, that he left, and applied himself to painting, under the tuition of Adam Van Oort, and later, of Otto Van Veen (Ottovenio). By the advice of the latter, he went to Italy, to continue his studies, which he did, recommended from the Archduke Albert to the especial care of Duke Vincentio Gonzaga. The latter at once took him into his retinue, giving him the title of Cavalier, with full permission to devote his entire time to study. From Mantua he repaired to Rome, Venice (where he fully studied and comprehended Titian and Paul Veronese), and Genoa. Wherever he came, he distinguished himself by his masterly skill. In Spain, whither he was sent by the Duke of Gonzaga on a diplomatic mission to King Philip IV., he painted the portrait of the latter, with his principal nobles, studied carefully the Spanish school of painting, and returned home laden with wealth and honor. Hearing that his mother was sick, he hastened back to Antwerp, but found her already dead; and overcome by grief, he took refuge for four months in a convent, consoling himself by religious art. The brilliant offers of the Archduke, and his love for Isabella Brant, restrained him from returning to Italy, and he married the lady in 1609. In Antwerp, he built himself a splendid house, which he filled with a splendid collection of works of art, all of which, however, he subsequently sold to the Duke of Buckingham for ten thousand pounds. For the Cathedral of Antwerp he painted his greatest picture, The Descent from the Cross; for the Jacobites, the Four Evangelists; and for the Church of St. Peter, in Cologne, where he was baptized, the Crucifixion of St. Peter, with many other splendid works. A great proportion of his paintings were merely sketched and finished by himself, his scholars executing the rest—a fact which accounts for the incredible number of pictures which went forth from his studio. Rubens was in more than one respect an artist of the highest grade. He raised the Belgian school of painting, which had for many years been declining, to a rank paralleled in his own time only by the Spanish. Rubens was one of the most accomplished and learned men of his age, and a finished gentleman and man of the world. He was endowed with an incredible artistic faculty of invention, and seemed inspired with a mysterious impulse to create, combined with a restless activity. In these respects he appears to have been unrivalled. His every design and attitude is original, and it really seems as if repetition in any form were not in his nature. Quiet, gentle loveliness, and majestic higher beauty, are not, however, to be found in his works. The richest luxuriance of color, voluptuous fullness of figure, ceaseless activity, and energy—in a word, all the beauty of life characterize his works; but we seek in them in vain for those nobler impulses of serene art which characterized his predecessors. In pomp and splendor, in brilliancy and effect, Rubens is, however, unrivalled. When his patron, the duke, died, on his death-bed he commended Rubens to the patronage of the Infanta Donna Isabella. He was in reality sent, shortly after, with the Ambassador of Charles I., to Delft, to conclude a treaty of peace between Spain and England. In the year 1630, he concluded this peace with the English Chancellor Coddington. The King of England had already learned to appreciate him as a gentleman, an artist, and a diplomatist, and had knighted him. Rubens led, during this embassy, an extremely regular and simple life. His first wife died in 1626; his second, Helena Forman, a lady of remarkable beauty, often served him as a model for his female heads; but it is an extraordinary fact, and one which confers the highest tribute to his gallantry, that it was only when he painted her as a portrait, and as herself, that he ever represented her quite as beautiful as she really was. For many years before his death, Rubens was prevented, by gout, from executing any save small paintings. He died on the 30th May, 1640, at Antwerp, and is buried in the St. Jacob's Church. Rubens is an example to artists, in the qualities of energy, perseverance and industry. He showed that it was not necessary for genius to wait for inspiration; or rather, that inspiration came whenever it was resolutely sought. He also demonstrated that varied accomplishments, instead of retarding, facilitate the success of a painter, enlarge his mind, and enrich it with a variety of ideas.



THE MILL IN THE JURA, SWITZERLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L., Auburndale.—The most melodious of the Australian singing birds is the Sedge Warbler. This bird very much resembles the nightingale, and sings both day and night.

F. M., Bristol R. I.—We believe that the nationality of the applicant is not regarded in taking out a patent in England. It would cost an American no more than an Englishman.

"Carrickfergus."—The potato is believed to have been introduced into Ireland in 1565.

S. W., Philadelphia.—1. The manufacture of silk was introduced into Europe about 551.—2. It is estimated that there are 20,000,000 horses in Russia.—3. The Austrian cavalry is said to be the finest in Europe.

R. W.—A laboring man in China can buy food enough to last him a day for about a cent; but that sum is as hard to get there as a dollar here.

Querist, Yarmouth, Mass.—Adams' Express employs 3783 men; it has 972 agencies, and its messengers travel daily 40,152 miles.

Pupil.—The great English painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was born at Plymouth, England, and we see by a late English paper that a monument is about to be erected to his memory there.

Gossip, Lancaster, Pa.—Ticknor & Fields will publish Hawthorne's new work.

"Middlesex"—1. Fruit-raising has become a great business in California. The crop this year will amount to six or seven millions of dollars. 2. We have heard of 100 dozen Duchess d'Angouleme pears being raised in one crop from one single tree near Boston. They sold for $3 a dozen.

Statician.—It is an established fact that the number of marriages in time of peace is greater than in time of war; and even where war is expected only, marriages are found to diminish in number. Even in Russia, where the mass of the people seem to take little interest in political affairs, marriages will fall off at the rate of seventy or eighty thousand in a year of war.

Bibliopolist.—The first circulating library in England, on a public plan, was opened by Samuel Fancourt, a dissenting minister of Salisbury, about the year 1740, but it was not very successful.

Traveller.—The proportion of persons injured on railways to the whole number of passengers conveyed, which in our own country nearly attains the frightful figure of one in 100,000, in England is reduced to one in 250,000; and in Germany to one in 1,250,000!

SOMETHING ABOUT DIAMONDS.

The diamond is the type of brilliancy and purity all the world over; it is the rose among jewels; the *nec plus ultra* of splendor and value, and coveted above all other gems. Where is the fashionable woman who does not prize above all her other worldly possessions, that diamond necklace which cost thirty thousand dollars, and which no reporter of a ball in which she happens to figure ever failed to expatiate upon at the rate of a penny a line? Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace occupies an important page in history. Diamonds have led to wars, to murders, to crimes without number,—and yet, to the philosopher, they are only bits of crystallized carbon—mere lumps of charcoal. The identity of the diamond and carbon was a theory with Newton, the truth of which experiment has tested. The first grand experiment to prove the combustibility of the diamond, took place before Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, whereon the diamond being exposed in the focus of the great lens, it was entirely volatilized. The lens is still in the laboratory of the Grand Duke. Guyton de Morveau entirely consumed the diamond by projecting it in red hot nitre; it was also burnt by Professor Tennant, by means of melted nitre in a red-hot tube.

The ancients believed that the hardness of the diamond would resist and break the best anvils and hammers, but modern experimentalists have crushed diamonds in steel mortars. When in the act of burning, the diamond glows with an intense and beautiful brightness, like a star, or spark, and without flame.

The price of diamonds has been steadily rising for a number of years. A mercantile man told us lately that diamonds were the best investment out. Times of disturbance and uncertainty in Europe cause a great demand for them; it is so handy to have a million in such a portable form that you can carry it in your vest pocket. Louis Napoleon is a great purchaser of diamonds, not for purposes of display—he keeps rather dark about them—but that, in the event of a radical change in France, he may, if he escapes with his life, have a large fortune at his command.

The crown jewels of European sovereigns embrace many diamonds of very great value. The Austrian family possesses the Maximilian diamond, of a yellow color and rose cut; it has been in the family ever since the reign of the emperor of that name. It came to Austria through the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and had been in the possession of the Medici. It has been rated at 139 1-2 carats; its value is said to be $778,410. A sky-blue brilliant in the crown of France is valued at $200,000. The house of Braganza possesses a diamond valued at a billion dollars! The Empress Catharine II. of Russia bought a diamond without a flaw, the size of a pigeon's egg, for $450,000 cash, an annuity of $20,000, and a patent of nobility.

Diamond-cutters always reckon that in the process of cutting the stone loses one-half its weight. "The process of diamond cutting," writes an English jeweller, "is effected by a horizontal iron plate of about ten inches in diameter, called a *schiff*, or mill, which revolves from 2000 to 3000 times per minute. The diamond is fixed in a ball of pewter, at the end of an arm, resting upon the table in which the plate revolves; the other end, at which the ball containing the diamond is fixed, is pressed upon the wheel by iron weights at the discretion of the workman. The weights applied vary from 2 to 30 lbs., according to the size of the facets intended to be cut. The re-cutting of the Koh-i-noor was commenced on July 16th, 1852, his Grace the Duke of Wellington being the first person to place it on the mill. This diamond was found to vary considerably in hardness, during various stages of the operation. The farther it was cut into, the harder the stone appeared to be. At one time the mill, working at the medium rate of 2400 revolutions per minute, made little appreciable impression upon it. The rate of revolution was therefore increased to more than 3000, at which rate the work gradually proceeded. The diamond was completely cut on September 7th, having taken thirty eight days to cut, working for twelve hours per day without cessation."

An English gentleman, the late Henry Philip Hope, Esq., made the study and collection of precious stones, particularly diamonds, the object of his whole life. Mr. Hope's collection was that of a true lover of the stone itself, not of one who treasured it on account of its immense value. His collection was therefore a fine gathering of specimen stones—of stones in various states, and of various colors. Amongst those exhibited in 1851 were brilliants of an apricot color, of a very fine pink topaz color, of the deepest ruby ballais color, of a lemon color, of a cymophane (green and orange) color, the two tints being distinctly perceptible. Moreover, there were diamonds of a chrysolite color, a beautiful light green, of an aqua-marine (sea-green) color, of steel color, of deep sapphire blue, of light blue, of milky blue, of light orange, and of deep orange, of brown, of dusky red, of deep garnet color, of a jacinth color (tawny red), of rose color, and of a brilliant jet black! These are mentioned to show to what variety the diamond extends. What would the world say if modern science, which seems to delight in realizing impossibilities, should discover a process of manufacturing diamonds? The time may come when even this wonder will be achieved, and when Koh-i-noors may be purchased for twenty-five dollars a dozen!

LIFE IN ITALY.

That very clever feuilletonist, Amedée Achard, has been publishing some quite piquant sketches of Italy in the Débats. Let us glean a few items from one of his recent articles: "You cannot go through Italy, especially the Roman Campagna, without evoking the memory of the brigands. Old romances and the operas gave them a terrible reputation. People never set out without taking a robbery into account; a stoppage on the highway was a part of the programme of the journey. One must bring back an adventure, like a mosaic or a chaplet. Those famous brigands, with pointed hats and bristling with pistols, such as you see them in pictures, lend a romantic color to the landscape. Englishmen were known who travelled expressly to be stopped on the highway, and who demanded a bandit at every relay. They were generally accommodated.

"All that is changed; so completely changed that certain amateurs of romance declare the country has lost all its grace in being cleared of its rascals. Intelligent governments, they say, ought to retain a few, to preserve the physiognomy and character of the peninsula. Still you are invariably advised to use a thousand precautions to protect yourself against imaginary Fra Diavolos.

"The slaves of tradition put their money in their boots and travel with revolvers, finally discharged at Asnieres. Have robberies ceased in Italy—in Rome especially? O, no! they rob you as at Paris, and make arrests as in the *banlieu*—nothing more or less. It is an account, of which the total never varies. As for stabbing, that is another affair; there are a great many cases—four or five a week. The last year there were, in round numbers, two hundred and eighty-two assassinations or attempts to kill. That seems to you fearful, unheard of, and monstrous, relatively to the sum of the population. Alas! yes—but more importance than it merits must not be assigned to this excess in a sum. All these knife-strokes are distributed among friends. I am not joking. They chat, drink a glass of wine, get heated, discussion begins, and a stab is easily given or received. If the man dies, his friend escapes. The gens d'armes come up, but too late. Why should they come too late? If the murderer were arrested, he could not be convicted, for lack of proof. At Rome, as in almost all Italy, in criminal cases a witness is the rarest, the most difficult, in fact the most impossible person to discover. It is the rule that nothing is ever seen or heard. And reasons for this are not wanting. If a witness is met with, as soon as he had made his deposition he is sure to be killed.

"Then murders follow thick like file-firing. This man kills that man, because that man killed the other man. Who has not heard of the affair in which the family of the victim had to employ the exertions of all their friends to stay the proceedings of justice? Was it not necessary to put an end to these 'ricochet' stabbing cases? It rained daggers. But if, by a miraculous chance, the murderer is sentenced, you may be sure that if he be not pardoned, his penalty will be at least commuted. He will go to the galleys, and on his return will be welcomed back by his family and friends with open arms. There is even an expression for that; the man who comes back from the galleys has been in 'trouble.' Isn't the expression delicious?"

TALES FOR THE MARINES.

The "Undersigned," a writer in the New York Atlas, has been amusing himself and his readers by recording his experiences during a brief sojourn in our Athenian village. He is particularly satirical on the subject of our tortuous streets, as the subjoined extract will show. At the same time he displays the most astonishing verdancy, being evidently ignorant of the fact that it is perfectly easy for a man to find his way about Boston, provided he has studied navigation, and steers by chart and compass.

"Asked a Bostonian if he would be 'kind enough to direct us the nearest way to Haymarket Square.' 'Certainly,' spoken rapidly and in a bewildering, uneasy manner. 'Third-street-left-down-cross-over-four-squares-ah!' 'Which way did you say?' No answer; for he was gone. He had in directing us pointed toward no particular street. The first street we came to after leaving him, we turned down, proceeded four squares, crossed over, then into the very same street, which five minutes before we had walked out of. Every man appeared to hesitate as he passed, evidently being desirous of asking a question or two, but recollecting that time is dollars, went on again.

"Some years ago, it is related, a western man lost his wife and himself in the streets of Boston, somewhat strangely. The story is one of the legends of Boston, at least the Undersigned says it is. A western merchant and his wife came to Boston, and 'stopped' at the New England House. One day the gentleman went out; answering his wife's query as to what time he would return, with 'at noon.' Noon, night, morning passed, but he came not. A week rolled by, but he appeared not. Search was made, but no one knew anything about the missing man; the people had enough to do to find themselves. The grief-stricken wife finally returned home. Two, three, four years went by, and she re-married, having long before counted her first beloved as among the dead.

"There is at the present time a singular 'unshaven, unshorn' being wandering wearily through the streets, and inquiring of any one who will listen to him, 'the way to the New England House?' The tone in which he asks this is piteous, sad, supplicating. And so he goes on from day to day. No one knows where he sleeps or how he lives. The Undersigned spoke to him, 'why don't you go to the New England?'

"'Ah, sir,' said the poor fellow in a despairing way, 'Ah, sir, I can't. Let me see, you are a stranger here, are you not?'

"'Yes,' we (the Undersigned) replied.

"'So am I, and I get stranger every day. The more I wander about the more I get lost. If I didn't know the streets I might get along better. All these people who are going by are lost. Their friends find them and take 'em home at night.'

"'And who finds the friends?'

"'I don't know. I've been walking these streets these four years—these four years.'

"Here he buttonholed a passer by.

"'Please, sir, tell me the way to the New England House—I've important business there—I—I——'

"The citizen smiled, shook his head, and went on. The poor wanderer forgot the Undersigned, and walked slowly on, asking himself, 'Please tell me the way to the New England House.' Up one street and down another, night and day, when will his fruitless pilgrimage end? Alas! with death only. He is the western merchant who, four or five years ago it may be known, left his wife, with the promise of being back at noon. He was irredeemably lost. These streets have crazed him, and never, never more will he find his haven of rest.

"There is another crazy man sometimes seen at Roxbury, sometimes at Somerville, or Winter Hill, or up in that eternal monument, who salutes everybody with—

"'I'm a stranger here, sir; I came here a week since. I am in search of—of—Eleazer Paine. Can you tell me where he is, or where he can be found?'

"Wherever he goes he asks for Eleazer Paine. The Undersigned learned his melancholy history. Some six months ago he came to Boston, from Philadelphia. The second day after his arrival, in endeavoring to find his way back to the Revere House, he lost himself. His name is Eleazer Paine, and now he is in search of himself. He says he lost his identity in taking a short cut from Washington street to Faneuil Hall, and his wits over a 'prop' table. If he ever finds himself, it will be after he gets out of Boston."

The Queen's Maids.—The Maids of Honor to the Queen of England are eight in number, and have for pin money, three hundred pounds each. Two of them are always in waiting on her majesty for four weeks at a time, when they are relieved by the two next in rotation, according to a "roll" annually drawn up, regulating the periods of their attendance. When in waiting, they dine at the queen's table. They are considered in the light of companions to her majesty. They have a special allowance of a pint of wine a day each, which formerly used to be a bottle; and there was no little feminine grumbling when the Hon. Mr. Murray, then comptroller of the household, cut down their allowance. Since this innovation, however, the rosy tint which is so ornamental to the face of womanhood, has been transferred from the noses to the cheeks of the Maids of Honor.

Mr. Choate.—The Courier tells a very pleasant anecdote respecting the lamented Choate. It says that two or three years ago, during a season of illness, Mr. Choate was visited by one of his friends, who urged upon him the importance of paying more attention to his health. "Sir," said the visitor, "you must go away; if you continue your professional labors thus, you will entirely undermine your constitution." M. Choate looked up, and with that grave irony and peculiar twinkle of the eye which were so marked and indescribable when he jested, said, "Sir, the constitution was destroyed long ago; I am now living under the by-laws."

"Knitting-Work: *a Web of many colors, wrought by* Ruth Partington (B. P. Shillaber)."—Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase have got up this delicious volume of Partingtoniana in beautiful style, liberally illustrated by Hoppin. A careful re perusal of the work confirms us in the opinion already enunciated from a perusal of our advanced copy. It is a work of genuine humor, occasionally gliding into the kindred province of pathos. Without a word to raise a blush, its fun is genial and hearty. Long life to book and author!

Fast Travelling.—A gentleman, in the course of twenty-five days, was recently in London, Calais, Liverpool, New York, Washington, Cincinnati and Richmond. He is connected with a large commercial firm in New York, and has been on a business tour, selling immense quantities of grain, and is still engaged in buying up more.

Rhode Island Patents.—The number of persons resident in Rhode Island to whom patents for useful inventions have been granted, is 421. The oldest patentee living is the venerable Samuel E. Hamlin, of Providence, to whom a patent for a fire engine was granted in August, 1799.

Change of Title.—In Wheeling, Va., the the "Merchant of Venice" was once called "The Venetian Compact, or the Pound of Flesh."

A queer Recipe.—The Oswego Times gives a queer recipe for taking ink out of linen. It is to jerk an editor out of his shirt.

Juvenile Wit.—A smart boy wrote over the door of the village school-house, "the whaling institution."

ABD-EL-KADER.

This famous emir, living in retirement at Broussa, at the commencement of the war in Italy offered his services, or at least his sympathies, to Louis Napoleon. This was the prompting of gratitude, for Louis Napoleon opened the gates of his French prison; an act of magnanimity, or of policy—perhaps a blending of both. All who know the ex-emir, are struck with the nobility of his nature. General Duvivier, a distinguished French officer, spoke of Abd-el-Kader, while he was yet unsubdued, in the following terms:

"It was the voluntary act of his people which gave him arms, horses, soldiers, as it gave him absolute power long before this peace (that of Tafna). As a Frenchman, I desire his fall, since the struggle is renewed; my military conduct answers for my declaration. But Abd-el-Kader is the man of history; her muse will never more forget him; she will repeat his name; she will depict him without artillery, without arsenals, without treasure, exhausting for long years immense, valiant, well-appointed armies, constantly renewed; and when this name will remind her of the chiefs who now attempt glory in compassing his destruction, perhaps she will inscribe as appropriate this verdict of Napoleon:—'If the glory of Cæsar was founded on the Gallic war alone, it would be problematical; what can bravery deprived of military science effect against troops of the line, disciplined and constituted like the Roman army?' She will excuse Abd-el-Kader for his rigorous executions; have not nations fighting for liberty always doomed their deserters to death? Poor child of the desert!—whose wealth consists but in thy Koran, thy chaplet and thy horse, whose arms are thy genius and thy word, thou wilt fall, perhaps, like the lofty palm beneath the fury of the simoom, but future generations will exalt thy name! woe to the heart which would not bless the martyrs of liberty! Fall, if Providence has prescribed it in its impenetrable wisdom, but do not despair of eternal renown; Providence forbids us not to pity thee."

A CAUTION.—Let no one resort to spirituous liquors as a tonic—they will never accomplish the desired end, and rather defeat the very object for which they are used. The Oxygenated Bitters have no equal as a tonic medicine. They contain no alcohol, and are especially adapted to the delicate constitution of females, suffering from debility or from any derangement of the natural functions. This long-tried and excellent specific may be procured of all responsible druggists throughout the country, and is endorsed by the medical faculty.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.—We have a very large stock of choice wood engravings on hand, forming an almost countless variety of pictures upon every subject—embracing noted portraits, views of scenery in this country and Europe, military and naval illustrations of peace and war, architecture, etc. We will dispose of any of these to parties who desire them, at a very low rate. Proofs of these engravings, *over ten thousand in number*, can be seen at our office, and selections made.

PLYMOUTH MONUMENT.—The Plymouth Rock states that the cost of the Pilgrim Monument, when fully completed, will be about $300,000, of which sum about $45,000 has been subscribed. The time absolutely necessary for its completion will be about six years, but this may be prolonged in order to obtain the amount of funds necessary to defray the expense.

"LET THE TOAST BE DEAR WOMAN."—At the late celebration at Ellington, Conn., the following was the 13th regular toast: "Woman—The lover of union and the friend of annexation. Like our country, her manifest destiny is to spread her skirts."

THE FLAG OF LOMBARDO-VENETIA.—The flag of the Lombardo-Venetian States is the figure of a lion with the face of a man—in the right paw, uplifted, is a cross, while the left paw is upon an opened book.

POETRY OF RAILROADS.—N. P. Willis deftly terms building railroads alongside river courses, "Italicising the sweetest passages of nature."

POETRY.—He who has a contempt for poetry cannot have much respect for himself, or for anything else.

SPARE MINUTES.

Of all portions of our life, the *spare minutes* are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptation finds access to the soul. This is the period, then, that we should more particularly strive to see usefully employed, and devoted to some stated and worthy purpose. For instance, let some good book be laid by for perusal in these spare moments, that a taste for reading may thus be attained; and a young man who has once acquired a love for reading, and of course a healthful relish for intellectual pursuits, has become possessed of the best preventive in existence against dissipation. By following up this plan of usefully employing these spare minutes, he may fast grow in intellectual attainments. This whole life is little more than a great school, from the cradle to the tomb; and the close of life is the graduating term, when we doubtless enter upon another sphere of action, graded in accordance with the degree of wisdom to which we have attained here. Looking at the subject in this light, does it not present a remarkable incentive for self-culture and improvement? Besides, there are a vast many reasons why we should strive to become intelligent and well read in philosophy, not for the sake of becoming agreeable to society, or even to our friends, but for the sake of the time we are compelled to spend with ourselves. Of all unfortunates, an ignorant man left alone is to be pitied.

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we shall have. If we do not pass a day without having read some good and valuable book, if it be only a few pages, at the end of the year we shall be surprised to see, on reviewal, how much we have accomplished; we may empty libraries of their contents in this way. Then, too, practise with your pen; devote a portion of your spare minutes thus. Thoughts engender thoughts; place one idea upon paper, and another will follow it, and so on, until you have written a page, and you will soon find that your mind is unfathomable. Position, wealth, beauty, may desert us—but knowledge is steadfast, and is ours, when once acquired, even to the grave. "The study of literature," says Cicero, "nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, and unobtrusive abroad." Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a truthful as well as a striking line, when he taught, "sands make the mountain, moments make the year."

ORGAN FOR THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.—Dwight's Journal of Music reports that the noble organ for the Boston Music Hall will probably be finished and set up early next summer. The actual works lie virtually completed now in the manufactory of Herr Walcker, at Ludwigsburg. The delay has been owing to the difficulty of obtaining an entirely satisfactory design for the case. A most chaste and beautiful design by Hammatt Billings has at length been accepted, with the full approval of the builder of the organ. It will be constructed here, under the eye of Mr. Billings. The architecture of the organ provides a noble central position for the Beethoven statue.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—An alchemist solicited a reward from Pope Clement XII., for an alleged discovery of the art of turning stones into gold. The witty pope gave him a very long purse, saying that a man who had it in his power to make gold, only wanted a purse to put it in.

BREAD AND SMOKE.—Said a man to a boy strutting up Cornhill, with his cigar, before breakfast, "My boy, you would look better with bread and butter in your mouth than with a cigar." "I know it," said the urchin, "*but it would not be half so gaylorious.*"

A NEW HALL—Capable of seating 800 or more, is to be constructed in the new building at the foot of Bumstead Place. It will serve for concerts and lectures, and for a supper room, connected by an arch with the Music Hall.

A DISCOVERY.—An iron cage, in which a New York gentleman caused his wife to be confined, and which "she is never permitted to leave save at night," has been discovered to be a hooped-skirt.

POINTED.—An exchange paper begins a forcible appeal to its delinquents with this touching sentence: "We must *dun*, or we must be *done*."

Wayside Gatherings.

Efforts are being made to improve the navigation of the Ohio River near Louisville.

The health of Havana is better than it has been during any summer for some years.

Professor Zantederchi finds that plants grow more in moonlight than in dark nights.

The Omaha and Sioux Indians have had a battle on the plains.

They are putting the lower provinces of British America in a good state of defence.

From every direction we learn that tobacco looks unusual well, the season having been very favorable for its growth.

Dr. Philip Van Ness Morris, of Cambridge, Washington county, N. Y., has presented $10,000 to Williams College.

Nehemiah Hodge, of North Adams, has recovered $1500 of the New York Central Railroad, for infringement upon his patent railroad brake.

Nahum Ward, a wealthy citizen of Marietta, Ohio, has placed a handsome American marble monument over the remains of Commodore Whipple, of Revolutionary memory.

The Hon. Daniel Webster, speaking of Hon. Rufus Choate, once said: "Mr. Choate was a wonderful man—a marvel—the most brilliant man in America."

A man who resided in Fulton, Ohio, a few days since returned from the funeral of his wife, and going into his solitary room, sat down upon a chair, and died within an hour of grief.

The present population of Detroit is estimated by the Secretary of the Board of Water Commissioners at 75,000—being an increase of 35,000 since 1854, when the last State census was taken.

A colored lady was arrested in New York for stealing a parasol She offered as an excuse to the magistrate, that the sun was spoiling her complexion. He took pity on her, and sent her to prison for six months, to enable her to bleach.

There is a brave man at Vinegar Hill, in Jo Davies county, Ill. He is only 22 years of age, says the Galena Courier, and has just become the fifth husband of a widow lady full sixty years of age.

A little girl, aged ten, was placed in the New York State Lunatic Asylum. The child was a very intelligent one, and its close application to study threw it into fits, and resulted in destroying the mind.

The grasshoppers are superabundant in Yuba and Nevada counties, Cal., and the Indians are waxing fat upon them. They collect them in pits, singe them with fire, and pack them in bags for consumption at leisure.

They have a tilting club at Charleston, S. C., formed for the purpose of practice and improvement in equestrian exercises. It is in contemplation to give a tournament at a proper time, and, if possible, to offer such an entertainment annually or more frequently.

The work on the Peabody Institute, at Baltimore, is said to be progressing, and it is now expected that it will be inclosed by the first of November next, when the work can go on to completion. The marble work is up to the cornice of the second floor, and it is thought to present a fine appearance.

Mr. Horace A. Osborne, a music-teacher, who went from Boston to Cleveland a short time since, killed himself at that place by taking laudanum. He requested, by letter, that no ceremony should be made at his funeral, and intimated a disgust of life as a reason for the suicidal act.

Some boatmen have introduced a novel craft upon the Genesee River, at Rochester. It consists simply of two long, water-tight tin tubes connected at each end by pieces of board, and having in the centre an elevated seat for the oarsmen. This queer-looking affair is said to pull with surprising ease and swiftness.

The Catholic Bishop of Montreal has addressed a circular to his clergy, calling upon them, as soon as possible, to pronounce from their pulpits "a strong warning against the opera, the theatre, circus, and other amusements of a similar nature, which at the present moment are a real scandal to our city and country districts."

The Redwood Library and Athenæum, at Newport, R. I., founded in 1747, by Bishop Berkeley and others, has a very choice collection of books. The interior was repaired and much improved this spring, and the establishment is now an important attraction to literary characters visiting Newport.

The Lime Manufactory in Glen's Falls, N. Y., is a curiosity. It has in operation fifteen German patent kilns, which turn out 160,000 barrels of lime per year. During the last eighty days of canal navigation in 1858, they manufactured and sent to market 1000 barrels of lime per day. The consumption of wood reaches 13,000 cords annually.

At the Scientific Convention in Springfield, Mass., Professor Alexander gave a recipe for weighing the moon, claiming that the sun, moon, and all the planetary worlds can be weighed by it accurately, to the ounce. The recipe appears, to outsiders, as clear as fog. The professor himself omits to work it out, and fails to let us know how many pounds of moonshine there are in existence.

Sands of Gold.

.... A wise freedom is an attribute of God.—*Jerrold.*

.... Pleasure's couch is Virtue's grave.—*Duganne.*

.... The cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts.—*French.*

.... The way to fame is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation.—*Sterne.*

.... The opulent man wrongs himself by every superfluity which he does not share.—*De Boufflers.*

.... There are many idlers to whom a penny begged is sweeter than a shilling earned.—*Jerrold.*

.... There will be always something new to say about women so long as one of them remains on earth.—*De Boufflers.*

.... What good it does to a man, throughout life, to meet kindness and generosity in his youth.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

.... No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty by the help of speech.—*Hughes.*

.... When a noble life has prepared old age, it is not the decline that it reveals, but the first days of immortality.—*Madame de Stael.*

.... Content and kindness are the soft vernal showers and fostering sunny warmth, that keep a man's nature and being fresh and green.—*Mrs. Cowden Clark.*

.... When we complain of fate, it is only by way of excusing ourselves. It is our caprice, our impatience, our cowardice, whose lapses we charge upon our stars.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... The highest excellence is seldom attained in more than one vocation. The roads leading to distinction in separate pursuits, diverge, and the nearer we approach the one, the further we recede from the other.—*Bovee.*

.... It is because we are dissatisfied with ourselves, that we are so anxious to have others think well of us, and were we conscious of merriting the good, we would care less for their ill opinions.—*Bovee.*

.... We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have a certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily.—*Ruskin.*

.... Would you have noble offspring? See that you choose for them a noble mother, since she alone must be their only teacher in that early period, when lessons are best acquired through the sympathies, and when the heart seems rather to strive against than to obey the understanding.—*W. G. Simms.*

Joker's Budget.

No house is big enough for two wits to live in together.

The first thing that a man takes to in life is milk, the last is, his bier.

Jerrold was at a party when the Park guns announced the birth of a prince. "How they do powder these babies!" Jerrold exclaimed.

An old maid, who hates the male sex, cut a female acquaintance recently, who complimented her on the *buoyancy* of her spirits.

A miser having threatened to give a poor man some blows with a stick, the other said, "I don't believe you, for you have not the heart to give anything."

The shortest answer that can be given to the frequent inquiry, "What is the cause of the war?" is to say that Austria has been covering more ground than she had a deed of.

"Well, Talfourd," said Jerrold, on meeting the late eminent judge and author one day near Temple Bar, "have you any more Ions in the fire?"

"John," said a cockney solicitor to his son, "I see you'll never do for an attorney, you have no *henergy*." "Skuse me, father," replied John, "what I want is some of your *chickenary*."

A dancing-master was taken up in Natches recently, for robbing a fellow-boarder. He said he commenced by cheating a printer, and after that everything rascally seemed to come easy to him.

Scene—a Thunderstorm. Mary—"O, Augustus, I want to ask you something, so much!" Augustus—"What is it, dear?" Mary—"Is it true that—that—that hoops attract the lightning?"

A certain barrister, who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed "that he had been turning over Coke." "I should have thought that it was coals you had been turning over," observed a wag.

A sea-sick passenger on board one of the steamers from the Channel Islands, says: "The Frenchman's story seems to me expressive. One morning the cabin-boy came for his boots. 'Boots,' feebly sounded from the berth; 'ah, sare, you may take zem; I sall want zem nevare more.'"

First class in geography stand up. Bill Toots, what's a cape? A thing that mother wears over her shoulders. What's a plain? A tool used by carpenters for smoothing off boards. What's a desert? It's goodies for dinner. That will do, Bill; I will give you a touch of some goodies after school.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SUMMER.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

Summer strains, summer strains,
Sweeping sadly through the eve,
Mourning in the paths and lands,
Mournfully their voices breathe.

Whispering sounds, whispering sounds,
Rustling low the forest leaf,
Bringing to the heart quick bounds,
Bounds of joy and bounds of grief.

Wildering peals, wildering peals,
Waking twilight echoes far,
Singing of the woes and weals
Thrilling 'neath night's peaceful star.

Silver-painted lakes are shining,
Shadowed by no cloud above;
Evergreens and lilies lining
Their rippled waves with rays of love.

Zephyrs o'er them softly sweeping,
Break but to a gentle rest,
Rocking to its quiet sleeping
Each bright wave upon their breast.

Summer strains, summer strains,
Low, but sadly stealing by,
Waking in the paths and lanes
Echoes of the joys that die.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

It was Margaret Walters's wedding day. The westering sun shed a flood of radiance into her boudoir, lighting up with magic glow her dark, queenly beauty, and weaving a circlet of golden rays around her rich, black hair. It was her last hour in that dear, familiar room; the sacred shade in which she had cherished her girlish fancies, the hallowed temple wherein the first fond, pure dreams of maidenhood had descended to her soul. What glowing hopes had been nurtured in that calm solitude! what thrilling visions of future bliss had shed their halo within its walls! But now the Past was consecrated by them, and the near, the dawning Future, would transfer her to new and untried scenes.

Margaret was beautiful; the adulation of many worshippers had been murmured in her ears, but she possessed a pure, strong, womanly soul, which flattery could not taint with its poison. A proud but loving heart beat in her bosom, and it had been fearlessly surrendered at the earnest, passionate suit of Harry St. Legére.

Hitherto the anticipations of her youthful, buoyant nature had been of unclouded happiness, but as the hour drew near which was to consign her future to the keeping of another, what wonder that her head was bowed upon her hand in serious and unwonted reflection?

There came a quick step in the hall, and a hasty knock upon the door. She drew her cashmere wrapper more closely about her, brushed back the heavy masses of half-dishevelled hair which had fallen over her face, and almost before she could reply, the door opened and her lover entered.

"My queen, my bride, my own Margaret!" was his fond, earnest greeting.

An unwonted glow illuminated her dark eyes, and a radiant smile rippled over her beautiful countenance.

"I am glad you have come, Harry," she murmured. "I was just wishing for you. I want to talk to you a little while."

"An hour if you choose, so you don't delay that precious moment which is to make you wholly, altogether mine."

She responded to his enthusiasm with a soft, tremulous sigh, and with an almost tearful smile, she murmured, "Harry, you are sure, *very* sure you love me?"

"Love you, my lily-queen! Why, don't you *know* that I *worship* you; that I am your captive slave; that I would die for you?"

"Ah, Harry, you are so enthusiastic," she said, yet smiling with joy at his earnestness. "But are you sure it will last? Will you *always* love me with the fond devotion of this hour?"

"Have I not sworn it, Margaret? But what black cloud has intervened its shadow between me and my love. I came here with a bounding pulse, thinking to find you impatient for me, waiting to welcome me with bride-like tenderness, and instead you are a weeping Niobe; what has saddened you so, my Margaret, my pearl?"

"It is wrong, Harry, for me to distress you with my weakness; but I cannot restrain this feeling of uneasiness. Life seems such a real, earnest thing, in the light of this great change; love looks to me of more moment than ever before. Think what I am to do—to leave my parents, my happy home, all the fond and true affection which has hitherto encompassed my life, and place my whole being and happiness in your sole care and keeping."

"Well, Margaret, do you falter? Is your trust in me less than it was yesterday?"

"No, Harry, I only realize more perfectly than ever before the weightiness of the responsibility. O, if you were ever to weary of me, ever to grow cold or indifferent to me, as so many husbands do, it would break my heart."

"Never fear, Margaret," was the gay reply. "Keep your sweet face undisfigured by those odious tears, and I shall always be your bounden thrall. You do not know how I worship your wonderful, bewildering beauty, Margaret, or you could never doubt me."

"Is that the reason you never like to see me in tears?" she asked.

"Yes; and these tears are especially displeasing to me, because they are caused by your unloyal distrust. However, I suppose all women are more or less weak and nervous at such a time. Is it not so, my pet? Once fairly launched upon the smooth sea of matrimony, we shall bid adieu to these April skies."

Margaret had not spoken all her fears to her lover; his joyous mood invited to no deeper confidence; so she put back the weight of chilling doubts which still oppressed her, and calling up her sweetest smiles, she spoke cheerfully of their future, and bade him forget that she had ever entertained a fear.

"Ah, now my brilliant star of love begins to shine out from the encircling vapors! Let the gentle zephyrs disperse them, my darling, and when I return to claim my bride, let me find her radiant in her own unapproachable loveliness." And with one long kiss, which had the warmth if not the calmness of sincerity, he left her.

"Dear Harry!" she murmured, as the door closed; "he is so enthusiastic—his spirits are so airy! Shall I ever be able to realize all his unbounded anticipations?"

Harry had been a gay youth—a worshipper at various shrines long ere he had seen Margaret Walters. That he had been twice before engaged, she was well aware; and from his own confession, she had a glimmering consciousness not only that his impulses were wayward and inconsistent, but that his standard of wifely perfection was raised to an almost airy height, and that any failure to reach it would be very likely to be visited with the severe punishment of indifference and neglect. Was it any wonder that even her perfect and unfaltering devotion was dimmed by a shadow of self-distrust?

But her bridesmaids entered—a bevy of prattling, excited girls, intent upon the festal decorations—and her sober thoughts were banished by the array of bridal finery which was spread out before her. An hour later, Harry knocked again at the door, and this time she met him with glowing, happy smiles.

"Isn't she beautiful? isn't she superb?" was the cry of the excited maidens, as Harry stood regarding her with fervent admiration.

"She is more than beautiful; she is divine!" was his earnest exclamation.

"Is it my beauty, then, that he worships?" thought Margaret, sadly. "O, frail, frail tenure, by which to hold so wayward a heart!"

But his glance was so fond, so fervent, the pressure of his hand so re-assuring, and above all, *she loved him so*, that she resolutely dispelled the doubt, and taking his proffered arm, descended to the drawing-room.

A crowd of admiring guests echoed the praises of her beauty; but the rosy blush which gleamed through the midst of the bridal veil, was not the blush of gratified vanity, a purer, holier feeling warmed her heart, and sent the life-current in sparkling eddies to her face. The vows were spoken, the marriage blessing pronounced, and Harry St. Legére pressed his lips to those of his happy, unresisting bride.

Two years had passed, and Margaret was a mother now. A dim night-lamp, burning in her nursery-chamber, revealed the still proud and beautiful woman bending fondly and tenderly over the snowy nest which held her darling treasure. Hot tears were falling fast over its innocent, sleeping face, and with frantic anguish the mother pressed the baby-form to her aching heart.

For the first six months after marriage, Harry had been as tender and devoted as the most exacting affection could desire; then a slight coolness became apparent in his manner, but Margaret thought, "The husband has a more constant drain upon his love than the suitor, one must not expect him to be punctilious in little things;" and with true womanly magnanimity, she redoubled her quiet, unobtrusive endeavors to please him, and render his home worthy to be still the sacred temple of his affections. But strive as she might, she could not disguise the too apparent fact that his interests and affections were gradually becoming alienated, and his fancy beginning to roam. Sorrowfully she consulted her mirror, to know if her personal attractions were decaying, and turned away to weep bitter, bitter tears. Still a warm hope lingered in her heart; there would come a time surely when this cruel injustice would be repaired, and with the birth of her babe, her heart leaped up to meet the longed-for endearments of her husband's love. Her expectations were partly realized. Holding his fair boy in his arms, and looking upon the pale, suffering, but still beautiful face of its mother, Harry would have been less than human if his heart had not thrilled with something of the old-time tenderness.

But even this was transient. Margaret's health was delicate, and her motherly cares confined her much at home, and Harry, gay rover that he was, could not deprive himself of society for her sake. With noble self-sacrifice, she bade him leave her if it was his pleasure, and waited his coming many a weary night to welcome him with a smile. But that day the idle word of a chance caller had sped like an envenomed arrow to her heart.

"Have you seen the beautiful Miss Morgan yet?" inquired Miss Ashley, a young lady who had been in other days a disappointed rival of Margaret. "She is perfectly superb, just in your old style precisely; only all the gentlemen say she is the most faultlessly beautiful creature that ever strayed from Paradise. I heard Mr. St. Legére say last evening that she was certainly from the seventh heaven of the prophet, for such magnificently regal beauty could belong only to a houri. You know he is always so extravagant in his praise. Fortunately his enthusiasm soon expends itself."

Margaret resolutely subdued the rising in her throat, and replied, calmly, "I have not even heard of Miss Morgan. Pray, who is she?"

"Not heard of her? Is it possible! but then you go out so little. Your devotion to home is really astonishing. Miss Morgan is a Washington belle of three seasons standing; rather haughty and a little dashing in her manners, but then some men are so captivated by such things, you know; and she really is superb, and her taste is so faultlessly exquisite. You may well be proud of your husband, I assure you, for he has distanced all his unmarried competitors, and is the constant satellite of this reigning star."

It was not an angry jealousy that burned in Margaret's heart, and lighted the hectic glow upon her cheek, but the deep, cruel pain of lacerated affection. Her pride sustained her till Miss Ashley left, and then throwing herself upon her bed, she wept a flood of burning tears. Rising at length, half-wild with the anguish at her heart, she dressed herself, and drawing a thick veil over her face, went out for a walk. Her's was not the step of a pleasure-seeker, but the firm, rapid tread of one who seeks forgetfulness in the excitement of action.

Scarce knowing whither her steps were bent, she entered Union Park. The day was bright; nurses were out with their charges, and the air resounded with the merry voices of happy, careless children. Glittering equipages dashed by upon the street, and the mingled hum of the passing multitude drifted over the solitude of the park like the strong voice of the surging sea. But Margaret's senses were locked in oblivion of all around her; her husband, and he alone, filled all her thoughts. Bitterly she recalled the scene in her boudoir, on the night of her marriage, counted over one by one all those fond promises, bethought herself of all the tenderness of their early wedded life, and asked herself with a low, despairing heart-cry, would those scenes never return to her? Must she live on in her gloomy, joyless life, without one ray of real love from that heart which had sworn to cherish and protect her while life should last?

She had crossed the park, and was nearing its opposite boundary, when a voice, *that* voice whose lightest tone had still power to thrill her deepest emotions, fell on her ear. Looking up, she saw upon the open street a couple of equestrians. Harry, *her* Harry, mounted on a dark bay steed, his blue eyes flashing with such a light as she had not seen in them for months, and his proudest smile outbeaming from his handsome face, rode by the side of a magnificent—yes, she was a magnificently beautiful woman. Her form was faultless, her carriage superb, and the drooping plumes of her riding-hat shaded a face of exquisite proportions. Her silver voice rang out in a clear and merry laugh, as touching her mettled steed with her silver-mounted whip, she challenged her companion to a race, and they started off upon an animated trot.

Poor Margaret! she clutched the iron railing for support, and gasped, a faint, deathly gasp, for breath. But her strength returned, and with it her pride rallied.

"This is too much!" she said. "I have borne a great deal, patiently, but this is the one drop which overflows the cup. He never loved me—he never had the power to love, his wayward, fickle heart knows not the meaning of the term. I can live with him no longer. His caresses, once so dearly prized, would be repulsive now; I shrink from him as from a serpent's coil. My father's house is yet open to me, I will seek it this day; not another night will I pass under the roof of one who has so foully wronged me."

She hurried home, packed her wardrobe and her jewels, and the few gifts of friends which she especially prized, put on her travelling dress, and then for the first time since in golden twilight she had entered the house, sat down to calm her troubled thoughts. Her lips were firmly compressed, a wild, lurid light burned in her eyes, and a stranger might have taken her anguished looked for the frenzy of a maniac.

Her child still slept on, but the time had come when she must waken and dress him for his journey. Taking a night-lamp in her hand, she crept softly into the nursery, and bent with motherly solicitude over his rosy slumbers.

"Dear Harry! dear, dear child!" she murmured. The babe smiled, his father's smile, and she caught him in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and passionately kissed his glowing cheek. Softly she cooed to him in that broken speech which mother-lips so quickly learn; her heart melted beneath the warm touch of his baby fingers, tears flowed over her burning cheeks, and for his sweet sake she resolved still to live, still to suffer for the being who had dowried her with such happiness.

"He is the father of my babe," she murmured, "I cannot, cannot leave him."

The night now was wearing away apace. Since morning she had not seen Harry. She held the babe to her bosom, fed his sweet young life from her own veins, and laid him smiling back again to his unconscious slumbers; and unable yet to overcome her clinging tenderness, she laid down beside him, pressed his rosy cheek to her's, and fell into a troubled sleep. The full moon rose and looked in upon her, and the nurse came in, and peeping softly over the couch, tripped out upon some errand of her own, yet still Margaret slept on.

At ten o'clock there came a ring at the door-bell, then a heavy burden was brought into the hall; quietly, with hushed tread, they bore it up the stairway and laid it carefully upon Margaret's bed.

"My wife, my Margaret, where is she?" moaned the wounded man.

No one knew; but his attending physician, noticing a folded note upon the dressing-table, opened it by Harry's orders and read:

"Harry St. Legere:—Why I have left you your own heart will best inform you. The love you vowed was mine, and mine forever, being transferred to another, you have no longer any need of me in your home; therefore I and my babe have sought a refuge elsewhere.

Your injured Wife."

Her closets and drawers being searched, were found empty, and Harry, convinced at last of his loss, turned his face to the wall and moaned. A quick fever flushed his whole system, and he became delirious. It was midnight when the nurse returned, and hastening to her charge, woke her mistress, who till then had slumbered in peaceful unconsciousness, and told her the strange story of her husband's misfortune. The physician still sat by Harry's bedside, when Margaret, frightened and ghastly pale, entered her own room.

"Harry, Harry!" she exclaimed; "my husband, speak to me!"

"He is delirious," said the physician severely; "your tenderness has come too late, madam."

"I never had aught but tenderness for him," said Margaret, wonderingly, as she met the sternly rebuking glance of his eye. "I have loved him as I love my own life; I would die for him this moment."

Dr. Long held up to her the note which had been found upon her table. The sudden flushing of her countenance seemed to him proof of her guilt; but comprehending at last the mistake into which he had fallen, she sat down calmly by him, and revealed to him the whole sorrowful story.

"Do you think he will live, doctor?" she exclaimed, earnestly, at the close. "There is no grief so bitter as to lose him altogether."

"Time only will determine. He was thrown from his horse, and his skull is badly fractured. Careful nursing, however, may restore him."

Margaret took her place by her husband's bedside, releasing Dr. Long, who retired to an adjoining chamber. The sick man moaned and turned restlessly upon his couch, muttering fragments of delirious speech. Anxiously was Margaret's ear strained to catch his lightest whisper; sometimes he murmured her own name, and seemed to be recalling the days of their courtship, and the tenderness of former times; again he was wandering in desolate wilds in search of his lost wife, and crying loudly, "My Margaret, my pearl, my lily-queen! has any one seen her? O, my wife, she is dead! she is lost!" But never once did the name of Eleanor Morgan pass his lips. Tenderly and carefully she watched by his bedside three long days; no other hand administered his medicines, or smoothed his fevered pillow; no other touch but her's cooled his burning brow; no voice but her's answered his piteous cries. At last he fell into a deep and peaceful sleep. O, how almost breathlessly the anxious and remorseful wife watched lest the slightest breath might distract him. Towards morning he opened his eyes, and looked faintly yet earnestly about him. Margaret sat by his head, faintly concealed by the curtains, and it was a moment before he saw her.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, at length, "my wife; there, you you have not left me; it was a dream, a cruel nightmare—tell me it was."

"I have never left you, my husband; I am still as ever your true and devoted wife."

"But was there not a note? Did not some one say, 'I and my babe have sought a refuge elsewhere?' How was it, Margaret? do not deceive me."

"You have been very ill, my husband," was her tender, tearful answer. "You have been delirious, and had many strange fancies; but you are better now. You must not talk, however, or disturb yourself about anything. Be assured that I am still your own true Margaret—your's as dearly and tenderly as on the day we were married;" and she laid her face beside his on the pillow, and soothed him, as one might soothe an ailing child.

"O, Margaret, my love, my light!" he murmured. "I believe earth has not another like you. I love you this hour as I never loved you before."

Harry's wandering heart at last was fixed, never more to roam. During his long and tedious recovery, Margaret's love and patience were untiring, and he appreciated, as he had never done before, the true womanly soul that inspired her.

"Margaret, darling," he said to her one day, "I always loved you differently from any other woman I ever knew. I never saw another woman whom I would have married, and I never for one instant regretted having married you; but never, until the moment when (in my delirium it must have been, though it comes terribly real to me even yet) I thought you had left me; had left me because of my coldness and indifference, my criminal neglect of you, and my foolish attentions to others. O, my darling, God spare me from ever again experiencing the agony of that moment!"

Then kindly and carefully she told him all; of Miss Ashley's call, of her subsequent walk, of her hasty determination, and how it had been prevented. Tears came into his eyes as he listened.

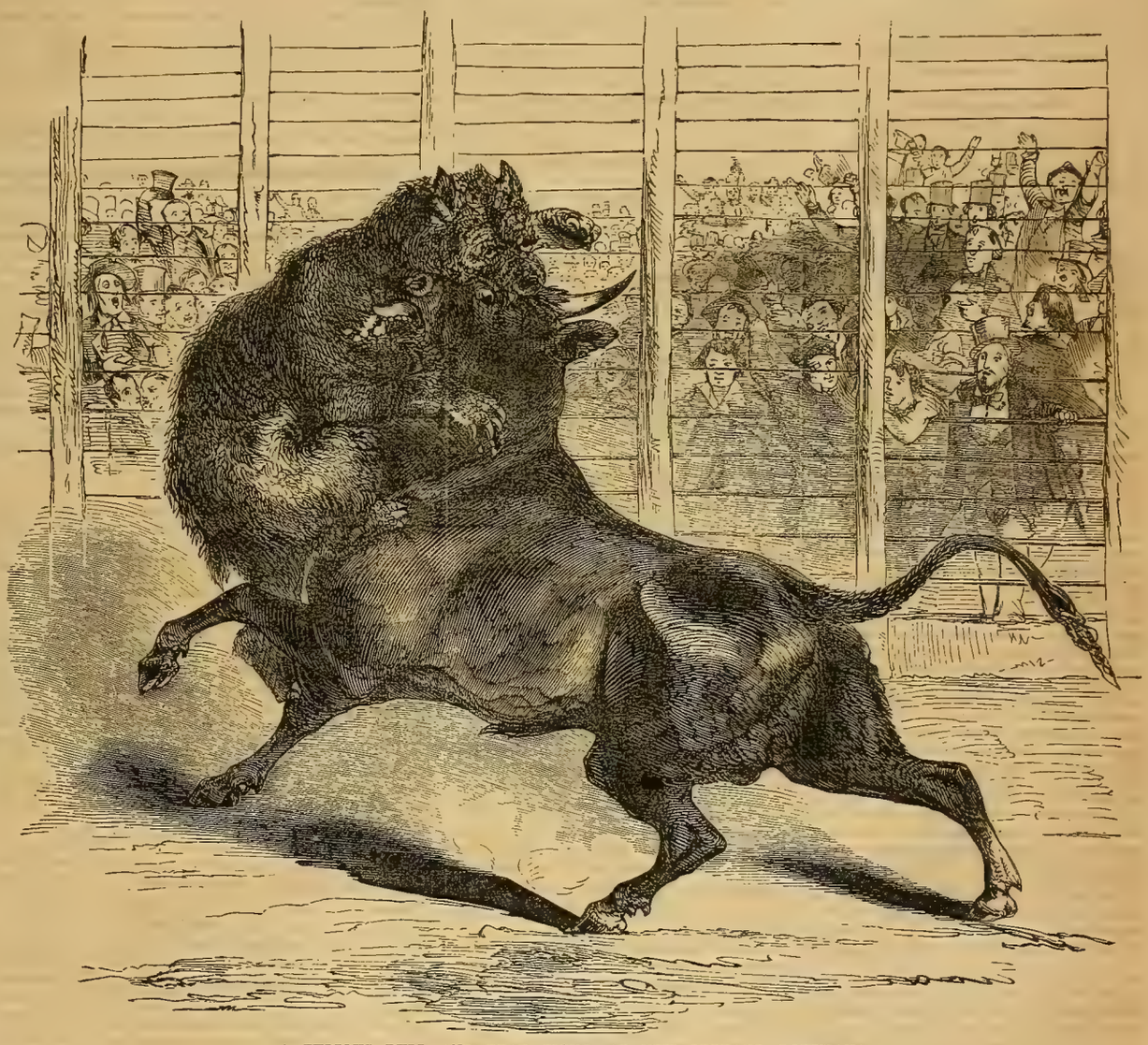
"And you have suffered all this for my wicked folly, Margaret. It shall never be again. Your face, faded and worn by your ceaseless care for me, is more beautiful to my eyes than it ever was in the days of your girlhood; it would make no difference to me now, if you were plainer than the plainest. I love your noble, generous soul, your sweet womanly truth, with such a love as no form of mere physical beauty, however perfect, can elicit. Can you forgive me, Margaret?"

The reader can fancy her reply.

"Harry," she said a few minutes afterwards, "I always distrusted your admiration of my beauty; not that I doubted its sincerity, but it was so frail a tie; now I feel that we are united by a bond which is stronger than death."

The remorse which Margaret felt for that one fearful dereliction from duty, impressed itself strongly upon her memory. Harry's waywardness, though subdued, was not annihilated; and if in any of the petty trials which afterwards darkened her path, she felt tempted to use hasty or summary measures, the remembrance of that fearful night rose before her, with its lesson of patient, long-enduring, long forbearing love.

To morrow is like a juggler that deceives us; a quack that pretends to cure us, and thin ice that will not bear our weight. It is a fruit beyond our grasp; a glittering bauble that bursts and vanishes away, a will-o'-the-wisp that leads many into the mire, and a rock that many mariners have struck and suffered shipwreck. It is an illusion to all who neglect the present hour, and a reality to those only who improve to-day.



A FURIOUS BULL AND BEAR FIGHT, AT NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

BULL AND BEAR FIGHT, NEW ORLEANS.

The above title might be supposed to refer to an encounter of stock-brokers upon change, but such encounters are quite too common to merit the exercise of pen and pencil. Our illustration refers to a terrific combat between a bull and a grizzly bear, which took place some time since in the city of New Orleans, in imitation of a savage sport inaugurated in California in the wildest days of its history. We are glad to say that this species of amusement was soon "played out" in California, and that the attempt to introduce it into the older States was an utter failure. In former days, bear-baiting was a favorite amusement of our English ancestors, and the London Bear Garden was patronized by the nobility and by royalty itself. The Puritans put an end to it, "not," as Macaulay maliciously remarks, "because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." Of the strife delineated in the engraving, an eye witness has thus recorded his impressions:

"In the arena was a cage about thirty feet square and twelve feet high, built of timber, grated with bars of iron; in it stood a large, powerful dark slate-colored bull, Napoleon IV.—sole monarch of that establishment. By the side of this stood another cage, with a large and powerful grizzly bear, which would weigh about four or five cwt., and would stand from three and a half to four feet high, with a lank sort of India-rubber movement and action about him—about half devil. We had just time to notice the preparatory arrangements, when the crowd from the outside broke through; in rushed several thousand people; they flew like magic on to the top of the large cage, which was covered with boards, so that the cage was soon surrounded and covered in every direction by sight-seers; those from the staging, and outsiders, who could not get a sight, commenced an assault on those on and about the cage, with stones, brickbats, clubs, boards, turf, and everything that came handy, to clear the way and give fair play. This having the desired effect, and all being ready, the slide door was hoisted, and Bruin notified by a ten-foot pole that he was wanted in the other department. The bull was standing in the centre, ready to receive his guest. After the bear had made his entrance, the slide door was shut, so that both animals were secure in the large cage. The bull, considering the intrusion rather improper for Sunday, commencing pawing, and making a low bellow; the bear in the meantime walking round by the bars of the cage, with a deep, low howl. After going quite around the cage, and finding it all secure, he stopped, and his eyes began to fire up. The bull by this time appeared to be up to the boiling pitch of rage, unable longer to bear the insolence of the bear. At him he plunged. The bear struck the bull's ear; this enraged the bull, who made another plunge at the bear—the bear, not counting exactly on the sport, got entangled on the bull's horns, and buried his teeth in the upper side of the bull's head; the bull, however, whirled him off. After they had time to breathe awhile, they were stirred up with long poles. The bull made a desperate drive at the bear, knocked him on his back, and jumped on him lengthways. There the two were, head to head. The bear, opening his paws quick as a flash of lightning, took the bull, clasped one paw each side of his head, grasped his nose with his tusks, and in this position held and hugged the bull—both bull and bear kicking with their hind feet, the bear still sticking to his embrace. After remaining some minutes in this position, during which time the blood flowed profusely, the bull, suspecting that the bear was sucking rather too much of his life, made a desperate effort, and cleared himself. Another short respite, and the bull was again warmed up to the scratch. The bear missing his hold, the bull caught him in the eye. The bear was perfectly savage. At it they went again—the bull threw the bear six or eight feet into the air, the bear fell and pretended to be dead. The bull, not being satisfied with these pretensions, drove at him again—the bear grabbed him by the nose, and another hug ensued. The bull extricated himself, and at the bear he went until Bruin sneaked into a corner, out of which he could neither be coaxed, flattered, nor driven. The bull set up a loud bellow, as he proudly walked about the cage, pawing. The excited multitude gave one long, loud yell for Napoleon IV., and departed."

THE LIPS.

Beautiful lips are regarded by all persons as indispensable requisites to prettiness in a lady. Nothing but excellent general health will impart to them that charming ruby tint which so delights the observer. It has been said, by the most reliable medical authorities, that a red under lip is one of the surest indications of good health; and it may be well added, that it is one of the most irresistible fascinations of which a young lady can be possessed. The weather affects the lips of some persons to such an extent as to disfigure their beauty, as well as to cause much pain from soreness. A strong wind, united with a cold atmosphere, will frequently cause so great an irritation of the delicate skin of the lips, that weeks will sometimes elapse before the effects will entirely be effaced. Ladies should therefore be quite scrupulous in guarding their faces from cold and wind, especially in riding. In warm weather, cold water may be used in washing the face and lips without fear of their becoming chapped; but in cold weather, both cold and hot water, as also soap, should be avoided. Pure tepid rain water will be found to be the least irritating to a delicate complexion, and a preventive against chapped lips. Much may be done to restore the lips to their natural state, when they become inflamed. An elegant lip-salve may be made in the following simple manner: Put half a pound of fresh lard into a pan, with an ounce and a half of white wax; set it on a slow fire till it is melted; then take a small tin dish, fill it with water, and add a few chips of alkanet root; let the water boil till it becomes of a beautiful red color; strain some of it and mix it with the other ingredients according as may be desired; scent it with some agreeable and favorite extract, and then pour it into small white jars or boxes.—*Saturday Courier.*

Poet's Corner.

A UNE FEMME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

Were I a king, my empire I'd resign,
My car, my sceptre, and the kneeling crowd,
My crown of gold, my baths of porphyry fine,
My fleets, more numerous than the waters proud,
For one kind look from thee.

If I were Jove, I'd give earth, air and sea,
Angels and demons, of my law the slaves,
Prolific chaos and eternity,
Space, skies and worlds—all air or ocean laves,
But for one kiss from thee.—F. A. DURIVAGE.

SONNET.

When hearts are full of yearning tenderness,
For the loved absent, whom we cannot reach,
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech,
The spirit's true affection to express;
When hearts are full of innermost distress,
And we are doomed to stand inactive by,
Watching the soul's or body's agony,
Which human effort helps not to make less—
Then like a cup capacious to contain
The overflowings of the heart, is prayer;
The longing of the soul is satisfied,
The keenest darts of anguish blunted are;
And, though we cannot cease to yearn or grieve,
Yet we have learned in patience to abide.—TRENCH.

DESPAIR.

I am answered, and henceforth
The course of life that seemed so flowery to me
With you for guide and master, only you,
Becomes the sea-cliff pathway broken short,
And ending in a ruin—nothing left,
But into some low cave to crawl, and there,
If the wolf spare me, weep my life away,
Killed with unutterable unkindliness.—TENNYSON.

IMMORTALITY.

Thought
Alone, and its quick elements—will, passion,
Reason, imagination—cannot die.
What has thought
To do with time or place or circumstance?—SHELLEY.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— Autumn is close at hand. The nights are lengthening, and, as the rosy hues fade away from the sunset clouds, the melodious cicada seem chanting a farewell song to summer. "The bright verdure of the trees," says Wilson Flagg, "has faded to a more dusky green; and here and there in different parts of the woods, may be observed a sere and yellow leaf, like the white hairs that are interspersed among the dark brown tresses of manhood, and indicate the sure advance of hoary years." Already the city gives out autumnal signs. Old familiar faces, unseen for many a day, are met in our daily walks. Large posters on the walls announce that the players have returned to town; letters from Saratoga and Newport and the mountains become rarer in the Daily Transcript; and so the summer is passing away with all its pleasures and drawbacks, its green woods, its delicious fruits, broiling suns and its mosquitoes. The coming fall will present us with new occupations and new objects of contemplation.....Louis Napoleon has redeemed one of his promises at least. When dining with his generals before the Italian war, he gave them an invitation to hunt with him in the forest of Compiegne in September. Since then he has been hunting men on the plains of Sardinia and Lombardy; but his bugles have sounded the recall, and the dogs of war are chained up for the present. Good sport to you, Nimrod of France! There will be merry doings in the greenwood by day and merry revels in the banquet-hall at night; but who shall say whether Compiegne and Fontainebleau are not haunted? Have masses enough been said to prevent the pale spectre of Orsini from haunting the bedside of the hero of the 2d of December! Is the peace with Austria of a nature to keep the carbonari's stiletto in its sheath? Time alone can answer these questions.....Our friend Kimball has commenced another dramatic season at the Museum with every augury of his usual success. He had previously engaged the Ronzani Ballet-troupe, and notwithstanding the hot weather they attracted full houses, the principal feature being the production, with new scenery, of a ballet founded on Lord Byron's Corsair. The star of the troupe, Signorina Annetta Galletti is a finished artiste, a most graceful and vigorous dancer, and an admirable pantomimist. She sports with the difficulties of her profession, and her *tours de force* are really surprising. She was ably seconded by Mr. G. W. Smith, the best male dancer and ballet-master who ever appeared on the American stage. He has been associated with all the Terpsichorean celebrities of the ballet for years. He is a fine pantomimist, and is equally at home in comic and serious character. It is difficult to conceive how one man can play in the same evening, the Conrad of the Corsair and the bewitched padre of the "Maja de Sevilla.".....The Howard, of late under the management of E. L. Davenport, has presented a series of excellent entertainments with a powerful combination company. We have rarely seen pieces so thoroughly well played throughout .....Ex-President Tyler is at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, passing the summer.....A moralizing writer says: Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they called friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.....When Dr. Lucas, a very unpopular man, ventured on a speech in the Irish Parliament, and failed altogether, Grattan said, "He rose without a friend, and sat down without an enemy.".....Many people like newspapers, but few preserve them: yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take up a paper half a century back, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph?.....A traveller says that if he were asked to describe the first sensations of a camel-ride, he would say: "Take a music-stool, and having wound it up as high as it would go, put it in a cart without springs, get on the top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel.".....Mr. Otway, in reply to Englishmen in Mexico who requested his interference to protect their lives, coolly told them that if any of them were murdered the English government would certainly avenge the outrage. Great consolation, this.....More camels, says the Civilian, of Galveston, are coming to Texas. The importation now expected is to be made from the valleys of the upper Mongolia. They are stronger than any other kind of camels, and are accustomed to the severest hardships. They are to enter the United States via San Francisco.....A Newport letter in the Journal says of the bathing: Ladies who cannot boast of natural plumptitude equip themselves with "life-preserving jackets," which they inflate before going into the water, and which thus give them Juno-like proportions. [This may be scandalous, yet it is true, and I this morning heard a plaintive cry from a bathing house as we passed, "Do come in here, Mrs. Journal Reader, and blow me up before I go into the water."].....At Edinburgh is still preserved a monster wrought-iron gun of the olden time. The wrought-iron guns were a sort of iron cooperage, made with staves and hoops. The famous Scottish gun, Mons Meg, was built by the smith on the spot where it was used—so says tradition—and three lumps of granite were chipped into spheres by hand. At the first shot the walls of the Douglass Castle were pierced through. At the second shot the arm of the lady of the castle was cut off, while in the act of lifting the wine-cup at the noontide meal. The third shot was not fired, the castle being surrendered under fear of what further devilment Mons Meg might achieve.....The first time the American flag has been shown to the outward world in the Russian capital, was last Fourth of July, when the United States Consul gave a handsome "spread" to the Americans in the city.....Recently, says the Troy (N. Y.) Whig, while some gentlemen were spending a social hour at a highly respectable residence down town, one of the light-fingered gentry entered the hall and carried off their hats, of various qualities, from common straw up to white beaver. The hat market "rix" immediately, upon the bare-headed procession arriving up town.....A western correspondent says there is one feature which is apparent all over the West; while the towns and cities have diminished in business and population, the country has increased in both. Men who would not live in town have gone out upon the prairies, put their hands to the plow, and determined that it is better to raise wheat at fifty cents per bushel than it is to trade on credit with no securities and no pay.....An important document, emanating from American shipmasters at Leghorn, has been published. It is a caution to shipmasters taking charters for Leghorn, to beware of certain impositions which have been systematically practised, and for the avoidance of which instructions are given.....Ten pound and eight pound brook trout have been caught in the Androscoggin waters in Maine.....The artesian well at Charlestown, S. C., is tubed to the depth of 1320 feet, and supplies 100,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. Its temperature, when it reaches the surface, is about 83 degrees of Fahrenheit; its taste slightly alkaline, and it is thought to have medicinal qualities. A trough, near the well, on one of the great thoroughfares of the city, is supplied with this water for the use of horses, which manifest a singular avidity for it, many of them refusing to drink at their stables in the morning, in the expectation of receiving a supply at the trough on their way to their stands.... It is supposed that Trimble county, Ky., furnishes more blackberries than any other place of its size in the world. The picking and forwarding to the Cincinnati market has been reduced to a system, and it is found that the receipts of a season, which lasts about six weeks, are not less than $25,000. Pickers average from $1 20 to $2 50 per day.....Mr Galliardet, the Paris correspondent of the New York Courrier Des Etats Unis, who is one of the best informed of all the writers for the American press, says that the reason of the late abrupt peace was because a coldness and distrust had grown up between Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and Louis Napoleon; that the former felt so hurt because Napoleon did not notice the Italian troops in the order of the day, that he purposely left the Imperial Guard to bear the shock of the whole Austrian army for two hours, thereby narrowly escaping the loss of the battle. This and other incidents disgusted Napoleon with the conduct of his allies. Peace was made from a sentiment of distrust toward the king and ministry of Piedmont, and of distrust at the conduct of the people, who so little appreciated the sacrifices and devotion of their allies .....I have this moment, says a reliable correspondent, read a letter from a colonel in the French army, in which is this passage: "These Austrians are splendid fellows; worthy enemies. Peace is only gratifying in the sense that we shall cease to have anything to do with these rascally Italians. When we have rested ourselves a little, we are then to cross the water, and be allowed to go and stir up those merchants of the Thames and burn the printing presses of that pestilential Times." The man who writes this is one of the rising men of the French army.....An "Italian wife," who begged for a living at Cincinnati, recently ran away from her Italian husband of the same city. He declares he greatly dislikes to lose her, as she was one of the best beggars he ever saw, either in Europe or America.....A Te Deum was sung in London, in most of the Roman Catholic places of worship in the metropolis, at the conclusion of high mass, in thanksgiving for the restoration of peace.....During the last six years California has imported 15,194,128 gallons of ardent spirits, 5,511,732 gallons of wine, and 205,060 packages of malt liquors; while, during a considerable portion of that time, the home production of these articles was rapidly assuming importance.....Kossuth, writing to an English friend from Paris, just previous to his starting for Italy, said: "If I am spared, but fail, I may see England again. Then, however, it will be a broken, useless reed, that is cast on your shores, and few will be the days which it will be able to bear before it rots. Come weal, come woe, the will of Him above be done.".... .Frequent accidents, involving the loss of limbs, occur from the use of mowing machines at the West. A St Louis paper states that a Mr. Rites, while mowing with a mowing machine, and riding one of the horses hitched thereto, was thrown from the horse, and both arms were cut off by the mower. Amputation took place, and he is doing well. This is the fourth man in that county that has been similarly injured.....The St. Louis Zeitung says that the capital employed in the St. Louis breweries is nearly $20,000,000. The number of breweries in the city is thirty-five. They produced last year 115,000 barrels of lager and 74,000 barrels of common beer, which, at $8 per barrel for the former, and $6 for the latter, amounts to $1 366,400.....The citizens of Newport, Rhode Island, were surprised one Sunday morning, lately, by the roar of artillery from Fort Adams. It is stated in explanation that the rules of the service require that there shall be a general review of the troops on the last day of every month. In this instance it chanced to fall upon the Sabbath, and as no distinction is made in the order, the commanding officer had no choice in the matter but to proceed with the review.....It is said now that Dickens will be in America in eight weeks.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The condition of Italy continues to occupy universal attention in Europe, and the way out of its political complications is hardly guessed. Garibaldi is still in arms, and offers his sword and his arm to the cause of liberty wherever the standard may be raised in his native land.—The English tax-bill causes, of course, a great deal of discontent among those who will have to pay.—Ex-President Pierce was on the eve of leaving England for the United States.—The affairs of Italy will probably be settled by France, Austria and Sardinia without a Congress.—The French troops will not evacuate Italy, but Prince Napoleon's corps, at least, will remain there for the present.—Garibaldi has issued the following order: "However political affairs may go, in the present circumstances, it is the duty of the Italians not to lay down their arms, but to swell the ranks, and to show Europe that, guided by the heroic Victor Emmanuel, they are ready again to confront the vicissitudes of war in whatever form they may present themselves."—The Times correspondent from Rome says that there is great dissatisfaction here, and "I have no hesitation in saying that the French soldiers alone keep down a general outbreak. The Jesuits have been driven out of Faenza, Forli, and Ferrara. In the last city only one hour was given them to leave, and in the others twenty-four hours."—Prince Napoleon is said to be indefatigable in his efforts for the amicable settlement of all difficulties among the European powers.—The Times Calcutta correspondent says the campaign has been left to the Oude police, and the Europeans have withdrawn under cover for the rains. The rebels, said to be 6000 strong, are in terrible distress. The Nana, the Begum, and Bela Ras are the only three leaders of note remaining.—Intelligence from Cochin China tells of losses sustained by the allied forces, and says that great sickness prevailed there. The natives fight bravely, and it is said that the French admiral has applied for reinforcements, and, meanwhile, is content to hold his position.

Belligerent.

One of the best informed correspondents of the French papers writes from Italy, that amongst general officers an opinion prevails that the war which has terminated is but the prologue to another. This impression tallies with that expressed by a French general officer to an Italian at Milan the other day: "Now we have done with Lombardy, we hope that the emperor will lead us to Lombard Street." Nor do these sentiments differ from those attributed to Napoleon III.: "Do not believe for a moment that I have forgotten or forgiven the combinations devised by the English against my uncle. The day may not be far distant when I shall be able to prove it to you." My informant was an ex-minister of the Prince Napoleon during the republic, and unless his majesty's sentiments have changed, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, and her neighbor of Lombard Street must look to their strong boxes.

Statue of Napier.

Mr. Adams, the sculptor of the colossal figure of General C. J. Napier, in Trafalgar Square, London, has just completed the model of another statue of the same illustrious warrior, to be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. The general is represented in repose, leaning on his sword, with a rolled up scroll in his right hand, which rests upon his side, so that the figure is totally different from its predecessor in the square, though the likeness is from the same source—a mask taken from the face after death. It stands eight feet high, on a plinth of six inches.

The Great Eastern.

The English papers report that the engines of this big ship are now erected, the propeller is in its place, and the floats are on the paddle-wheels. The machinery, indeed, is so far complete that the steam has been got up to try the accuracy of the bearings, and so forth. Of her six masts, the first, fifth and sixth are in and rigged. The carpenters having put up the deck bulwarks, the painters are giving the boards the first coat. In a short period the Great Eastern will be coaled and provisioned, and ready to take her trial trip to sea.

The Emperor Napoleon.

The emperor of the French is altered by the Italian campaign. His complexion is much bronzed, naturally, by exposure to the sun, and his countenance wears also a careworn, anxious look. He has not been seen in Paris since his return from the war, but the news has been sent to the Journal du Havre that he no longer wears the points of his moustachios turned up and stiffened with Hungarian pomatum, but allows them to curve downwards, as they did before his marriage. What, if anything, this change may portend we cannot say. A lively imagination may, perhaps, see in it a renunciation of his majesty's military career. A few days since the emperor, speaking of the late war, said: "There is one thing I deeply regret, and that is that my sacrifices for the welfare of Italy have neither been understood nor appreciated by the great powers."

Slang Dictionary.

Mr. Hotton, an English antiquarian bookseller, has published a "Dictionary of Modern Slang, Cant and Vulgar Words used at the present day in the streets of the city of London, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Houses of Parliament, the dens of St. Giles, and the palaces of St. James, to be preceded by a History of Cant and Vulgar Language, from the time of Henry VIII., showing its connection with the Gipsey tongue."

Wordsworth's Library.

The dispersion of Wordsworth's library terminated after a three days' sale, and appears to have realized fair prices. A collection of the poet's own works, bearing date 1837, and containing a large amount of variorum readings and notes, seems to have excited a good deal of competition, and was finally carried off by Mr. Kerslake of Bristol, for $75. A volume of sonnets, also with notes, published at 6s., brought $16.

A perplexed Mathematician.

Mr. Babbage, the world-famous mathematician, complains to a police magistrate that a gang of dirty musicians in his street render his studies impossible. The magistrate, tenderer of the likings of street loungers and idle servants than of the interests of science, not only lets off the dirty band, but recommends Mr. Babbage to give up his study and go into a back room.

Telegraph Cable.

Late English papers report that the British government contemplates laying down a telegraph cable from Falmouth to Gibraltar, but tenders for the construction of the cable have not been invited. The Gutta Percha Company are manufacturing the covering. The submersion of the wire can scarcely be effected before next spring.

The Peace.

The London Times, in a leader on the proposed French disarmament, says: "We recognize in this disarmament the sagacity of the emperor in gauging the temper of his people, and, for our own part, we rejoice that we may now return to security and peace. We shall, of course, in due time, follow the example of our neighbor."

A Female Antiquarian.

Mrs. Alexander Kerr, translator of Ranke's "History of Servia," etc., has recently had the honor of being admitted as a member of the Antiquarian Society of Vienna. She is the first English lady who has received the diploma of this society. Mrs. Kerr has also been admitted as a member of the Geographical Society of Vienna.

The Marine Venus.

A communication from Rome says: "The magnificent statue of the Marine Venus, which was discovered a few weeks ago in some excavations made in the gardens of Julius Cæsar, not far from the Portese Gate, has been purchased for the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburgh, for a sum of about 50,000 francs.

Jesuit College.

The Jesuits have just erected a magnificent chapel on the premises of their establishment in the Rue de Sevres, Paris. Its architecture belongs to the pointed style, and presents in all its parts those forms of ancient Christian art which modern French architects imitate with great perfection.

French Army.

It is stated that as soon as the troops have returned to France and resumed their previous quarters, a great number of temporary furloughs will be granted, which will afterwards be made definite for all those men who have twelve or eighteen months to serve.

Crops in Upper Italy.

Advices from Verona state that the grapes are so much affected by disease in Lombardy and Venetia that scarcely any are expected to ripen. This loss, with the partial destruction of the corn crops in Upper Italy, leaves a poor prospect for the winter.

Prince de Metternich.

Prince Richard de Metternich will be the new representative of Austria at the Court of the Tuileries. Prince Richard is a son of the deceased veteran Metternich, by his second wife, and is about thirty-five years old.

Remains of Napoleon II.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says it is generally believed that a deputation, with Prince Napoleon at its head, would shortly arrive to take the remains of the Duke of Reichstadt to France.

Scientific Convention.

The British Scientific Convention will be held at Aberdeen on the 14th of September. Prince Albert will act as president, and it is hoped in Great Britain that Professor Agassiz will be present.

Grattan's Property.

It is stated that the estates of Mr. Grattan, amounting to at least $64,000 a year, have been disposed of between his three daughters.

Peace Prospects.

The London Post says that great confidence must be excited throughout Europe, and a long and uninterrupted peace is to hoped for.

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LAWSON'S NERVOUS CURATIVE.

It is agreeable to call the attention of our readers to a meritorious article that we advertise. The agents have handed us the following from a person well known in the place where he lives, as well as in this city, a man of sterling integrity, who speaks for himself:

"LOWELL, MASS., March 17, 1859.

PETER LAWSON, ESQ.—Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure at this time to assure you of the benefit which I have derived from the use of your NERVOUS CURATIVE, Cure for Neuralgia and kindred diseases. For several weeks I suffered very much from Neuralgia, both in my legs and arms. I was unable to walk, my left arm had become nearly paralyzed, and for many nights I had been deprived of refreshing sleep. Having made use of various applications without obtaining relief, I was advised to try your NERVOUS CURATIVE, and I can now heartily testify to its worth.

On the first application I experienced relief from pain so as to sleep quietly for several hours, and in four days from the time of my commencing to use the NERVOUS CURATIVE, I was able to walk about the house, and to use my arms quite naturally. Since then my nerves have continued to grow stronger. I can now walk easily and without pain, and can use my arms almost as well as ever. Hoping that many an afflicted one, by faithfully using your NERVOUS CURATIVE, may experience similar effects, and assuring you of my continual health,

I remain, most respectfully, yours,
SOLON W. STEVENS,
Organist at Charles Street Church, Boston."

M. S. BURR & Co., 26 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., General Agents. Price, $1 per bottle.

WANTED.

500 active young men to act as local and travelling agents, in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of $100 per month. A capital of $5 only is required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who enclose ten cents and address GEORGE C. BROWN & Co.,
june4 3m Hookset, N. H.

Premature Loss of the Hair, Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine.* It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handsful, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle. aug13tf

SALT RHEUM.

THERE is no disease of the skin so distressing and obstinate as the chronic forms of eczema, commonly called Salt Rheum. Persons of the highest social position have been cured of this in a surprisingly short time by the PERUVIAN SYRUP. Like all other cutaneous affections, Salt Rheum must yield to its powerful action on the absorbents and to its tonic and alterative qualities.

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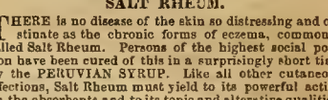

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THE NATIVITY."—By Rubens.

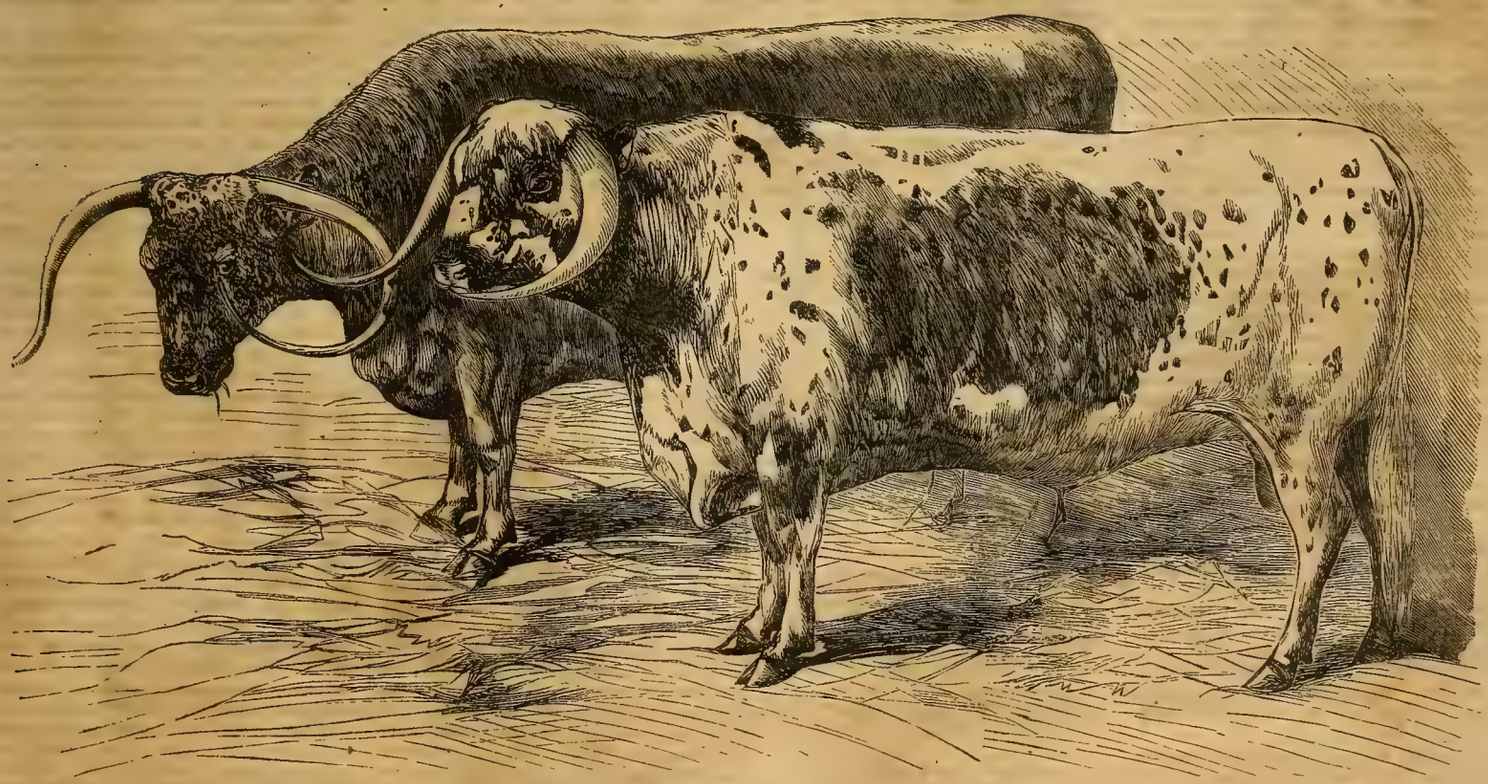
[See page 157.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859. 5 CENTS SINGLE. $2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVII., No. 10. WHOLE No. 428.

ENGLISH LONG-HORNED CATTLE.

So many of our subscribers are interested in the raising of cattle, and so general, indeed, is the taste for fine stock, even among those who are not "lords of lowing herds," that, as this is the season of agricultural fairs and displays, we have placed the representations of a pair of prize cattle on this page. It is superfluous to say they are of the long-horned breed. They are, moreover, exact portraits from life, vouched for by an agricultural committee. They both took first prizes (valued £10) at the late agricultural show at Warwick, England. The one on the right is the property of Lieutenant-Colonel Inge, of Thorpe, near Tamworth, Staffordshire; that on the left belongs to J. H. Burbery, of the Chase, near Kenilworth, Warwick. We have seen no such specimens of long-horned cattle in this country, nor are we aware that it is desirable to breed such. In fact, the favorite oxen from imported stock here, are the Devons, the horns of which are of medium length. Of this breed Dr. Charles L. Flint, in his recently-published "Milch Cows and Dairy Farming," which must henceforth be a standard work, says of the Devons, or rather of the North Devons: "This beautiful race of cattle dates further back than any well-established breed among us. It goes generally under the simple name of Devon; but the cattle from the southern part of the county from which the race derives its name, differ somewhat from those of the northern, having a larger and coarser frame, and far less tendency to fatten, though their dairy qualities are superior. The North Devons are remarkable for hardihood, symmetry and beauty, and are generally bred for work and for beef, rather than for the dairy. The head is fine and well set on; the horns of medium length, generally curved; color usually bright blood-red, but sometimes inclining to yellow; skin thin and orange-yellow; hair of medium length, soft and silky; muzzle of the nose white; eyes full and mild; ears yellowish, or orange color inside, of moderate size; neck rather long, but with little dewlap; shoulders oblique; legs small and straight, and feet in proportion; chest of good width; rump level; tail full near the setting on, tapering to the tip; thighs of the bull and ox muscular and full, and high in the flank, though in the cow sometimes thought to be too light; the size medium, generally called small. The proportion of meat on the valuable parts is greater, and the offal less, than on most other breeds, while it is well settled that they consume less food in its production. The Devons are popular with the Smithfield butchers, and their beef is well marbled or grained. As working oxen, the Devons, perhaps, excel all other races in quickness, docility and beauty, and the ease with which they are matched. With a reasonable load they are said to be equal to horses as walkers on the road, and when they are no longer wanted for work they fatten easily and turn well." A more favorite breed of cattle is the short-horn, which has stood the test of a century, during which period it has been carefully bred. The stock which formed the basis of the improved short-horns, existed equally in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Northumberland and the adjoining counties of England, but the superiority of the cattle reared in Durham, gave that name to the race. The late Colonel Jacques, of the Ten Hills Farm, raised the Creampot family of milkers from imported short-horn stock. The short-horns are finely formed, come early to maturity, and fatten rapidly. Of late years the importation and breeding of pure stock have been pursued in this country with great zeal and liberality, and the importance of these efforts is pretty generally recognized in the agricultural interest. Some of the greatest minds in the country have not deemed it beneath their notice. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, both of whom held the great Roman orator's opinion with regard to the pre-eminent dignity of farming, were zealous adepts in the business of stock-raising, and Ashland and Marshfield both exhibited splendid specimens of different breeds. Since, however, careful and scientific breeding is only of comparatively recent date in this country, the breeder cannot rely upon unauthenticated stock for his purposes. Of course there are thousands of native cattle, so-called, which are equal for dairy and other purposes, to any importations of well-defined and legitimate imported races, but we cannot be sure that they will produce their like. The produce of these hybrids may be very poor cows, and the only certain way is to depend on stock, the pedigree of which can be traced back for several generations, like an English racer or an Arab. Mr. Flint remarks: "The milking qualities of our domestic cows are, to some extent, artificial, the result of care and breeding. In the natural or wild state, the cow only yields enough to nourish her offspring for a few weeks, and then goes dry for several months, or during the greater part of the year. There is, therefore, a constant tendency to revert to that condition, which is prevented only by judicious treatment, designed to develop and increase the milking qualities so valuable to the human race. If this judicious treatment is continued through several generations of the same family or race of animals, the qualities which it is calculated to develop become more or less fixed, and capable of transmission. Instead of being exceptional or peculiar to an individual, they become the permanent characteristics of a breed. Hence the origin of a great variety of breeds or races, the characteristics of each being due to local circumstances, such as climate, soil, and the special objects of the breeder, which may be the production of milk, butter and cheese, or the raising of beef and working cattle." So distinctly defined are the characteristics of the prominent breeds, that after a brief study of their "points," any one can recognize them at a glance. This assertion will doubtless be corroborated by those of our readers who visited the fine exhibition of the U. S. Agricultural Society in this city, three years since. Few of them, probably, after studying the specimens, were unable to classify the animals that came under their observation. That exhibition was certainly a fine one. Among them were some admirable Ayrshires, with their delicate heads and bright mottled hides, with many, the favorites. The Ayrshire cow has been known to produce over ten imperial gallons of good milk a day. A cow-feeder of Glasgow, selling fresh milk, is said to have realized two hundred and fifty dollars in seven months from one good cow. With good feeding, seventy-five cents' worth a day is below the average. Aiton says that thousands of the best Ayrshire dairy cows, when in prime condition and well-fed, produce 1000 gallons of milk per annum. The Jerseys are to be regarded as a dairy breed, and that almost exclusively. But having, in a previous number, expatiated somewhat on the different breeds of cows, it is unnecessary to pursue this subject further. In the immediate vicinity of Boston, splendid specimens of the different breeds are found upon gentlemen's estates. Our milk-farmers also have generally excellent stocks, and it is a consolation to know that no "swill-milk" finds its way into this city. The cows that supply Boston are fed on good grass, English hay, and fodder-corn, and if there be any adulteration in this important article of food, it is, at the worst, only by a moderate exercise of the pump-handle.



PORTRAITS OF ENGLISH LONG-HORNED CATTLE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A WEDDING TRIP TO THE MOON.

BY WILLIAM S. LAWRENCE.

[CONCLUDED.]

While absorbed in this struggle for life, I heard a sound above my head which froze my very blood with horror. It was that wild, unearthly laugh, which is the index of confirmed mania—the knell of departed reason. Fresh from the Pennsylvania Hospital, in Philadelphia, which had then a department for the insane, I knew but too well the import of that awful laugh. Poor, hapless Adderley! Those life-chords, whose extraordinary tension had caused them to vibrate such exquisite music, had long been stretched to the utmost point of endurance, and with the unwonted excitement of that memorable wedding night, had snapped forever. That glorious brain, too perfect in its nice adjustment and its wondrous delicacy for the rude handling of this vulgar world, was now a heterogeneous mass of wayward fancies, ready to follow the first wild impulse that suggested itself, though it should lead to the most fearful acts of destructiveness and death.

Poor, lost Adderley! What a terrible fate for that brilliant soul—that true child of genius! Alas, alas, how had the mighty fallen! How suddenly was that more than regal head laid low! These dreadful reflections, forced thus rudely upon me, were almost more than I could bear, and in spite of all my efforts at self possession, I fell helplessly to the bottom of the car and wept.

But I was soon roused to a consciousness of the fact that this was no time or place for the indulgence of enervating grief. Since my first appearance, Adderley had been laughing, shouting, talking and vociferating with the utmost volubility. Suddenly I felt his fingers clutch my shoulder with the same iron grasp which I had so often felt in the happy days of old. I looked up and beheld, instead of the noble visage of my early friend, the face of an incarnate demon. His long black hair was streaming in the wind, and his dark brows were knit into a scowl of diabolical fierceness, while the lustrous eyes beneath shot forth gleams of maniac fury terrible to behold.

"Ha, meddling stranger!" he exclaimed, "who gave thee permission to thrust thyself unbidden upon the privacy of us and our bride? Knowest thou not that it is treason, yea, worse, that it is sacrilege, thus to intrude thyself not only upon a king but upon a god; not only upon a god, but upon the god of gods—Imperial Jove, the Thunderer? Thou shalt die! Base, impudent meddler, thou shalt die! By the dark river of the dead—the gods' dread oath—I swear it! Dost thou hear? Art thou ready? Then down, down to hell, and tell our brother Pluto 'twas Jupiter sent thee there!" And catching me by the throat and raising me as if I had been a little child, he drew me back in order to gain an impetus wherewith to hurl me to the earth, five thousand feet below.

Utterly powerless as I was in his herculean grasp, I gave myself up for lost; but, at that dread moment, something—a kind, protecting providence I may venture to believe—induced me to pronounce the single world "*Alden!*" in that tone of affectionate remonstrance which many a time, in our old college days, had stayed his hand when uplifted to do some rash deed which he might afterwards be sorry for. The moment he heard the sound he relaxed his grasp and let me fall to the bottom of the car, gazing in my face, in the meantime, with a look of painful, piteous bewilderment.

"God help me!" said the poor fellow, putting his hand to his head, "I think I heard *that music* once before; but," added he, with a heavy sigh, "it was long ago—O, *so* long ago!"

Some fibre in that poor, bewildered brain, not yet wholly severed, had been made to vibrate by this casual reminiscence of the dear old times, and it had soothed him like a magic spell. His still wonderfully expressive face, as the bright moonlight fell full upon it, revealed the struggles of the soul within, as sanity and insanity fought for the mastery, and I watched the lights and shades upon it, like sunshine and shadow chasing each other upon some blue mountain side.

The strife, alas, was but a momentary one, and the demon that possessed him soon regained the ascendency. His fiery eye soon resumed its wild, roving restlessness, and as soon as it lighted upon his poor, cowering, trembling wife, the terrible maniac laugh again resounded in our ears, while he cried aloud:

"Never mind, never mind, sweet bride—don't look so glum; I'll send the meddling scoundrel to Tartarus, never fear." And with another demoniacal frown, he turned to the place where I was sitting.

At that moment, however, his wandering eye was caught by the moon shining with such splendor above him, and his whole attention, for the moment, was attracted by her silvery radiance.

"Look, Ada, look!" said he, pointing upward, "dost thou not see our bridal chamber, dearest? How gloriously it shines! It is one entire and perfect chrysolite! Think of it, love; just think of it! A honeymoon in the moon, and a palace of our own, all built of a single gem, a thousand miles in diameter! What do you think Master Aladdin would say to that? I mean to invite him to pay us a visit, him and his princess, Badrollgunpowder, or whatever her name is."

Then gazing steadily at the moon, he exclaimed: "Bright goddess of the silver bow! Great *dea triformis*—Luna! Diana! Proserpina! Artemis! Bubastis! Hecate! Tergemina! Lucina! Illythia! Noctiluca! Trivia! Siderum Regina!—pale queen of heaven and its stars! Shine out thy very best to-night, as if 'twere for thine own Endymion's sake! Put on thy most splendid attire, and prepare thee to receive a royal bride; thy father and thy king commands it!"

Then, turning abruptly away, he shouted: "What ho, there! Mercury! Mercury, I say! Villanous thief! Must I, the king of gods and men, stand here, bawling like a chimney-sweep? So; better late than never. See here, sir. I'm sick and tired of this miserable snail's pace. Those birds don't draw well together; besides, they are fat and lazy with good living—gorging themselves with ambrosia, when earthly food is quite good enough for them. Hie thee to Æolus, and tell him that it is my command that he send old Boreas hither instantly, with all his bags, to blow us to the moon. Then speed thee to Vulcan, and bid him send me a fresh supply of thunderbolts; and hark ye, sir! tell him that if they are not better than the last I had, I'll break his other leg with one of them, and put out an eye apiece for each of his Cyclops. And—stay, Mercury; send Hebe or Ganymede hither with a brimming cup of nectar. My throat is as dry as Pluto's kitchen chimney-pots. Off with you now—vanish! I'll give you just ten minutes time—no more."

No genuine order could have been given with more real earnestness and self conviction of truth than this was. With a magic wave of the hand he dismissed the imaginary messenger, and then, stooping down to me, he whispered:

"I have given Madam Juno the slip, and stolen her peacocks, too, and harnessed them to this car, along with my own eagle. Wont the old lady be *hopping*—particularly when she finds that I have used her own birds to carry off a mortal bride and waft her to my palace in the moon? Wont she, though? Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Here he happened to notice the coming dawn, struggling faintly with the moonlight in the east.

"Ha!" cried he, in an angry tone, "can it be possible that that rascally Phœbus is bringing out the chariot of the sun without my permission? Death and fury! Juno will see us before we get half way! And Mercury, too, not returned yet! And not one drop of nectar, and not one thunderbolt to bless myself with! Now, by all the ghosts in Hades, there is something smells of rebellion here! Rebellion? Rebellion against *me*?—Imperial Jove, the *Thunderer?*"

Here he drew himself up to his full height, and assuming that regal port which surely no mortal man could imitate, he declaimed, as no Talma, or Siddons, or Rachel could have done, the following lines:

"'Celestial States, immortal gods, give ear;
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear—
The fixed decree, which not all heaven can move:
Thou, Fate, fulfil it, and ye Powers approve!
What god but enters yon forbidden field,
That yields assistance, or but wills to yield,
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,
Gashed with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven;
Or, from our sacred hill with fury thrown,
Deep in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,
With burning chains fixed to the brazen floors,
And locked by hell's inexorable doors!
As far beneath the infernal centre hurled
As from that centre to the ethereal world!
Let each, submissive, dread those dire abodes,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the god of gods!'"

Then, his majestic lip curling with more than imperial disdain, he added:

"'Let down our golden, everlasting chain, [main,
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth and
Then, strive ye, all, of mortal or immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the *Thunderer* down to earth—'"

"Ha, ha! ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"'Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!
For such I reign, unbounded and above,
And such are men and gods compared with Jove!'"

These lines were spoken, not in the English dress in which I have given them to the reader, but in the sonorous Greek of their immortal author. And so he went on, for a length of time which seemed to me days rather than minutes, in a paroxysm of the wildest excitement, pouring forth one extravagant rhapsody after another, all rambling and disconnected, but all consistent with the one dominant idea of his *Jovership*. He vociferated and gesticulated in the most violent manner, and I wondered how it was possible that such extraordinary excitement—mental and physical combined—could last so long.

At last he came to an abrupt pause, and then shouted aloud: "There surely *is* something the matter with those peacocks; we are hardly moving at all!" And at the conclusion of the sentence, he gave a spring which nearly overturned the car, and before I knew what he was about, he had clambered up to the top of the balloon.

Poor Ada shrieked and sobbed as if her heart would break, he all the time affecting to believe, or perhaps really believing, that she was grieving because we did not get along fast enough. Wringing her hands, she watched him intently as he swayed about on his perilous perch, and I expected every moment to see him falling headlong through the air. Alas, poor girl! What an awful position for one so young, so fragile, so delicate, thus suddenly plunged from the highest pinnacle of happiness to the lowest abyss of misery! Besides the anguish which wrung her heart, her physical suffering was very great, or rather would have been so, if she had been in a condition to feel it. Her dress was of the scantiest description, and at the great height to which we had now attained the cold was very severe, as I could testify, being myself barefooted, and without coat or vest.

The madman, in the meantime, was gazing directly upwards, as if engaged in watching his imaginary peacocks. This gave me the hope of accomplishing what I had already attempted without success. Having quietly moved into a favorable position, I made a sudden effort to seize the cord communicating with the escape-valve, my object, of course, being to let off gas enough to secure the rapid descent of the balloon. To my great disappointment, Adderley was on the watch, ready to anticipate the movement. I caught the rope, but before I had held it a second, he let himself down with the nimbleness of a monkey, and with a wild shout of exultation cut it off close to the valve. Neither Ada nor I, it should be observed, had any knife or other means of puncturing the balloon, even if I could have reached it.

Though as cool as most men, I could not hope to imitate the utter recklessness with which Adderley climbed and swung from rope to rope. He acted precisely as another might have done if the balloon had been resting upon the ground; and the very fact of his being practically unconscious that it was not so, was no doubt the secret of his performing the feat so successfully. Without any further notice of my attempt, he swung himself rapidly down into the car again, crying out:

"Sweet bride, I must confess that we are not likely to reach the moon to-day at this rate. But hark! Do you hear that? Ha, ha! Æolus has done my bidding; so dry your tears, sweet one; we shall soon be flying on the wings of old Boreas, a hundred miles an hour. Don't you hear his pipe? Ha, ha! We'll need those lazy birds no longer, so we'll just cut the traces and let them go to Tartarus!"

Almost before these words were out of his mouth, he had pulled out a bowie-knife and severed one of the ropes by which the car was attached to the balloon. There were four of them, and this was at one of the ends. He would immediately have proceeded to cut the others, if the sudden disturbance of the equilibrium of the car had not prevented him, by almost throwing him out. Ada was in the very act of falling, when I managed to throw my arm round her at the same time that I clutched one of the three remaining ropes.

The respite we had gained was hardly long enough to allow us to take a breath. The next minute the bright bowie-knife was flashing above our heads, severing the very rope to which we were clinging. It was one of the side ropes, and in the position in which the car then hung, the uppermost one. Grasping Ada's waist with desperate energy, I commenced the fearful fall, which, I supposed, was to end in dashing us to atoms upon the distant earth. With a wild, random clutch, however, like that of a drowning man, I succeeded in catching the opposite side rope, one of the two which remained.

With Ada still hanging on my arm, I contrived, by exerting my full strength, to get one leg thrown about the rope at the place of its attachment to the car. But what could it avail? There was the maniac, as inflexible as fate itself, proceeding, with the most matter of fact, business-like air imaginable, to cut the remaining ropes and launch us into the awful abyss below. One minute more and the other end rope was severed, leaving but the fibres of a single frail cord between us and eternity.

If it does really ever happen that a few moments of ineffable anxiety performs the work of half a century, and covers the young head with locks of hoary whiteness, here, surely, if ever, the thing should come to pass. Such is the waywardness of the human mind, that this comparatively trivial idea was at that awful moment uppermost in my thoughts, and when I gazed upon Ada's bright, golden curls, I felt a degree of surprise to see them still undiscolored. But the poor girl had fortunately ceased to be conscious of the terrors of her situation—she was motionless, senseless and insensible.

Just as the first beams of the rising sun began to gild the bright colors of our aerial vessel, and before they had touched even the mountain tops of the earth below, Adderley bent over us, knife in hand, to finish his terrible job. For some time past he had not spoken a word; but this silence, coupled with the grim earnestness with which he went about his work of death, was more fearful than his wildest vociferations had been. With his awful purpose, his maniacal energy, and his almost superhuman strength, he seemed the incarnation of inexorable fate, a human embodiment of the dark-browed Atropos, about to sever three threads of life at a single stroke.

Gazing in bitter anguish upon the lovely flower drooping in my arms, I hurriedly asked myself if human ingenuity could suggest any possible means of escape? Alas, no! Even apart from the stimulus of mania, Adderley's strength could hardly be matched by that of any living man. As it was, though unembarrassed and alone, I would have been but a child in his hands, and there yawned beneath us an abyss of full ten thousand feet in depth. There was no help for it—*we must die!*

The madman had found a firm footing by thrusting his boot through the frail material of the car, and his knife, as I have said, was already over our heads. I saw him catch the rope, just above us, with his left hand, and raise the knife with his right. Already its edge was within an inch of the spot where he intended to cut it. Fervently commending my soul to the mercy of its Creator, I bowed down my head upon my hands, and with all the calmness I could muster awaited the impending blow.

"May Pluto and all the infernals confound that vile traitor Mercury, and Ganymede, and Hebe, and all the rest of them! Imperial Jove is absolutely fainting, for want of a draught of nectar to moisten his parched throat!"

I looked up. The rope was still uninjured, and the madman had apparently delayed his work from pure exhaustion. The tornado of fierce excitement on which he had been tost for hours had at last expended itself, and a temporary lull was the inevitable consequence.

A faint gleam of hope now visited me. What could I do to take advantage of the pause? There surely must be some chance of escape, if I only had ingenuity enough to find it. But there was little time for deliberation. One slight movement of the maniac's hand and we perished. All sorts of impossible schemes came crowding into my brain, but I could think of nothing feasible. The hand of death had been stayed in the very act of striking—could I really do nothing to prevent its final fall? The very imminence of the danger, while it stimulated my inventive powers into extraordinary activity, seemed to deny me the coolness necessary to their judicious exercise.

While my whole frame was writhing in an

agony of impatient perplexity, I felt myself incommoded by something hard in the right pocket of my pantaloons. The actual physical discomfort which it produced could alone have forced so trivial a thing upon my attention at such a moment. Annoyed, not by the discomfort, but by the interruption, I uttered an ejaculation expressive of my feelings, and was about to dismiss the unwelcome thought with all possible despatch, when there flashed from it an idea, a hope, bright enough to illuminate the lowest depths of my despondency.

At that day, the powerful agents for producing *anæsthesia*, now in such general use, were new discoveries and objects of curiosity in remote country places. The evening before I had taken from my trunk a small *flacon* of chloroform to show it to a medical acquaintance, and being called off suddenly, for some purpose or other, I had hastily enveloped it in a handkerchief and stuffed it in the pocket of my pants. I thought no more of it, and it had been left there till that moment.

Thrusting my hand into my pocket, with some difficulty, I grasped the little vessel, enveloped as it was in the handkerchief, and with a strong pressure broke it. I then took it out and held it towards Adderley, saying:

"Here is a wonderful elixir, a potent distillation, an all-powerful perfume, prepared by Chiron, the Centaur, from plants that grow in the garden of the Hesperides. Inhale it, and it will at once revive you."

The madman took it, without hesitation, and carried it to his nostrils. I watched him with intense anxiety, for I was somewhat doubtful about the effect it would have upon him, even if he should inhale a sufficient quantity. As he drew in the vapor, however, with the full power of his lungs, its influence soon became manifest. His athletic frame gradually yielded to the lethargic inhalation, and soon became a mere senseless mass of inert matter.

It was with the utmost difficulty that I could prevent the prostrate maniac from falling out. My first care was to secure his knife as his fingers gradually relaxed their hold. To my great satisfaction, Ada now began to recover. Having hurriedly explained to her what had happened, I placed her in a position where she could hold on for herself. By this time old Boreas was piping most furiously; in fact, it was blowing a gale, directly from the northeast, and this rendered our situation greatly more precarious than it would have been if the weather had been ordinarily calm.

Amid all the tossing and tumbling of our frail support, however, I contrived to steady the insensible form of my friend until I could cut off some of the ropes which had originally bound the machine to the earth, and which were now flapping about in every direction. With the cords thus obtained, I proceeded to secure him in the place where he lay, and in such a manner that it would be impossible for him to get loose when the effect of the chloroform should cease. It was a tedious, difficult and dangerous business, but it was at last effectually accomplished. I also secured Ada in her place.

The next thing was, if possible, to get the balloon to the earth. This had become a terribly urgent necessity, on more accounts than one, for besides our other dangers, the single rope on which our lives were hanging, showed ominous signs of parting at the point where it was attached to the balloon. That half parted rope I was obliged to climb, for there was, of course, no other way to mend it, and no other way to reach the balloon and puncture it, our only means of effecting its descent without clambering up to the valve, the rope attached to which was now beyond my reach.

By this time I had had my soul saturated with horrors to such an extent, that I gazed up at the parting knot with an apathy that amounted to almost utter indifference. Custom reconciles us to almost everything.

Contrary to my expectation—to my positive conviction indeed—the fastening of our rope did not give way, but gave me time to reach it and secure it. Though far from possessing the wonderful agility, coolness and audacity of Adderley, I was nevertheless a gymnast of no ordinary powers; and it was well that I was, for our lives depended on it.

Having made the dangerous knot perfectly secure, I proceeded to puncture the balloon, and gradually to enlarge the hole as much as I thought the circumstances would allow. The gas poured from the orifice, hissing like steam, and we soon commenced a rapid descent. The next anxious thought was, where shall we reach the earth? We had been travelling for hours with great rapidity, and I had not the remotest idea of where we were. Notwithstanding the boisterousness of the wind, the sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky. When we had leisure to cast our eyes below, we saw the country spread out like a map, to an immense extent around us. It was one vast expanse of verdure, varied only by a few little dots of clearings, with a river here and there, like a waving thread of silver.

That we should be dashed to pieces against the tree tops seemed inevitable. While the force of gravity was bringing us rapidly to the earth, the strong northeast wind tended to carry us forward in a direction parallel with its surface. According to a well-known mechanical law, the resulting motion brought us downwards at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees with the plane of the horizon. The force of gravity, however, being a little stronger than that of the wind, our line of descent was brought a little nearer to the perpendicular than the angle mentioned.

As we approached the earth, one little clearing, just before us, broke the monotonous line of the tree-tops. There was a cabin near the centre of it, and two men stood by the door, one of them having a rifle in his hand. As we passed, he took deliberate aim at us and fired; fortunately, however, we were too far off to receive any injury.

We were now almost scraping the tops of the tall pine trees, and I expected every moment to see our balloon rent in pieces, and ourselves precipitated to the ground. Suddenly, and to our great satisfaction, we came to another opening, which I supposed at first to be another clearing. It turned out, however, to be a little lake, completely embowered in the piney woods; so much so, indeed, that we did not see it till we were directly over it.

"May Heaven grant that we alight in the water!" cried I. But there seemed to be very little hope of it, so strong was the wind and so trifling the extent of the lakelet.

There was, however, one thing in our favor which I had overlooked. As soon as we had descended below the line of the tree-tops, they served as a protection against the force of the wind. The consequence was, that we then began to fall almost perpendicularly, until, but a few yards from the farther shore of the lake, we were thrown, all in a confused mass, into the water.

Thus ended that most terrible voyage. What remains to be told I will make as brief as possible. My first care was to free my companions from their bonds. Adderley was revived by contact with the water, but I had no difficulty in managing him. In fact, he remained in a half comatose, stupified condition for a long time.

We had come to the earth on the extreme outskirts of civilization in the far southwest. The water of the lake, at the point where we fell, was not deep, and we were soon joined by the men whom we had seen in the clearing, who gave us every assistance they could. They were rough and superstitious, and the fellow who shot at us firmly believed that the balloon was some strange monster of a bird.

We were not long in getting safely out of the water; but it was a very tedious and a somewhat difficult job, in our peculiar circumstances, to get back again to the point whence we started It was a distance of about two hundred miles, "as the crow flies," but we had of course to travel much farther than that.

Adderley's glorious intellect was gone irrevocably. As long as he lived his soul was a moral volcano, ever heaving and smouldering with the pent-up fires within, and occasionally bursting forth into an eruption of terrific violence, spreading terror and dismay everywhere around him. After lingering a few years, in a private madhouse, his wildly throbbing heart was stilled; and two green mounds of earth are all that now remain of the two choice spirits whom I accompanied on that memorable wedding trip.

CHOICE OF WORDS.

When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew the fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate; employ such words as have the largest families, keeping clear of foundlings and of those of which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar.—*Trench.*

THE DIAMOND STAR.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

In a fine summer night, in the latter half of the seventeenth century (the day and year are immaterial), Clarence Landon, a handsome and high-spirited young Englishman, who had been passing some time in the south of Spain, was standing on the banks of the Guadaluviar, in the environs of the ancient city of Valencia, watching with anxious eyes the fading sails of a small felucca, just visible in the golden rays of the rising moon, as catching a breath of the freshening western breeze, they bore the light craft upon the blue bosom of the Mediterranean. Though the scene was one of surpassing beauty, though the air was balmy and came to his brow laden with the fragrance of the orange, the myrtle and the rose, the expression of the young man's face was melancholy in the extreme.

"Too late!" he muttered to himself; "too late! It is hard after venturing so much for them, that I should have been baffled in my attempt to escape with them. However, they are safe and happy. If this breeze holds, they will soon pass Cape St. Martin. Dear Estella, how I value this pledge of your friendship and gratitude."

And the young man, after raising to his lips a small diamond star, attached to a golden chain, deposited the trinket in his bosom, and then, with a parting glance at the distant vessel, turned homewards, in the direction of the city gates.

Absorbed in his own reflections, he did not notice that his footsteps were dogged by a tall figure, muffled in a black coat, which pursued him in the moonlight like his shadow, and left him only when he entered his *posada*.

Landon spent some time in his room, in reading and arranging letters and papers, and when the clock of the neighboring cathedral sounded the hour of eleven, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, and was soon asleep. From a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber, crowded with vexatious visions, he was suddenly and rudely roused by a rough hand upon his shoulder. He started upright in bed, and gazed around him with astonishment. His chamber was filled by half a dozen sinister-looking men, robed entirely in black, in whom he recognized, not without a shudder, the dreaded familiars of the holy office, the officials of the Inquisitorial Tribunal. His first impulse was to grope for his arms; but his sword and pistol had been removed. A rough voice bade him arise and follow, and he had no choice but to obey the mandate. Preceded and followed by the familiars, who were all armed, as he judged by the clash of steel that attended each footstep, though no weapons were apparent, he descended the staircase, came out upon the street, and was conducted through many a winding lane and passage to a low-browed arch, which opened into the basement story of a huge, embattled building, that rose like a fortress before him. The conductor of the band halted here, and knocking thrice upon an oaken door studded with huge iron nails, it was opened silently, and the party entered a dark, subterranean passage of stone, lighted only by a smoky cresset lamp swinging in a recess.

After passing through this corridor, Landon was conducted into a huge vaulted hall, dimly illuminated by the branches of an iron chandelier, by whose light he discovered in front of him a raised platform, on which were seated three men robed in black, while before them, at a table, sat two others similarly attired, with writing implements before them. On the platform was planted a huge banner, the blazon on the folds of which was a wooden cross, flanked by a branch of olive and a naked sword, the motto being, "*Exurge, Domine, et judica causam tuam.*" *Rise, Lord, and judge thy cause.* It wanted neither this formidable standard, nor the implements of torture scattered round, to convince the young Englishman that he stood in the halls of the Inquisition.

After being permitted to stand some time before the judges, that his mind might be impressed with the terrors of the place, the principal inquisitor addressed him, demanding his name.

"Clarence Landon," was the reply.

"Your birthplace?"

"London, England."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-five years."

"Occupation?"

"I am a gentleman of fortune, with no pursuit but that of knowledge and pleasure."

"You are accused," said the judge, "of having aided and abetted a countryman of yours, named Walter Hamilton, in seducing and carrying off Estella Martinez, a lady of a noble house, and a sister of St. Ursula. How say you, guilty or not guilty."

"I am not guilty—I am not capable of the infamy with which you charge me."

"He refuses to confess," said the judge, turning to a familiar, the sworn tormentor. "We must try the question. Sanchez, is the rack ready?"

The man addressed was a brawny, muscular ruffian, with a livid and forbidding countenance, whose dark eyes sparkled with pleasure, as he bowed assent to the interrogation.

"Hold!" cried Landon. "The truth can no longer harm any one but myself, and though you may inflict death upon me, you shall not enjoy the fiendish satisfaction of mutilating my limbs with your horrid enginery. I did aid Hamilton, not indeed in ruining an injured maiden, but in rescuing from a thraldom she abhorred, a lovely lady whom Providence formed to make the happiness of an honorable man. By this time Estella is a happy bride."

"Her joys will be shortened," said the inquisitor, frowning. "They cannot long elude the power of Rodrigo d'Almonte, at once judge of the holy office and Governor of Valencia."

"Moderate your transports, governor," replied the Englishman, boldly; "the fugitives are beyond your reach. This very night a swift-winged felucca bore them away from these accursed shores to a land of liberty and happiness."

The brow of Rodrigo grew black as night.

"Insolent!" he answered. "You have outraged and set at naught the authority of church and state; your life shall pay the forfeit."

"Be it so," replied Landon, folding his arms; "but let me tell you that for every drop of blood shed, my country will demand a life. The cross of St. George protects the meanest subject of the English crown."

Rodrigo d'Almonte made no reply, but waving his hand, Landon was removed from the tribunal, and thrown into a dungeon on the same floor with the hall of torture.

Towards the close of a sultry summer day, the narrow streets of Valencia wore an aspect of unusual activity and life—filled, as they were, with representatives of every class of citizens. The tide of human beings seemed to be setting in one direction towards a plaza, or square, in the centre. The Alameda was deserted by its fashionable promenaders; and young and old—all, indeed, who were not forbidden—were at length congregated in the square. The attraction was soon explained, for in the centre of the plaza was seen a lofty platform of wood, on which was erected a stout stake or pillar, to which was affixed an iron chain and ring. Around this were heaped, to the height of several feet, huge fagots of dry wood, ready for the torch. A large body of men-at-arms kept the crowd back from a large open space around the platform. These preparations were made, so the popular rumor run, for the punishment of a young Englishman, who had aided a Spanish nun in the violation of her vows.

The numerous bells of the city were tolling heavily; and at length, after the patience of the populace had been nearly exhausted, the head of a column of men marching in slow time was seen to enter upon the plaza. First came the governor's guard, their steel caps and cuirasses and halberds polished like silver. After these walked the officials of the Inquisition, and some friars of the order of St. Dominic, surrounded the unfortunate Landon, who wore the *corazo* or pointed cap upon his head, and the *san benito*, a robe painted all over with flames and devils, typifying the awful fate which awaited him. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, while a *cortége* arranged themselves around it, and the Governor of Valencia, mounted on a splendid barbed charger, and wearing his inquisitorial robes over his military uniform, rode into the square amid the *vivas* of the crowd, and the presented arms of the troops, and made a sign for the ceremony to proceed.

As an officer, appointed for the purpose, was about to read the sentence, a great tumult arose in the square, and attracted the attention of all the spectators.

"What is the meaning of this, Alvarez?" asked the governor, addressing one of his lieutenants.

"The people, please your excellency, have got

hold of Isaac, the rich Jew, and insist on his beholding the august spectacle of the *Auto da Fe.*"

"The unbelieving dog has never liked these brave shows," answered the governor, with a grim smile, "since his well-beloved brother, Issachar, expiated his heresy on this spot in the great auto, when we burned twenty of his tribe before the king. Beshrew my heart! he abuses my clemency in permitting him to hold house and gold here in Valencia. He shall behold the execution! Make room there, and drag him into the heart of the hollow square."

The cruel order was obeyed, and the old Jew, who was a mild and venerable-looking man, was forced into the centre of the plaza, whence he could have a full view of the horrid scene about to be enacted.

But the indignities to which he had been subjected aroused a latent spark of fire even in the soul of the aged Hebrew. He lifted up his voice and cried aloud:

"Spaniards! Christians! are ye men, or are ye brutes? Fear ye not the vengeance of Heaven, when ye enact deeds that would make the savage blush? Think ye that Heaven will long withhold its vengeance from atrocities that cry aloud to it night and day—that the innocent blood ye have spilt will sink, unavenged, into the earth? Fear and tremble, for the hour of wrath and woe is at hand!"

The energy and eloquence with which he spoke sent a strange thrill of terror through the crowd. The governor, alone insensible to fear, shouted from his saddle:

"Tremble for yourself, Isaac! for by the rood, if you dare question the justice of the holy office, you shall share the fate of yonder prisoner."

"I fear not the wrath of man," replied the Jew; "fear you the wrath of Heaven!"

At this moment, as if in vindication of his words, a heavy clap of thunder, that shook the city like the discharge of a park of artillery, broke upon the ear, and one of those sudden storms, so common in southerly latitudes, rolled up its dark masses of clouds, and the light of day was suddenly quenched, as in an eclipse. Vivid flashes of lightning lit the upturned and terror-stricken faces of the cowering multitude. At the same time, the wind howled fiercely through the streets that debouched upon the plaza, and tore the plumage that waved and tossed upon the helmets of the soldiery.

"Executioner!" roared the governor, whose high, stern tones of military command were heard above the roar of the sudden tornado, "do your duty! Set fire to the fagots."

The order was obeyed—the torch was applied, and already a quivering, lurid flame shot up at the feet of the luckless Landon, when the storm burst forth with ungovernable fury. The scaffolding was blown down, and the rain descending in torrents, instantly quenched both torch and fagot. The vast crowd were thrown into utter confusion. The terrified horses of the cavalry plunged madly among the footmen—hundreds fell and were trampled under foot, and prayers, shrieks and imprecations filled the darkened air.

Landon was unhurt amid the wreck of the sacrificial pyre. A ray of hope shot up in his heart. Scrambling out of the ruins, unobserved and unpursued, he fled down the nearest lane with the utmost speed. Anxious to obtain shelter, he, without even a thought, climbed a garden wall—once within which he was safe, for a moment, from pursuit. Rushing through a shaded alley of the garden, he found himself at the door of a large and splendid house. Almost without a hope of finding it yield, he tried the handle, and the door opened. Silently and swiftly he ascended a large, stone staircase, and took refuge in the first apartment which he found before him. A beautiful young girl, the only occupant of the room, starting at the fearful apparition of a stranger, flying for his life in the robe of the *san benito*, fell upon her knees and crossed herself repeatedly, as her dark eyes were fixed in terror on the intruder.

"Lady," cried Landon, "for the love of that Being whom we both worship, though in a different form, take pity on a wretched fellow-being. Save me! save me!"

"But you are accursed and condemned," she answered, rising and recoiling.

"I am—I am—but you know my offence. If you ever loved yourself, you know how to pardon it. Think of the horrid fate that awaits me, if you are pitiless."

The lady paused and reflected, Landon watching the expression of her countenance with the most intense anxiety. At length her brow cleared up; there was an expression of sweetness about her rosy lips that revived hope in the heart of the fugitive.

"I will save you if I can," she answered.

"Heaven's best blessing on you for the word!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"But you have come to a dangerous place for safety and shelter," she continued, sadly. "Do you know whose house this is? It is the dwelling of my father, Don Rodrigo d'Almonte, the Governor of Valencia."

Landon started back in terror, but he instantly recovered from that feeling.

"You, then," he said, "are Donna Florinda, in praise of whose beauty and goodness all Valencia is eloquent. I feel that I am safe in your hands."

"I will never betray you," said the lady. "You are safe here. It is my bed-chamber," she continued, blushing; "but I resign it to you—sure, from your countenance, that you are a cavalier of honor, who will never give me cause to repent of the step."

"Be sure of that."

"Swear it," she said, "upon this trinket which my father took from your person in the hall of the Inquisition."

Landon took from Florinda's hand the diamond star given him by Estella, and thus mysteriously restored, and pressed it to his lips.

"By this talisman," he said, "by this token, which I prize so highly, I pledge myself not to abuse your confidence, but to repay the priceless service you render me by a life of gratitude."

"You may remain here, then, for the present," said Florinda, "till I think what can be done for you."

"If I can only make my way to the house of the English ambassador," replied Landon, "I think I can count upon my safety."

Donna Florinda, after lighting a lamp (for it was now nightfall), and setting upon a table some wine and fruit, left the chamber, locking the door behind her.

Descending to the garden, she went directly to a secluded arbor, embowered in foliage, at no great distance from the house.

"Cesareo!" she whispered.

A young cavalier, who was concealed in the arbor, instantly advanced and clasped her in his arms.

"Dear Florinda!" he cried, "I feared that you would disappoint me. But we have yet some happy moments to pass together."

"Not a moment, Cesareo," replied the lady. "My father will soon return. I came to beg you to retire instantly, and await another opportunity of meeting."

"You are anxious to get rid of me!" replied the cavalier.

"Not so—my father will soon return, and he will be sure to inquire for me directly."

"Well, then," said the lover, "if it must be so, go you to the house, and leave me the solitary pleasure of watching the window of the room gladdened by your presence."

"No, no, Cesareo!" cried Florinda, in terror, "that must not be."

As she said this, her eyes were instinctively turned to the window of her room, and Cesareo's followed the same direction. The shadow of Landon's figure, as it passed between the lamp and the window, was seen defined distinctly on the curtain.

"By heaven!" cried Cesareo, "there is a man in your bed chamber!"

"My father!" said Florinda.

"You told me in your last breath that he had not returned. You are playing me false, Florinda. You have a lover, and a favored one."

"No, no!" cried the agonized girl. "It is nothing, believe me—trust not appearances, I will explain all."

But at this moment the distant clang of trumpets and kettle-drums was heard, announcing the governor's return.

"I must be gone!" cried Florinda—"believe me, I am faithful;" and with these words she fled into the house.

"The dream is over!" said Cesareo. "But I will have vengeance on my rival;" and he left the garden, muttering curses, and grasping the cross-hilt of his sword.

Florinda flew to her chamber.

"Fly!" she cried to Landon. "I have sheltered you at the risk of my reputation—my father is returning, and you must leave this house. A jealous lover may denounce me, and both of us be ruined forever. Farewell—climb the wall at the back of the garden, and take refuge in the next house. I will still watch over you."

Landon obeyed, and made his escape from the governor's garden just as Don Rodrigo was entering the courtyard. He crossed another small garden and entered a small house at the extremity, the door of which was unbarred, and again found refuge in a room on the lower floor, where he concealed himself behind a screen.

He had not been here long before he heard footsteps entering the room, and the voices of two persons in conversation, one of whom was evidently a female and the other an old man.

"Dear father!" said the female, "I am rejoiced to see that you are returned. You never go forth in this city that you do not leave me trembling for your safety."

"I have passed through much peril, Miriam," replied the man. "Snares and violence have beset my path. I went to carry the gold and the silver I had promised to Jacob the goldsmith, when lo! I was beset by the ungodly rabble."

"Dear father!"

"Yea! and they dragged me to their place of skulls—even to their accursed Golgotha, where the blood of mine only brother was drunken by the ravening flames, and where thirty of our brethren perished because they believed in the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob."

"And did they force you to witness the Auto da Fe?"

"They brought me to the place, Miriam—but there the spirit of prophecy descended upon me, and I lifted up my voice and denounced their abominations, even as the prophet of old did the iniquities of the Egyptian king. And lo, Miriam, there was a miracle wrought! The voice of Heaven spake in thunder to rebuke their impious blood-thirstiness. The flood-gates of heaven were opened, and the rain descended in mighty torrents and quenched the Moloch fires kindled by the Christians. And a great wind arose, and the scaffold was destroyed, and the goodly youth that stood thereupon was saved from the death of fire, as the multitude were scattered."

"And lives he, father?"

"I fear not," answered the old man, sadly. "For if he were not crushed by the falling scaffold, yet verily the cruel sword of the troopers and the men-at arms must have sought out his young life."

At this moment Landon stepped from his concealment.

"No, my friends," said he, "I yet live to thank Heaven for its providential care. I have even found a friend in the household of my bitter enemy, for Donna Florinda d'Almonte sheltered me and commended me to your roof."

He had now time to scan the persons of his hosts. The elder, Isaac the Jew, was, as we described him on his appearance in the plaza, a man of venerable appearance, with a mild and noble countenance, wearing the long beard and flowing robes of his race. His daughter, Miriam, had the commanding beauty, the dark eyes, the flowing hair, and the bold features of the daughters of Israel. She was richly clad in robes of silk, and many a jewel of price gleamed in the raven tresses of her hair.

"Thou art safe beneath this roof," said the Hebrew, "for Donna Florinda, though the daughter of the man of tiger blood, hath yet befriended us and ours, and for her sake as well as for thine, thou art welcome."

Landon thanked his new friends for their hospitable pledges.

"I would fain," said the old Hebrew, "give thee garments more fitting than the accursed robe that wraps thy youthful limbs. But of a truth I have none of Spanish fashion, and the Jewish gabardine is almost as fatal to the wearer as the robe of the *san benito.*"

"Here comes Reuben," said Miriam. "Welcome home, dear brother."

A handsome youth of sixteen entered at this moment, and saluted his father, his sister, and the stranger. He bore a bundle in his arms.

"I was charged," he said, "by the Lady Florinda, to bear this package to the stranger I should find here. It contains a Spanish dress. She bid me say," he continued, addressing Landon, "that when you have put on these habiliments, you can repair with me to the governor's garden at midnight. The waiting-maid and confidante will conduct you through the house to the street, and make your way to the English ambassador's."

After thanking the youthful messenger, Landon was shown to an apartment where he was left alone to change his dress. Donna Florinda had supplied him with a plain but handsome cavalier's suit, including mantle, hat and plume, and in addition to these a good sword. Landon hailed this latter gift with joy, and buckled the belt with trembling eagerness. He drew the weapon and found it to be a Toledo blade of the best temper. He kissed the sword with ecstacy.

"Welcome," he cried, "old friend! With you I can cut through odds, and at least sell my life dearly, if I fall again into the hands of the Philistines."

Returning to his new friends, he sat down to a hearty meal which they had prepared for him; and to which he did an Englishman's justice. At the hour of twelve his young friend Reuben signified his readiness to accompany him on his adventure.

"Farewell!" he cried. "I owe you a debt that nothing can repay. But believe me that your kindness will always dwell in the heart of Clarence Landon."

Reuben and the Englishman were soon in the governor's garden. It was pitch dark, and they advanced cautiously, groping their way. All at once Landon stumbled against some person.

"Is it you, Reuben?" said he, in a low tone. But he was instantly grasped by the throat. Dealing his unseen assailant a blow with his clenched hand, which made him release his hold, the Englishman instantly drew his sword and threw himself on guard. His steel was crossed by another blade, and a fierce encounter ensued, the combatants being practised swordsmen, and guided in the dark by what swordsmen term the perception of the blade. Reuben had made his escape, and gone to tell his father of this new disaster. The struggle was brief, for the antagonist of Landon, closing at the peril of his life, and being a man of Herculean strength, wrested the sword from the Englishman's grasp, and held him at his mercy.

"Now, dog!" whispered the victor, "have you anything to offer why I should not take your life as a minion of the tyrant Rodrigo?"

"I scorn to ask my life of an unknown assassin," replied Landon; "but I am no minion of Rodrigo's, and I was even now seeking to escape his clutches."

"If there was a light here," said the stranger, "I could see whether you lied, friend, by your looks. You may be palming off a tale upon me. How did you propose to escape Rodrigo?"

"By making my way through his house," answered Landon.

"A likely tale. How are you to gain access to his house."

"A waiting-maid was to let me in."

"Well—I'll test your veracity. I have your life in my hands. You are unarmed. I have rapier and dagger. The experiment costs me nothing."

"It would be idle in me to interrogate you," said Landon. "It would be idle to ask who you are."

"I will answer you frankly," replied the stranger. "I am one of those freebooters whose fortunes are their swords. If I were in Rodrigo's power, my life would not be worth five minutes' purchase. And yet I am seeking him to-night."

"You speak in riddles."

"Perhaps—but be silent now, if you value your life, and follow me."

The stranger, still retaining a firm grasp upon the luckless Landon, approached the door which led into the governor's house, showing in their progress a perfect acquaintance with the labyrinthine alleys of the garden. They halted, and a female voice spoke in a whisper, saying, "here's the key."

The stranger grasped it, and dragging Landon into the house, instantly locked the door behind him. A dark lantern was placed on the floor of the corridor. The stranger told Landon to take this up, and precede him up stairs. Landon obeyed, the stranger following close behind and giving him whispered directions as to his course. Having reached a certain door, the stranger took a light and entered a chamber, followed by the wondering Englishman. The walls of the room were heavily draped, and upon a huge bed the Governor of Valencia was reclining, buried in a deep slumber.

"He sleeps!" whispered the stranger in the ear of Landon—"he sleeps, as if he had never shed blood; as if the head of my brother had never fallen on the block by the hand of his bloody executioner. He will soon sleep sounder."

"What mean you?" asked Landon.

"Wait and see!" was the reply.

The stranger cautiously lifted the light in his left hand, bending over the sleeper, while with his right hand he drew a broad, sharp poignard from his belt, and raised it in the act to strike. But just as it was descending, Landon caught the assassin's arm, and shouted in his loudest tones—

"Don Rodrigo, wake!"

"Baffled!" cried the ruffian, with an oath. "You shall pay with your life for interfering."

The governor sprang from his bed in time to witness the deadly struggle between Landon and the midnight assassin. It was short and decisive, for as the robber was aiming a blow at his antagonist, the latter changed the direction, and it was buried to the hilt in his own heart. He fell and died without a groan. The noise of the struggle had aroused the household, and the servants came pouring into the room with lights, accompanied by Donna Florinda, who was agonized with terror.

"Dear father!" she cried, rushing into the governor's arms. "What does this mean?"

"It means," replied Don Rodrigo, "that this ruffian who had sworn to take my life because I had condemned his brother to death for manifold misdeeds, has been slain in the attempt by this young man."

"And do you recognize your generous saviour?" exclaimed the daughter. "Behold! It is the young Englishman you condemned to perish at the stake. O, father!" and she explained the manner in which Landon had been enabled to save the governor's life.

"Young man," said the governor, addressing Landon, with deep emotion; "a mightier power than mine is visible in this. For the life you have saved I will repay you in the same manner. I ensure you a full and free pardon, and you shall not have it to say that Don Rodrigo d'Almonte, bad as he has been represented, was a monster of ingratitude."

And he kept his word. Landon soon after set sail for England, in company with the Hebrew family who had sheltered him, and there, in due time, was united to the lovely Miriam, with whose beauty he had been impressed on first sight. In England he rejoined Hamilton and his Spanish bride, to secure whose happiness he had perilled his own life, and he always preserved Estella's diamond star as a memorial of his adventures in Valencia. Soon after his arrival, he received a letter from Donna Florinda, announcing her marriage to Cesareo, whose jealousy had been so signally excited by Landon's shadow on the window-curtain. When Don Rodrigo died, he was buried with all the honors due to a soldier, a governor, and an eminent member of that mild and benevolent institution, the Spanish Inquisition.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

The celebrated Earl of Chatham peformed an amount of business every minute, which filled common improvers of time with utter astonishment. He knew not merely the great outlines of public business, the policy and intrigues of foreign courts, but his eye was on every part of the British dominions; and scarcely a man could move without his knowledge of the man and the object. A friend one day called on him, when Premier of England, and found him down on his hands and knees, playing marbles with his boy, and complaining bitterly that the rogue would not play fair; gaily adding "that he must have been corrupted by the example of the French!" The friend wished to mention a suspicious-looking stranger, who for some time had taken up lodgings in London. Was he a spy, or merely a private gentleman? Pitt went to the drawer, and took out some scores of small portraits, and holding up one which he had selected, asked, "Is that the man?" "Yes, the very person." "O, I have had my eye on him from the time he stepped on shore." All this was accomplished by a rigid observance of time; never suffering a moment to pass without pressing it into service. —*New York Herald.*

THE POWER OF HUNGER.

It is hunger which brings stalwart navvies together in orderly gangs to cut paths through mountains, to throw bridges across rivers, to intersect the land with the great iron ways which bring city into daily communication with city. Hunger is the overseer of those men erecting palaces, prison houses, barracks, and villas. Hunger sits at the loom, which, with stealthy power, is weaving the wondrous fabrics of cotton and silk. Hunger labors at the furnace and the plough, coercing the native indolence of man into strenuous and incessant activity. Let food be abundant and easy of access, and civilization becomes impossible; for our highest efforts are dependent on our lower impulses in an indissoluble manner. Nothing but the necessities of food will force man to labor, which he hates, and will avoid if possible.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHRISTMAS WREATHS.

BY CAROLINE T. HENTZ.

"She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheek."

AGATHA was in a gloomy attic seated before the fireplace, with a pen in her hand, and a sheet of paper opened on a board which she held in her lap. It was by habit alone that she had drawn her chair close by the fireplace, for though it was a bleak Christmas night, there was no fire on Agatha's hearth.

She had no money, and there she sat, using the only means which had enabled her to avoid starvation. Had she applied for work, to nearly all in that large city, she would very likely have been turned coldly away, for there was a heavy weight upon her heart, which made her head droop like one in shame. She had lived in luxury once, and her bright imagination fed upon the beautiful—now she was toiling wearily, to recall those fading images, that she might clothe her thoughts in language pleasing to the reader, and receive perhaps a dollar, which would bring her warmth and food for a few days. Upon a table beside her lay two open sheets of paper. They had been folded, and were traced over with her own fair writing, yet across the margin was written in pencil, and in bolder characters—"Too gloomy." They were sketches which the publisher had rejected. She had not always met with disappointment, or she would not now have cherished the feeble hope which made her again sit with paper and pen, and try to write—not gloomily.

"Too gloomy!" she murmured—"too gloomy! Yes! I was waking when I wrote. I must dream again."

She closed her eyes, and whilst her hands lay idly in her lap, she was trying to live over her girlhood, to awaken the memories that were dying—to shut out the wretchedness, the desolation which like disembodied spirits haunted the place.

"O, I cannot!" she cried aloud, whilst with a shiver she folded her arms across her breast. "Drop by drop my heart's blood has been drained, until I fear it is growing cold. Yes! It is deadly cold!"

There was a faint wailing sound which issued from a bundle of rags close by her on the floor, and she started as if struck by a blow. She laid aside her paper, took up the infant, scarcely a span long, and folded it to her bosom.

"There is some warmth here yet," she cried, pressing the little one closer and closer, and she began hushing its moans with a low lullaby, sweet as the notes of the dying swan. The child still moaned, and now and then the mother looked into its white face, with a stamp upon her own classic features which but once in a lifetime comes upon the human face. Suddenly she started up, caught up some of the rags, and wrapping the child carefully in them, folded it in the same close embrace.

There was a beautiful painting over the fireplace, and most strangely its soft coloring shone in contrast with all around. It was the portrait of Agatha's mother, and she looked up to it now with reverence. Loving eyes looked down upon her, and she now, as if for the last time, gazed long upon them, murmuring—"*They* will greet me—welcome me, beyond that narrow stream."

She turned away and went out, down the long stairway, out into the open street, where there were fireworks and illuminations, and many shouts upon every side.

Yet Agatha passed onward through the crowd like a ghost, in that Christmas night. At length she came into the street of splendid mansions, and close by the steps of *one* she paused. The drawing-room windows were low, and one curtain had been left partly up, as if to admit her gaze. There were beautiful forms within, and merry voices reached her ears. One lovely girl stood apart from the groups which were gathered here and there, and she appeared to be reading from the columns of a paper. Her eyes were bent upon the page, but tears stood upon the lashes, which swept her cheek now and then, and Agatha saw them.

A gentleman approached the reader, who, unconscious that he was gazing upon her, read on, absorbed and tearful. She did not move even when he placed over her shining hair a wreath of evergreens. Among its leaves shone something like icicles, and they glittered like so many diamonds as the light fell upon them.

Agatha looked in with lips apart, as if this were not the first time she had stood by that window and gazed in. She murmured unconsciously, "He crowns *her*—let the Christmas morning come—and he may dream of the crown even poor Agatha may wear."

Words from within reached her ears, and she saw that the lady had looked up, and the gentleman was admiring her wreath, but she only said, "There is something strange in this piece, Arthur. It melts me to tears, and I think I see, all the while I am reading, a pale, sad face looking out from the lines. The world may surmise *who* is the author of those exquisite sketches, but among *us* she will never be found. O, if I could but see her, to speak a word of sympathy, to relieve the agony which alone gave birth to these thoughts. To stop her pen, that I might keep her heart from breaking!"

"Strange girl!" said the gentleman, looking at her steadfastly. "Do you know anything of the writer?"

"Nothing but what her writings tell me."

Agatha lost what other words she may have spoken, and she soon saw the gentleman take the wreath from the lady's hair and throw it carelessly on the table. The lady playfully caught it up—but he regained it, and before Agatha could think, the window was thrown up and the wreath flung out. It fell across her own head. There she stood for awhile, with the glittering crown above her death-stamped features, as moveless as marble, and the lady caught a glimpse of the apparition, and with a faint cry sprang forward. The gentleman drew her back quickly, and very suddenly his own face had grown hard and cold.

"What would you do, Lina?"

"It is she!" she cried out. "The face that haunts me. Let me go—I entreat—"

But Agatha's face was gone from the window, and her poor feet were soon toiling up the staircase. She reached her seat, and with her baby hushed upon her bosom, again took her pen and paper. She wrote—

"THE CHRISTMAS WREATH."

That was the beginning and the end. There might have been a flashing out of the dying light of genius, but it went out before the pen bore it to the paper. Her head gradually sunk upon the table, and she fell asleep murmuring, "He giveth his beloved rest."

Some one knocked at Lina's door, a few hours later, and on opening it she found a girl there, in poor garments, who addressed her hurriedly, "Come with me. Waste no time."

Lina hesitated, but the girl said, "You would see the writer of those pieces—you wish to ease a breaking heart. Come, and I will show you how to *bend* one of adamant."

Lina no longer hesitated, and, urged on by a strange impulse, she went out in the bleak air with her conductress. They entered an omnibus, and Lina saw in an instant that Arthur Weldon, her betrothed, was in the opposite seat. He did not recognize her, nor did he hear the tale which the girl was pouring into Lina's ears.

"She is a widow," began the girl, "and her husband died upon the scaffold. She erred only in being deceived in the man she married—for she 'knew him all too late.' He murdered a man in a fit of passion, and was hung. Her rich, proud relatives could not bear the disgrace, and so they all moved far away from even the rumors of the shame, leaving poor Agatha friendless and alone. When every resource failed, she followed one who had been her favorite brother, to this city, hoping to receive some assistance to enable her to keep life in a helpless infant. This brother had become engaged to a highborn girl, a true, noble woman, and he did not choose that she should know of the existence of this poor sister, the murderer's wife. Miss Whiting—it was *she* who wrote. The world wonders who is the author who has so suddenly become famous. I have heard *you* wondering, and I think you will never forget the lessons of to-night, when they are ended."

The omnibus paused, and when the two arose to go, Arthur Weldon recognized Lina, and an exclamation burst from his lips.

"Hush!" she whispered, "and come with me. I may need your company on returning."

He could not oppose, but followed where she led, and waited outside the room while the two girls went in.

Agatha's head was still bent, yet she lay with her face partly exposed to view. She slept the long sleep of death, and the infant upon her bosom was also stilled into its final rest. There was such a deep silence, unbroken even by a breath, that Lina stood still upon the door sill and looked on the strange sight. The snow, which was falling fast, had drifted through the shingles, and lay in shining particles upon the moveless figures. Upon Agatha's waving brown hair the snow-flakes fell fast, and faster, making a pure, beautiful chaplet for her cold brow; and upon the waxen lids of the infant the flakes fell softly and silently—they could not waken the little sleeper.

Lina saw it all, for the girl held a burning lamp, and stood like a sentinel close by the dead. Even the sheet of paper bearing the words, "The Christmas Wreath," was visible to Lina, and she saw that Agatha's fingers had stiffened around the pen handle.

Arthur Weldon came forward, for he saw Lina as if transfixed and turning to marble, and he would have cried out, but she pointed silently to the spectacle. Then it was his turn to look, and to feel the warmth in his heart growing chill.

The brother (for it was he), in the remorse which came too late, had been even then seeking the sister, whom he had made homeless. He had left his betrothed for the purpose of seeking *that face* which he had recognized at the window; and he intended to *top her pen.* He had found her all too soon, yet that hand would never again use a pen. In one glance he took in the picture, and turned with a bitter cry towards Lina. He thought she knew the whole story; and he was right, for she was not long in recognizing the brother of the dead Agatha. Arthur looked at her, as he saw the trust, the love, leaving her heart, and he sprang away and rushed out, and never again dared to offer love to Lina Whiting.

It was true that Lina never forgot the lesson of that night. She sought out the wretched poor, relieved their wants, sympathized in their griefs, and, angel that she was, forgot *self* in her Christian ministrations.

But she never forgot, on every Christmas morning, when the snowflakes fell upon the stone which marked Agatha's grave, to visit the spot, and place over the white marble a Christmas wreath.

EQUINE MEMORY.

A venerable friend, whose memory runs back nearly fourscore years and ten, told us a story the other day illustrative of the retentiveness of a horse's memory, which struck us as too good not to be told again. The occurrence dated back to the years of his boyhood, and was related with all the particulars of collateral verification. We give it in brief: A favorite horse which had been stolen from his stall, after an interval of two or three years, was driven by his unsuspecting purchaser to the door of his former owner. The latter asserting his right of property, and offering to submit the validity of his claim to the horse's decision, the purchaser cheerfully accepted the proposal. The test was to be the horse's removal of the wooden pin which fastened the barn door, his opening the door and taking his accustomed place in the stall. On being unharnessed and allowed the liberty of the yard, he at first began to nibble about the borders of the enclosure. Presently his eye (he had but one) caught sight of the stable door; recollections of oats and other choice provender seemed to be awakened; and, without the slightest apparent misgiving, he proceeded to demonstrate, much to the amusement if not satisfaction of both plaintiff and defendant in this novel case of reference, in which party the right of ownership was vested. It is hardly necessary to add that the supposed owner was allowed to return home minus his nag, —a wiser if not a richer man than when he came.—*Salem Register.*

COWARDICE OF AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

During the last rebellion in India, instances of heroism were common—of cowardice there was but one. Indeed, I deeply regret to have to record the fact that there *was* one officer of high rank, and in the prime of life, who never showed himself outside the walls of the barrack, nor took even the slightest part in the military operations. This craven-hearted man, whose name I withhold out of consideration for the feelings of his surviving relatives, seemed not to possess a thought beyond that of preserving his own worthless life. Throughout three weeks of skulking, while women and children were daily dying around him, and the little band of combatants was being constantly thinned by wounds and death, not even the perils of his own wife could rouse this man to exertion; and when at length we had embarked, at the close of the siege, while our little craft was stuck upon a sandbank, no expostulation could make him quit the shelter of her bulwarks, though we were adopting every possible expedient to lighten her burden. It was positively a relief to us when we found that his cowardice was unavailing; and a bullet through the boat's side that despatched him, caused the only death that we regarded with complacency.—*The Story of Cawnpore.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A MEMORY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

There are thoughts which make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a tear before the eye.—LONGFELLOW.

Beneath these leafy boughs, at eventide,
When autumn filled the air,
And the pure gush of moonlight, far and wide,
Made all the landscape fair,—

While holy silence held that blissful hour,
When day's rude strife was done.
And every passion, with its evil power,
Had vanished with the sun,—

When the sweet sky of night bent softly o'er
Thy head, beloved, and mine,
And miracles of beauty seemed before
My gladdened eyes to shine,—

We sat together; and while stars shone bright,
And filled the night with flame,
Tears, friends, and pleasures vanished, with a light
Far fainter, ghostlier, came,

And passed before our vision like a dream,
With memory's mournful chime,
Yet leaving in their place the joyous gleam
Of the fair present time.

For, sitting thus beside thee, I could press
Thy blessed hand in mine,
And see no beaming eyes, feel no caress,
And hear no voice but thine.

O, darksome fate, which wraps and shrouds this life
With darkness of its own!
O, gloomy earth, with pain and sorrow rife,
And joys forever flown!

In this long winter of a stricken soul,
Lonely, and sad, and faint,
While roses bloom and fade, and seasons roll,
I breathe my weary plaint,

And sadly think of that sweet evening hour,
In autumn, long ago—
Within the desert of my heart a flower,
A solace for my woe.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LEONORA.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

FIFTEEN years, with their lights and shadows, had passed into the sea of the shoreless Past, when, one bright English June morning a travelling chariot was rapidly driven up the green hawthorn-hedged avenue leading to the lodge where dwelt the aged steward of Glenthornton Manor; and a dark, foreign-looking gentleman, of some thirty-five or eight summers, alighted and advanced toward the cottage door.

Fifteen years had it been, since the counterpart of that dark green chariot, with its emblazoned panels and its span of iron grays, rolled away from the manor, bearing to the London metropolis the young master, Sir Roderick Neville, where the spendthrift noble's career in the whirl of gay life had impoverished his fine heritage; and very shame had hindered his return all these long years, until he came—the moneyed lord—to redeem from mortgage and debt the seat of his ancestors, which had been transmitted, unincumbered, from generation to generation of departed Nevilles, since the days of William the Conqueror.

But now that time had arrived; and with a glance of pride in his keen eye and a haughty curve of his iron lips, the returned noble strode up the broad grass plateau to meet the old man who came over the cottage threshold. "Well, Ellis, I have returned to the old place! You remember, I *said* I would redeem it again," and he pointed to the old hall, falling into decay, with long trailing ivy vines festooning the closed windows—"but, surely, my old steward, you *know* your lord?" added the dark-browed man to Ellis, who stood with hat in hand, mute with wonder.

At length the old man found words.

"My lord baron, is it indeed *you* my old eyes behold again? God bless yer 'onor!—I always felt certain you would not let the old hall tumble to dust! Here, dame, dame, I say! Here is my lord Roderick, come back to buy the Glenthornton lands up again—and we shall hold our heads up in the old Manor House once more, spite of the mushroom gentry folk around us who've been trying to persuade me he's dead and buried, these five year, in furrin parts!" and the old man fairly pulled his rheumatic partner from the threshold, whither she had hobbled from her wheel to meet the strange occupant of the chariot.

"Well, well, good friends, I am not returned from the dead, as you see—but in the best of health, and with the determination of making the old place my home for the future," said the noble, shaking the old dame's withered hand. "I *said* this day would come; now, I am here. What a Neville *swears* to do, that he fulfils!" and a stronger curve of the lips and the haughty sneer of his tones showed that an unconquerable will and a dominant pride slept under his calm exterior. "Now give me the shelter of your lodge, and I will quarter my coachman and groom over at the village inn; and after one of dame Ellis's frugal dinners and a tankard of good homebrewed ale, we will walk over the old mansion, to note what repairs are to be commenced to-morrow by the workmen and upholsterers I have ordered down from London."

"God bless yer lordship! Can it be I am in my sober senses? after all these long fifteen years, to see things about to become like they were in the days of my lord Baron Thomas, your departed, honored father! Haste!—bestir thee, Margery; and get up our lord a dinner of thy best cooking—that ever he should honor us to break bread beneath our roof! And I will bring a flagon of your old ale—for, please you, my Lord Roderick, dame Margery's brewing is among the best in old England, though I say it!"

And while the dark green travelling chariot, with its sleek bays and liveried outriders, whirled back to Glenthornton village inn, the nobleman, who for many years had not gazed on the home of his ancestors—and whose only tidings of those domains had come to him in the cramped, scarce legible hand of his aged steward, who, though he heard nought of his master, still rendered with faithful business exactness his account of the management—the nobleman sat at the humble casement, and gazed out on the green acres, fair and smiling as though no ban of mortgage or debt lay upon them that June morning.

"You have been a faithful steward, good Ellis," he said at length, drawing forth a package of letters. "You kept the old place together as though every stone in the old hall and every acre of land was a sacred trust."

"And so it was, to me, my lord," promptly answered the honest steward, "for I always held to the belief that you were not dead, as many advised me; and would never give token to the lawyer folks but what I heard constantly from your lordship, lest they should come to minister on the estate. And so I always sent the rent-roll and the accounts every quarter, as of old; and though these three years I have had no word from your lordship, I couldn't but believe you would come back some day, to buy up all the acres which—begging your 'onor's pardon—you let slip away in your wild youth. And your 'onor sees I was right in waiting—for hero's the old hall waiting the master, just as he left it before he went to the far-off Indies—that ever a Neville should soil his hands with the earning of gold!"

"Peace, good Ellis," smiled the noble. "The hand that scattered estates should not be ashamed to earn the gold to buy them up again"—and he laughed—a strange, almost sarcastic laugh—"though, I trow, it need not be necessary we should satisfy the curious desires of our neighboring country-folk to learn the secret of our successful stay abroad. I like not over gossip. Let the past be buried, Ellis: it is enough that I am Lord Baron Neville once more, and can spend the remnant of my years on English soil again." And so the conversation ended with dame Margery's summons to a savory dinner.

But a few weeks had passed; yet the complete restoration of the old Manor House testified that the owner meant to make good his promises. Estates, parted with in his early days of dissipation, were bought up at immense prices—for Lord Roderick lavished his gold like water; new tenants were installed on the re-purchased farms, neat cottages were erected; park, wood and meadow lands were united again; and once more Glenthornton wore the aspect of olden times.

The old steward Ellis, whose lodge had also become benefited by various improvements, went everywhere among the workmen and tenantry—busy, and happy everywhere save in the presence of his master. In his presence, unaccountably, he felt ill at ease; and he shrank, shuddering, when oaths and imperious commands fell from his lordship's lips. He could not understand it. His master had left Glenthornton fifteen years before—a young man, full of spirit, vitality, and a little "wild," it is true, from the time of his entrance on his heirship—yet with the open frankness of an Englishman about him; but now he had returned, with foreign look and air—cold, stern, and at times passionate, or savagely moody.

And then, his seemingly exhaustless stores of wealth—how had he obtained them? In India trade—honest commerce? If so, why did his keen eye droop, or kindle with momentary anger, if by chance the forgetful Ellis, grown garrulous with his old age, reverted to those long years of absence, and their fruit.

"Ay, Margery, I dunno. There's *something* wrong about it!" the old steward would mutter, shaking his gray head sorrowfully. "I don't like too well his lordship's ways these days—nor the furrin furniture, nor fixings, he's brought into a sober old English mansion. It don't speak any good for Englishmen when they can't put up with the same things their fathers did afore 'em—and here's my lord having the great parlor decked out with Frenchified sofas and tables—and the wing chamber made fit enough for the princess; and I suppose, next thing, we shall see a fine furrin lady come to be mistress over us. Ah, Margery, I fear 'twont be like the old times, after all!" said the old man with a sigh.

At length Ellis's prediction seemed likely to become verified: for Lord Roderick went up to London—and a week afterward returned to Glenthornton, but not alone. A woman, young and beautiful, and with eyes of ebon hue, but softened diamond splendor, clung to his arm as he ascended the broad steps where the carriage was drawn up—clinging closer as they crossed the oaken threshold, on through the great wainscotted hall, and up the wide staircase, until he ushered her into the boudoir which had been fitted up with elegant luxury in the western wing of the hall.

Once, however, Lord Roderick Neville and that beautiful lady paused—for the old steward, supposing he saw the future Lady of Glenthornton, bowed his gray head respectfully as he met them in the doorway, then ventured to stoop and raise her fair hand, sparkling with jewelled rings, to his lips, with the honest words, "God bless you, my lady! and grant you a long life, and a happy one, in these halls!"

"Stand back, fool!—prating old man!" thundered the noble in an infuriated voice and with ashen lips; and then, in the dulcet tone of a strange tongue, he whispered soothingly to the wondering girl beside him, leading her to her chamber.

"Fear not, Leonora, *carissima!* Only a troublesome servant whom I was forced to rebuke!"

It was no wonder that, after they had vanished, leaving the old steward trembling and confounded, minutes elapsed ere he comprehended the whole; then, turning to his own cottage with sorrowful air, he said sadly—"Alas, Margery, it is worse than I feared; and I dare not believe but that He who is mightier than England's lords will lay his hand heavily on Roderick, Baron of Glenthornton, if he has deceived yon poor girl who just went over the hall threshold at his side!"

"And *just* enough will the punishment be!—may they *both* feel it—his lordship and his flaunting mistress!" replied dame Margery in a burst of virtuous indignation—"'Poor girl!'—hum!" and she tossed her head till every cap ribbon quivered.

"Let us not blame *her* too hardly," said the old man in a pitying voice. "She is young, and with the saddest looking eyes;—maybe she has found out before now that he has deceived her. I remember how grateful she looked when I saluted her as 'my lady'—for it never entered my old head that he could have the face to bring one to sit in the place of such without the bonds of marriage. Ah, lackaday! old Gilbert Ellis, you are getting sadly old-fashioned and stupid if you expect to find old Sir Thomas's virtues in his son! That ever a Neville should have done this bold thing!" And he shook his aged head sadly.

And was it any wonder that the beautiful girl, whose feet crossed the threshold of that old baronial mansion—whose eyes had caught their radiance and her cheeks their bloom from her lover's flattering promises—failed, in her simple trustfulness, to comprehend the sinfulness of the position she occupied there? For in the warm Italian southland, where Leonora Rimini had been born and nurtured, it had been deemed no crime to love without the sanction of marriage banns; and though, when she stole from her aged father's cot in the vale of the Arno, to follow the fortunes of her English lover beyond the seas, the dark-eyed peasant Francesco, who had hoped one day to bring her to his own vine-clad home among the smiling vineyards, felt such anguish as only he feels who loses light and life at one blow, yet the duped girl knew, in that hour, no sentiment but unswerving devotion to her later and more fondly worshipped lover.

And so the nest was deserted; and the tropic bird flew to more northern skies. Heaven forefend her from their chill and gloom!

Two years later. All the brown October day had the lord of Glenthornton been at the chase with the neighboring gentry—mostly a band of rude country squires, who had poured a tide of congratulations upon Sir Roderick in the first days of his return, and whose advances to friendship had not been latterly repulsed. But the twilight closed in, heavy, and with a thick mist; and the low, fitful sighing of the wind among the trees on the terraces and bordering the avenue of the hall betokened a storm.

When the evening deepened, from the great banqueting hall of the Manor House came sounds of mirth and festive cheer, and the red wine was freely poured, and the wassail song rang high.

"Ho! fill to the brim and pledge me in a bumper!" cried Sir Roderick, holding aloft his massive silver tankard. "A toast, gentlemen, a toast! Here's to youth and beauty, and the Lady Amy Winston!"

"A devilish handsome lady, 'pon my word, Neville!" familiarly hiccupped a young noble from the metropolis, come down to spend the shooting season in the Sussex woods. "But I say, old fellow," bringing down his hand upon the baron's shoulder, "how is't about that dem'd handsome girl you've kept caged here this ever so long? Come, now, own up like a man, and tell us how you're going to get rid of *her*—for this little Lady Amy, you know, is a miracle of virtue, and will expect, of course, to find my lord baron a very proper sort of man!"

Neville's brow grew dark, and he bit his lips; but, dissembling his feelings, he replied lightly, "O, there are ways enough, Pelby, to throw away a flower one has grown tired of! Leonora is a good girl; and, I dare say, will offer no objection to a handsome London lodging and an annuity. Nelson, bring more wine, and dice and cards, too,—for, by Jove, fellows, if the nights of my bachelorhood are drawing to an end—as I suppose they are—I must make much of them. Let this be a right jovial one."

In the height of their festivity, neither Glenthornton's lord nor his boon companions had noticed the tall figure, wrapped in a scarlet mantle, and with a cloud of dishevelled hair streaming over her exquisitely moulded shoulders, that stole through the long corridors, gained the hall, and paused near the door, where their words reached her; but when a thin, yet still beautiful hand was laid suddenly on Sir Roderick's shoulder, and he turned as suddenly to meet the Italian's eyes upon him, then that bold, bad man cowered in his seat, and every wine-flushed squire trembled at the words which came in a sharp, clear, hissing tone, through her pallid lips. Was that face—so pale, so agonized, so alight with the convulsed emotions of the anguish-riven soul of a betrayed woman—the same face of radiant beauty which old Ellis, the steward, met that morning, two years before, on the hall threshold? Truly, neglect had done its work surely; and now the thunder-stroke of desertion had completed the wreck.

"Roderick Neville!"—and though the accent was foreign, and she spoke low as a whisper, yet every word fell clear and sharp as the stroke of a bell—"you are a traitor to the vows you swore in my own *Italie*, under the citron tree where I met you in the starry night. But Leonora Rimini, castaway though she be, will not stay to be *sent* forth from the prison where she was lured from her own warm nest. She is an Italian—and when the Italian ceases to *love*, she has begun to *hate*. Hark ye, bad Englishman, to her vow, when she swears by the Mary mother who hears her vow, and knoweth all her wrongs—if blue eyes brighten at *thy* smile, *she* will dim them!—if baby fingers clasp thy neck, *she* will stiffen their clasp!—and, when all have gone, *thou, too*, shalt feel what it is to betray one who loved more than these stone-hearted English women *can*, but one who henceforth *hates!* For thou shalt live unloved and lonely—no heir to thy name shall come after thee—and Glenthornton shall pass into the hands of strangers!" Then, without further word or glance, drawing her red mantle like a flame over her ebon hair, the Italian glided away.

"'Sdeath! am I to be frightened by a girl's

threat?" said the noble, with an uneasy laugh—though his voice was husky, and his hand shook like a leaf as he lifted the wine cup—"Gentlemen, let us forget this unpleasant incident!" and the bottle was passed, and tankards were drained anew.

"Forget!" Ah, let those who *can!* It is a word easily uttered; but neither song can banish, nor wine drown, the remembrance of that anguished face, that clear, singing voice, or the fearful vow of Leonora Rimini the Italian.

That night, while the rain fell pitilessly, and the storm beat heavily on the woods of Glenthornton Manor, a rude gipsey, returning to the encampment whose glowing fires gleamed ruddy and bright from a hollow in the forest, came suddenly upon a prostrate figure lying prone over a tiny mound at the foot of a willow near the coppice—the grave which held what, had it lived, had perhaps been the shield between the Italian's vow and the false-hearted noble. But Leonora's baby—child of love and shame—just opened its eyes, so like its mother's, then went to sleep again; and now she lay across its little grave moaning pitifully in her new anguish of desertion.

And when the kind-hearted gipsey, who recognized in her the same pale, dark-eyed lady he had often seen at twilight gliding across the terraces of the manor house, down through the gardens and wood to this self-same spot—when he raised her from the sodden earth, she only clasped her arms closer over the turf, moaning, "*Zitto*—zitto—hush, hush! my baby sleeps!"

"Poor lady! sorrow has turned her brain!" said the man, pityingly; then, lifting her and wrapping her in his own coarse jerkin, he bore her to the tent where the kind-hearted women busied themselves in tending the poor sufferer.

Thus they lay that night—the imperious noble in his downy couch, heated, half-maddened by his wine-revels—and the poor wronged Italian, pallid, and apparently on the verge of the dim land of death.

"Ha, she *has* flown, then?" said the baron with a start, when told next morning that her apartments were empty. "I scarce thought, though, the girl had spirit enough for *that!* I expected a vast deal of crying and fussing. Well, I am glad she has saved a scene between us, for heaven knows I *did* love the girl, and it would have been confoundedly unpleasant,—though I meant to do the right thing by her, and never let her suffer. Jove! that was a hard sentence she uttered last night—and I dare say I shan't forget her *face* as soon as she does her *words*. It was something new for Leonora to show temper, and talk of 'revenge,' and that sort of thing!" But, spite of the levity with which he spoke, a deep gloom settled on the baron's countenance, and he could not banish fear from his heart.

Beautiful and quiet was the night. The tired winds were hushed; the birds slept with folded wings; and alike on city and hamlet, hall and cottage, stately tree and folded flower, fell the pure baptism of the white moonlight.

But still as the night, and fairer than all the flowers, was she who slept on the antique velvet-canopied bed in that chamber of the old manor house, where, but a day before, the first wailings of a faint baby voice broke on her ear, ere that voice ceased forever. And there she lay in pale beauty—poor, hapless Lady Amy—with her new-born babe on her breast; blossom and bud, both withered! In her beauty, with her brown hair folded from her blue-veined forehead, and the tender mother-smile not yet cold on her lips.

Gentle Lady Amy! day by day had she faded before the baron's eyes; they said it was consumption—alas, none knew it was a malady which slays its tens of thousands more than fell bodily disease—the slow wasting of the heart! None knew, until in that evening hour when *another* stood beside the proud Baron Neville in the death-chamber of his wife, what poisoned tongue had been lapping away her life, the while her blue eye grew dimmer, her smile sweeter, and tender as the angels'.

Strongly as his past life of irregular passion had left him capable of loving, had the nobleman loved his gentle blue-eyed lady; and when she bore him an heir to his name and estate, he fondly thought his earthly happiness secure. But from the clear sky the thunderbolt came crashing; mother and child—they lay before him, pale, chill, inanimate; and when, that evening hour, as he kept his solitary, wretched vigil over his dead, a thin hand, almost chill as the sleeper's, was laid on his own, and he turned suddenly, to meet a face almost wan as her's, enframed in long dishevelled locks of ebon hair, it was no wonder that he cried out in terrible anguish, remembering how Leonora's curse had already become fulfilled—"Away! woman! fiend! have you come hither to torture me? It has all come true—your *vow!* Had it been by your *hand*, it could not have come speedier. They are dead—*dead*—my wife and son!" And his anguish seemed greater than he could bear.

"Ay, Roderick, Baron of Glenthornton—proud Englishman—what think'st thou *now?* Ay, truly, the Italian's revenge *is* come!—Think'st thou not so?" and she laughed—such a hollow laugh as froze him into stillness. "Said I not, 'if blue eyes brightened at thy smiles, *I* would dim them? If baby fingers wound about thy neck, *I* would stiffen them?' And now, thy dullard gaze comprehends not that this is *my* work!—that the tongue of Leonora Rimini, the betrayed Italian, whispered into yonder ears, now dead to sound, a tale which did its work as surely, though more slow than the avenging stiletto could have done—a tale of *thy* falsity and baseness—which sent thy gentle, pure-hearted lady sorrowing to her death!"

There was a brief silence after these terribly distinct words; then suddenly the Italian stepped nearer the couch, swept aside the violet velvet hangings with a gentle touch of her hand, and gazed on the still, white face of the dead. For a moment she seemed subdued, and the insane brightness of her eyes softened, as she touched the chill brow of the sleeper.

"And this is *death!*" she murmured slowly. "*Death—sleep—rest!* It comes not to the betrayer—it comes not to the weary Leonora—only to the good, the young, the beautiful. *They* go to dwell with the blessed Virgin in heaven!"

But in another moment, the softened mood passed. It vanished with an anguished sob that burst from the stricken baron's breast, where remorse was contending with better emotions.

"*Weep!* ay, it does me good to hear thee thus, Baron Glenthornton!" said the Italian, in a quick, fierce voice. "*Who* wept when Leonora, the young and innocent, went forth from her sire's cot among the laughing vineyards, to her undoing? *Who* wept when *another* baby—fair and pure as *this*, though no father kiss ever touched her tiny lips—was carried out in the dark night, to her little grave deep in yon green woods? Ah, proud Englishman, thou shouldst have bethought thee *then* of tears and softer words—and, perchance, thou and Leonora had never stood thus face to face beside the dead! I might kill thee now where thou standest," and she drew a short stiletto from her bosom—"but I will not. I leave thee to thy bad heart and to the end which will surely come. Live, thou mayst; but nor wife nor child shall ever bloom again upon thy hearthstone; for the heart thou hast broken shall break thine daily, hourly, in return. Baron, Sir Roderick of Glenthornton, forget not Leonora's vow!"

And again the noble was left alone; and again the rude, wandering gipsey people, who had made their encampment in the brown October woods of Sussex, struck their tents and strolled away to the northern country, numbering with them the wan, faded, half-crazed Italian.

Once more—and after the lapse of five long years—the wandering Zingali were in the low country; their ruddy campfires gleaming out warm and glowing in the cool autumn evenings, and their songs and jocund laughter floating on the air.

It was a rainy night, and they were huddled together by dozens beneath the coarse canvass—dark, swarthy men, playing cards by the firelight—black-haired, olive-complexioned women, stirring the savory mess in the huge kettle over the fires—and sleepy children, dreaming of shaggy ponies and the dogs that were the companions of their daily frolics—a care-free, light-hearted group.

Seated a little apart from the others, Leonora the Italian was busy with her own thoughts, whatever they might be. These five years—though they had strengthened her delicate frame—had left wrinkles on her brow; and the troubled melancholy, at times verging into madness, was still settled in her dusky eyes.

Perhaps her thoughts turned *then* to Glenthornton's lord, who lay ill, feeble, sick unto death, the skilful leeches said, in his stately canopied bed in the old manor house; and mayhap her own thoughts evoked his—for, amid the rain and the darkness, a messenger from the dying summoned the Italian to his bedside.

In silence Leonora followed the man who sought her in the gipsey camp; and in silence she trod the hushed galleries and halls of the mansion where she once held brief tenure over Sir Roderick's heart. In his own bed chamber—a dark, wainscotted room, rich in elaborate carving and and antique tapestries—propped by pillows, and with heavy crimson drapery and sable plumes drooping over his ponderous bed—face to face, again, after the lapse of five years, were brought the English noble and the Italian.

Old Ellis stood by the bedside—still faithful to his master; and the clergyman who had been summoned held the Liturgy of the Church of England, reading prayers for the passing soul.

Who knows what emotions swept through the heart of the Italian, when she entered that darkened room and gazed upon the face of the dying noble? Who knows but all of hate fled from out her mind, in the presence of that great Avenger who had taken punishment into his own hands? It must have been so; and mayhap a breath of memory blew over her then, wafting her back to love and Italie—for, poor, half crazed creature that she was, she went up to the bedside from whence old Ellis, looking on with compassionate eyes, stepped aside, and kneeling there, she took the withered hand on the coverlid and kissed it, murmuring in her native tongue, "*Roderique, bell idol mio!*"

And mayhap that unexpected caress softened the heart of the dying more than it had been subdued by the pious counsel of the clergyman, by whose advice he had sent for the Italian; for the noble uttered brokenly—"Leonora—forgive—I will atone—lands, gold—Glenthornton—" but ere that purpose, whether it was, as the old steward afterward avowed his belief, to bestow his estate on the betrayed woman as a recompense—or another—whatever it might be, that purpose, trembling on his lips, was stayed in the utterance by the scaling hand of death.

Prone on his pillows—while the minister repeated a prayer, and the great clock on the broad oaken staircase of the hall ticked slowly, slowly, and the tramp of the mournful rain came in measured footfalls against the window-panes—lapsed away the life of Baron Roderick of Glenthornton. Who can say but, in that hour, when the sobbing Leonora withheld not *her* forgiveness, One who sitteth in judgment, and who is more merciful than man is merciful forgave that poor trembling soul the one great sin of his life? I judge not.

But, with the completion of her revengeful vow, happiness came not again to the Italian girl, Leonora Rimini. It was a gentle madness—a sickness of the brain—which henceforth marked her among the rude, kind-hearted Zingali people, whose wanderings she shared, and whose camp she made her home.

And sometimes, when the credulous gentry folk came to cross her palm with gold and hear their fortunes, they would find her rocking some swarthy little Zingara baby to and fro on her bosom, putting up her warning finger to the intruders, and whispering, with a strange smile: "*Zitto—zitto*—hush, hush! my baby sleeps!"

Or sometimes, on rainy nights, she would creep away by herself in some lonely spot of the canvass tent, and murmur in the dulcet tongue of her native southland, with tones of fondest caressing, "*Roderique, bell idol mio!* Roderick, idol of my soul!"

NATIONAL IMPUDENCE.

The national modifications of impudence are remarkable. Often in the Irish it is alleviated by a kind of unconscious wit; Dean Swift used to forgive his impertinent servant because of his facetiousness. Among Italians it is apt to be dramatic; we have seen an angry waiter, when an impatient *habitue* has left a restaurant in a rage at neglect—declaring his intention of never returning—solemnly lift his scull-cap, roll up his eyes, and devoutly thank Heaven. The French, under the guise of etiquette, and with an external politeness aggravating the offence, exhibit the coolest impudence; a vulgar Englishman exceeds all the world in arrogance; and it may be doubted if any but a Yankee could have the effrontery to stop a procession for his convenience. Yet such impudence we have twice beheld. On one occasion the *cortege* was a fire company on the run, who obeyed an authoritative gesture under the impression that they were to be directed to the scene of conflagration; and in the other case a religious fraternity. In both cases astonishment checked vengeful indignation, until the perpetrator had escaped. In the latter, the object was to light a cigar at the signal torch and holy candles!—*Christian Examiner.*

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
SHAKSPEARE.

LORD PALMERSTON.

He must be a very old man indeed who remembers the time when Lord Palmerston was not in the House of Commons, taking every opportunity of doing his duty as a legislator, and when in office, as a servant of the crown. For half a century he has been as constant to that floor as any man of business to his desk. To undertake such a servitude beforehand is something overwhelming. Who would do it for any consideration? Consider that it involves London for more than half the year, a renunciation of dinners, parties of all kinds, and what is more, domestic life, except on a few precious evenings, and the bulk of one's time to be spent in listening to exceedingly dull speeches—consider all this, and one would gladly compound with some admitted misfortune, rather than be bound for such a slavery. But that has been Lord Palmerston's own career, if the hundred thousand revolutions of a mill-horse can be so called. He has made it his rule to give an unflagging attention to everything and everybody; he loses no opportunity; never to get behind, even for five minutes, in the parliamentary race. So he is the man to tell us, with singular satisfaction: "The whole life of a man, in a country like this, is a life of struggle, of competition, I will not say of fight, of competition with those who are running the same race—struggle with circumstances, fight against adverse fortune which may every now and then and await him. But he who enters into the race with that dogged perseverance which is the characteristic of the English nation, is sure to bring out successfully those talents with which nature may have endowed him, and, whatever the amount of his ability, will always be sure to improve that ability and apply it as successfully as circumstances will allow him."—*London Times.*

THE ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.

The Philadelphia Ledger suggests that the graves of Chiriqui and other places of interment used in antiquity, should be made the subject of thorough scientific research. It says: "Much new information would doubtless be obtained from a careful examination of these relics, and it is much to be desired that some scientific mission should visit these regions without delay. Cannot our city furnish a few well-educated, enterprising men, like Kane, to go thither and bring to light all that is to be learned. A work on this subject now would be most valuable. Especially is it *desirable to collect* and connect all the information respecting the burial places and customs of the Indians all over this continent, as the best means left of ascertaining their identity, or diversity of origin and history. Some of the mounds have been pretty well explored, and the peculiar style, shape, and figures of the pottery found in the burial places of the dead, are well known. Mica is found in almost all the ancient graves in Tennessee, and charcoal in mounds, both in Tennessee and Alabama. More might probably be learned at this time from a comparison of the earthenware relics than from any other source, as to the identity of various tribes and their real antiquity. In the meantime it may be well to notice how vain and foolish a pride it is which induces any people to carry any portion of their riches with them into the long resting place. Sooner or later nothing can protect such graves from the ravages of the spoiler."

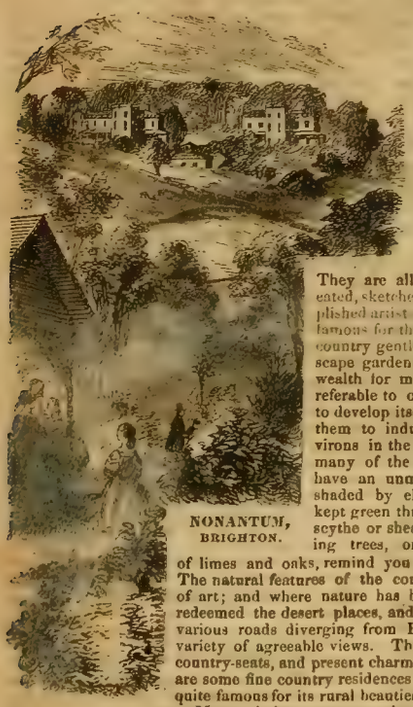
THE TURKISH SULTAN.

The Sultan rode a fine bay Arab steed, highly ornamented with trappings of rich gold embroidery and diamonds, and a bridle glittering with the same. He was dressed in a frock coat of blue cloth, like the pacha's, but more elaborately embroidered, and ornamented with diamonds; white pantaloons, richly edged with gold lace at the seams; a cloth cloak was thrown over his shoulders, the collar of which was also wrought with various sorts of precious stones. His fez was surmounted by a full heron plume, attached to the front by a very large diamond, and a large decoration composed of diamonds, among the finest in the world, was suspended from his neck. He passed directly under our windows, regarding us with a fixed look, as is his custom in passing Europeans; and seldom have we seen a face that interested us so much, and the impression at first made was always renewed whenever we saw him afterwards. His features were regular, and so delicate as to be almost effeminate; but an expression of great seriousness, even sadness, so unusual in a person of his age, sat so gracefully upon his youthful face as to make amends for any want of strength or manliness.—*Tent and Harem.*

INDIAN APHORISMS.

Riches are less wealth than learning; for wisdom cannot be stolen or lost; it is, therefore, thy best friend, and benefits in life, nay, even after death. The riches of priests are moral precepts. Soft words make friends; bitter words make many enemies. Be thankful for the least, after partaking of it. One may have youth, beauty, rank, and wealth; but without wisdom, a man is like a beautiful flower that hath no fragrance—the rose imparteth fragrance to the leaf in which it is folded. Associate with the wise, and their wisdom will cling to thee. The foolish one can discern a fault in another as small as the least of seeds; but he cannot discover a fault in himself as large as a cocoanut. Lay not a sin upon a child, but upon its parent. When a pupil takes to evil ways, blame the teacher. When a nation degenerates into unseemly courses, blame the ruler; and when a ruler does wrong, blame his ministers.—*Watchman.*

SUBURBAN SCENERY AROUND BOSTON.



NONANTUM, BRIGHTON.

The present is particularly the season to enjoy a visit to the scenes which we depict, and we trust that many of our city readers will, in their pleasant afternoon drives, verify, by personal observation, the truthfulness of our delineations. Already the early frosts have tinged the soft green of summer, and here and there the eye will be admonished of the flat foot of time, which has once more brought us to the verge of the season that opens the gate to let stern winter in.—The views of country residences in the vicinity of Boston, which we place on this and the next page, were drawn expressly for us, by Mr. Warren, and have been executed in the best style of our best engravers. They are all accurate representations of the places delineated, sketched with grace by one who is both an accomplished artist and a lover of nature. Boston has always been famous for the beauty of its environs, and the taste of its country gentlemen. A love of country life, and of landscape gardening, has characterized our leading men of wealth for many generations, and it is a taste distinctly referable to our English origin. So soon as wealth began to develop itself in the colony, those whose means enabled them to indulge in it, began to build homes in the environs in the style of the English country-seats, and hence many of the towns in the immediate vicinity of Boston have an unmistakable English look. Long, wide streets, shaded by elm and other ornamental trees, broad lawns, kept green through the summer by the constant use of the scythe or shears, stately mansions peeping from embowering trees, or approached through magnificent avenues of limes and oaks, remind you of English rural scenery in its best aspect. The natural features of the country adapt themselves well to the purposes of art; and where nature has been niggardly, the skill of the cultivator has redeemed the desert places, and caused them to blossom like the rose. The various roads diverging from Boston into the country, present an endless variety of agreeable views. The shores of the Mystic are covered with fine country-seats, and present charming combinations of wood and water. There are some fine country residences in this direction. Old Cambridge, also, is quite famous for its rural beauties and pleasant summer retreats. On the road to Mount Auburn are several noble estates, conspicuous among which is the old Craigie House, the headquarters of General Washington during the Revolution, and now the property and residence of the poet Longfellow. It is a large, square house, with pilasters in front, and a beautiful lawn with large immemorial trees on one side. Several other houses along this road are fine specimens of old rural architecture, and surrounded by noble centennial trees. On the Watertown road, in the new township of Belmont, John P. Cushing's estate is renowned for the beauty of its trees, the agreeableness of its site, and the taste and care with which the grounds are cultivated. Dorchester, Roxbury and Brookline are also crowded with beautiful residences, and are remarkable for natural beauty of scenery. In the adornment of estates, the modern English style of landscape gardening is universally adopted. Landscape gardeners now recognize the necessity of concealing art, of aiding but not suppressing nature. Ornamental trees are now no longer trimmed and aligned, like soldiers on parade. They are set out in clumps, and disposed along winding curves, and grouped together with due regard to size, habit of growth, and color. In a word, the most pleasing grounds are those which remind us of scenes where Nature herself has exhibited her utmost skill in grouping—such scenes as the painter in search of the beautiful occasionally meets with, which require only to be depicted just as they are, to give universal pleasure. As we have before said, almost every point in the vicinity of our city presents private residences and estates which are models of beauty both in style and local surroundings. All such places are public benefits. Though the owners hold the title deeds, their beauty is a delight to all who view them. The dusty wayfarer, who pauses beneath the shade of a roadside tree, is quite as free to contemplate the rural beauties expanding before him, as the proprietor himself. In some respects the former is the better off of the two. The landless spectator may console himself that he has no taxes to pay, no uninterested employees to deal with, no war to wage with canker worms, borers, blight, drought and the thousand vexations that embitter the cup of the country gentleman. He sees the glorious result; he is innocent of the painful and costly steps by which it has been reached. He may, therefore, gaze with delighted eyes on the stately elms that shade the avenue to the old ancestral mansion, on the emerald meadows which gleam in the soft sunshine, on the bright water-mirror that reflects the weeping willows and the quivering aspens. Every successful plantation, too, is an example, and begets imitation; thus, images of beauty are multiplied throughout the country. If these views are correct, it seems that we are aiding a good cause in giving currency to correct representations of a few of the most picturesque places in our neighborhood; volumes would be required to embrace them all. Our initial vignette represents a view at Nonantum, Brighton, and the residences, one of Mr. Strong, and the other late of Hon. Horace Gray. These mansions were built many years ago, by two Boston merchants, partners, and are not exceeded for beauty of location by any places near Boston. Certainly no town in this vicinity possesses so many beautiful sites for large establishments, as "Old Brighton." The township comprises an undulating surface, with many commanding eminences, rich, luxuriant valleys, and fine groves of forest trees. Its beauties early attracted the attention of wealthy gentlemen of taste, and accordingly we find old mansion houses blended with the structures of modern date. The drive from Brookline through Brighton to Watertown, offers a great variety of picturesque views, and that looking from the highest point of the road into the valley of the Charles River, is enchanting. Our next picture represents the fine house of William F. Homer, Esq., at Belmont, seven miles from Boston on the Fitchburg Railroad, and on the hither slope of Wellington Hill. It is a spacious and stately structure of the Renaissance style, with Mansard roof, and is exceedingly well proportioned and picturesque. Belmont is a charming place, almost unequalled in romantic beauty by any spot in the immediate neighborhood of the city. Wellington Hill is clothed to the summit with a rich growth of forest trees, and the portion which has been cleared is a succession of gardens rising above each other, and covered with neat, pretty and showy houses. Forest Street, which skirts the base of the hill and leads to West Cambridge, is a charming drive. The whole region of country in this direction is remarkable for its beauty, fertility and healthiness. The estate of Hon. J. W. Edmands, at Newton Centre, represented in our third engraving, is one of the finest near Boston, and is seen to advantage by those who ride between Newton Corner and the Centre. The house is situated on a pleasing rising ground, and noble shade trees and shrubbery embellish the grounds, which are traversed by avenues affording delightful walks. It is not far from Nonantum, and in a circuit of the most picturesque and highly-cultivated scenery in this part of the country. Not the least attractive, certainly, among the many beautiful places near town, is the residence of Jesse Locke, Esq. It was built by Abner Kingman, Esq., a few years ago, and he resided there until he sold the place to the present occupant. The views from this place are delightful. Our next is a charming rural scene, embracing the house and grounds of George Lyman, Esq., in Waltham. The view comprises but a small portion of the estate, which is one of the finest in the country, and is quite English in its character. There are extensive woods on the estate, which is kept in a high state of cultivation, affording equal satisfaction to the agriculturist and the lover of nature. Beaver Brook, at its fall on the estate of R. Morris Copeland, Esq., Belmont, is well delineated by our artist. The rocky and wooded glen through which this cascade dashes, is the most romantic spot to be found this side of the White Mountains. In the immediate neighborhood stand the famous Waverley oaks, on the estate of Dexter Ward, Esq., and a remarkably fine old elm tree. Of the remaining views, one respresents the elegant residence of Oliver Hastings, Esq., next to that of the poet Longfellow. A pretty fountain on the lawn in front of the house, with its sparkling jets, adds much to the beauty of the scene. The other view is from a hill at Auburndale, formerly the residence of Mr. Copeland, now of Beaver Brook, Belmont. Looking down on Charles River, with its many boats, and its beautiful banks fringed with forest trees, and beyond, hill rising over hill, the spectator finds himself amply rewarded for a long walk or ride. The Worcester Railroad viaduct is seen stretching away in the distance.

WM. F. HOMER'S RESIDENCE, BELMONT.

J. W. EDMANDS'S HOUSE, NEWTON CENTRE.

JESSE LOCKE'S HOUSE, WATERTOWN.

LYMAN PLACE, WALTHAM.

BALZAC AT BOOK MAKING.

When he had once made up his mind to produce a new book, Balzac's first proceeding was to think it out thoroughly before he put pen to paper. He was not satisfied with possessing himself of the main idea only; he followed it mentally into its minutest ramifications, devoting to the process just that amount of patient hard labor and self sacrifice which no inferior writer ever has the common sense or the courage to bestow on his work. With his note-book ready in his hand, Balzac studied his scenes and characters straight from life. General knowledge of what he wanted to describe was not enough for this determined realist. If he found himself in the least at fault, he would not hesitate to take a long journey merely to ensure truth to nature in describing the street of a country town, or in painting some minor peculiarity of rustic character. In Paris he was perpetually about the streets, perpetually penetrating into all classes of society, to study the human nature about him in its minutest varieties. Day by day, and week by week, his note-book and his brains were hard at work together, before he thought of sitting down to his desk to begin. When he had finally amassed his materials in this laborious manner he at last retired to his study; and from that time, till his book had gone to press, society saw him no more. His house door was now closed to everybody except the publisher and the printer; and his costume was changed to a loose white robe, of the sort which is worn by the Dominican monks. This singular writing dress was fastened around the waist by a chain of Venetian gold, to which hung little pliers and scissors of the same precious metal. White Turkish trousers, and red morocco slippers, embroidered with gold, covered his legs and feet. On the day when he sat down to his desk, the light of heaven was shut out, and he worked by the light of candles in superb silver sconces. Even letters were not allowed to reach him. They were all thrown, as they came, into a japan vase, and not opened, no matter how important they might be, till his work was all over. He rose to begin writing at two in the morning, continued with extraordinary rapidity, till six; then took his bath, and stopped in it, thinking, for an hour or more. At eight o'clock his servant brought him a cup of coffee. Before nine his publisher was admitted to carry away what he had done. From nine till noon he wrote on again, always at the top of his speed. At noon he breakfasted on eggs, with a glass of water and a second cup of coffee. From one o'clock to six he returned to work. At six he dined lightly, only allowing himself one glass of wine. From seven to eight he received his publisher again, and at eight o'clock he went to bed. This life he led, while he was writing his books, for two months together, without intermission. Its effect on his health was such that when he appeared once more among his friends he looked, in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. Chance acquaintances would hardly have known him again.

It must not be supposed that this life of resolute seclusion and fierce hard toil ended with the completion of the first draught of his manuscript. At the point where, in the instances of most men, the serious part of the work would have come to an end, it had only begun for Balzac. In spite of all the preliminary studying and thinking, when his pen had scrambled its way straight through to the end of the book, the leaves were all turned back again, and the first manuscript was altered into a second with inconceivable patience and care. Innumerable corrections and interlinings, to begin with, led in the end to transpositions and expansions which metamorphosed the entire work. Happy thoughts were picked out of the beginning of the manuscript, and inserted where they might have a better effect at the end. Others at the end would be moved to the beginning or middle. In one place, chapters would be expanded to three or four times their original length; in another, abridged to a few paragraphs; in a third, taken out altogether, or shifted to new positions. With all this mass of alterations in every page, the manuscript was at last ready for the printer. Even to the sharp experienced eyes in the printing office it was now all but illegible. The deciphering it, and setting it up in a moderately correct form, cost an amount of patience and pains which wearied out all the best men in the office, one after another, before the first series of proofs could be submitted to the author's eye. When these were at last complete, they were sent on large slips, and the indefatigable Balzac immediately set to work to rewrite the whole book for the third time!

He now covered with fresh corrections fresh alterations, fresh expansions of this passage, and fresh abridgements of that not only the margins of the proofs all round, but even the little intervals of white space between the paragraphs. Lines crossing each other in indescribable confusion were supposed to show the bewildered printer the various places at which the multitude of new insertions were to be slipped in. Illegible as Balzac's original manuscripts were, his corrected proofs were more hopelessly puzzling still. The picked men in the office, to whom alone they could be entrusted, shuddered at the very name of Balzac, and relieved each other at intervals of an hour, beyond which time no one printer could be got to continue at work on the universally execrated and universally unintelligible proofs. The "revises"—that is to say, the proofs embodying the new alterations—were next pulled to pieces in their turn. Two, three, and sometimes four, separate sets of them were required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually re-written book to press at last, and so have done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors; and he himself described his process of work as a misfortune, to be the more deplored, because it was, in his case, an intellectual necessity. "I toil sixteen hours out of the twenty-four," he said, "over the elaboration of my unhappy style; and I am never satisfied myself, when all is done."
—*All the Year Round.*

AUBURNDALE, MASS.

OLIVER HASTINGS'S RESIDENCE, OLD CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON.

London is now the largest and most populous city in the world. As it has increased, it has swallowed up very many small townships, such as Kensington, Hampstead, Highgate, Greenwich, Woolwich, etc., besides the city of Westminster, that was once distinct. It is now seven miles by nine in dimensions, containing sixty-three square miles. It contains 2,300,000 inhabitants, three times as many as the city of New York. They consume annually 13,000,000 bushels of wheat; 240,000 beeves; 1,700,000 sheep; 28,000 calves; 35,000 pigs; besides game, poultry, fish, etc. There is drank in London annually 43,000,000 gallons of porter and ale 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, principally gin; and 8,000,000 gallons of wine. There are 360,000 gas lights, which consume every twenty-four hours 13,000,000 cubic feet of gas. Its fuel is 13,000,000 tons of coal. One of the present existing evils in London is the impure state of the river Thames, into which all the sewers and drains of the metropolis enter. At low tides, its stench is so offensive that it has even broken up a session of Parliament. And what is worse, there can be no plan formed of a different mode of sewerage for the city. Each day the sewers carry off 9,500,000 cubic feet of refuse, or what would cover daily thirty-six acres of land six feet deep. The pride of London is in her parks and bridges. The tunnel, built at an immense expense, has never as yet, been fitted for carriages, and the passage of footmen barely pays its current expenses. The parks are, Hyde Park, 388 acres; St. John's, 90 acres; Green Park, 60 acres; Kensington Gardens, 356 acres; Regent's Park, 472 acres, and Victoria Park, 265 acres. The city is well supplied with handsome squares and other breathing places. The commerce of London is still immense, although situated at such a distance from the sea. There are belonging to the port of London, 3000 sailing vessels, and 350 steamers, giving employment to 35,000 men and boys. Some sixty millions of dollars worth of merchandise are brought into the port every year. The docks where the shipping receive and discharge their cargoes, are the most magnificent in the world. The West India Docks are the largest, covering 300 acres. Among the magnificent public buildings is the new palace at Westminster, for the two houses of Parliament. It is close on the left bank of the Thames, and covers eight acres. The Metropolitan Cattle Market occupies thirty acres, and cost a million and a half of dollars. Barclay's Brewery occupies over eleven acres of ground, using 5000 bushels of malt daily. These are a few of the wonders of London.—*Hartford Courant.*

VICTORIA BRIDGE.

The Montreal papers give interesting descriptions of the laying of the last pier of the Grand Trunk Bridge. The Commercial Gazette says: "The perfection to which the system of bridge building has now been brought by the contractors of the Victoria Bridge is such, that only two months have been required from the commencement of the coffer dam to its present state of completion, and it is expected that the whole of the mass of masonry will be finished and ready for the placing of the tubes in six weeks from this time. No one who has not witnessed the extent of work required for such a structure can conceive with anything like precision of the multifarious and persevering labors involved in its execution. Some idea, however, may be formed from the fact that a water-tight chamber of dimensions large enough to contain the pier has to be formed, in water of twenty to twenty-two feet deep, with an irregular bottom and in a current running, per log, ten miles an hour. The process by which this is effected is, first by sinking a barge of sixty feet in length, loaded with stone, at some distance in advance of the intended pier. This serves for a breakwater. Next another breakwater formed by crib work and loaded with stones is sunk still nearer, in fact in immediate proximity to the site of the pier. Then comes a similar protection called a 'heading.' In the eddy formed by this heading the coffer dam is made. It is constructed by sinking a frame of horizontal timber to the bottom; by driving outside and all around this a row of piles which are strengthened once more by horizontal beams. This forms the inside wall. An outside wall, some twelve feet distance, is then formed in a similar way, and the interval is filled with clay rammed hard. It is a moment of considerable anxiety and excitement, partaken in by all engaged on the work, when the pudding is reported complete, and the attempt is made to free the interior of the dam from water. So many unseen incidents may have occurred, that nothing but demonstration is enough to prove that the dam is really water-tight. We saw more than one pile which, having struck on a boulder, was diverted from its course and had its lower end projected into the interior of the chamber. No evil had resulted from this circumstance; but flaws of various kinds are not uncommon, and, of course, any one, however small, is at once found by the pressure of so great a body of water. Springs, too, not unfrequently rise up out of the bottom of the dam. In this case the pumps draw at once, and the dam is as tight as it is possible to make it. The next difficulty arises from the removal of the loose stuff at the present bottom. This, of course, weakens the foundation of the dam, and may offer an entrance to the water. Should everything go right the masonry will be commenced in a week or eight days, and, as we have stated, the pier will be finished in five or six weeks."

FALLS OF BEAVER BROOK, BELMONT, MASS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LEGEND OF STARVED ROCK.

BY WALTER N. JORDAN.

In the "far West," where broad rolling prairies stretch away for miles in billowy undulations—where bold mountainous cliffs rise abruptly to the azure sky, crowned with dark firs and cedars, not far from the head-waters of navigation on the Illinois River, and towering up from the brink of the stream, rises a large boulder, called "Starved Rock."

Its walls are of dark gray stone, half veiled with clambering wild vines and trailing mosses, as some dilapidated castle—relic of feudal times—stands wrapped in the drapery which long ages have woven around it; and broken parapets of stinted cedars and firs frown threateningly at the daring adventurer who attempts to scale its precipitous steeps. A narrow, almost perpendicular path, on the side opposite from the river, is revealed as you make a circuit of the base of the cliff; and here, he who would reach the highest elevation of the "Rock" can ascend.

There is a fugitive tale, commemorating the events which gave this wild cliff so singular a name, coming down to us from those times when the red man was sole lord of rock and river and rolling prairie—a little record of the Indian race, which we would weave anew, and again relate the legend of "Starved Rock."

Long years agone, the brave and noble Indian chief, Oconee, leader of a powerful tribe inhabiting the surrounding region, saw and loved the gentle Ulah, daughter of his powerful rival, the chieftain of a neighboring tribe.

Oconee was young and brave; at his belt hung the scalps of a hundred of his foes whom he had slain in the deadly war-fray; his arm was strong, and his eye like the mountain eagle's; and no warrior in the chase could bring down the fleet deer, or the fierce prairie wolf, so sure as he.

Ulah was young and fair, with eyes like the evening star, and dusky locks like the gathering shades of night. She loved the brave Oconee; and when he told her that his wigwam was spread with the softest furs—and, would she consent to share it, for her he would chase the deer, and bring the young eaglet to her feet—then, in the midnight, she crept from her father's lodge and stole away with the young chieftain.

Ne-pow-ra missed his daughter from his wigwam. When he came at evening from the toils of the hunt, she sprang not forth to meet him; when he came from the war-fight, or the deadly ambuscade, exulting in victory, she went not forth with his braves to sing the war-songs of her race. The daughter of a chieftain was in the wigwam of his deadly foe. He could not brook the insult; and gathering his bold, fleet warriors about him at the council fire, he recounted the wrong he had suffered, and bade them follow him to avenge it.

Day after day, night after night, saw them on the trail of the pursued—guided by the starry heavens overhead and the forest wilds beneath. Westward, the stars of night guided their footsteps; and westward, through the tangled wildwoods, the sunbeams revealing broken shrubs and trampled mosses, gave token that they were on the trail.

On the fourth day, the eagle gaze of the fugitives saw the waving plumes of their pursuers in the distance. Before the young chieftain, bold and high rose the huge "Rock," on the brink of the Illinois—behind, came the enraged Ne-pow-ra, with the fierce warriors of his tribe, upon the wind floating their wild cries of vengeance, and dancing ever nearer and nearer their eagle plumes.

The pursued Oconee, with his dusky maiden and a small band of his faithful braves, fled to the rocky fortress—the tower of strength—that rose precipitously in their path.

On, on, came the pursuers, with wild shouts and unearthly yells—on, on, and nearer yet, until they, too, reached the base of the cliff—and then, shouting a loud war-cry, they rushed swiftly up the narrow footpath, resolved to meet the enemy on its summit.

But the young chieftain's arm was strong, his arrows swift and sharp, and his braves resolved to fight until the death; so one after another, as the warriors below sought to ascend the cliff, were they pierced by unerring arrows from above, till they fell back bleeding and wounded amid their companions.

Then, failing in this attempt, with half their band lying dead among them, the survivors closed in dark ranks about the base of the Rock, under cover of the thick firs; with sullen silence and invincible determination to await the slow, lingering, horrible death of their victims in the gloomy, desolate fortress above.

Day after day the red sun rose in the orient, wheeled across the burning heavens slowly to the western horizon—at mid-day flinging down scorching beams, and at twilight throwing long, lengthening shadows over water, and wood, and rolling prairie; but to those on the high, huge boulder of gray stone, no relief came.

Still, day by day, the withering sunbeams fell upon them, drying up their very life-blood; still, night by night, those gigantic shadows crept closer, shrouding their hearts. *They were starving!*

And there, too, at the base of the cliff, silent and dusky as the firs which shrouded them from the fierce sun-ray, sat that implacable chieftain, surrounded by his warriors. Neither love, mercy, nor pity, entered his flinty heart. His bitterest foe had stolen his fairest flower; his only child, the daughter of a race of kings, had left his lodge for that of an enemy. Vengeance on them both—the bitter foe and the faithless daughter! White, wan, and emaciated, they wandered about on the brow of the cliff, like ghosts from the far-off hunting grounds of their race.

Strong warriors, who had not quailed in the deadliest combat, now sank down like reeds before the breath of famine. Brave chiefs, who would have laughed in derision at the arrow or the scalping-knife, now felt a fiercer, keener pang, than poisoned shaft or merciless tomahawk ever inflicted. With plenty beneath them, they were starving!

The red deer left browsing in his leafy covert and came down to drink the clear waters of the river flowing below; but no morsel of venison could pass *their* lips—no drop of that cool water could lave *their* swollen, parched tongues. The red deer lapped up the crystal liquid of the river—snuffed the cool breeze—and then, catching a glimpse in the mirroring river of the dusky shadows wandering to and fro overhead on the Rock, tossed his antlers and darted away to the greenwood again; the bright river danced onward below with a wild, mocking triumph and freedom; and still sat those dark, stern warriors at the base of the cliff, like statues grim and immovable. O, it was horrible!

And then the Indian maiden came to the brink of the precipice; and, with her long, dark hair streaming like the folds of a rent banner on the air, bent down and pleaded with agonizing gestures and frantic entreaties to her sire, whom she saw far, far below. But never a tone of tenderness or a token of reconciliation went up from that insulted soul. He had chosen the *Indian's revenge!*

Day by day that doomed band thinned away, until at length Famine alone reigned conqueror on the summit of the cliff. Day by day they wasted; and at last all was still. No ghostly forms wandered feebly about—no wailing woman's voice broke the silence.

When all was silent upon the summit, the avenged chieftain and his band ascended. The Indian's wrath was appeased—his vengeance had indeed been terrible. There they lay upon the gray rock—those wasted, skeleton-like forms, all stark and stiff; and there, too, the gentle Indian maiden Ulah had died in the arms of her lover—her ghastly face still bearing the impress of woman's devotion in the death hour—her long, streaming hair at once her bridal veil and shroud!

And now, it is said, full often by the pale, shimmering moonlight, are seen wan, ghostly figures, gliding to and fro upon the cliff, with dark plumes floating upon the night wind; and ever and anon the spectral forms of the Indian maiden and her dusky warrior lover stand hand in hand upon the brink, and in low, wailing voices, chant their death-dirge, ere they go afar, through the gate of Famine, to dwell together in the Great Spirit's happy hunting grounds. Thus runs "The Legend of Starved Rock."

A TURKISH GRAVE-YARD.

As a distinction in the Turkish tombstone, if it mark the grave of a man, it is surmounted by a turban, and the diversity of forms shows the different generations that have passed away. These round-headed, turbaned stones, have very much the appearance of dwarfish imps, and one almost expects a pair of goggle-eyes to be peering from beneath the well-executed folds of white or gray stone. Those erected for women are decorated with wreaths or bunches of flowers. Both kinds have inscriptions, and are often colored and highly gilded. Sometimes they are of a bright azure blue, richly decorated with gilt, and extremely beautiful.—*Tent and Harem.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. H.—The value of a wrought diamond is calculated by its weight in carats, a carat being equal to three and one-fifth grains, Troy weight. To ascertain the value of a pure wrought diamond, multiply its weight in carats by two, square the product, and multiply that product by ten, which will give you the value in dollars. Thus a diamond of one carat is worth $40. But after a weight of twenty carats the rule is not applied—diamonds then becoming of almost inestimable value, and commanding fabulous prices.

R. S.—There is little doubt that Peter the Great murdered his son Alexis by administering poison to him with his own hands.

Voyager.—We cannot assure you that letters passing through Austrian post offices are exempt from the scrutiny of prying officials. In Maria Theresa's time, secret offices for opening letters were established at the principal German towns. The postmasters were confidential persons, who all enjoyed the favor of the government, and on whom were often bestowed the title of count.

Convalescent.—You evidently require regular, systematic exercise. It will not do to exert yourself by fits and starts.

Reader, Portland, Me.—The proportions of sea and land vary considerably in different countries. Humboldt states that in Africa it is one mile of sea-coast to one hundred and forty-two square miles of land; in Asia, one to one hundred; in North America, one to fifty-seven; in Europe, one to thirty-one. In Norway alone there is much larger proportion, it being in that country one mile of sea-coast to every two and a half square miles of land.

M. C., Yarmouth, Mass.—The Chinese criminal code is brutally severe. Recently, the cross was employed in punishing some of the rebels. The victims were tied to it, and then hewn in pieces, inch by inch, and joint by joint, approaching the seat of life as slowly as possible, that the torture might be the more lingering, till at last the whole body was hacked and sliced in pieces, and the limbs dropped asunder. Even women were put to death in this manner because they were related to rebels.

"Experiment."—Photographic portraits of cabinet size look best when painted in water colors. The photograph needs no preparation. Proceed as in miniature painting, and when finished, glaze the hair and deeper shades with a wash of gum arabic.

A DISH OF TEA.

How many lovers of the cup that "cheers but not inebriates," of Dr. Johnson's famous beverage, the article of luxury so endearingly associated with our national history, know much about it except that they like it amazingly? The ancients—poor, benighted creatures, were ignorant of its virtues, and it is idle for a punning sophomore to quote Martial's line,

"Nec tecum possum vivere nec sine te,"

as a proof of the contrary. Let us, therefore, while the urn is diffusing its fragrance over the supper-table, say a few words about this Chinese plant. The well-known Camellia Japonica is of the same family as the tea-shrub. Both have the same firm, dark, glossy green leaves, both the same kind of flower, consisting of five white petals—which encircle the seed-vessel in the centre. These flowers are about an inch in diameter when spread out. The fruit contains two or three seeds of a mouse color, and from these seeds plants may be raised. The first which were brought to Europe were presented to Linnæus, but they did not germinate, and his friend and pupil, Osbeck, undertook to bring him a growing plant on his return from China; but it was washed overboard in a storm off the Cape of Good Hope. In 1763, however, some seeds which had germinated on the voyage home arrived safely at Gottenburg, and were transferred by the great botanist to the gardens at Upsal. Five years later, living plants were brought into England.

When tea was first introduced into Europe, in the seventeenth century, it was a costly article, the price being about fifteen dollars a pound. When Garway, the founder of a celebrated London coffee-house, advertised it at ten shillings, or $2.50 a pound, some fifteen years later, it had already been denounced as interfering with the sale of beer and other liquors; and in 1660 a duty of eight pence per gallon was levied upon "all the liquor produced from tea which was made and sold in coffee houses." Notwithstanding this great discouragement, it gradually went on making its way, till at last it became one of the most important articles of British commerce, and the duty was no longer levied upon the infusion, but upon the article itself. Previously to Garway's advertisement, it was considered exclusively a luxury for the highest classes.

The principal varieties of tea are known as Souchong, Pekoe, Congou, Hyson, Gunpowder, and Singlo. The first three are black teas, the last three, green. Souchong is the first gathering—like our early green peas, the most prized. Pekoe, still young leaves, is nearly equal to it. Congou, and several other commoner kinds, all consist of the full-grown leaf. When you have paid for Souchong, or Pekoe, and find a large serrated leaf amongst the tea-leaves, you may be sure that Congou and cheaper sorts have been mixed with the sample from which the infusion has been made. Hyson is composed of the most delicate leaves, all carefully picked, and dried with less heat than Souchong or Pekoe. Hence its more delicate color. Singlo is named after the mountain upon which it grows; and Gunpowder, the dearest of all teas, is manipulated of the most tender leaves, of their full size. Green teas are dyed, and often frequently known to affect the nerves, particularly in persons subject to tic doloreux and neuralgic complaints, to create nausea, and to prevent sleep.

If we take a map of China, and mark with a pencil a line at twenty degrees of northern latitude, and another at thirty-one degrees, we shall include all the tea districts of the Celestial Empire. Further north, the island of Japan is equally suited for the growth of tea; and this is attributed to the influence of the sea-air, which renders the climate mild. The finest tea is grown in the country about Nankin, situated midway between Pekin and Canton, where the climate is mild and temperate. The leaves are gathered one by one; and, tedious as the operation may seem, the daily average thus collected by each laborer is said to be four, ten, or fifteen pounds, according to the size of the leaves at the period of each of the three tea harvests. The first harvest is towards the latter end of February, the second about the beginning of April, and the third in June. The finest shrubs frequently grow on the steep declivities of hills, where it would be dangerous and often impracticable to gather them. Chinese ingenuity has discovered a method of obtaining these. These hills are the resort of large monkeys, which, like those of Upper India, possess an instinctive knowledge that "unity is strength," and act in concert. The tea-gatherers have only to irritate one of these, and immediately the whole body rush up to the top of the trees, tear off the branches, and hurl them down in defiance at their tormentors. The Chinese call the green tea *Bing-tcha*, and the black tea *Bou tcha*, which is equivalent to our Bohea. In the tea-districts, everybody cultivates the shrubs, and the poorest cottage there has its "tea-garden." Even the priests who attend the temples are tea-farmers, and the hills with trees surrounding she Pagodas, so often depicted upon our plates and dishes, represent the tea plantations of these servitors of the idols of Chinese paganism.

The properties of tea have been much extolled, and no doubt, moderately and properly taken, it acts as a gentle astringent and mild corroborative, giving tone to the stomach, and assisting digestion. It quenches thirst more readily than most fluids, and refreshes the spirits in heaviness and sleepiness. These qualities seem to be admitted on all hands, yet the most careful inquirers regard it as a narcotic, the stimulating period of which is the most conspicuous and of longest duration. Hence, for very young children it is improper, as, like all narcotics, it is apt to produce a morbid state of the brain and nervous system. In persons who do not take much active exercise, particularly in the female sex, tea promotes healthy bile, and assists digestion materially; and to those whose diet is chiefly vegetable, it is most beneficial from the same cause. As in all things given us for our good, we should commit no excess in its use, and as a general rule it may be observed, that tea should never be taken till about four hours after any solid repast, and that it is less proper for breakfast than for the evening meal.

Fountains in England.—Drinking fountains continue to be erected in many of the large towns in England, and of late are being scattered along the various lines of railway, at the different stations. The movement is considered an important auxiliary to the temperance reform.

Hiawatha Hair Restorative.—People who have used this preparation declare that it is miraculous in its effects, and that it will perform all that it pretends to do. We refer the reader to the advertisement in another column.

Amusing and Instructive.—Read Mr. Underwood's advertisement in another column about those little twenty-five cent marvels, which he sends by mail.

CLAUDE LORRAINE.

This eminent artist has met the fate of many landscape painters. His name is on the lips of many, it figures on the lifeless catalogues of old masters, and is heard in pedantic academical discourses, but few know and appreciate his works. While hundreds hang enraptured over a stirring battle-piece, or gaze admiringly upon a lovely form, or a group of luscious fruits, few linger over the enchanted canvass on which the true interpreter of nature has stamped her radiant image.

Claude learned to love nature in his earliest infancy, as he wandered through the fields of Lorraine, where he was born. Left an orphan at an early age, Nature became to him a second mother. Those who saw him wandering, rapt and silent among the trees, the rocks and meadows, deemed him devoid of ordinary intelligence. How could they divine the secret links already forging between the soul of this poor child and the great living heart of the universe? He owed the elements of his art to one of his brothers, a wood-engraver. Another relative took him to Rome, the capital of art, where, undismayed by the narrowest poverty, he began to study painting with enthusiastic ardor. With the exception of a brief visit to his native place, he passed his life in Italy, where he died, at Rome, in 1682, at a very advanced age. It is said that at one period of his career, necessity compelled him to accept a menial employment in a pastry-cook's kitchen, but this is not generally credited. It is better established that at Rome he was at once the servant and pupil of the painter Tassi. This inferior condition, in which penury long retained him, must have doubtless contributed to keep up those habits of restraint, embarrassment and want of confidence, whence some of his biographers have concluded that he was an ignorant and uncultivated man. Ignorant! O, sublime ignorance! how many of his contemporaries might have advantageously exchanged all their knowledge for the ignorance of Claude! Is it not an abuse of language and fact to qualify as educated and cultivated minds those only which are sent forth by the schools and colleges?

Stupidity and ignorance often walk into the world with a diploma. Science is a vast volume, of which the most learned, alas! have conned but a few pages. Shall we refuse the credit of self-culture to those who have not scanned the same pages as ourselves? Granted that you can read the classic poets in their own tongues, that you venerate them because they describe nature admirably, and have made you understand and love her. Well, Claude Lorraine not only could read Nature herself, and comprehend and love her without the aid of the poets, but he has described as faithfully and harmoniously to your eyes, as Theocritus and Virgil have painted her to your ears.

Claude was wont to wander whole days, alone, amidst the glorious scenery of Italy. He took no drawing or painting materials with him—he neither sketched nor colored on the spot—but he mirrored in his heart the beauties that intoxicated his soul, and his memory of the landscape, flung in rainbow tints upon the canvass, was beautiful and radiant with the glory of truth. Yet certain biographers have informed us that "Claude never painted from nature."

A PLEASANT SPECIFIC.—Many persons suffer rather than take nauseous medicines, and this is not to be wondered at. All such who suffer from coughs, colds, or irritation of the bronchial tubes, and a tendency to consumption, will find in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry a remedy as agreeable to the palate as it is efficacious in removing disease. The great success of this popular medicine has led to many imitations being thrown before the public, but the genuine article may be known by its always having "I. Butts" written upon the wrapper which covers each package.

MONUMENT TO EUGENIE.—The ladies of Milan have opened a subscription for erecting a marble monument in honor of the empress Eugenie, on which will be inscribed the gratitude and the hopes of Italy.

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.—An astounding reform for the metropolis is the recent change in the observance of the Sabbath by the closing up of rum-shops.

MR. TEN BROECK.—The friends of this gentleman are jubilant over his recent successes on the English turf.

NAPOLEON III.

Louis Napoleon is a close but judicious imitator of Napoleon the Great. In his military operations in Italy he adopted the spirit of the great captain, with such modifications in practice as the progress of military science demanded. In his care of the wounded he followed his great exemplar. Before leaving Italy he visited all the hospitals, distributing decorations of the Legion of Honor, and speaking a kind word to every sufferer. An enthusiastic Napoleonist writes from Milan: "We shall not attempt to paint the impression produced on us by this distribution of crosses and medals to the patient and courageous soldiers, whose features, in spite of suffering, were illuminated by a beam of happiness as they touched the glorious hand that bestowed on them the rewards of bravery and military honor. What a picture we might make of each of the scenes we have witnessed! One, especially, profoundly touched us. The emperor, deeply interested in the appearance of a youthful sufferer, whose beautiful but perceptibly changed face expressed the deadliest suffering, approached his bedside, spoke to him gently and encouragingly, and placed a medal in his hand. But that hand, which so lately grasped his weapon with energy, now inert, permitted the medal to elude it, and it fell upon the floor. The emperor then stooped, picked up the medal and placed it near the heart of the poor sufferer. The pencil of Titian, picked up by the emperor Charles V., was doubtless a noble homage rendered by crowned royalty to the royalty of age and genius; but the decoration raised by the emperor Napoleon III., and piously placed on the heart of a dying private soldier, is a homage rendered to valor, which touches the heart more nearly than the courtesy of Charles V."

THE THREE OAKS.

A favorite haunt of ours is on a hillside in Waltham, that dips abruptly down into a verdant valley, embowered with trees and guarded by wooded hills, a sylvan solitude, with only a farm house here and there to associate the idea of man with that of nature. It is refreshing to a toil-worn man to sit here on the grass beside a spring that bubbles forth with diamond-like sparkle and purity beneath the guardian arms of three huge white-oak trees, the monarchs of the woodland. There those sentinels have stood for ages. The Indian children played beneath their branches long before Columbus planted the royal standard of Castile and Arragon upon St. Salvador; long, long before the Pilgrims set foot upon the immortal Rock. They have long since attained their full gigantic stature, yet their raiment is of the brightest green, and their limbs are as strong and unyielding as if hewn out of the solid rock. Defiant of the blast, when other trees are tossing in the fierce tempest, they stand motionless, sublime, looking down upon the strife of elements, as if masters of the storm. The blast may rend their foliage, but it shakes them not. But in the pleasant sunshine, the gentler airs wake melodies among their fluttering leaves, than which no out-door music is more soothing.

A CURIOSITY.—John J. Dyer & Co, No. 35 School Street, Boston, have just published a most novel "ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK." It is in a large quarto form, and contains Five Hundred Pictures upon every conceivable subject of every-day life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and, in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for young and old. It is the first book of the kind, and the cheapest, we have ever seen. Any person enclosing twenty-five cents to the publisher, in letter-stamps or silver, will receive a copy, *post-paid*, by return of mail. Here is something to amuse the family circle the coming long evenings.

DON'T BELIEVE IN NEWSPAPERS.—A woman in Chicago was chided for not going to see her husband, who had been badly injured. Her excuse was, that she had only heard of it through the papers, and "they don't always tell the truth."

A TRUE EULOGY.—The N. Y. Evening Post says, Mr. Choate was so true and perfect a husband and father that no thought of his being a great man ever entered the household.

FOR THE SEA SIDE.—What mechanical apparatus do the pretty bathers at Newport remind us of? Diving bell(e)s.

Wayside Gatherings.

Miss Maggie Mitchell, the actress, was presented with a valuable riding-horse, a short time since, by her admirers in Richmond, Virginia.

The citizens of St. Louis, at the recent election, by a vote of 7413 against 5292, decided to have the liquor shops closed on the Sabbath.

Carlo Petti, the distinguished violinist, was recently married at Providence, R. I., to Miss Effie Germon, the pretty and popular actress.

The frigate Chesapeake, captured by the Shannon in 1812, has been enlarged and converted into a propeller, and is now the British flag ship in the China seas.

A Cincinnati judge has decided that a Jew is not bound to respect the Christian Sabbath, but may pursue his usual avocation on that day, if he observes the Jewish Sabbath.

The Bangor Whig states that Asa Burnham and sons, of that city, have cut and secured the present season forty-six tons of good English hay from seventeen acres of land.

A fly trap, invented by a Yankee, which costs only one dollar, caught in a dining-room in a hotel in Manchester, N. H, seventeen hundred flies in one minute.

Michael Joy, a Chicago hackman, in jail at Joliet on a five years' sentence, has just fallen heir to a fortune of $30,000, left to him by a brother in California.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has décided that the city, town and county bonds of that State are constitutional, and are not affected by the clause restricting the indebtedness of the State.

The wheat crops of Utah are reported as a failure. Grasshoppers are innumerable and very destructive in some of the lower counties, whilst backwardness of the season in the north is proving equally fatal.

A short time since a female on the Rome and Watertown, N. Y., railroad deliberately threw her little infant, about eleven months old, out of the car window, killing it instantly. She was arrested.

The New Londoners devote themselves to catching sharks for summer amusement. The last one reported by the Chronicle was 10 feet long, 7 1-2 feet in circumference, and weighed over 700 pounds.

As Mr. Wm. L. Fairchild, of Utica, Miss., was returning home from a neighbor's, in a buggy, on the 18th ult., accompanied by his wife and child, a tree fell across the road and killed them all, husband, wife and child.

La Mountain, the balloonist, is building a new aerial ship at Lansinburgh, N. Y., tocost $5000, with which he promises to try a voyage across the Atlantic. Some New Yorkers furnish the money.

A safety railroad car has been constructed at Paterson for the Boston and Worcester Railroad. It is of iron, with braces and girdlers, and is intended to be strong enough to stand a heavy shock, even the rolling down a precipice.

A wild cat was shot in Warner, N. H., some days ago, which weighed twenty and one-half pounds. The length of its body was three feet, and its reach from toe to toe, the feet being extended before and behind, seven feet.

A pretty girl attended a ball out West, recently, decked off in short dress and pants. The other ladies were shocked! She quietly remarked that if they would pull up their dresses about the neck as they ought to be, their skirts would be as short as hers!

Recently, a can of oil of vitriol was travelling in the mail car on the New York Central Railroad. It tipped over and its contents were spilled upon the mail bags, eating them so rapidly that they had to be stopped and remained short of their destination.

A farmer named West Irving, in Franklin, Delaware county, N. Y., was instructing his son in the use of the scythe, and while the boy was swinging the instrument, it struck the father on the thigh, dividing some of the principal arteries, and the unfortunate man bled to death in fifteen minutes.

Prof. Maury of the National Observatory, has been invited by the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company to form one of the Consulting Committee to investigate and advise the directors as to the best arrangement of the external form, specific gravity and electrical construction of the next cable.

A firm in Philadelphia have manufactured a splendid sewing machine to be presented to the Empress Eugenie. The case and table of the machine are made of wood from Mount Vernon, and gold, silver and steel are elaborately worked up in the manufacture of the other portions of the machine.

It is said the Croton water used in New York has a strong taste of dish-cloths, as if it had done some service in a kitchen before it reached the consumer, although it is as crystalline as ever. The usual remedial measure for all impurities in the water—a discharge of the main pipes—has been tried, but without success.

George Leith died near Montreal lately, at the great age of 100 years and 7 months. He served forty years in the British navy, and was in the battle of Copenhagen. On the 5th ult, he walked to Montreal, three miles and a half, in one hour, to draw his pension, and on the day he died he was hoeing in his garden, apparently in perfect health. He died while sitting in his chair.

Sands of Gold.

.. . The sun seems to shine more sweetly on truth flourishing in beauty.—*Jerrold.*

.. We agree better in the homage rendered to virtue than on its attributes; and if we adore it, it is as the unknown God.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words, is a niggard in deed. —*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

.... There is but one greater absurdity than that of a man aiming to know himself, which is, for him to think he knows himself.—*Bovee.*

.... As the organ of speech supposes the organ of hearing, so the instinct of complaint supposes the sentiment of compassion.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Right is a plant of slow growth. You cannot tell how long Justice herself was a baby at the breast of Truth, before Justice could run alone.—*Jerrold.*

.... Wit may be a thing of pure imagination, but humor involves sentiment and character. Humor is of a genial quality, and is closely allied to pity.—*Henry Giles.*

.... Wit should exalt an appetite, not provoke disgust. Wit, without wisdom, is salt without meat; and that is but a comfortless dish to set a hungry man down to.—*Bishop Horne.*

.... In the assurance of strength, there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.—*Bovee.*

.... Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt, and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort—our strength grows out of our weakness.—*Emerson.*

.... Nature has given women two painful but heavenly gifts, which distinguish them, and often raise them above human nature—compassion and enthusiasm.—*Lamartine.*

.... Faith and will are the two maternal birds which nourish courage and performance; the one gives us confidence in ourselves, the other enables us to secure the confidence of those whom we would conquer or control.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... Let youth cherish sleep, the happiest of earthly boons, while yet it is at its command; for there cometh the day to all, when "neither the voice of the lute nor the birds" shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fell on their young eyes as unbidden as the dews.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

.... It is undoubtedly a duty to acquire riches, not for the condition which they make, but for the power they confer. The wisdom, however, properly to employ them, demands even more earnest study and honest endeavor.—*W. G. Simms.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is killing bees like a confession? Because you unbuzz'um.

Why is a fool's speech like a poor man's pocket? Because it wants sense (cents).

What is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow? One skims the milk, and the other the water.

About the only person we ever heard of that was not spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew, named Daniel.

A histrionic party, who has heard a good deal about the "Theatre of War," suggests that the back seats must be desirable.

Don't expect to be called a good fellow a moment longer than you consent to do precisely what other people wish you to do.

What is the difference between a man who keeps dogs, and one who has nine walking sticks? One owns ca-nines and the other nine canes.

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like *arrows*? Because they can't go off without a *beau*, and are all in a *quiver* till they get one.

"Boy, why did you take an armful of my brushwood on Sunday?" "Why, sir, mother wanted some kindling wood, and I didn't like to split wood on *Sunday*."

There is a man down east, rather a facetious fellow, whose name is New. He named his first child Something: it was Something New. The next child was Nothing: it being Nothing New.

An Irish advertisement.—If the gentleman who keeps a shoe store with a red head, will return the umbrella of a young lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to her advantage.

Some one, on reading a placard of the opera in which Madame Dorus *Gras* was to sing the character allotted to Miss *Hayes*, said "he wondered how the substitution of *grass* for *hays* would be relished in the *stalls*."

"Ma, didn't the minister say, last Sunday, that sparks flew upward?" "Yes, my dear; how came you to think of it?" "Because yesterday I saw Cousin Sally's spark staggering down the street, and fall downward."

A fellow from the country, being treated to a glass of wild cherry compound, thus exclaimed, as soon as he got the pucker out of his mouth: "Gosh! I guess those *cherries* were so *wild* that the man didn't catch very many of them."

A doctor ordered one of his patients to drink flour of sulphur and water; the patient expressed his disgust by significant grimaces. "It is only the first glass that is hard to drink," said the doctor. "Then," rejoined the invalid, "I will begin with the second."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG OF THE MARINER'S WIFE.

BY E. M. ATLAND.

By the low casement where I am reclining,
Pause, gentle breeze, on thy way to the sea;
Linger a moment where roses are twining,
Linger and carry a message for me:
Speed on thy flight to the measureless ocean!
Seek on the waves for the one I love best—
Whisper of holy, unchanging devotion—
Speak to his spirit of home and of rest.

When the bright sunset is gracefully flinging
Over the fair earth her rose-colored vest—
When the sweet voices of twilight are ringing,
And the first pale star shines out in the west,
Say that I watch till the glory is faded,
Breathing a prayer as the shadows grow dim.
That his life's sunlight may never be shaded,
And that no sorrow may rest upon him.

Twice hath the summer in beauty and gladness
Filled with her garlands the blossoming bowers,
Since o'er my spirit a shadow of sadness
Came with the breath of the opening flowers—
Since the sweet dream of enchantment that bound me
Fled at the whisper that said we must part—
Since mid the music and sunshine around me,
Woke the sad wail of a desolate heart.

Wearily, sadly my pathway of duty
Still I am treading, uncheered and alone—
Still the sweet angels of Hope and of Beauty
Smile as they smiled ere this sorrow was known;
But from their loveliness mournfully turning,
Onward I move in my wearisome way,
E'en in the depth of my loneliness learning
Calmly to watch, to endure, and to pray.

Hear, O, my Father, the prayer now ascending:
Speed his lone bark on her devious way,
Let thy bright angels from heaven descending,
Guard and defend her where'er she may stray—
Watch o'er my dear one, where'er he is roaming.
Make not his grave in the dim caverned sea,
And when these roses once more are in blooming,
Guide him in safety to home and to me!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SETTING SUNBEAM.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

I, Elsie Cameron, am now fast approaching that period of life which the Psalmist of Israel notes as the appointed term of man's years. Threescore years have nearly won their silent lapse, and the milestones that mark them are not rough hewn and rugged, but smoothly and evenly cut; and having their tops garlanded with flowers, wild but sweet, and not with the purple blossom of the thistle. The birds that have sung in my bower have had few notes of wo intermingled with their strains of gladness, and, altogether, my life has been like "the light and loveliness of a song"—not in its duration, but in its beauty. The saddest tears I have ever shed have been for the woes of others. A few, a very few sorrows have darkened my life, but I have accepted them thankfully and humbly, as the meet reward for my short-comings.

Bright faces of brave sons and beautiful daughters, growing up to manhood and womanhood, have shed light and beauty over my home. They have found kindred spirits to mingle with theirs, and have lain *their* children in my lap, before a single hair of my head had begun to blanch, or the ruddy smoothness of youth had paled from my cheek.

It was a favorite theory with me, which I had unconsciously adopted from some author whom I had read in early youth, that every person finds a mate on earth. The fact that so many pass through life single and apparently unblessed, is no refutation of the theory. I do not say that the mate is not lost after a brief finding, but I believe still that it is always found.

She who sits apart from the world, nursing her own loneliness until it becomes bitterness, and at whom the world flouts and throws its stale and jeering appellation of old maid, may have the image of him in her heart who was the beloved of her youth. A word—a look—slight as the cobweb, light as the summer's faintest airs—may have put the two souls apart for this world; but who shall say that she did not find him who perhaps in the purer and clearer and more truthful atmosphere of another world will be her's forever? He who "totters o'er the ground with his cane," for whose return no wife sits at the fireside at home, with watching and loving eyes, is there not a face that comes in the band of smiling girls which memory calls up, whose rosy blushes came for him alone? And what though she may have bound herself to another, forgetting, or perhaps unconscious of his devotion, is it not she whom, in dreams, whether sleeping or waking, he calls his own?

So I, Elsie Cameron, wedded as I was at sixteen, by the command of my parents, to one who was old enough to be my grandfather, and who brought me away from the dear Scottish hills, all blooming with the purple heather, left behind me the truest and simplest heart that ever beat; and he, not the man whom I married, was my mate. I knew it then, but I put away the thought, and made myself cheerful, and even happy, in the relation thus forced upon me; was a true and attentive wife to my husband, and cherished no sentiment that could not have been innocently proclaimed in the public streets at noonday. And when the grave closed over the father of my children, I shed true and sincere tears above it. He was my friend, my guardian, my protector, but Heaven, which orders the destinies of mortals, could never have designed him for my mate. On the purple-clad heaths of Scotland my spirit could look, and I beheld him still there. He was the husband, too, of another—a soft, sweet, spiritual creature, whose life was exhaled as the dew-drop on the rose. She lived but to clasp an infant to her breast, and died, blessing the loving heart which she had deemed was all her own.

I sat long in my widowhood, watching with a true and loving mother's heart the destinies of my children. They were all good and beautiful to me, though differing widely from each other, as one star differs from another in glory. The same love of their mother was all that I could recognize as alike in them.

My Willie's golden curls were ever resting on my bosom, and Henry's brave arm was ever held out to support me in my walks, while Madeline's tender eyes would look upon me most lovingly, and Eva's light footsteps would be dancing joyously in my pathway. Often, as this smiling group assembled before me, have I wished that McIvor could see them all. It was not a wish that I needed to blush at feeling. He was free from earthly ties, and so was I. The memory of our childhood and our early youth came back to me like a sweet dream, "when one awaketh," and I saw nothing that could be imputed to me as disrespect to the remembrance of my honored husband, in the thoughts that involuntarily floated over the purple heather of my country.

But think not that the wish ever made me restless or unhappy. It did not; far, far away in the future—I knew not, and cared not, whether it was on earth or in heaven—I knew in the serenest depths of my own soul that Hugh McIvor would be mine. I was willing to accept this waiting time, nor ever wished to urge the time of our meeting faster than it came.

My sweet Madeline was the first to leave our hearth for that of a stranger. Tenderly she was wooed and won by one of her own age and station. Her tender eyes would never overflow with tears for unkindness; for Russell Fleming was good and noble, and I gave her to him without a pang.

For Eva I had more apprehension. Mr. Marion was older than herself by full twenty-two years. It was a great disparity, and I trembled lest Eva would learn to feel that he was unsuitable for her bright, laughing ways. I could have better trusted him with Madeline; but I needed not to fear for Eva. She idolized the sober, serious man, so greatly wiser and better than her giddy self, and made a pattern wife and mother. Willie and Henry stayed with me long after their sisters left; but after a few years, they brought home to me two new daughters on the same night, and entreated me to put them in the place of Eva and Madeline.

Eva's child, Valeria Marion, had stayed with me more than half the time since she was born—the loveliest child, to my partial fancy, that ever gladdened the earth. She was my first grandchild, and dearest. If mothers are forbidden to have favorites among their little flock, surely grandmothers need not be exempted from that privilege; grandmothers too whose own years number less than thirty-five. Eva was married even younger than myself, and when Valeria was born, it was on my thirty-third birthday.

"Now, Valeria," said Eva to her child, one day when she came to fetch her for a month's stay in the hottest part of the year, "now, Valeria, you shall not say grandmother, it shall be Mama Cameron."

"No, no!" said the child, shaking her curls in pretty wilfulness. "She is grandmother, and nobody else."

"Let her call me so, Eva," said I. "It is best for the truth to be told."

"But, mother, you look younger than I do now. It is perfectly absurd to call you grandmother."

"The absurdity, dear Eva," returned I, gravely, "must rest with those who have so prematurely made me so."

So Eva, and afterwards the troop of little Willies, Arthurs, Carries and Julias, who flocked to my hearth, and brought each a ray of sunshine and a breath of soft air to my dwelling, henceforth called me grandmother, and I petted them, knitted mittens and comforters, and made them seedcakes, with as much interest as any old lady of sixty would do for her rising generation of grandchildren.

But when they were all gone away, and I sat alone in the gathering twilight, I felt a something in my heart that told me that this premature old age was not what I ought to have. The love of children and grandchildren was a serene, gentle sort of affection that seemed a part of myself. It was, in fact, a part of myself, and had little of the nobleness and heroism of that love which sacrifices. I had no sacrifices to make. My objects of tenderness were all guarded and cared for without my interposition. They asked no devotion from me—needed none; and, sooth to say, there were times when Grandmother Cameron was a dead letter among her descendants, because none of her said descendants were sick enough or sorry enough to want her nursing or sympathy. A little poor health, a slight feverish attack, or any common disease, would have sent the whole troop after me; but they were hopelessly healthy and strong, and not even a cut finger ever seemed to destroy the equanimity and happiness of my grandchildren.

My life was in danger of running to waste in this manner, for several years. In lack of having anything to do, however, I employed myself in reading. I made ample notes, too, of what I read, classifying and arranging them under various heads, making almost a complete encyclopedia. Then, for my means were ample enough to carry out my whims, I became enamored of gardening, and I sowed and planted, and laid out flower borders, and studied all the books upon gardening, until some new scheme arose in my mind, and I went straight to another sort of hobby-riding. Strange that I did not fall upon spiritualism or mesmerism, or some of the popular isms of the day; but I kept aloof from them religiously. Neither tippings nor rappings tickled my fancy in the least. I was not unhappy through all this, but I was restless.

Little Valeria still held the highest rank in my affections. She it was that had first invested me with the venerable name of grandmother, and I owed her the first duty of one. She spent much time with me, and it was by her growth chiefly that I marked my own increasing years. How time sped! Valeria sprang all at once upon my astonished gaze a girl of sixteen, and already with an admirer of her own. I waked up to the fact when she had spent several months at a boarding-school, not far from a certain college. She had gone away as a child—she returned a young lady, with one of the young collegians dangling in her train. Poor girl! hard study and watching (not with the sick) had made her look as old as her grandmother.

It was a warm, sultry evening in August, the yellow moon hung over the earth, looking almost like the sun, so bright and golden was its lustre. I had taken my seat in the bay window, where its beams came through the tangled vines. I believe that a bit of the old romance which my early marriage had defrauded from my life, came up just then. If the lapse of years takes away Hope from us, it at least leaves us Memory; and Memory now was knocking very loudly at my heart. I stood again on the puple heather, a girl in white snood and gay tartan, purple and green like the mountains, and Hugh McIvor was at my side, with his young, bright face all aglow with the first flush of love's young dream—that dream than which there is "nothing half so sweet in life."

I started rom my reverie, thinking how very idle and foolish all these reminiscences had become. It was like hanging garlands over the dead; but I sat and dreamed it all over again, and secretly mourned that all that is bright should be so fleeting. I had had no youth. The "golden time of youthful prime" had never been mine. I was but a mere child when I was married, and the years that would have been bright and gay, were devoted—I must not say sacrificed—to one who, although kind and good, was scarcely the mate which a young and lively girl like myself, full of merry fancies and real Scotch gaiety, would have chosen.

I, who would have gladly danced and sung like a free child of the mountains, was chained down to dull formality, to the severe and rigid proprieties of life, and was wearing the quiet badge of widowhood when the childish curls were still escaping from its prim restraint.

And I was forty nine and a grandmother! At this moment Valeria came upon me in my quiet recess. The moonbeams showed her where to find me, and the dear girl passed her arm caressingly around me, and said:

"Why, grandmother, you look like a queen here in your fairy bower. Lean over into the moonlight, and let me look at you. You are beautiful as a girl to-night, with your pale, delicate face shining under the moonbeams. What are you sitting here alone for?"

"Waiting for the lover that did not come to me in my youth, dearest," I answered, laughingly.

"I do believe that he is coming now," said the girl, in her innocent gaiety. "See, he comes up the garden walk, and he has a most noble air too."

A voice was asking for Mrs. Cameron the next minute, at the door, and that voice came to me like the strains of remembered music, such as comes to us with the murmur of long, long ago. My heart leaped at the sound, just as it had done thirty years before; but a grave, old lady of nearly fifty must have no *sensations*, so I sat perfectly still.

"Grandmother is here, sir," said a younger sister of Valeria who happened to be visiting me that week, and she ushered the stranger in, with a broad glare of light that dissipated all the paintings which had come before me, into "dissolving views."

A stout, "canny" Scotchman followed in little Juliet's wake, as she came in, and the broad light glanced full on a face that absolutely shone and glowed with health and cheerfulness. The brown hair was thick and luxuriant with large curls—not a shadow of gray had yet dimmed their brightness. My bit of romance lay shattered and broken; but from its shivered remnants there arose something better and more real, and I clasped the honest hand of Hugh McIvor, with the conviction that nowhere in the wide world could be found a truer or more earnest man, than the one who stood before me.

During my married state, I had heard passages of his life that reflected honor and credit on his name; and wherever he was known, there was some memorial of his goodness, his integrity and his benevolence. I was proud to think that this man was my early friend—nay, my lover even. The children ran out, leaving "grandmother" alone with the stranger. We talked earnestly of what was past, paid meet tribute to the memories of those who had gone out from our homes, and then he asked me if I would go to brighten a home for him again on the banks of the Firth.

"But I am already a grandmother, Hugh. You would not marry a woman who can count grandchildren by the half dozen?"

"Then let a poor, lonely man, who has neither kith nor kin—nothing but a true heart and a store of useless pelf, useless because unshared—let him, I say, take part and place in the family circle, and feel once more that he is not utterly alone. Let your children be my children, and your grandchildren be mine also. Suffer me to believe that my life is not always to be solitary; and it will be so, if you do not come with me, for I will never see another woman in the place of my lost Alice, save yourself, whom I loved even before I knew the angel that brightened my life for a brief year, and then passed away with her child upon her unbeating heart."

What could I say? Was he not my first, my only real beloved? And if long years had parted us, was it worth our while to keep divided because of the rude and jeering speeches of the world? Yet I could not answer for myself then, and I begged a day to think over what he had said.

"Delightful! I never heard anything so pleasant in my life," said Valeria, when I made her my confidant. "Grandmother will make a splendid bride, Juliet. You and I will dress her. It will be the first instance on record, although there are a good many cases where the reverse takes place."

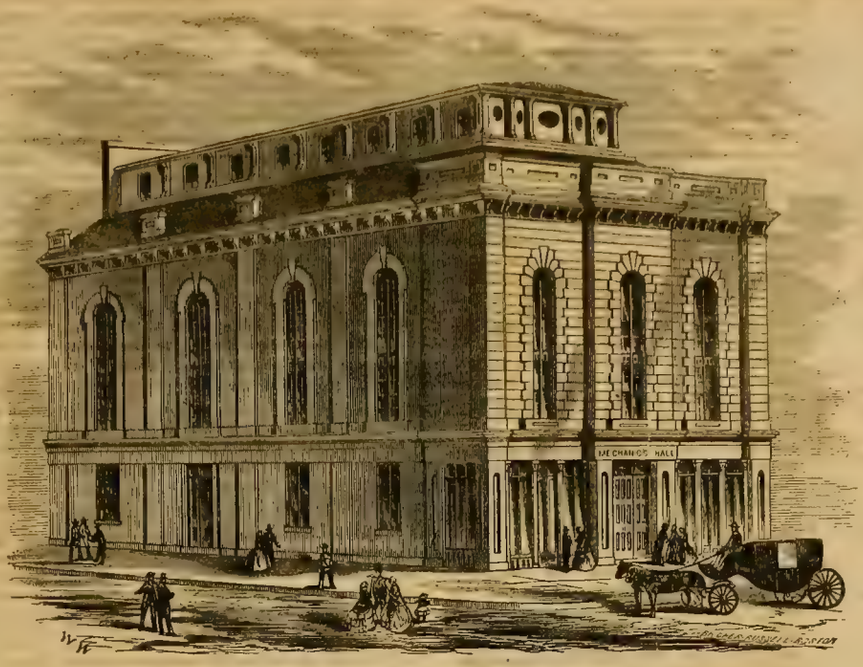
"Nonsense, child! making game of your grandmother!"

"No, indeed!" said the dear girl, laying her head on my shoulder. "I am only too glad that amongst all the happiness which seems to be coming to our family (she blushed a little at this), that grandmother is not left to be happy only in our reflected joy."

And so it is fixed that Hugh and myself, parted so long, shall take up the broken link in the chain that was severed in our youth, and that he shall come out of the loneliness in which he has lived, giving to me and mine his pure and true heart in exchange for the love we shall all bear for him.

"Too late!" did I hear you say, youthful reader? I will have a little talk with you about that, when you are of my age—and I am eighty or thereabouts. Opinions change wonderfully with years, and so will yours, depend on it, my smiling friend, whose handsome, youthful face looks so rosy now. In a few years the roses will begin to fade away and grow dull. But do you suppose that the human heart within you is going to wither? No more than the shining brown nut withers because the leaves on its native tree have turned sere and fallen to the ground!

> Believe it not—though lonely
> Thy evening home may be;
> That Beauty's bark can only
> Float on a summer sea;
> Though Time thy bloom be stealing,
> There's still beyond his art,
> The wild flower wreaths of feeling,
> The sunbeam of the heart."



THE NEW MECHANICS' HALL, PORTLAND, MAINE.

MECHANICS' HALL, PORTLAND.

This fine building, a view of which is here given, and which was completed by the "Maine Charitable Mechanic Association" in February, 1859, is located on land purchased of Mr. John Russell, for $6000. It stands on the corner of Casco and Congress Streets, in a most prominent and central position. It is erected from a plan by that well-known architect, T. J. Sparrow, Esq., and was built under his eye, and from his suggestions throughout. The result is an elegant and artistic building, being what was confidently expected from his well-known ability in this department. It has a front on Congress street of 54 feet 4 inches, and its depth on Casco Street is 97 feet. On the first floor in the rear, is the Library Room, 51 feet 4 inches by 27 feet 2 inches, and 15 feet 2 inches high. In front are two stores, 18 feet 4 inches wide, and between them is the principal entrance, 13 feet 4 inches wide, continued to the Library Room and communicating with an entrance six feet in width from Casco Street. In the wide entrance are the stairs leading to the large Hall, which is on the second floor, and also to all the upper portions of the building. The Hall is 33 feet in height and 51 feet 4 inches by 66 feet long from the rear of the building to the two reception rooms in front, which are over and of the width of the stores, and communicating with the hall and stairway. Over these are two private rooms—one for ladies and one for gentlemen—the floors of which are 12 feet above that of the hall. These rooms are fitted with water-closets, etc., complete in every respect, in the most workmanlike manner. Communication is had by iron galleries and stairs from these rooms to the hall floor, near the speaker's platform at the rear of the hall. There are other rooms over these, fitted for a kitchen, store-room, pantry, crockery, glass-ware, etc. The dormer story rises about eight feet above the roof of the main building. This is finished for a supper-room. It is 14 feet in height, 76 feet long by 24 feet wide between the queen posts, and recessed four feet outside of these and under the main roof, making the width of the floor 32 feet. The floor of this room is on the beams, and has a gallery across the front for a look-out (giving a grand view of the city and environs), and will accommodate a small orchestra. The height of the building from the sidewalk to the main cornice is 50 feet 6 inches; to top of the dormer story, 64 feet 6 inches. The building is admirably arranged and constructed. The large hall is a most beautiful one, and well adapted for concerts, lectures, balls, or exhibitions of various kinds. It is finely arranged for sound, and is pronounced one of the best music halls in New England. Since its completion, it has been much in use for these various purposes, and has given good satisfaction to those who have occupied it. Mr. John B. Thaxter is the superintendent, to whom applications may be made for terms, etc., by parties desiring to use it.

BUNGALOW OF THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

In a former number of our illustrated journal, we presented a series of views depicting the inhabitants of Borneo, and took occasion in that article to speak of the adventures of Sir James Brooke, until recently Rajah of Sarawak. This gentleman, formerly an English clergyman, settled at Sarawak, and made himself so acceptable to the people, that they chose him for their rajah. Sarawak is on the north coast of Borneo, near its west side, and extends between latitude 1 and 2 North, and longitude 109° 40′, and 111° 40′ E., bounded west and south by the Krimbang Mountain, and watered by the Sarawak and its tributaries. Before Sir James Brooke's appointment as rajah, it had only 1500 inhabitants, but from the improvements he introduced—the founding of schools, a church, etc.—its prosperity increased, and the population swelled in a few years to 12,000. Sarawak enjoys an excellent climate, is rich in mineral and agricultural products, and is admirably situated for trade. It will be remembered that Sir James Brooke, who was driven from his territory by Chinese outlaws about three years since, returned with a well-armed body of men and inflicted a severe chastisement on them. We believe he has since abandoned the rajahship, and has been desirous of placing Sarawak in the hands of the British. Our engraving shows his Bungalow, a pretty residence, in a romantic spot, and surrounded by all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation. A topsail schooner lies at anchor in the little bay, and canoes manned by natives pull about the river.

THE DRAINAGE OF PARIS.

The termination of the great conductor beneath the pavement of Paris is regarded as an immense success by the engineers connected with the enterprise. This gigantic drain is considered one of the wonders of modern engineering, and is destined, it appears, to form the great artery of a system of sewerage which has long been in contemplation both for the salubrity of the city and for economy at the same time. Two of these stupendous drains are to be constructed in a line parallel with the Seine, and to conduct the refuse water of the city into a vast reservoir, whence they are to be disseminated as liquid manure over the most barren of the plains round Paris. The system adopted is that experimentalised at Berlin with such eminent success that the sandy plains in the midst of which that city is situated have been converted, within the space of a few years, into the richest meadow land in the whole of Northern Germany. The prevalence of epidemics and miasma during the autumn months in Paris has always been attributed to the immense mass of stagnant waters left to corrupt beneath the slightly covered drains which run beneath the houses, whence they creep as lazily as they list into the Seine. The new system, which will come into action in October, is considered one of the greatest benefits conferred as yet upon the inhabitants of Paris by its very liberal municipality.

All history easily revolves itself into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

BUNGALOW OF THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK, BORNEO.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MY HUSBAND.

BY BELLA J. MINTOR.

I am musing, dearest, musing,
On the time when first we met,
Down beside the sparkling waters,
Ere the gorgeous sun had set.
Unto thee old Time had given
Manhood's beauty, manhood's grace,
While I owned the sole possession
Of a childish heart and face.

Then you looked upon me, darling,
As you'd look upon a flower,
Growing up in simple freshness
In a lonely woodland bower.
But I looked upon thee, dearest,
As the little creeping vine
Looks upon the lofty elm,
Where its tendrils may entwine.

May my bosom's tendrils, loved one,
Ever round thee strongly twine,
While thine own pure, deep affections
Like bright sunbeams on me shine.
And whene'er life's path is trodden,
And our hearts from earth are riven,
May we pass together, darling,
To a happy home in heaven.

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

This rhyme
Is like the fair pearl necklace of the queen,
That burst in dancing, and the pearls were split;
Some lost, some stolen, some as relics kept.
But never more the same two sister pearls
Ran down the silken thread to kiss each other
On her white neck—so is it with this rhyme:
It lives dispersedly in many hands,
And every minstrel sings it differently;
Yet, is there one true line, the pearl of pearls:
"Man dreams of Fame, while woman wakes to love."
TENNYSON.

THE COQUETTE.

Can I again that look recall,
That once could make me die for thee?
No, no; the eye that beams on all,
Shall never more be prized by me. MOORE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—After a summer which turned out much warmer than was anticipated, we are entering on a season which has a right to give us a cool reception. Yet there is something so invigorating in our keen autumnal air, that we are sometimes inclined to give September and October the preference over all the other months of the year. At this season we always feel in the best condition for physical and mental labor; and then, in hours of relaxation, the nature in autumn affords a splendid pageant from the first advent of the frost to the fall of the leaf. Tourists are very unwise who abandon mountain and lake just when vegetation puts on those gorgeous kaleidoscopic dyes which art dares not imitate—when the leaves of walnut seem flakes of sunshine, and those of the maple are as red as any lips that were ever kissed.....The papers in various parts of the country are having a good deal to say about Colonel Thorne, one of the very rich men of New York, who led an unostentatious life in that city for some years preceding his death, but whose style of living in Paris some fifteen years ago, when the citizen-king was on the throne, afforded inexhaustible matter of comment to the French feuilletonists. The colonel vied with royalty in the splendor of his equipages and his fetes. We remember hearing how his drawing-rooms were draped with satin curtains with gold bullion fringes, and how he had "forty horses in his stable, forty covers on his table," as Baron Pompolino says or sings. "Madame De Pierres, daughter of Colonel Thorne," says the Home Journal, "is at this time a *dame d'honneur* of the Empress of the French. Her portrait makes one of the bevy of stately beauties gathered by Winterhalter's skilful pencil about the tall and graceful figure of the lovely Eugenie, in that admirable picture of an Acadian court, now become familiar to our print shops and our parlors".....Mrs. Mair, a grand-daughter of Mrs. Siddons, is giving readings from Shakspeare's plays in London. At the invitation of Lady Noel Byron, a small party of private friends recently attended the reading of "Macbeth.".....'My son,' said a philosophical old gentleman, "when draymen take the temperance pledge and the police refuse bribes, when an omnibus half empty goes the same pace as a full one, when the laws of private property extend to umbrellas, and when a bachelor in lodgings finds a shirt without a button off, then thou mayest chance to find a wife who will not object to travel without eight-and-twenty packages, and who will show herself possessed of such angelic self-denial as even to refuse thine offer of a dress simply because she thinks she doesn't need it.".....Mr. Charles Dix, son of General John A. Dix, of New York, has just returned to his studio in that city, after passing the summer making sketches and studies on the coast of Maine. Mr. Dix, though a very young man, has already achieved a high reputation as a marine painter. He is an enthusiastic lover of art, and all his pictures are painted *con amore*. They are eagerly sought after, and command high prices.....The war fever has entirely died out at Paris, and the papers are lauding peace as diligently as a few weeks since they hounded on the dogs of war. All the plays which celebrate the glory of the Zouaves and the shame of the Austrians have been swept from the bills of the boulevards, and we look for a succession of pastoral pieces in place of "drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns and thunder.".....Tennyson received five hundred dollars for his poem, "The Grandmother's Apology," published in Once a Week. We should imagine that sum would tempt the laureate to write a poem "once a week" for a series of years.....A new line of telegraph has been opened between Chicago and Fort Wayne, and in connection with Pittsburgh.....John Sibley, of Cedar Hill, New York, met with a sudden and violent death lately from a most unexpected cause. He was in the act of passing through the gate leading to his brother's house, having his knife in his hand peeling some fruit. While thus engaged, the gate, in closing, struck his arm, and drove the knife into his heart, causing a wound which proved fatal in a few hours. He died on the following morning. He was about sixteen years of age.....A New York paper says the trade with the interior promises to be the largest ever known.....The remains of Horace Mann were buried in the park immediately in front of Antioch College, where the students will erect a monument to his memory. His disease was called by some typhoid fever and by others dyspepsia; but it was literally exhaustion. He had been doing for some time work enough for two men, and he was literally worn out.....Blondin has performed such wonderful feats that an exchange thinks it would be much safer to cross the Niagara wheeled by Blondin over the rope than to trust that man trap called the Suspension Bridge.....The raftsmen on the St. Lawrence, owing to the competition between boats and cars, are carried the one hundred and seventy miles for one dollar, a rate than which the voyageur would find difficult to diminish on his floating timber home.....The lady editor of the Rockford, Illinois, Standard says: "The 'Daughters of Malta' are becoming as distinguished, and seem to be quite as benevolent in their designs, as the 'Sons of Malta' Their object is said to be to relieve widowers, destitute bachelors, dandies, Hottentots, and orphan male children. By the time the Sons obtain the control of the Island of Cuba, the Daughters confidently expect to subjugate *the Isle of Man*.".....At Black River, Michigan, is a large settlement of Hollanders. These ingenious and enterprising people are building a harbor. They have constructed two piers 300 feet into the lake, and will extend them as much further, giving ten feet of water for vessels. A channel 170 feet wide has been cut through a tongue of land; and the current of the river has washed it out to a sufficient depth for all lake craft.....The snakes brought by Prof. Christy from the South, says the Cincinnati Gazette, have been used at the Ohio Medical College, in a series of experiments to ascertain an antidote for the poison. A few days since a dog was introduced to the snake's cage, and was immediately bitten. Prof. Foote administered to him brandy containing five drachms bromine, four grains of iodide of potassium, and two grains of corrosive sublimate. He recovered in a short time. To test the question whether his recovery was due to the brandy or to the ingredients it contained in solution, another dog was suffered to be bitten, and the bromine, iodide of potassium and corrosive sublimate administered alone. An hour after he seemed to be recovering slowly. The next experiment will be to administer the brandy alone, which is claimed to be an effectual remedy.....Mr. Hume, the Medium, put his "foot into it" lately at Paris, says the Medical Times. At one of his *seeances*, one of the audience made a grab at the moment of a spiritual manifestation upon his leg, and caught in his hand the foot of Mr Hume.....The French government have determined to include in the accomplishments of the army a knowledge of the art of swimming, as a considerable number were drowned in crossing the rivers in Northern Italy.....The celebrated whitebait, so long believed to be patent only to the Londoners, has been discovered in the Frith of Forth.....A venerable American judge relates the following anecdote: "The morning following the battle of Yorktown I had the curiosity to attend the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation was a musician, who had received a musket-ball in the knee. As was usual in such cases, preparations were making to lash him down to the table to prevent the possibility of his moving. Says the sufferer, 'Now, doctor, what would you be at?' 'My lad, I am going to take off your leg, and it is necessary you should be lashed down.' 'I'll consent to no such thing. You may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a violin in camp? If so, bring it to me.' A violin was furnished, and after tuning it he said: 'Now, doctor, begin.' And he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes, was completed, without missing a note or moving a muscle.....The Turin correspondent of the London Post states that sixty Hungarians who escaped from the Austrian army were retaken, placed before a battery, fired upon with grape, and all killed but two.....We learn from Russia that Mr. Henry C. Carey's "Letters to the President" have been published in St. Petersburgh, and that his work entitled "Principles" is soon to appear from the press in Moscow.....Dr. Dixon says that during his visit to Ireland, he met a mob of children so ragged, that if they had got entangled it would have taken their parents a lifetime to separate them.....The richest man in London has incurred Punch's displeasure, and is neatly touched thus: "A little Wren has built his nest in the Marquis of Westminster's pocket! It has not been disturbed since it laid its first egg.".....The native soil of the Netherlander was reclaimed from the sea, "fished ashore," as Marvel wittily says; and in it, as Butler, with equal humor affirms, "the people do not so much live as go aboard.".....Kidnapping coolies is defined by an exchange—Hooking fans from an ice cream saloon.....In California the papers intimate that the yield of gold continues to be as great as ever, and new discoveries of gold placers are of daily occurrence. By way of variety they have just "scared up" a tin mine.....A writer in the New York Herald estimates that a total of $2,000,000 of profits will be made by the country hotel keepers in the course of the present season.....The heat in Spain this year has been greater than for many years, and has not only done damage to the crops but killed several people.....Judge Haliburton's maiden speech in the House of Commons was a failure. A London paper says he is no orator though a "Slick" writer.....The son of the late Metternich, who is ambassador at Paris, it is said inherits his father's striking advantages of person and manner.....Concerning the crops the New York Journal of Commerce says: "This year the different sections of the Union appear to have vied with each other in rewarding the labors of the husbandman. The wheat and corn of the North, abundant as is their yield, do not excel in productiveness the cotton, rice and other crops of the South. All sections share in the abundance of the harvest, and the consequent prosperity of the country.".....A correspondent of the New York Times urges that the foreign importations, about which so much ado has been made throughout the country, are proving to be within the wants of the season now coming on; and that the panic predictors do not understand what they have been writing about. There is good sense in this.....The opera season is expected to open soon with great eclat. The stockholders of the New York Academy of Music have directed new scenery to be painted for the "Sicilian Vespers" and "La Juive," which, with the magnificent dresses and other properties now being manufactured at Paris, will cost about $25,000. The stockholders of the Philadelphia Academy of Music have expended $8000 for new and splendid scenery for the foregoing operas.....In a recent lecture on marriage, Rev. G. W. Woodruff, of Connecticut, said: "I know of no more distressing thing than a large-hearted, noble, expansive man, linked to a petulant, little-souled, hen-pecking woman, or a noble woman linked to one of those sordid, mean little libels upon mankind. If such is your case, why, get a divorce in heaven's name, and God help you to it".....A fellow went into a dining saloon in New Haven a few evenings since and ordered a porterhouse steak with "trimmings." Three quarters of an hour passed, when the proprietor looked into the stall, and discovered that his customer had left by an open window, not only leaving his bill unpaid, but taking the pepper and mustard boxes with him!

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The proceedings of the peace conference at Zurich are deeply interesting, and, of course, engaging the attention of all Europe. The members are as follows: Austria—Count Colloredo and Baron Merpenberg; France—Baron Bourqueney and Marquis Bouneville; Sardinia—Chevalier Desambrois and Chevalier Jococan, the Sardinian Minister at Berne.—The news of the dissolution of the French army of Observation on the Rhine produced a very favorable effect in Berlin and Prussia.—On the entrance of the King of Sardinia to Milan he was well received. His majesty passed through the Corso on horseback amidst enthusiastic acclamations. A Te Deum was performed, at which the king was present, and he afterwards received the authorities of the city. In the evening a grand illumination took place. The appearance of Milan during the fete was very imposing.—Sham fights by 40,000 men have been executed at Chalons Champ, under the Emperor Napoleon's orders, illustrative of episodes at Solferino. The emperor returns to the camp to take command of the manœuvres.—The relations between Austria and Prussia almost assume the dimensions of a regular rupture, and were regarded as dangerous to the smaller German States.—The construction of a railway between Moscow and Saraftour, a distance of 700 verets, has been authorized. The capital of the company will be 45,000,000 roubles, with a government guarantee for 80 years of 4 1-2 per cent.

The King of Portugal.

The poor young King of Portugal is in a sad state of mind since the demise of his consort. He was one of the most attached of loving husbands. In a letter to his friend, the Duke of Terceira, he says: "It is sad to have known the greatest of misfortunes at the age of ambition and of the illusions that usually accompany it. I am resigned to my lot, and I will fulfil my duties for what my lot is, and not for what it might have been."

The Jews of Russia.

The Emperor of Russia has authorized the Jews to raise a fund, the interest of which is to be employed as prizes for the best literary works in the Hebrew language which shall be presented to the Academy of Sciences. His majesty has also founded five scholarships at the Technological Institute in favor of young Jews.

Galway Steamers.

Four steamships are now constructing for the Galway line at Newcastle and Hull; two by Mr Palmer and two by Mr. Samuelson, eminent ship builders, and $100,000 have been paid to them on their contracts upon certificates from the admiralty. The ships are to cost about $400,000 each.

A Child of the Regiment.

Madame Espinasse, widow of General Espinasse, has written to the second regiment of Zouaves, to have her son received as a child of the regiment.

English Racing.

Mr. Ten Broeck was not the only person upon whom fortune smiled at the Goodwood races. His friends backed Starke freely, and bagged $35,000 for their enterprise.

Italy and the Peace.

Private letters just received from Italy inform us that the peace is becoming more popular with the inhabitants of the various States.

Parodi.

They say Parodi has accumulated a large fortune, and contemplated retiring from the stage last spring.

An accomplished Sovereign.

The Emperor of Austria is said to be an excellent linguist, and can speak twelve languages well.

Albert Smith.

Albert Smith has just been married to Miss Mary Keeley, late of the Adelphi Theatre, London.

Effects of Smoking.

The Dublin Medical Press asserts that the pupils of the polytechnic school in Paris have recently furnished some curious statistics bearing on tobacco. Dividing the young gentlemen of that college into two groups—the smokers and nonsmokers—it shows that the smokers have proved themselves in the various competitive examinations far inferior to the others. Not only in the examinations on entering the school are the smokers in a lower rank, but in the various ordeals that they have to pass through in a year, the average rank of the smokers had constantly fallen, and not inconsiderably, while the men who did not smoke were found to enjoy a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.

Funeral of a Queen.

At the funeral of the late Queen of Portugal there was a large attendance of the people, and expressions of grief and sympathy were universal. Mourning was to be worn for six months. A very general opinion prevails that the queen was not well treated by the court physicians, and that if there had been a more timely application of the remedies which were afterwards used, she would have escaped. While the body lay in state took place the ceremonial of kissing the hand of the dead monarch—a custom which dates from the time of Don Pedro the Cruel, who obliged his court to pay this homage to the remains of the lovely Inez de Castro.

French Artists.

Almost all the artists who made the Italian campaign with the French army have returned to Paris. Their faces are as bronzed as if they were veritable Africans. There is not one of them who is not loaded with sketches and albums of all sorts. Everything remarkable at the seat of war has been drawn with the utmost care. One of the painters had a stroke of luck. He recognized, or rather discovered, at Milan a well-preserved fresco, certainly the work of Leonardo da Vinci.

English Appreciation.

Sir Archibald Alison, in a recent letter to Mr. Allibone, writes in most eulogistic terms of Mr. Prescott and his works. He remarks in conclusion: "The loss of such a man in the prime of life and in the meridian of his powers, is a loss not to his country alone, but to the whole human race, to whom his beautiful writings will always prove a source of instruction and enjoyment."

French Army and Navy.

In the correspondence from Paris it is observed that notwithstanding the reductions in the army and navy, the men are always within grasp, and can be called from their retreat, and that the line which separates a peace footing from a war footing, is not very distinctly drawn in France.

New Arch in Paris.

Napoleon has determined upon the erection of a new arch of triumph at Paris, in honor of his Italian victories. It will cost several millions, and will ostensibly be erected by subscription. The bas reliefs are already distributed for execution among the best sculptors in Paris.

Steamship Navigation.

The British government pays to the various steamship lines which ply between England and the United States and Canada an aggregate bounty of $1,600,000 in the shape of mail contracts. This seems to be the only way in which ocean steamship navigation can be maintained.

The 15th of August.

Such was the anxiety of Parisians and foreigners to have a good view of the entry of Napoleon and his army on the 15th of August, that a certain window, with three seats, on the boulevard des Italiens was let for $200!

A Murillo.

A picture by Murillo, representing the Assumption, has just been discovered in a chateau in the environs of Caen. The design is admirable, and the color rich and worthy of the great Spanish master.

The Paris Jockey Club.

The jockey club which displayed its patriotism and gallantry signally during the Italian campaign, has just given a brilliant reception to Marshal McMahon and those of its members who went to the war.

In Luck.

Jules Favre, the eloquent and fearless republican lawyer who defended Orsini, has just inherited from the sons of a celebrated goldsmith a fortune of more than $300,000, with a housefull of superb furniture.

Milan.

A letter from Milan says: "Words fail me to express the funeral gloom that veils the Lombard cities since the peace of Villafranca clouded the sky which for months had worn such bright and cloudless hues."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ROMAN QUESTION. Translated from the French of Edmond About. By MRS. ANNIE T. WOOD. Edited with an introduction by REV. E N KIRK, D. D. Boston: J. E Tilton & Co., 161 Washington Street. 12mo. pp. 308. 1859.

The early chapters of this much-talked of book appeared in the "Moniteur," Paris, and of course had an official sanction. They were so offensive to Rome, however, that the publication was stopped, and the whole work was published in Brussels. For a day or two it was permitted to be sold in Paris, and 10,000 copies were speedily disposed of; but the authorities again interfered. The author is a talented, learned and vigorous, but unscrupulous and unreliable writer. The friends of the papal government insist that this work, spiced with malice, is full of misrepresentations and falsehoods. But the very controversy it has excited induces everybody to read it, so that the author is of course satisfied. Mrs. Wood's translation is admirable. Thoroughly acquainted with the French language, her versions are written in excellent English, as our readers can testify, for she has translated many pleasing French stories for our paper.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have just published "Slumber Darling," song, music by Meyerbeer; "Dear Mary, Wake from Slumber," by Frank Remer; "Way down in Maine," as sung by Mrs. Florence, and "La Caroline Gallop," by H. F. Chalaupka.

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A Minister of the Gospel in Vermont.

GLOVER, Vt., June 20, 1859.

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H. L. GILMAN.

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The Agent, Mr FRED. H. COOPER, is stopping at the American House, Hanover Street, where he will be pleased to see all who doubt the efficacy of this article and prove it to them by application free of charge.

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HENRY G. PARKER AND JOSEPH H. SAWYER.
A FIRST CLASS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.
FIRST EDITION ISSUED ON
SATURDAY MORNING
For country subscribers, and the
SECOND EDITION ON
SUNDAY MORNING,

Which is served at the Boston and suburban breakfast tables by carriers. The *Second Edition* contains the latest telegraphic and local news up to two o'clock on Sunday morning, and it is the intention of the proprietors to make it a COMPLETE AND UNSURPASSED
SUNDAY MORNING NEWSPAPER,
which shall fill the hiatus between the issues of the Saturday and Monday dailies.

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PUBLIC WORKS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Julian Aqueduct at Rome is two miles longer than the Croton Aqueduct of New York, but the Croton carries more water than all the seven Aqueducts of Rome put together, and more than any other Aqueduct in the world—and is longer than any other, excepting the Julian.—The Illinois Central Railroad is the longest line ever constructed by one company, and in point of workmanship is equal to any European road.—The National Road over the Cumberland Mountains is more extensive and durable by far than the Appian Way.—The stone arch over Cabin John's Creek, on the Washington Aqueduct, is about fifty feet greater than any other stone arch in the world, and is more beautiful in proportion than the arch over the Oca, so long celebrated for its magnificence.—The tunnel on the summit of the Pennsylvania Railroad was a more difficult work than the tunnel under the Thames.—The structures on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Harper's Ferry, and the Starrocca Viaduct on the New York and Erie Railroad, are equal in magnificence to anything Brunel ever did in England, or Moran in France.—The Suspension Bridge over the Niagara River at Lewistown, is 1042 feet 10 inches in one span, and 43 feet greater than any other single span in the world, being nearly twice as great and quite as strong as Telford's celebrated bridge over the Menai Straits, in England.—The United States Dry Dock in Brooklyn, is the largest dry dock in the world by many feet. The plates of iron used in the gates of this dock are the largest that had been made up to the time they were rolled.—The flight of combined locks on the Erie Canal, at Lockport, is equalled only in one other place in Christendom — Sweden. — The Railroad Suspension Bridge over the Niagara is within a few feet of twice the span of Stephenson's great Tubular Bridge in England, the largest structure of the kind. It is 800 feet in one span, and is two stories high, the railroad being above the public highway. Nothing like this exists anywhere else.—The Light-house on Minot's Ledge is a more exposed situation, and, as far as proceeded with, is more securely bolted together than the famous Eddystone Light-house in England.—The Suspension Bridge at Wheeling is exceeded only in span by the Lewistown Bridge, and is heavier than it; it is the second largest bridge in the world, and is much more beautiful than the Fribourg Bridge, its European rival.—In carpentry we are unexcelled in the world. Such structures in timber as the Dry Docks at San Francisco and Philadelphia, McCullom's and Col. Seymour's bridges on the Erie Railroad and branches, the timber viaducts on the Cattawissa Railroad, Col. Long's bridges on the various New England railroads, and Howe's trusses at Harrisburg, have not their equal across the Atlantic.—The stones in either corner of the Exchange in Boston, built by Rodgers, are larger than any single stone in Cleopatra's Needle, and those now being put into the United States Treasury, at Washington, are much heavier than any stone of Pompey's Pillar or the Pyramids of Egypt.

AFFECTION OF THE GOLDFINCH.

We could record many interesting anecdotes of the affection of the goldfinch,—how often have we had him sitting on our finger, raised close to our cheek; his little sides pressed out to come into closer contact with us, and his bill affectionately saluting us as he took from our mouth his much-loved hemp seed. Then his song the while,—how endearing, how sweet,—how expressive! If he has read our heart, we have read his. There has been but one feeling between us. The same with the linnet. We could fill a large book with the prettiest and raciest anecdotes of both these confiding little creatures. They have indeed a language! We only wish we could impart to others the secret of understanding it. And yet, all that is wanting is—a loving heart. This, alas! is not "fashionable."—*Kidd's Shilling Treatise on the Goldfinch.*

FESTIVAL OF THE MADONNA DEL ARCO.

The accompanying engraving represents one of the numerous religious festivals of Naples. It shows the procession returning from the shrine of the Madonna, with their picturesque costume, banners, rosaries, and decorated cart. The legend of this Madonna is related as follows: At the beginning of the 17th century, in a small village a few miles from Naples, almost under Vesuvius, some young men were playing at tennis, and one of them exclaimed, "I am sure to win! I prayed at the feet of this Madonna before beginning the game, (and he pointed to a little stone place in a niche, as you find them outside of almost all the houses in Italy,) and she smiled on me." He really did win, and his adversary, enraged at the divine interference, flung his ball angrily at the Madonna. It hit her on the cheek, which turned black and blue immediately. A certain lord of Sano, who was passing, seized on the offender and had him hanged on the nearest tree. At his touch the tree instantly withered. It was cut down, a church was erected on the spot, and the miraculous statue, which was called the Madonna del Arco, was placed on the principal altar. No one knows whence the name was derived. The story does not say whether it was the village which gave the name to the church, or the church to the village. It is certain that the place became the resort of numerous pilgrims. Persons flocked to it from all parts of the kingdom, and the numerous and costly votive offerings, most of them bas-reliefs in silver, testify the public veneration for the shrine. The walls of the church are also covered from top to bottom with crutches, legs, arms, heads, etc., manufactured out of various materials, as well as little pictures, all representing some accident which the virgin has remedied or prevented, and in which gratitude has invariably represented her in the corner of the canvass, in the midst of clouds and surrounded by angels. On the festival day of this Madonna, a dense crowd, constantly renewed from morning to night, make the tour of the church, gesticulating, elbowing each other, and throwing themselves on the ground to pick up the white rose leaves which monks, placed in the centre before an altar surrounded by a marble balustrade, are continually tossing to the people. On the conclusion of the ceremony, they repair to the shade of the poplar trees which surround the church, and which are festooned by luxuriant grape-vines that hang from tree to tree. On the ground, which is covered with a coat of gray ashes, spangled with bits of mica, you behold a variety of groups. Here one or many families are eating maccaroni out of the same dish, and drinking by turns out of the same bottle; there, lazzaroni playing at dice; further on, young people preparing for the dance, while tambourine and castanet players get ready their instruments for the rustic festival which follows the religious one. In the evening after the tarentella, the only dance admitted in popular festivals, the people return to Naples, singing; and the sight of the fine landscape thus animated, at an hour when Nature is already sleeping, bathed in the last rays of a Neapolitan twilight, is not the least interesting point in the day's celebration, to a stranger. The religious festivals of Italy are not the least attractive of the features which draw strangers annually in countless throngs to its towns and cities. Those at Rome are the most imposing, of course, but those of the small villages are more curious as illustrating local history.

FESTIVAL OF THE MADONNA DEL ARCO, AT NAPLES.

A LIST OF WONDERS.

Among the thousands of marvellous inventions which American genius has produced within the last few years, are the following, compiled in an abstract from the Patent Office Report: The report explains the principle of the celebrated Hobb lock. Its "unpickability" depends upon a secondary or false set of tumblers, which prevent instruments used in picking from touching the real ones. Moreover, the lock is powder-proof, and may be loaded through the key-hole and fired off till the burglar is tired of his fruitless work, or fears that the explosions will bring to view his experiments more witnesses than he desires.—A harpoon is described which makes the whale kill himself. The more he pulls the line the deeper goes the harpoon.—An ice-making machine has been patented, which is worked by a steam engine. In an experimental trial it froze several bottles of sherry, and produced blocks of ice the size of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was up to eighty degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace, it will make a ton of ice.—From Dr. Dale's examiner's report, we gather some idea of the value of patents. A man who had made a slight improvement in straw-cutters, took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months, returned with forty thousand dollars. Another man had a machine to thresh and clean grain, which in fifteen months he sold for sixty thousand dollars. These are ordinary cases—while such inventions as the telegraph, the planing machine, and India rubber patents, are worth millions each.—Examiner Lane's report describes new electrical inventions. Among these is an electrical whaling apparatus, by which the whale is literally "shocked to death." Another is an electro-magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire and burglars Another is an electric clock, which wakes you up, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you, at any hour you please.—There is a "sound gatherer," a sort of huge ear-trumpet, to be placed in front of a locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ears all the noise ahead, perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the noise of the train — There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them around with their heads up, and sticks them in papers in regular rows. — Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in leaves and turning out finished cigars.—One machine cuts cheese; another scours knives and forks; another rocks the cradle; and seven or eight take in washing and ironing —There is a parlor chair patented that cannot be tipped back on two legs, and a railway chair that cannot be tipped back in any position, without any legs at all.—Another patent is for a machine that counts passengers in an omnibus and takes their fares. When a very fat man gets in it counts two, and charges double.—There are a variety of guns patented that load themselves; a fishing line that adjusts its own bait, and a rat trap that throws away the rat and then baits itself and stands in the corner for another.—There is a machine also, by which a man prints instead of writes his thoughts. It is played like a pianoforte. And speaking of pianos, it is estimated that 9000 are made every year in the United States, giving constant employment to 1900 persons, and costing over $2,000,000.

EASTERN BAZAARS.

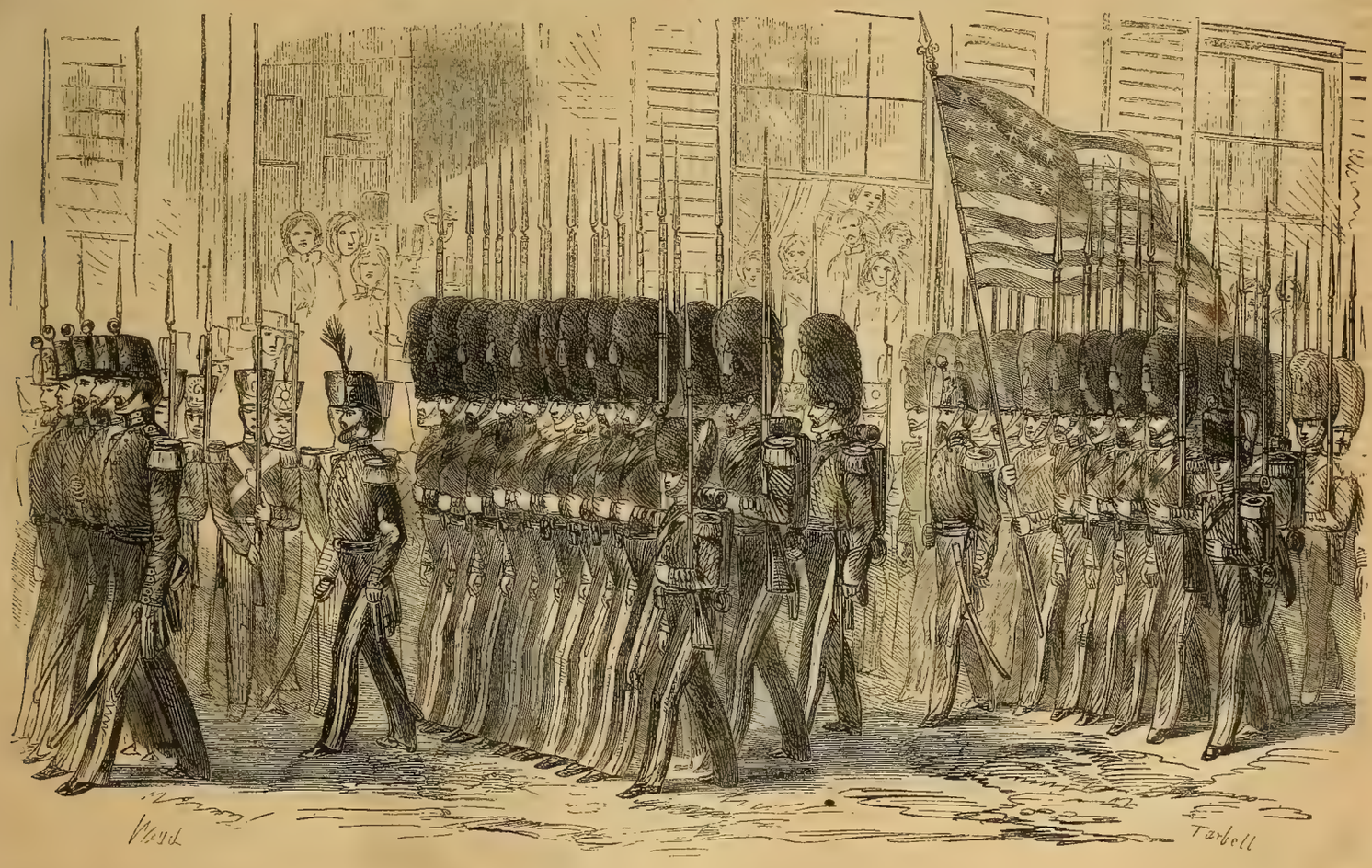
One is a good deal surprised to find in the bazaars so few articles of Oriental manufacture.—Nearly all the goods are European fabrics. English cottons of every description abound, and French thibets and *chalis*, of which the street dress of the Armenian and Turkish women is made, are found there of exquisite quality and every possible tint. The shoe bazaars are the most showy, the bright colored boots and shoes being paraded with admirable effect. But the places that offer the greatest temptation to extravagance are the bazaars where attar of roses, amber beads, pestilles, and a variety of knick-knackeries, purely Oriental, are alluringly spread out.—Yet there is nothing that better rewards the trouble of a visit than the department containing the little cups of silver and gold, called zarf, in which the fingian, a small coffee cup of porcelain, is placed, when coffee is presented. These little receptacles are here found of the most beautiful workmanship, and so richly studded with brilliant diamonds, that one might almost imagine the virtue of Aladdin's lamp not quite extinct. Perhaps the bazaar that is devoted to those insinuating, irresistible, magical sources of comfort and consolation, rather exclusively appropriated to the stronger sex, might be the most attractive to the lovers of the *chibouque* and *nargilé*, which, as everybody knows, are to be found there in all the various forms that the refined ingenuity of the luxurious Turk has been able to invent. The little embroidered sacks for tobacco, of endless variety of colors, often heavily wrought in gold, that are the indispensable accompaniment of the *chibouque* in the hand of the pipe-bearer, form another extensive department. There are yet others for carpets and rugs; and the silks of Broussa and Persia, it must not be forgotten, are to be found in all the bazaars appropriated to articles of dress.—*Tent and Harem.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859. $2 50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVII., No. 11...WHOLE No. 429.

THE BALTIMORE CITY GUARDS.

The accompanying engraving, representing the Baltimore City Guards receiving the parting salute of their hospitable entertainers, the Charlestown City Guards, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Alfred Waud. The Baltimore City Guards are seen in the foreground, and the line of the Charlestown City Guards is sketched. It will be remembered that we published a representation of the latter company on their return to Charlestown from their trip to Washington. The Baltimore company is a fine body of men, their uniform dark blue, rich and appropriate, and their drill admirable. Both in the ranks and out of it, they made a most agreeable impression during their too brief visit. They arrived at Charlestown on Thursday, August 20, from New Hampshire, where for two days they had been handsomely and hospitably entertained by the Amoskeag Veterans, of Manchester. The battalion, which is commanded by Major Warner, is an old and highly popular organization, composed of five companies, numbering in the aggregate about one hundred and fifty men. The corps comprises the flower of the military spirits of Baltimore, and was organized twenty-six years ago (in 1833), with Alexander Cheeves, captain. The uniform was gray, and on the first parade the company numbered forty muskets and two officers. In 1835 the Guards, with the other military of Baltimore, were called out by the governor to the bloody riot which broke out between the rival gangs of laborers on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The terrible Bank riot of the same year demanded of this company a strong proof of their devotion to the public welfare, and the cause of law and order. In the riot, Cheeves received a disabling wound on the head from a rock hurled by the mob, which compelled him to resign his commission. He was succeeded by the gallant William H. Watson, who in 1846 was killed at the storming of Monterey, in the Mexican war. In April, 1841, the corps took part in the funeral obsequies of President Harrison, at Washington; July 4, 1848, they assisted at the laying of the corner stone of the National Washington Monument. On May 2, 1857, they dispersed the rioters upon the Ohio Railroad, but not until several of the company were injured by the flying stones. In June, 1857, the Guards visited Lexington, Ky., where they assisted in laying the corner stone of the monument to Henry Clay. February 22, 1858, they visited Richmond, where they participated in the inauguration of Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington. Their visit to Charlestown was on an invitation extended to them by the City Guards, who were cordially received and entertained by them on their excursion to Washington in March, 1857. It was soldier's luck for our military visitors to arrive in the midst of a perfect deluge of rain. Any time during the six weeks previous they would have escaped it, but it came down in torrents as they left the Somerville station of the Boston and Maine Railroad. But like their escort, the Charlestown City Guards, they bore the pelting of the pitiless storm like men; the artillery roared a welcome, banners fluttered, drums rolled, and all went merry as a marriage bell. The Charlestown City Guards, on this occasion, paraded as a battalion, under command of Captain John T. Boyd, with Captain W. W. Pierce as adjutant, and Lieutenants Pray, Norton, Stickney and Drew. The Baltimore battalion is commanded by Major Joseph P. Warner, and the staff of the battalion is composed of the following officers: Adjutant, E. R. Dorsey; quartermaster, Frisby Lloyd; paymaster, William M. Innes; surgeon, Henry C. Scott; sergeant major, Charles W. Crocker. But two of the five companies of the battalion were present on this occasion—Company A, commanded by Lloyd B. Parker, Lieutenant E. L. Matthews; and Company B, Captain John G. Johnnes, Lieutenants William McLain and A. W. Dennison. The battalion musters sixty-five muskets and ten officers, and is accompanied by the Blues' Band, under the direction of Professor Holland. Their uniform consists of coats and pants of navy blue, faced with gold lace, and bearskin caps. Charlestown was dressed up very gaily with flags on the day of the reception, and during the stay of the military guests. After a collation, the Baltimoreans were conducted to "Camp Warner" on Winthrop Square, where they were formally welcomed in an eloquent speech by Mayor Dana. In the afternoon a grand banquet, in honor of the Baltimoreans, was given at the City Hall. On the following day, which was bright and pleasant, the officers and members of the Baltimore City Guards, and several distinguished citizens, left the armory on Winthrop Street, Charlestown, at quarter past nine o'clock, A. M., on an excursion to noted places in Boston and its suburbs. Carriages and omnibuses were provided for the party, and Captain Boyd, Adjutant W. W. Pierce, and nearly all the officers of the Charlestown Company, and some of the members, were with them to give such explanations as might be needed by the visitors. They visited Faneuil Hall, the Custom House, the old and new Statehouses, the Public Library, etc., and partook of a collation at the Norfolk House, Roxbury. After visiting West Roxbury, Jamaica Pond, Brookline, and Brighton, they drove down by the Charles River Hotel, and across the bridge into the skirts of Watertown, thence past Mount Auburn gate, past Washington's headquarters, the Washington elm, Harvard University, into Somerville, and returned to Charlestown, where after a collation, prepared by J. B. Smith, they took up the line of march for Boston, escorted by the Charlestown City Guards, with full ranks and making a splendid appearance, and left the city in the five and a half train for New York, by way of Norwich and Worcester. We have no doubt that the visit of the Guards to Boston was as agreeable to them as it was to their entertainers, and we trust that this visit will strengthen the ties of good fellowship which unite the various sections of our Union in one common interest.



DEPARTURE OF THE BALTIMORE CITY GUARDS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

A True Story of the Bombardment of Curacoa.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

EARLY in the present century the British frigate ——, and two British sloops of-war, lay off the island of Curacoa, in the Caribbean Sea. The purpose of this little squadron, which was under the command of the Hon. Captain M——, was to capture the island from the Dutch and annex it to the British West Indies.

The Dutch governor of the island held out stoutly. The force of the three ships of war was insufficient to render it expedient to land sailors and marines and risk battle with the troops on the island and the armed inhabitants, and the object of the enemy was to compel them to submission by a vigorous blockade, which, by preventing the landing of provisions or munitions of war, must ultimately reduce them to starvation. However, despite all the watchfulness of John Bull, vessels laden with provisions, from the United States, managed to elude the vigilance of the sentries on board the squadron, and, under cover of the night, to land abundance of provender, which was sold for an enormous price. In fact, Brother Jonathan was driving a most lucrative contraband trade, and Mynheer, albeit he had to pay for the joke, laughed in his sleeve at the blockaders, and maintained his rotundity of corporation as bravely as ever.

This, thought Captain M——, will never do, and he resolved to send parties of seamen and marines ashore, during the night, with orders to burn and destroy every barn, granary, or storehouse, they came across, as well as the growing crops in the fields, and having effected this, to make their escape on board the ships before daylight, the boats of the squadron lying off shore ready to receive them as soon as their work of destruction was over.

This plan promised to prove effectual. The Dutch governor had not calculated upon any such visitation as this, and his anger was fearfully aroused. He swore that he would hang up every officer and man that he could catch engaged in these expeditions, on a gallows on the highest part of the ramparts, fully in sight of the squadron, and there let them hang till they dropped.

Captain M—— was not to be daunted by these threats. Parties of men were landed almost every night, while in his turn he informed the commandant that for every British seaman that was hanged he would hang a Dutchman at the yardarm of the frigate.

The devastating parties continued to be sent on shore. Granaries and storehouses in flames, illumined the atmosphere every night; all the endeavors of the governor to capture the incendiaries were fruitless, and it soon became evident that starvation must compel the stubborn Hollanders to surrender. The fact was, there was on board the frigate a spy named Horsica, a Dutch creole, perfectly acquainted with every road and path on the island, and with the locality of every farmhouse, storehouse and granary it contained. Under this wretch's guidance it was an easy matter to effect the desired mischief, and to escape, by various by-ways, all the patrols despatched by the governor to capture the British seamen.

Horsica was a man of desperate character who had escaped from a prison on the island, in which he lay under sentence of death, and his personal appearance was as brutally repulsive as his disposition was malignant, but in time of war commanders are not particular as to the means they employ to effect a desired result.

At length, however, thirteen seamen and an officer were surprised, brought into town and sentenced by court martial to die within twenty-four hours, and the following morning before daybreak, the British commander was informed that the sentence would certainly be carried into effect, unless before the expiration of twenty-four hours the entire squadron took its departure from the island.

Captain M—— was not a man to be swerved from his purpose by any threats that could be made use of. But in order to gain time, he sent word back by the flag of truce that he would despatch a messenger to the admiral, whose vessel lay at anchor off a neighboring island, and give an answer before noon the next day. With this answer the governor appeared to be satisfied, though he assured the officer who bore it that at noon the next day, unless the answer was favorable, the fourteen victims should all suffer death.

However, nothing was further from Captain M——'s intentions than to appeal to the admiral, although before dark a gallows, painted black, had been erected on the ramparts in full view of the squadron.

When night again came on, three parties of one hundred marines and soldiers were despatched on shore under the guidance of Horsica, with orders to capture as many of the inhabitants of the island as they could, Captain M—— solemnly swearing that he would hang a Dutchman for every British sailor that was executed by the governor.

The officer in command of these parties was Lieutenant Melrose, from whose lips I several years afterward heard this story. With him, in command of the separate parties, were two master's mates of the sloops-of war and the marine officer of the frigate.

The largest party, led by Horsica and commanded by Lieutenant Melrose and a mate, whose name I will not mention, marched to a large farm situated at the opposite end of the island from the town, and succeeded in securing ten horses and four mules, and mounted upon these, they rode away into the interior, where the lieutenant was informed resided several of the most wealthy and influential of the inhabitants. A ride of six miles brought them to a country seat of a magistrate of great consideration on the island. The party surrounded the house, having first seized the farm bailiff and the steward, who were tied hand and foot and strapped across one of the mules, and demanded that the doors should be opened.

Receiving no reply, they forced an entrance and discovered only the aged butler, standing half dressed and trembling in the hall. To Horsica's inquiry after his master, he said that Mynheer Van Tassel and his wife were in Amsterdam, the only town of any importance on the island. This assertion was discredited and the house searched and ransacked from top to bottom, but without effect. The lieutenant was at length satisfied that the old serving man had told the truth. The poor fellow was seized and bound to another of the mules, his earnest pleadings, which were only understood by Horsica, totally disregarded, while the brutal spy, who assumed an authority which under any other circumstances would have caused Melrose to strike him to the earth, regardless of the young officer's remonstrances, smashed all the glass and destroyed all the furniture and valuables he came across, out of spite at his disappointment.

The party was about to leave the house and proceed further, when the master's mate, who had been for some time missing, made his appearance, and coming up to Lieutenant Melrose, reported that while searching for plunder, he had discovered three young ladies, the daughters of the master of the mansion, secreted in a closet.

"Let them be, sir," said the lieutenant, who was heartily sick of the disagreeable duty he had been sent upon. "We have no instructions to harm females, nor is it fitting conduct for an officer in his majesty's service to occupy himself in searching for plunder."

The fellow made some surly reply to the effect that the lieutenant was no officer of his, and turned away. Something in his appearance induced Melrose to follow him, and hurrying to the room in which the three sisters had endeavored to conceal themselves, he found three beautiful girls, the oldest scarcely eighteen, clinging together, half-clothed and frantic with terror.

Around them were standing the master's mate and four armed sailors, their naked cutlasses in their hands, laughing at the terror of the girls, and at their tearful lamentations, which the fellows could not understand any more than the lieutenant. Melrose, however, saw that some gross rudeness had already been offered to the girls, and in a stern voice, he ordered the men to quit the house immediately and prepare to proceed on the march.

To this the master's mate demurred, and had the effrontery to propose the outrage of the unfortunate females. Without replying, Melrose felled the mate to the floor with a blow of his fist, and drawing a pistol commanded the sailors to drag him outside and bind him to the mule upon which the poor butler was already mounted.

The sailors hesitated, saying that they belonged to the sloop and not to the frigate to which the lieutenant belonged, that the mate was their officer, and that the girls were a fair prize, but Melville, clapping the muzzle of his pistol to the ear of the spokesman, said that if his orders were not immediately obeyed he would blow out the man's brains and carry his messmates prisoners on board the frigate.

Finding that the lieutenant was resolute, the fellows grumblingly obeyed his orders, and the poor girls, discovering that he was their friend and protector, although they were unable to understand his words, threw themselves on their knees before him and kissed his hands, murmuring prayers and blessings in their own language. He endeavored to soothe their terror as best he could, but he had no time to spare, and the cavalcade was soon again under weigh, the master's mate a prisoner.

Horsica the spy proposed to burn down the house, but the lieutenant sternly forbade him to do so at his peril, and perceiving that the young officer was not a man to be trifled with, he sullenly threw away the brand he had already lighted. He, however, proposed an immediate descent upon a mansion about a quarter of a mile distant, where, he said, resided the nephew of the governor, a young man respected and beloved by every one on the island.

Disagreeable as was the duty, the lieutenant could not object to this. The lives of fourteen of his own shipmates were in imminent peril, and such a prize as the governor's nephew was too valuable to be lost.

A short gallop conducted the party to the mansion. It was midnight, and as the acts of incendiarism had hitherto been confined to the coast, the residents of the interior considered that they were safe from outrage. All was silent as the grave, save the gentle sighing of the evening breeze amongst the trees which surrounded the dwelling.

"Surround the house and let no one pass," shouted Melrose, and then the door was assailed with the seamen's pike-handles and the butt ends of their pistols. At length an upper window was raised, and a dishevelled female head, seemingly belonging to a servant of the household, appeared and demanded, in low Dutch, the cause of this midnight disturbance, but the instant she caught sight of the armed men below, she gave utterance to a prolonged shriek and disappeared.

"Time presses," cried the spy, and the lieutenant gave orders to force the door. A post was torn from the ground and used as a battering ram, and after a few sturdy blows the door gave way, and the lieutenant and spy and three or four others entered the house. Opening the door of the first room they came to, they discovered that it was the female domestic's sleeping apartment, and the next moment some half-dozen half dressed females, frightened out of their wits by the noise and the appearance of a party of men with drawn swords in their hands and pistols in their belts, were scampering in every direction. Horsica intercepted the flight of an elderly lady, and placing a pistol to her breast insisted upon her instantly leading the way to her master's bedchamber. The old lady's gestures and entreaties, under other circumstances, would have appeared something ludicrous.

"What does she say, Horsica?" said the lieutenant. "We have no time for delay."

The spy interpreted that she said her master had only that evening brought home his newly wedded wife from Amsterdam.

"Bid her lead the way to his chamber," said the lieutenant, "and then call upon him to surrender. The men need not enter the room."

"And lose him by our cursed politeness," muttered the ruffian, who had already discovered the apartment, and throwing his whole weight against the door, he burst it from its hinges and disclosed the interior of the apartment.

A tall, handsome young man, scarcely twenty years of age, was seen, half-dressed and rapidly arming himself; he drew his sword upon the spy, but noticing the overwhelming odds against him, he hesitated and then, addressing the lieutenant in English, he said, pointing to the bed on which, covered by the bed clothes, a female form could be distinguished: "I surrender. What means this outrage? You, sir, are an officer, and look like a gentleman. There lies my wife. Pray command your men to leave the room."

The men retired of their own accord, all but the spy, who, replying for the lieutenant, said rudely in Dutch: "It means that we want you as hostage for the lives of fourteen seamen under sentence of death according to the governor's proclamation."

"I am a non combatant," said the youth, again speaking English and addressing the lieutenant. "I have nothing to do with the governor's proclamation."

"I fear, sir," replied Melrose, "that however repugnant this duty is to my feelings, I must insist upon your accompanying us on board the frigate."

"But my wife—my young wife. Good God! what will become of her?" cried the young man, in a voice of agony.

"This is cursed trifling," interposed Horsica, speaking in Dutch. "You must go on board the frigate and hang, my fine fellow. Do you know me?" and he seized the youth by the throat, at the same time beckoning to two sailors to pinion his arms.

"Horsica, the murderer!" exclaimed the young man in Dutch, and he shuddered at the ruffian's touch.

"Yes, Horsica whom you bore witness against, and who will now see you strung up at the yardarm. It is turn about, that's all. Your uncle, the governor, sentenced the wrong man. Ha, ha!" and the villain leered horribly and burst into a chuckling laugh like the cry of a hyena.

"Unhand the gentleman, at your peril," shouted the lieutenant; then addressing the youth he said, politely: "I must compel you, sir, to accompany us on board the frigate as a hostage. Let us hope that the governor will rescind his order, and then I trust your detention will be but temporary."

"My poor, dear wife," said the young man in a voice of the most poignant agony, "my own beloved Agatha."

The spy had released his accursed hold at the stern command of the officer, but the sailors had already bound his arms. He cast a despairing look toward the bed where his wife lay, still perfectly concealed beneath the coverings, and uttering again the words, "My darling Agatha," he was leaving the room, when the poor young wife, who had understood all by what Horsica had said, conquering her sex's fears, forgetful of all but the peril of her husband, sprang from the bed in her night-dress, her long fair hair streaming over her white shoulders, and flung herself at Melrose's feet.

"Spare him, sure," she cried, in broken English. "It is my young husband—for love of your mother, your sistare, your wife—if you have a wife in England—spare my husband, or if he die, I too die with him."

Had unlimited wealth been at his disposal, could he have resigned his commission at that instant, the lieutenant, a youth of nineteen, would have given the first, and gladly have thrown up the latter, to have been anywhere else than in his present position. A lovely girl of sixteen knelt at his feet, her tearful blue eyes upturned to his, her soft hands convulsed by clasping his own, her long hair streaming over her shoulders to the floor, her features expressive of the most extreme anguish, and her bosom rapidly heaving beneath its snowy muslin covering, every movement expressing grace and beauty in spite of her distress, while her soft, musical voice, uttering the disjointed, broken English pleadings thrilled to his heart.

"Horsica," he said, his own voice trembling with emotion, "this must not be. I cannot tear from this poor creature her young husband to lead him to certain death. It would be worse than murder. The captain would spare him for her sake were he here himself."

"You would let your shipmates hang for the sake of a pretty woman," said the ruffian. "Very well. You command here. I have only to obey and report to the captain. I would sooner stand in my own shoes than in your's when we get on board the frigate."

The lieutenant hesitated. The poor girl, overcome by her emotions, lay at his feet in a state of unconsciousness, while her husband, who had torn himself from his captors, knelt over, calling upon her name in the most passionately endearing terms, although he was unable to assist or even to touch her, by reason of his pinioned arms. Even the rough sailors were moved and a tear stood in the eyes of more than one. The spy alone stood looking on sneeringly, a gleam of tiger-like ferocity in his inflamed eyes. He evidently bore ill will to the youth who was now in his power.

At a gesture from him, two of the sailors stepped forward and were about to raise the grief-stricken youth from his knees. At this moment the young bride partially recovered her consciousness, and raising her head and opening her large blue eyes, still filled with tears, she

she glanced wildly around her, instinctive modesty leading her to draw her loose night-robe more closely about her slender form, while she trembled all over, though as yet she did not fully realize her situation, but as she caught sight of her husband's pale face, the recollection burst upon her.

"*Vilhelm, O, mien lieber Vilhelm!*" she cried, and relapsing into unconsciousness, her head fell heavily upon the hard floor and the blood streamed from her nostrils and lips.

The youthful husband gave utterance to a howl of despair scarcely human. The lieutenant could bear this agonizing scene no longer.

"Avast there, men," he shouted to the sailors. "Unhand the gentleman," and he himself cut the cord which bound the youth's arm. The next instant the released bridegroom had sunk to the floor, and clasping his bride in his arms, he called wildly upon her name and covered her forehead, cheeks and lips with kisses. The sailors were almost unmanned. Most of them had silently quitted the room.

"*Mein Gott, mein Gott!*" said the spy, "this boy lieutenant is mad. Men," addressing the sailors, "will you let him murder your shipmates? If he shrinks from his duty you are no longer bound to obey him. You shall not. All depends upon the capture of this man."

The sailors, softened as they were, perceived this. The young officer knew that he had already laid himself open to a charge of disobedience and neglect of duty, and he was satisfied that the spy would, at all hazards, carry the young Dutchman on board the frigate. To hesitate any longer would be to ruin himself without serving the unfortunates before him. Nay, Horsica would, it was likely, indulge his ferocity and his spite against the prisoner in the most cruel manner if he were left in his hands.

Reluctantly he informed the youthful groom that he must leave his bride and go on board the frigate, while at the same time he, in trembling tones, his heart full of misgiving as he spoke, assured the young girl that in a few hours she would see her husband again. Alas! he had heard that the governor was a man of so stubborn a nature that he would sacrifice his son with his own hands rather than fall off from his word, and he knew that his own commander, though a humane man, would not flinch from his duty as an officer, however repugnant it might be to his feelings as a man.

Not daring to cast another look at the lovely being, now again stretched senseless and bleeding on the floor of the bedroom, he gave orders for the young Dutchman to be mounted on one of the horses, and then commenced the return march to the seashore.

Two servants of the household had been captured, so that, including the young burgomaster and the three men taken from the other house, the party had six prisoners in all. They united with the other parties as they neared the shore, and discovered that together they had succeeded in securing eleven men, making seventeen hostages for the fourteen sailors in the hands of the governor. None, however, but the young burgomaster were men of rank and position, and upon him the lieutenant built his faint hopes of the governor countermanding his terrible decree.

They had delayed so long, the night had so far passed away, that the dawn was glimmering in the eastern sky when the united party with their captives came in sight of the ships. Five minutes longer delay and they would have been too late. They had been discovered by the scouts, and the whole strength of the garrison had been despatched in pursuit. The capture of the entire party would have been inevitable, for they would have been outnumbered by the soldiers six to one.

As it was, they only reached the boats by wading into the water, and had pulled barely out of reach of gunshot, when the volleys from the muskets of the troops rattled on the water just in the wake of the boats like hail. However, they got safely on board, and the lieutenant, who perceived by the scowling looks of the spy and by the angry glare of his eye, that he intended mischief, immediately sought the captain, being resolved to lay before him the whole truth and risk his displeasure, rather than allow Horsica to garble the report after his own fashion.

The lieutenant waited for some minutes in the cabin until his commander, who was in ill health, had risen from his bed and dressed himself. Captain M—— was a man past the prime of life. In his youth he had been remarkably handsome, and even at this period, though his features were worn with sickness, the result of a long and fatiguing cruise in the tropics, his form was commanding and his countenance strongly prepossessing. Rigid and stern as he was in the execution of his duty, his disposition was kindly and humane and he was beloved by his officers and men. He possessed great influence in the service in consequence of his family position, his elder brother being an earl, and still more, perhaps, on account of his connection with royalty, his sister having been married to his royal highness, the Duke of Sussex, fifth son of King George the Third. It was, therefore, considered a great piece of good fortune to be appointed to the ship he commanded, as he was able and always willing to advance a deserving officer.

Captain M—— had barely time to salute the lieutenant, to congratulate him on the success of the night's enterprise and to express a hope that it would be productive of the hoped-for effect, when the commander of the F—— sloop-of-war entered the cabin, and bowing to Captain M—— and the lieutenant, he begged to be informed of the cause of the master's mate of the sloop having been sent on board a prisoner.

Lieutenant Melrose explained, describing with great feeling the terror of the three young girls who had narrowly missed falling victims to the evil passions of the mate and seamen of the sloop-of-war. It was an excellent prelude to the remaining portions of his report. Both captains listened with feelings of strong indignation.

"The infamous scoundrel!" said the captain of the sloop-of-war. "Mr. Melrose, I thank you for having acted the manly part you have done. I will not bring the fellow to a court-martial. He is unworthy of such officerlike treatment, but I will disrate him as soon as I return on board and then give him four dozen, and as soon as we return to England he shall be dismissed from the service." (The captain was as good as his word.)

"Now," said Captain M——, as soon as his brother officer had left the cabin, "let me hear the details of the expedition, Mr. Melrose. I understand we have seventeen hostages for our fourteen men. I only regret that Burgomaster Vanderheusen is the only person of condition among them, but you have done well. I shall send the youngest of the party on shore with a message to the governor informing him of my determination to hang the remaining sixteen precisely at eight bells (noon) if by that hour our own men are not released. But let me hear the particulars."

The heart of the young officer sunk within his bosom as he listened to his superior and thought of the terrible agony the young wife was suffering, of the maddening horror with which she would hear, if she were alive to hear it, the news of her youthful husband's shocking death, and with faltering voice he related his story, concealing nothing, and dwelling with minute distinctness upon the youth, the loveliness and the terrible agony of the burgomaster's bride. Captain M—— was greatly affected by the sad story; he sighed deeply, and once he groaned aloud and covered his face with his hands to conceal his emotion.

"And now, Captain M——," said Melrose, "I presume to ask you as a man of feeling and kindly sympathies, could I have acted otherwise? That I have been guilty of unofficerlike weakness, I will allow. If you consider that I am deserving of censure, I am ready to bear it, but I dare to ask you, would *you*, had you been in my position, have acted otherwise?"

"Mr. Melrose," said the captain, "at your age, I should have acted precisely as you did. Your conduct does honor to your feelings, and it shall be my care that shall be no detriment to you; but, alas! our duty to our country demands, at times, the sacrifice of all those feelings and sentiments which are honorable to our common humanity. I would willingly die myself—indeed I feel I have not long to live; the service is killing me—could my death save my poor fellows, but I know too well the stubborn temper of the governor of this island. These men must die, yet would to God this duty had fallen upon another than me."

"You have determined, then, to carry your threat into execution?"

"At noon precisely, unless my own men are safe on board at that hour," said the captain, in a deep, sepulchral tone of voice, his whole frame trembling with the violence of his emotions; "at noon precisely, though my own heart should break at witnessing the terrible sight."

"May I presume to speak further?" said the lieutenant, his words scarcely articulate in consequence of his agitation.

The captain made a sign of assent.

"You said," continued the lieutenant, "that it was your purpose to send the youngest of the captives on shore to lay the case before the governor. Has he yet gone?"

"The boat is now alongside. He will be away directly. There is no time to lose. Why do you ask?"

"I thought—that is—perhaps the youngest—" stammered the lieutenant.

"Is a lad of sixteen," explained the captain; "a young farm lad, I should judge from his appearance."

"I was in hopes," continued the lieutenant, "that the burgomaster was the youngest of the victims. O, Captain M——, for the sake of the young wife I saw kneeling before me last night—O, that *you* had seen her! For her sake cannot the burgomaster be sent to plead with the governor? Recollect he is the governor's own nephew."

"Mr. Melrose," said the captain, solemnly, "I respect your feelings. My own heart bleeds for the poor young lady. I have daughters of my own; but let us not forget that the humblest amongst these unfortunate men probably has friends to whom he is as dear as if he were of princely birth. Even were the burgomaster the youngest, him I could not spare. In him rests my only hope that the governor will be induced to listen to the voice of mercy. Say no more. Would to heaven I had died before I had seen this day, *but I must do my duty.*"

The lieutenant saw that further pleading would be in vain. He rose from his chair, bowed to his superior, and with a sorrowful heart went on deck. The sun was by this time high in the heavens. The long, black cross-beam of the gallows loomed darkly in the morning haze, and men could be seen clinging to it reeving the ropes in readiness for the dreadful double tragedy that was to be enacted at noon.

How rapidly, and yet in another sense how slowly, the hours passed away; how anxiously every movement on shore was watched. Eight, nine, ten o'clock sounded from the shore and resounded from the ship's bells, and yet there was no sign of a boat putting off from the shore with a flag of truce to intimate that the governor had relented. Two hours more and the death-toll of thirty human beings, full of life and health, and guilty of no crime, would sound, O, how awfully in our ears!

The lieutenant obtained permission to visit the young burgomaster on the lower deck, where all the unfortunates were confined. He came forward at once and shook the young officer by the hand, for the cords had been loosed from the arms of the captives and they were free to move about as they pleased, under the eyes of the sentries. He read deep sympathy in the lieutenant's countenance.

"You will see Agatha, my wife, when I am no more," he said. "May I ask you to do me a favor?"

"Most certainly," said the lieutenant. "But do not despair. The governor may yet—"

"Ah, no—I know my uncle too well," he interrupted, with a sad, faint smile. "If I were his only son he would not relent. I was about to beg of you to tell Agatha that my last thought was of her, and that I died with her dear name upon my lips. It was a sad ending of our bridal night," he added, after a pause, with another faint smile.

He still held the lieutenant's hand in his. Presently he said: "I am about to ask you to do a very childish thing, but I know it will be a sad gratification to Agatha, when I am gone. Will you cut off a lock of my hair and carry it to her, and say her dying husband sent it to her as his last gift. Tell her not to grieve too deeply. I know she will feel keenly at first. It will be but natural. But she is very young and she must not let this sad parting embitter her whole existence. Tell her, my dear friend, from me, to look forward to a joyful re-union in a happier world. We shall meet again there, though I could have gladly lingered longer with her in this."

The lieutenant severed the lock of curling, dark, glossy hair, and wrapped it in a paper.

"Thank you," he said. "And now may I ask you to leave me? I would gladly be alone the last few moments I have to live. I shall see you again for a moment when I am led to execution."

"You will forgive me for having been instrumental in bringing this sad fate upon you," said the lieutenant, in tremulous tones. "I shall feel, otherwise, that your blood is on my hands."

"My friend," said he, with a sweet smile, "you did but your duty, and I recollect how it pained you. How gladly, at the risk of your own ruin, you would have let me free."

The lieutenant returned to the deck. It was now past eleven o'clock. Already a party of seamen were aloft reeving yard-ropes. A look of gloom was settled on every visage. The officers were pacing the quarter deck in full uniform, looking as if they were themselves about to suffer death. The captain stood behind the sentry in front of his own cabin, trumpet in hand, his cocked hat on his head and his sword by his side. His face looked like that of a man withdrawn from the tomb rather than that of a living person.

Melrose went to the ward-room to don his own full uniform. As he returned he encountered the captain. He could not refrain from addressing him.

"Captain M——," said he, "as you value the life of an unoffending, innocent girl—a mere child—as you value your own peace of mind, do not permit the young burgomaster to die."

The captain took the hand of the young officer and pressed it to his own, while he pointed mournfully toward the fort.

"Would to God I *could*, I *dared* to spare his life," he said, "*but look there!*"

The lieutenant looked and shuddered. Everything had been arranged for the wholesale murder, and a guard of soldiers were drawn up in front of the gallows, while an immense crowd of spectators were approaching the fatal spot from all directions. Sadly the young officer turned away and joined his comrades. Seven bells—half-past eleven o'block!

"Brace forward the main yard," shouted the captain.

The men started as they flew to obey the order. The captain's tone was unearthly. The order was given to bring the frigate nearer to the shore, in order to afford a better view of the forthcoming tragedy to the governor and his staff on shore. The two sloops-of-war practised the like manœuvre. The three vessels were now close together and in the same position.

For ten minutes there was a dead silence—the men-of-war had been hove to and were lying motionless on the water. Every spyglass on board the ships was pointed in the direction of the calaboose in which the sailors were confined.

Presently a gun was fired and the bells of the churches in the town began to toll. Then, manacled two and two together, the captive seamen marched forth between two lines of guards. They had, perhaps, a furlong to march to the gallows, and the ships were so close in shore that by the aid of the spyglasses each man's features were plainly distinguishable. Their lips could be seen in motion as they spoke to each other.

"Master at-arms, lead forth the prisoners," shouted the captain. His voice was clear now—clear, stern and loud, as if in the midst of battle. It might have been heard on shore.

One by one the poor victims stepped on deck. Most of them were firm, but pale as ghosts. Lieutenant Melrose had eyes but for one, the unfortunate young burgomaster Their eyes met and the lips of the youthful victim of war's horrors formed the word "remember." The lieutenant turned his head aside. He could not bear that imploring glance.

The attention of the populace on shore was directed toward the vessels, but the sailor victims never turned their heads. Perhaps they could not bear to look upon the arks of safety that were so near them, yet which had as well been a thousand miles away.

"Hoist the yellow flag," shouted the captain, in a clear, ringing tone. "Toll the bell. Lower the ensign."

The order was simultaneously obeyed on board all three vessels. As the ominous yellow flags were hoisted, the bells commenced to toll and the ensigns, draped in crape, were lowered half-mast, while the frigate's band played the "Dead March in Saul." The sight and sound were alike solemn. If it was intended for effect by Captain M——, and to strike terror into the hearts of the people on shore—and no doubt it was—it was admirably managed. Perhaps the captain thought the heart of the governor would relent at the last moment. If so, he was doomed to meet with disappointment.

The first stroke of the clocks on shore commenced to sound the hour of twelve. The sailor victims were already ranged beneath the gallows, the ropes adjusted about their necks. A gunner stood ready, linstock in hand, to fire the gun as soon as the last stroke should sound, the smoke from which when it cleared away should reveal the devoted seamen struggling in the agonies of death.

The like awful scene was visible on the deck of the frigate. It was a dreadful moment. One that a life-time cannot obliterate. Everything was silent on board the ships of-war. A pin might have been heard to drop on their crowded decks. Even the elements seemed to be hushed in awe. The wind suddenly died away and not a ripple disturbed the smooth surface of the water.

Every eye was directed toward the shore, fixed as if fascinated. How painfully the strokes of the clock chimed in dreadful concert with the ship's bells. There might have been an hour between each stroke, and yet how rapidly they followed each other! Those who listened had lost all sense of time. Each stroke seemed to jar the whole frame, and to be responded to by the throbbing of the listeners' hearts.

Nine—ten—eleven! Every man held his breath. The governor's arm was raised to give the fatal signal. The eyes of the gunner were rigidly fixed upon his face. It was the same on board the frigate. The upraised arm of the governor remained poised in the air. Had he relented, then, at last?

The eyes of the vast multitude of spectators were directed toward the east line of the ramparts. Another moment and the cause was revealed. A fearful, prolonged shriek rent the air; a female figure, clad in white, with dishevelled hair, was seen gliding, as it seemed, so swiftly she flew, towards the governor's stand. A lane was formed for her by the crowd, and rushing onward she threw herself at his feet. It was the young wife of the burgomaster, who had been raving with insanity the whole of that fearful morning. She had been held by her attendants lest she should do herself some mischief; but as the fatal hour drew near she had broken away from them and bareheaded and barefooted, everybody giving way to her, she had traversed the distance from the burgomaster's town-house, to which she had been brought when her husband had been led away, nor did she stop until she threw herself at the feet of her husband's relative, clinging to his legs with desperate tenacity and embracing his knees with frantic energy, while amid fast-falling tears she piteously begged him to spare the victims of his own bitter anger and thereby save her husband's life.

He must have been harder than adamant had he spurned away this lovely, drooping flower. A murmur of compassion rose among the crowd of spectators. He was seen to raise her up and stoop to kiss her cheeks. Then it was known on board the ships-of-war that the tears and pleadings of the loving wife had prevailed with the stern governor when all else had failed.

Every man drew a long breath of relief. In a moment a cheer, loud and deafening as thunder, arose from the excited multitude. The sailors on board the vessels, regardless of discipline, left their posts, and springing to the shrouds manned the yards and rigging, and with cheer upon cheer answered the crowd on shore, who, forgetting that they were enemies, cheered back in return again and again. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kiss." Never were the words of the poet better exemplified.

A long time elapsed before they could be brought to listen to the orders of their officers. At length they descended the rigging and clustering around the lately doomed captives, shook hands and hugged and kissed them in the exuberance of their delight.

The poor men appeared to be bewildered. They could not yet realize that their lives were spared. The poor young burgomaster had fainted. He was carried to the captain's cabin and every care taken of him, and he soon recovered sufficiently to be taken on shore with the rest of the late prisoners, under a flag of truce, and the seamen from the shore were gladly welcomed back by their overjoyed messmates.

Some days later a reinforcement reached the squadron, and the governor of Curacoa finding it useless to attempt to hold out any longer, surrendered the island to the king of Great Britain. At the conclusion of peace it was restored to the Dutch government, and about this time Lieutenant, then Commander Melrose, while commanding a sloop-of-war on the West India station, touched at the island, and going on shore took occasion to visit the young burgomaster and his wife and to renew his acquaintance under happier auspices.

I need not add that he was most joyously received and most heartily welcomed. He was pressed to remain the guest of the youthful and happy couple while his vessel remained in port, and many a happy evening he passed at their mansion, while they often alluded with heartfelt gratitude to his generous conduct on the sad night which had well-nigh made the lovely Agatha a widow, ere she was scarcely yet a wife.

I have only further to remark that the wretched spy, Horsica, subsequently fell into the hands of the governor of the island and met the fate at the gallows which he most righteously deserved.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE PLAINS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

It was a "garrison house" of the old Puritan times, originally built of heavy plank timber, though enlarged, modernized, and kept in good repair by successive proprietors of successive generations. The upper story had projected over the lower one, the windows were narrow and small-paned, traces of the port-holes of "war time," when dwellers of the sparsely populated township flocked to the garrison for shelter and the protection of the long, black-muzzled "queen's arms," are still pointed out in the thick timbers, and numberless leaden bullets, discharged from Indian fire-arms, have been found imbedded in the still undecaying wood.

In those days, the farmers never went a field to plant or hoe the sturdy Indian maize without their muskets on their shoulders, and the Puritan housewife left at home, doubly barricaded the door with ponderous iron or oaken bars, not to be removed till nightfall brought the home-returning husband, lest the dreaded "bloody savages," lurking in the ambuscade of a neighboring forest, should seize unwitting vantage-ground.

Playful little children—for who dare deny that the offspring of those sober-visaged sires and staid mothers possessed the traits and characteristics of modern childhood?—denied the freedom of sweet country meadows, fruity orchard closes, or a romp on the level, grassy "plains," by watchful mothers, lest a trip to Canada's frontiers (*via* some Indian forest trail and the guidance of some lurking redskin) should be the consequence, found themselves limited to the length of the long, low garret—a rare frolic ground, I ween—festooned with clusters of traced corn, scarlet bell-peppers, bunches of wild thyme, sage, rue, balm, and every herb which ancient dames held good in the domestic category for "seasoning," or "in sickness."

Or, perchance, one bolder than his fellows, paused on the lower landing of the garret stairs, to explore with prying curiosity the dusky nooks and angles by the great roomy chimney, where (according to a tradition told over at twilight as they huddled about the broad kitchen hearth) poured out from remotest depths, "two great eyes," striking fear to whoever dared temerariously brave their optical terrors.

At what period, whence or wherefore, these flaming orbs took up their abode there, or in whose head, whether Medusae, Gorgon, or Ceberus, they remained a feature, we never knew, possibly because, with childlike credence for the story, we never cared or thought to inquire; but, looking back now to those days and wandering anew down the gallery of Imagination, we cannot refrain a half-smile and a half-thrill—a smile for the grotesqueness of the vision, a thrill at the memory of our perfect childlike belief and consequent fear and terror.

Ah, me! in these later days it would not need the loosest rein of a saddened fancy to sigh, recurring to the old childish terror, "it was an *omen*, the Nemesis of our life, sitting there and gazing out with warning, vengeful eyes, into our future." But memories crowd thick and fast. The old house is rich in a mythology which, though certainly scarcely classic as the Grecian, has for us, at odd seasons, a greater charm. Not a nook or turn in the old passages but has its tale, not a room but has its legend.

Here, down "the back stairs," upwards of a century ago, during an Indian attack upon the garrison, the long skirts of a Puritan coat becoming entangled in a tub of dried beans on the upper landing, scattered over the staircase its overturned contents at such a brisk, rattling rate, that the alarmed savages, thinking the fort well manned and the clattering beans a shower of "white man's bullets," scampered back to their wilds again; that low front entry, then a portion of "the keeping-room," into which the heavy oaken outer door opened, was the Thermopylæan Pass, bravely and successfully defended against a brace of warlike Indian intruders by a courageous woman, whose husband was a-field; behind yon door, in later times, another matron, searching for her hemlock broom, found, instead, to her consternation and terror, the blanketed form of a redskin who, however, speedily quieted her fears by declaring in broken English, "Me *fri-nd* Indian—white squaw be no fraid. Indian hungry—give Indian eat, he no harm white squaw—no send poor red man hungry 'way, Great Spirit always send white squaw plenty corn!" which promise, it is to be presumed, the Great Spirit who presides over not only the happy hunting-grounds but the fertile corn-fields of his children, fully redeemed, since we have no record of violated rules of hospitality or lack of "plenty corn" unto "the third and fourth generations."

Reader mine, doubtless the romancer might abstract the groundwork of novels *ad finitum* from this old house and its legends; but what need? Truth is stranger than fiction, and her records are imprinted here on every old plank, beam, wall and threshold. Under this ancient roof have been enacted all the scenes and phases of life's great drama, comedy and tragedy, farce and masquerade, *tableaux vivant*, festival, wedding and funeral. I know, in later years, what lips first caught breath beneath it; what blue and brown eyes first opened to day there; what tiny feet pattered about its floors, tripped across its threshold, climbed the old staircase, or, grown bolder, wandered away to distant El Dorado's golden strand, or afar to the prairie-land where to-night other hearth-fires glow.

I remember, in childhood, the little band whose foray-ground of sport on rainy days was the same old garret where other children had played nearly two hundred years agone—the brown-eyed girl who, with quieter tastes than mine, "kept school" with books abstracted from a dusty cabinet in the corner, while others, of a more social mood, sat at juvenile tea-drinkings where bolstered dolls, in lace frocks and pantalettes (woe to these luckless mantua-makers when elder sisters discovered the loss of purloined embroideries), assisted in doing table honors, the little nine year old boy with the blue-veined forehead and delicate frame, entrusted to sister-care by a watchful mother, who floats back on the tide of memory now like the misty fragment of a dream. Alas! that brown-eyed girl and white-browed boy have long slept under the daisies.

And what a halcyon retreat was that old garret on summer afternoons when the rain-spirits beat their musical tattoo on the shingles overhead. There is a sweet rhyme which must have been born of a poet's heart as he sat and dreamed, some rainy day, under some such old attic roof as this:

"Every tinkle on the shingles
  Has an echo in my heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
  Into busy being start.
And a thousand recollections
  Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
  Of the soft rain on the roof."

I know in what rooms a trio of young sisters slept, studied, or held their girlish festivals; on what mantel-shelves they placed bouquets of sweet trailing arbutus and glossy winter-green; where stood their book tables, and where hung the mirrors before which they braided up their hair or smiled back the reflection of cheeks and eyes that brightened with the flush and sparkle of young hope and promise. I know, too, alas! the chamber wherein the first link of that sister-chain was severed, wherein two days and nights lay a statuesque, waxen form, whose lips Azrael, the angel of death, had touched with his seal so gently that we scarce knew when the earthy life lapsed into the better, ere they bore her out to sleep under the autumn sod. I remember, as but yesterday, the deathly smell of the new coffin they carried in there, and for months I could never pass that chamber door but the same painful perfume smote like a thrill upon the senses with the same sickly sensation.

To what unexplained phenomena do we owe this power to retain the gloom, the shadow, the terror, while the joyful eludes us, and, like the sunbeam upon which we strive to close our imprisoning grasp, we find, alas! that we have it not! Ah, is it not that the Rembrandt shadows of a painting ever impress us most deeply? that the warp, which is of darkness, is of coarser filament than the golden woof of light in the web of life?

Yet all memories of the old house are not saddening ones. I know the very window, with its small thick panes of greenish glass, at the head of the staircase, always open on balmy spring or summer days, where drifts of white blossoms of the "Canada plum tree" used to fall in and lie on the broad upper stairs, and where one could stand and, parting the branches, look away through the long vistas of the distant apple orchards to catch such visions of sunset glory that, to my childish fancy, heaven, the beautiful city, surely sat enthroned upon those western sunset clouds, every block of shadowy gray a massive pedestal, every streak of amber streaming up into the blue, a fluted golden pillar upholding the great arched dome of azure.

I have seen Rembrandts, and Claudes, and Tintarettos since; sunset skies and Italian glories have smiled down upon me in picture galleries, and some sweet landscapes have enriched my wanderings, but never more beautiful picture or landscape than met the gaze of childhood from the old western stair-window.

And birds used to sing there; home-returned swallows, in the twilight, sometimes mistaking their nests, darted in our faces, then flew up to their chirping children beneath the eaves overhead; bobolinks and blue jays twittered there in spring-time, the golden oriole swung his purse-like nest from the limb of the tall apple tree in the garden, while across the field, where the orchard surged up an ocean of white billows odorous of more delicate scent than ever daintiest lady flung from her 'broidered kerchief, the domestic mother robin brooded over her young. And at night, too, leaning from that staircase window, I watched "the stars creep o'er the trees."

"Many a night from yonder ivied casement ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West,
Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled like a silver braid."

But why linger here? Reader, you who were not born under that old house-roof, whose life's currents has been caught from other founts and whose feet have trodden other paths, who, perhaps, looking on the classic ruins of the old world, have grown to deem no olden structure suggestive or rich in food for the imagination save some ivied castle frowning steeply

"O'er the blue and winding Rhine,"

or cloistered, moss-grown abbey, rich in mellow light of crimson casement, pomp of stately architecture or historic legend, what sympathies may I crave of you for these memories of the humble fort-house of stern, bleak, Puritan times?

And yet, surely I judge some of you wrongly. Every New England heart must beat with quickened pulses at the mention of New England homes. The houses that were contemporaneous with the houses where dwelt John Hancock, Governor Bradstreet and Miles Standish, must be regarded as landmarks of an age which left its uneffaceable imprint on the history of our country; the old hearthstones where the Lares and Penates of our Puritan sires were niched, to be sentinelled by the "queen's arm" and the battle-axe, should be guarded, ay, by loving hearts and with loyal veneration; thresholds on which have trodden the feet of those who "came over in the May-flower," are shrines more sacred than the Orient's, and every timber, plank and beam of these old walls should be sedulously shielded from the levelling hand of that modern vandal, Progress.

But for me, who first saw light under the roof of yon old house, whose record of girlish joys and sorrows was kept and sealed there, whose childish feet first trod those floors, and whose eyes saw beautiful pictures framed in the old staircase window, then pondering, though but vaguely as yet, on the mystery of life, caught glimpses of the beautiful beyond, afar over the rosy battlements of the west, whether my feet wander to other climes and my eyes feast on all rare and lovely creations whereof poets have sung and whereunto the poet's heart must ever turn yearningly as the sky-lark soars, singing, to the free, glad, upper air—whether *this* may come to pass, or my life glide onward in a narrower channel till it flows out into the great ocean of life, I can but turn lovingly and often to the ark whence my wings first went fluttering forth, seeking, and,

thank God, not in vain, to pluck some green olive leaf from the surging waters of life!

And if, at last, the good angels come to pilot my boat "across the river," may it float on swift, upheaving waves into that upper sea of blue, afar to that beautiful mansion in the Eternal City, which, in early imaginings, I builded—

"Branched with corridors sublime,
Flecked with winding stairs,
Such as children wish to climb,
Following their own prayers,"

beyond those sunset clouds I leaned out to watch from the staircase window of "The Old House on the Plains!"

A LONDON GIN PALACE.

Strange that man, the highest and noblest of beings, should so far forget himself as to sink to a level with the vilest! Strange that, boasting the powers of reason and judgment, when darkened hours come over him instead of determinedly resisting and rising far above all little troubles, he should blindly banish them for the moment by a fatal compromise which soon brings them back again in the form of terrible tormenting tyrants!

In no country in the world does intemperance in the use of intoxicating drinks appear in a more revolting form than in England. The habitual light-heartedness of the continental European, and the nature of the beverages most readily attainable are with him safeguards against excess. In the Anglo Saxon blood we find, however, a gravity and decision of character which, when fully developed, produces the noblest results, but which, under the current of adverse circumstances, is apt to sink into morbid melancholy. And when social causes combine to produce poverty, as is fearfully the case in England, there is great danger of the patient (for we must so regard the sufferer) yielding, despite his better reason, to the insinuating but treacherous solace of the glass. Consequently, we find among the suffering poor, and among the laboring classes of England, a degree of intemperance which is more than disgusting—it is terrible and monstrous.

We know of nothing which so fearfully indicates the criminal indifference of those who make and execute laws, to the moral state of the multitude, as the attractive and treacherous splendor with which the dealers in intoxicating drinks are, the world over, allowed to invest their calling. Particularly is this the case in London. The stranger passing the lower end of Holborn, or the neighborhood of Whitechapel, or the New Cut, may, at a late hour, be attracted by the flaring gas lights and flashy elegance which distinguishes the entrance to some house of more than ordinary pretensions. Let him enter—following the throng of visitors, and his eye will at once be struck with a scene, of which our engraving is an excellent representation. In every direction there is the glitter of glass and of gilding, and a theatrical splendor of carvings and curtains. But what a contrast does the house present to the motley misery of its visitors. Look at them! The poor and the base, the degraded and the hardened. This is a Gin Palace—one of Satan's vilest pandemoniums on earth. It is full to repletion—the air is foul with the fumes of abominable liquors, and is a poison of itself. As we gaze about and distinguish the individual features of this multitude, the place seems the general rendezvous of all that is vulgar and hateful in human nature. Observe that man—an inebriate—in whose countenance no trace of humanity remains, led away by his poor, pale wife and little daughter! He is *drunk!* Is there a single word in any tongue which more fully expresses the extreme of degradation and misery? There is a ragged child, too young to reach the counter, save on tip toe, holding up a bottle for the unnatural wants of parents who starve and neglect her, urged by the most terrible and unconquerable of passions. There is a mother pouring into her infant's mouth, to silence its cries in intoxication, the last drops from her own glass of gin. This is the most terrible sight of all, and it awakes still sadder thoughts when we reflect that it is not an accidental or occasional thing, but a matter of regular occurrence among the *mothers*—and they are many—who frequent this place. Beyond the partition there is a spot which in many gin-houses is appropriated to *gentlemen*—for there are degrees and castes even in gin drinking, though it be a vice which of all others seems to sink its devotees to the most degrading equality. Yes—give the *gentlemen* gin-drinkers a place—for in a few years they will sink to the common room. Then the strong hand will be palsied, the bright eye dim, and broadcloth and silk flaunt not in graceful folds, but in looped and windowed raggedness. And darker and drearier will be the downward and rapid course to—death. There is one—a black band around his crushed white hat—who *once* was among the *gentlemen*—God help him! Such are the patrons of a Gin Palace.

SCENE IN A LONDON GIN PALACE.

THE MEERSCHAUM MANIA.

Within the past two years there has sprung up in our midst a disease known as the "Meerschaum fever," and so rapid has been its growth, that a smoker of cigars or fine-cut is not considered genteel or fashionable without the smoke of his "regalia" or "Turkish" passes through a meerschaum. The usual salutation of "How are you?" is now forgotten, and the words, "Does your meerschaum color?" substituted. For it must be considered that the meerschaum is only considered valuable when it assumes a dark-red appearance. No matter how much it may smell like an old pipe, and scent one's clothes until your friends turn their nos'e to the windward, while talking to you, fashion has issued its mandate that meerschaums must be colored. Cigars are smoked without number, sleepless nights are spent in extracting the oil from tobacco, so that it may be absorbed in the beloved meerschaum, and the coveted color obtained. Friends are invited to smoke that never were invited before, so that the good time may come when the owner can, with feelings of gratitude, exclaim, "How beautiful it is colored!" Fabulous amounts are paid for them when they have donned the fashionable hue, and that which was worth fifty cents when new, has been sold as high as fifteen dollars when colored and rank with the oil of tobacco. The price, however, cannot be considered enormous, when it is understood that the finest quality of meerschaum cannot be perfectly colored under three months, and then it must be in use nearly all the time; say, for instance, thirty cigars per day smoked through one, each cigar costing three cents, would make the cost for ninety days, $81, without counting sick headaches, nervousness, etc. The meerschaum, or that portion in which the cigar or tobacco is placed, in made in Vienna, of clay found in Asia. The clay resembles the porcelain clay of this country, and is easily moulded into any desired shape, and the finer the quality, the more easily colored by the oil of tobacco. The mouthpiece of the meerschaum is made of amber, a substance resembling rosin, found along the Baltic Sea. This is valued according to the size of the pieces, and its fitness for mouthpieces. Many of the meerschaums, since the great demand for the article, are now made of a French clay, with mouthpieces of copal, and so strong is the resemblance, that none but judges of the article can distinguish the difference. These are called, by the knowing ones, "Mere-shams." These sell from twenty-five cents to one dollar and upwards. The real meerschaums are valued as before stated, by the length and purity of the mouthpiece, and the fineness of the clay from which they are made. Some of them sell as high as $20, and the bowls for pipes as high as $50, in consequence of the elaborate carving upon them. They are made in Vienna, where a large number of persons are employed to meet the present demand. One firm, Doll & Co, have sold over $6000 worth the present season, and the cry is still "more meerschaums." These pipes have been in use in Vienna and Germany for fifty or more years, and by a few Germans in this country, but not until very recently have our own citizens taken such a fancy to them. Now the fever is equal to the mulberry tree mania which spread over the country, and every cigar shop has its display of meerschaums. Those who are not able to purchase the "Simon Pures" use glass imitations.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

IMPERIAL WIT.

It is said that on a recent occasion Prince Jerome called upon his imperial nephew at the Tuileries, and commenced a tirade of violent reproach, levelled mainly against the reluctance of the latter to set the army on the march for Italy. Amongst other things the old prince is said to have exclaimed: "You have not a drop of the Great Napoleon's blood in your veins." "Well," replied the immovable emperor, "at all events I have his whole family on my shoulders," giving at the same time such a shrug of the appendages mentioned as indicated a violent desire to rid them of their onerous burthen.—*Reynolds.*

GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

A lady correspondent of the Home Journal, and a very sensible woman, too, treating of the prevailing fashion of resorting to the country in the summer season, writes as follows:—

"Sometimes I spend a few days in the country, with my southern maid, though the country itself is not to my liking. I prefer the city. I do not like to be aroused from my morning's sleep by the noise of crowing cocks and clucking hens, quacking ducks and cackling geese. I object, seriously, to listening to the cry of young calves, and the frenzied lowing of their mothers. I experience no pleasure in getting up of mornings to see the sun rise, nor take delight in walking up hill and down vale, through long and tangled grasses, wet, very wet, with the last night's dew. A rainy day in the country is my especial abhorrence; there are no avenue rail-cars, no lines of omnibuses, no hackney-coaches, running into the orchard where the harvest apples are ripening; or through the lanes, on either side of which the cherries are rosy red; or over the hills and far away, where the strawberries are blushing and hiding beneath the leaves. You can't obtain these specialities in the country of a rainy day, unless you are willing to undergo a shower-bath from the trees while gathering the apples and cherries, or a foot-bath while picking the berries. But in the city, whether it be rainy or not, you can always—in their season—obtain these luxuries at Washington Market, and in far better preservation and freshness than you can in the country. In the city you can always find a shady side, somewhere, to walk on. Between the Battery and Central Park there are greener spots than you can anywhere else discover. I know that there are plenty of black spots, too, but these exist, also, wherever man is to be found, whether in town or country. I am always glad, therefore, to get away from the hot, exposed roads of the country, and return to the cool, shaded streets of the city. I see more wonderful and beautiful things displayed in the windows of Broadway, as I pass through it, on my way back, than I have seen all the time of my absence."

On the same subject, a contemporary editor utters the following sensible and truthful remarks: "New York is not half so much of a purgatory in summer as many people imagine, and, if it were not for the fashion of going into the country after 'the Fourth,' there would be a good many who would stay behind for the sake of enjoying the luxuries here which cannot be obtained elsewhere, neither for love nor money. People who imagine it necessary for their health to drink a quart of Congress water before breakfast, can procure the article at the druggists as pure as they can at the springs, and a great deal cheaper; while the lovers of salt water bathing can have that luxury in as great perfection at the Battery as at Cape May or Newport. It would be rather difficult, we admit, to find as high-priced and different hotels here as at the water, but, in all other respects. N- what can be found

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

REVERIE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Blessed these moments of peace-bearing leisure,
Seasons of idleness, vexed not with strife!
Blessed, thrice blessed, each ecstatic pleasure,
Snatched from the care and the turmoil of life!
Now am I a monarch! With sceptre and garland,
Leaving the dust of the mortal behind,
Robed in the purple, I haste to the far-land,
To the sweet realms of my Kingdom of Mind!

See the wide shores of this fairy-land region,
View well this birthright, my tenet in fee!
Millions of vassals, my genii-legion,
Hasten to loyalty, bending the knee!
Throned on the ideal summits of fancy,
Castled in wizard-walls—thus do I find,
With the sure aid of this soul-necromancy,
Every dear haunt of my Kingdom of Mind!

Hark to the echoes of mirth and enjoyment,
Toy with these zephyrs of indolent ease!
Here are no demons of pain and employment,
And but the duty—the monarch to please!
Hail, ye bright empires, thought-girdled, heart-founded,
Farewell the honors of earth, long-resigned!
Lo, as a regent, with satraps surrounded,
Thus do I reign in my Kingdom of Mind!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SALLIE LOST AND WON.

WHAT CAME OF A CONFLAGRATION.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

"FIRE! fire!"

It is midnight. The great city which a few moments ago slept in the breathless hush of silence and darkness, is all alive now with the echoes and re-echoes of that startling cry. Bells ring—engines rattle—the thunder of rushing feet reverberates along the pavements.

"Fire! fire!"

It is a sound which I have not heard for years without a strange thrilling of the pulses. There are gray threads in my hair, and suspicious crow's tracks about my eyes, and yet, old man as I am, my heart to this day will spring to my throat like a frightened boy's, whenever I listen to that cry. Sitting here by my library-window to-night, watching the lurid light of the distant conflagration as it swells up to heaven like a great golden cloud, memory brings back to me, with almost painful distinctness, the one romantic episode of my life; and while the brazen-throated bells are pealing out their warning, imploring calls through the awakened city, and the hoarse voice of firemen, the rude clatter of engines, and the trampling of innumerable, hurrying feet are growing fainter in the distance, I have a mind to write out the little romance of which I speak.

But the reader must go out with me, in imagination, away out from this wilderness of brick walls and narrow pavements, to where the moonlight is lying white and still upon country fields and country homes, silvering the dew upon blushing clover meadows, drifting over summer hills, and hanging up silver swings among grand old trees for the giddy winds to frolic in. We will leave the city far behind us, like a huge monster hushed to restless slumber, its thousand fiery eyes sparkling and glittering wickedly, as if in fierce anger because it could not spring forward upon our track and drag us backward. Here, let us take this road, where the tall elm trees stand up in such a proud, sentinel fashion, lacing their green uniforms together over our heads by the white ribbons of the moonlight, leaving only darkness underneath, save where now and then the brown, winding country road is mottled with spots of light, like great, irregular flakes of snow. This way—to the right! It will lead us sooner where we wish to go, and I will show you the spot where years and years ago, ere a single brown hair on my head had whitened, or a single wrinkle dared to show itself upon my face, I turned the saddest and yet the sweetest page in the long book of my life. Ah, yes! the saddest and the sweetest page! I spelled out the words awkwardly at first, and every syllable touched my heart like the quick, cold thrust of a dagger. When I read them over afterward, I found they had been re-written with a pen of gold.

It was a June night, very similar to this, but the hour was earlier. I sat side by side with Sallie Whittemore, on the brown, wooden door-step of her house, and never king occupied his position, than did I that humble yet most exalted seat; humble, because it was a doorstep, and only a wooden one at that, yet most exalted, because Sallie Whittemore, the prettiest, wittiest, rosiest girl for miles around occupied it with me. With just such a saintly face as she wears to-night, the moon came up from behind the eastern hills, brightening the earth with the sad glory of her smile. In just such a dainty way the summer wind ran across the meadows, gathering up here a scent and there a sound, stealing sweet smells from the purple clover-beds, wandering through the orchards, shaking their green boughs in wanton glee, and frightening the few creamy, rose-tinted petals that had outlived the May, down to the dewy ground; purloining a note from the murmurous song which the far-away river was singing to its pebbly shores, ruffling the silken wings of the nested bird, and even daring to stir with its audacious breath the soft hair which shaded Sallie's forehead—that smooth, white forehead I would have given a year of my life to kiss. O, the mocking, cruel wind! Did it know that a sweet tumult of hopes and fears, of painful pleasure and pleasurable pain, was in my heart that hour? As it fluttered its cool wings across my face, did it guess what tender, pleasant thought it was that dashed the swift blood up warm and impetuous to my sun-burned cheeks, and sent a tremor of agitation dancing through my veins? At any rate, it played its mad pranks as though it knew the whole—as though it had spelled out from the crimson alphabet of Sallie's blushes the full story, and was determined to tantalize me to the utmost. It tossed and floated through her silken hair, as if to ridicule the great awkward hands which hung unused by my side, longing but not daring to smooth back caressingly the disordered nut-brown tresses. It played with the tassels of her coquettish little apron, and trembled on the white, crimped edge of the cambric ruffle about her throat. It stirred the folds of her bodice, challenging me to clasp about with my arm the slender waist. It even swept back, daringly, once or twice, the simple gingham skirt, revealing to me the dainty little feet beneath, beating out a gay, quick tune on the greensward.

I had gone to Sallie's that beautiful summer evening to tell her a story of tenderness that had been in my heart for years; gone to her, earnest and courageous with my great hope, to find how cowardly one bright glance from her blue eyes, or one gay word from her ripe, red lips, could make me. I had thought to tell her all I had to say in a single, simple, straight-forward sentence, but, O, how the words stuck in my throat when I tried to speak them, and how my obstinate tongue turned and twisted, as though suddenly grown too large for the mouth which held it. I was a plain, awkward country youth at best, but *how* plain and *how* awkward I never realized until I sat there in the moonlight by Sallie's side, confused and agitated, envying her the bewitching self-possession of manner which only rendered me more uncouth and ungraceful in the contrast. And, by the way, what will give women—provoking creatures that they are!—such an air of cool, sweet, easy dignity, as to have their lovers blushing like beets, and blundering like blind pigs in a crooked sty, over a confession of love?

I am quite sure I could have shaken Sallie, well as I loved her, to see with what quiet but arch gaiety she enjoyed my embarrassment. We sat together silently for the most part, though once in awhile I would fling in a little spasmodic gasp of conversation about the weather, the state of the crops, or the harvesting prospects. As for *the* particular subject, it kept edging about my tongue like a shy fox around a trap, never getting near enough to be caught by the subtle spring-wire of speech.

"Don't you think they are pretty, Ben?" said Sallie, at last, breaking in upon the embarrassing silence with the clear, bell-like music of her voice, and twisting one white hand, as she spoke, in and out through the tangled wed of hop-vines that clambered greenly over the brown, wooden porch.

I nodded my head in assent, watching her slight fingers with a kind of fascination, as they fluttered through the dark leaves like so many white blossoms.

"Mr. Hunter's folks have got trumpet honeysuckles for their new house, but I don't think them half as beautiful as these. I always did like hop-vines."

She said it with *such* a betwitching uplifting of her eyes to mine, as if to know whether I agreed with her or not!

"I wish *I* was a hop-vine, then, Sallie!"

Don't laugh at me, dear reader! I know now that it was a very silly thing to say. I think I partly realized it then, but in the name of goodness what *could* a poor, blundering fellow do, when his heart kept climbing up into his mouth just for the fun of tumbling back again, like a frog into a pond, while every drop of blood in his body seemed ambitious to crowd itself into his bursting face, to blaze and burn and flame away, with no obvious reason in the world only to make him the laughing-stock of a merry, coquettish girl?

And a laughing-stock it made of me—no mistake. Sallie looked saucily into my face a moment, and then said, with a little ripple of laughter that set the extreme tips of my ears to burning and tingling as if they had been held in hot pincers:

"Hop vines have one quality which is hardly thought becoming in young men."

"May I ask what that is?" I replied, a trifle sheepishly, making a desperate attempt to imprison one of the soft hands that had fluttered down from the vines to her lap.

"*Greenness!*"

She snatched her hand away, as she said it, and cast a very innocent, steady look up towards the moon.

Greenness! The word went over me like a cold shower-bath, for I saw what a dolt I was making of myself in the eyes where I cared most to appear well. It did me good service, however. My embarrassment was gone on the instant, and I was as dignified and as cool as the little lady beside me and the nature of the circumstances would permit. The fear that my clownishness would lose me Sallie, had the effect of sobering me back into self possession, and in a few resolute words, respectful, earnest, tender, but not self humiliating, (it is astonishing how a man's self respect always rises up to combat a woman's ridicule!) I told her of my love, and asked her to be my wife.

It was her turn to be flustered then. I tried to read my answer in her face, before she spoke, but the moonlight showed me such a contradictory mystery of smiles and blushes and dimples and pouts and frowns, such sudden upliftings and down-droopings of snowy eyelids, such tossing of curls, and pouting of lips, and flushing of cheeks, that I could make nothing of it but a puzzle, and was forced to content myself and wait patiently for an answer.

It came at last—a faint, hesitating, half audible *no*. I was jilted! The blood went away from my face in a swift retreat, making such a great, wild rush at my heart, that for a moment I felt sick and dizzy, and then it came back again, whirling and boiling into my checks, eager to tell how mortified and pained I was.

Then I made a fool of myself. I delight to punish myself, even at this late day, by declaring that I made a fool, an unquestionable, actual downright fool of myself. I could almost pull my asinine ears this blessed minute, in pure revenge upon myself. I hadn't lived so long in the world then as I have now. I didn't understand the complicated mystery of a woman's nature; didn't know that she ever allowed her lips knowingly to contradict her heart. And so I accepted Sallie's tremulous negative with as honest a faith in the candor of her decision, as though it had been a plump, firm, scornful one. But it didn't quite agree with something I had heard, once upon a time; and after the first shock of pain was over, I blurted out with:

"Well, then, if you never intended to marry a fellow, what did you encourage him for? And what made you tell Nancy Hunter, when you knew she would tell her brother, and her brother would tell me, that I was the only young man in the village fit for a husband?"

There! I'll leave it the reader if I wasn't an idiot. I believe the old cloven-hoofed father of all folly tempted me into that speech, for I am naturally bright enough. You should have seen Sallie's eyes open upon me, wide and dark, and watched the little fiery sparks of scorn and anger that shot into them, like stars into a cloudy firmament. You should have seen the flood of crimson color break up from the velvet channel of her cheeks, overflow their shore of dimples, and rise up even to the white upland of her brow. You should have seen her superb lips curl, her graceful neck arch itself, her slight figure straighten and rise into almost queenly proportions, as she sprang up and stood before me. My straw hat had been lying on the grass at her feet. She stooped, picked it up, and with a quick, proud gesture laid it on my head. Ah, Sallie, you were only a simple country girl, but the haughty disdain of that look and motion would have fitted a queen!

"You are a great, rude, conceited creature, Benjamin Woodstock, and if I ever said those words, I could not have been overstocked with common sense, any more than you are now when you are gentlemanly enough to repeat them to me. I congratulate you on the flourishing way in which your vanity must have been increasing with such nutritious food to diet on. I wish you good-evening!"

She stood with her angry eyes bent full upon my face, while she spoke, but as she finished, she swept me a low courtesy, and turned to enter the house. I know, for she has told me since, that my lips were white with the passion of resentful pride and anger which her words awakened in my heart. But I had sense enough to thrust my hat upon my head and take the most direct road home, choking down, as I went along, the current of hot, wrathful thoughts which oppressed me almost to suffocation.

And now I have another confession to make. I hadn't gone a rod and a half from the house, before there came a revulsion of feeling. I felt indignant at myself for my stupidity and rudeness, rather than at Sallie for her just resentment. The predominating influence at work in my heart was no longer wrath but sorrow, and, if you will believe it, I sat down in the bright, moonlighted field that adjoined Squire Whittemore's front yard, and in full sight of the house, cried like a whipped schoolboy. Sneer at me who will. Those were honest tears, wrung from the heart of an unsophisticated but strongly loving man, at the grave of the sweetest hope he had ever cherished. My love for Sallie Whittemore, and my grief at her rejection, were both simple, sincere and genuine. In the unaffected earnestness of my sorrow, I might have sat there all night with my handkerchief to my eyes, but that a clear, melodious, derisive laugh rang out all at once on the air. I started as if a blow had been dealt me. There was but *one* mouth in all the world through whose rosy portal *such* laughter could float, and I knew it! Sallie—malicious, cruel Sallie—had been watching me from her chamber-window!

I could not endure that she of all persons should ridicule my emotion, so I hastily thrust my pocket handkerchief out of sight, and drawing my coatsleeve vigorously across my eyes once or twice, rose from my seat, and resolutely swallowing my grief for the time being, walked briskly towards home, making a valorous attempt to whistle a sprightly tune, in hopes that Sallie would hear me and judge therefrom of my indifference. I need scarcely add that the attempt resulted in failure. I could stop crying, if need be, to save myself from ridicule, but not for a kingdom could I whistle.

"Fire! fire!"

The clear, shrill cry startled me from an uneasy slumber into which I had fallen along towards midnight. The tears of my great disappointment were dried from my lashes as I sprang up from my bed and pushed away the window curtains, in order to gain, if possible, some knowledge of the origin and cause of the alarm.

"Fire! fire!"

"Squire Whittemore's house is all in a blaze! Bring on your buckets and pails, neighbors, and for the love of heaven hasten!"

These and similar hurried exclamations fell on my ears, as I threw on my clothes and rushed into the street. Squire Whittemore's house! For an instant the blood seemed to have grown stagnant in my veins, but on the next I was flying through the streets towards the scene of the conflagration, as though some invisible power had lent me wings.

All was confusion and alarm and wild disorder there; but as I sprang in among the excited crowd, panting and breathless, a cry, fearful in its depths of terror and despair, broke on my ear, making my very heart stand still with the import of its dreadful words.

"My child! O God, my child! Who will save her?"

One might have known it was a mother's voice, even if they had not seen that aged woman standing in the throng, white, tearless and erect, her gray hairs streaming on the night wind, her face, stony with its mighty fear, turned as if by fascination towards the burning house; her wild, imploring eyes fixed with a terrified stare;

her raised fore-finger pointing frantically to the spot where the flames were bursting out in the wildest fury, and threatening to prevent all approach.

It needed but one glance to show me the cause of that pitiful appeal. Standing by an upper window, with her face rendered almost deathlike in its pallor, by the lurid, ghastly light of the flames, was Sallie Whittemore! It seemed for an instant as if no human aid could reach her, and every breath in that great multitude was hushed in an awful suspense. Then there was a stir among the most daring—a rush—and a dozen stout men sprang forward to the rescue. I was ahead of them all, and my foot was first and firmest on the ladder which stalwart hands had reared against the already trembling walls. Agile as a panther I sprang up the slender rounds, the cinders flying around me in a fiery rain, great, hot clouds of smoke beating into my face and almost blinding me, as I toiled dizzily upward. A moment, and my arms were about the terrified girl's waist; another, and we were one fourth of the way down in our perilous descent. Even then, in that moment of awful danger, there was an exquisite sense of happiness at my heart. Perhaps it was the drooping of that dainty head against my shoulder, perhaps the close clasp of those soft, warm arms about my neck, that made me so, but God knows the feeling was brief as it was blissful. There was a crash, a horrified shout from the crowd below, and I felt the treacherous ladder giving way beneath our weight. I have a vague remembrance of drawing my dear burden more closely to my breast, and of sending up a quick prayer to Heaven for her safety, and then there is a blank in my memory.

"A cripple for life!"

I remember how I shivered as the kind physician's words fell on my ear, and how I turned away my eyes from the crowd of pitying, neighborly faces gathered about my couch—turned them away with a sense of utter, helpless, hopeless despair creeping coldly over me. I remember of begging them all to go away, and leave me alone with my own great affliction and bitter sorrow. I remember, too, how they stole softly and silently from the little darkened room—all but one, and that one the person whose presence I could least of all endure. But there she was, and there she would remain, in spite of all my pleading; and she *would* kneel beside me, and nestle her pale, tearful face beside mine on the pillow, and lay her dear arms about my neck, till I thought her sweet, tender pity would drive me mad.

And when I told her at last that she *must* go, that such kindness from her was quite unmanning me—assuring her how from my heart I thanked God that she had not loved me, lest I should have been too selfish to give up even then, when my life was little more than a wreck, she only clung to me the closer, and buried her wet face in my bosom.

"Ben, *dear, dear* Ben, do not speak so!" she sobbed. "I do love you—I *did* love all the time, wicked as I was. And if you were blind and deaf, as well as crippled, the only thing that should hinder me from being your wife, would be because I had proved myself so unworthy of you that you had ceased to love me."

I tried to lift her face from my bosom, when she had finished speaking—tried with all my poor strength, but she kept it hidden close, and not till I asked her whether it was gratitude or real, genuine love which prompted her generous avowal, did she release me from her passionate embrace. But then she rose up instantly, showing me her blushing, radiant face, and I knew by the flash of light which glorified it for an instant, that my question needed no answer in words. It *was love*, real and genuine; and if I had not known it then, I should have learned it since, for it has been the blessing of all my life from that time forward.

EXPERIENCE.

There is a pretty German story of a blind man, who, even under a misfortune, was happy—happy in a wife he passionately loved; her voice was sweet and low, and he gave her credit for that beauty which (had he been a painter) was the object of his idolatry. A physician came, and, curing the disease, restored the husband to sight, which he chiefly valued as it would enable him to gaze on the lovely features of his wife. He looks, and sees a face hideous in ugliness! He is restored to his sight, but his happiness is over. Is not this our history? Our cruel physician is Experience.—*Home Journal.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A VOYAGE TO SWEDEN.

BY SIDNEY S. TURNER.

The sultry noon of a hot summer day sent down its burning rays upon the head of a traveller who, with a heavy bundle slung across his shoulders with a stout oaken stick, was walking in the direction of Boston. He had left Salem in the morning, and had proceeded quite leisurely, until noon found him eagerly seeking shelter under some tree, or at least under the shadow of a building, until the torrid hour was past. Having found this, he took from his bundle a small book, and throwing off his hat, he fell at his whole length beneath a large overspreading tree, and began to read.

He was a tall, slender youth, apparently twenty-two or three years old, with a face bronzed and sunburnt, but with a forehead like snow, where the straight black hair was allowed to fall around it at its own pleasure

A light, as of intellectual superiority, played around that forehead and sparkled in the deep black eyes; and, notwithstanding the mode of travel he had adopted, every person who looked at him would take a second and deeper gaze, and acknowledge that here was no ordinary man; that he walked, not because he was poor, but because he was independent; that instead of trusting his thoughts to the mixed sociality of a stage-coach, he had chosen to enjoy them silently, or to pour them forth where no one could hear, or analyze them to his disadvantage. He lay there and read for more than two hours; then rising and shaping his course toward a farm-house that stood alone, he asked for some bread and milk. The farmer's wife sat bread, fruit, and delicious cream before him, for which he threw down some silver. She refused it, positively, saying that, in their retired situation, it was too pleasant to see a stranger, to allow themselves to be paid. Mutual confidence was inspired, and the result was that the young man was to board with his new friends for a few weeks, until some arrangements could be made for him which might prove more permanent. He was installed at once in a pleasant chamber, overlooking a wide range of hill and meadow, and giving a delicious glimpse of the blue ocean. A neat straw carpet, with white curtains and a white bed-covering, cane-seated chairs with white frames, and a small table, were all the appointments of the simple room. It was the spare chamber of the house, and was scrupulously clean and neat.

It was a sweet resting-place to him, whose life for two years had been sometimes in the crowded cabin of a steamer, sometimes on shipboard, and sometimes on the very top of volcanic mountains, lying there all night to watch an eruption. It was a sweet resting-place, too, for a heart that had ached and trembled, hoped and feared, and had also been torn and bleeding under woes of which the world knew, and for which it cared *nothing.*

Roland Ashton was the son of a ship-master in Salem, who, dying in the East Indies, had left a moderate property to his widow and only son. Mrs. Ashton belonged to an aristocratic family in Salem, and her pride of birth, though not offensive, was still prominent enough to call attention to the fact.

She had educated Roland in something of the same feeling; but in him it operated only as a high-toned self respect. Well educated, highly bred, and in all respects a gentleman, Roland Ashton might have taken precedence of almost every person in his circle; but his modesty restrained him from all demonstrations of superiority, and he contented himself with the lowest seat rather than to claim the highest.

He had visited foreign countries, his property giving him ample means for so doing, by being economically managed; and during his stay his mother had resided with an old friend in Boston. Arranging all things at the pretty farm-house to his liking, and securing a parlor below for his mother, he walked to that city the next morning, intending to prevail on her to return with him.

It was one of Ashton's peculiarities never to ride when he could walk; and, having tired himself on this day, he set out the following morning to trace his way to the city. He had gone a few miles, when a carriage appeared in the distance, swaying and careering so violently that he was convinced something terrible had happened, or was about to happen. On its approach he found it perfectly empty. A fragment of gauzy material was hanging to the step; another of a different color to the wheel. Evidently, then, ladies had been thrown from it, and perhaps were dying upon the road. He seized the reins, which were entangling the feet of the horses, and freeing them, he sprang on the seat and drove them back. Beside the road lay a figure apparently lifeless. Another lady was bringing water from a brook in her inverted sun-shade, with which she began to sprinkle the recumbent figure.

As Roland sprang to the ground, the lady uttered a cry of heartfelt joy. She explained that the horses became frightened at a large piece of room paper that was blown directly across their feet; that her companion, who was driving, could not hold the reins and had attempted to alight, but missed her footing, and was jerked forward upon some stones; that finding that she could not recover the reins, she followed her friend's example, with better success, her only accident being the loss of half a flounce. She told him this while endeavoring to restore her friend, in which Ashton, having secured the horses, was of great service to her.

"My name is Laura King," said the young lady, after a brief pause, in which they were at a loss to know how to proceed.

"And mine is Ashton," rejoined Roland.

"That is right. Now we know each other," she said. "I think it awkward not to be able to call names."

Roland was surprised at the little emotion she experienced for her friend's state, and he did not mind telling her so.

"O, Mr. Ashton! when you have seen as many ladies faint as I have, you will not think it a weighty affair. Still, I should like her to recover before we put her into the carriage."

She did not, however, and Ashton took her up gently and placed her on the seat, and Laura was soon seated by her side. She held her head against her shoulder, and the carriage was driven on by Roland at a smart, quick pace. A few moments of this motion sufficed to send the color into her cheeks, the quick, warm breath to her lips, and as Roland turned round toward her, he was struck with the varied expression of a face lately so still and pallid.

"Whither do you go?" he asked of Miss King, who directed him to a genteel house near Beacon Street. "The very house," said he, "where my mother is staying." But his words were lost in the sound of the wheels, and on second thought he did not repeat them.

He alighted when they arrived, and handed out Miss King. The other lady was really hurt, and he was obliged to take her out in his arms and carry her into the house. Mrs. Ashton herself stood in the hall, and of course the embrace to her long absent son was very cordial. Considerable time elapsed before order was restored and the injured lady placed under the care of a physician. Ashton proposed to his mother to go with him to Woodend that afternoon; but she chose to remain until Caroline King should be restored; so he left her to follow him when she pleased.

When, after three weeks, she joined him, she was accompanied by the two cousins, Caroline and Laura King.

It was her desire that one of these should be her son's wife. They were rich, handsome, and of high birth—both South Carolinians of the best blood—and moreover, the lady who was hurt in the overturning, manifested a great interest in Roland Ashton. They did not know that far beyond the sea, Roland Ashton had left a heart that was longing for his return—that nothing but the remembrance of his mother's pride had prevented him from bringing home the beautiful Swedish girl as his bride. A dutiful son he had ever been, even to the crushing down of hopes that were intertwined with his whole being.

One year before, he had seen Elise Brennar, with the strong hand of sorrow laid heavily upon her. Her parents both died, leaving her poor and friendless. Ashton won her love by the kindness which he bestowed upon her desolate state. That love was not lost—it was soon returned fourfold.

He wrote to his mother, describing Elise, and stating his intentions toward her. She answered, peremptorily refusing to admit her to her presence. Roland felt how little happiness could exist for Elise, while his mother remained so unapproachable, and he returned without her. But hardly had he set foot on his native shore, ere he repented. Though a calm, dispassionate man, little given to excitement, he felt to the depth of his heart that he could not live without Elise. He *liked* the Kings—he had *loved* the Swedish girl. There was a great deal of difference—and when Mrs. Ashton thought herself perfectly sure of a rich daughter in law, he horrified her by declaring his unalterable attachment to Elise; and what was worse, declaring it before Caroline King. She turned a withering look upon Roland, for his eager anxiety on the day of her fall had induced her to think she was the object of his attention; while Laura had long imagined that her smartness and wit had entrapped him. Laura came down the same afternoon with a letter, pretending that she was called home, and that she should go the next day. Roland's quick eyes detected the fact that the letter she held was post-marked in January; and this was August!

"It has been long delayed," he remarked; "I fear the occasion for your return has gone by."

She detected the sarcasm, and blushed. "O, I took up the wrong letter," she said, in confusion.

But they went, the same afternoon.

"Mother," said Roland, after they had gone, "will you go to Sweden with me?"

"What a request! how can I?"

"Perfectly well. The steamer sails to-morrow."

"Absurd! I could not—and why should I?"

"To bring home a daughter-in law."

"Really, my son, you presume upon your recent absence, to ask such a thing."

But notwithstanding her resistance, she went—afraid to trust him by himself, and hoping to be able to prevent him from this marriage, if she should be with him. All the voyage, she held up the image of Caroline King; and almost the moment they arrived in England they met her in a carriage. It was a contrived plan, the Kings having come a fortnight before. Never was a poor fellow so persecuted. They were ever at the same hotel, and both renewed their blandishments, forgetting, or feigning to forget that they had lost their hopes before.

Roland's only resource was to bring Elise to his mother's presence. Even she had begun to despair of his return to Sweden; but now the joy of his presence brought light and beauty to her pale cheek.

Since his departure, a relation whom she never saw had died, leaving her all that he was worth, she being next of kin. It was a great recommendation to Mrs. Ashton, especially when she found that the deceased relative was of rank, although he had never troubled himself about his poorer relations. She made a feint of dissatisfaction; but the event showed that the voyage of the Kings was made in vain. Ashton returned home with his mother and his young bride, and extended an invitation to the two young ladies to accompany him; but they declined to appear as accessories where each had hoped to be principal.

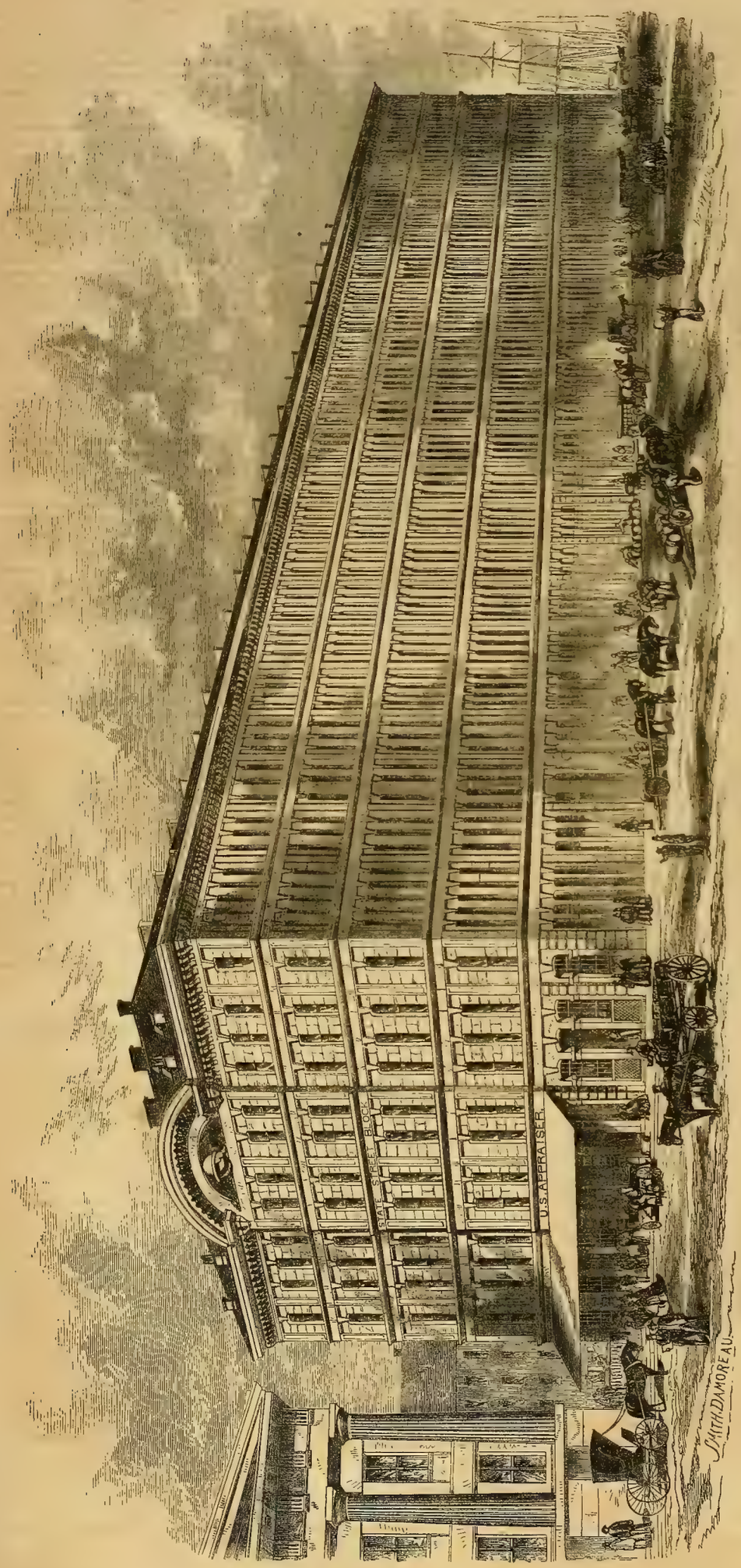
THE DIFFUSION OF ODORS.

Odors are capable of a very wide diffusion. A single grain of musk has been known to perfume a large room for the space of twenty years. Consider how often, during that time, the air of the apartment must have been renewed, and have become charged with fresh odor. At the lowest computation, the musk had been subdivided into 320 quadrillions of particles, each of them capable of affecting the olfactory organs. The vast diffusion of odorous effluvia may be conceived from the fact, that a lump of asafœtida, exposed to the open air, lost only a grain in seven weeks. Yet, since dogs hunt by the scent alone, the effluvia emitted from the several species of animals, and from different individuals of the same race, must be essentially distinct. The vapor of pestilence conveys its poison in a still more subtle and attenuated form. The seeds of contagion are known to lurk, for years, in various absorbent substances, which scatter death on exposure to the air.—*Piesse's Art of Perfumery.*

AN INTERESTING WORK.

Among the unpublished manuscripts of the late and much lamented Dr. Wm. A. Alcott, was one bearing the following unique and suggestive title: "Forty Years in the Wilderness of Pills and Powders, or the Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician." It bears the marks of having been added to, up to within a week of the decease of the venerable author. It may with propriety be called his Medical Autobiography, and is a work of quite remarkable character, being filled with facts and anecdotes of rare interest. It will doubtless have a large sale when published. We are informed that Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co. have the work in press, and will issue it at an early day.—*Boston Journal.*

It is safer to be humble with one talent than to be proud with ten.



THE STATE STREET BLOCK, BOSTON.

THE STATE STREET BLOCK.

We present on this page a fine view of the State Street Block, drawn expressly for our Pictorial. The erection of these buildings is due to the enterprise of the Board of Directors of the Long and Central Wharf Corporations, who completed the foundation work in May, 1857, so that the lots on which the stores stand were ready to be offered for sale in June of that year. Immediately succeeding the sale, the parties purchasing entered into contracts for the erection of the superstructure thereon. These contracts were executed during the month of July, and since that period this spacious range of buildings has been constructed and completed for occupancy, covering an area of 55,575 superficial feet of land, and presenting to the eye a frontage of 1100 feet in length and 70 feet in height, upon the four streets which surround them. The outlay involved in the purchase of the land amounted to $469,543; the cost of the foundations and underground works to the purchasers of the lots was $105,494, and the amount of money disbursed for the erection of the superstructure has been $385,000, forming a grand total of $960,037 as the whole outlay. The general direction of the laying out, contracting for, and carrying forward of the project, was confided by the Directors of the Long and Central Wharf Corporations to Thomas Lamb and Moses Williams, the Presidents, who retained as architect Gridley J. F. Bryant, Esq., who designed and prepared all the plans, specifications, contracts, estimates and descriptions of the lots and their foundations, together with the buildings erected upon them, and in conjunction with Robert Marsh, Esq., superintended the erection of the same.

The noble block, comprising sixteen buildings, is a lasting monument to the skill and taste of Mr. Bryant, whose name is associated with so many of our finest structures. The sixteen buildings form one block of warehouses, having four fronts or façades upon four streets, to wit: One north, on the street intended to be called State Street, measuring 425 feet; one south, on the street intended to be called Central Street, measuring 425 feet; one west, on the new street on the east side of the Custom House, 125 feet; and one east, on a portion of Long and Central wharves, which is to be used as a street until such time as the two corporations elect to increase the block of buildings, to the east of those lots now to be sold, as aforesaid,—125 feet. Each and all the buildings composing said block of warehouses, are five stories in height, above ground, and one story, below ground. Each building has eight available and thoroughly strong floorings for storage, or for other purposes, as may be desired.

The exteriors of all the warehouses are similar in style of architecture. They are designed solely with reference to a judicious height of stories for utility as well as good proportion to the structure, as a whole, and for the introduction of suitable light by an ample number of windows and doors, all of which are of liberal dimensions. No attempt has been made to introduce elaborate architecture or ornament of any kind. The effect produced is obtained by arched openings, horizontal facias, and belts between each of the stories; upright pier-block divisions between each warehouse, with those of the street story finished with bold rustic blocks, and by a corbel table cornice which crowns the entire length of each façade. The west end of the block, facing the street to the east of the Custom House, has a central projection, reaching from top to bottom of the façade; it is designed in similar style and arrangement to the other façades, but is crowned with a massive circular pediment, in the tympanum of which it is proposed to introduce some appropriate device or inscription commemorative of the erection and uses of the block. The principal part of all the stones of the facades are designed with rough split faces encircled with tooled marginal lines on the edges of the exterior face of each stone. The faces of the facias and belts of each story are designed as dressed stone, as are also all the window-heads, keystones, arches, capitals, rustics and main cornice.

The labor of preparing the lots, in the first place, was immense, as the foundations embraced the necessary filling of the dock—the boxing out of the water, the laying down of an immense sewer, the piling for receiving the walls of the intended structures, the formation of two new streets running east and west across the site of the dock, at the north and south ends of the contemplated buildings, including the proper remodeling of the two sides of the dock into streets running on the north and south sides thereof, and the erection of a massive sea-wall for the formation of the head of the remaining dock to the east of the lots, outside of the street laid down between it and the east end of the lots. The contract for the intricate, tedious, and extensive water and underground foundations, was awarded to Messrs. Greenleaf & Adams, of Boston. The erection of eight of the warehouses was also undertaken by Messrs. Greenleaf & Adams and Joseph Fitch, Esq.; the remainder of the block has been built by the following named gentlemen: Standish & Woodbury, Jonas Fitch, Robert Marsh, Joel Wheeler and Thomas Lyford. These contractors have faithfully executed the work entrusted to their charge. The whole of the granite for the exterior walls and sidewalks has been supplied under a contract made with Messrs. Octavius T. Rogers & Co.; it embraces upwards of 10,000 tons, and has been promptly and satisfactorily supplied.

The location of the U. S. Appraisers stores in the westerly extremity of this noble block, makes an immense saving of time to merchants as well as to government officers. The very best accommodations are afforded to all the tenants. In store No. 9 is placed a steam engine of 100 horse power, connected with which is shafting running the entire length of the whole block of stores. The tenant of this building has to sign a written agreement that he will keep the engine running twelve months of the year, and 12 to 14 hours per day. The cost to each lessee, using steam power, will be less than that of hand power. By means of the hoisting apparatus, attached to the shafting in every store, a hogshead or box of any dimensions, can be raised to the sixth story in about two minutes. The steam engine and hoisting apparatus were constructed by William Adams & Co., and reflect great credit upon their skill as machinists.

CHARMING NOVELTY.

Ehninger, the artist, has been highly successful, we learn, with his experiments in what may be termed photographic etching. The process is that of etching on plates of glass, prepared according to photographic principles, from which any number of impressions can be printed. The superiority of the process to that of the old style of etching on copper or steel, is that *any* artist, with a common needle, is able to etch his design upon the glass, without that previous practice with the dry point and skill in laying grounds that is required for etching on metals. The new process is sufficiently expressive to enable amateurs to enjoy the *thought*, *style* and *touch* of the artist in a more complete and perfect form than ordinarily within our reach. Several artists have experimented with Mr. Ehninger's plates, and with great success. The result is a portfolio of etchings of the greatest interest to all who know how to estimate their value. But this is not all. One of each of these illustrations—twelve in number, we believe—Mr. Ehninger proposes to place in the hands of as many different poets, who will embroider them with verse; thus bringing together in one volume the handiwork of the best painters and poets of America.

LAKE THAI-HOU, CHINA.

If any one questioned the romantic beauty of the mountainous parts of the Chinese empire, his doubts would be dispelled by a glance at the wild and magnificent landscape delineated in the accompanying engraving. The wild rocks, perforated with broad arches, the sharp fantastic peaks of the mountains, the rushing cascade and the irregular foliage remind us of some gorgeous scene upon the stage, while the pagoda, the galley, and the richly dressed figures in the foreground complete the illusion. Two mountains, of the same name, rise in the middle of Thai-hou, one of the largest lakes in China. They are distinguished by the addition of the words east and west, which indicate their position. That represented by our engraving is Mount Thong-thing-chan of the east. This mountain is situated in the middle of lake Thai hou, to the southwest of the city of Ou-hien, lat. 31° 23′; longitude 118° 8′. The emperor Khien-long, visiting the southern provinces, in the sixteenth year of his reign (1751), composed a piece of verse on the sixteen points of view presented by this mountain. According to the history of the city of Kou-sou, it is eight leagues in circumference; it is a little smaller than Mount Thong-thing-chan of the west, but resembles it much in the boldness of its peaks, the depth of its precipices, and its natural productions, such as mulberry trees, sweet oranges, saffron, etc. According to the history of the city of Ou-hien, now Sou-tcheou-fou, General Mo-li, who lived under the Soui dynasty (581 to 618, A. D.), dwelt a long time on this mountain, and bestowed his name on it. Some authors, in fact, call it Mount Mo-li. It is also called Siu-mou, that is to say, Siu's mother, because the celebrated Tseu-Siu went to meet his mother on this mountain. The eastern summit is called Ou-chan, or the Warrior's Mount. It is one league and two tenths in circumference.

VIEW ON LAKE THAI-HOU, CHINA.

The ancient name of the other mountain, Thong-thing-chan of the east, was Pao-chan. It rises in the middle of lake Thai-hou, and is also southwest of the city of Ou-hein. In the lower part of this mountain there are eight subterranean grottoes which permit access very far under the soil covered by the lake, and reach the territory of Pa-ling, now Yo-tcheou-fou, a city of the first class in the province of Hou-Kouang, latitude 29° 24′, longitude 110° 34′. The same fact is reported with more details in the memoirs on the Ou country. Mount Pao-chan, says the writer, is 13 leagues from the shore. In the lower part, a little below the level of the lake, open eight grottoes, by means of which you can travel under water, to a prodigious distance, without meeting any impediment. This vast cavern has been named Ti-mé, that is to say, Earth-vein. It is the ninth of the eighteen caverns so celebrated by the Chinese poets and mythologists. Formerly, the history of this mountain tells us, Ho-liu ordered a man, gifted with supernatural knowledge, to explore the depths of this subterranean grotto. Having provided himself with torches and everything necessary for a long excursion, he walked onward for seventy days, and returned without having discovered the end of the cavern. In the interior, continues the legend, he saw on a stone bench a work in three volumes, and brought it to Ho-liu, who, not being able to decipher it, begged Confucius to explain the subject to him. The philosopher told him that the work was written by the emperor Yu, of the Hia dynasty, (2205-2198, B. C.,) and that it treated of spirits and immortals.

This man was called Mao, and surnamed Ching. He had received the title of Mao-Kong, or prince Mao. The mansion of prince Mao is still seen on the mountain. It has been hewn out of the solid rock, and contains a well-preserved altar. The principal grotto has three portals, all leading to the same cavern, which is divided into many sections by stone gates. The most remarkable parts are the Stone House, the Silver Chamber, and the Hall of Gold. The highest peak of this mountain is called Piao-miao-fong, a word signifying "the summit which is lost in clouds."

BRITISH MEN-OF-WAR
IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

The accompanying engraving represents the British men-of-war now lying in the famous Bay of Naples. In the foreground is a group of American visitors, called forth to indulge in the interest of the unwonted spectacle. No bay in the world has been more celebrated than that of Naples, and poets and painters have vied with each other in conferring fame upon its splendid scenery. It is a semicircular outlet of the Mediterranean, about 22 miles in length from Cape Miseno on the northwest, to Cape Campanella on the southeast, and about ten miles in breadth, having, on the shore besides Naples, the capital city, Pozzuolo, Portici, Castel-a-mare, Vico, Sorrento and Massa. Eastward, Vesuvius bounds the prospect, and westward is Montenuovo, while on its surface are the islands of Ischia and Procida at its north, and Capri at its south side. Notwithstanding the extent of the bay, the actual harbor is of small dimensions, being formed by a niche which projects nearly from the centre of the city. The water, though deep at its outer extremity, becomes so shallow near the town as to float only small vessels. It seems, however, to suffice for all the trade which is carried on at this port.

SELLING AN AUDIENCE.

Some years ago, when—as in our day—Shakspeare and the legitimate drama failed to fill the benches of "old Drury," the manager, in despair, announced for his benefit, that he would, before the eyes of all the audience, and by the simple agency of a sharp knife, manufacture a pair of good and substantial shoes in five minutes. This announcement did—what Shakspeare never had done—fill the house to overflowing; and it was not until the wily manager came forth upon the stage and expertly cut the legs from off a pair of boots he held in his hand, and held up the dismembered understandings, that they realized the fact that they had been "sold."

BRITISH MEN-OF-WAR, NOW LYING IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. L., Portland, Me.—The escutcheon recently adopted on the seal of the new State of Oregon, is, we learn, supported by thirty-three stars, and divided by an ordinary, with the inscription, "The Union," in relief, mountains, an elk with branching antlers, a wagon, the Pacific Ocean, on which there is a British man-of-war departing, and an American steamer arriving. The second quartering with a sheaf, plough and pickaxe. Crest—the American eagle. Legend—the State of Oregon. The introduction of the English man-of-war is no doubt emblematic of that nation's being obliged to relinquish its claims to the territory.

E. de L., New Orleans, La.—Nous avez tort, monsieur. N'oubliez pas que "Les grands hommes ont toujours pour tout ce qu'ils font, et pour tout ce qu'ils ne font pas, d'autres raisons que la faiblesse."

TRAVELLER.—The total number of American sea-going vessels reported during the month of July as lost and missing, amounts to 19, viz.: 5 ships, 4 barques, and 10 schooners. Of these, 2 were burnt, 12 wrecked, 3 abandoned, 1 sunk, and 1 missing.

"SOUTH STREET."—The British steam propellers, Andes, Alps, Lebanon, Taurus and Teneriffe, all of the Cunard line, have been sold to the Spanish government. They will be replaced by five others of greater capacity and power.

C. C.—The Constitution of the United States prohibits the States from making "anything but gold and silver a legal tender in payment of debts." This prohibition to the States does not apply expressly to Congress, but the principle does. Congress never made anything but gold and silver a legal tender.

ENGINEER.—The following is said to be a correct calculation of the speed, in a given time, on the railroads of different countries: England—main speed, 36; express, 60; maximum, 82. Germany—main speed, 36; express, 58; maximum, 76. United States—main speed, 40; express, 86; maximum, 106. France—main speed, 40; express, 72; maximum, 86. It should be borne in mind that in the United States there are lines of the length of 3800 miles, the stations on which are at great distances from each other.

ARTIST.—At the Museum of Paintings in Madrid is a collection of 2000 pictures, and one of the finest in the world, containing 46 Murillos, 10 Rafaels, 62 Rubens, 64 Velasquez, 34 Tintorettos, and 43 Titians.

THE PROSPECTS OF EUROPE.

The best informed writers and journalists of Europe appear to be now of opinion that the continent will enjoy a term of peace for several years, a consummation devoutly wished for by merchants, manufacturers and financiers throughout the world. Mazzini, however, says in his late famous letter, "war is for the Empire an absolute necessity. The Empire does not represent a principle, such as liberty, nor a tradition such as legitimacy, nor a faith such as theocracy. The Empire represents a fact—a force created by usurpation, and this fact is necessarily involved: this force cannot maintain itself except by actions that fortify it. Glory and territorial aggrandizement are the only things the Empire can give to France in exchange for liberty. Where a power consists of a chief and an army, war is but the normal condition of its life. It is but an illusion to believe that the Empire can be peace; it would give the lie to history. And the alliances with the Empire can only be alliances with despotism. Alliances are founded upon an identity of principles and interests. The life of the Empire in France requires the triumph of imperialism in Europe. The natural allies of Louis Napoleon are Russia and Austria."

Mazzini's assertions and speculations, however, are to be received with extreme caution, as he is a violent partizan and has certain special purposes to effect. More moderate men, who enjoy, too, a correct position for acquiring information, have no doubt of the pacific policy of the emperor, and, with regard to European alliances, believe that Russia, Austria and Prussia will renew and consolidate their relations, backed by England, and thus a sort of second Holy Alliance be formed against France, the ambition and power of whose chief they are beginning to dread almost as much as they did the force and the aggressive spirit of the first Napoleon.

Mr. Gaillardet, the former able editor of, and now the Paris correspondent of the New York "Courrier des Etats-Unis," in one of his late letters reports the following remarks made to him by a German diplomatist: "France possesses two terrible arms against Europe; these are, first, her armies, unequalled in their organization, their impetuosity (*élan*), and the experience they acquire in Algeria; next, the revolutionists they can enroll and raise in Poland as well as Italy, in Hungary as well as throughout Germany. Against the former of these dangers we have no protection except in uniting all our military forces. To suppress the latter, we have but one method, that of satisfying the legitimate wants of the people, and of making ourselves more liberal than France, which would permit us, if necessary, to turn against her the arm which she may now employ against us. These steps will probably be taken by all the German powers, including Austria, and when they shall have all granted liberal constitutions to their subjects, imperial France will find herself alone in her internal despotism. We shall form a blockade of liberty about her, and in case of war, she could play the part of liberator—it would be ourselves. Revolutionists would be terrible to her alone."

Gaillardet shrewdly remarks on this: "Though a very good Frenchman, at least I fancy I am, I should be delighted to see Germany and all Europe put this democratic blockade in force against us, because the imperial government would have a very simple way of defeating it; this would be to place itself on the same ground as its rivals, and to show that France wishes to continue to be what she has been, the foremost in political education as in military science. All the world would gain by rivalry. Napoleon III. would thus end the deplorable and painful contradiction which France presents in going to win, with her blood and gold, constitutional liberties for foreigners. This flagrant discrepancy strikes all minds and eyes so forcibly, that it is undoubtedly a weakness for the government who prolongs it, and by being compelled to end it, it would be strengthened rather than weakened. France, by the patriotism, wisdom and devotion she has shown to Napoleon III., has deserved to gain by the last war something more than Lombardy for Piedmont, and liberal reforms for Tuscany and Modena."

These speculations may shadow forth coming events. Louis Napoleon may be compelled to rely for self-preservation and power on liberal institutions instead of bayonets. We sincerely hope that such may be the case.

THE NATIVES OF AFRICA AND THE APES.

Wood tells us that the natives of Africa have an idea that the Gorillas and other large apes are really men, but that they pretend to be stupid and dumb in order to escape impressment as slaves. Work, indeed, seems to be *summum malum* in the African mind, and a true African never works if he can help it. As to the necessary household labors and the task of agriculture, he will not raise a finger, but makes his wives work, he having previously purchased them for that purpose. In truth, in a land where the artificial wants are so few—unless the corruptions of pseudo-civilization have made their entrance—and where unassisted nature is so bountiful, there is small need of work. The daily life of a "black fellow" has been very graphically described in a few words. He gets a large melon, cuts it in two, and scoops out the inside; one half he puts on his head, he sits in the other half, and eats the middle.

THE NELLY BAKER.—This charming little steamer which plies between Boston and Nahant, has been full of business the present season. We are glad of it, for everything about the boat is conducted in excellent good taste and careful precision. Mr. M. P. Wild, the gentlemanly caterer and assistant director of the Nelly Baker, has cheered thousands with his choice viands the past summer, putting every one in good humor by his pleasant courtesy and promptness. The boat and her people are universal favorites in Boston harbor.

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.—King Hezekias is the first recorded enemy to the liberty of the press: he suppressed a book which treated of the virtues of plants, for fear it should be abused, and engender maladies; a shrewd and notable reason, well worthy of a modern attorney general.

SIGNOR CORELLI.—Poor Corelli, so well known here as a teacher of vocal music, recently committed suicide at Long Island in a fit of insanity produced by disease. He had a large circle of friends and pupils here.

MILITARY VISITORS.—The Montreal Field Battery, Captain Stephenson, left a very favorable impression in our city. The corps is composed of fine, soldierly and gentlemanly men, and their uniform is rich and serviceable.

COOL.—Mr. Blondin's speculating what he shall do at Niagara, if he falls from the rope into the "big drink."

PUNCTUALITY.—With kings, a politeness; with men, a business; with women, a pastime.

AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

Most people, not very well versed in literary history, have a persistent propensity for identifying authors with their heroes. Romantic misses are sure to fancy that the author of the "Black Revenger" must be an unhung pirate, with ferocious hair and predatory boots, wearing "the dear Conrad expression, half savage, half soft," whereas he is in all probability a mild young man, with pensive locks and blue eyes, and that look

"Which limners give
To the beloved apostle."

Of the authors of the fashionable novels with which the Minerva press has teemed, ninety nine one-hundredths are the veriest vulgarians on earth, who could not by any possibility secure their *entrée* into a decent drawing room, whose ideas of elegance are drawn from London gin-shops or the tawdry finery of a half-price theatre, and whose knowledge of high life is derived from the maudlin gossip of discarded footmen.

Romance-writers, as a general thing, are very common-place personages in appearance, conversation and manners. Now and then only you find a dashing gentleman, who looks the incarnation of his idea, like W. H. Ainsworth. But we caution young ladies not to fall in love with the personality of authors through their works. It is a dangerous speculation. The imaginary Adonis generally turns out to be a snuffy old gentleman, with spectacles on nose and the corporation of a Falstaff.

Comic writers are proverbially *sad* dogs. Cervantes wrote Don Quixotte in a prison, Cowper produced John Gilpin in a fit of the blackest despondency, and Lamb wrote many of his quaintest and most brilliant essays under the pressure of the most dreadful domestic troubles. The world imagines these comic writers must be funny dogs. The world invites them to supper, and expects them to "set the table on a roar;" and when the world finds them dull and heavy, with none of the humor and merriment of small wits, it sets them down as impostors and plagiarists. For our own part, when we see a literary gentleman with a most lugubrious countenance, looking as if he had buried all his relatives, and was about to be executed himself, we set him down as a wit of the first water. And when we behold a gay, laughing, fashionably-dressed *litterateur*, we make sure that he perpetrates deep tragedies and harrowing romances.

LITERATURE IN JAPAN.

It appears that the people of this strange empire are noted for something else besides Japan candlesticks and blacking. Whoever walks through the streets of Japan, town or village, will be surprised to notice the number of books exposed for sale in almost every shop. On looking inside he will probably find one or more of the attendants, if otherwise disengaged, busily reading, or listening to something being read by one of the company. In walking through the outskirts of the town, it is not unlikely he will come suddenly on a knot of children, seated in a snug corner out of the sun, all intently engaged in looking through some story book or other they have just bought at a neighboring stall, and laughing right heartily at the comical pictures which adorn the narrative. The conviction is thus brought home to a man's mind that the Japanese are a reading people.

FAST LIVING.—Hufeland, the physiologist, relates that Louis II. of Hungary was crowned in the second year of his life, and ascended the throne in the third. In his fourteenth year he had a complete beard; in his fifteenth he married; in his eighteenth he grew gray, and at twenty he died, with all the appearances of an aged man.

WHAT ARE APPLES?—A subscriber asks the editor of the Field, "Is an apple a vegetable or not?" In scientific language, it belongs to the vegetable kingdom, but in the language of the kitchen it is not a vegetable, but a fruit.

SENSIBLE REMARK.—Public thanks, says the Athenæum, are due to the man who writes an agreeable book; still more to him who writes agreeably on a dull subject.

UNTAXED PROPERTY.—There are three hundred and ten churches in Philadelphia free from taxation, the property of which is assessed at nearly four millions of dollars.

THE LATE MOSES D. PHILLIPS.

The death of Mr. Phillips, of the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., has carried sorrow into a very wide circle. His departure inflicts a severe loss on the business community, and a yet more severe one on the private circle of which he was one of the pleasantest and brightest ornaments. Mr. Phillips was born in Charlestown, in this State, in 1813, but has for many years been engaged in the bookselling and publishing business in this city. As a business man, he was enterprising, but not rash, vigilant, energetic, liberal and upright. His promptness and courtesy made it a pleasure to deal with him, and even the *genus irritabile* looked on him as a friend. He was very happy in his domestic relations, and universally beloved in the society in which he moved. Until within a few years he lived in Worcester; making the long journey to and from Boston daily. Of late he has resided in Brookline. He was buried in Worcester, the services being closed by a feeling and impressive prayer from Rev. Edward E. Hale, the former pastor and warm friend of the deceased.

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Stuart, the unfortunate Queen of Scotland, cultivated literature and letters with a success truly remarkable, when we consider the general ignorance of females in the age in which she lived. She was well versed in the languages, and wrote Latin, particularly, with elegance and fluency. The fragments left behind her prove that had she been permitted to devote more time to poetry, her performances would have been classical. On leaving France, for the scene of her trials and misfortunes, she wrote a beautiful song in French, a translation of which we subjoin:

Sweet shore of France, adieu!
Dear cherished land,
I leave the strand
My earliest pleasures knew.

Farewell! joy of my heart!
The sails, our loves that part,
Take but the half of me;
One half remains behind,
Be to the other kind,
Its memory keep with thee.

THE HAIR.—Somebody said wittily: "You rarely, if ever, see a politician with smooth hair, a great scholar with fine hair, an artist with red hair, a musician with short hair, a fop with coarse hair, a minister with long hair, or an editor whose hair is carefully adjusted." This is no less true than funny; yet, although this may be an indication of the active operation of the mind in several cases here mentioned, rendering the adornment of the hair a matter of indifference, by far the largest proportion of the world acknowledge the beauty of this ornament and its wondrous influence, where carefully tended, in adding beauty to the face it luxuriantly surrounds.

THE USE OF PICTURES.—We don't know the author of the following, but it is quite too sensible to be lost: "Pictures are an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, and even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and perhaps Idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Is it winter in your world?—perhaps it is summer in the picture; what a charming momentary change and contrast!"

THE CORNHILL COFFEE HOUSE.—This building has been demolished, to make room for a large granite-fronted building, which Mr. George Young expects to occupy in September, 1860. The Cornhill Coffee House was first opened by by Mr. William Fenno, in 1824, and kept by him about fourteen years. He was followed by Mr. Taft, and Mr. Young has been connected with it since 1846.

HON. HORACE MANN.—Messrs. Elliot & White, 322 Washington Street, have just published a remarkably faithful likeness of the late Horace Mann, drawn by D'Avignon. It is a treasure that all lovers of the philanthropic original should frame and hang up in their homes. Price $1.25—fine impressions.

THAT'S SO.—About the only person we ever heard of that was not spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.

QUEER.—There is a firm doing business in St. Louis under the name of Livepoor & Dierich.

THE MODEL EDITOR.

Among the various "model men" who have been delineated for the amusement of the public, we have seen a representation of the model editor, but as it was far from satisfying our ideas of perfection, we will attempt to sketch him according to our own views.

The model editor, then, is a man of universal information—a perfect library, and an astonishing linguist. He is as well-versed in Choctaw and Hindostance as he is in the vernacular. In science and art he is a perfect adept, and he possesses all the accomplishments which go to make up an admirable Crichton. With all this, he is modest and guileless, a philanthropist and a philosopher. Learned without pedantry, he is firm without obstinacy. Thoroughly educated, he has brilliant ideas of his own. He never shines with borrowed lustre, but is the sun of his system. He has none of the irregularities of genius. He is an early riser, and always at his post. When drawn into a newspaper controversy, he never makes use of violent language or personal abuse. He never addresses an opponent as "our loathsome contemporary," or "the revolting ass who edits the sheet opposite, and whose name, as synonymous with everything vile, we will not sully our lips by repeating." When publicly cowhided for an expression of opinion, he receives the castigation as meekly as a sheep, and never seeks redress at the legal tribunals. He uses his scissors with moderation, and never appropriates a paragraph without due reference and compliment to its source. He is never indebted "to his imagination for his facts and his memory for his wit." He never publishes a puff which is not written by himself and does not express his conscientious opinion. He never sighs after green fields and steamboat excursions, or rides in the cars, or any such vanities, but understands perfectly that he is a fixture in his sanctum. When people come into his office and tumble over his unopened files, he is always pleasant and courteous, and requests them to help themselves. He is rather fond of having strangers look over his shoulder and lean thereon when he is inditing editorials. He reads every communication that is sent in, regardless of the apostolic warning that "evil communications corrupt good manners." If he is also proprietor of his journal, he "exults to trust and blushes to be paid." He is fond of people who borrow newspapers instead of subscribing for them, unlike the petulant class who don't understand that folks have a better use for their money than to support those who cater for their amusement and instruction. As a natural consequence he is poor, and very proud of his seedy coat and yawning brogans. If he has any property, he is delighted to sink it all in his establishment. If he is a political editor, and the party he has advocated comes into power, he never thinks of asking office as a reward for his services. He generally wears out at an early age, his demise is briefly stated by his contemporaries, and he lies down to his last repose,

"Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

DYSPEPSIA AND CONSUMPTION.—It is difficult to say which of these diseases causes the victim the most suffering; but the former has now so long been readily cured by the Oxygenated Bitters, that it has ceased to be feared. Those persons who resort to the various alkalies as a relief, are simply augmenting their troubles in the end, and creating a chronic disease; whereas a quick and permanent cure is effected by this pleasant and thoroughly established specific. It is many years since its first introduction, and it has stood the test of millions of trials by all sexes and ages.

NEWS FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.—A spiritual journal in Paris states that a despatch has been received from Humboldt, informing his friends that he was welcomed into the spirit world by his friend M. Arago, who was the first to take him by the hand.

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.—The Oswego Palladium says that Michael Higgins, an Irish laborer who has been recently employed on the streets of that city, at six shillings per day, has become heir to an estate in Ireland worth £7000 a year.

"A LITTLE MORE GRAPE."—The grape crop around Cincinnati is said to be the largest crop ever grown there, and is estimated as worth one million of dollars.

SEWING MACHINES.

These marvels of progress in invention, these wonderful labor-saving machines, these actual and tangible domestic blessings, are becoming as universal as any other acknowledged family necessity. To fully appreciate the revolution brought about in female labor by this agent, one should step into the fine large establishment of A. MORTON & Co, 332 Washington Street, Boston, where may be found the famous and favorite sewing machine known as *Sloat's New Patent Lock-Stitch Family Sewing Machine.* It is surprisingly simple in construction, can be managed with great ease, and will execute a variety of work that is altogether wonderful. It will stitch, hem, run, gather, fell, cord, quilt, and do sundry other styles of sewing, and in the most complete and admirable manner; and in respect to stitching linen, it is admitted to be *the* machine of the world, while in point of speed, it claims to be one-third faster than any other machine yet produced. Here also may be found the new fifty-dollar sewing machine known as WEED'S PATENT, certainly one of the best working machines we have ever seen, simple, rapid, uniform and elegant in its work, and not at all liable to get out of order. No business firm could make the liberal offer which Messrs. A. Morton & Co. do, unless assured of the real merit of their article. They say in their advertisement:

"We invite the attention of an intelligent and discriminating public to a careful examination of the two best family sewing machines now before the public. We say, *the best machines*, and we will demonstrate it to the entire satisfaction of any one who may please to call at our exhibition rooms. We will keep either of the above machines in good order five years without charge, and satisfaction warranted or money refunded. Purchasers of our machines can have the right to exchange within one year, without loss—thus giving an infinite advantage over any other house in the country.

A NEW BULLET.

Though France just now "roars you as gently as a sucking dove," she does not mean to neglect the arts of war, while developing those of peace. Experiments were recently made in the polygon of Vincennes, in the presence of the minister of war and several generals, with a new bullet destined to take the place of the conical balls now used in the rifled-carbines with which the foot chasseurs and regiments of Zouaves are armed. The new projectile possesses the advantage of superior accuracy of aim, and vastly increased range. The new ball can be sent the enormous distance of more than 1600 yards, with accuracy. The results of the experiments having been communicated to the emperor, during his absence at the head of the army in Italy, he ordered its immediate employment in the battalions of foot chasseurs, and the slight modification of the carbines (the removal of the rifling) is now making.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.—We have a very large stock of choice wood engravings on hand, forming an almost countless variety of pictures upon every subject—embracing noted portraits, views of scenery in this country and Europe, military and naval illustrations of peace and war, architecture, etc. We will dispose of any of these to parties who desire them, at a very low rate. Proofs of these engravings, *over ten thousand in number*, can be seen at our office, and selections made.

PORTRAIT OF CHOATE.—D'Avignon's fine lithographic head of Choate, published by Charles H. Brainard and Elliot & White, of this city, has met with a prodigious sale, and is still in great demand. It is an excellent likeness, executed in a bold and effective style, and has given great satisfaction to Mr. Choate's most intimate friends.

NOTT RESIGNED.—The venerable Rev. Dr. Nott, President of Union College, at Schenectady, N. Y., has resigned. He was elected to the office in the year 1804, at the age of 31.

THE STARRING SYSTEM.—Significant was the remark of the elder Booth: "In five years, sir, we'll have no supernumeraries in America—they'll all be stars!"

CLERICAL.—Rev. W. H. Channing, of Liverpool, has accepted the call of the Thirteenth Congregational Society (corner of Beach Street and Harrison Avenue) to become their pastor.

REMEMBER THIS.—The brine in which pork and other meats have been pickled, is a deadly poison to horses and hogs.

Wayside Gatherings.

The once powerful tribe of Pequot Indians now number only thirty one persons.

A company of genuine African "moaks" are giving concerts in Stockton (Cal.) and neighboring cities.

A. T. Stewart, of New York, it is said, intends to build a "Home for Widows and Indigent Women."

A letter from Florence says, "The weather is as hot as Austrian wrath and the fruits ripen apace."

The New York city authorics have determined there shall not be a pig left on Manhattan Island.

Beautiful eyes has Garibaldi! A letter writer says "the eye struck me as light gray, but with a tint of the lion red in it."

A correspondent commences a letter thus: "I write from a cockloft of the Amherst House, in a room about twice as large as a Saratoga trunk."

The Providence Journal says there are "a great many lovely women at Newport." Very likely. But there are a great many more at home.

Isaac Butts, Esq., of the Rochester Union, is quite *at home* in England, having settled down in housekeeping in a country-seat a few miles from London bridge.

By a few slight transpositions, the omission of a few particles, and the interpolation of a few others, our Declaration of Independence becomes excellent blank verse.

A "Monster Fair" is to be held in St. Louis this month, by the Agricultural and Mechanical Association of that city. A sum exceeding $20,000 is to be bestowed in premiums.

Our Alabama exchanges are exultant over the success of the copper mines in the northern part of that State. Very rich mines are believed to have been found in Coosa county.

One of the convicts in the Auburn (N. Y.) Prison hid in the boiler of the cooper's shop, and stayed there forty-two hours, part of which time a fire was kindled underneath. He hoped to escape, but was discovered after a long search.

The City Council of St Louis has passed an ordinance legalizing and directing the keeping open of drinking houses on Sunday until nine o'clock in morning, and after three o'clock in the afternoon.

A brakeman on the Danbury and Norwalk Railroad fell from the train in a fainting fit, while it was running at full speed, a day or two since, struck on his head, rolled down a thirty feet embankment, and was not hurt much.

Susanna Harvey died at Westerly, R. I., lately, at the age of one hundred years and six months. Her husband was in the war of the Revolution, and she had long been in the receipt of a pension from government.

Baltimore papers are earnestly calling upon the judiciary to enforce the penalties incurred by criminal offenders in that city. It would seem that rowdyism has at length reached its climax, and is no longer endurable.

The Hartford Post says at the celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Allen McLean, which was held at Simsbury, Ct., lately, there was present a family of eight brothers and sisters, *every one of whom was present at the ordination, fifty years ago.*

A correspondent of the London Illustrated Times says that the fortress of Peschiera would undoubted have been taken by the Sardinians and French, after a siege of ten or twelve days, had not Napoleon made peace with Austria. On the water side the fortifications were weak.

Human bones were found in digging on the farm of Mr. William S. Messervey, in South Salem, Mass., a few days since. They are supposed to be the remains of Indians, who must have been buried there more than two centuries ago. Quite a number of Indian skeletons have at various times been found in that vicinity.

The latest "fashion" announced from Europe is that of dressing very plainly when going to church. Some of the ladies of the "first circles" go to worship in plain calico. It is thus sought to encourage the attendance of the poor who have hitherto withheld their presence for lack of "Sunday clothes."

Thirty portable steam saw-mills are about to be shipped to Louisiana, from the Novelty Works, New York. They are designed for the sugar planters' use in procuring fuel for boiling the cane. Placed in a forest, they cut the trees down and saw them into four feet lengths, effecting, with the labor of two men, what has up to this time been the work of twenty.

The escape of the prisoners from the California State Prison is explained. The rascals were set to work originally to build their own cells. Taking a practical view of the subject, they varied slightly the plan of the architect, and laid the stones with reference to the easiest manner of breaking out; and for the greater convenience, they buried in the mortar, drills, bars, chisels, and other tools.

There died recently at Guanabueva, Cuba, a wealthy Creole planter named Francisco de la O'Garcia, who is said to have left $4,000,000. He was the intimate friend of Narciso Lopez, and was arrested during the Pinto troubles. He gave freely of his wealth to aid the cause of Cuban independence, and has bequeathed $100,000 to establish schools at Matanzas, and for other charities.

Sands of Gold.

.... A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—*Swift.*

.... Great souls are natural; it is only base souls which are unnatural.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Sweep first before your own door, before you sweep before your neighbor's.—*Miss Bremer.*

.... The cloudy weather melts at length into beauty, and the brightest smiles of the heart are born of its tears.—*H. Ballou.*

.... Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.—*Jerrold.*

.... There is enjoyment even in sadness; and the same souvenirs which have produced long regrets, may also soften them.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.—*Jerrold.*

.... Politeness is the imitation of a mutual good will among men; this good will therefore exists somewhere, for without a model there would be no copy.—*De Boufflers.*

.... There are eras in our spirit's existence, as there are eras in our fortunes; eras, when the fate of the character hangs suspended upon some act of volition, some determination of the will. —*Bovee.*

.... O, glorious laughter! thou man-loving spirit, that for a time doth take the burden from the weary back, that doth lay salve to the weary feet, bruised and cut by flints and shards.——*Jerrold.*

.... An ambition to excel in petty things obstructs the progress to nobler aims. The aspiring spirit, like the winged eagle, should keep its gaze steadily fixed on the sun towards which it soars.—*Bovee.*

.... To think without a purpose is to baffle the will, which is equally the soul of purpose and performance. The intellect is imbecile in execution, whose efforts are objectless. That is the ablest mind which has acquired the habit of thinking during action.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... He is most secure of life who lives for his fellows. One lives through all periods who has in all periods lived for his race. We must see humanity through our ambition always, if we would make and perpetuate that life which consists in an undying reputation.—*W. G. Simms.*

Joker's Budget.

A question for survey.—Is a crazy tenement a madhouse?

We suppose a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word.

Wanted to patent.—The *filter* of misfortune, to separate true friends from de scum.

Every man likes to be taken for a gentleman, and no man likes to be charged as one in his hotel bill.

Why is the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman? Because it has stern duty to perform.

Talleyrand, speaking of a well-known lady, said emphatically, "She is insufferable!" Then, as if relenting, he added, "But that is her only fault."

Grattan said Edmund Burke was so fond of arbitrary power, he could not sleep upon his pillow until he thought the king had a right to take it from him.

Much has been said about feats of strength; but it is an actual fact that a man of but ordinary stature recently knocked down an elephant. The performer of the great feat was an auctioneer.

Patrick Macfinagan, with a wheelbarrow, ran a race with a locomotive; as the latter went out of sight, Mac observed, "Aff wid ye, ye roarin' blaggard, or I'll be afther runnin' into yees!"

In Albany, an Irish servant took the order to "string beans" literally, and had got about three feet in length when her mistress discovered her blunder.

"Come, don't be proud," said a couple of silly young roysterers to two gentlemen; "sit down and make yourselves our equals." "We should have to blow our brains out to do that," replied one of them.

A gentleman was condoling a lady on the loss of her husband, but finding that she treated it with indifference, exclaimed, "O, very well, madam, if that be the way you take it, I care as little about it as you do!"

A man in Michigan not long since committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and jacket, found on the banks of the lake. Verdict, "Found empty."

Women are called the "softer sex" because they are so easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, ninety-five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic. That's *so.*

"The weather has been 'all hot' in America," says the Albany Knickerbocker. "We saw a woman do her ironing with no other fuel than the sunshine. When we came away, she was hanging the kettle out of the window to get her tea ready."

A lecturer, addressing a Hampshire audience, contended, with tiresome prolixity, that "Art could not improve Nature," until one of the audience, losing all patience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming, "How would you look without your wig?"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WIND.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

Slowly and softly the wind dies out—
Dies away on yonder plain,
Leaving the quivering lips of the flowers,—
Leaving the sunny, golden grain.

There's not a leaf astir with its plaint,
Adrift with its breath there's not a cloud;
Not a song of a bird rides out on its wings,
Be it sung soever clear and loud.

The wind's asleep—its wild breath still;
The wind's asleep—like a passion dead!
O, heart of mine, take the lesson home!
O, heart of mine, pulse soft with dread.

Over thy strings, like a breath of fire,
Has a mad wind swept—a wind of pain:
Warming the flowers into gentle life,
Ripening thy hopes into golden grain.

In thy tender chords it has made a song,
A song, O, heart, but not for aye;
For the breath is but a thing of the clouds—
On a barren plain it will die away!

Thy grain may wait in vain for its touch,
Thy flowers bend low in gentle fright;
The day may pilot her bright boat out,
Till it touches the starry shores of night.

But the love of yesterday comes no more;
From the heart of man it came in play;
O, weep! O, weep! on its wings it bore,
The music of all thy life away!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ROBORGIUS TUNKINS:

— OR, —

PRAISE VS. CENSURE.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

ROBORGIUS TUNKINS, though he had a good name, had a much better personal appearance. He was a well-built, middle-sized man, of about forty years of age, when I first knew him. Hyperion might have exchanged hair with him and been no loser. His eyes were handsome, dark and profound, with usually a melancholy expression. His features were manly, symmetrical and expressive, his complexion was colorless, or a little inclined to be swarthy, and his head had the true Napoleonic shape. Altogether, he was a fine-looking man, and it was no wonder that ten years before, Susannah Delaine fell in love with him, consented to be his wife, and did as she agreed to.

Three little daughters, like a small pair of stairs, blessed their union. That is to say, they blessed Mrs. Tunkins, who was never weary of washing, combing and praising them; but Tunkins did not think so much of them; or, if he did, he kept his gratification chiefly to himself, and when he trotted them, trotted them with a sorrowful regard. This was odd in Roborgius Tunkins, but he was an odd man, as will be seen, though there are many people in this world with similar natures.

The truth appears to be that Roborgius Tunkins was a commission merchant, and possessed excellent business faculties; but being very sensitive to praise and censure, he was constantly liable to long fits of melancholy, which caused him to neglect both his own and other people's business, and this often embarrassed his pecuniary position, and caused much solicitude to his wife and friends.

His sensitiveness was of a strange though not a rare sort. He was fond of praise; but when by some adroit and masterly business manœuvre he obtained it, it elated him until he felt so much confidence in himself that he thought he could afford to appear unhappy. And so he assumed a stricken appearance, read gloomy poetry, uttered gloomy forebodings, and while secretly luxuriating in the applause of his friends, he quoted Solomon and Job, expressed a wish to die, a conviction that all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and yielded to the counsels of a disordered liver, instead of the dictates of what should have been a grateful heart.

Had Roborgius Tunkins been a poet, he would have resembled Byron, who, according to Curran, "wept for the press and wiped his eyes with the public;" and who was as inconsistent as Solomon, inasmuch as, when the most possessed of the blessings that he coveted, he was, or assumed to be, the most wretched.

But though no poet, Roborgius Tunkins was a first-rate business man, and this he proved when disparagement put him upon his mettle. Censure, to which he was sensitive, was a bitter but wholesome medicine to him, and it was while smarting under real difficulties that he always did his best.

Thus, as he neglected business when too much praised—did little or nothing, because he felt he could do so much—and as genuine discouragements operated as a tonic upon him, he was for a long time a puzzle to his friends.

His most disinterested friend was one Pompey Pinkins, a man who admired his abilities and strove hard to keep him in the continual exercise of them. Once, when the great and gloomy Roborgius had utterly resigned business for as much as two months, the solicitude of Pinkins was very much aroused, and he expostulated with much unction.

This anxiety of Pinkins secretly delighted Tunkins. "Your wife weeps about it," said the single-hearted Pompey. "Why should a man of your universally acknowledged capacity, with such a loving wife and such a trinity of cherubs, and such a host of warm friends, be so neglectful? What a fortune you might make in a few years."

Roborgius felt flattered, but he shook his head with increased mournfulness.

"What is wealth, Pompey? What are all the abilities of man, or all the joys of life? Mere nothing! Are they substantial? Are they not evanescent? I long to lie down and die. I see nothing worth living for."

"Think of your wife and children," said Pinkins, with tears in his eyes. "A king might be proud of them."

"And what is a king, Pompey?"

"A king," returned Pinkins, hesitatingly, "a king—"

"Is only dust," proceeded Roborgius, "like the rest of us, with a little extra gilding. Solomon was a king, but Solomon was wise. He saw through the pomps of life, Pompey, had plenty of wives, and no doubt a great many children; and what did he say? 'It isn't all worth a pinch of snuff,' says he, or something of that sort; and I think so too."

"I was never any great snuff-taker," replied Pinkins, musingly, and scarce conscious of what he was saying, in his anxiety; "and so I must differ with your particular mode of reasoning. Life is sweet to me, and worth striving for. And I think it ought to be to you, when with such little effort you can accomplish so much, with your brilliant abilities. Why can't you resume business? Do—to please your wife and children—to please your friends—to please me."

"I *shall*," returned Roborgius Tunkins, in a low and hopeless tone. "I am on the eve of preparing for the grave! For a week past I have not felt sure that the next hour would not be my last; and I tell it to you in confidence, Pompey, the only reason why I am not a corpse at this moment is, that I have found it difficult to determine which way to die."

"Good heaven!" ejaculated Pompey, gasping with horrified emotion. "What? And extinguish such a splendid intellect forever!"

"Some prefer charcoal," continued Tunkins, unheedingly; "while others severally choose hanging, poison, drowning, a pistol, opening a vessel, or stabbing outright. What do you think of *that?*" he added, exhibiting a poniard. "I think that would be the neatest way, myself."

"As a friend, I implore, I command you to give me *that!*" exclaimed the alarmed Pinkins, easily getting possession of the weapon. "When you are in a reasoning mood, I will return it to you But you shall not sacrifice yourself with my consent."

"I will do it without, then," insisted Tunkins; "though I shall take my time about it; perhaps not before next Sunday, when all the folks are gone to meeting."

"Let me prevail upon you!"

"I cannot."

"Why can't you try a dose of medicine?"

"Physic! Pshaw!"

"Promise me, then, that you will do nothing rash till I see you again," pleaded Pinkins, now suddenly remembering some affairs of his own; "for I must attend to my own business, even if you do neglect yours."

"I promise, Pompey," said Roborgius, magnanimously extending his hand, "on your account alone."

"God bless you!" exclaimed Pompey with fervor, as he let go his hand and left him.

"What it is to have splendid talents!" thought Pinkins, going about his business. "What a fearful thing. I am almost glad that I am not a man of genius. But I will save him if I can. But how? I will call on his uncle Ben."

Uncle Ben was a hale old man of sixty odd, and there was nothing odd about him but his years. He heard the statement of Pinkins with grave calmness.

"The fellow really has an insane streak about him," replied he, "though it will never go as far as suicide."

"But something ought to be done," persisted Pinkins; "a man of such splen—"

"*There* is the trouble," rejoined Uncle Ben. "He is able enough, but he is praised too much. Some people are never happy unless they are miserable, and never miserable unless they are too happy."

"Will you please to explain that little paradox?" asked the perplexed Pinkins.

"You neither understand him nor me," replied Uncle Ben. "The only remedy for imaginary evils is to substitute real ones. When men have to scratch hard to get bread for their families, they seldom indulge in much sentiment. I have always remarked that the greatest grumblers are those who have the least to grumble about. Now, my nephew has been so fulsomely praised, and has been so lucky with such little effort, that nothing but a reverse of treatment will cure him of his laziness and fretting. When a man has the real stuff in him, kick him about, disparage him, and it is astounding how buoyant he'll be. Flatter him into indolence, and *ennui* will send him to the dogs. That's *his* case."

"I shouldn't wonder, after all," answered Pinkins. "All his acquaintances know that he is a man of such splen—"

"That they ruin him by telling him so. Now, if you will take an old man's advice, we'll enter into a little conspiracy, and cure him in a short time. We must abuse him, roundly and soundly."

"How?"

"Every way, and let him hear of it. Let your friends into the secret, and let them go to him with all manner of disparaging reports—that one says this, another that, and another something else, against him; that he is beneath mediocrity, ridiculously over-rated, and like all commonplace fellows, as vain as he is inefficient. Even get an article in the papers—in the Mercantile Tradesman, for instance, and sign it with your own initials."

"What, *I!* with *my* initials!" exclaimed Pompey Pinkins, aghast.

"Certainly; 'P. P.'"

"He will know it's me!"

"What harm? Why not? If you are his friend, it will have the more effect. The apparent alteration of opinion will wound his vanity the more. I will write it, and you will take the blame. You can keep out of his way till he is goaded into the right track, and I will answer for you at last. If you are his friend, now is the time to prove it."

"I will," said Pinkins, thoughtfully; "though it strikes me that it is rather a curious way to reform a man; and what a base hypocrite he will think I am."

"The baser he thinks you are, the nobler you will be, Mr. Pinkins."

"I *will* be noble—I *will* be base!" exclaimed Pinkins, with emotion. "I will sacrifice myself and him too, for his own good; and in the end he will find what a jewel of an uncle *you* are."

"A diamond, for I will cut him hard," said Uncle Ben; and so he did.

The next number of that influential paper, the Tradesman, contained an awful article, headed "Over-Rated Men—Mercantile Drones—A Notable Case in Point," and signed "P. P."

No less than six of the conspiring friends whom Pompey Pinkins had let into the secret, waited upon Roborgius Tunkins with copies of the paper, and asked him who it could possibly be who had written such an article as that "P. P." Who was "P. P?"

"It can't mean me! do you think?" said Roborgius, turning pale as he read the following passage:

"We have in our mind's eye a merchant, or rather a pretended merchant, of the dronish, worthless, and yet self-sufficient class we have described; a man whose wife and children have reason to deplore that they have such a husband and father; whose friends have flattered him into the belief that occasional luck, by means of small intrigue, is a proof of his superior smartness; and yet whom nothing but dire and deserved adversity will spur into the smallest efforts to obtain a livelihood; whose transactions as the mere humble agent of others have been signalized by large pretensions and lame performances, or no performances at all, resulting time and again in serious losses to such firms as have been blind enough to entrust to his wanton negligence the disposal of their merchandise; and whose remissness may as plausibly be charged to his lack of honor as his want of ability. Strange that sagacious merchants can be found who will tacitly countenance such impostors as R T., whose initials we are induced to give, that we may the more witheringly rebuke and put down the horde of similar pretenders to mercantile ability,—men who are alike a reproach to the name of domestic virtue and stumbling blocks to the interests of trade. P. P."

"Does this mean me?" rejoined Roborgius, his color flushing his brow.

"It says R. T.," replied one, significantly. "Wife and children, too," added another. "But who can 'P. P.' be?"

"Now I think of it, gentlemen," said Roborgius, "I haven't seen anything of Pompey Pinkins lately. I used to see him every day."

"It must be Pinkins," returned one. "He writes a very fair article, ha, ha! I should feel rather sheepish, Tunkins, if such a thing had been written about me."

"So should I, ha, ha!" laughed the rest.

"But, gentlemen, *you* don't think I'm so imbecile as this represents, do you?"

"It is strange that the editor should print it, if he didn't think it would be approved by the merchants," they replied. "The fact is, Tunkins, other people down-town say about the same thing of you, lately; though we didn't like to tell you before. You've rather lost caste. Good-by. Sorry!" And they left without ceremony.

"You *look* sorry," thought Tunkins, biting his lip, in mortified vanity. "Only let me catch that Pinkins! The traitor! The flatterer! But they're all alike. Is it possible that they all think I'm nobody? Do I overrate myself? Have they been humbugging me all along? But I'll prove to them that I *am* somebody, though, by Jupiter! I'll attend to business, right off. I'll— but here comes Uncle Ben."

"Have you seen the Tradesman, Rob?" inquired his uncle, pulling out a copy.

"O yes, don't trouble yourself," replied Tunkins, bitterly. "Some of my good-natured admirers have been bringing me the news."

"Well, Rob, no offence, but I think the author is more than half right. He knows you. I suppose it's Pinkins."

"Half right, uncle? Can *you* say so? I'll show you that it's all wrong. You know that I've got—"

"Self-praise, Rob, goes but little ways. People have taught you to think too much of yourself. There's Jobwell, or Slasher, or Poozey, that you have always sneered at, and see how they thrive."

"But I can beat them all, at their own game, and what's more, uncle, I *will* do it. I've been a fool and a drone too long. I will yet make them take back all their slurs, and confound that parasite, Pompey Pinkins!"

"Try, then, and trust in yourself alone," said Uncle Ben.

And for ten persistently industrious years, relieved of flattery and enraged by censure, Roborgius Tunkins acted manfully up to his manful resolution, and fairly and fully achieved what, unless opposed, he never could have done. His determined activity made him cheerful, and the only applause he set any real value upon, was the applause of his own unflattered sagacity; and by his course he acquired a fortune. Although, in due time, Uncle Ben relieved Pinkins of the odium attached to him, and exposed the ruse which had been practised, the disclosure did not abate the efforts of the aroused Roborgius; and he now lives a useful illustration of the fact, that there are some natures which are injured by applause, however much they covet it, and which need the tonic of adversity to make them strive, and labor makes them happy.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the rustling of the wings of the angels that are on their way bringing us the boons of heaven. Have you heard prayer in your heart? you shall see the angel in your house. When the chariots that bring us blessings do rumble, their wheels do sound with prayer. We hear the prayer in our own spirits, and that prayer becomes the token of the coming blessings. Even as the cloud foreshadoweth rain, so prayer foreshadoweth the blessing; even as the green blade is the beginning of the harvest, so is prayer the prophecy of the blessing that is about to come.—*Spurgeon.*

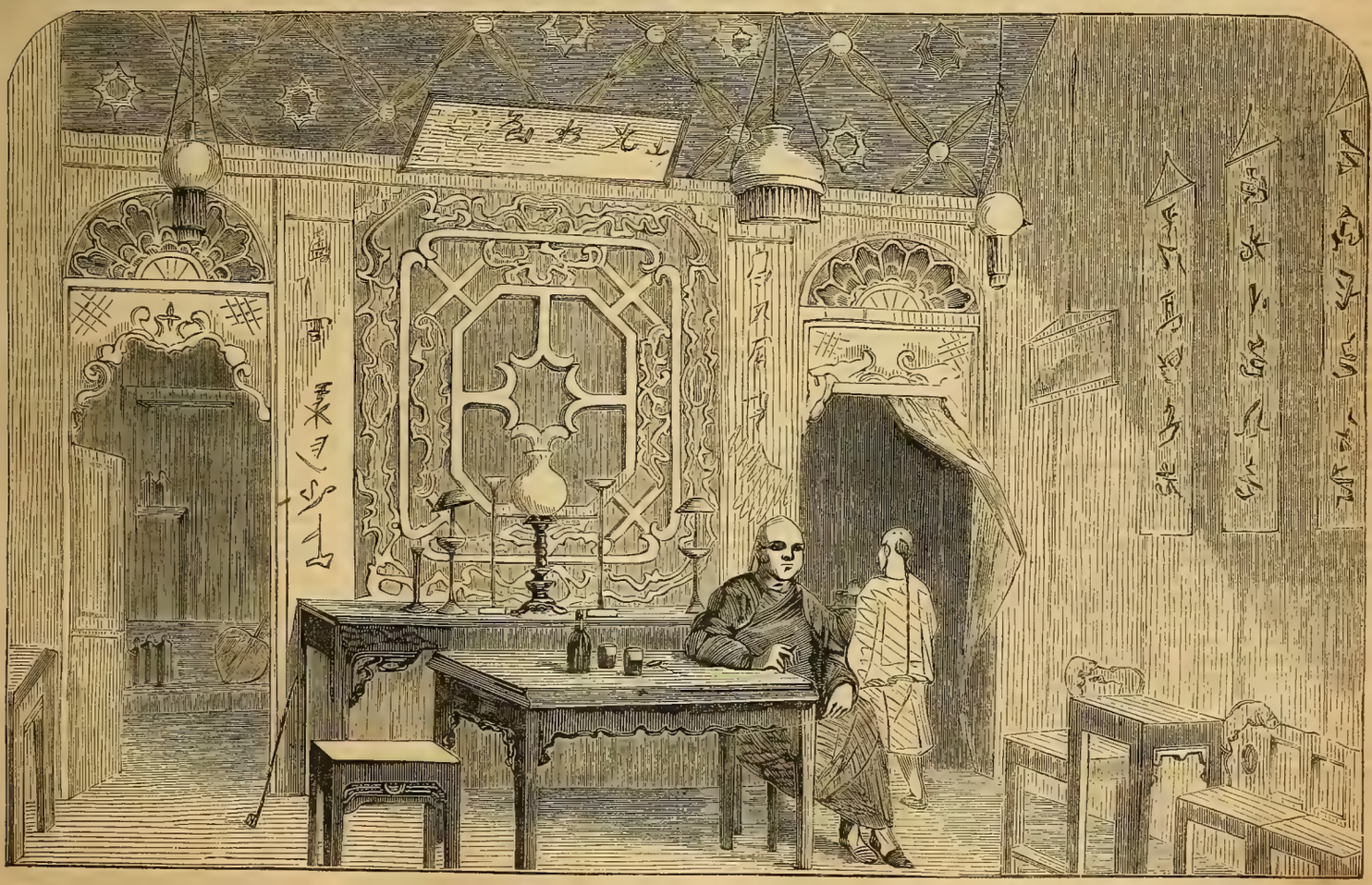
THE WRECK.

A CHINESE RECEPTION ROOM.

The engraving below represents a Chinese reception room, an elegantly decorated apartment, in which the master of the house is waiting for his guests. In the social intercourse of China there are many curious points of etiquette and ceremonial. The visitor, some hours before making a call, sends a note to the person he wishes to see, asking if he is at leisure to receive him at a certain hour. A verbal answer is returned to this, couched in complimentary expressions. If the guest is of sufficient consequence, the master of the house puts on his best clothes, meets his visitor at the outer door of his house and begs him to enter. The two leaves of the centre door must be opened, for it would be impolite to allow the guest to enter by a side door. Great people have their palanquins carried in, or even ride in on horseback to the foot of the staircase which leads to the hall of reception. The master of the house then places himself at their right hand, and afterwards to their left, saying, "I beg you to go first," and accompanies them, keeping always a little behind. In a room where company is received, the seats are to be arranged in parallel lines, one before the other. In entering, you begin, from the very bottom of the room, to make your bows—that is to say, you turn towards your host, making one step backward, and bow till your hands, which are kept clasped, touch the ground. In the provinces of the south of China, the south side is the most honorable, but in the north it is the reverse. Of course, the most honorable side is offered to the guest; but he, by an ingenious piece of courtesy, may in two words change the state of things, and say *Pe li*, that is, "We are now observing the ceremony of the north country," which implies, "I hope, in placing me to the south, you are assigning me the least distinguished place." But the master of the house hastens to frustrate the humble intentions of his guest by saying *Nan li*, "Not at all, sir; it is the ceremony of the south, and you are therefore in your proper place." One piece of politeness which is the due of great people, and which does not displease inferiors, is to cover the chairs with little carpets made on purpose. Then there are more antics to be performed. The guest refuses to take the chair of state; the host insists; he makes a feint of wiping the chair with the skirt of his robe, and the stranger does the same for the chair that he is to occupy; finally, the guest bows to his chair before sitting down, and neither party takes his place till he has exhausted all the resources of ceremony and good breeding. Tea is now served, and the guests must watch each other so as to be ready to set down their cups all at the same time. However hot it may be, you must not exhibit any annoyance, but politely burn your throat and fingers. When the weather is very warm, the master of the house, after tea has been served, takes his fan, and holding it in both hands, bows to the company, as if to say *Tsing-chen*, "I invite you to make use of your fans." Every one, accordingly, takes his fan; and it would be exceedingly rude not to bring one with you, as you would prevent others from using theirs. The conversation must always begin on indifferent and wholly insignificant subjects, and this is, perhaps, the most difficult part of the ceremonial. In China, you generally have to pass about two hours in saying nothing, and then, at the end of your visit, you explain in three words what really brings you there. The visitor rises and says: "I have been troublesome to you a very long time;" and doubtless, of all Chinese compliments, this is the nearest the truth. Before leaving the room, you bow in the same manner as on entering it, the master keeping to the left and a little behind, and following as far as the horse or the palanquin. Before mounting, the stranger entreats the master to leave him, that he may not be guilty of so great a disrepect as turning his back; but the other contents himself with turning half round, that he may not see him mount. When the visitor is seated on his horse, or the bearers have raised the poles of his palanquin, the *tsing-leao*, or adieu, is exchanged, and this is the last civility.

THE WRECK.

The thrilling picture at the head of this page is no fancy sketch of a marine, but an accurate drawing of an actual scene, which took place in 1853—the wreck of the ship Persia on Fire Island, New York. We found it in our artist's portfolio, and were so much pleased with the spirit of the drawing that we determined to reproduce it. The Persia ran ashore in a pleasant evening, all standing, and the passengers and crew effected their escape by means of the ship and shore boats, not a soul being lost. The following day a heavy gale came on, and the ship was lifted from her resting-place and carried high and dry upon the beach, a quarter of a mile from the place where she first struck. Our draughtsman who saw where this change was effected, describes the scene as striking in the extreme, the sea breaking at every roll over the topmasts. After the ship was fairly beached, the work of unloading the cargo commenced. A hole was cut in the side, carts were backed up to the hull, and the rich French goods were tumbled into them as speedily as possible. This, then, was one of those rare shipwrecks in which our sympathies are only enlisted by the loss of property—but alas! of how many fatal shipwrecks have the rocks that line our coast been the witnesses! What volumes might be filled by the simple record of the ravages of the relentless and inexorable ocean—terrible and resistless in its might. We do not think of these things in fair weather—nor much, at any time, on shore. But when, seated at the ruddy fireside, we listen to the wrath of the blast without that vainly seeks admittance; when we hear the old oaks groaning in their travail; when our shutters shake, and the lamps waver in the intrusive blast, then the thought of the dangers of the deep send a thrill through our frames, and we breathe a prayer for those who "go down to the sea in ships," braving the wild war of the elements.



A CHINESE GENTLEMAN'S RECEPTION ROOM.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SEA FIGHT.

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

Along the deep, along the deep,
The cannon's awful thunders leap:
Lo! when the mighty vessels sweep
In conflict dread!
Most speedily then death will reap
A host of dead.
On every side the seamen fall,
All mangled by the blade or ball,
And sink, as on their God they call,
Down, down below;
When shapes which might the sight appall,
Still come and go.
The battle's o'er; beneath the tide
The foemen now sleep side by side,
Forgotten all their hateful pride,
In the same grave:
All for their country nobly died;
Honor the brave!

MORNING.

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach ghosts wandering here and there
Troop home to churchyards:—damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.
SHAKSPEARE.

DESPAIR.

Nor long did Julia linger, though awhile
She bore her lot with that calm, mournful smile
The cheek puts on, to mask the heart's despair;
How white we build the tomb, to hide the havoc there!
SIMMONS

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

Reader, should you not like to have been in Paris to witness the entrance of the French army of Italy into the imperial city? O, that a wish could have wafted us thither and return us to our office in a day! The spectacle must have been in the highest degree imposing and worthy of a great and enthusiastic military nation. Amidst the stormy roll of drums and the blaze of trumpets and clarions, along broad streets blazing with rustling banners and streamers, and walled in with human faces and figures, amidst maddening vivas from half a million pairs of lungs, the bronzed heroes of the guard and line, conscript and veteran shoulder to shoulder, swept with the elastic tread and gay, chivalric bearing of the French. There were the heavy horse and the "winged artillery," the solid infantry of the imperial guard, the light-footed chasseur and Zouave, the vivandiere with her picturesque costume and jaunty air, marshals, generals and staff officers, men who had signalized their bravery in the fiercest battles of modern times. They did not parade in glittering holiday costume, but in the soiled and worn garments they wore at Montebello, Magenta and Solferino. Their flags were grimmed with the smoke and torn with the shot of battle, and at intervals in the column of march were seen pale-faced soldiers, proud of their wounds and proud of the reception given to them by their countrymen. The whole display was thrillingly dramatic, and will be long remembered by those who had the good fortune to witness it..... Roger, the tenor of the French opera, who accidentally shattered his right arm while shooting, is recovering from his wounds, but mutilated for life. Poor fellow! he will have a terrible memento of his carelessness in the use of fire-arms..... We are delighted to hear of the success of Mrs. Partington's "Knitting-Work." A worthier old lady we know not on the face of the terrestrial globe. May her laurels continue to multiply and her bank-account continue to lengthen!..... If any one hereafter asks if the Bostonians are a cold and unexcitable people, just refer him to the officers and soldiers of the Montreal Field Battery and abide by their answer..... A recent terrible railroad accident has set the New York editors in a fury. They propose various plans for dealing with careless corporations. Some are for hanging the directors of a road on which a fatal accident occurs; others are for milder measures, such as whipping, branding and incarceration. Punch's plan was to enclose a director in an iron cage in front of the engine, so that if a collision occurred he would be sure to find out "how it felt." *Badinage* apart, however, the best way to deal with the gentry who hold the lives of the travelling public at such cheap account, is to attack their pockets. Make railroad murders so expensive a luxury that nobody can afford to perpetrate them—that's the way..... It is a remarkable fact, says the New York Post, that the several governments of Europe keep up larger standing armies than the Roman Empire did eighteen centuries ago, when it was most comprehensive and commanded the greater part of the civilized globe. In the days of Nero, for instance, whose name is the synonym for whatever is atrocious in crime and tyranny, when the empire embraced thirty-eight provinces, comprising the greater part of Central and Western Europe, Asia Minor almost to the Euphrates, and the northern belt of Africa, from the Nile to the Atlantic, the regular army consisted of twenty-eight legions and fourteen cohorts, or of about 190,000 men. The maritime forces at the same time did not exceed 21,000 men, and the various auxiliary troops, raised from the provinces, 172,000 men The vast dominions of the emperors then were kept in obedience by some 392,000 soldiers..... Within forty eight hours, four St. Louis night policemen were officially submerged by being caught asleep on their posts, and allowing the night sergeant to steal their clubs and stars..... The Jews in America number some two hundred and fifty thousand, who still adhere to the faith of Abraham. They have forty thousand in New York alone. Two senators and four congressmen are of the Jewish faith, which shows the ancient political talent of the race. The Christian Jews do not number more than three or four hundred, of whom one hundred are studying for the ministry..... According to chemical examinations recently made in New York, it is found that in most of the vinegar manufactured there is a most poisonous composition, being adulterated with such poisonous substances as sugar of lead, vitriolic acid, and with other poisonous metals and minerals. Such vinegar, it was shown, is a slow poison, destroying the human frame by degrees..... A month ago a company of eleven ladies and gentlemen, of Buffalo, N. Y., started upon a pleasure trip to the South, taking a novel mode of travelling. They have a large coach like an omnibus, in which they travel, and carry with them a tent sufficiently large to accommodate the whole company, and camp out much after the gipsey fashion, though in better style. They arrived near Bladensburg, Va., a few days since, and pitched their tent. It is the plan of the company to spend ten months in this trip, and they design to winter at some point on the Gulf coast..... The letter V which is so far down the alphabet, has been looking up of late, as a consequence of the war and the peace. We have had Villanova, Vercelli, Valenz, Vigevano, Vallegio, Varallo, Varese, Vindana, Valego, Volta, Vollaggio, the Valtelline, Verona, Vicenza, Venice, Vienna, Venetia, and (confound it!) Villafranca Then there are Victor Emmanuel, Marshal Vaillant, Villafranca in Sardinia, and the Victories won by the allies.... Punch, in the last number, aptly illustrates British sentiment by a caricature. Over a shop is exhibited the sign, "L. Nap, Dealer in Fireworks;" the windows filled with explosive combustibles, with such labels as "Blazes of Triumph," "Roman Candles," "Italian Fireworks," etc., which the proprietor is arranging, with a sinister smile playing around his hooked nose and villanous moustaches. John Bull, fat, sturdy and irate, is coming out of the opposite shop, under the sign of "Roast Beef," and shaking a paper labelled "Income Tax" at his neighbor, exclaiming, "You rascal, it is on account of your confounded fireworks that I have to pay double insurance!"..... The Emperor of France a few weeks since caused to be transmitted to Lieut. Maury, a gold medal bearing on one side the emperor's effigy, and on the other an inscription highly honorable to the lieutenant. This distinguished officer of our navy has just received from the King of Portugal an autograph letter, conferring upon him the degree of officer of the Tower and Sword, together with the beautiful insignia of the order..... There is an odd tale going the round of the press touching Marshal St. Jean d'Angely. At Bresica he was billeted on a certain count, utterly Austrian in his sympathies. The marshal was shown to the garrets, and bore his fate without a murmur, but he sent for a company of grenadiers, and lodged them in the drawing-rooms, and though the nobleman entreated, apologized and prayed, the marshal retained his place just below the tiles, and the grenadiers remained located in the handsomest parts of the mansion..... Horace Walpole says: "To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know of; and the best philosophy is to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it whatever it is, and despise affectation."..... There are only two hundred and seven revolutionary soldiers that receive pensions, left in the land ..... Charles Mackay, L. L. D., F. S. A., was pleased to approve of Niagara Falls. They will have quite a run after this. In his picture of the Niagara landscape, however, he criticises the grass. "To the mind of one accustomed to the English and Scottish landscape, there was one defect in the character of the scenery, and that was the absence of the green grass, earth's most beautiful adornment in the British Isles, but which is nowhere to be seen on the American continent after the early summer. The heat of July parches and withers it, and in autumn and winter there may be said to be no grass at all—nothing but shrivelled herbage, dry as stubble, and of the same color" We are really very sorry about the grass. Our impression had been that it was as green as a London cockney..... It is estimated that not less than one-fourth of a million of sheep have been brought into Texas from Mexico, since the 1st of January last, exclusive of those brought from Tennessee, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas..... The wholesale trade of Cincinnati now amounts to about one hundred million dollars per annum. The pork trade alone is some ten millions The manufactures are varied and extensive, exceeding twenty-five millions a year. One furniture establishment employs upwards of a thousand men, and recently filled a single order from a house in Galveston, Texas, for four hundred tons of furniture..... The commercial men of New Orleans have in consideration a ship canal six miles in length, to connect the Mississippi River with the Gulf of Mexico, at a point on the coast above the sand bar. Engineers say it can be done at a cost of $1,500,000, and will be a permanent channel..... A self-propelling steam fire engine, built for a Philadelphia company, propelled itself over a turnpike road near that city, twenty miles in two hours, the highest speed being eighteen miles per hour, and several steep hills were surmounted at the rate of ten miles per hour. The weight of the engine is nine thousand pounds, and that of its fuel, water and nine men, three thousand pounds more..... The "Home Journal" says Mrs. Bayard Taylor accompanies her husband to California, and they are to be absent three months, leaving their one daughter with his relatives in Pennsylvania. The trip was unexpected by himself, as, in reply to the application of a Lecturing Committee at San Francisco, he had asked so high a price for a certain number of lectures and three months' absence (five thousand dollars), that he had supposed of course they would not accede. They promptly agreed to his terms, however, and he is now gone, at that very complimentary rate of compensation. We rather think he will turn out to have been the best paid lecturer in the world .... .The Vicomtesse de Marigny, sister of Chateaubriand, is living in Dinan, and has just entered her one hundredth year..... Hermann Grimm, son of the celebrated Wilhelm, is writing a "Life of Michael Angelo," for which, it is said, he has some new material..... Keene, N. H., seems to be thriving and increasing rapidly. The Sentinel says about forty new buildings are already erected this season, or in progress of construction, and that over $100,000 will be invested in these..... John Mason, a convict in the State Prison, said, the other day, "that he commenced his career of rascality with the low, mean and despicable crime of *cheating an editor out of his subscription to his paper!*"..... The Mormons are fast disintegrating; many of the women are applying for divorces, and are ashamed of their kind of life, and many are leaving the territory. This fearful fabric, like a fungus of corruption, seems destined to a short life..... The New York Express says it is becoming fashionable for ladies in New York to appear with their hair cropped close behind, while in front it is left long enough to curl. It believes that this fashion will soon become general..... A writer from Newport represents the ladies there as much afflicted by the fogs. On the night of the Ocean hop some of the most splendid doings up of the most astonishing lace, muslin and other ravishing fabrics, had the starch literally taken out of them—a misfortune compared to which the ordinary ills of female life are slight indeed..... We are glad to learn, from the preface to a new edition of Eliza Cook's poetical works, that her health is in process of restoration. She says of herself: "I am hoping that a gradual restoration to a better state of health will enable me to resume my minstrel vocation"

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The celebration of the 15th of August at Paris was the most brilliant ever known there.—The Zurich Conference has accomplished nothing.—An ill-feeling exists between Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria, which is evinced in eulogistic articles on Kossuth in the French papers.—The Paris Constitutionnel, in a eulogistic article on the French army, conveys a threat which is considered to be aimed at England. The writer says: "When once there shall have been completed the service of maritime transports which will perform the sudden and unexpected throwing of a *corps d'armee* on the enemy's shore, the enemies of France, or those who are jealous of her, will think twice before provoking her." The article, it appears, is generally blamed in Paris.—News from Florence talks of a new paper, L'Italiano, started to uphold Prince Jerome Napoleon as candidate for the "kingdom of Etruria."—An important paragraph is from St. Petersburgh, in the semi-official Invalide Russe, blaming England for eschewing a congress, and insisting on the right of *all* the great powers to revise, amend, alter, or cancel altogether the proposals at Villafranca and their further concoction at Zurich, whatever they may be.—The hope that the Zurich Conference would sign a definite peace seems to be abandoned.—The London Post remarks that, let Italian affairs take what turn they may, the Emperor Napoleon has, at any rate, drawn one political result from his campaign, and that is, bringing about the disunion of Germany.—The habitual confiscation of English papers sent to Paris has induced the correspondent of a London print to inquire into the fate of the purloined journals; and it appears, as the result, that the quantity seized amounts to several tons annually, the seized papers being sold for twopence or threepence per pound as waste paper after the lapse of a few months.—The intelligence from Italy does not reassure us of its final freedom.

Honors to the Dead.

The tenth anniversary of Charles Albert's death was celebrated at Florence by a solemn mass for the soul of the illustrious dead, in the Santa Croce Church, which was attended by the Ministers of State, the French and Sardinian Legations, the military and leading citizens. On the principal gate of the piazza, which was decorated imposingly for the occasion, appeared the following inscription:

To the Grand Soul
Of the Italian King, Carlo Alberto,
Generous of throne and of life,
For the Independence of Italy,
Solemn Mass and Requiem
This Anniversary of his last day.

Prussia

A Berlin letter in the German Journal of Frankfort says: "The Prussian government has decided positively on assuming the initiative in the question of fortifying the coasts of the North Sea She intends to present a proposition to that effect to the Germanic Diet, and she relies the more on the assent of Austria, and the other States of Southern Germany, that her own share of the expense for the southern fortresses is very considerable. If, however, any difficulties should be thrown in the way of this measure, it is hoped that the Prussian government will know how to accomplish her object in spite of the Germanic Diet"

Curious.

In a recent thunder storm at Windsor, England, so much hail fell that at its close the poor people did quite a business in collecting it from where it lay drifted about the streets and selling it to inn-keepers, fishmongers, and others.

Vestvali.

Vestvali's debut in Paris was awaited with much impatience. She has a "terrible" reputation there of being, besides a fine singer, an accomplished duellist, a slayer of bandits in Mexico, and altogether a magnificent creature.

Musical.

His royal highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg has just finished an opera, entitled "Diane de Solange," which will be played at the Grand Opera in Paris. Madame Stoltz has been engaged for the principal role.

Sparrows for New Zealand.

In New Zealand the country, at particular seasons, is invaded by armies of caterpillars, which clear off the grain crops as completely as if mowed down with a scythe. With the view of counteracting this plague, a novel importation has been made. It is thus noticed by the Southern Cross: "Mr. Brodie has shipped three hundred sparrows on board the Swordfish, carefully selected from the best hedgerows in England. The food alone, he informs us, put on board for them cost £18. This sparrow question has been a long standing joke in Aukland; but the necessity to farmers of small birds to keep down the grubs is admitted on all sides. There is no security in New Zealand against the invasion of myriads of caterpillars which devastate the crops Mr. Brodie has already acclimatized the pheasant, which is abundant in the north. The descent from the pheasant to sparrows is somewhat of an anti-climax; but should the latter multiply, the greatest benefit will have been conferred on the country."

Rome.

The Journal of Rome, of the 6th, has the following: "After the deplorable events, produced by some factious men, which for a time troubled the tranquillity of the town of Ancona, the Pontifical rule was peaceably re-established; and the municipality recently resolved that a deputation should convey to the foot of the throne of his highness the sentiments of devotedness and fidelity with which the best part of the population has never ceased to be animated. The deputation consisted of the principal ecclesiastic of the cathedral of Ancona, Count Ferretti, Count Milesi Ferretti, and M. Belgiovane. The deputation, being presented by the two cardinals, were received by the Holy Father with his usual kindness and clemency. The deputation afterwards presented its homage to the Cardinal Secretary of State"

Growth of Cotton in Africa.

In a letter from Mr. Charles Barter, the naturalist of the Niger expedition, recently received by Sir William Hooker, he expresses his opinion that too much ought not to be expected from Central Africa as a cotton-producing country. The plant needs more moisture than it would obtain in much of the land in the interior, and water-carriage should never be far distant in a country where all the loads are conveyed by canoe or on human heads. There is plenty of arable land near the sea and by rivers. The great valley of the Niger would alone yield an enormous supply. It is here cotton must be looked for and its growth encouraged. The great plains of the interior are almost as useless in this respect as the Sahara itself.

Yvon, the Artist.

M. Yvon, the painter, who accompanied the French army to Italy, in order to sketch on the spot the principal events of the campaign, has had an audience of the emperor at the palace of St. Cloud for the purpose of presenting to his majesty two large sketches of the battles of Magenta and Solferino. The emperor examined them with great attention, and approved of them. These sketches and a representation of the interview of the emperors at Villafranca, will be executed of the same size as the paintings relating to the Crimean war at Versailles, and will be placed in the same room.

The Italian Question.

The St Petersburgh Gazette, in discussing the "Italian Confederation," asks: "How can absolutist Austria, theocratic Rome, constitutional Piedmont, the Two Sicilies, Parma, Tuscany, and Modena be amalgamated? What measures can be adopted for the uniform development of the moral and productive forces of the nation? How can unity be established and discord be prevented! Must Piedmont make the sacrifice of her liberal innovations to Rome or Vienna, or must the contrary take place? These grave questions," it adds, "can only be decided by a Congress."

Mr. and Mrs. Kean.

The Literary Gazette hears, on very good authority, that the chief reason for the retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean from the stage is the "constant strain of mind and body" Mr. Kean's position demands. He says his efforts are beyond his strength, and justly adds that no return can compensate for such troubles and anxieties as his revivals cost him.

The Circassians.

It is reported that the Russians have condemned to banishment 40,000 families of Circassians, who live on territory they have conquered, giving them their choice between Siberia and Turkey. Most of them are moving to the latter country, where they will be prepared to fight the Russians again, when they are on their way to Constantinople.

Italian Newspaper.

A new journal, called Risorgimento, has just been started at Florence. It advocates a confederation of Italian States, not of Italian princes, princes, which, in its opinion, are two very different things.

Money wanted.

A Russian loan of £12,000,000, and the new Indian loan of £5,000,000 have been introduced into the London Money Market.

A Collision.

A threatening collision has taken place between the Austrian and Prussian soldiers at Mayence and Frankfort.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MY THIRD BOOK. A collection of Tales, by LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, author of "This, That and the Other," and "Juno Clifford." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo pp. 434. 1859.

The stories that compose the work before us are all of a high order of merit. A few of them have already charmed the public in the ephemeral pages of magazines and newspapers, but the others are new, and all are worthy of being choicely garnered. They are introduced by one of the prettiest prefaces we ever read. Mrs. Moulton is one of the best of the living female writers of America. She has received a brilliant education, has an original mind and a warm fancy, and writes with the zeal of youth and genius. Her poems are sparkling gems, and everything she produces, whether poetry or prose, bears the seal of feminine grace. Her last literary venture cannot fail to be a great success.

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OXYGENATED BITTERS.

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, ETC.

We call the attention of the reader to the following letter from President Smith, of Wesleyan University:

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., Feb. 28, 1859.

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Very respectfully yours,
AUGUSTUS W. SMITH.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and for sale everywhere.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.

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Royal Mail Steamship "Arabia,"
East Boston, Aug. 22, 1859.

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WHAT A BLIND MAN CAN DO.

The Springfield Republican gives the annexed interesting account of the remarkable achievements of a blind genius now living in Ludlow: He is a young man, twenty four years of age, who has been blind since he was two years old, and who does not remember that he ever saw. The circumstances which attended the loss of his vision are almost too horrible for belief, yet we have no reason to doubt them as they have been related to us. His widowed mother married a drunkard, and this step-father, conceiving a spite against the child, undertook, when intoxicated, to put its eyes out. Going further in his diabolical purpose, he was about to thrust a red hot poker down its throat, when the frightened but desperate mother interfered and prevented him. The child was then thrown down cellar, where it lay all night, taking a cold which so far aggravated the preceding inflamation of the eyes that the sclerotic coat of each was burst. Of all this he has no remembrance, and a blessed thing it is for him. At nine years of age he lost his mother, and in that loss became perfectly friendless. From that day to this he has mainly taken care of himself, and now, although cheated by rascally agents, and laboring under every possible disadvantage, has money at interest. Now let us see what this man has done. He is a mechanic, and knows every part of a steam engine, as well as if he could see. He is an engineer, and has not only had charge of stationary engines, but has run as engineer on the Mad River Railroad in Ohio. Of course he ran with a look-out, and between this look-out and himself he had arranged a series of abbreviations of language, so that he could learn from him the position of any object on the track instantaneously. He was engineer, let it be remembered, of a passenger train! What is more remarkable than all, is that he has made a beautiful little steam engine with his own hands, so small that he can carry the whole of it in his pocket, and get up steam at pleasure. This might well be considered accomplishment enough for one blind man, yet this is but a beginning. He has a great genius for music, and possesses a voice which, in many characteristics, is without doubt the most wonderful voice in the world. On Tuesday evening of the present week he was invited to a private house in this city to give an exhibition of his musical abilities, and a few musical men and women were invited to hear him, all of whom will bear testimony of their astonishment and delight. We suppose that all musical people will shrug their shoulders with incredulity when we tell them that his voice has the compass of five octaves, yet such is the fact that he demonstrated to this company. Of course the lowest notes are guttural, and the highest are falsetto; but the falsetto notes are pleasant and good, and the gutturals true tones, and as musical as such tones can be. We are not sufficiently versed in musical terms to tell what his lowest note is, but it is the lowest note in the piano, arranged upon the usual scale—or triple C, as he calls it. His chest tones are excellent, and although Carl Formes may have more power, his quality is no better, while in his lower notes he goes down "out of sight" of Carl Formes altogether. We can give no idea of this voice by any comparison, for we have never heard a voice with which to compare it. Of course, with such a voice as this, the owner is tempted to try tricks. The most interesting of these was the application of it to seven purposes. He began by singing in a delicate soprano the first lines of "Oft in the stilly night;" then, as he proceeded, he slid into the alto, then into the tenor, then into the base, and then into the "double base," an octave below. This finished the tune, when he rose, and turning his back to the audience, executed some most excellent feats of ventriloquism, and wound off by imitating an old fashioned spinning wheel so perfectly that the assembly was thrown into roars of laughter. He usually accompanies himself with a melodeon, to which he has added a swell of his own invention that produces all the effect of the swell in the organ. This man's name is W. A. Carns. He was born, we think, in one of the Western States, and has lived where he could get a chance. He is of medium height, thick set, modest in demeanor, interesting in conversation, and has received an education in some asylum for the blind, for which he appears unboundedly grateful. He is now engaged in the invention of some means by which the blind may be enabled to have their regular newspapers, and he will do it.

THE SISTERS.

The engraving on this page is a transcript from a charming picture, and the design and grouping are certainly masterly. The costumes are of the last century, but yet they no longer afford a very striking contrast to those of our own days, for the same point in the circle of fashion has nearly come round to us in its revolution. But whether old-fashioned or new-fashioned, the costumes in our picture harmonize well with the wearers and with the landscape in which they are set. The latter is unmistakably English; this fact the solid character of the stone cottage, with its deeply set casement and its trained foliage, tells us. And then those bright faces that beam on us and make us forget all else—nowhere but in merry England could such faces smile upon us. They are sisters—like, yet unlike each other. Enough of kindred expression to show a common origin—dissimilarity enough to allow free scope to individual character. The gentle girl leaning on the garden gate is pretty; she who occupies the garden chair, beautiful. One is winning and attractive, the other fascinating and dazzling. We can easily divine the different attributes of the sisters and predict their careers. One, modest, humble, unambitious, will be content with home, until some neighbor's son, some old school-companion, grown to manhood, wooes her for his mate. But she will never leave her native village, nor go far from the paternal roof. She is one of those delicate flowers that wither in transplanting. The other sister dreams of a more dazzling career—of a rich and titled suitor, of gaudy raiment, the blaze of jewels, the triumphs of court balls, the excitements of travel. It would cost her many tears, doubtless, to leave home, but they would be quickly dried. The life of one sister would be like a placid stream flowing through banks enamelled by native flowers; that of the other, like the rush of a meteor through the sky, brilliant for awhile, but ending in darkness.

THE SISTERS.

COINAGE OF GOLD AND SILVER.

The coinage department of the mint at Philadelphia is probably as perfect in its operations and appointments as that of any establishment of the kind in the world. The engine driving the machinery is of the form usually known as the steeple engine; it is a double vertical high-pressure engine, with cranks at right angles. The power is transmitted by a caoutchouc belt, two feet wide, from a drum of eight feet in diameter, and is estimated to be equal to ninety horses. At times, this is all required, while at others much less is sufficient, and in uncertain proportions; to meet this irregularity, and to insure that steadiness of motion so necessary in such delicate operations, a governor and throttle-valve of a peculiar construction have been devised, and which operate in the most perfect manner.

The rolling mills, four in number, are driven by belts, at the rate of six revolutions per minute, the distances between the rollers being adjusted by double wedges, moved by a train of wheels which are connected with a dial-plate and bands, divided and numbered into hours and minutes, so as to indicate the proper thickness of the strips of metal, without the use of gauges. Gold strips are heated in an iron heater by steam, and waxed with a cloth dipped in melted wax, and the silver strips are coated with tallow by means of a brush. The draw bench is used for both metals, and trial pieces are cut from every strip and their weight tested, preparatory to cutting the whole. The cutting processes are very simple and efficient, consisting of a shaft moved by pulleys, and a two and a-half inch belt, with a fly wheel of small diameter, but sufficient in momentum to drive the punch through the slip of metal by means of an eccentric of three-eighths of an inch, at the rate of two hundred and fifty pieces per minute, which skilled hands can readily accomplish and continue until the slip is exhausted.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

PAUL JONES.

The Virginia Index is publishing a series of interesting sketches, by Thomas Chase, of Chesterfield, of "The Life, Character, and Times of Paul Jones." They throw much light on the character of Paul Jones, and give, we doubt not, a most faithful account of the famous battle of his ship, the Bon Homme Richard, with the Serapis. After stating that the ships were locked together, which was effected by Jones, because he saw that to keep off at a fair gun shot, with a new and strong frigate like the Serapis, would never do for such a crazy old hulk as the Bon Homme Richard, Mr. Chase proceeds:

"The working of the guns had been suspended during the time of lashing the ships together, but was now resumed. Of course neither ship could use her guns but on one side; and these were nearly muzzle to muzzle—so near that those who handled the ramrods sometimes hit each other. 'Fair play, you d—d Yankee!' an Englishman would exclaim. 'Mind your eye, John Bull, or I'll,' &c. The firing was not rapid, particularly on Jones's part; for it could do the ships no hurt, except to knock the guns about a little, and knock off the gunwales, and occasionally raise a cloud of splinters from each other's decks. Jones and his men kept a sharp look-out that Pearson and his men did not cut the lashings and sever the ships. Neither of these ships was damaged 'between wind and water,' nor could they now be by any use of the big gun. Both had men in the rigging, doing all the mischief they could. In this kind of play Jones had the best of it, for his men were more terrible, and his spars and yards were longer; still Pearson would not surrender, insisting that Jones ought to. Captain Landais, with the Alliance, came up to help Jones, and fired a broadside; but of necessity it hurt Jones as much as it did Pearson. Jones immediately cried out, 'Captain Landais, let us alone; I can handle him.' Both ships were often on fire, and as often was the fire extinguished. Had it not been for the men in the rigging, this was one of the safest sea-fights, so far as those on deck were concerned, that almost ever happened—I mean after the ships were lashed together. The flash of the guns would go clear across each deck; and the men, by keeping a good look-out, could avoid being hurt, by only stepping a little aside. Had the Bon Homme Richard been a new, strong ship, as was the Serapis, both might have lain there and burned powder and thrown shot until they rotted, as to sinking either with the guns of the other. But the Bon Homme Richard was old and rotten, and was leaking badly before Jones made her fast to the Serapis; and thus fast, the strain upon her against the other ship, and from the explosion of the guns, made her leak worse, and it was evident that she must ere long go down. Some of Jones's men, and one of his officers, told him she must soon go down, and suggested a surrender. 'You never mind that; you shall have a better ship to go home in,' said Jones, pleasantly. Jones and all his men, and Pearson and his crew, very well knew that if the Bon Homme Richard was about to sink, she would capsize the Serapis, and both must go down together. It was, therefore, likely to be a test between Jones and Pearson; which, for the sake of saving himself and men from a watery grave, would strike first. But Jones had recourse to a stratagem, which was completely successful. He secretly sent his men below, one by one, with the strictest possible orders to be fully prepared for boarding, and at a given signal to rush on deck, and he would lead them on to the deck of the Serapis, and clear it. So Jones's men seemed to diminish, though not very fast, until only about thirty were left on his deck. Pearson, supposing they were killed, or badly wounded, and that Jones must soon strike, was thrown completely off his guard. This was Jones's time. Giving his signal, his men were ready in an instant, and with Jones ahead, rushed on the deck of the Serapis, killing everything they could reach, and in a short time would have killed everything on board; but Captain Pearson, seeing his time had come, cried with a loud voice, 'Captain Jones, I surrender!' at the same moment taking his sword by the blade he presented the handle to Jones, and with the next breath ordered the colors to be taken down. This was in the night. The next day evening the Bon Homme Richard went down head foremost. Thus terminated the strangest naval fight on record. Paul Jones took the Serapis, but Capt. Pearson sunk the Bon Homme Richard."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, {NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859. 5 CENTS SINGLE. $2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVII., No. 12...WHOLE No. 430.

HON. R. E. FENTON, M. C.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for us by Mr. D'Avignon, the distinguished artist, and is considered an excellent likeness of the original. Hon. Reuben Eaton Fenton was born in what is now called the town of Carroll, Chautauque county, New York, July 4, 1819, and is now forty years of age. He is one of the most distinguished-looking men in the National House of Representatives, tall and graceful, and noted, in private life, for the courtesy and amenity of his manners. Like many of our public men, his early years were passed in agricultural pursuits, varied with brief terms of study at the public schools. In 1834-5 he attended "College Hill Academy," which has since expanded into the "Farmers' College," one of the most noted educational institutions of Ohio. In 1836-7 we find him a student at the "Fredonia Academy," New York. In 1838 he studied law at Watertown, N. Y., rather as a branch of education than with professional views. In 1840 he engaged in the lumber trade, which he pursued with industry and success, commencing with a very moderate capital and rapidly expanding his operations to a scale of great magnitude. In Colonel Fenton's case, as in many others, what the world terms "good luck" is really the logical result of energy, untiring vigilance, personal activity and intelligence. At an early age the subject of this sketch took a lively interest in politics and public affairs. In 1843 he was elected Supervisor of the town of Carroll, and remained for the eight succeeding years a member of that board, for three of which he was its chairman. In 1849 he was the democratic candidate for the Assembly for the Eastern District of Chautauque, his opponent being Major Samuel Barrett, of Jamestown, a popular whig candidate in a stout whig region. Mr. Fenton was defeated by only twenty-one votes. In 1852, after a hot contest, he was chosen member of Congress over Hon. G. A. S. Crocker, the whig candidate. He took his seat in the National Legislature as a supporter of the Pierce administration, but his freesoil tendencies soon placed him in the opposition ranks. During the remainder of his congressional term he acted with Foote, Seward, Banks, etc., and was instrumental in building up the republican party. Mr. Fenton distinguished himself as a working-member of Congress, and did good service upon the Committee on Commerce. The "Reciprocity Treaty" was reported by this committee. Mr. Fenton was also successful in his advocacy of the demands of the old soldiers and their widows for pensions and bounty lands. He made speeches on the Nebraska bill, in opposition to the proposed increase of postage, in favor of harbor and river improvements, and on other important questions. In the fall of 1854 he accepted a nomination as the "People's Candidate," on a ticket got up to defeat the American candidate, Hon. F. S. Edwards, but was defeated by some fourteen hundred votes, Americanism at that time over-riding all opposition. He participated actively in the presidential campaign of 1856, and in September of that year received the nomination of the Republican Congressional Convention. He was opposed by Hon. F. S. Edwards (American), and Hon. C. J. Allen, (democrat), but was elected by a majority of 8610 over Mr. Edwards, and a majority of more than 5000 over both. During all these fierce political contests, Mr. Fenton never forfeited his position in private life; for he was always courteous in society to those who politically assailed him. He wears his triumphs with a generosity which disarms hostility. In the course of his active life he has devoted much time to agricultural interests, and his addresses before various agricultural societies are finished literary productions. Mr. Fenton was re-elected to Congress last fall, by a vote increased from the party ticket. As a specimen of his style in debate, we make the following extract from his speech on "Invalid Pensions—Immigration and New Party Issues," delivered in the House of Representatives, Feb. 9, 1855:

"I freely admit the existence of evils growing out of the system of tactics adopted or practised by both political parties in their relations to our adopted citizens. Their prejudices, as a class, have too often been appealed to, and their suffrages secured by means alike discreditable and pernicious, and so far as this order may correct this and other evils of the old organizations, it has my approval and co-operation. The purity of our elective franchise depends on the influences that control its exercise, and, therefore, all appeals to the cupidity, ambition, or prejudices of the electors, should be discountenanced by every friend of our institutions. But surely these good ends can be accomplished by open means, without infringing upon the acknowledged rights of any of our citizens, or doing violence to sentiments which recognize the brotherhood of man. The first general idea that has attracted my notice, said to be partially embraced in the designs of this party, is a restriction upon emigration to this country from other nations. That the emigration hither of the paupers and criminals of Europe, giving to us the dregs of a population which the reformatory laws and regulations of despotic governments have cast out, even of their jurisdiction as unwholesome, should be prohibited, cannot, I apprehend, admit of a serious doubt. The committee of which I have the honor of being a member, have had this subject under consideration, and have reported a bill carefully guarded, and of great stringency upon this subject, which, if adopted, I confidently hope will remedy, to a considerable extent, the growing evil. On the other hand, that obstructions should be placed in the way of the intelligent, industrious, sober and enterprising men, who seek a home in this proclaimed 'land of the free and home of the oppressed,' with the hope of bettering their condition, I cannot believe will be tolerated, on due reflection, by any liberal mind. Let us inquire, Mr. Speaker, if it would not be better, more in accordance with the spirit and genius of our institutions, that while we guard so far as we may against the evils I have referred to, we should turn our attention with renewed interest to 'Americanizing,' if I may be allowed the use of the term, the foreign population now among us, and those who may hereafter come to our shores. The foreign element is already here, and its magnitude and importance will be increased. Causes beyond our control have long ago settled this question. The manner in which these people are to be received and treated, presents a grave and important question which we must meet. Will they be likely to forget their early habits and impressions, to regard our country and its laws with favor, and become the earnest promoters of its interests in peace, and the defenders of its safety in war, if we close our hearts and our sympathies against them, and treat them as a proscribed and suspected people? Will they not remain among us, aliens in sentiment and feeling, as well as in character and condition? Will not the unavoidable effect of an intolerant and exclusive policy be to unite and combine the foreign population in a community of feeling and of interest, and place them beyond the influence of the sentiments that fill our own bosoms as American citizens, proud of our country, and solicitous of its welfare? In this condition, would they not form in our social and political economy an element of weakness, if not of danger? These, it seems to me, sir, are interesting inquiries, and demand the honest investigation and conscientious action of every one who may be in a position to influence the direction of public affairs. The experience of the world may be safely consulted as a guide in this matter. The endless contests in almost every other country on earth, between classes and conditions, the oppressed and the free, the privileged and proscribed, furnish lessons of instruction and warning; they serve as beacon-lights to warn the thoughtless and indifferent of impending danger. Philanthropy instead of self-interest, wisdom and not passion, should influence our reflections upon this subject; and, thus actuated, we need not fear that we shall go very far astray. The intelligent judgment of a great and noble people, in whose veins courses the best blood of races, will settle the question in accordance with the rights of all the parties, the dictates of enlightened civilization, the best interests of the country, and the spirit of the age I have regarded the mission of this country with somewhat different views than it would seem are cherished by the organization of which I have been speaking. We have claimed for ourselves the purpose of civilizing, Christianizing, and elevating the human race. These men are our brethren, for our common Father 'hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.' Let us, then, so far as practicable, elevate, disenthrall, and redeem those who are cast among us from the vices and errors of their years in a foreign land, under governments and with people less just and less favored than our own, and recognizing their common brotherhood, seek to give them a share in our common glorious inheritance."

HON. REUBEN E. FENTON, M. C.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BURGESS OF BRILL.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

THE Duke of Alva was viceroy of the provinces. The high-handed course which he had followed in his government is well known, and the terrible despair which he had grafted on the people, till decimated and beggared, they waited apathetically for the heavy hand to lift and usher them into peace either for this world or the next. His immortal adversary, William of Nassau, was at present in Germany, endeavoring to raise forces adequate to his object, so that Alva was not suffering through him; but the special torment of the viceroy was De la Marck, Orange's admiral, who, in a sudden moment, had sworn never to cut beard or hair till the murder of Egmont was avenged. His ships, or rather those of Orange, but under his command, were called the Beggars of the Sea (with whom our readers are familiar), and were the terror of the whole world, so to speak; and among the leaders under him were Robol and the witty and brave Seigneur de Treslong. The Lord of Treslong was a man of profound ability and military genius, but young and wealthy. Nothing of this had been developed until the execution of a brother for no other crime than remonstrating against the tyranny that destroyed a feeble people. Then all his latent fire blazed forth, and converting his property into ships and armaments, he joined the wild forces of De la Marck, never to rest again till freedom was accomplished for the groaning land.

There lived at this period of which we speak, a rich burgher of the seaport town of Brill. This burgher had amassed his wealth in honest trade, which was all very well, but though he did not exhibit so much inclination to spend as to make, he was endowed with some authority, and had long sat on the magisterial bench. Under these circumstances, and having nearly attained his sixtieth year, he began to look about him for a wife. His house was a large one, on the main street of the city, entered by a broad flight of steps, with statues in rock forming the balustrades, and was furnished in princely magnificence; behind it ran an old close, prodigal in trees, for whose fruit the worthy burgher manifested great taste, and sometimes in flowers as rich and redolent, for which the burgher manifested no taste at all. But all this luxury had not cost the Burgher Dummelburg a stiver; it was the confiscated property of the noble Count Vansyckle, who had escaped with little but life and wife, leaving his daughter in the protection of a friend at Brussels till he could make other arrangements. The estates and funds of this count had flowed into Alva's coffers with the exception of the house in Brill, which was the reward of Dummelburg as informant, accuser and spy.

When the Herr Dummelburg entered his new house, it was with great glee and exultation, but he soon found that such princely arrangements needed a princely fortune to keep in order, and although his own fortune might come under that denomination, he did not fancy wasting thousands of guelders in maintaining so fine an establishment.

"What is the use?" questioned the burgher, silently. "You can't eat it!"

He therefore speedily dismissed the old domestics, and shutting up all of the house but two or three rooms, settled to dinner and beer, and sleep. Yet this life soon wearied the man; his single servant was beggarly society; he might as well put his head into a lion's mouth as speak publicly of state affairs, and none of the nobles among whom he had come to reside, deigned to vouchsafe him a word. That ought not to have troubled Meinheer Dummelburg, for they were a sorry set, who forswore God and country for the sake of quiet, which, after all, they did not get, for never at one moment were they sure their heads would be on their shoulders at the next. This, we say, ought not to have troubled him; but it did, and tired of playing the Count Vansyckle's part alone, as he looked about for a wife, he resolved she should be of as noble a family as any around him, that some day yet he might overtop these haughty seigneurs, all of whom he hated.

Thus Dummelburg had made up his mind what he wanted, but nowhere saw any opportunity of obtaining it, when all the cities were ordered to send deputations into Brussels for a great rejoical over the proclamation of Alva of a general pardon or amnesty. This amnesty was the greatest farce with which a king ever insulted people, but as yet ignorant of its contents, they looked for some show of the old order of things and were hilarious, but the thing only pardoned harmless folk, such as the Herr Dummelburg, while the generous, self sacrificing patriots, and all who had given them so much as a cup of water, were therein abandoned to the cruelest death. But in the deputation from the seacoast was the burgher. This was a great era in his life, for he had never before left the town of Brill, and his eyes and his mouth, too, for the matter of that, were most of the time roundly open in a state of aggravated astonishment.

The great square of Brussels, so often the scene of knightly tournament, was brilliant with the soldiery; in the midst was erected a throne covered with cloth of gold, upon which Alva, wearing, says the historian, the hat and sword conferred by the pope as a reward from God —*Manus a Deo*—was seated; a populace eager with hope filled every remaining nook, and from the windows looked down all the lovely women in Brussels who were not plunged into the deepest affliction by the loss of some dear friend. As the various deputations filed through the square, they were greeted with shouts and songs, and squibs, or hearty cries of good will, as the case might be, while now and then flowers and perfumes were shed on them from the white hands above. But the deputation from Brill received more jokes and fewer favors than any, for that town had been, perhaps, more quiet than the others, although never sycophantic on the whole, and it was by the merest accident that a tiny lace handkerchief, fluttering downward from a balcony, fell into the hands of Meinheer Dummelburg. With a natural curiosity, he turned upward his flat little face to see whence the fairy thing had come. A chair on which was thrown a drapery of crimson velvet coronetted and fringed with gold, stood in the balcony, and in it, like the merest vapor, the fairest, whitest, smallest of beautiful creatures reclined with an air of contemptuous indifference that was to her features what the sparkle is to wine. She was clad in an airy profusion of lace and mousselines, and white Samarcand silk; in her yellow hair wearing a wreath of heart's-ease, whose significance her large, brown eyes, with their variations, now sad, now tender, mocked; one white arm hung half over the ledge and from that hand had carelessly slipped the lace trifle caught below. There were several other ladies in the same place, but the Herr Dummelburg could bestow on them no attention. Something flashed across him, a resemblance, a memory; he rubbed all the scanty hair on his shining head in delight.

"I knew it was a lucky day I came on!" he cried, to his neighbor in the procession, who thought him suddenly possessed. "You see her, Meinheer Winckel?" he whispered. "The white lady in the crimson chair? You have seen her before? Who is it? Not the young countess, daughter of the traitor Vansyckle?"

"Yes, verily," said the other broad Dutchman. "Vansyckle's child. Count's child, but beggar."

"Beggar now, maybe," was the worthy Dummelburg's response, "but not to be so long."

"Why?" asked the other. "What is to be done? Who—how—"

"I, my friend; I, *I* make her my wife, the Frau Dummelburg. See, there is a seller of seals and gems; when this is over, I go buy my betrothal ring."

"You? *you* take her? Why, she's a count's child, I said."

"And what of that? You said she was a beggar, too. I'll take care that she is so no longer. Pretty thing! What a grand wife for a gentleman! I'll dress her in satins and silks, she shall not bring the water to wash her hands—those little hands!—and she shall step from the door to her carriage holding up her fine trains like the Princess Von Wolt (my next neighbor at home), this way!" And here the rapturous burgher, quite carried away by his thoughts, seized one side of his voluminous breeches, and began tiptoeing off in a sidling manner from his companion, with all the mincing of a lady's maid. It was just at this amazing juncture that one of the ladies in the balcony touched the young countess lightly and pointed out this ridiculous burgher, who looked at the moment as if he were performing a *pas seul* for the benefit of the duke and his soldiery.

"Look, Elle!" said this lady, her hostess. "Look Anne, Marna, at that absurd figure, eyes half-shut, mouth simpering, like a butter ball with toes, dancing down below!" As she spoke, the Countess Elle turned, laughed gaily, and starting to her feet, her face puckered into quaint resemblance of the burgher's, her fingers in her sleeves, she tiptoed off in the same style. The burgher looked up at the sound of the laughter, resumed his place in the procession, but devoutly kissing the handkerchief and rolling up his eyes, he waved it in his hand toward the balcony, placed it in his bosom and passed on.

"A sudden passion, Elle!" said the other lady. "A new conquest, far-fetched, dear bought, and fit for ladies! I congratulate you."

Here there was a general laugh, but Elle, already sobered, leaned over, holding up her drooping hair, and inspected him; for in those days every demonstration inspired fear, were it love or hate. But just then the unsuspicious burgher glanced over his shoulder, and seeing her looking at him, turned, walked backward in the procession, while bowing, placing his hand on his heart, kissing the trophy and ogling her with other marks of sudden affection. It was a novel way of courtship, but, thought the burgher, very effective.

At last the great affair was over. Alva flattered himself that he had gulled the mob anew by his comedy, the people flattered themselves that nobody cared a fip for his promises. His threats he fulfilled, but his promises were lies. When evening came, a grand ball was to be held in the palace of Madame Volveren, the lady at whose house and under whose care was the Countess Elle.

Already at nine o'clock, the square was blazing with lights, and before ten, the saloons and drawing-rooms were crowded. According to the instructions of her father, the young countess kept herself very much out of sight generally, that her condition might not force itself upon Alva's notice, and she did not appear among the guests.

The entertainments given in Brussels during these cruel years of the Dictatorship, were few, but this one was designed by the generous Madame Volveren, under the pretext of rejoical, but really in hopes that many of the patriots in disguise might thus have an opportunity of meeting one another.

The halls were crowded, the dancers flushed, and the music thrilling far away in the distant galleries, while the lonely little Countess Elle lay in her parlor half-asleep. The room opened into a small conservatory abounding in luscious scents, and not many feet distant from the ground. Suddenly, while yet half-lost in sleep, a light foot was planted in the conservatory, a quick, bold step sounded, and opening her dreamy eyes, she saw a tall, dark figure standing in the conservatory door. Instantly closing them, albeit her heart may have beaten a trifle quicker, she awaited his movements, slily, however, watching under the shield of lashes.

"A cordial welcome. I am to hope for no better from little Elle?" he asked, still maintaining his position.

Elle half-rose and yawned. "Ah! is it you, Treslong?" she asked, carelessly. "I thought you had been in England. Who let you in?"

"Nimbleness and Dexterity, two friends of mine."

"And what have you come for?" she continued, in so sweet a voice as to atone for the rudeness of her words.

"For my health, partly."

"Well, take it, and good-by. I will finish my nap," and she half-sank again among her cushions.

"Finish it, by all means! and then we will converse."

"You are assured. Have you learned abroad nothing but to break in upon one's slumber?" she cried, assuming a new cue. "If you will converse, there are a thousand below to help you. As for me, leave me to dream."

"And leaving, when should I return?"

"Return? You are cool! Brussels is, perhaps, a pleasant place to saunter in, and losing one's head a pleasant pastime? Just remember that I don't care to be caught in conversation with a traitor. You are a traitor, Treslong; you know you are a traitor."

"Well, and if I were," he said, laughing, "you would give—"

"A Beggar of the Sea, must you be a beggar of the land? Well, and what then?"

"You would give—at least a welcome?"

"O, that is all?" she exclaimed, pouting. "You are very provoking, Treslong! You never *used* to speak so! In my father's house you were—you never—"

But here, before she could finish her utterance, Treslong exclaimed: "Very well. If you will not give, I take!" And stepping forward, he clasped her in his strong arms, smothered her cry in his lingering kiss and held her closely in a silence of impassioned greeting so long denied. Struggling, she partially released herself, and stood with folded hands and downcast eyes while he surveyed her, then timidly raising her glance a moment, again sprang into his arms.

"O, my love! O, Treslong! You will forgive me," she murmured. "I was ashamed, I didn't know but you were changed. I cannot speak when I see you!"

"And I, my delight, am silent."

She drew him to a seat on the lounge, unfastened his long cloak and lifted off the slouching hat which he had retained for its shelter, passing her fingers through the dark waving hair, over the white brow. "Just the same as a year ago," she whispered. "O! And you love me just the same? You are not changed any, then? Say so, if you are! But it would break my heart, for I love you, I love you so, my dear!" And the capricious thing wound her arms round him and with her head on his bosom, gave a little sob.

"You, too, are just the same; as sparkling, as various, my little pearl of all colors, my raindrop—"

"Yes, you used to say so."

"And I—judge how far I am changed. I am come through all these squadrons of the fiend, these ten thousand Spanish villains, to bring you. There is a preacher, a magistrate, without. Dearest, you will not hesitate now, since we love each other so; you will let nothing separate us longer?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking up with startled eyes.

"I mean, sweet, will you go with me?"

"What! In your fleet?"

"Yes, in my fleet."

"O, Treslong, how can I?"

"My wife can."

"But I am not your wife, you know."

"I told you the man waited without to make you so. Call Madame Volveren for witness, and in ten minutes you and I, my darling, are beyond the city walls and on the road to safety and joy. Are you going?"

Elle waited a moment, half turned, came back and laid her face against his. "Will you love me just as well—always?"

"Always is a long time. But when I cease to love you, I shall cease to live."

She loosened his grasp and vanished from the room. Soon afterward a servant entered the saloon, sought Madame Volveren and delivered a brief message. She followed him to the Countess Elle. "I want you a moment," said the latter, leading the way back to the room she had left, where stood Treslong and another. Treslong bowed to Madame Valveren, then took Elle's hand, and before the lady could interpose, the few short words of the service had been pronounced and the marriage certificate signed.

"Your signature, madame," demanded the notary.

"It is unexpected. I am unprepared. It is a death-penalty for me to be here. What would Vansyckle—"

"Vansyckle gave her to me, sent me," said the Lord of Treslong. "My little wife is the gift of her father."

"I cannot help it," said Madame Volveren. "You are married. If my name is of any use, there it is, and my life with it, but I take no responsibility."

"Thank you, dear madame Be assured that no pain shall reach you for this. Do not let us detain you longer," said he, and she shortly left them.

The notary or preacher had already gone. The Lady of Treslong clung a moment to her husband, then he threw the great cloak round him, took her in his arms and striding through the conservatory, slid to the ground and vanished in the darkness.

When Madame Volveren returned to her guests, she found some confusion among them, some tittering, some wrath. Looking round questioningly, what was her amazement to behold an unexpected and uninvited guest, the fat little Burgher Dummelburg, making his way toward her by elbowing and floundering among the others, while his rubicund face, broad and

radiant as the sun, streamed with perspiration, which he wiped away by means of a red cotton handkerchief. Having reached her, he made a low bow.

"Your servant, madame," he said.

"I am happy to see you, monsieur," she returned. "Pardon me if I do not remember your name."

"No consequence. I couldn't hope you to, never having heard it; I am called the Herr Dummelburg, of Vansyckle Palace, Brill."

"You are very welcome, Herr Dummelburg. You are a stranger in Brussels."

"Yes, a stranger, but one can always make friends, I flatter me. I present myself to you for that purpose, and to make also a wife," he replied, viewing the arrangement as a certainty.

Madame Volveren being herself a widow, started in alarm. Did he mean her, she wondered.

"No, no, madame, not you!" he exclaimed, reading her thought, "but the Countess Elle. I am not so old, after all. I am rich to count millions. I am good natured; not ill-looking, if I may say it," returned the little fright. "It will be pleasant to my sweet lady to return to her family mansion, which is now mine. I shall be to her a good husband enough; she, no doubt, will be a loving wife. I have thought it all over. My mind is quite made up, but it were, perhaps, best to mention the matter to you."

"Yes, you were right," said Madame Volveren, suffocating with laughter.

"And it will do, madame! I and my wife shall always be happy to see you at Vansyckle Palace. Little Dame Dummelburg shall be the envy of Brill! Where is the bride? I do not see her; will you conduct me to her?"

"Really, monsieur, I regret, for your sake, that the affair is impossible."

"Impossible?"

"You cannot betroth the Countess Elle."

"Cannot? Why, madame, here is the ring; I bought it five hours ago, and paid a Flemish gueldre for it."

"I am sorry you have misspent your silver. Doubtless there are other maidens who will be glad to wear your ring. The Countess Elle cannot."

"Cannot?" repeated the puzzled burgher. "And why, pray?'

"There are many reasons."

"Just state them."

"You are not noble, pardon me."

"Well, I am very rich."

"Her father's assent it is necessary to obtain."

"Her father is a rebel and a traitor, you know. His assent is not required. There is nobody but me in the case."

"So one would think. But the countess would hardly choose for her husband the man who betrayed her father."

"Tush, tush! you grow sentimental. In these days the countess will do well to marry the man who can give her a good dinner. Moreover, I know her heart, you see. She was struck when first catching sight of me! Didn't she throw me her handkerchief, and give me her sweetest smiles afterward? Come, come, you coquette for her! She loves me. Conduct me to her."

"Monsieur, you are too absurd! The countess was laughing at you, will not marry you. Good-night."

"What! What! Will not marry me? You are beside yourself! The notary is in the hall. Come, nonsense, I wish to reach Brill the morrow but one. Where is she?"

"Was there ever seen such a little pest?" cried Madame Volveren, at last. "Let me hear no more of this! It is impossible. Leave my house."

"Impossible? Leave your house? By the bones of St. Gudule, neither! You will not allow such a marriage? Let me see you prevent it! I have interest you do not dream of. I can part with my money on occasion," and here the burgher rolled his head from side to side like a barrel at sea in a storm. "Alva, Alva, Alva! Do you hear?" he cried, raising his voice like Stentor, "will give her to me!"

"It is even beyond his grace's power. The young countess is, I am happy to say, the wife of another man."

"Of whom?"

"That is not your affair."

"Who married them?"

"Nor that."

"A Catholic?"

"No matter."

"By heavens! If a Lutheran, a Calvinist, an Anabaptist—you know the law—a flash of an axe, and for witnessing the deed, your head's not worth that!" And the excited little wretch filliped his fingers in the lady's face.

"Here, John! Thomas!" cried Madame Volveren, "take this ridiculous gentleman and turn him out of doors." At her command two gold-laced domestics seized the struggling, crimson-faced fellow and planted him outside the house, where, loudly vociferating, they left him.

Madame Volveren and her friends made themselves very merry over this skirmish, but after finding that all his efforts were in vain, a new thought struck the Herr Dummelburg, and running breathlessly, he presented himself almost immediately at the residence of the viceroy, where, by an accident, he was admitted. Here he speedily represented his case.

"Your grace will assist me?" he demanded.

"Why," began the surly duke, "if she is married, how? I will cut off her head with pleasure, for the traitorous blood that is in her, but no more. And that would hardly suit you?" he added, with a grim smile.

"No, no, no!" cried the alarmed burgher. "Not so, by any means! but off this husband's head. Give me a force to enter Volveren's house and get her. You shall have a thousand crowns."

"That is not enough. You shall have a dozen men placed at your command for one hour for the sum of ten thousand crowns."

Herr Dummelburg almost tore his hair; his money was dear as his life, but just then he was so enormously in love that no more was necessary. He gave an order for ten thousand crowns, which the duke quietly altered to twenty thousand, as he turned away, gave him the men and bowed him out. A short street took them to the rear of Madame Volveren's house, for before joining the guests within at all, Dummelburg had explored all the surroundings, had even climbed the conservatory and looked in on the sleeping Elle, making his exit almost coincide with Treslong's entrance. The little general now posted his men round the grounds, and with much puffing and panting climbed again and entered. He had no doubt but he should succeed charmingly with the damsel herself. Picture his open-eyed surprise when she was nowhere to be seen. The bird had flown. A scarf lying on the floor, he picked up unconsciously and examined. On one end was embroidered a crest. He knew it well; it was Treslong's.

"The Seigneur de Treslong—has he been here?" he murmured to himself, and then his eye fell on the blotting-paper used by the notary in writing the certificate. He caught it from the table. The impress of the deed proved perfect, but, unfortunately, being reversed, was unreadable. A brilliant idea for the second time laid hold of the burgher; he ran to the mirror and held the paper before him. There, in letters bright as fire, he read the record of the Countess Elle's marriage with the Lord of Treslong. Waving the blotting-paper like a banner, he leaped through the conservatory to the ground, crying but half intelligibly that it was Treslong; Treslong had been there not twenty minutes since.

"And what to do now, monsieur?" asked the corporal of the guard allowed.

"Why, I'm sure I don't know," sighed the dolorous burgher, recalled to a sense of his loss.

"Then, sir, let me say. Treslong been here? Then he has not yet left, for he would take the West Port, and that is an hour's walk to a laden man. Shoulder arms! We'll be up with him! The duke will give us more gold than we've seen *this* year, should we bring him in Treslong's head!" And at a round pace they opened the pursuit.

It so happened that when Treslong with his light burden was within a few rods of the west gate, outside of which his men and horses waited, the company of Vargas marched down an opposite street and would have encountered him had he not prudently stepped into the shadow of a little alley, since his person being well known to Vargas, the bloodthirsty lieutenant of Alva, he would otherwise have been instantly recognized. As it was, the company, pouring into the long street, evinced no inclination to depart speedily, but stacked their arms and proceeded to refresh themselves at the fountain playing near by. Thus for at least one half hour was Treslong detained by these varlets. At last they regathered their arms and departed, when he hurriedly stole from his retreat and before many minutes had reached the gate. A quick signal was answered by a light from the keeper, who unlocked the small door in the large portal, and Treslong having shown a passport obtained from a powerful friend who played a double part with Alva, was about to hurry through, when a dozen men hurled themselves from their concealment and dealing a shower of blows on his defenceless head laid him prostrate. It was the little band under the burgher's command, who arrived there first and secretly waited for him to present himself. The discharge of balls that followed was, of course, fruitless, since the target was fallen. The burgher stooping, snatched the fainting Elle from his arms, and in the tumult ensuing, the keeper, a humane man, purposely extinguished his torch, and shoving Treslong out the little door quickly, shut and bolted it.

"Up the street!" he cried. "After him! up the street!" The men, who had seen Treslong show a passport, were far from suspecting any ruse on the keeper's part, and plunged off in chase, while the attendants outside hearing the melee, stood ready to receive their master, and snatching him up in his senseless condition, they clambered on the ladder they had brought over the moat, and mounting their horses dashed away. Although, after a time, reviving their leader, they did not allow him to utter a word, in the rapid flight, and by noon the next day he lay suffering from high fever in his own ship, which had put off to join those of De la Marck on the British coast.

But when the corporal with his dozen soldiers raced up the street in pursuit of their imagined victim, they had left the burgher in possession of the countess, for the good luck which frequently favors stupidity had followed him. Pondering the matter phlegmatically a while, he then arranged the little unconscious bundle in his arms more conveniently, and trotted off for his lodgings. Ordering his horses to be put to his coach, he left the Countess Elle with his servant, and ran to Madame Volveren's. It was not three quarters of an hour since he had been ignominiously thrust forth, but forcing his way up the stairs again, he entered, and saw the hostess standing with his grace the Duke of Alva, who had shortly since arrived, in the centre of a space left by the awe stricken guests.

Pushing up on one side and the other, the resolute Dummelburg made his way to them, and greeting the duke with a reverence, turned suddenly and snapped his fingers in Madame Volveren's face anew. "I've got her!" he cried, "and Treslong's dead, and you may get her now if you can!" And again he snapped his fingers. Instantly all was consternation. Madame Volveren flew to the rooms of the Countess Elle to ascertain if she were not there, and the assemblage, excited by her dismay, became a scene of tumultuousness, in whose midst Dummelburg made his escape again. Arrived once more at his lodgings, he found the prisoner revived and imploring the servant with prayers and tears to release her. But the man was inexorable. His coach was ready; the breathless little Dummelburg took the agonized girl, and having seated himself with her therein, gave the word, and they rolled rapidly along the streets, the burgher still holding her and covering her mouth, that shrieks might not be heard. Once on the broad highway, he unfolded his arms; at the motion, Elle sprang from him quite to the other side of the coach. The burgher was a little flustered.

"Hum—ha," he remonstrated gently. "My lady, I'll not hurt you. You shall be just as free and gay as a bird, wear velvet and jewels—at least on Sundays. I'll keep for you an extra servant. I'll—"

"Speak another word," cried Elle from her corner, "or come near me, and I will put this dagger in your heart! By my mother's soul, I will!" And now the first time she had been able to get at it, she held it in the light of the carriage lamp. "O God, help me!" she cried, with loud sobs. Thus meinheer was reduced to some respectful deportment, and three days afterward the beautiful young countess was lodged in her father's house by him, but without having relinquished her dagger.

Day by day dragged on endless lengths, and yet the Herr Dummelburg found his suit no more prosperous than at first; in vain he assured her that Treslong was dead; she obstinately refused to believe it, and was steadfast in her faith that he would yet release her. Just a wife, it was impossible for her to find herself a widow. And thus the Herr Dummelburg mingled perpetual tears with his tea and toast.

It was just at this time that Alva concluded those arrangements with Elizabeth of England, which, while he dreamed of their being highly advantageous, were really to prove fatal to all Spanish rule in the north. In compliance with his request, she forbade her subjects to supply with meat, bread, or beer, any of the Beggars of the Sea; the consequence of which prohibition was that they were obliged to forsake the British ports and seek some other haven. It had been their intention to make for a town in Holland, but a violent storm rising suddenly, blew them far up the north sea, and when they again shaped their course, it was for the strong little town of Brill, which, once taken, would be a key-stone for the patriots to the recovery of their whole native land.

But during all these days of weary storm and shine, the Countess Ella sat unfriended. Meinheer Dummelburg's threats were unheeded by her; her dagger was her reliance; and all his wooing met with no reply, while having the freedom of the house, she wandered from room to room, as fancy pleased, and sat for hours at an upper window looking out over the dim sea. It was curious to observe the passionate nature of this white, airy child. And when the burgher renewed his attempts at conversation, calling her his dear, his lamb, his duck, and whatever other dish of roast or boiled that suggested itself to his greasy imagination, she only gazed at him with eyes that were flames, and that too strongly hinted at the dagger in reserve. It seemed to her that this imprisonment would never end; each day had a length that years formerly had not gained; the nights seemed as if morning would never dawn upon them, and throughout all, she experienced a loathing of the little Dummelburg that actually made her ill. A ceaseless hectic of excitement and expectation fired her cheek. Unaccustomed to perform her own toilet, she attended to it now scrupulously, that Treslong might find her fair as he left her; never was there known such faith, such patience, such ardor. So intense was her expectation, that every nerve was wrought beyond its normal tone, and she even saw distant objects and heard indistinct sounds far sooner than any others.

She had ascended, one noon, to the roof of the house, and was looking, as usual, with her hand shading her eyes, over the sea. As she slowly swept the field of vision, a black speck, an upright line in the sunshine, followed by another and another, caught her glance. As they increased, with the quickness of sound she grouped them, arranged them, and long before a different eye would have discerned the point of a mast creeping over the horizon, Elle believed to see plainly the twenty ships of De la Marck, with the pennons of the commonwealth of ancient Flanders, of Treslong, flying. The Herr Dummelburg dined early, and having satisfied herself of these truths, she descended and sat calmly at the table, where he had never before seen her. The burgher was amazed. And immediately afterward was so extremely affable that he surprised himself. "My little plum," he said, ogling her, and dipping cascades of sour kraut into her plate, "you will yield yet. You will not cry out those pretty eyes for a great fellow that is dead. Come, now, kiss me on the cheek, thou sweet as honey! When shall I make the little lady the Dame Dummelburg? Come, now, bethink you; when shall I have a pleasant answer?"

"You shall have an answer to-night," said the Countess Elle, rising, and addressing him her first voluntary words. In a few moments more, the Herr Dummelburg went out, carefully locking his door, and sought the house where the other magistrates flocked after their dinner hours. As for Elle, she dragged a long pole that she had found, up to the roof, and having secured the door with this, quietly waited till the Beggars of the Sea should land.

While she waited, all that swift, bold comedy of the ferryman sent from the ships to the magistrates with a demand for the surrender of the town, the hesitation of the burghers, the enthusiasm of the town's people, the ambiguous reply, the retort, the panic of the magistrates all running to seize what they might and fly—all this passed before her eyes; and Herr Dummelburg himself, out of breath and almost voiceless, entered his house, caught his papers, and eagerly sought for her. She was not to be found. He ascended the stairs to the roof, but the door was closed and so firmly barred as to resist every effort. In despair, coaxing and crying, he ran down to the streets clamoring for ladders. But the house was too high for any to scale, and just

as he had secured one a few feet longer, the gates were opened, and De la Marck and his patriots rushed in. The fat little burgher took ingloriously to his heels, with the rest of the terrified magistracy, and ran for his life.

Having ascertained his departure, Elle cautiously dragged away the bar, and descended to the hall. Watching from a window till Treslong, brave, brilliant as ever, but pale and care-worn, turned the street; then she drew a breath of full relief, opened the great doors of Vansyckle Palace, that swung slowly to her slender strength, and appeared before the invaders.

The eyes of the chief were turned away, but Robol asked, with a sailor's frankness, at the sight, "Who might this be?"

"The wife of the Lord of Treslong," was the reply, as Elle retreated into the house. In a flash Treslong had sprung up the steps and followed her, and of so passionate a meeting it must be unnecessary to speak.

Meanwhile, the burgher Dummelburg had hardly panted along a league, when night fell upon his weary flight. With some philosophy, the little man began to wonder what he was running away from, and while he pondered, two men-at-arms, riding leisurely along, overtook him and passed. Passed, but not so quickly that the burgher did not pick up the words they dropped.

"Ay, Vargas had his eye on her some time; he knew, I'll warrant, what a precious booty it was, and so he took her."

"And it is known?"

"Not abroad. The burgesses ran, and so were not killed."

"And he has her now?"

"O, ay—" and here he lost the connection. Who was she? of what did they talk? he asked himself, and the silly little burgher, whose mind was full of Elle alone, could not conceive that one should converse of anything else, and did not dream that they meant the tiny city of Ban, just taken by Vargas, and which the duke suffered him to retain. To Herr Dummelburg, it was Elle who was taken, who was kept by Vargas, and he cursed his folly that he had wasted time battering at the roof door, where of course she could not be, he said, when he might have been collecting his valuables. But if Vargas kept her, where was she? he asked himself again, and with his usual brilliancy of conception, suddenly resolved to return and tell Treslong of the fact, for, reasoned he, "it is better that creature should have her than Vargas, and between the two, I may get her myself!"

Bold with his sudden resolution, he turned his steps and trotted back toward Brill.

It was evening of the next day when the burgher Dummelburg mounted the steps of his recent residence, and timidly demanded admittance. He was shown into the great oaken hall. A dozen lights flamed in the splendid silver sconce, with a prodigality that made him groan, and a fire of blazing logs streamed up the broad chimney, that reddened with jovial cheer to the long lost and generous heat. On either side of this chimney sat the Count and Countess Vansyckle, at last reinstated in their rights. The Lord of Treslong entered simultaneously at an opposite door.

The burgher seated himself uninvited, at a distance, placed his hat on the floor and wiped his face.

"Hem, ha. Good even, sir. Your servant, Madame. Seigneur de Treslong? Sir—that is—I mean—well, yes—Vargas has got her now?"

"Gotten who, sir?" asked Treslong.

"Your wife, to be sure."

The lady by the fire laughed lightly.

"Yes, meinheer," continued the last speaker, biting his nails, "got the Countess Elle! But, I'll tell you what, sir, if you'll join with me, I'll do my best—"

"Not so fast. You mistake," said the other; and stepping back to the door from whence he had issued, he opened it and spoke within. At the word, the same little airy vision whom the burgher had seen on the balcony at Brussels, now all smiles and blushes, and more lovely than ever, danced into sight, and then with mock sobriety gathered her laces in one hand and made him a bewitching courtesy.

"I believe, sir," said her husband, while this little pantomime passed, "that I have her myself. I do not remember your name, but allow me to present you to the Lady of Treslong,—and the door!"

Presents, which our love for the donor have made precious, are ever the most acceptable.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HARLEY LANGDON'S WIDOW.

BY EDWARD MONTFORD.

A MOURNFUL looking procession was passing through the principal street of a large manufacturing town; *so* mournful, if one might judge by the faces, as to make it probable that one unusually beloved, or removed by some sudden or terrible blow, had caused such a large concourse of people, and with such heavy hearts.

Both were true. Harley Langdon was valued beyond most men by those who knew him, and the circumstances of his death were more than ordinarily painful. It occurred on a pleasure party by railway, where from some inadvertency of his own or others, in ascending the steps, he was drawn under and crushed.

A few years before he had married. He was not young, but there was not an unmarried woman in the town that would have refused Harley Langdon. It was not strange, then, that Sara Wellman accepted him, though fifteen years her senior. One would think of him in reading, "John Halifax, Gentleman," so good, upright, tender, manly and noble a man was he. They had lived a very few years together, but they were happy ones. When the end came, there was a sentiment of universal mourning, as if the whole town had lost a friend.

But if that were so, what must be the state of the poor young wife, with two infants at her side, and another yet unborn! Sorrow has many phases; but this was a very sad, very painful view to take of the life of the fair creature, who only two days ago was so happy, so blessed beyond the ordinary lot of women.

Twice, while Harley lay in his last sleep in the house, and when it was fully crowded with sympathizing friends and acquaintances, a man of noble and dignified yet eminently gentle mien, was seen sitting beside the now shadowy form. He spoke to no one, except when Sara came near. To her he talked in a voice of sweet yet powerful tones, and in language the highest and most noble that could fall from human lips.

No one knew him. No one saw him come in nor go out; but, at intervals, he sat by the coffin, and gazed upon the calm beautiful face of the dead, and then in words that seemed alternately a psalm and a prayer, an aspiration and a benediction, he poured out the sympathetic stream, so different to the hackneyed common-places which the poor mourner has so often been called on to endure, and which fall so coldly upon the heart, sick and oppressed with heavy grief.

When the form was removed from the room, he was seen no more; but often in the stillness of the lone chamber, when the widow sat holding the little babe, on whose face no father's kiss could ever be imprinted, Sara thought of the unknown, and recalled the lofty and comforting words which he uttered.

With hands tied, she could do no more than take care of the three infants—that is, she could earn nothing—and soon it became imperative that she should be aided somehow or other. The "bread winner" was gone; and since his death there had been large outgoes that were inevitable under the circumstances. Her resources were almost exhausted, and she knew not where to apply for help to keep her children from destitution, unless she contracted debts, which she was unwilling to do.

Young and beautiful, Sara's face, shrouded in her deep mourning veil, awakened an interest in all who saw her; and, unfortunately for her, it did so in the heart of one who was as unworthy of her as he was of the woman whom he had sent to the grave three years before, the victim of his selfish and arbitrary nature.

As Sara stepped from her door to the church, he saw her for the first time; and, cruel, heartless and calculating as he was, he was touched almost to deep reverence. He said to himself, "If that woman were childless, she should be my wife;" and the next time he said, "She shall be, in spite of her children. I can get rid of them somehow."

How artfully he induced her to think that her duty to her children demanded her to marry him, I have not time to tell. It is enough that she sealed her unhappiness by so doing, and awoke to the fact that she had done the worst possible thing for them and for herself. Accustomed to Harley's large and beneficent ways, it was a trial to come down to a code of economy so severe as that demanded by Mr. Trevelyan.

He had a large family of his own, and the addition of Sara and the children seemed a very onerous burden, although her nimble fingers saved him from the enormous expenses of work women whom he had hitherto employed. The fact was, simply, that he wanted her, but not her incumbrances; and she, alas, having fallen into the error of marrying without love, clung, of course, still closer and closer to the children for whom she had made so sad a sacrifice.

Very bright, beautiful creatures were Sara's children—very different to his own awkward and sometimes stupid ones. The difference was easily accounted for—hers had been bred in love, and his in fear. Their poor, sick mother had worn out her frail life in this atmosphere of dread, which Mr. Trevelyan's temper and selfishness had created around her, and his children suffered from the same cause. Still they inherited enough of their father's disposition to enact the petty tyrant whenever they could find opportunity, and of course Sara's children were the first victims.

Money was never forthcoming. Everything purchased was through Mr. Trevelyan's own hands. Sara had long ago expended everything to clothe her growing children decently, and her own wardrobe had received no addition for the two years that she had lived in her new home. And, added to her privations of cold, and even hunger—for neither the fire nor the table was half supplied—he had taunted her of her pride, and boasted that he would bring it down; and, worse than all, had assailed the memory of her good and noble husband. Even now, the house was in a state of constant anarchy from the growing violence of the two eldest sons, who were throwing off their father's authority, and were becoming as abusive as they had formerly been abject.

"O, for a little home in the wilderness!" she exclaimed, as she looked upon the worn garments of her children, and knew that she had not the privilege of *earning* their simple clothing. Her hands were busy all day for the rest; and now they had found a new occupation, for another babe was born, lessening her capacity of doing anything for the three neglected ones, who now wandered about, unfit to be sent to school for want of proper garments to wear.

Sara was sitting by the scanty fire one evening, rocking her child in the cradle. Mr. Trevelyan had gone away on business, to stay two nights. He had gone in a high tempor, and had said, once or twice, while getting ready, that he wished he had never married her, with her brood of children. She had that morning, almost on her knees, begged for a little money to buy shoes for her children. He had laughed scornfully at the idea of his spending money for Harley Langdon's children! It rankled in her breast all day. And as she sat there, a strange thought came into her mind. "He never shall! I will go from hence, where my own hands shall be free to maintain them. I will not stay in this house a bondwoman, and my children slaves. Better far that they were slaves at the South, where at least they would be fed and clothed."

She looked at the sleeping babe in the cradle. "I will take her too," she murmured; but then the thought came that it was *his* child, and perhaps, even to a shamefully abused wife as she was, the law might not give it to the mother. But she would try it; nothing could be worse than this state, and there was no hope of reprieve except by instant flight. That night she sold to a broker the ornaments and a little watch that Harley had given her, and found that she had money enough from the sale to get her to some city, where she hoped to earn her bread.

The next morning, when the Trevelyan children were all out of the way, a carriage took her and the four little ones to the railway station. She had felt a perfect right to the linen and silver ware which she had brought to the house, and she took it without scruple. As the cars reached the crowded city, her brave heart trembled a little; but she would not go back, no, not for the wealth of the Indies. No escaped slave could ever have known a more delightful sense of freedom than she did by escaping from those hated chains. Labor, even of the meanest sort, seemed delightful. She would welcome even abject poverty, if it could be borne without the sight of him who had already subjected her to many of its worst privations.

She had been carried to a hotel on her first arrival, but before night had found a cheap boarding house, suitable to her limited means, until she could look about her and find something to do. But in a few days the prospect looked darker and darker, and she wandered out, when her babe was asleep, half-frantic to think that soon they must be homeless.

"Boarding house to be let," was the announcement on the window of a large building, and it met Sara's eye like a revelation. What hindered her from taking it? She was skilled in housekeeping, and her children would have food and a home, if nothing more. It would take time to tell how she besieged the owner of the house to let her have it without security; and, when finally he yielded, how great was her struggle to obtain the necessary furniture for commencing. But she did it! and the result was beyond her most sanguine hopes. Her house, under her careful and judicious management, soon acquired a name—and increasing guests soon gave her the means of making it attractive.

Once or twice she was annoyed by Trevelyan; but she had grown a brave, strong-hearted woman now, and she was firm in her refusal to go back to servitude in his house, even though he promised so fair. She feared that he would take the child away; but she had overrated his liberality. He would have been obliged to hire an attendant for it, and if Sara would maintain it, he was perfectly willing.

Death took the little one, however, thus dissolving the last shadow of a tie between them. Sara mourned the little creature most sincerely, and for a time her affliction affected her health, and almost her reason; but she roused herself to other duties, and her mind recovered its usual tone.

Years have passed away, and Sara sits in the pleasant, happy home which her own struggles have obtained for her. Her children have grown up around her, with all the advantages which could have been theirs had they been born to wealth, and they are fitted for any situation in life. And this is wholly through the exertions of the mother. She has gained a triumphant separation, by the law, from her tormentor, and hence is free to pursue her own course unmolested. If her children are not proud of such a mother, let them turn to the indolent, superbly-dressed women who pace up and down Washington Street, shunning the very thought of labor or exertion, and whose strongest effort is not equal to sweeping a room, or preparing the simplest meal. One Sara Langdon—she has taken Harley's name again, the dearest name to her on earth—is worth a legion of such butterflies.

Did Sara do right? I appeal for answer, not to women of the world, not to "strong-minded women," but to *men*, noble, high minded men. There are such men, who combine the lion heart with the tenderness of a woman; and I think I can hear from their lips a strong, concentrated YES!

SATAN'S MARKS IN THE SWINE.

A few days since, in going into my back-yard, where a fresh-killed pig had just been hung up, a man who knew I was curious in such matters, said, "There, now, there's the mark as Satan made it in the herd of swine before they ran down the cliffs into the sea," pointing to five dark marks on the skin of the inside of each fore-leg. On my questioning him, he assured me that he had never seen a pig without them (I have since looked at five, and they had the same); and he said the tradition was that all swine had them ever since the casting out of the devils which destroyed the herd in the sea. My queries are, does this mark always exist? How do anatomists account for it?—*Notes and Queries.*

HUMOR.

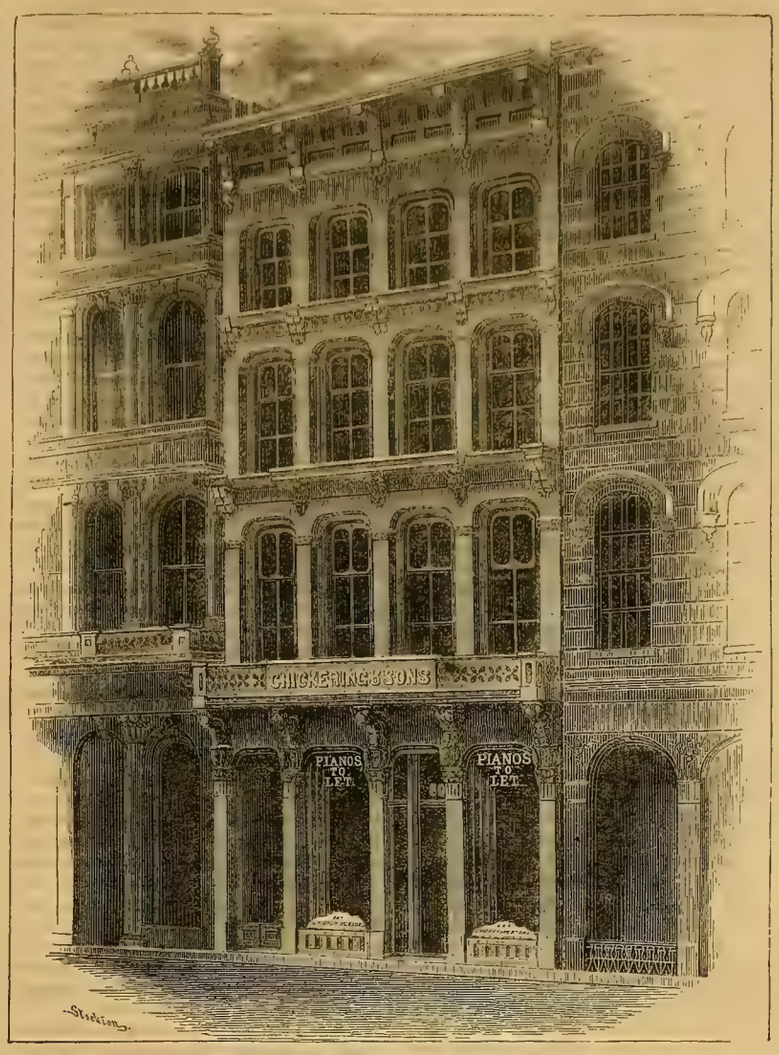
Humor is a perennial source of purity and freshness to the mind. It clears away the cobwebs; it qualifies the hot, rich draughts of sentiment; it freshens up the sated edge of appetite; it flows through the whole being like a babbling stream, with verdure always green upon its banks. Without humor, we are either hot simooms or arid plains. Your Keatses and your Shelleys burn themselves out for want of it; your Shakspeares and your Dickenses are so irrigated by its delicious coolness, that they endure green and fresh forever.—*Oliver.*

SELF-ACQUITTAL.

Addison said that "a man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interfere with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him."

CHICKERING & SONS' ESTABLISHMENTS.

The engravings we recently published illustrating the process of manufacturing pianofortes, as conducted at Messrs. Chickering & Sons' great establishment in this city, having been received with great favor, we have been induced to place on the present page accurate delineations of two of their great branch sales warehouses, one at No. 807 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, the other at 694 Broadway, corner of Fourth Street, New York. The Philadelphia warehouse is built of Acadian stone, and the architectural effect is very striking. The first floor being 165 feet in depth, running back to Jayne Street, by 25 feet in width, is occupied by the Messrs. Chickering & Sons for the sale of their instruments, and the height of the ceiling being eighteen feet, so concentrates the sound, upon the touch of the instrument, as to produce a delightful impression of its merits or otherwise. The arrangement of this floor is perfect; the office being in front, shut off by large glass doors from the salesroom, 95 feet in the centre, with corresponding glass doors in its rear, closing in the room for repairs. The walls are fresco painted; light is plentiful through glass skylights, while the arrangement of the chandeliers, gas pendants, etc., has added another laurel leaf to their chaplet of renown. The upper floors, finely arranged with every convenience, the building being four stories in height, together with a portion of the fine basement, are let to a jobbing house. The cost of this property was $70,000, and it is, without exception, the finest Piano Forte Wareroom in the United States. The New York warehouse is of brick, and presents a fine appearance. The pictures we have given not only show the extent of the business of the Messrs. Chickering, but indicate the growth of musical taste in this country. It has been such that a piano, instead of being a luxury, has become a household necessity. It is curious to compare one of Chickering's parlor pianos with the instrument dignified by that name dating back only half a century. The piano, the successor of the clavichord, harpsichord and spinnet, was first known as a musical instrument in Europe, in 1760, consequently the invention is but a century old. The most famous piano fortes of Europe are the Erard pianos, and one of them was used by Thalberg at his first concert at the Music Hall in this city. But when he tried one of the Chickering grand pianos placed beside it, he admitted that it was equal, if not superior to the foreign instrument. The late Jonas Chickering, of this city, devoted his whole life to perfecting the piano. His first piano was made in 1820, since which date more than twenty thousand pianos have been made by himself and his sons. The Messrs. Chickering now employ 300 men, and turn out 40 pianos a week, or two thousand and eighty in a year, so greatly has their business increased; yet, with all the resources and industry of their vast establishments, they find it impossible to keep pace with the demand, such is the reputation of their instruments. Their unsurpassed pianos carry their fame to every quarter of the globe.



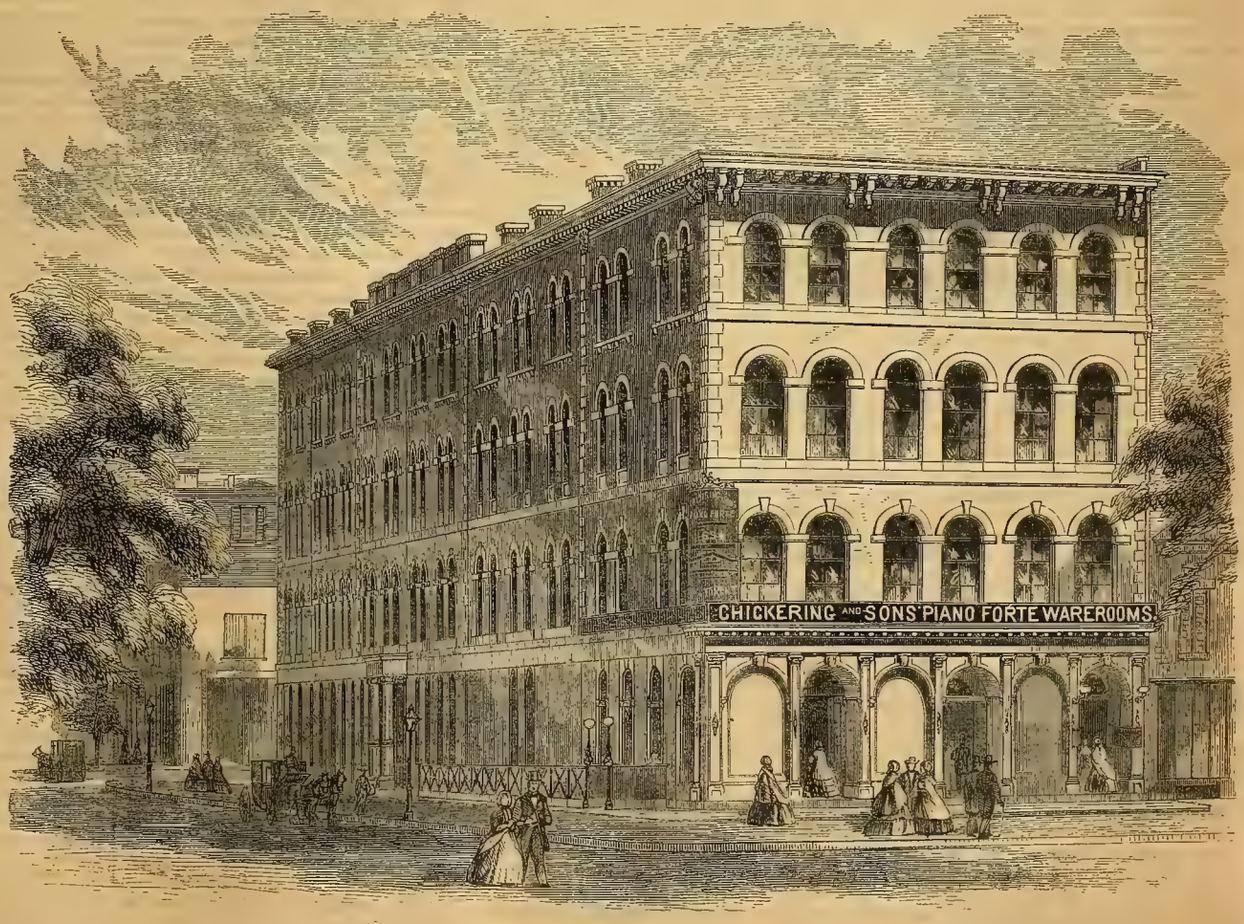
CHICKERING AND SONS' PIANO-FORTE WAREHOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

STREETS OF PERA.

The streets of Pera and its suburbs may defy all the world to match them in the inconvenience arising from bad pavements, dirt, crowds of donkeys laden with bricks and timbers for building, caravans of camels, and the *taalikas* or carriages of the higher classes of society, that frequently blockade the passage. In the midst of this transportation of goods, chattels, and gentry, between buildings that encroach upon the highway, which is minus sidewalks, the mixed and motley multitude of pedestrians that form the great portion of this Babel contrive to thread a tortuous course; now arrested by long timbers that, fastened together and crossed upon the neck of the poor little animal, are left to fly apart and vibrate, threatening annihilation to the unfortunate object within their reach; now warned by the tinkling bell that is suspended from the neck of the camel of the approach of the long train that follows; here seeking shelter in the door of some shop from the rapid and heavy gallop of powerful chargers mounted by Turkish chiefs, whose arms are rattling upon the pummel of the richly embroidered saddle, and the numerous attendants who bring up the rear; there dexterously escaping a crushing pelt from a cargo of bricks that nearly conceals the little victim doomed to bear it, who, in common with a score of his companions, left to their own guidance, jostle and totter hither and thither, as if they were practising for a tilting match.—*Tent and Harem.*

A STRANGE STORY

The following is from Whittier's "Supernaturalism:" "In a letter which I have just received from a distinguished member of the legal profession in New Hampshire, a very remarkable case is narrated. My friend's informant was Judge Gove, at that time Attorney General. A few years since, while attending court in Cheshire county, in his official capacity, a person came before the grand jury to enter a complaint for murder. As he had heard of no murder committed in that county, he looked at the complainant carefully, suspecting him to be insane. He was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, good-looking, intelligent, and well-dressed. Perceiving the surprise of the attorney general, he said to him, 'I do not wonder at your astonishment; examine these papers.' They were certificates of good character and perfect sanity from a large number of the most respectable people in the town where he resided. He then proceeded to state his complaints as follows: In the winter previous he had been hired to work by a farmer. Soon after he went to live with him he heard strange noises in the cellar and rooms. At first he took little notice of them; but one night he distinctly heard a spinning-wheel in the cellar, and loud sounds in the entries. The doors flew open as often as they were latched. The farmer laughed, and remarked, 'They keep up quite a rumpus to-night.' The next night he heard groans as he went out to feed the cattle; soon after saw a bright light in his bed-room, and an apparition which said to him, 'I will see you again; you are too much alarmed now.' The next morning while passing an old covered well, he heard a noise. He spoke, and a voice from the well answered, 'I am the Irishman who was murdered by Mrs. F——, and put here.' The farmer's wife saw him looking and beckoned to him to desist and escape; and on looking up, he saw the farmer pointing a gun at him through the window. He at first fled, but returning, promised to reveal nothing, and continued to labor. Soon after, however, the farmer attempted to kill him with a sled-stake. On his return one night, the windows in the lower part of the house seemed brilliantly illuminated. He made some remark about having company, when suddenly the lower windows became dark and the upper ones illuminated, and the whole house was a blaze of fire. Upon this the farmer swore, 'This is that cursed Irishman's work!' He now left the house, and told the story to the neighbors, and was then informed that some years before an Irishman in the employment of the farmer, suddenly disappeared, and was by many supposed to have been murdered. The young man made an oath that the facts above stated were in his belief true, but of course the intelligent attorney did not deem it a sufficient ground for prosecution, and consequently the whole matter was suffered to drop."



CHICKERING AND SONS' WAREHOUSE, 694 BROADWAY, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOSING AND FINDING.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Faint and white,
In the still moonlight,
Something lies in the grass at my feet;
Perhaps it is naught
But the gossamer wrought
By the cunning spider—my heart to cheat;

Perhaps it is only
The night-flower lonely,
Lifting its white brow out of the grass;
Lifting it too,
Through the cold bright dew,
Only to see when my Love should pass.

This—I am sure—
Where the dew lies pure,
Scarcely brushed by her foot's light fall—
This is the way,
I have heard her say,
That leads o'er the lawn to her Father's Hall;

And less, I know,
Than an hour ago,
She passed like a perfume, dainty and sweet,
O'er the tender mass
Of blossoming grass—
The very grass that is under my feet!

O, sweet, bold wind,
Cunning and kind,
Blowing out from the maidenly west!
Running so swift
Through the grass to lift
The web at my feet, like a wave's white crest!

Fluttering it lies,
As if shaken with sighs,
Like a sweet white bosom with love for its guest,
And I see it unfold
With a meaning untold,
Blown out by the dear, cunning wind of the west!

It is not a flower,
Nor the web of an hour
Which sometimes the spider weaves—dainty and fine,
And leaves to grow white
With the dews of the night,
And the bleaching of moonbeams that silently shine.

Nay! naught that had not
By *her* fair hand been wrought,
Could my soul to such tender delirium stir;
And henceforth, sweetly safe,
Here, the dear airy waif,
I will wear on the heart I have given to her!

And I gather it there
With a tenderer care
Than ever I gathered a flower from its stem;
And a dreamy perfume,
As of rosemary bloom,
Floats out of the delicate, tremulous hem.

Fair fabric of lace!
Pretty marvel of grace!
Floating down from her hand like a leaf on the air!
Thou hast kissed her dear eyes—
Thou hast drank her sweet sighs!
And I faint with a rapture too tender to bear!

O, wind of the west—
Ever, evermore blest!
Thou hast toyed with thy daintiest trifle to-night!
Blow back to their bowers,
And shame the sweet flowers
With the fragrance just won in thy rapturous flight!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ASTREA:

— OR, —

THE RESTORED DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

I.—WHO IS SHE.

"Is that the girl?"

"Yes, the one with the dark eyes. There, now you can see her—Mark has moved."

"Beautiful—very! She knows it too."

"O, I suppose so! Very likely her brain will be turned before long. Now come here; I will show you her parents. There they sit—that squint-eyed man with the red hair, and that fat woman—blowsy, vulgar!"

"The parents of that Hebe? Nonsense! Impossible!"

"Well, so I say. I don't believe it; nobody hereabouts does. They went on a voyage to the East Indies some ten years ago. His brother is a sea-captain; you would not think him *his* brother, if you saw him. Well, they brought this child home after an absence of four years; she was then but three. A most beautiful child she was, always wearing a variety of ornaments. Strange to say, they came home rich also, built them a splendid dwelling in the city, a villa in the country. The child is now thirteen, and receiving a superior education. She seems to me southern in all her tastes. Her temperament is ardent, impulsive. She is passionately fond of music and admiration. She will be queenly, if she lives three or four years longer."

This conversation was carried on at a child's party. It was given by a wealthy man, on the occasion of his only daughter's birthday. Many of the parents were also invited, among them the rich but not aristocratic Watermans.

The gay dresses of the little ones flashed in the profusion of light. Among them, for grace, dignity and beauty, Astrea Waterman shone resplendent; she was far the loveliest creature present. For a child, she wore too much jewelry; arms, neck and head shining lustrous with bright gems, but still she did not look vulgar, but bore them as if it were her right.

"We want singing. Who will sing? Where is Astrea Waterman?"

"We want dancing. Where is Astrea Waterman."

"We want games. Who has seen Astrea?"

Thus her name was coupled with every amusement; it was very evident that Astrea was the star, the belle of the evening. Her delighted parents had eyes only for her.

"Is she not charming?" they said repeatedly to each other.

"See!" exclaimed the wife, nudging the arm of her husband; "If that Mark Hamilton aint taking her out to dance. I wonder she speaks to him; I wonder they would invite him"—*they*, meant the Landholms, who gave the party.

"He's a splendid figger, though," said Mrs. Waterman, complacently.

"His father failed last week," replied her husband.

"Law! do see how she seems to take to him!" cried Mrs. Waterman, anxiously, in a loud whisper.

"She's only a child, you know," replied her spouse.

"But she talks of him all the time at home (there's that John Banks), thinks he's the handsomest boy of her acquaintance," replied Mrs. Waterman. "His father would like nothing better than to have him grow up to like her and marry her. See, they're done; and there goes John Banks—yes, she's going to dance with him. He's a catch."

"Pshaw! his father aint worth only a hundred thousand. Astry don't go to no one less than a million or two," replied Mr. Waterman, with an emphatic shake of the head. "She's too young now to bother anything about it; all the Marks and Johns in existence may flirt with her, I don't care. She a regular beauty, anyhow."

II.—ASPIRATION—DECLARATION.

Four years had passed, and with the beautiful Astrea in a succession of splendid victories. There was indeed danger that her head would be turned. She had grown more haughty in manner, as well as more beautiful in person. It was strange that towards her father and mother she sometimes evinced a marked repugnance; it might be that association with the refined and the intellectual, made their defects more striking to her keen vision. That was not dutiful, or would not have been in some cases; in hers—but we shall see as we progress.

The brilliant parlors of the Watermans were always lighted. Astrea was their sole queen. She was so regal! so loftily commanding in her presence! She had always worshippers in plenty. The rich, the gifted the great; men high in office, in attainments, in position; lawyers, clergymen, judges, physicians, waited upon her smiles. She was the all absorbing topic of New York. Her genius, her wit, her beauty, drew even strangers to her presence; the gifted of other lands were her guests.

And all started and wondered, when they saw Mr. and Mrs. Waterman. Was it possible that they called such a jewel, child? Could she call them mother, father? She did; but there was a strange, lurking consciousness that in some way they were unworthy of her love. They, on the contrary, lavished gifts and praise upon her; they would have added caresses, but these she could not endure—an innate delicacy forbade it.

Did she not love at all, then? Was the heart cold, impressible? O, by no means! Astrea was as noble in disposition as gifted in mind and person. She was above the servile love of gold for gold's sake; she did not wish to marry a poor man—her whole life had been passed amid luxury; she would not marry an ignoble man—for that she was too ambitious.

Among all her admirers, Mark Hamilton was perhaps the most highly gifted. He had his own way to make yet in the world. The path was uphill, and beset with difficulties. His father had died like a blasted tree, withered by poverty and neglect. The son had for a time felt the depressing influences that surrounded him, but after a while they nerved him instead of prostrating. He had a mother and two sisters dependent upon his exertions, and he but twenty one.

How could he aspire to the love of the beautiful Astrea? It was, he felt, no place for him, that regal home. Its luxuries only placed before him a contrast that embittered the hours he spent with her. It was passing strange—it could not be mockery?—upon no other did she smile as upon him. Not that she revealed an open preference—she was too womanly to do that unsolicited—but *he* could tell, a close observer could have told, also, that there was a hidden place in her heart where he held sole and undisputed sway.

This knowledge, while it inspired, also saddened him. He knew she must be aware how many years of toil must be spent before he could honorably ask her to become his wife.

One evening he called, expecting to find her surrounded by her usual brilliant galaxy. To his astonishment he was introduced into a gorgeous private parlor, in which he had never entered before. Astrea was there; she welcomed him with a bright, warm smile. She was attired in spotless white, a few pearl ornaments only added. Never had she seemed so surpassingly lovely.

"I thought it was your *soiree* to-night," he said, astonished.

She shook her head.

"You were not here at the last one, so I appointed it for another evening."

"No; I was not here. I never did attend those assemblies," he replied.

"And why not?" she queried, lifting her dark eyes to his face.

He smiled in answer. "You who know me so well, can you not guess?" he asked. "It is not that I am proud, but I should meet those here who remind me that I have not yet made a fame, and am not so much entitled to the distinction of your invitation as they."

His voice trembled sufficiently to show her that that was not his only reason.

"I have sometimes felt hurt at your neglect," said Astrea, with down-cast eyes. "If you were not entitled, as you say, to an entrance, I should not invite you."

"Have I been missed? Has my absence been noted, thought about, for a moment?" asked the young man, earnestly, taking her hand. In the act of lifting it, he paused with a suddenly delicacy. "Pardon me," he said. "I forget myself."

"I have nothing to pardon, Mr. Hamilton," said Astrea, blushing as she met the earnest, worshipful glance of his dark eye.

He turned away suddenly with a heavy sigh. "Why should I burden her heart with a knowledge of my hopeless love?" he said to himself.

"Your mother's health is good, I hope," he said, embarrassed.

"My mother!' The word was spoken with marked emphasis. He looked up astonished. Filial ingratitude was not what he expected to meet in this faultless creature, this divinity.

"I cannot help it, Mr. Hamilton; I know not why, but I am haunted with the conviction that those to whom I owe so much are not rightly entitled to my love and veneration. You look surprised that I make this declaration, but you surely have heard the common opinion of society."

"I do not deny that I have," replied Mark Hamilton.

"Look for instance at me, and then at Mrs. Waterman. I think I am not vain, least of all puffed up with any self-conceit, but where is there one point of resemblance in mind or person? I have studied her, I have studied myself, faithfully. Your mother has transmitted to you her features, her peculiar delicacy of manner—" she stopped, conscious that her enthusiasm was carrying her too far.

"You certainly do not resemble Mrs. Waterman," said Mark, smiling a little. "Her hair is very light, and Mr. Waterman's is a bright red, while yours is almost ebon in its hue. I have heard many remark that."

"They both have blue eyes," said Astrea, half-laughing.

"While yours are a most beautiful brown—or are they black?"

"No flattery, Mr. Hamilton."

"You *know* I would not flatter," he replied, seriously.

"I believe you would not," she said, quite as seriously.

It was a dangerous temptation to him, and he could not resist. Before he left her that night he had unfolded all his plans for the future; he had told his love, and she had listened and accepted.

"She was young, and willing to wait," she said; "she knew that he would soon achieve fame, a high position. He had said right, she could not be the wife of a poor man; but he was to win fortune, as well as renown. She would be his prophetess, and predict greatness, honor and wealth."

He was a happy man as he left that splendid mansion, on that auspicious night. His lips had touched her brow, a privilege that proud men would have bended the knee for, and rich men have given untold wealth.

III.—TREACHERY DISCOVERED.

"Lud, wife! O, my good gracious! O, my good heavens! I shall go crazy, I know I shall!"

"Simon Waterman, what on yearth *is* the matter with you? You've got me in such a fluster!" And Mrs. Waterman waddled into the room, pulling her silken wrapper about her portly figure.

"Ruined, wife, ruined! sure as guns! Look as this letter, all covered with seals and furrin postmarks. O, Lud! it's from—it's from—I can't say it," he gasped.

"Can't you be a man, and tell a body something? What do you *mean*, Simon Waterman? I wish to mercy I could read writin', I'd know what it was, *I* tell ye!"

"O, grashus, it's from Injy!" And Simon Waterman sat with his hands folded, moving to-and-fro, the picture of a man in a severe stage of colic.

"From Injy!" His wife dropped into the nearest seat. "Goodness alive, have they found out! What do they say? Quick, tell me, man!"

"They say—O, Lud! Do let me read you the letter;" and holding it up with shaky hands, his head thrown back, his red hair standing straight out, he read, almost spasmodically:

"SIR:—For many years the fate of my only child has been involved in a terrible mystery, which we have in vain striven to perpetrate. ('No, penetrate—O, Lud!') After a diligent inquiry of fifteen years, I think I have at last found a clue to her whereabouts, or rather that of her little child, Astrea Elenora Penshurst. It seems that my daughter, with this little child, sailed from the shores of 'Injy' seventeen years ago, in company with a Major Pollard, whom she had clandestinely married, taking with her the sum of ninety thousand dollars in Bank of England notes, and in gold. The name of the ship was the 'Clara,'—American—captain, Jabez Waterman. Further than this, and that both parents died on the passage, I cannot with certainty ascertain. But of this be sure, the child and the money must be forthcoming when my agent calls upon you, in the course of three months, or the absence of both satisfactorily accounted for. Astrea Elenora Penshurst is the daughter of Major General Henry Herbert Penshurst, of her majesty's hussars, twenty-second regiment, and the granddaughter of Lord Granby Penshurst, now in India. Her noble relative will spare no pains for the restoration of his daughter's child. As we have received direct information from the United States, it will be useless for you to attempt to conceal yourself or the child, as we will move the kingdom of Great Britain, and the world if need be, in order to return her to the arms of her honorable family."

"There! what do you think of that, eh? Sealed by the lord chancellor! O, good Lud, we're ruined. I tell ye what, old woman, we're ruined!"

"Hold your tongue!" cried Mrs. Waterman, sharply; "somebody's coming."

It was Astrea, passing through the room to reach her own. The two base wretches cowed before her inquiring glance; neither of them dared look her in the face. Never had she appeared so supremely beautiful as when it was so fully apparent that they must lose her forever. She paused a moment, seeing their excited manner, and asked, naturally, what had happened.

Simon's glance at his wife seemed to say, "There! she knows." Mrs. Waterman returned a threatening look, and replied that nothing had happened out of the *unnatural* course, and rising, beckoned her husband to follow her.

"Well, what's to be done?" he asked. "Must we give it all up?"

"Give it all up? No, you coward, give up nothing! Tear up that letter, or burn it; travel—take her off somewhere, she wants to go."

"But everybody will know where we are going; don't you see that? The girl is a woman grown; don't you think it will be found out, fel-

lers arter her as they are too?" and he groaned in anguish.

"Dispute it, then, you fool! She's ours; who dares to say she isn't ours? born in a furrin country to be sure, where I went for the benefit of my health. Dispute it; we've got money enough and to spare. I tell ye what, old man, I'd fight it out now, and if they take her, why people wont half of 'em believe it. There aint no proof, not a jot or tittle. Your brother's dead, and 'tisn't likely any of the crew is livin'. Come, be spunky!"

"Well, old woman, I'll see, I'll see!" he said, fumbling about his pockets. "As you say, there aint no manner of proof to be sure; brother Jabez is dead, and we've got his property. Let 'em come on, I aint afraid! Get me my gold specs, wife, I'm going out."

The gold specs were found and properly adjusted, the gold-headed cane was put in motion, and the moneyed man went down street in no very enviable frame of mind. Only one thing gave him comfort: the letter might have been written by an impostor, who wanted to get his money. He would be very sharp and shrewd, nobody should take advantage of him. As he walked and thought, his courage rose.

IV.—ASTREA FINDS THE LETTER.

On going through the hall on that same morning, Astrea had discovered a folded paper lying in a corner at the foot of the stairs. A thrill ran through her veins, she knew not why, as she picked it up and hurried to her chamber. She was breathless, as she sat down to open it. It was postmarked so strangely! "Was it indeed a betrayal of confidence?" she asked, as she sat trembling with excitement, looking upon the strange letter that she longed to read. "Was it this that had thrown her parents into such an unwonted state of excitement? Might it not possibly be something of importance concerning herself?"

It was a questionable conclusion at which she arrived, but she justified herself, as, with eager eyes and wildly-beating heart, she perused the letter from beginning to end. O, joy! For a moment her pulses almost stopped. Here the mystery was solved; her lineage was pure and unsullied. These vulgar people, kind as they had been to her, were her abductors, and hers was the fortune they held and had enjoyed so long. How fervently she thanked Heaven for this wonderful interposition—this, as she thought, almost miraculous event.

What should she do with this evidence? Her resolution was quickly taken; she would go immediately to Mark Hamilton. He had a right to her confidence. In an hour after that she sat in his office, and the letter was in his hands. He looked towards her as he read, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"Indeed I wish you joy!" he exclaimed, fervently; "but you must act with great caution. Of course you were too young to remember anything connected with the event, and there may be absence of proof, although from the way this letter reads, I should think not. I presume if this agent comes, your Mr. Waterman will consult his lawyer, and he is rich, immensely rich."

"But his wealth is all mine!" exclaimed Astrea, indignantly.

"Very true; but, I repeat, be cautious, very cautious. If, when the matter takes legal form, you side with the agent who will come on, as of course you will, then you can confide all your suspicions, objects, protests, etc., to your lawyer—and—"

"Wait! I choose you for my legal adviser," she said, hurriedly.

"Thank you for the honor conferred. It *is* a great honor. But remember this will be a complicated case, and I am a young man, some would say inexperienced. There are able lawyers, whose gray hairs—"

"Wisdom doesn't always dwell in gray hairs," said Astrea. "You need say no more; I will have you for my counsel, or none—unless, indeed, you refuse!"

"I assure you I would not do that," he said earnestly; "and I further assure you, that if untiring vigilance, hard study, and a head whose every faculty will be brought into the contest, can effect a decision in your favor, I shall be successful. Meanwhile, it is extremely fortunate that you have this letter. Keep it sacredly, and write immediately to the chancellor whose name I observe underneath this signature. I would also advise you to write to Lord Granby Penshurst, your grandfather, if this missive is correct. We must get some proofs from India—for instance, likenesses of your father and mother if possible. However, we will wait till the agent mentioned here has arrived. He is probably in England by this time, and will arrive here somewhere about the last of this month. Keep very calm at home; do not let them suspect that you have this information. By the way, how in the name of mercy did you obtain this letter?"

"By the merest chance in the world," replied Astrea. "I found it at the bottom of the stairs, where he must have dropped it."

"Strange! It is assuredly a providence," said the young lawyer. "I should have thought almost any one in his sane mind would have destroyed it immediately, under the circumstances, or locked it away where it would have been safe from discovery. But thus knavery often defeats itself."

V.—REFUSING A MATCH.

"Astry, I want you to come in my room a minute."

The young girl roused herself from a pleasant reverie, at the sound of the fawning voice. She had noticed an unusual commotion about the house nearly all the afternoon. It seemed as if every nook and cranny had been searched, and she knew it was for the missing letter which was safely locked away in the house of a friend. For a moment, as she looked up and saw the insignificant face of Simon Waterman, the red blood leaped to her very brow, and it was with difficulty she commanded herself sufficiently to follow him.

"Astry, my daughter, I've got something pleasant to tell you."

"Well, sir, what is it? I must request you to be brief," she said, with a stately manner, as she stood before him.

"Sit down, my daughter, sit down; your father has go—"

"If you please, sir, I prefer to stand up. Will you be brief?"

He looked at her with a sort of gaping wonder. She, recollecting herself, unbent from her extreme dignity sufficiently to listen in a calmer mood.

"I have had a proposition for your hand, my child," he said, with becoming paternal tenderness.

"Indeed!" The old hauteur came back, in spite of her resolves.

"Yes, my child, the son of William Nestor—the great, magnificent William Nestor, rich enough to buy your old father a dozen times—has made a very honorable preposition for your hand."

"Then, if he has made a 'preposition,' I will answer him with an 'interjection' and an exclamation, O! and no!"

The man looked at her stupidly.

"I say I wont have him!" cried Astrea, with scornful lip, flashing eye, and dilated nostril.

"You—wont—have—him—eh?"

"No, I *wont* have him!" she replied, vehemently.

"He's rich," replied the old man, passively, stunned out of all resistance.

"That makes no difference, sir," said Astrea, controlling herself so as to assume her habitual habit of respect. "Were he made of gold, I would not marry him."

"You are crazy, child!"

"Do you think so?" she asked, calmly, smiling a little.

He grew nervous.

"I—parents have the right—that is, they say thus far shalt thou—to be understood, I mean—*I* wish you to marry this man."

"Your wishes are to me of no manner of importance, sir, in this matter. Were my father the king, I should not allow him to dispose of my hand as he pleased."

The man started, looked keenly at her for a moment, then shook from head to foot, as if with an ague chill.

"You can go, Astry; but," he added, faintly, "I shall hold another interview with you, and—to be understood—I mean—"

"It is no manner of consequence, sir, what you mean," said Astrea; and fearing that she had said too much, she hastily left the room.

VI.—SUCCESS AND RESTORATION.

The scene, a crowded court-room; Mark Hamilton, the "young man eloquent," in the midst of a lofty appeal, seemed like an inspired being; his dark hair was thrown carelessly back from a noble forehead—his eyes emitted flashes of light. He was drawing near the conclusion of his speech. It had been an exciting case; none more so, perhaps, in all the annals of law. The Watermans, restless and frightened, occupied positions near their counsel.

A dark-haired man, of a somewhat striking appearance, an Englishman, sat near, and by his side, Astrea, closely veiled, though the intense emotion manifested in her countenance and eager, shining eyes, could be seen by those near enough through the envious gauze.

There was a silence as of the dead, when the learned counsel, lifted above, almost out of himself by the force of his own eloquence, began a sentence that was to decide the case perhaps forever.

"And now, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I have more evidence, mute but powerful; the faces of the dead will speak to you as voices from the silent grave."

At a motion of his hand, two immensely large pictures were brought forward, the coverings carefully drawn aside, disclosing two full length portraits; one, that of a lovely lady habited in crimson velvet and diamonds; the other, a noble military officer dressed in splendid regimentals. Now had come the trying moment. There was a rush forward, then again breathless silence.

"I would have you note the resemblance between the young lady, whose right is disputed, and this picture," pointing to one of the portraits.

Astrea came forward, supported by the agent from abroad. Her hands trembled, as she untied the strings of her bonnet and stood before them, a living transcript of the picture, that might almost have been painted for her. A murmur ran through the building, from those who saw, of approbation—from those who did not of disappointment. But a scene followed which drew tears from every eye. The young girl turned, all excitement, all emotion, and kneeling reverently at the feet of the portrait, cried, passionately, "My mother! O, my mother!" Then rising, she leaned forward and kissed the white brow.

A shout of applause went up as she did this. Her unaffected tremor, the pathos of her rich voice, her extreme loveliness, the extraordinary circumstances attending the trial, all combined to make a deathless impression. Handkerchiefs were waved—there was a rushing sound of voices, the sympathy of united hearts breaking into sound. The jury did not leave their seats. With trembling lips, they gave in a unanimous verdict. Then the hall resounded again with the rapturous exclamations of the throng.

Meantime the guilty Watermans, pale as death, shaking with terror, feeling that their hour had come, and writhing under the stinging imprecations of young Hamilton, sat cowering in their seats. In all absence of direct proof, the guilt of abduction could not be fully made out against them; but their subsequent wealth, when before the voyage they were comparatively poor, was evidence sufficient that the money of the unfortunate passengers had been appropriated unlawfully to their own use.

The ninety thousand dollars were ordered to be refunded to Astrea, and the wretched couple were set at liberty under heavy bail. They restored the greater part of the fortune, and in consequence of Astrea's liberality, were enabled to enter a small business that kept them far above want.

Thus Mark Hamilton made himself a reputation that was not soon to be forgotten. One success followed another, until his name stood upon the topmost roll of fame. A year elapsed before he was wedded to Astrea, she meanwhile journeying to England, in order to extend her acquaintance to the members of her father's family. In the Old World, her grace and beauty gained her an enviable distinction, and she was besieged with aspirants for her hand; but her noble heart remained true to the love that had been inspired by as noble qualities as were ever ascribed to manhood. She returned, unmoved by the admiration of the titled scions of an English soil, and married Mark Hamilton, her first and only love.

The wedding was celebrated in the old Trinity church in New York, with due magnificence, and never was there a nobler bridegroom, never a more lovely bride.

LABOR.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth!

MRS OSGOOD.

EMILY GEIGER.

At the time General Green retreated before Lord Rawdon from Ninety-Six, when he had passed Broad River, he was very desirous to send an order to General Sumter, who was on the Wateree, to join him, that they might attack Rawdon, who had divided his force. But the general could find no man in that part of the State who was bold enough to undertake so dangerous a mission. The country to be passed through, for many miles, was full of blood-thirsty tories, who, on every occasion that offered, imbrued their hands in the blood of the whigs. At length Emily Geiger presented herself to General Green, and proposed to act as his messenger; and the general, both surprised and delighted, closed with her proposal. He according wrote a letter and delivered it, and at the same time communicated the contents of it verbally, to be told to Sumter in case of accidents. Emily was young, but as to her person or adventures on the way we have no further information, except that she was mounted, on horseback, upon a side-saddle, and on the second day of her journey she was intercepted by Lord Rawdon's scouts. Coming from the direction of Green's army, and not being able to tell an untruth without blushing, Emily was suspected, and confined to a room; and as the officer in command had the modesty not to search her at the time, he sent for an old tory matron as more fitting for that purpose. Emily was not wanting in expedient, and as soon as the door was closed, and the bustle a little subsided, she *ate up the letter* piece by piece. After a while the matron arrived, and upon searching carefully, nothing was to be found of a suspicious nature about the prisoner, and she would disclose nothing. Suspicion being thus allayed, the officer commanding the scouts suffered Emily to depart for where she was bound; but she took a circuitous route to avoid further detention, and soon after struck in the road to Sumter's camp, where she arrived in safety. Emily told her adventure, and delivered Green's verbal message to Sumter, who, in consequence, soon after joined the main army at Orangeburgh. Emily Geiger afterwards married Mr. Therwitz, a rich planter on the Congaree.—*Revolutionary Heroines.*

MR. CHOATE'S LOVE FOR BOOKS.

A dealer in old books sends to the New York Times the following: "About ten years ago, when on a visit, or passing through this city, Mr Choate called at my store about ten o'clock, A. M., and introduced himself as a lover of books and an occasional buyer, and then desired to be shown where the Metaphysics, the Greek and Roman classics stood. He immediately commenced his researches with great apparent eagerness, nor did he quit his toil till he was compelled to do so by the store being shut up, thus having been over nine hours on a stretch, without food or drink. He remarked that he had quite exhausted himself mentally as well as bodily. He had been greatly interested, as well as excited, at what he had seen, 'for,' continued he, 'I have discovered many books that I have never seen before, and seen those that I had never heard of; but, above all, I have been more than overjoyed at discovering in your collection a copy of a famous commentary on the writings of Homer, in seven volumes, quarto, a work that I have long had an intense desire to possess.' He afterwards purchased the precious volumes. I had the seven volumes bound in three, in a handsome and appropriate style. These works no doubt still grace his library."

HEALTH.

Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes, with common diseases strength grows decrepit: youth loses all vigor, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honor and attendance are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden; but if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a prince and a beggar; and a fit of stone or the colic puts a king to the rack, and makes him as miserable as he can do the meanest, the worst, and the most criminal of his subjects.—*Sir W. Temple.*

A PEACEFUL HOME.

That house is no home which holds a grumbling father, a scolding mother, a rowdy son, a lazy daughter, and a bad-tempered child. It may be built of marble, surrounded by garden, park and fountains; carpets of extravagant costliness may spread its floors; pictures of rarest merit may adorn its walls; its tables may abound with dainties the most luxurious; its every ordering may be complete, but yet it will not be a *home.* To make it such, there must be a change of inmates.—*Beecher.*

INTEGRITY.

Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself up in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblenched honor, bless God and die.—*Heinzelmann.*

THE GRAND SQUARE AT PERUGIA, ITALY.

PERUGIA.

The engraving above presents a view of Perugia, rendered infamous by the atrocities recently committed there by the hireling Swiss in the service of the pope. Like some other towns in the States of the church, it declared for Italian liberty, but we believe that it was the only one visited by the vengeance of Rome. The Swiss Guard, after effecting an entrance into the city, sacked it and murdered all they met with. Our countryman, Mr. Perkins, with his sister and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Doane, widow of the late Bishop of New Jersey, were only saved from death by the generous devotion of their landlady, whose husband was murdered by the Swiss, and by a private soldier, who yielded to Mr. Perkins's entreaties and promises. Mr. Perkins has since amply rewarded his protector, by procuring his discharge from the army and liberally providing for him. The Perkins party was robbed of all their clothes and property, amounting to about three thousand dollars' worth, but indemnification has since been obtained from the papal government, through the representations of the American minister at Rome. For the part he took in conducting his hirelings to murder and rapine, the colonel commandant has been made a general. The exterior view of the city of Perugia is very striking, partly owing to its elevation, being built on the top of a mountain ridge which divides the valleys of Gerna and the Tiber. The ascent from the foot of the hill of Perugia to the city gates is so steep, that additional horses or oxen are required to assist post-horses in mounting it. The interior of the city is full of objects of interest—palaces, churches, monasteries, pictures, statues, etc. There are upwards of one hundred churches, and some fifty monasteries. Considerable portions of the old Etruscan walls and foundations of gates remain; and many Etruscan tombs have been discovered since 1840, containing most interesting specimens of bronze vases, lamps, weapons, etc. Perugia possesses several fine piazzas or squares, formed of noble and picturesque buildings, though many of them have been sadly disfigured. One of these piazzas is represented in our engraving, and is highly picturesque in its features, and when filled with the townspeople and peasantry on market-days, presents a bright and stirring scene. The Piazza Sopramuro is singular from the fact of being supported by subterranean masonry. In another of the piazzas is one of the most celebrated fountains in Italy, composed of marble and bronze, ornamented with beautiful statues and relievos, the work of Nicola and Giovanni da Pisa. Perugia has been much visited by the plague. In 1348, 100,000 are said to have perished; and in 1524, Pietro Perugino was one of the victims. Notwithstanding this, from its elevated position, the city is very healthy, and at the season when the heat is so overpowering in Italy, is resorted to for its refreshing coolness; the surrounding view is beautiful.

ONE OF THE CAMEL CORPS OF INDIA.

CAMEL CORPS IN INDIA.

The accompanying engraving, representing a camel belonging the famous Camel Corps employed in the British service in India, with one of the 92d Highlanders mounted on his back, is based on a drawing made by a Highland officer now serving in the East. All the details are given with military accuracy. The Camel Corps, now commanded by Captain Payne Barras, late the Poonah Horse, was raised last year in Rajpootana, by Captain Lucas. It numbers about 600, and is distributed, in bodies of about 200, with the different columns in pursuit of Tantia Topee. The portion with General Michel's force has been carrying a detachment of 150 of 92d Highlanders for the last two months. The advantages of the corps are the great distances infantry can be taken in pursuit of the enemy, and brought comparatively fresh into action, at the same time bearing their rations, etc., etc., for five or six days. When tents and camp equipage are left behind for several days, as often happens in a long pursuit, the thick rugs of which the camel's saddle is composed forms an excellent bed and covering for the soldier. The corps has also been exceedingly useful in conveying despatches and gaining intelligence of the enemy's movements.

URBAN RATAZZI,

THE NEW SARDINIAN MINISTER.

Urban Ratazzi, who has been several times Minister and President of the Sardinian Chambers, was born in the city of Alessandria, in the year 1808, of a highly respectable and even distinguished family. At an early age he commenced the study of the law, and soon acquired reputation by his ability and learning. In 1848 the electors of Alessandria returned him to the Chamber of Deputies. The important draught of a law for a fusion with Lombardy was confided to him in the month of July, 1848, and the Balbo ministry having seen fit to retire after the vote of the Chamber on this question, M Ratazzi entered the new cabinet with the portfolio of Public Instruction. This cabinet was short-lived, like that which succeeded it, and in the same year, 1848, Gioberti having been entrusted with the reconstruction of the government, appointed M. Ratazzi first Minister of Justice, and afterwards Minister of the Interior. The differences between the President of the Council, who wished to re-establish by Piedmontese arms the sovereigns of Rome and Tuscany who had been expelled by the revolution, and the rest of the ministers, who, with Charles Albert, were for a war with Austria, led to the resignation of Gioberti, and M. Ratazzi remained the chief of the cabinet, of which he was the leading spirit. In this capacity he pronounced against the armistice concluded at Milan six months before. After the fatal consequences of the defeat of Novara, the abdication of the king and the despairing retirement of the ministry, M. Ratazzi resumed his seat as a deputy. Returning to everyday life, the former chief of the democratic cabinet, whose last participation in affairs had enlightened him on the conditions of power, and whose views had been modified, separated himself in the following session (1850) from his most progressive friends, and constituted, with their new tendencies, a distinct party, which still exists. The programme of this party, at once national and dynastic, constantly won accessions. M. Ratazzi, a voluntary supporter of the ministry in many cases, was, in the session of 1851–52, elected vice-president of the chamber by a handsome majority. Count Cavour now proposed a fusion with the Ratazzi party. This coalition was called the *connubio* (marriage), and the name has remained famous. Soon after, Cavour, overthrowing the Azeglio ministry, rose to power. In the month of October, 1853, he induced M. Ratazzi to take office with him as Minister of Justice. The administration was then passing through a severe crisis. The people, dissatisfied with the increase of taxes and the dearness of provisions, rebelled in the streets of Turin, and threatened the first minister. M. Ratazzi acted a truly generous and courageous part in entering the cabinet, and he labored effectively in calming the public mind. His name and the guarantee of his presence accomplished more than vigorous measures. In 1855 he exchanged the seals for the ministry of the interior, a post which he kept till the 14th of January of last year. In both these capacities he proposed and carried important laws respecting the press, legislation, religious orders, and the administration of government. Few statesmen have worked so hard and so usefully in so short a space of time. His last retirement from power gives us the measure of the noble and delicate character he has always shown. Notwithstanding his excessive reserve in politics, notwithstanding his well-known devotion to the king and his cordial agreement with the president of the council, the Minister of the Interior had not ceased to exhibit the utmost antipathy to the retrogradists and the allies of the Austrian party in parliament. They forgave him neither his origin nor the share he had in elevating Count Cavour to power. The most odious attacks were daily made against him. They reached such a height of violence that M. Ratazzi resolved to retire, leaving to events the care of punishing his traducers. It was a painful surprise to the chamber and the country. Public attention, in spite of his avowed intention never again to take office, did not lose sight of him. He was watched in his humble deputy's seat with as keen an interest, perhaps, as when placed on the ministerial bench. The year 1858, so crowded for history with the struggle between France and Piedmont against Austria, punished those who still hoped to subject the only free country of Italy to foreign vassalage. The Franco-Sardinian alliance made patent to all, the magnanimous words of King Victor Emmanuel at the opening of the Piedmontese parliament; these different and convincing proofs of the approaching triumph of the cause of independence reduced the anti-national party to silence. M. Ratazzi yielded to the universal wish that he should once again occupy the post of President of the Chamber. In a remarkable address he said, "After the appeal made to concord and self-denial by august lips, every man ought to silence his own prejudices, and think only of his king and country, to serve them to the extent of his strength." M. Ratazzi, the personal friend of the king, devoted to the dynasty and at the same time leader of the progressive party, universally respected for his services, his spotless integrity, his dignified and kind manners, although he has exhausted all honors, and exercised all powers, has not yet reached the end of his career.

COMMANDER URBAN RATAZZI, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, SARDINIA.

CALPEE, HINDOSTAN.

The town of which we herewith give a striking view, is in the province of Agra, on the Jumna, about fifty miles southwest of Cawnpore. The original town stood on the plain, remote from the river; but repeated incursions by the Mahrattas induced the inhabitants to remove it to its present position, among extensive ravines, where there is a fort commanding the Jumna. The town is large and populous, and has been accustomed to carry on a considerable trade. It was, at least before the recent troubles in India, an entrepot for the cotton of the southwest territories, and was noted for its paper and sugar candy—the latter an item of product not so unimportant in the East as its name implies to European ideas. It is to be hoped that the restoration of tranquillity in the district in which it is situated has had a corresponding effect on its condition as one of the trading towns of India. The return of a state of peace and quietness, we trust, will still further develope the internal resources of this land of the East.

CALPEE, ON THE JUMNA, INDIA.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M., Baltimore, Md.—The Hawaiian Kingdom has adopted the American silver dollar as the standard of value. The Chamber of Commerce of Honolulu has attempted to encourage the introduction of American dimes and half dimes by making them current at their actual value.

JUVENIS.—The battle of Culloden was fought on the 16th of April, 1746

"PIKE'S PEAKER."—A cubic inch of gold is worth one hundred and forty-six dollars; a cubic foot, two hundred and fifty-two thousand two hundred and eighty-eight dollars

R. M.—Seville is perhaps the oldest city in Europe. It is supposed to have been founded by the Phœnicians.

R. F., Richmond, Va.—Large quantities of tobacco have been raised this year in Hawaii, Sandwich Islands The manure used is decomposed lava.

"BUILDER," West Cambridge.—The difference between the Eastern red brick and the yellow brick of Milwaukee consists principally in the clay itself, the former containing the sulphuret of iron in combination with alumina, the latter sulphur instead.

READER.—The French invaded Ireland in 1797, but accomplished nothing.

"LANDLORD," Nashua, N H.—Stetson's Astor House farm, in New Jersey, comprises 300 acres, in a high state of cultivation, on which are fifty choice imported cattle, producing 450 quarts of milk per day, 400 head of swine and 4000 hens.

R. S.—We do not undertake to give medical advice—that is the province of professional men.

"MARINER."—Minot's Ledge Lighthouse is now sixty-two feet high, and will be finished next season.

THESPIS.—The Royal Italian Opera House, Bow Street, Covent-garden, London, as it now stands, is externally one huge structure, nearly 400 feet high by 120 feet broad, and no less than 240 feet long, about one-fifth larger than the late theatre, and about the same size as the celebrated La Scala of Milan, hitherto the largest in the world.

T. M.—When reading or writing the person should be so seated as to have the back to the light, that it may fall on the paper, and so relieve the eyes.

G. C.—The best representation of "Philip Garbols" we ever saw was the late Henry J Finn.

R. G., Buffalo, N. Y.—M. Schwarzer estimates the total value of Austrian production—agricultural, metallic, industrial and commercial—at 4,100,000,000 florins.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

Never was there a year, perhaps, when so many Americans have gone abroad, than the present. The numerous steamships which are constantly leaving our ports for Europe, have departed full-freighted with our countrymen and countrywomen, bent on beholding the wonders of the Old World. The complete revival of business, after its temporary prostration, enabled large numbers to do so. Then again, the growing extravagance of living at our fashionable resorts has, it has been hinted, made a foreign, in preference to a domestic tour, a matter of economy. We have been told that a family could cross the Atlantic, spend some weeks in Europe and return, with a less expenditure than a summer at Saratoga or Newport would involve. This may be an exaggerated statement. It is certain, however, that the fashionables of Europe pass their summers more rationally than "our best society" does. Extravagant displays of dress are *mauvais ton* at continental watering places and rural retreats. The ladies and gentlemen of Europe do not think it essential to their reputation to ruin costly dresses by car-travel; neither do they consider it imperative to "throw away their cash to show how much they have a year." They rather prefer to rest their *prestige* on personal acquirements. It is rather humiliating, however, to know that there is less snobbishness in aristocratic circles on the continent than in fashionable coteries with us.

The war in Italy did not check the tide of travel as it was anticipated that it would do. It was soon apparent that it would be confined to a narrow space, and numbers of adventurous travellers were attracted to its outskirts to witness the thrilling features of martial strife, and peace has now thrown down the barriers of a region rendered attractive by the tremendous dramas therein enacted.

It is quite too late in the day to question or enlarge upon the advantages of foreign travel. The minds that doubt its importance as a means of education, belong to the dark ages. Few persons are injured by foreign travel who would be improved by remaining at home. Those who are frivolous and vicious at home, will be frivolous and vicious abroad. "Travellers beyond sea change their climates, but not their hearts," says the Roman poet. But earnest and thoughtful men who go to Europe to study humanity as well as art, in manifestations new to them, never fail to be improved by the enlargement of their sphere of observation. As absence only intensifies the flame of true love, so it only stimulates the ardor of true patriotism. Our returned American travellers are better citizens than when they left our shores; they are better enabled to appreciate our institutions, and their views are more liberal and comprehensive. It has been observed that our countrymen abroad lose the bitterness of partizanship in an expanded and generous patriotism. Of course there are exceptions to prove the rule, but the mass leave behind them the bitternesses of party strife.

Americans worthy of the name, in surveying the world from the stand-point of personal observation, recognize the unparalleled greatness and prosperity, and the complete independence of their country. This conviction alone is worth all the cost of foreign travel. "I have come back," said General Pierce, on his return from Europe, "more thoroughly convinced, than ever before, of the wisdom, strength and durability of these institutions under which we live, and of the constitution which upholds them. We have no questions of the balance of power to continually agitate and disturb us. We need not give ourselves one moment's uneasiness about armaments by sea or by land, on the part of any foreign power. Whether these armaments be increased or diminished—whether they be strong or weak—is to us, as a nation, a matter of indifference. With the great barrier of the Atlantic rolling between us and them, so long as we are true to ourselves, true to our theory, true to our honor and dignity, and just to them, they will have no motive, and, let me add, I believe they will have no inclination to interfere, even if they had the material might, with our outward march of peaceful prosperity. We have only to cultivate the peerless inheritance which, through the interposition and blessing of God, has descended to us; to recognize and gratefully acknowledge His goodness; to obey law, and, first of all, the fundamental law of the land; and we cannot fail to secure an unchecked career of pervading, united prosperity and happiness." Though this may be the theory of every hopeful patriot, it is worth much to receive an indelible impression of its truth.

NEAR HOME.

The gold mines of Georgia promise as liberal a yield to the miner as any that have been explored. Those in search of the precious ore need not travel to Pike's Peak, or to California, to gratify their avarice, for the fact is well authenticated that as rich veins exist in Georgia as in any known place in the world. Professor Darby's testimony as to this locality is corroborated by specimens of quartz now to be seen here that present abundance of yellow proof of their worth. We have seen pieces the size of a hen's egg, containing, at a moderate estimate, from twelve to fifteen pennyweights of pure gold, and nuggets of smaller size, six and eight pennyweights. Mr. Mahone, one of the proprietors of the Glade Mines—the richest discovered—is at the Revere House with specimens well worthy of examination, which he will be happy to exhibit to any one desirous of seeing them. They are very curious.

PEACH CUTTING MACHINE.—A man in Boonville, Arkansas, named J. C. Kuhn, has patented a "Yankee notion," which "dresses" a peach in the neatest and best manner. For preserving and drying, the stones have to be extracted from the peaches, and this invention is designed to cut them in pieces and remove the stone at one operation. It consists of two curved knives, which cross each other and are attached to elastic bars, used in connection with a tube placed vertically within a box, and a pressing lever.

A PLEASANT CURE.—The young man who cast his eyes on a young lady coming out of church, has had them replaced by going to the altar with her, and now sees as well as ever.

LIBERTY.—Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.

SCOTCH SAYING.—Folks must put up wi' their own kin as they do wi' their own noses—it's their own flesh and bloed.

A SCRAP OF MORALITY.—Sincerely to aspire after virtue is to gain her; and zealously to labor after her wages is to receive them.

THE TOAD TRADE.

Do not start, gentle reader, at the title of this article; we mean not to discourse allegorically and figuratively of social toad-eating and toad-eaters—leaving these subjects to the pens of Thackeray and Curtis—but of a legitimate trade in garden toads, those honest enemies of destructive insects, and friends of the cultivators of the soil. None but Frenchmen, of course, would think of making a regular business of trading in these brown-coated gentlemen, and accordingly we find the trade flourishing in Paris alone.

Toads for some years have been the indispensable allies of the French market gardeners, cultivating rich and moist grounds. Many of these men fill their gardens with them to get rid of a throng of insects injurious to the vegetables they have raised by laborious and scientific culture. Especially do toads attack and demolish the slugs and snails which in a single night sometimes utterly destroy the commercial value of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, and even early fruits. In having recourse to these singular auxiliaries, the French gardeners imitate their English brethren.

A great portion of the vegetable supply of London is derived from kitchen-gardens in the vicinity of that immense city, cultivated, it is said, by 35,000 persons. These gardens are a perfect marvel of laborious culture. You see, sometimes, acres and acres, covered with hand-glasses. Richly manured and sedulously tended, some of these garden-spots are so managed as to yield five crops annually. Not only is there not a weed among them, but the vegetables are examined with lenses to detect mildew and fungi. Besides toads, which they pay six shillings a dozen for, they make use of fowls to destroy the aphides, rigging them with boots which prevent their scratching, and allow them only the use of their bills.

The price of toads is lower in Paris than in London; in the former city they are still sold, notwithstanding the demand, for about fifty cents a dozen, and many are exported to England. The dealers in this strange commodity keep them in the bottom of huge casks, into which they are constantly plunging their bare hands and arms, without showing the slightest fear of the liquid secreted by the toads, which science has sometimes declared harmless, and sometimes pronounced venomous. Busy little fellows, these repulsive-looking creatures are, and worthy of all possible encouragement and patronage.

A CURIOSITY.—John J. Dyer & Co, No. 35 School Street, Boston, have just published a most novel "ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK." It is in large quarto form, and contains Five Hundred Pictures, upon every conceivable subject of every-day life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young. It is the first book of the kind, and the cheapest, we have ever seen. Any person enclosing twenty-five cents to the publisher, in letter-stamps or silver, will receive a copy *post paid* by return of mail. Here is something to amuse the family with, the coming long evenings.

THE BOSTON CRITIC.—This is the title of a new and neatly printed folio paper, issued weekly by C. H. Bailey, Webster & Co., No. 16 Summer Street. Its special purpose, we are told, is to "expose, condemn, and thus contribute to remedy social abuses." It also aims to furnish a pleasant literary miscellany. Its epigraph is, "Heart—Courage—Honor—Patience—Will."

NEGRO WIT.—"Sambo, you know dat Parson Muffin tole us last Sunday dat good cometh out of evil. Now for an illustration. Dis kinky lock ob Dinah's wool sent me in her last letter, rejoices de cockles ob my heart. Dus, *dis-tress* causes happiness. Q. E. D. Don't you see 'um?"

POLITICIANS.—Politicians are hard hitters, and sometimes receive hard hits. Somebody says, a leading maxim with almost every politician is always to keep his countenance and never to keep his word.

TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.—There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.

THE DASHAWAY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The Dashaway Temperance Society is a thriving "league" in San Francisco. The original nineteen starters were *habitues* of an engine house, and members of the company that propelled the machine. They had been four or five days and nights on a frightful "tear," without going out of the house, when snakes and other "insects" that usually follow such orgies, began to appear. At length a dawn of reason began to reach one of the party, who was worm-eaten clean through, when he rose on his tottering legs, and nervously exclaimed, "Boys, let's dash away this stuff, and drink no more!" "Agreed!" said three or four. "I'm hanged if I don't!" says another; and so on by degrees the whole nineteen came in and signed a moral "Declaration of Independence." Subsequently the whole company signed the contract. From this little point started the "Dashaway Association," numbering now about fifteen hundred members, including in its number the first Governor of California, who was for many years a confirmed inebriate; also lawyers, actors, and civilians of all grades, from the highest to the lowest—from those who tippled in fashionable society, in fashionable saloons, among the politicians of the day (always liberal about election time), to those who took their quiet "snifter" of double-breasted Minnie-rifle whiskey, on the docks and wharves.

A FRENCH CHARITY.

The French people are among the most charitable in the world. Many of their institutions are founded on very benevolent principles, and indicate a noble spirit of sympathy for the unfortunate and the poor. Some time since a new eleemosynary institution was inaugurated at Paris. It consists of a large and elegant retreat, which is intended for the residence of workmen convalescing from diseases of which they have been cured in the city hospitals, but who require more or less of time for a perfect re-establishment of their health. This new hospital is endowed with fifty acres of ground laid off in walks and grass plots, and decorated with fountains and running water. It has long corridors for promenades during rainy weather, and is in every way adapted to the recuperation of invalids able to move about. The initiative of this great establishment was taken by the emperor. The State pays the greater part of the expense; the city the remainder. About five hundred persons can be received at once, and it is computed that the number of invalids who will annually be received will amount to six thousand.

SEWING MACHINE.—We have in our family a marvelous little agent, which is a wonder of docility, industry and promptness; which is also always ready when called upon, and which never tires. This most indispensible domestic article is one of LADD & WEBSTER'S *Tight Stitch Sewing Machines.* It is a never ending source of wonder to behold the amount of finished work it will turn out; so perfect, uniform and strong. With this little bit of machinery, a child twelve years old can accomplish more in half a day than a score of seamstresses, with their hands alone, can do in a week! We most heartily endorse the LADD & WEBSTER machine, after having thoroughly tested it by careful use. We are at a loss whether most to admire it for the simplicity of its construction (whereby it is next to impossible for it to get out of order), or the perfection of the work which it consummates.

THE BOSTON SATURDAY EVENING EXPRESS.—This enterprising weekly miscellaneous journal has just completed its first year of publication, and has steadily grown in public favor from the commencement, until it has attained a firm foundation. This position has been reached by no spasmodic effort, but through patient industry and liberal enterprise on the part of its publishers. The *Express* is becoming a Sunday morning necessity to our citizens.

JUST SO.—The policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by the perseverance that can make the iron hot by striking.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—What would Neptune exclaim if the sea were taken from him? I have not *a notion!*

WEARING BLACK.—The reason why Americans dress in black is because they dislike a "fit of the blues."

THE GRANARY BURYING GROUND.

The Granary Burying Ground was so called from an old building that stood thereabout in the ante revolutionary period. At the time of the Revolution, there was an immense enclosure here, attached, if we remember rightly, to the almshouse. After the battle of Bunker Hill, this field gave ghastly evidence of the prowess of the continental troops in their first great resistance to the enemies of their country, for here were ranged, previous to interment, the corpses of the private soldiers who had fallen in the storm of the redoubt. They lay in ranks together upon the sward as they had stood shoulder to shoulder in the hour of battle. There was the flank company sergeant, his scarlet uniform, whose facings distinguished his regiment, dyed with a deeper red, his limbs stiffened, his features still wearing the defiant look of the death-struggle; there the stout Highlander of the 92d, his bloody tartan folded over his still heart that would no more beat to the pibroch or slogan of his clan, whose last prophetic song had been, perhaps,

"We'll, maybe, return to Lochaber no more."

Peace to the ashes of the brave and loyal—our gallant enemies! But a costlier sacrifice was the blood poured forth as freely as water on yonder monumental hill—mount of battle, not for king, but for country; nor has our Israel a higher place than that whereon "our fathers bared their foreheads to the God of battles when he came to his awful baptism of blood and fire."

A STORY OF WATERLOO.

The following story pertaining to the battle of Waterloo, told by Whelem in his recent excellent history of France, published by the Blackwoods, Edinburg, the author guarantees to be authentic: "It was Sunday; and while all the church bells in England were calling the people to prayer, the cannonade commenced. Everybody was in expectation of a battle. It was known in England that Napoleon had crossed into the Netherlands, and that Wellington was ready to meet him. News was slow of coming, and people's hearts were sick with the expectation of the next mail. It chanced that between the services on that eventful Sunday, a clergyman in Kent was walking in his garden. His gardener was an old soldier who had fought in Spain. He said, 'There's a fight going on, sir, somewhere; for I remember when we were in the peninsula we always knew when a cannonade was taking place, wherever it might be, by a crumbling of fresh mould.' He took a spade and dug down a single foot, and along the smooth surface left by the steel an imperceptible trembling shook down the little pellets of the soil. 'That's it, sir,' said the gardener, 'they're at it, sure enough.' Before the next Sunday came round, the news had spread from end to end of all the sea-girt isle; joy cannon had sounded from all the castles in the land, and it was known that the greatest victory of modern times had crowned the British arms."

Ballou's Dollar Magazine—for September, is a choice and beautiful number. One hundred pages of original matter, also numerous fine illustrations, and two pages of most laughable humorous engravings, all original. For sale everywhere for Ten Cents per copy. Sent by mail for *one dollar* a year. The cheapest magazine in the world.

An Old Notary.—M. Danahon, the senior of the notaries of France, has just died at Aramita (Basses Pyrenees), aged 96, in full possession of his faculties. He began to practise his profession under Louis XVI.

A Zouave's Luck.—A Zouave lost one of his fingers at the battle of Solferino. "Bon!" he exclaimed,—"just my luck to lose the finger upon which I wore my wedding ring. Now my wife will insist that I gave it to another woman."

Madame Ristori.—Wont there be a sensation when this great artiste gives her readings here. She will draw almost as well as the Ravels, and the less people understand her the more delighted they will be.

A Juvenile Idea.—A sharp urchin derided the dignity of the sun, because he is only a day laborer.

Note it.—*Straighten* is to make straight; while *straiten* is to make narrow.

WHAT NATIONS FIGHT HARDEST?

A paragraph from the Herald has been going the rounds, which presumes to show, in tabular form, what nations fight hardest, by the number slain in proportion to those engaged. The article goes on to state that only seven per cent. of the forces engaged at Solferino were killed and wounded, and on comparing this with the killed and wounded in other decisive battles in this country and in Mexico, concludes that our own troops, the English, and even the Mexicans, whom it has been the habit to depreciate, are much harder fighters than the French and Austrians. At the battle of Bunker Hill there were forty-three per cent. killed and wounded, and in the various engagements of the Mexican war the number placed hors du combat varied from thirty-three to ten per cent. The per centage of killed and wounded will not depend simply upon hard fighting, but upon the numbers engaged. In a fight between half a dozen combatants, the one side would annihilate the other, and more than fifty per cent. will perish. The Horatii and Curatii fought, and out of the six combatants five were killed. In armies of hundreds of thousands, only a small proportion can be brought face to face, and consequently the killed and wounded will be a small per centage of the whole number. But the military editors of New York perform their calculations by simple addition, and scorn to acknowledge the disturbing influence of circumstances.

WHISKEY MAKING.

The Apache Indians, it is doubtless well known, have no liquor law, and they make their own fire-water as follows: The corn is first soaked for twenty-four hours, a hole is then dug in the ground, generally in a wigwam, and some dry grass laid on the bottom; on this grass the corn is placed, and a layer of grass over it. Four or five times a day warm water is sprinkled over the corn, and at night the family sleep on it to increase the warmth, and make the corn sprout quick. At the end of four or five days the corn is all sprouted; it is then dried, and pounded fine, put in a kettle, and boiled for five hours; when cooled, it is mixed with sugar and flour, and left to ferment for twelve hours, when it is ready for drinking. Although not rank to the taste, and fiery, its intoxicating power is very great, and when an Indian has a quart or two aboard, he don't care a copper who is President of the United States.

The Dyspeptic.—Is there a more miserable person in existence than the confirmed dyspeptic? And yet he may certainly be cured, and that, too, right speedily, by the use of the *Oxygenated Bitters*. This article has been long before the public, receiving the endorsement of the medical faculty, and its name is a "household word" from Maine to Mexico. Indigestion is a fearful enemy to contend with, but we have the means of entirely vanquishing this terrible foe, in the use of these celebrated Bitters.

The three Emperors.—It is not at all unlikely that the Czar of Russia and the Kaiser of Austria will before long meet Louis Napoleon at the Tuilleries. The imperial adventurer has fought with both of them and shaken hands. "Long live our friends the enemies!" as Talleyrand said when the allies entered Paris.

Worth remembering.—Any one residing within fifty miles of Boston, can hand his magazines, sheet music, or newspapers, to the express, tied up with the directions, and addressed to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be bound up strong and handsome, at a trifling charge, and *returned in one week*.

Pleasant Information.—Chemical examinations, it is said, go to show that most of the vinegar made in New York is adulterated with sugar of lead, vitriolic acid, and other poisonous metals and minerals.

Tom Thumb on the Wave.—Little Tom Thumb, the renowned General, is coming out with the luxuries which he can so well afford. He has just had a new yacht built for him, which proves to be the fastest of all around Bridgeport.

A Question.—Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why should there be such a difficulty in passing them?

Wayside Gatherings.

Forty-nine miles of the old Atlantic cable has been re-shipped to Liverpool.

The new cathedral of Christ Church, Montreal, is now erecting at a cost of upwards of $200,000.

George A. Meitzke, professor of music in Castleton Seminary, committed suicide a few days since.

The North Carolina Christian Advocate states that five missionaries from the Southern Methodist Church will sail for Japan in November.

The sugar crop in Louisiana looks exceedingly well. In Texas, the sugar and cotton go on very finely, and a large crop is anticipated.

The New Bedford Standard says there is a man in that city who is the smallest of eleven children, and yet weighs 212 pounds.

A crane was killed in Longmeadow, by Byron H. Eldridge of Agawam, which measured six feet from wing to wing, and five feet from head to feet.

The Montreal Patriot, in a paragraph of five lines, announces the discontinuance of five Canadian papers. They all died from a lack of public appreciation and support.

The amount of land sold at the recent government sales in Kansas, is said to have been astonishingly small, compared with former years; while the subsequent location of land warrants was very limited.

Advices from the South show that the growing cotton crop will probably reach the quantity of four millions of bales. This crop, at fifty dollars a bale, will produce two hundred millions of dollars.

Dr. J. Bush of Vassalboro', Me., says he has cured the bite of a rattlesnake by administering the juice of the plantain freely, at the same time giving strong sweating powders to expel the poison from the system.

The New York canals appear to be in a bad way. So far the present year, the total amount of tolls is only $784,999, or nearly a million and a quarter less than for the same period in 1857, and about $200,000 less than in 1858.

The celebrated magician, who has travelled the country over as the "Fakir of Siva," is now pastor of one of the congregations at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, and is known as the Rev. Dr. Haskill.

Two unhappy little lads drowned themselves in a boat load of wheat lying at the wharf in Milwaukie, recently. The playful little fellows jumped in for a frolic, and sunk almost as if in water. Their bodies were found standing straight up, and hats on.

A Yankee schoolmaster, named Comstock, turned a drove of cattle into the cornfield of a farmer, at Dubuque, Iowa, and during the confusion which this act created in the family, ran away with the farmer's daughter and married her.

The big tunnel on the Covington and Ohio railroad, in Greenbriar county, Va., is 4700 feet long, and 700 feet below the surface of the earth. It is 300 feet longer than the Blue Ridge tunnel. The width is 27 feet, to accommodate a double track, and the height is 23 feet.

Ants, though destructive, are useful, as they prey upon all kinds of aphides, as do also earwigs and lady-birds. However, ants and earwigs only pick out the fat ones, whilst the ladybird eats regularly on, and misses none that come in its way.

A large whiteoak tree standing on the farm of Mr. Willis Sherman, in Rochester, Mass., was recently struck by lightning, splitting it from centre to circumference. The bark was entirely peeled off from its roots up to where the limbs branched off.

An enthusiastic student of the photographic art, in Algeria, announces that he has succeeded in photographing the guillotining of an Arab sheik. The descending axe of the guillotine, and the falling, ghastly head of the victim, are said to be perfectly represented.

A steam music whistle belonging to a circus, at Utica, a couple of days since, whistled an ice-cart horse into a terrible run. The horse and cart plunged through a crowd, knocking down a dozen persons, or more, like so many ninepins. The circus is held for the damages.

The late Major M. A. Browder left by his will the sum of one hundred thousand dollars to the Glenville (Ala.) Collegiate and Military Institute. The interest on this large sum is to be applied to the payment of professors' salaries, and the education of poor boys.

A Mr. Cook, of Mansfield, Ohio, writes to the papers that he has been engaged for many years upon the invention of a flying-machine, which he has now nearly completed, and with which he expects to make the trip to San Francisco and back in twelve hours! Electricity is to be the motive power.

The disease known as the "black tongue" is prevailing among the cattle and deer in the southern part of Missouri. It is particularly fatal to the deer, which are found dead in droves of ten, twenty, and even fifty. In some of the forests, the air is loaded with the stench from their carcasses.

No country is so rich in diamonds as Brazil. The most celebrated mines are those of Sierra de Frib, a district surrounded by almost inaccessible rocks, and guarded by the strictest vigilance. The largest known diamond was found in the Rio Abaste, in 1791, which weighed 138 1 2 carats. Many rich mines have since been discovered, but of less value.

Sands of Gold.

.... Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set. —*Bacon.*

.... As the heart is, so is love to the heart.—*Longfellow.*

.... The fame of a battle-field grows with its years.—*R. A. Wilmott.*

.... Justice is a science which is only well taught by virtue.—*De Boufflers.*

.... It is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

.... Conscience is the living law, and honor is to this law what piety is to religion.—*De Boufflers.*

.... A minority in the right, associated by convictions of right, are pretty sure in the end to triumph.—*Bovee.*

.... The true philosophy of life is that divine art which enables us to transmute its every moment into the pure gold of heroic and changeless immortality.—*Aquecheek.*

.... Half the logic of misgovernment lies in this one sophistical dilemma: If the people are turbulent, they are unfit for liberty; if they are quiet, they are unfit for liberty.—*Macaulay.*

.... A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue; a heart full of grace is better than a head full of notions; a man may be a great scholar, and yet a great sinner.—*Chalmers.*

.... He was justly accounted a skillful poisoner, who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, is practised every day—by the world.—*Bishop Latimer.*

.... Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men—to the extent of the sixpence; he commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the extent of sixpence.—*Carlyle.*

.... The thing that pleased us yesterday, pleases no more to-day. Then, it was the object of our passion—now, of our disgust. And yet the thing itself remains the same. Things change, but men much more.—*Bovee.*

.... The bond which holds the iniquitous together is one perpetually liable to rupture. The very principle which brings the parties to co-operate, that of the spoils, is one which constantly prompts each to make prey of the other.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—*Sidney Smith.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is a lover like a tailor? Because he presses his suit.

Why is a bed-cover like a blister? Because it's a counterpane, (counter pain.)

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

Prentice says, when the health of a city is good, the undertaker has "a beggarly account of empty boxes."

"Love in a cottage" is all very well when you *own* the cottage, and have money coming in to keep it warm.

A cobweb marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries—"Married, last week, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb."

A lazy fellow, lying down on the grass, said, "O, how I do wish that this was called work, and well paid for!"

Why is Louis Napoleon, returning from Italy, like a man who dismounts from a vicious horse? Because he gets off before he gets through, *(threw!)*

An old Grecian philosopher advises all men to know themselves. That's advising a good many to form very low and disreputable acquaintances.

Of what two cities in France are you reminded by seeing a lady in a morning gown which is very large and drags upon the ground? Toulon and Toulouse, (too long and too loose.)

"Mr. G. has spoken ill of you," said a gossip to his friend, a man who thoroughly understood the world. "That astonishes me," was his reply; "I never have rendered him any service."

If you would enjoy your cigar, and, at the same time, the presence of the ladies, it is recommended in the Literary Gazette that you should "invite none but widows, *who'll bring their own weeds.*"

A broker, whose mind was always full of quotations, was asked how old his father was. "Well," said he abstractedly, "he is quoted at eighty, but there is every prospect that he will reach par, and possibly be at a premium."

A novelist tells of two lovers, who agreed to wave their hands toward each other, at a certain hour, across the Atlantic ocean. One might suppose there would be *waves* enough between them, without their trying to make any more with their hands.

"Do you smoke, sir?" said a London sharper to a country gentleman, whom he met in a coffee-house, and with whom he wished to scrape an acquaintance. "Yes," said the other, with a cool, steady eye, "any one who has a design upon me."

LINES*

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING LITTLE DOLLIE DUTTON.

[Etta, the oldest of the celebrated Dutton Children, died at Rockland, Maine, August 20, of cholera morbus, after an illness of ten days. This will be sad news to her numerous friends. The following beautiful lines were written by L. Pope Vose, editor of the Rockland, Maine, Gazette.]

In the by-gone days of boyhood,
Story-books to me have told
Often of some laughing fairy,
In the wondrous days of old,
Riding on some bright-eyed insect,
Bathing in a drop of dew,
Sleeping in a velvet rose-leaf,—
Fairy DOLLIE, was it you?

I have read of some bright spirit,
From the realms of bliss astray,
Who had come to earth-born mortals,
From the seraph throng away,
Bringing joy, and love, and beauty,
To each heart that's pure and true,
And I half believe I've seen her,
Little DOLLIE, was it you?

I have heard of fabled nectar,
Such as heathen gods have seen,
But I never comprehended
Half such words as "sweet" could mean
Till, with lips no rose-bud rivals
In its softness or its hue,
Once a little fairy kissed me,—
Elfin DOLLIE, was it you?

I have seen a tiny being,
With an angel form and face,
And I thought must dwell within her
Gentleness, and love, and grace;
And I wished the years might find her
Ever pure, and good, and true,—
Shall this life of love and beauty,
DOLLIE, always be for you?

If I ever go to heaven,
Through our Father's wondrous love,
I shall seek a little angel,
'Mong the shining host above,
And, if told they still await her,
I shall wait her coming, too,
And I hope that, when I find her,
Darling DOLLIE, 'twill be you.

* At the time the writer saw little Dollie, her sister Etta was sick, and of course did not appear at lovees.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GREYSTONE HOUSE.

BY CURTIS H. DALTON.

IN a desolate old house belonging to the ancient family of the Greystones, in Warwick, you may still find the portraits of the last two of the race, Philip and John Greystone. They are represented in the loose round coats of the last century, with elaborate ruffles and flowing hair, and the portraits are of very young and handsome men.

Old Mr. Greystone, the immediate predecessor of the young men, died while they were yet in their minority. The widow lingered only a few years after her husband's death, and on the very night of the festive occasion of the youngest son coming of age, she was seized with an accession of the disease which had previously sapped the springs of life, and in a few hours she had joined the congregation of the dead.

United in heart and soul, the brothers were satisfied to live together at the old mansion-house, sometimes employed in superintending their estate, sometimes devoting themselves to a somewhat severe course of study, or to a deeper acquaintance with art. Such was their love for each other, that it was rare that any controversy or difference arose between them. When there did, it was always through the more impetuous temper of the youngest brother, John, and did not last long.

It was a glorious summer time. Warwick, a rich farming town, was full of rich affluence of the brilliant and glowing season, and on the land belonging to the Greystones, nature seemed to have bestowed a double portion of beauty and fragrance. The clover-scented fields, all a-glow with the rich blooms that yielded a perfume unsurpassed by the odors of the East, the tasselled corn-fields, and the flowers in the large garden which was the pride and boast of old black Peter, the faithful and attached servant who attended to that alone; the tall, mystic trees that had shaded the Greystone mansion for more than a century, and the calm, almost Sabbath stillness that brooded in their green shades, made the place a very Eden, of which only the Eve was wanting.

Wanting, and likely to be so, for the flaxen-haired, insipid daughters of the Warwick gentry, intent only upon frivolous pleasures, or trying to support a spurious and mock gentility, could not be supposed to touch the hearts of the somewhat over-refined brothers Greystone. In vain did the aforesaid damsels spread their snares for the dwellers at Greystone House; in vain did some fair horsewoman meet with a fall directly before the gate and be brought into the house by old Peter, who, aware of the game, would be grinning from ear to ear, over the apparently fainting burden; and in vain did the fathers and mothers of every girl of marriageable age, extend invitations to the brothers to dine with select parties at their houses. No impression had been made, and the besieged youths passed on in the calm, unblemished dignity of a "meditation fancy free," so far as it regarded the fair spinsters of Warwick.

But while the summer was, as I have said, in all its glorious prime, a young and talented artist came to enjoy the beauties of Warwick, and to gather new materials for his art amid the fullness and beauty of country life. Meeting him occasionally, at different points of view upon their own premises, and finding that he had hit admirably upon every scene which their own taste had most cherished, they gradually came into close companionship with one who seemed more congenial with themselves than their pleasure-loving, unintellectual neighbors.

Not until the summer had half waned did the fact come to the knowledge of the brothers that the young artist, Angelo Romaine, had not come to Warwick alone. An accidental glimpse of a face of angelic sweetness and a form of sylphine lightness and grace, as they met them in the forest at twilight, let them into the mystery, but did not unveil another. Who was she? trembled for many days upon their tongues. If his wife, why had they not been permitted to see her and offer to her the civilities which they had tendered to the artist himself? If not his wife—but here Philip, who was about to question the propriety of his new friend's conduct, paused, ashamed of his transient and probably unjust suspicion.

"No, don't think *that*, brother Philip!" said John, answering his brother's involuntary blush. "Be content with trusting to time for a solution of the mystery. I will not believe Romaine capable of wrong."

"Nor I, either," answered Philip, ingenuously. "Forget that I ever foolishly began to suggest such a matter to your more generous nature."

"Nay, I must plead guilty to a passing thought akin to yours; but we will not think of it again."

And when they met the young Angelo again, it was with all the warmth of hearts untouched by suspicion or distrust. On the young artist's face, however, there was a troubled expression, which was not entirely dispelled through their whole interview.

Again they chanced to see the beautiful object of their intense curiosity. Angelo, they knew, had lodgings at a farm-house not far distant from the Greystone mansion. They involuntarily turned their footsteps in that direction, one day, and, when in the vicinity of a large pond at the extremity of their own property, they heard cries for help. Hurrying to the spot, they saw Angelo struggling in the water, and finally, after plunging several times, bringing up a beautiful little girl, the daughter of the farmer. No one, apparently, had seen the accident, save the very person whom the brothers had most wished to see again. On the very margin of the pond, the unknown companion of Angelo received from his arms the dripping and unconscious burden, and flew with it to the farm-house. "Don't wait a moment, Angelo," was her musical cry, as she disappeared, "but change your clothes quickly."

Angelo looked up with astonishment as his friends, unseen before, hastened towards him. They, too, hurried him off to change his dress, and walked quickly away, that he might not feel their presence a restraint.

The brief glimpse which they had of the unknown only whetted the interest of the brothers. That brief glimpse had told them how surpassingly lovely was the companion of their friend. No auburn-haired, pink-and-white, blue-eyed blonde, was the wife of Angelo, if, indeed, she were his wife. The sun of the north rarely shines upon such complexions as hers, so rich in the mantling glow that struggled through the clear brown of the cheek. Long, dark eyelashes lay on that cheek, and the soft, sweet lustrous eyes lighted up the whole face. The black, glossy hair was parted in wavy masses from the brow, and coiled up in a large knot, low at the back of the head. She was dressed in deep mourning material, but cut in simple fashion, like a morning dress, and not a single ornament disturbed the severe simplicity of her appearance. There was a purity, a tenderness and gentleness in every look and motion, beholding which, no thought or suspicion could enter into any heart. But, who was she? was still the ever-recurring question.

They who saw Philip Greystone after that day, were sensible of a change, indescribable and inexplicable, in his appearance. His usually calm and quiet demeanor had given place to a dreamy restlessness of manner, and a general uneasiness of expression in his look. He seemed absent and abstracted, and only roused himself, perforce, when Angelo Romaine came to Greystone House, roused himself to a sort of fierce, dogged, defiant air, which, to say the least of it, was unreasonable and unfriendly, and touched the feelings and temper of the sensitive artist.

Angelo Romaine was in himself the very soul of honor. He had accepted the proffered friendship of the brothers with a feeling of perfect equality upon all points but that of wealth. If they were of gentle blood, so was he—if scholars and men of taste, and lovers of art, he was all these; and, superadded to these, he had that exquisite sensibility, that rare and delicate perception of the quality of persons and things which, I sometimes fancy, grow only in souls that the touch of poverty has quickened into more subtle life. He saw that Philip Greystone was striving with some new and inexplicable feeling, and, although his manner towards himself was still kind and friendly, yet he had a vague sense that there was something behind that he could not altogether discern.

What tempted Philip Greystone to break through the wall of reserve which he had imposed upon himself, and wander to the farm-house on the very evening after the child's accident, to ask after the little sufferer? So uniformly kind were the brothers Greystone to those beneath them, that the farmer's wife showed no surprise at his visit. "But," said the good woman, "my child's safety was all owing to those angels, the Romaines. O, your honor, never was there such people in the world!"

Philip's heart turned sick within him. "*The Romaines!*" They were then, undoubtedly, husband and wife. Then, indeed, he had no business there, and he would escape as soon as possible. Yet, as he turned to go away from the door, the same vision that for days haunted his waking and sleeping thoughts, came before him so suddenly that he could not avoid her.

Those soft eyes looked up at him for an instant and then veiled their splendor beneath the long, silky lashes. Only for an instant, yet long enough to distract and confuse him. It needed the remembrance of the woman's words, "the Romaines," to quiet and subdue him. Yet, so gentle and peaceful was that momentary glance, so brief and timid withal, that when he had turned away, after a slight bow, its remembrance came over him like a sweet dream of peace, allaying the storm and tempest within.

John met him at the door of Greystone House. "Have you heard anything of our fair neighbor?" he asked, in an eager, almost boyish manner. Philip shook his head and went to his own room, as if loth to communicate any of the sweet emotions that her presence had given him. Late at night, John found him sitting by the open window, his eyes fixed upon the starry sky, and evidently under the influence of some stong and powerful emotion.

"Philip! Philip! what is this?" said the anxious brother.

"It means that I am a fool, John," answered Philip, "an egregious fool! I know it, feel it, yet cannot bring up my soul like a man, to bear against it."

"Against what, Philip? The looks of a woman? Surely, a Greystone need not seek for a wife. Pray rouse yourself from this unwonted sadness, and be a man."

"You can say nothing of my folly, John, that I do not feel is more than deserved. One would think," he added, smiling sorrowfully, as if at his own weakness, "that I had never seen a pretty woman before. To think, too, of my falling in love, only by seeing her, and once hearing her voice"

"Ah, well, Philip, it is a fair face and a musical voice, and it is seldom that we poor anchorites meet with the like." And John sighed almost as deeply as the other.

Many such conversations as this took place between the brothers, but while the elder talked freely of his own feelings, even while he ridiculed them with a bitter sarcasm, it was observable that John never spoke of his own. And yet John Greystone was no less stirred by that vision of beauty than himself.

A morning of surpassing loveliness had brought the two brothers out into the open air. They had sauntered through their own grounds, and had come out into a portion of debateable land lying between them and the possessions of the farmer with whom the Romaines were staying. The Greystones had long since ceased to claim this tract, although satisfied that it belonged to them, but still its wild and romantic beauty sometimes tempted them to walk there. In the shadow of some tall pines, there was a broad rock which invited repose, and below the edge of this was a deep ravine descending sharply a hundred feet or more, upon the ragged and pointed rocks below.

As they came out from the shadow of the trees, they saw Angelo Romaine and the lady they had seen at the farm-house, seated together upon the rock. Both were sketching in perfect silence, but as they raised their eyes to the prospect they were portraying, they both rested their gaze upon the intruders, who were just turning to depart.

With an eager gesture, Angelo sprang towards them; so eager that his companion involuntarily followed his example, and, in so doing, she nearly slipped from the edge of the rock. Catching at a shrub that grew in one of its fissures, she supported herself slightly, but yet, at the imminent danger of falling.

Angelo saw her danger, but was incapable of moving. His lips grew white as marble, and he sank fainting upon the rock. John Greystone was the first to reach her. His hand was extended, and after repeated efforts to reach it, she at length threw herself forward in such a manner as to be able to grasp the hand that was offered. Even then she swayed a little, and the slight hand that held his, trembled and grew cold as death and feeling as though it were dissolved into dews.

John drew her gently forward, but as he was about to clasp her in his arms, she fell into the extended ones of Philip. What madness seized upon him, to snatch her from his presence thus, to press her to his heart and call her by every dear name that could rise from a lover's lips? What madness seized him, to press those lips to her hand again and again, and not to cease until her calm, rebuking look brought him to a sense of his wrong doing?

John Greystone had gone—Angelo lay still senseless at Philip's feet; but the lady was already by his side, kneeling and calling him by name, in tones of tender pathos, to awake. When, at length, she had restored him to consciousness, she gathered up the materials of their work, and turning to Philip, she said, "You will bear my thanks to the gentleman who rescued me from falling," and disappeared.

Angelo was warm in his acknowledgements. He had not heard her words, and supposed that Philip was her preserver.

"It would have killed me, had I lost her, Mr. Greystone. She is my all—my life."

Philip uttered a few indistinct words and left him. A few moments after, he saw the artist join the lady in the path below the hill, and he turned to go home with a feeling of shame at meeting his brother. Yet he lingered with a lover's fondness over one remembrance. It was that of her name. Angelo, in the first moment of his awakening, had called her Isidore, and Philip kept repeating over the words, until he seemed to write it indelibly on his heart.

John Greystone sat thoughtfully by the window, looking out upon the glowing autumnal scenery. Philip entered without a word. It was seldom that the brothers met thus, but something had jarred upon the chords of that serene music which had been sounding in their hearts from infancy. The troubled silence was prolonged till dinner-time, and even then there was a strange constraint.

To Philip's surprise, his brother walked out without him, after the evening shades had began to fall. He waited long, but John did not come until quite late. When he did return, there was a deep flush on his cheeks and a bright light in his eye. Philip wondered, but was too proud to ask. He only said, carelessly, "you were out late to-night."

"I was, Philip. I have been with Angelo and his sister."

Had the world suddenly changed from darkness to light? One would have thought so by Philip Greystone's eyes as they flashed upon his brother's gaze.

"His sister! say that again, John, I implore

you! His sister Isidore!" And in the fullness of joy, the strong man wept tears of thankfulness.

John's answer was cold and brief. He had called to inquire after the effect of the shock which the lady must have sustained in their morning adventure, and had been presented by the artist to his sister. He did not say that, in that long evening, he had progressed very far into visible favor with Isidore Romaine. He could not say it to Philip.

He knew, the next morning, when Philip went out as early as etiquette, even in a country town, would permit, that he had gone to the farmhouse, but he did not fear. Isidore had evidently not forgotten Philip's conduct, and, as evidently resented it. John pitied him, but he could not help exulting, too.

When Philip had returned, it was with a heart utterly crushed. He had offered his hand to Isidore Romaine and had been refused! In the excess of his disappointment, he ordered Peter to make arrangements for travelling, and with little more than a passing farewell to his brother, he went away without even stating his destination.

Angelo Romaine did not suspect the cause of this sudden departure, and Isidore did not enlighten him. When, therefore, John Greystone had signified to the artist that he wished to address her, it was with an unmingled sense of joy at the proposal, although Philip had been the dearest to his own heart.

No one who knew John Greystone, could suppose for a moment, that he could be happy while his brother was wretched. He sought him where he would be most likely to find him—at Rome, where Philip had often desired to go. John's affectionate heart prompted him to say all that was kind and generous, and Philip could not long refrain from disclosing his cause of sorrow.

"And she never told you of this?" he asked. "Never hinted that I was a refused and despairing lover?"

"Never, Philip."

"Then, indeed, she is worthy of you, John, and may God bless your union. Let me not lose my brother's love, and I will try to look upon this sorrow as philosophically as I can."

"And you will return with me?"

"Nay, that would be asking too much, John. When Isidore Romaine is your wife, perhaps I will visit you."

"And our home? Do you think, Philip, that I can stay there while you are a wanderer? I am not such a selfish, heartless being as that."

"I know it; but I must not spoil your happiness."

A few months later, and Angelo Romaine, having seen Isidore settled in a new home, not far from Greystone House (for John was bent on not residing there, and had engaged another residence, temporarily), was wandering over classic ground with Philip. It was nearly a year since they had known each other, and every thought of their hearts was known to each. They were talking of their return to Warwick, and the anticipation seemed to be without alloy.

"We shall all be very happy there," said Philip, in a tone of cheerfulness, and Angelo seemed rapturously to assent.

The twenty fifth of October arrived. Greystone House was thrown open and seemed to be in a state of preparation for some great arrival. John and Isidore were there. They had been simply requested to meet Philip and Angelo on that day, and not without some trepidation on John's part, they had obeyed the summons. He feared the effects upon his brother, of coming home.

Old Peter had called them to the garden to admire his autumn flowers, and when they returned to the house, there stood Philip and Angelo, and, clinging to the arm of each, were two fair young creatures, whose strong resemblance showed them to be sisters, and who rivalled Isidore in beauty.

Greystone House is deserted now, but yearly the descendants of its ancient family repair to the time-honored place and spend a single day in viewing the scenes where their ancestors lived. Not a relic is displaced. The portraits of the brothers still hang upon the wall as when they were freshly painted by the fine old artist, whom they dimly remember by the honored name in the right hand corner, close to the gorgeous, old-fashioned frames—Angelo Romaine.

AMERICAN MAIL STEAMER PASSING INTO THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.

U. S. MAIL STEAMER ENTERING HAVANA.

The fine engraving on this page represents the far-famed fortifications of the Morro and the Punta, which defend the entrance of the harbor of Havana, and over which the stars and stripes of this country will one day wave in peaceful or warlike triumph, with one of our fine mail steamers ploughing the narrow channel that divides them. The harbor of Havana is generally, and very justly extolled. It is capable of containing on its bosom 1000 ships, without cable or anchor, in almost perfect safety. The depth of water in the harbor is about six fathoms. The harbor consists of a bay or basin, completely surrounded by land on all sides, there being but a small and winding outlet to the ocean. In this respect it very much resembles the harbor of Acapulco, Mexico, considered the best on the Pacific ocean. The mouth of the channel, leading to the harbor, is secured by two strong forts, one on the east side called "Morro," and the other on the opposite side, adjoining the town, called "Punta." "Morro" fort is of triangular form, fortified with bastions and with upwards of one hundred cannon, besides numerous ramparts and ditches. Other forts and platforms being connected with it, the "Punta" fortifications on the opposite side, the extreme narrowness of the channel, the suitable elevation of the "Morro," above the level of the water, all combine to make the harbor of Havana well nigh invincible from attacks by sea. The fortifications alluded to, are not the only ones; numerous others are found upon the landward side of the city, and few cities, ancient or modern, have been as well provided with means of defence as that of Havana. Nevertheless, something remains to be done by the defenders, for Havana was taken by the English under Lord Albermarle and Sir George Pocock, in 1763, when Morro fort was stormed and captured. Since that time, however, all the fortifications have been greatly strengthened. Upon the terrace stands a light-house, visible a great distance at sea. A signal telegraph is also established there.

INCIDENT OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

As the Kentucky regiment crossed the Nueces, and reached those immense prairies and wood-bound streams which spread themselves out 300 miles to the Rio Grande, great quantities of game presented a strong temptation to the soldiers, and it was found very difficult to keep the regiment from straggling. When the campground was chosen, the sick, the lame, and the hunters, were, contrary to all military rules, stretched out for miles behind. This was the greater breach of orders, because frequent signs of roving Camanches were seen, who were ready to cut off any straggler, secretly, and appropriate his clothes and gun. One day, Captain Cassius M. Clay, of the Kentucky Volunteers, was hunting turkeys, and strayed several miles from his regiment; a flock of turkeys flew out of the prairie into the woods. Tying his horse to a bush, he entered the dry channel of a stream, the banks of which rose on both sides above his head, and began calling the turkeys in Indian style, with the small bone of a defunct turkey's pinion. The fowls answered, and came nearer and nearer. At length, on raising his head cautiously above the bank, instead of seeing the turkeys he heard a "click." There is no noise of tree or stream or wild beast, in all savage nature, like this suggestive sound—to Clay's practised ear it was a death-knell—the springing of a trigger! As quick as thought he slipped back into the ravine, and, running some hundreds of yards, he reached and mounted his courser. His suspicions were now all too well founded. The regiment had crossed the wood above, and, as soon as the last horseman disappeared from the distant horizon, a troop of Camanches, who had been watching them from the wood, could be seen deploying from the wood, in long Indian file, into the prairie. Notwithstanding the odds against him, trusting to the blood of his Kentucky racer, Clay gave a shout of defiance, waved his hat, and plunged into the wood, following the trace for half a mile before he struck the opposite prairie. With breathless anxiety, he approached the clear space, not knowing but that he would be cut off by a superior force while still out of hearing of a gunshot from the regiment. But as he emerged into the wide sea of grass and flowers, the coast was clear, and all was serene and lovely—not a redskin to be seen! But the sun was fast sinking in the west, and being far behind the regiment, he kept up a brisk canter till the hindermost stragglers came in view.—*New York Tribune.*

QUILLS AND PENS.

Owing to the constant necessity of mending quill pens, the loss of time consequent thereon, and the inequality of the writing, an immense amount of labor and ingenuity has been employed to produce some more durable substitute. The only substitute which has attained to anything like general use is the steel pen; but long before their general introduction, metallic pens of other kinds were tried—sometimes silver, sometimes brass, etc. One of the first attempts to combine the elasticity of quill pens with increased durability consisted in arming the points with metallic nibs, but the improvement was not adequate to the increased cost. Another class of improvements, or suggested improvements, was the introduction of pens whose nibs should be formed of precious stones. One kind consisted of a tortoise shell tube or barrel, with small fragments of diamond or ruby imbedded in the nib; another kind contained a nib of ruby set in fine gold, and such pens have been said to last six years without injury. Some have also been formed of rhodium nibs set in gold. Pens of gold, of silver, and of gold alloyed with silver, are common. Steel, however, is the only material which has successfully competed with the quill; and they are now manufactured to an amount in quantity, and at a cost so small as hardly to be credible. Different makers have different modes of operation, but the following will give a general idea of the method employed:—In the first place flat pieces of steel are cut out, of the shape required, by a stamping press, they are then placed under another press, which pierces the holes and cuts the slits, and they are struck into their convex shape by a third press. They are then polished and tempered. The polishing is managed in rather a curious manner; a quantity of pens are shut up in an iron cylinder, leaving a considerable space unoccupied, and this cylinder is attached at each end to a crank, the axes of which are connected by a wheel and set in motion by a handle or by machinery. Thus by being rubbed against each other the pens come out well polished, and with all the burrs or sharp angles left by the cutting-presses rubbed smooth. There are also other modes of performing this operation, as well as various processes in the general manufacture, peculiar to different establishments. Fountain pens are so made as to hold a reservoir of ink.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO JOSY COTTREL.

BY T. L. B.

I know, dear Josy, that wealth and power
Cannot true peace impart;
I know that these are not the things
To satisfy the heart

I know that earth-born joys decay
While yet we call them ours;
I know that pleasures pass away
Like autumn's fading flowers,

And O, I ask that deeper joys
May round thy spirit flow,
Than earth, with all its gilded pomp,
And pleasures can bestow.

And if we meet no more on earth,
O, may we meet above,
Where pain and parting all are o'er,
And life is lost in love.

MORNING.

Thus passed the night, so foul, till morning fair
Came forth in pilgrim's steps in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds and laid the winds.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheered the face of earth and dried the wet
From drooping plant and drooping tree; the birds,
Who all things now beheld more fresh and green
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.—MILTON.

THE CHILDREN OF FANCY.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence.—BYRON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The season of harvest has arrived, and, though here and there certain crops may have failed, yet in the length and breadth of the land, the husbandman has ample reason for devout thanksgiving. Indeed, the only source of complaint we have heard is that we have raised too much grain this year. Think of the exuberant fertility that has brought this to pass! The United States have raised more than enough to feed their thirty millions of mouths and have a greater surplus than Europe can consume, while the remains of last year's harvest, important in bulk, are yet in store. And this is not all; we have yet millions of acres that the plough has never touched reserved to feed the coming generations of Europe and America. Truly our lines are cast in pleasant places. We cannot reflect too deeply on the blessings we enjoy. A contemplation of our national advantages impels us to cement the bonds of brotherhood and good feeling that bind all parts of our country in a common chain of interest.....Hawthorne is to give us another book. It will be welcome as the the flowers in May. In elegance of style, in originality of thought, in subtle analyzation of the human heart, in sweet and pathetic pictures, in wierd-like images of gloom and mystery, the author of the "Scarlet Letter" is without a rival on this shore of the Atlantic—if in the world.....The editor of the Saturday Evening Gazette has announced the approaching visit of the French Comedy and Vaudeville Company, and we shall hold him responsible for the fulfillment of his promise. We feel quite sure that the troupe would be successful for a short season; so large a proportion of our people have a grammatical knowledge of the French language, and would be glad to avail themselves of such an agreeable series of lessons in French pronunciation as the performances of a dramatic company would afford. Americans who have been in Paris say that they learned French faster at the boulevard theatres than in any other way. The French company must come to Boston.....P. F. Rothermel, the eminent artist, returned from Europe to Philadelphia lately, after an absence of three years. He was cordially welcomed by hundreds of enthusiastic admirers and friends.....Stories of discoveries of rich silver mines, by a party of Americans, come to us from Arizona. It is said they have found the long lost celebrated Vega mine, whose richness was renowned even upon the mining records of old Spain. It was worked by the Jesuit explorers, who, when compelled to leave by the Apaches, destroyed their works, and blocked up the mouth of the main shaft.....A Mrs. Peters, who apparently died in Franklin county, Ohio, a few days ago, was somewhat hurriedly buried by her husband's orders, in spite of remonstrance. Dug up a few hours afterward she was resuscitated, and is now recovering. The husband has been arrested for his "haste"—to call it by no worse name.....A Buffalo paper says tight rope walking is undoubtedly an elegant accomplishment, and should be introduced in young ladies' boarding schools, but only under competent instruction. It is one of the fine arts, and not to be mastered by every aspirant, and proves its assertion by mentioning several little boys with collar bones broken in attempts a la Blondin.....The N. Y. Times says of a building in the Park: "But neither a beaver nor a prairie-dog, nor any animal on earth, save a City Father, could ever have devised such a monstrous pile of bricks and mortar as the structure in question It belongs to that order of architecture which, for lack of a better name, may be defined as the 'municipal.'" .....Miss Mitchell, the fair and distinguished artist and theatrical favorite, has had presented to her by some of her numerous Southern admirers, one of the handsomest saddle horses—which they prettily named "Maggie Mitchell"—seen in many a day.....The post-office Department have received numerous letters suggesting methods by which postage stamps may be cancelled with more certainty than by the present method. Some of these methods are very ingenious in theory, but unfortunately, none of them are practicable.....Canadian newspapers continue to speak with little reserve respecting the proposed imposition upon the British Colonies of the costs of their military defence. After referring to the revolt of the thirteen American Colonies and the cause of it, the Toronto Colonist says: "If the idea of self-defence is urged upon them, they will soon be looking around for alliances that will be pacific and protective—commercial preferences will be employed as guarantees of good neighborhood—and the original allegiance will rapidly fade under system of merely pecuniary calculations.".....The furniture of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York cost $350 000. The entire investment in the enterprise is $1,150 000.....The Newark Mercury says there is a suspicious-looking individual, "a furriner," going around town carrying a string, to the end of which is attached a dirty, thieving little monkey. Wherever this individual spies a bedroom or parlor window open, he stops and listens, and if he is satisfied that there is no one present in the room, he sends Mr. Monkey creeping slyly up the front of the house into the open window. Now the man-monkey on the sidewalk, having hold of the other end of the string, is strongly suspected of having communicated his own thievish propensities to the little monkey, and has "educated" him to fasten on little valuables, such as bracelets, breast-pins, finger-rings or loose change, which his monkeyship may find lying on the toilet or centre-tables.....Somebody says: Heroism lives longer in the mind when associated with women than with men. Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling will be remembered when hundreds of their masculine peers and superiors shall be forgotten.....Washington Allston could paint with the pen as well as with the pencil. Witness the following word-picture of an Italian sunset: "It was one of those evenings never to be forgotten by a painter, but one that must come upon him in misery as a gorgeous mockery. The sun was yet up, and resting on the highest peak of a ridge of mountain-shaped clouds, that seemed to make a part of the distance; suddenly he disappeared, and the landscape was overspread with a cold, lurid hue; then, as if molten in a furnace, the fictitious mountains began to glow; in a moment more they tumbled asunder; in another he was again piercing their fragments, and darting his shafts to the remotest east, till, reaching the horizon, he appeared to recall them, and with a parting flash to wrap the whole heavens in flame.....A Greek poet implies that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain; there is a nobler bliss still—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought....At Cincinnati, recently, a lady's hair caught fire while she was bending over a lamp, and, communicating the flames to her clothes, her neck, head and face were badly burned, so much so that her features will be marred for life. The girl had saturated her hair with a peculiarly inflammable oil, which caused her locks to ignite and burn as if she had thrust her head into a vessel of spirits of turpentine.....Victor Emmanuel was not angry with Louis Napoleon at Turin, nor did he behave with rudeness to his ally. He only tried to be dignified and not cringing to a man who had presented him with Lombardy, and made him a fifth rate power in Europe. Kings are not uncivil to emperors who give them such souvenirs.... .Be unassuming when you are young, and you will be honored—at all events, respected, when old.....There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which must sadden or at least soften, every reflecting observer.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BY-LAWS OF CORINTHIAN LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, OF CONCORD, MASS., etc. By LOUIS A. SURETTE, Master of Corinthian Lodge from October, 1851, to October, 1858.

We are indebted to the author for a copy of this elegant and interesting volume, which contains a history of the lodge, organized July 5, 1797, biographies of its most prominent officers and members, and also a succinct historical sketch of Masonry. It has a capital profile, full length sketch, of Rev. Ezra Ripley, a fine steel portrait of Mr. Surette, with his graceful autograph, while the likeness of Lemuel Shattuck is truly admirable. The typographical execution of the book is highly creditable to the press of Benj. Tolman, of Concord.

GRASSES AND FORAGE PLANTS. By CHARLES L. FLINT, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. 4th edition. Revised and enlarged. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp 398. 1859.

This excellent and comprehensive work treats of grasses and forage plants, their natural history, comparative nutritive value, methods of cultivating, curing and the management of grass lands in the United States and British Provinces. It has one hundred and seventy illustrations. It is very well arranged, carefully indexed, and written in a clear, intelligible style. Every farmer ought to have a copy, together with Mr. Flint's "Milch Cows and Dairy Farming." We really believe that the author will turn out to be the "man who makes two blades of grass grow where one did before," *occasionally* alluded to in agricultural addresses.

FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS OF PILLS AND POWDERS: or, The Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 384. 1859.

This quaint and entertaining work is from the late Dr. Wm. A. Alcott, and was considered by him as the completion of his labors Of its value we are not competent judges, as it can only be appreciated by those who have thoroughly studied the healing art. Dr. Alcott placed the greatest faith in the curative resources of nature, diet, exercise, bathing, etc. Whatever may be thought of his theories, his experiences are eminently readable.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., No. 277 Washington Street, have published "Star of my Hope," a song, words by Edmeston, music by Mozart; "Fill the Wine-Cup," quartette; "Over the Waves we float," song by Stephen Glover; "Retrospection," a duet, by R. R. Trench.

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS. By DR. JOHN BROWN. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

An exquisite story of a dog, told in charming style.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR 1860.

This welcome annual appears from the press of Hickling, Swan & Brewer, and is full of the usual excellent matter.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

If Louis Napoleon startled the world by the words addressed to the Austrian ambassador in January last, if he again electrified it by displaying in the war thus shadowed forth almost unparalleled military genius and fortune, if he made of the peace at Villafranca a *coup de theatre*, he created certainly yet greater wonder, astonishment, and, it may be added, admiration, by the proclamation of the general amnesty which followed the *fetes* of last month. There had been slight indications in the Paris journals of a relaxation of the iron rule, but nothing whatever premonitory of such a sweeping measure. It shows that Louis Napoleon is the boldest as well as the ablest man of Europe at the present hour. The amnesty has already disarmed most of the opposition. Louis Blanc and a few others reject the clemency and cling to exile, but the greater part of the proscribed willingly return to Paris—their home and their world. The French emperor has evidently inaugurated a new political era.—Lieut. Col de Montalembert, of the French Lancers of the Guard, has been appointed to the command of the First African Chasseurs. He is brother of the celebrated writer whose trial made so much noise in October last year.—The czar has presented the sultan with the decoration of the Order of St. Andrew, in diamonds, valued at 1,000,000 piastres, in acknowledgment of the reception recently given to the Grand Duke Constantine.—Germany has lost one of her most eminent female scholars. Frau Dr. Heidenreich, *nee* von Siebold, died at Darmstadt recently. She was born in 1792, studied the science of midwifery at the Universities of Gottingin and Giessen, and took her doctor's degree in 1817, not *honoris causa*, by favor of the faculty, but, like any other German student, by writing the customary Latin dissertation, and by defending in public disputation a number of medical theses.

Russian Opinion.

The time at which sovereigns alone could make peace and decide the fate of nations has passed away. Humanity progresses, and nations are determined to be consulted on their fate. There was a time when Napoleon I. announced in the Moniteur that such or such a dynasty had ceased to reign, when he made one of his brothers, his cousins or his marshals ascend the throne, and when the people witnessed these dynastic changes with philosophic indifference, caring little at being treated like a flock of sheep by a clever speculator. The increase of general enlightenment has, however, since shown to each nation that by the side of the sacred rights of dynasties there are the rights of peoples, and that nations ought not to be sacrificed to the interests of an individual.

Cardinal Antonelli.

From Rome the report of the resignation of Cardinal Antonelli is positively denied. That statesman never possessed more of the confidence of the pope than he does at present, and it is not under the actual circumstances of Italy and of the Holy See that he would think of retiring The same authority on which this is asserted adds that, if the Central Italian Princes be restored, the pope will not refuse to accept the Honorary Presidency of the Italian Confederation, leaving to the King of Naples the real leadership, as to him, his holiness is of opinion, it of right belongs, since his dominions are the largest in Italy.

Modena.

The signatures in favor of the annexation to Piedmont collected in the commune of Modena amount to 9495, which, in a total population of 65,000 souls—due account being taken of women and children and the usual average of persons who abstain from voting—is generally looked upon as an excellent result. From the city and province of Reggio 26,000 votes have been obtained, of which the commune of Reggio alone furnished 13,964.

The French Amnesty.

No doubt seems to be entertained that the amnesty is complete and unlimited in all respects, that it passes the sponge over every past offence, and relieves all persons from the action of the law of public safety so long as they shall not have incurred fresh condemnation from the tribunals.

Garibaldi.

General Garibaldi has assumed the head of the army of Central Italy He has under him, it is said, no less than 40,000 men—a force which may give the Austrians some trouble if an appeal to arms should be again necessary.

Ptolemy's Geography.

Mr. Sebastinoff, a Russian savant, has discovered an old MS. of Ptolemy's Geography in the Monastery of Mount Athos, and has made photographic copies of the maps for the classic world.

Bank Notes.

This year £2,000,000 more in bank notes are in circulation in England than there were last year. This is attributed to the great preponderance of home travellers this season.

Naples.

The city of Naples is going to raise a loan of two millions of ducats for the payment of a portion of its debts, which are legion, and for the completion of the road called Maria Teresa.

Count Cavour.

Count Cavour is staying at present at Geneva, on a visit to his relative, M. De la Rive, distinguished in the world of science by his "Treatise on Electricity."

Mazzini's Agents.

Several of Mazzini's agents have been arrested in the Romagna, and others have been quietly sent away from Tuscany.

A Defaulter.

John Edward Butler, of London, has absconded, a defaulter to the amount of £100,000.

PROCURE THE BEST.

Extract from a letter from Rev. E. M. Dodd, agent American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Smyrna:

SMYRNA, April 15, 1859.

MESSRS. LADD, WEBSTER & CO.—*Gentlemen*,—The Sewing Machine purchased of you by Mr. Wetherill, for Mrs. Dodd, has arrived safely, and is in operation. We are very much pleased with it. There was not the least difficulty in starting it, and it has gone on sewing steadily and to our satisfaction. We shall take pleasure in recommending your machine, and hope that they may get into use here.

(Signed) E. M. DODD.

Letter from Lieut. W. L. MAURY, United States Navy:

NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, Aug. 12, 1859.

Gentlemen,—The Sewing Machine ordered from you is safely at hand, and Mrs M. is fully satisfied with it. As an evidence of its simplicity—without directions or explanations she commenced working on it after a very short trial, and has not experienced the least difficulty in its operation. I cheerfully give you my testimonial in its favor. I am, respectfully,

Your ob't serv't,

(Signed) W. L. MAURY.

To Messrs. LADD, WEBSTER & Co.

Letter from the Principal of the N. Y. State Normal School:

N. Y. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, ALBANY, April 24, 1859.

LADD, WEBSTER & CO:—*Gentlemen*,—Yours of the 22d containing needles came duly to hand. I have had some little opportunity for experimenting with your machine, which I have done in class exercise, occupying thirty-five minutes each day, during which time I give practical instruction to three pupils taken in order from our senior class. The ladies are delighted with the exercise, and I confess I am surprised at the ease with which they learn to manage the machine. I have found seven of my class who have other machines, but they have uniformly expressed their preference for yours. After seeing it worked by all sorts of "raw hands," I have found no reason to regret the choice I made of yours over all others with which to give instructions in my school. I think I can now in all candor say that my expectations have been fully realized. In ease of management, and in the perfection of its work, it is, in my opinion, *beyond comparison*, the best of the thirteen different sewing-machines which I have been enabled to examine. * * *

Excuse this long and hastily written letter. If I did not like your machine and believe that it presents to the public all the requisites needed for family work, I should not trouble myself to write in regard to a matter that does not personally concern me in the least.

Truly yours,

D. H. COCHRAN,
Principal of the N. Y. State Normal School.

The following *unsolicited* commendation of our machine is from the pen of a lady well-known in New England:

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HOUDIN, THE CONJURER.

Among the feats of Houdin, the noted French conjurer, whose autobiography has lately appeared in Paris, the following is an instance of his nerve, and of his full command of the art: Houdin visited Algiers, and had a trial of skill with the marabouts or conjurers of that country. After having performed the trick, says he, of suffering an Arab to fire at me with a loaded pistol, the ball appearing inside an apple in my hand, I journeyed into the interior, and there met several marabouts, one of whom told me he was not to be deceived. "Why so?" "Because I don't believe in your power." "Ah, indeed! Well, then, if you don't believe in my power, I will compel you to believe in my skill." "Neither in one nor in the other." I was at this moment the whole length of the room from the marabout. "Stay!" I said to him; "you see this five-franc piece?" "Yes." "Close your hand firmly, for the piece will go into it in spite of yourself." "I am ready," the Arab said, in an incredulous voice, as he held out his tightly-closed fist I took the piece at the end of my fingers, so that the assembly might all see it, then feigning to throw it at the marabout, it disappeared at the word "Pass!" My man opened his hand, and finding nothing in it, shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, "You see, I told you so!" I was well aware it was not there, but it was important to throw the marabout's attention from his sash, and for this purpose I employed the feint. "That does not surprise me," I replied, "for I threw the piece with such strength that it went right through your hand, and has fallen into your sash. Being afraid I might break your watch by the blow, I called it to me. Here it is!" and I showed him the watch in my hand. The marabout quickly put his hand in his belt, to assure himself of the truth, and was quite stupified at finding the five-franc piece. The spectators were astonished. Some of them began telling their beads, but the marabout frowned without saying a word, and I saw he was spelling over some evil design. "I now believe in your power," he said; "you are a real sorcerer;" and offering me two pistols he held concealed under his burnous, he added, "Come, choose one of these pistols, we will load it, and I will fire at you. You have nothing to fear, for I saw you perform this trick at your own theatre." I confess I was for a moment staggered; I sought a subterfuge, and found none. All eyes were fixed upon me, and a reply was anxiously awaited. At last I thought of an idea which would save me from my dilemma, at least temporarily. "To-morrow morning," said I, "at eight o'clock, I will allow you to fire at me in the presence of these Arabs, who were witnesses of your challenge." The marabout, surprised at my compliance, assented, and summoned all the company to be present. By eight the next morning we had breakfasted, and on entering the hall found none of the guests were absent. Indeed, a great number of Arabs came in to swell the crowd. The pistols were handed me; I called attention to the fact that the vents were clear, and the marabout put in a fair charge of powder, and drove the wad home. Among the bullets produced, I chose one which I openly put in the pistol, and which was then also covered with paper. The Arab watched all these movements, for his honor was at stake. We went through the same movements with the second pistol, and the solemn moment arrived. Solemn indeed it seemed to everybody; to the spectators, who were uncertain of the issue—to Madame Houdin, who had in vain besought me to give up this trick, for she feared the result—and solemn also to me, for as my new trick did not depend on any arrangements heretofore tried, I feared an error—an act of treachery—I knew not what. Still I posted myself fifteen paces from the sheik, without evincing the slightest emotion. The marabout immediately seized one of the pistols, and on my giving the signal, took a deliberate aim at me. The pistol went off, and the ball appeared between my teeth. More angry than ever, my rival tried to seize the other pistol, but I succeeded in reaching it before him. "You could not injure me," I said, "but you shall now see that my aim is more dangerous than yours. Look on that wall."

"I pulled the trigger, and on the newly white-washed wall there appeared a large patch of blood, exactly at the spot where I had aimed. The marabout went up to it, dipped his finger in the blood, and raising it to his mouth, convinced himself of the reality. When he acquired this certainty, his arms fell and his head was bowed upon his chest, as if he were annihilated. It was evident that for a moment he doubted everything, even the prophets. The spectators raised their eyes to heaven, muttered prayers, and regarded me with a species of terror.

THE DUKE ORSINO AND VIOLA.

The engraving on this page is from a picture by E. R. Pickersgill, illustrative of a scene in the third act of Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night," that glittering gallery of splendid portraitures, which has furnished so many themes for the emulous pencil. The reader, of course, recalls the "situation." Viola, wrecked on the coast of Illyria, has assumed a male disguise and entered the service of Duke Orsino as a page, but has fallen in love with him, while he, all unconscious of her sex and of her attachment to himself, sends her with love-messages to the Lady Olivia, who spurns his suit. The duke says, in the scene with Viola:

——make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.
Viola.—Ay, but I know—
Duke.—What dost thou know?
Viola.—Too well what love women to men may owe.
In faith they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke.—Now, what's her history?

THE DUKE ORSINO AND VIOLA. [SCENE IN SHAKSPEARE'S "TWELFTH NIGHT."]

Viola.—A blank, my lord: she never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shews are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke.—But died the sister of her love, my boy!
Viola.—I'm all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not.

It is the moment when the disguised girl, with a sly shyness, makes the last declaration, that the artist has seized upon. The figure of Viola, in her boy's clothes, is very delicately conceived, and is well contrasted with that of the duke. Indeed, the whole design and grouping are fine.

PHENOMENA OF UTTERANCE.—A traveller writes:—"We started from a little town in the vicinity of Holstein. I would not undertake to spell or pronounce the name; but if you will take Tzschucken and Kionojed, and mix them up with Ompompanooshe, Scotch snuff, and Passamaquoddy, and pronounce the whole backwards with a sneeze, you get within about six miles of it."

RICE PLANTATION.

In the fall, after the rice is cut, as soon as perfectly dry, the stubble is burnt off. Sometimes the weather will not allow this, then it remains and is chopped under in the winter. In December, the whole land intended for cultivation is gone over with the hoe, breaking clods, etc. In March, the planting season begins, and from that time onward is the rush. As soon as a field is planted it is covered with water, and so remains until the rice is pretty well grown. The water is then let off, and soon after the field is gone over with the hoe to chop out grass and work the rice. This is done twice before the crop ripens. The irrigation is managed so that when one field is under water, another may be dry. Several hands are constantly employed in clearing out ditches, stopping leaks in embankment, etc. Every kind of bird is a lover of rice, and an enemy to the interests of the rice planters; but the one most dreaded is the rice-bird. It is a small bird, of darkish brown color, with a sharp, stout bill, with which it grasps the stalk of rice and squeezes the milk from it as effectually as if done with a pair of nippers. The only means of getting rid of them is by powder and shot; and though thousands upon thousands are killed, they still appear as thick as at first. During the season of killing hogs and dogs upon the plantation all get fat. The negroes are provided with guns, and stand upon the banks and shoot from morning until night. When a flock of these birds come down near a rice field, they swoop down with a noise like thunder, and the beautiful green rice stalks fall down before them as does the rice before the reaper's hook. Left to themselves, but a few hours would suffice to clear a field, but half a dozen muskets scare them off for a time. But few who do not live in that section have an idea of the immense damage which they do to the rice planters, and I suppose there is no means of correct calculation, as they never fail to appear, though more numerous some years than others.

To the weak and craven-hearted the time for honorable achievement never comes. Men of spirit are the masters, not the slaves of time.

BURIAL PLACE OF VICEROY YEH.

The interior of Canton has been thoroughly traversed, and its more attractive points are so widely known that it is not worth while to review them. But just now, outside the city wall there is a little nook in which cluster more quiet retrospections than in any place besides, for here is that stand point just mentioned, the coffin of Governor Yeh. A few rods outside the east gate of the city, back from the street, stands an unpretending Taouist temple. A plain, unornamented gate opens the way into a long, narrow enclosure, through which walking we come to the temple. The grounds seem deserted, save that one old Chinaman stands by the inner gate. "Are you the door-keeper?" asks our guide. "No, a poor beggar." We pass through, and there mongrel dogs come running out from a small building near by.

"Ah! here are Yeh's door-keepers now," remarks one of the party. Through another gate and a pathway overhung with white (mourning color) leads to the apartment of the dead. Half-a-dozen polite and respectable-looking Chinese point the way, and a Taouist priest kindly furnishes all needful information. We enter an apartment about 25 by 20 feet in dimensions, the sides of which are hung with blue woolen cloth, upon which are large Chinese characters, embroidered in white silk. An altar stands in the middle of the room, similar to those in temples generally, save that in place of the middle idol appears a tablet of white silk, upon which are written the name and rank of the deceased, and before this are arranged a dozen or more bowls, containing cooked vegetables and other eatables, the offerings of as many friendly Mandarins, also piles of artificial fruit, made of flour and painted after nature. A silk curtain hangs behind the altar, from the roof to the floor. Raising this, we pass under—and here rests the coffin. The walls are bare, the floor dirty, and a pile of sawdust reposes undisturbed in the corner. The coffin is of the usual Chinese form, but of enormous dimensions, being about twelve feet in length, by 4 feet in diameter at the larger end. It is built of a hard and costly wood found in the province of Sz-chune, the northeast corner of the empire, each side being formed of a single slab. It is entirely plain and resembles any oaken box that a ship carpenter might make with only a plane and saw. Its cost, however, is about fifteen hundred dollars. We have seen before where Yeh lived, we see now where he lies. Both places are quiet enough now, but their stillness brings out in vivid contrast the scenes of the last three years, and if any one would think over that history, this death house of the most prominent figure in it, is no mean place from which to look back The man who for years ruled with a rod of iron the most turbulent millions of the Chinese empire and slaughtered 100,000 of his countrymen; who for years out-diplomatised the ambassadors of the most enlightened nations; who for years preserved inviolate the interior of his capital, even to the end fighting, and not for glory, nor for principle, but only that the eyes of the stranger might not spy out the poverty and worthlessness of a city that was little better than ruins before a shot was fired; who could not fight and would not yield until his city was a desert,—after all his skill, his obstinacy, his power, his cruelty, his pride, here he lies *outside* his city walls, and none wish him well. We ask the red-nosed priest "what do you there?" and learn that every morning he prays before the tablet, and makes offerings for the benefit of the dead. "Was Yeh a Taouist?" "Yes." "A priest?" "No! No! (with emphasis). He was more high. Above all." We look at the coffin and think it was indeed a fall which in two short years sent him from his palace to such a residence as this. But our readers must see for themselves and moralize for themselves. The priest avers that the body is soon to be sent to the province to which Yeh belongs. Many Chinese report, on the contrary, that orders are expected from the emperor to degrade, *i. e.*, cut in a thousand pieces and scatter the body of the servant who could not save the celestial city from the barbarian. However that may turn out, it matters little now to the royal inmate of the Taouist temple.—*Hong Kong Register.*

ENGLISH CRITICS.

The London Athenæum, with all its high pretensions to literary criticism and authority, sometimes discloses a weak spot. One of these weak spots was revealed the other day, when it spoke of the "Sermons of Dow, Jr.," as discourses that were actually delivered at one time in the American pulpit, whereas, everybody knows, that knows anything, that they had their origin in a New York weekly paper, and that the "Rev." Mr. Dow was no "Rev." at all, only a Sunday editor.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859. $2 50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVII., No. 13...WHOLE No. 431.

STATE ENCAMPMENT, CONCORD, MASS.

The engraving on this page is from a drawing made expressly for us by Mr. Alfred Waud, and represents the troops at Camp Massachusetts passing in review before the commander-in-chief and staff. Captain Nims's Light Artillery are in front, with full ranks, as they actually appeared on the field, followed by the National Lancers and Light Dragoons, and then come the infantry regiments in column. The moving mass is backed by the white tents, and the distance crowned by the line of wooded hills, which formed a framework to the grand military pageant. At the encampment of the 7th, 8th and 9th of this month, the volunteer militia of Massachusetts were assembled for camp duty for the first time in the history of the Commonwealth, and the perfect success of the experiment, which reflects the highest credit on the commander-in-chief, the adjutant-general, and all the officers and men engaged in the duties of the field, will probably lead to its repetition. The ground was well selected. In the immediate vicinity of scenes hallowed by the first forcible resistance made to British authority, the associations connected with it were well calculated to animate and elevate the zeal of our citizen-soldiery. On the right of the Fitchburg Railroad, at a distance of about twenty-two miles from Boston, a vast and perfectly level field was prepared for the encampment, bounded on the right and left flanks and in front by roads, and in the rear by the Assabet River. Parallel with the Assabet, stretched out the line of white tents belonging to the divisionary corps of Salem Cadets, and the 1st and 2d divisions, commanded respectively by Major-Generals Samuel Andrews of Roxbury and William Sutton of South Danvers. The 3d division, under the command of Major-General Augustus Morse of Leominster, occupied the left of this line, nearest the railroad, their camp making an obtuse angle with that of the 1st and 2d divisions, and separated from them by a brook. To the right of the main field, and divided from it by the road from Concord to Acton, was the camp of the Boston Light Artillery, Captain Nims, the National Lancers and Boston Dragoons, forming the the 1st Battalion of Light Dragoons, under Major White, the Waltham Dragoons, Captain Gibbs, and the Salem Light Artillery, Captain Mann. Governor Banks's headquarters and the camp of his body-guard, the Boston Independent Cadets, Lieut. Colonel Holmes, were nearly in front of the 1st division, separated by a road, on an elevated piece of ground, interspersed with trees and sloping down in the rear to the brink of a beautiful pond. There was ample space for carriages and spectators on foot on three sides of the encampment. The effect of the city of canvass by moonlight, with the sentinels, infantry and cavalry, pacing their rounds, was very romantic and impressive. The arrangements were excellent, and good order prevailed from the moment of the arrival of the troops on the field to the hour of striking the tents on the last day. The companies, with scarcely an exception, turned out with very full ranks, and displayed admirable proficiency in military science. Had we the space, we should be glad to pass the troops in review, and comment on the features that struck us in the appearance, marching and evolutions of the different regiments and companies. The total force on the field amounted to about 5000 men. The remarkable promptitude with which all the orders were executed, and the punctuality with which all the details of the crowded programme for the three days were performed, must have severely disappointed the enemies of our militia system, and those critics who predicted numerous blunders from the assemblage of all the troops of the State for the first time. The grand feature of the first day was the march through Concord and to the Monument, to the Revolutionary battle-ground and back to camp. The field operations on the second day, the manœuvering and firing, were excellent. On the third came the grand review in the presence of Major-General Wool and the members of both houses of the Legislature. We witnessed the march to Concord, and had an excellent opportunity of seeing all the troops. The display was very fine. The column was headed by his excellency the commander-in-chief, mounted on the famous Green Mountain Morgan, and occompanied by his splendid staff. The cavalry of the column made a brilliant appearance. The National Lancers, Captain M. C. Kenney, came out 125 strong, mounted on splendid horses, and looked like a regiment; the Boston Light Dragoons, Captain Thomas J. Pierce, had 80 sabres; the Brigade Company of Light Dragoons, of North Bridgewater, Captain Jonas R. Perkins, had 40 horses; the Brigade Company of Light Dragoons, Captain William Gibbs, turned out 60 strong, and were much commended for their soldierly appearance and the excellence of their drill; the Springfield Horse Guards, Captain Charles A. Baxter, forty-three officers and men, attracted great attention by their dashing uniforms. The infantry regiments mustered strong. Colonel Cowdin's regiment, Major Rogers's new battalion, the New Bedford and Quincy regiments attracted special attention. Major Poore's "Savages" proved an attractive feature in the column. In a word, there was much to commend in every body of troops that fell under our observation, and the impression produced by the whole, was one of unalloyed pleasure and pride. The duties performed by officers and men throughout the three days were exceedingly arduous, but were discharged with unflagging zeal and spirit. The commander-in chief passed the whole time in camp, and was indefatigable in doing duty as a soldier, and in dispensing his hospitality to his numerous distinguished visitors. Camp Massachusetts, under such auspices, was a complete success. We cannot conclude this brief notice without alluding to the admirable management of the Fitchburg Railroad during camp week. Though the troops and many thousands of visitors passed over the road, trains going and coming hourly, not an accident occurred.

THE STATE ENCAMPMENT AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ST. JOHN'S LITTLE FINGER.

BY WILLIAM S. LAWRENCE.

I entertain an absolute conviction that gold, in mass and in position, and infinite in quantity, will, within three years, reveal itself.—*Colonel William Gilpin.*

[The following letter was discovered by accident. Where it was written cannot now be known. The date is a 1, an 8, an 0, and something which has been rubbed out. It was therefore written some time within the first decade of the present century, and probably after the purchase of Louisiana, in 1803.]

DEAR TOM:—At your urgent request, I give you the information you desire, being very sure that you will faithfully observe the oath of secrecy which I have exacted. I have already given you my reasons for this course, and I know that you will properly understand and appreciate them.

I was born in Philadelphia, but bred chiefly in the State of Virginia. My father was the son of a wealthy planter. One of the planter's tenants was a poor shoemaker, named Jerry Trippe, and in their early boyhood, Jerry's son Jerry and my father were playmates.

Years flew by, and my father became a successful merchant in the city of Philadelphia. One day he met in the street young Jerry Trippe, who was more than half-starved. He had come to the city to seek his fortune, at a time of great depression in the shoemaking business, and had been unable to get work. My father took the famished youth home with him, and supplied his wants, and afterwards gave him a situation in his establishment, where he could make a comfortable living.

Trippe possessed energy and thrift, and soon began to rise. My father befriended him in every way, and furnished him with the means to obtain a useful education. In a few years he became the chief clerk, and eventually his employer took him into partnership. The latter, after a time, retired from business, and so facilitated matters as to enable Trippe to retain the whole concern in his own hands. The ex-shoemaker went ahead amazingly. Everything he touched seemed to prosper, and by the time he was fifty years of age, there were few men "on change" to whom he gave precedence.

My father's fortunes were of a different complexion. He had always been called "too soft-hearted for his own good," and was prevailed upon so often to assist in propping up the credit of old mercantile acquaintances, that he eventually became a bankrupt himself, and died of a disease which trouble and vexation had brought on him. My mother soon followed, and left me an orphan at the age of fourteen.

I had neither brother nor sister. I had spent much of my time with my relations in Virginia, but I now wished to be independent. As a very great favor, I was received into Mr. Trippe's counting-house. I served him faithfully till I was twenty-one, and at that age obtained a small interest in an establishment of the same nature. I worked hard, and when I was twenty-five, I was doing business in a small way on my own account, and with good prospects for the future.

There were few persons whom I esteemed less than Jeremiah Trippe, and our characters and dispositions were as far as the poles asunder. But fortune sometimes plays strange tricks with our likes and dislikes, and it so happened that the person of all others whom I liked best, was the very person of all others whom Jerry Trippe liked best. Not that he had any great amount of liking to bestow upon anything, apart from himself and his money; but, better than anything except himself and his money, he liked his daughter Mary; and better than all things else, even including myself and my money (I will venture to say), did I like that same daughter Mary.

Like her? The word is an outrage upon my feelings. I loved her, I adored her, *j'en etais fou*—"I was *fool* of her"—as the Frenchman says. I would have given all my money (which was very little), and all myself (which was very big), for one loving glance of her soft blue eye. Yes, Tom, I was "fool of her" to a seriously ridiculous extent—a fool in everything that concerned her, beyond all precedent. I was sorry that she was old Trippe's daughter, but it did not make the least difference in my feelings. If she had been Beelzebub's daughter, it would have been all the same. I would not have liked very well to have the evil one for my children's grandfather, it must be admitted, but I would have married her all the same.

And what did old Trippe think of all this? you will ask. Well, Tom, if I had not been a miserable, addle-pated, fogy-turnip-headed dolt of a lover, I might have known that I had no more chance of being his son-in law than Satan's. I had a little of my father's soft-heartedness, and the old man had often called me a fool on account of it, and predicted that I never would prosper. But I had aided him in the acquisition of many thousands of dollars, and probably was more of a favorite with him than anybody else. I was therefore stupid enough to hope—yes, arrantly stupid enough to hope that old Trippe would give his only daughter to a poor man!! I am free to confess that that idea alone should secure my righteous condemnation before a commission *de lunatico inquirendo.*

Well, one sunshiny morning, with this forlorn "hope," I sallied forth to ask Jerry Trippe for his daughter. The daughter's consent I had, of course; that is, provided I could get the father's. She loved her father, cross-grained old curmudgeon as he was; and she feared him too, excessively. No power on earth, I was satisfied, could induce her to marry without his consent.

Did you ever pop the question, Tom? I don't mean to a lady—that's just as easy as to eat your breakfast—to a father, I mean. If you have performed that courageous act, I certify that you are fit to be a brigadier, as far as spunk is concerned. You couldn't give a better proof of it.

Like a schoolboy about to bathe in water inconveniently cool, I dallied and shivered awhile upon the brink, and then plunged headlong. And cool enough was the reception I met with, I do assure you.

"Sir," said I, "I love your daughter, and with your approval I will marry her."

With all my "hope," I had never expected anything but a considerable flare-up at first; but there was nothing of the kind, the old man was as cool as a cucumber.

"Young man," he said, slowly raising his eyes from a letter he was reading, "can you raise five hundred thousand dollars?"

I shook my head.

"Then you can't have my daughter."

"But—"

"There is no use to say one word more. I mean to give my daughter half a million on her wedding-day, and the man who seeks to marry her must cover that amount dollar for dollar, or he will never be her husband. I have no more to say."

"Mr. Trippe, will you hear me?"

"I'll hear, but I'll not promise to listen." And the stony-hearted "parient" went on with the perusal of his letter.

But I was determined "not to give it up so," as the Virginia negroes say, or rather sing. I had prepared a beautiful speech for the occasion, and I could not think of having it strangled in the cradle. I commenced it, in tones of melting pathos. The second period, in particular, was magnificently turned, and ended with "bleeding hearts."

"——worth six cents a piece," read old Trippe from his commercial letter, as if continuing the sentence.

"Love," continued I, "love in all its pristine purity to be valued—"

"——at ten cents, and dear at that," read Trippe.

"Mr. Trippe," cried I, "my feelings—"

"——being a damaged article, are worth little or nothing at the present time."

"I say, sir, that my feelings—"

"——would hardly bring three cents a bushel."

"My outraged feelings, sir—"

"——might possibly be exchanged for stale codfish and sourcrout of an inferior quality."

In a tempest of rage, I fled from the room, lest I should be tempted to raise my hand against my Mary's father. My "hopes" were dead, and old Trippe's market quotations were their only requiem.

And yet—can you believe it, Tom?—I was actually fool enough to go back to that man, on that self same errand. The "hopes" were not dead, then, after all, I hear you say. No; or rather there was a resurrection of them, consequent upon a stolen interview I had with Mary. But I wont go into particulars. Suffice it to say that I told him Mary had begged me to try again, and I could refuse her nothing. And then I asked him, in tones of tenderest pathos, if he had no hope, however small, to give me. He went to his desk, wrote something on a bit of paper, handed it to me, and then took his hat and left, "planted there," as the French say, in the middle of the floor. I opened the paper, and read these words:

"All the *hope* I can give you is this certificate: Whenever you can prove yourself the possessor and owner of *five hundred thousand dollars*, or its equivalent in property, you shall marry my daughter. JEREMIAH TRIPPE."

That was "hope" with a vengeance, now, wasn't it? It was adding insult to injury. He might just as well have required me to hang a roc's egg in the hall, or to build a palace like Aladdin's in one night. Ah, if I only knew how to get that glorious lamp! But there are no such things now-a-days. I doubt if all Asia, and Africa to boot, could furnish one single *genie* of respectable acquirements. The race is extinct, I fear. Gone the way of the ichthyosauri, and the pterodactyles, and the men with their heads under their shoulders, and all the rest of them. Well, Tom, I grew as melancholy as a burlesque opera, and as thin as a thread-paper. Business became a bore, and so far from making five hundred thousand dollars, I bid fair to lose all I had.

Finding that things were growing from bad to worse, I resolved to try a change of scene; though I had little enough hope of deriving any benefit from it. Reason and common sense told me I ought to forget Mary; but, with all due deference to such respectable attributes, reason and common sense were made to understand that that was all humbug. I couldn't forget her if I would, and I wouldn't if I could.

Well, I rambled away down into old Virginia, half jolting the life out of myself in those abominable stage-coaches, over those abominable roads, of which Patrick Henry said there was only one kept in good repair—the *road to ruin.* But I couldn't jolt Mary out of my head, or my heart either. I do wish that somebody would invent a plan of travelling by balloon, or by steam, or get a patent iron horse that would carry us eight or ten miles an hour, without jolting.

I arrived at last at the old-fashioned country house of my old-fashioned uncle, John Gregory. The morning after my arrival, I sallied forth with my rifle, at sunrise, and walked indefatigably till sunset, killing nothing, and trying with all my might to think of nothing. And I did think of nothing—but Mary. I was not long in making the discovery that I had made an egregious blunder in seeking the solitude of the country. It was worse than the city, tenfold over. That night I was half-crazy. I had serious thoughts of selling myself to Satan for half a million of dollars. I wonder if I could not find some treatise on the black art, from which I could learn the *modus operandi* in such cases.

My old-fashioned uncle had an old-fashioned library—a fine collection of rare old books. I rummaged among them, but found no directions for transmuting souls into dollars. Determined, however, to read, or to try to read something, I pitched upon an old Spanish work, printed at Madrid, and took it to my room. It was a queer book, and the author as queer a fish as any that ever came out of the sea. It was the preface that first attracted my attention. It commenced as follows:

"When I was Sanchez the poor man, nobody cared a copper whether I lived or died; but now that I have become Sanchez the rich man, every one takes an interest in all I do and say, and particularly in the important question where I got my gold that has made me so rich. It has been extensively rumored that I am going to answer that question in this book. I am happy to inform my ten thousand anxious friends that I will—do no such a thing. Let those who want gold, go and look for it, as I did."

With this cold comfort for the reader to start with, the writer proceeds, in a quaint and nervous style, to discourse of certain mineral regions in Northern Mexico, and the adjacent territories of the United States. Silver was the mineral chiefly treated of, and various localities were pointed out, where silver ore, of extraordinary richness, might be procured in inexhaustible quantities.

Until very lately, no craving for riches had disturbed my tranquillity in the slightest degree; but now the thirst for gold was absolutely consuming me—for gold in great masses, that is; single hundreds and thousands I looked upon with positive contempt. And those eternities of silver, how I gloated over the idea! How it would have titillated the cockles of my heart to have cut five hundred thousand dollars' worth out of the mass!

But, even if I knew the exact locality of this silver paradise, and even if it was not in a country of bloody-minded savages, it would have done me no good. Silver mines require fortunes even to give them a start.

Next morning it was raining, and I sat some time listlessly turning over the leaves of Senor Sanchez's book. Having accidentally brought one of the leaves between my eyes and the light, I observed that in the leaf I was looking at there was a "water mark," consisting of a number of words visible in the body of the paper, and legible only when the leaf was held up against the light. The words were these:

"There is gold enough in St. John's little-finger to pave the road from Madrid to Jerusalem."

This, like the book itself, was in the Spanish language. Turning over the leaves, and examining them, I found every thirty-second leaf had a similar water mark. What could be the meaning of it? I pondered on that question for hours, and the final conclusion I came to was, that the eccentric author had hit upon this method of giving a hint, to any one who was shrewd enough to comprehend it, of the whereabouts of the rich deposit from which he had enriched himself. I thought of the epitaph of the eccentric ecclesiastic in Gil Blas; and, enigmatical as it was, it seemed to me just the oracular sort of utterance to be in keeping with the character of its writer.

In a soberer, calmer mood, with my brain less exalted by the almost monomaniacal dwelling upon one idea, I might, probably would, have thought differently. As it was, I felt firmly persuaded that I was right. But could the enigma be solved? That was the rub. It was hardly consistent with a decent reputation for sanity, to start on a pilgrimage in search of St. John's little-finger, with a view of getting a cart-load of gold out of it; but, sane or insane, it was the very thing I was determined to do. St. John's little-finger might be on the island of Patmos, for aught I knew to the contrary, but I was resolved to go in search of it, nevertheless.

A large portion of Sanchez's book was devoted to a description of the wonders of the *Sierra de la Plata*—the Silver Mountain—situated somewhere in the northern region of Mexico; and there, or thereabouts, I felt a gold mine of extraordinary richness was to be found. I was resolved to go thither, or I should rather say to start thitherward, for the chances, it must be confessed, were several to one that I would not get there.

But "faint heart never won fair lady," thought I; and, desperate as the adventure was, I really did not see what better thing I could do. "Desperate cases require desperate remedies," and my case was just about as desperate as it could be. To settle down quietly to business, in the condition I then was in, was a moral impossibility; and, in fact, to live at all without Mary, seemed just as impossible. To obtain Mary, without a miracle, or something very like it, was another impossibility. But miracles and impossibilities, for her sake, I was resolved to attempt. I had a faithful negro servant, once a slave, who had been the companion of my childhood. His good mother, my old nurse, had named him Bunyan. Him I was resolved to take with me. I wanted but one other companion, and upon securing him, I felt that everything depended. His name was Michael Partridge; he was about fifty years of age, and resided at that time in Western Virginia. He had been one of the most daring and most experienced hunters and trappers in all the West, and I knew that he had crossed the Rocky Mountains. I visited the banks of the Ohio on purpose to see him; and one of the first things I said to him was to inquire if he knew where the Sierra de la Plata was?

"Yes, I do," replied Mike. "I have seen it more than once, and it is one of the curiousest places I ever did see. It branches off from the great chain of the Rocky Mountains, which the Spaniards call the Sierra Madre, and at that point the Sierra de San Juan. It runs off toward the Pacific Ocean, and the place where it joins the Sierra de San Juan is a rale curiosity. It looks as if nater had got mad one day, and ripped up the yearth a'most to its very centre, a-showin' of its inside and a scatterin' of its bowels about in every direction."

"Do you know how far it is from Santa Fe?"

"No, not rightly; but I don't think it can be much over a hundred miles—that is, the place what I've been tellin' you about. It lays off to

he nor'ard and west'ard, and is the very tiptop of the middle pint of the backbone of North America. The Arkansas River rises on the east side of it, and runs off to the Mississippi; some of the head waters of the Colorado rises on its left flank, and runs off into the gulf of California and the Pacific; and the Rio Grande, or Rio del Norte as some call it, runs from its southern slope away down to the Gulf of Mexico."

"Do you think there is any silver and gold there, Mike?"

"Lashins of 'em. It's the richest place for silver in the whole world; and as for gold, the Indians say that their forefathers got such quantities out of that mountain, that they used to have great chunks of it for stools."

"Well, how about finding the mine where those stools came from?"

"As to that, I can't say. I never saw no gold thar myself, nor never hunted for none; but I've often thought I'd like to have a sarch for it."

"Well now, Mike, what do you say to taking a trip to the spot, and all expenses paid?"

"That depends very much upon what kind of men are to go along. There is not one man in three that would stand any chance of ever gettin' back from thar alive and onscalped?"

"Would you take me for one?"

Mike examined my broad shoulders, expansive chest, and muscles developed by habitual exercise, and pronounced an emphatic "yes."

"And this darkey for another?"

Bunyan was weighed in the balance, and not found wanting. He was a powerful man.

"And how many more, do you think?"

"Not another one, if I was to have the regulatin' of it. 'Nough's as good as a feast."

"Well, Mike, you shall have the regulating of it. How soon will you be ready?"

"To-morrow, if you choose."

"That is rather too soon for me. I shall have to return to Philadelphia first. In two months from this day I will meet you at the Guyandotte."

"Agreed. I'll be thar."

And so the matter was settled, and after a little more talk about the best route, and the preparations for the journey, we parted.

I returned to Philadelphia, and got everything in readiness without breathing one syllable of my design to any human being, not even to Mary. When all was ready, I started, with Bunyan, for the banks of the Ohio. Mike was at the place of rendezvous, with a boat suited to our purpose, and we started at once. We descended the Ohio, and then ascended the Mississippi to St. Louis. Then we pushed on westward, with two packed mules, on the Santa Fe trail, first following up the Missouri for a considerable distance, then striking off to the Arkansas, and then away, in a south-westerly direction, to Santa Fe. We arrived safely at the capital of New Mexico, after many vicissitudes, which I have not space to recount. Here we tarried a week to recruit, and then started for the Silver Mountain, each man with his rifle and knapsack. The mules we left behind.

We now entered upon what was by far the most perilous part of our journey. The dangers, from natural causes alone, in this wild, unexplored region, hardly ever trodden before by the foot of a white man, would have been sufficiently appalling, without the presence of the savage hordes who roamed over every mile of it. Very few of those far western Indians knew anything about fire-arms; and the superiority of our trusty rifles over bows and arrows constituted our chief dependence—and more than once they saved our lives.

Our adventures in these regions would fill a volume. I will only give you an account of one of them as a sample of the rest. A strong party of Indians—Navajos, our guide called them—followed us nearly a week. At first they seemed disposed to be friendly; but one day they took it into their heads to make certain advances to Bunyan, whom they seemed to regard as of a race somewhat akin to their own. Poor Bun's dignity was terribly outraged, and he rejected their overtures with disdain, whereupon they were all mortally offended, and withdrew to a man.

The next day they re-appeared, in warlike array, and attacked us with great fury; but we beat them off without much difficulty, and, much against our will, killed two or three of their number. After this they did not venture to attack us openly, but, as I have stated, constantly harassed us, both by day and by night.

One evening, a little before sunset, they pounced upon us to the number of sixty or seventy, in a place hemmed in on all sides by perpendicular rocks, except in the direction in which the Indians were approaching. From the first moment of their appearance, I saw plainly that there was no escape for us.

"Well, Mike," said I, "they have the upper-hand of us this time. We are caught in a trap. All we can do, I fear, is to defend our lives as long as possible. It will be better to die at once, than to be taken captive, and we may possibly drive them off. Let us look to our priming."

"No, no!" said Mike, emphatically, "do as I do, and be as quick as possible."

"Why, Mike, you are crazy! You are drawing the charge from your rifle!"

For an instant, I thought that Mike had actually had his senses frightened out of him; but the calm, cool decision expressed in his weather-beaten face, soon induced me to change my opinion, and submit to his apparently suicidal direction. I knew that he was a man who generally had good reasons for what he did; but what they could possibly be in this instance, it was beyond my penetration to discover. As he said, however, it was no time for asking or answering questions, and I quietly proceeded to draw the bullet from my rifle, leaving the powder, as I saw he had done; and Bunyan, very much against his will, was compelled to do likewise.

We were captured, of course. Our rifles were objects of great curiosity, and many of the Indians were afraid to touch them. There was an old chief, however, who seemed to have more knowledge of fire-arms than the rest, and to be not a little proud of the same. After some consultation with the others, he seized one of the rifles, pointed it at me, and was about to draw the trigger, when Mike stepped in before me, saying a word or two to him in his own language. The old fellow then aimed at Mike, and blazed away.

The muzzle of the gun was within three feet of Mike's breast, and great was the amazement of the Indians when they found him to be uninjured. But Mike increased their astonishment tenfold, when he produced a bullet from his hand, declaring that he had caught it as it flew from the barrel of the rifle. The old chief shook his head, in great perplexity, seized another rifle, aimed at Mike again, and pulled the trigger. At the moment of the discharge, the old hunter gave a jerk with his hand before the muzzle of the gun—the next moment he showed two bullets. The Indian tried the remaining rifle—Mike, of course, still remained unhurt, and now showed three bullets in his hand.

The chief (as the backwoodsmen say) "caved in," and gazed upon Mike as if he had been a supernatural being, as he no doubt thought he was. A short colloquy then took place in the Indian dialect, between the old hunter and the rifle-shooting Indian, at the termination of which our guns and knapsacks were restored to us, and we were told to go in peace. Mike had succeeded in making the Indians believe that we were great "medicine men," and that an injury offered to us would instantly draw down upon the offender the wrath of the Great Spirit, in its most terrific form. He knew that these tribes had often murdered white captives with their own rifles, hence the withdrawing of the bullets. From this day forth we had no trouble with the Indians, except that which resulted from too much friendliness and officiousness. We had various other difficulties to contend with, however, and we had a tedious journey to accomplish, and many hardships to contend with, before we reached our place of destination.

At last we found ourselves encamped in the angle formed by the junction of the Sierras San Juan and La Plata, and the next day we ascended the mighty volcanic mass which towers up to the region of eternal snows, between the head-waters of the Great Colorado and the Rio San Juan (river St. John). We found this wondrous mountain all (externally) that Sanchez and Mike Partridge had described it to be. Its flanks descend by immense terraces of carboniferous and sulphurous limestone, and in its huge mass it seemed as if all the formations of the globe had mingled. Here we saw lava, sandstone, limestone, porphyritic granite, various metallic ores and precious stones, salt, marble, coal, thermal and medicinal springs, fantastically-shaped mountains, called by the Spaniards *cristones*, level *mesas* of great fertility, picturesque *canons*, silver streams, and dark, waving forests.

Here, too, rising from the western spurs of the Silver Mountain, we saw the Cerro de Sal—a pure stratified mass, a mountain of rock and channelled by the river Dolores, whose waters seem encased in incrustations of hoar-frost. These, and a hundred other marvels, we saw, but no gold, and no finger of St. John. We examined laboriously the river of that name, and made minute inquiries of the Indians, but all to no purpose. The Indians had some gold, and had vague traditions of an immense mass of it somewhere in that region, but they either could not or would not give us any definite information.

For many weary weeks we trudged over this rugged district, and our patience was fast wearing away, when we met with a little adventure which tended to re-animate us. The Indians had told us of a white man, a sort of hermit, who made his home in these mountains, and one day we happened to stumble upon him. I was alone, when I found him sitting on a rook, on one of the loftiest peaks of the Sierra. He spoke Spanish, and we had a long conversation, of which I may tell you more in another letter. He had a strange history. The recluse seemed to know nothing, and evidently cared nothing about gold, but he was well acquainted with the topography of the mountains, and answered my numerous questions without hesitation.

"What do you call those mountain torrents?" said I; "three, four, five of them, which glisten in the sunlight like molten silver. Have they any name?"

"Yes; they are, *Los dedos de San Juan*'—the fingers of St. John. That next us is the little finger."

The hermit must have thought me a little cracked, for I certainly leaped three feet high, and cut a caper in the air besides. Then, without adding another word, I ran off to find Mike, and told him I had found St. John's little-finger at last.

These five streams issue from five springs in the side of the mountain, and eventually unite below with others to form the river St. John (San Juan). I was convinced that we had now solved the enigma of old Sanchez, and that we should find a great deposit of gold somewhere about the smallest of these streams—the one pointed out by the hermit.

Well, for two long, tedious weeks we hovered about that mountain stream, from its source to its confluence with the others, and turned over almost every stone in its bed and out of it, but not a grain of gold did we see. At last, with heavy hearts, we gave it up, and one bright morning in July began to retrace our steps homeward. After travelling a few miles, we halted for breakfast. Bunyan placed his rifle against a huge rock, and began to prepare the meal. Listlessly gazing at the breach of the gun, I saw something glistening in a crack of the stock, where it had been nearly broken by falling down a precipice. I looked at it closely, and then picked it out, and in a few minutes satisfied myself that it was gold. It weighed about two grains.

Though we had seen none, I knew that small quantities of gold had been picked up by the Indians in that region, and there was nothing remarkable therefore about this individual specimen. Still, however, I had an ardent curiosity to know whence it came.

"Look here, Bunyan," said I, "do you know how this got into your rifle? I found it in that crack."

"I spec it was yistiddy, when I jobbed it in under the place where the water tumbles over."

I remembered the spot, and it was in the little finger. There was a very pretty cascade in the course of the stream, and a sort of hole behind it, into which Bunyan had thrust his rifle. The gold had certainly come from that spot, and there might be more of it there. At all events, I was resolved to go back and look. With some difficulty, I induced Mike to retrace his steps, and the day was still young when we reached the little stream again.

Upon examination, we found that there was a considerable cavity in the rock, behind the waterfall, and after awhile I ascertained that there was, at one point, space enough between the water and the rock to allow the body of a man to pass. With a slight wetting, I managed to get into the cavity. I groped about, and soon discovered that it run backwards and downwards to a considerable extent, but as it was as dark as Erebus, I must have a light. There was a plenty of fat pine on the mountain, and we soon had a collection of torches, with which we all entered the cavity. We saw before us a narrow chasm, sloping gently downward; we advanced cautiously; the passage became wider, became a spacious cave, and—"Gracious heaven!" cried I, "the walls, as far as I can see, are lined with gold!"

Yes, Tom, it was all true. We had reached El Dorado at last. There was gold above us, gold below us, and all around us—pounds, hundred weights, tons of it! In fact, as far as we could see, in every direction, there was no end to it. Huge pillars of quartz rocks supported the roof, and they were all encrusted with the precious metal, which everywhere protruded from them in masses that would fill a half-bushel. Great boulders of it lay upon the floor of the cave, too large and too heavy to be lifted, or even moved. In short, there, lying around us and perfectly accessible, was gold, pure virgin gold, enough, at its current value, to purchase all the property, of every description, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, and all the isles of the sea, and the souls and bodies of half mankind to boot.

But I have already made my letter too long, Tom, and I must hasten to the end. We had not the means of carrying much of this treasure away with us. We filled our pockets, however, and then started at once for Santa Fe, whence we returned with ten mules. These were loaded with gold, placing some bits of silver ore on the surface of the packages, and giving it out everywhere that we were carrying samples of this on to the East, to have them tested. With nine of these mules, and their full burdens, we reached Philadelphia, after many dangers and difficulties on the way.

Both Bunyan and Mike, poor fellows, found this sudden accession of wealth more than they could bear. They both died within two years, having hastened—having caused, in fact—their own destruction. They both carried our secret to their graves; a secret, Tom, of which you and I are now the only depositaries. You will keep it, I know, both because I wish it, and because it is your interest to do so; since, if the gold in that mountain were to be distributed among mankind, it would become so common and so cheap as to be almost worthless.

I reached Philadelphia in the nick of time. An Anglo East India nabob, a widower near fifty, had taken up his residence in that city, and, it was believed, was courting Mary. He was building a perfect palace near Jerry Trippe's residence, and was astonishing every one by the gorgeous magnificence which he was extracting from his rupees. Keeping myself entirely in the background, I at once began to amuse myself by eclipsing the nabob in his own line. I built a house vastly superior to his, and furnished it in such a style that it became the marvel of the city; and in everything of the sort that he undertook, I overshadowed him into insignificance. The nabob was equally enraged and astounded; but, with all his ingenuity, he could not discover who it was that was thus rivalling him. In the meantime, as I learned from Mary, he began to push his courtship so vigorously, that I saw the time had come for me to throw off the mask.

I accordingly called upon Mr. Trippe, and demanded the fulfilment of the promise which he gave to me, unsolicited, over his own hand. Jerry thought I was trying to play some foolish trick for the purpose of annoying him, and I found it absolutely impossible to convince him that I was really in earnest. He promised, however, to have his five hundred thousand dollars ready the following Monday, though he evidently had not the most distant idea that I could furnish a like amount. Monday came, and I called at the appointed hour. The old man was resolved to show up my poverty in the strongest light, and therefore had his friend and intended son in-law, the nabob, present, to witness my discomfiture. With a pompous air, he recalled the terms of the agreement, and did the very thing I wanted, that is, acknowledge his promise and signature. Then, with a magisterial flourish and a wink at the other, he put down ten notes, each of the denomination of one thousand dollars. I covered the sum with notes to the value of one hundred thousand dollars. My companions both stared, in wonder, but seemed too utterly dumbfounded to say anything, and Trippe put down another thousand, on which I placed another hundred thousand. I had ransacked half the banks in the United States, and was prepared to carry on the farce indefinitely; but the old man gave in, and with a face as white as a sheet, acknowledged himself beaten at his own weapons. I believe he thought I was in league with the devil, but he gave me his daughter very willingly, for all that. And so ends my story, Tom.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WAVE-SWEPT CITY.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I have read about a city
Buried in the Northern Sea,
Where the bells of wave-swept churches
(So the stories all agree)
Can be heard upon the Sabbath
When the people bend the knee.

Sounding upward through the water,
Floating onward through the air,
As in other times they sounded
When they called to praise and prayer
All the strong and the faint-hearted,
All the brave and all the fair.

There are those whose faith in legend
Leads them to the Northern Sea,
Where they pace the sands in silence
Till the bell rings solemnly;
Then, with hands and eyes uplifted,
Humbly bend the willing knee.

And the sweet sound of the chiming
Falling on the pilgrim's ear,
Leave within the heart an echo
That will never disappear,
But grow dearer with the coming
And the going of each year.

And I think of other cities,
In the sea of long ago,
And of memory bells whose chiming,
Coming sweetly, soft and low,
Bear the echoes of affection
That once through our hearts did flow.

Overswept by Time's dark waters,
Yet oblivion cannot quite
Keep the memory from the spirit
Of the scenes it hides from sight,
And, though leaving us in darkness,
We are conscious of the light.

THE WHITE APRON.

It might be a curious question, worth asking and ascertaining, of persons whose names are famous in history, or prominent among the heroic traditions of war, how large is the proportion composed of those who have greatness thrust upon then, compared to individuals who, by the virtues of true courage, perseverance, boldness, and sagacity, have achieved it for themselves? It is at all events one that rises to the mind after hearing the story of Johanna Stegen, a fortunate milkmaid of Luneberg, who, by no particular effort of her own, save a forced compliance, rose to fame, ultimate elevation in rank, and extreme prosperity.

In 1813 the French, greatly to the disgust of the conquered, still occupied Luneberg. A time however was at hand when the power that deemed itself all but omnipotent, was to totter, and presently fall down amidst the well-earned execrations of all Europe. But it is the story of the fortunate milkmaid which is the object of this paper, not the progress and termination of the first Napoleon wars. On the outskirts of Luneberg there stood then, and very possibly still remains, a little settlement of milch farm-houses. The inhabitants of this village, which is called Grimm, carried on a brisk trade by supplying the lacteal fluid in large quantities to Luneberg, which city depended mainly on these farms for that important article of diet. Our heroine, Johanna, was employed in one of these rural dairies, and was, in short, just a milkmaid and nothing more. Truth compels her biographer to state that there was little enough of the picturesque in our Johanna's personal appearance, and that she had even more than the usual bucolic attributes of robust health and florid bloom, charms accompanied moreover by locks whose redness was a fact above all contradiction.

But Fate, the mighty, can overcome all; and, for anything we know, could make even an empress of a short, stout, red-headed dairy-woman. Little indeed Johanna dreamed when—her milk-pails slung from her shoulders—she issued forth on a certain morning, the exact date of which the present biographer fairly owns to have been unable to ascertain; little did she dream or think—supposing she was in the habit of thinking, to which practice, luckily for their health and vigor, milkmaids are not prone—that fortune was waiting slily, in no far-off nook, to invest her with all that the heart of woman is said—mind, only *said*—to love best, viz., rank, homage, wealth, and fame.

By Johanna's side on that memorable morning, came forth at the same time, similarly laden, a being, gentler and fairer, though in all likelihood no better nurtured or cultivated than her companion. This young person was an assistant dairymaid, and in this narrative, with the courteous reader's leave, shall be called "Caroline."

These girls were bound on their usual errand, taking to Luneberg supplies of rich creamy fluid. They chatted and sang and laughed on the road from Grimm to Luneberg, a distance of probably not more than a mile and a half. Suddenly, as they were nearing the city, Johanna halted.

"What dost thou stare at?" says Caroline, in her guttural German. "I see nothing." (*Ich sehe nichts.*)

"Canst hear neither, perhaps," answered Johanna, raising her hand and pointing.

And now indeed Caroline heard sharp and loud reports, which gave her an idea, expressed curtly enough.

"Fighting, eh?" quoth Caroline.

"Come on," answered Johanna; "the milk *must* go to Luneberg, if Boney himself be there! We're late enough now, I tell you." For Caroline showed symptoms of turning back towards Grimm, a tendency to cowardism which plainly proves her to have had no pretensions to be a heroine, and which ought to reconcile us to her ultimate fate. "Come on, I tell you, fool! they wont hurt us!"

"No; but the bullets may. Hark! there they go—pop! pop! Johanna, never mind the milk—let the people want their breakfast for once."

But, arguing thus, they still walked on; and, as it proved, marched right into the lion's mouth. When it was too late, even for women as they were, to retreat, they found themselves right in the midst of Prussian and Russian soldiers, who, up to that moment, had been pouring their fire against Luneberg. There was, however, just then, a momentary forced cessation of hostilities on the side of the assaulting party, and in fact, the French were rapidly gaining the advantage. An accident had occurred. Close before Johanna and Caroline, a cart laden with cartridges had been overturned, and its contents were strewed on the ground. No one was near it save a dead trooper or two, and one who was just expiring. Caroline, tender and thoughtful woman, ran up to this wretch, and held a draught of milk to his dying lips, but Johanna claps her hands, crying out:

"Rouleaux! rouleaux! Come quick, and help me, Caroline!"

She took the cartridges for rouleaux of coin which they somewhat resemble. Johanna and her companion both wore large white aprons, with big pockets, not like those of grisettes on the stage, but good substantial ones, fit to hold a half-quartern loaf. Johanna filled these as quickly as she could pick her spoil up, quite oblivious of the bullets from Luneberg, which hailed round her—as oblivious of them, in her thirst for getting quickly rich, as was Caroline, from a better, holier motive. In after-times, I think the look of gratitude which beamed from the dying soldier's eyes, the broken words of blessing which dropped from his white lips, must have been a dearer, more blessed memory to the heart of her, who, naturally timid, forgot that timidity under the influence of woman's holiest promptings of tenderness and mercy, than the subsequent homage, the brilliant fortune showered on the being who, with eager eyes and avaricious grasp, was busily employed in cramming her pockets with that, which indeed ultimately proved more valuable to her aggrandizement, than the gold for which she took the packages strewed around.

But Johanna's career of greedy acquirment is speedily stopped. A Prussian colonel rides hastily up. He has no idea of the girl's self deception. He hastily dubs her in his mind—a mind heated by the excitement of action—as an ardent heroine aspiring to aid his troops in their temporary distress.

"My brave girl! those pockets will not hold enough; fill your apron. Quick, here, young woman!" (to Caroline, who still knelt by the dying), "do the same—as one goes, the other can come back!"

There was no murmur of disobedience possible. Here was the terrible Prussian flaming with loud voice, stern in command, indisputable in authority. Johanna was quite unconscious of the admiration with which the great man, whom she took for a general at least, viewed her. Fear alone, made the girl obey, and indeed, as her retreat was by this time cut off by a body of advancing troops, to go back was impossible, to go forward inadvisable. Her acceptance of the duty imposed, was, however, as prompt and ready as if the action had really emanated from herself. She was always sturdy and bustling, and not less so now, when bullets whistled around, and she was in mortal fear. Quickly she filled her apron, and as quickly ran with their burden, to the poor fellows, who for want of them, were being rapidly picked off by the French fire, man by man. As she returned, Caroline performed the same good office; so, backwards and forwards amidst a rattling fire, mid volleys of no less fiery oaths, midst blood, carnage, the groans of the dying, the carcasses of the dead, did Joanna Stegen, and Caroline Burger, carry pail after pail of cartridges, distributing them to the troops, till the day advances, and the allies had gained the victory—gained it, as all to a man declared, by the heroic conduct of a woman—that woman, Johanna Stegen.

Caroline, her pale face heated by the danger and stern excitement of the scene, equally arduous, equally—even more generously—oblivious of danger, is permitted, unnoticed, unthanked, to make her way back as best she can to Grimm, there to amaze the pastoral inhabitants with the recital of that adventurous and blood stained morning.

Our Johanna was not too much overpowered by bashfulness to remain on the field, waiting for applause and thanks. She had wit enough to see that she was appreciated beyond what she had merited. However, just then, every one was too busy with rejoicing and hopes of plunder, to notice her, whom they considered the victress of the day.

As, weary and disappointed, she was about to return to Grimm, the same colonel who had directed the milk-girl's efforts, rode up to her, hot, and ready to drop off his horse with fatigue.

"My girl—quick—your apron—give to me. Not a word—off with it—that's right—now, your name—Johanna—Johanna what? Stragglers, fall back!"

And thereupon, one of the stragglers, who could not comprehend what that grand, terrible, fierce soldier could want with her apron, now half dirty, stained with blood and the moisture of her weary brow, fell back at the word of command, and presently, changing her mind about Grimm, she slowly followed in the rear of the army, who acknowledged her as its preserver, and who by this time had hoisted her apron in front of the troops, as an ensign and emblem of how a great victory had been won.

Arrived at Luneberg, our milk-maid—who, as yet, knew not she might place the adjective fortunate before her name—went at once to the house of her mother, who (a poor widow) gained hard bread and little enough salt by charing and washing. She feared, perhaps, to return to Grimm, where heroism was likely to kick the beam when weighed against the loss of sundry pails of milk, wasted or seized by thirsty fellows as lawful spoil, and for which she had not the means of paying. She claimed the shelter of the maternal roof, and related her adventure to her mother, not without many reproaches on the part of that virtuous matron, for interfering amongst a parcel of rapscallion soldiers, who ate, drank, and devoured that night at the expense of Luneberg.

But Johanna's triumph rose next day with the sun. The King of Prussia took possession of the city, and the first act of royalty, was to make a proclamation for the owner of the White Apron, who was by no means backward in creeping forth from her obscurity.

That night a grand banquet was held at the Schloss Luneberg, and Johanna sat at the monarch's right hand. Robust and florid as she was, no belle attracted such universal notice or admiration as this fortunate milk-maid. Her glowing hair was called golden, her ruddy cheeks blooming, and her form was admired for its strength, if it was not exactly extolled for grace. Success is your true beautifier—the elixir which bestows youth and beauty, and which fails in its effect only when the sun of Fortune sets. The girdle of Good Luck once thrown round the thickest waist, it becomes to every beholder as slender as Venus's own, and those whom the blind goddess has mystified by the bandage of her own eyes, are, at any time, ready to swear black is white, or, as in Johanna's case, red is yellow. And amidst all this, Caroline's name was not heard.

One heart at least was captivated by this heroine in spite of herself. The big Prussian colonel must have his fancy captivated by this close approximation to the heroic maid of his heated brain. Among the toasts drank to Johanna Stegen, his response was the loudest, his praise the most broadly expressed.

But—every medal has its reverse sides—what a pity! In the midst of all these rejoicings, and just as great things were in contemplation for Johanna, who seems to have been regarded as a second Joan of Arc, just when one may suppose the Prussian colonel was beginning to find leisure to prosecute his romantic suit—Lo! the French returned and retook Luneberg. Dire event! which the poor Lunebergers deplored, and which was positive ruin to our heroine, whose temporary elevation had served to point her out as a mark for the vengeance of the infuriated French soldiery. Johanna, thrown down from her lofty pedestal, was, metaphorically speaking, obliged to grovel in the mud, and literally, might have been trampled to death, except for hiding herself, which she did for many days, in a dark, dismal cellar, indebted for sustenance solely to the good offices of neighbors, and to Caroline, who brought her in milk from Grimm, and who, unnoticed and unrewarded, was no doubt much happier than the heroine cowering in her dismal cellar, expecting death—or worse.

But this terrible condition, which lasted many bitter days, was terminated at length by the report of a large body of Prussians advancing on Luneberg; and now, as the French at last evacuated Luneberg, our heroine once more emerged from her obscurity, and threw herself at the king's feet.

Her sorrows ended here. Her merits were at once recognized; she was patronized by some of the female connections of her Prussian admirer. Following the army subsequently into Prussia, she was at once placed on the full-pay of a colonel, and sent to a pension to be educated for her future rank in life—a Prussian nobleman's spouse. Henceforth the life of Johanna Stegen became one of uninterrupted prosperity. At the close of the war she married the man, whose peremptory orders were in reality the cause of her being famous. History tells us no more of her. Did education refine her? Did she ever think of Caroline Burger, in the latter's obscurity, or aid the comrade who shared her peril, but not her good fortune? It is believed not. She whom we have called Caroline lived and died, obscure and humble, perhaps not less happy; even her real name was not known by the old inhabitants of the Schloss Luneberg, from whose lips this little narrative was gathered years ago, and who could boast of having both seen and spoken to, the famous heroine of Luneberg, Johanna Stegen, by no means the first, nor in all likelihood the last, to whom fortune has called in a fit of caprice, and loaded with unmerited favors.

BETWEEN OURSELVES!

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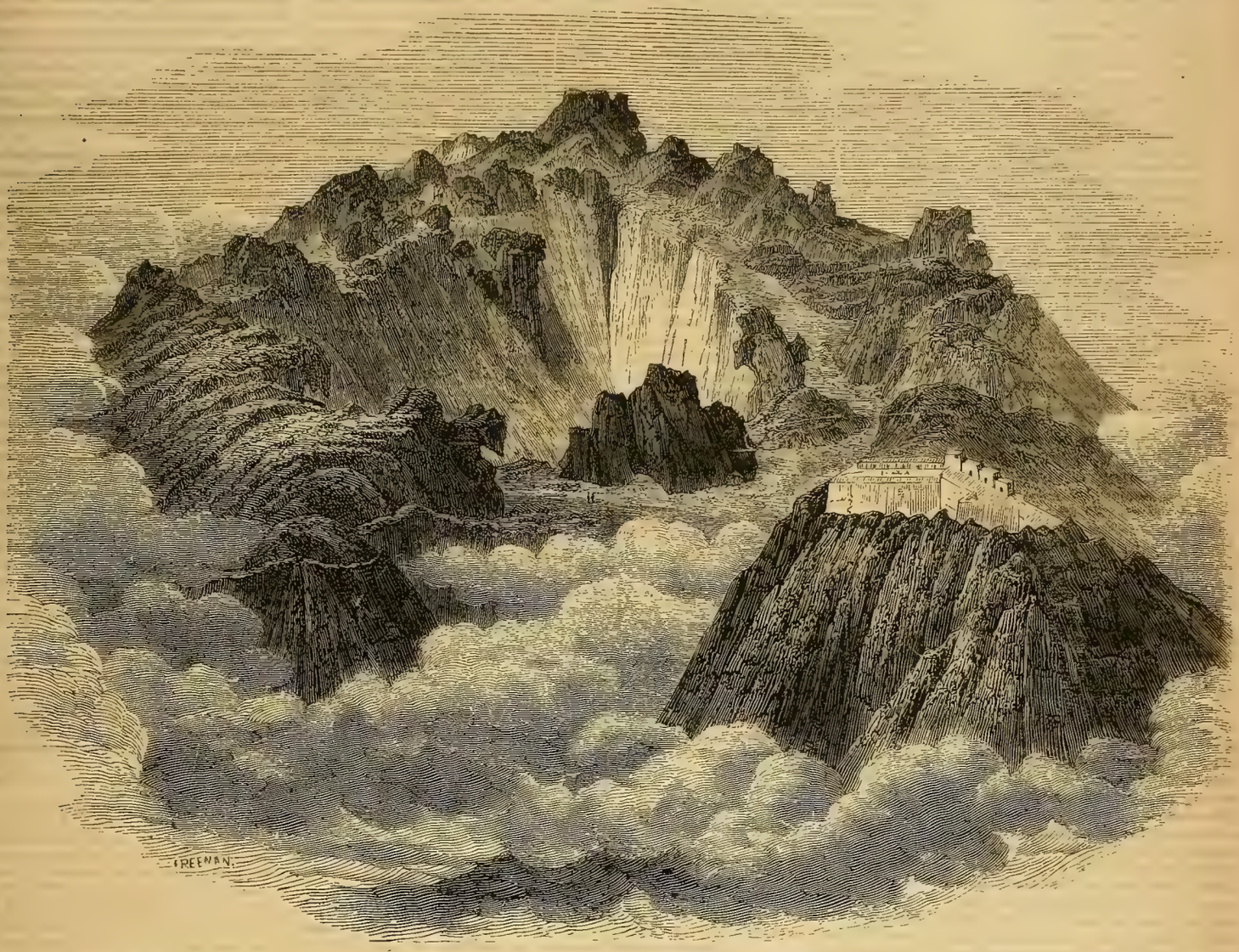
22 Winter Street, Boston.

GROUPING OF VOLCANOES.

Even more than the form and height of volcanoes is their grouping, because it leads us to the great geological phenomenon of *elevation over fissures*. Such group of volcanoes, whether they have been elevated according to Leopold von Buch, in lines, or crust in which (whether it may have been from the lesser thickness of the rocky strata, or from their nature, or from their original fissuring) the tendency of the molten interior to break forth has met with least resistance. Three degrees of latitude are included in the space in which the volcanic activity manifests itself fearfully, in Etna, in the Æolian Isles, in Vesuvius, and the Phlegræan Fields from Puteoli (Dicæarchia) to Cumæ and to the fire vomiting Epopeus on Ischia, the Tyrrhenian Ape's Island, Ænaria. Such a connection of analogous phenomena could not escape the notice of the Greeks. Strabo says, "The whole sea, beginning from Cumæ to Sicily, is traversed by fire, and has undoubtedly in its depths hollow passages communicating with each other and with the mainland. Such an inflammable nature as is described by all shows itself not only in Etna, but also in the country around Dicæarchus and Neopolis, and around Baiæ and Pithunsæ." Thence arose the fable that Typhon lies under Sicily, and that when he turns himself, flames and water burst forth, and sometimes even small islands and boiling water. "Often, between Strongyle and Lipara (in this wide sweep), flames are seen to issue from the surface of the sea, when the fire opens for itself a passage from the cavities in the depths, and violently forces its onward way." In Pindar the body of Typhon is so vast, that "Sicily, and the sea surrounded heights above Cumæ (Phlegra, the 'field of burning'), lie on the monstor's shaggy breast." Typhon (the raging Enceladus) became in the Greek popular phantasy the mystic designation of the unknown cause of volcanic phenomena, lying deeply buried in the bosom of the earth. By the situation and space assigned to his bulk, they indicated the boundaries and connected action of the particular volcanic system. In the richly imaginative geological picture of the interior of the earth, in Plato's grand contemplation of nature, in the Phædo, this connected system is, with still greater boldness, extended to all volcanic systems. In it the lava streams draw their supplies from the Pyriphlegethon, where, "after it has often rolled round and beneath the earth," it pours itself into the Tartarus. Plato says expressly that in the fire-vomiting mountains, where such are found on the earth, small portions of the Pyriphlegethon are blown out. The expression, "driven out with violence," may be understood to refer to the motive force of the previously enclosed and suddenly and forcibly escaping wind, on which subsequently Aristotle, in his "Meteorology," founded his whole theory of volcanic action.—*Von Humboldt's Cosmos.*

PLATINUM.

The heaviest and the lightest substances with which we are acquainted possess the properties which chemists recognize as metallic. The lightest substance known is hydrogen, and, although a gas, is yet presumed, with good reason, to be a volatile metal. Platinum is remarkable as being the heaviest of all the elements which constitute the world. If we take a certain bulk of lead weighing one pound, and the same bulk of platinum, we shall find that the latter weighs more than one pound and three-quarters. It is now about one hundred years since Europeans became acquainted with platinum through Mr. Wood, Assay-Master, of Jamaica. The sandy beds of the rivers have their rise in that portion of the Andes which separates the Atlantic (near the Caribbean Sea) from the Pacific Ocean, yield gold, silver, platinum, and other metals. Near Carthagena, a city of South America, in the republic of New Granada, is a famous mine called Santa Fe. From this place most of the platinum of commerce is procured, but it is also found in the Brazils, Mexico, St. Domingo, and on the eastern declivity of the Ural Mountains in Russia. It is also found in Borneo, and will probably be discovered in Australia, if proper search be made for it. By some extraordinary process, the laboratorian chemists can liquify this metal, but it cannot be melted by the strongest blast furnace, nor by any of the appliances in ordinary use by metal workers; hence it is said to be infusible; and did it not possess the property called welding, that of uniting or adhering together when squeezed or hammered at a white heat, it would be almost useless. As, however, it can be welded, various useful vessels are made of it; and thus we find it has qualities peculiar to itself. No single acid will dissolve it; hence its very refractory nature renders it invaluable to philosophers. In a platinum crucible they can submit other substances to experiment either with fire or chemicals, without any fear of modification from the containing vessel. Magic, according to the lexicographers, is "the secret workings of natural powers." Such being the case, platinum is truly magical, for it possesses a property or power the secret of which we are unable to define, which singular quality has been brought into practical use by the manufacturing perfumers. At several of the perfumery factors' warehouses may be seen what they call the "Philosophical Incense Lamp," which is a marvellous realization of Aladdin's wonderful lamp, so graphically described in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." This lamp once ignited, will never go out unless purposely extinguished, provided, of course, that there be material to consume. The property is due to a little platinum ball placed in the wick, which once being made red-hot with the flame, will remain incandescent to the end of time. It is this property which is a still unexplained secret of nature. The incense lamps are trimmed with sweet smelling spirit, and the red-hot platinum causes this to evaporate, thus perpetually flinging fragrance around. Some few years ago platinum was used in Russia as money, and stamped as coin of the realm. Why it was abandoned, we are unable to learn. Should there be any further scarcity of gold or silver, it is probable that platinum will again be used as a medium of exchange. If a stream of water passing steadily through a pipe of a certain size were suddenly caused to flow through another pipe joined to it of half the size, nothing more would be noticed than that the water in the smaller pipe would flow with increased velocity; but if a current of electricity, while passing along a copper wire, be made to pass over a smaller one, or link of platinum wire, then a marvellous effect takes place—the platinum becomes red-hot! In this way, for igniting gunpowder at a distance, and blasting rocks, engineers find platinum of the greatest service.—*London Mining Journal.*



THE GREAT CRATER OF THE FUDSI JAMMA, JAPAN.

THE CRATER OF FUDSI JAMMA, JAPAN.

That the mountain scenery of Japan is of the most striking and romantic character, is shown by the faithful representation herewith published of one of its celebrated localities. The drawing was made upon the spot, and, singular as its features are, the picture is a rigid transcript from nature. The mountain of Fudsi Jamma is situated in the island of Niphon, west of the bay of Yedo, and in the vicinity of the bay of Tomina. The height of this remarkable peak is between eleven and twelve thousand feet. The snow seldom melts on the summit, though it is probable such was not the case when this volcano was in an active state. It appears certain that Fudsi Jamma is now extinct as a volcano, there being no recent eruptions, and nothing in the present appearance indicative of such. The volcano of Fudsi Jamma is said to have been created three hundred years before Christ, upon the occasion of an immense land slide, by which was created the great lake of Mitsu. At this time it is related that the great mountain of Fudsi was forced from the surface to its present height. Of this we may reasonably entertain doubt, since Japan is generally a mountainous and hilly country, and the northern part of Niphon is traversed by a chain of mountains with several elevated peaks, some of which are volcanic either in an active or extinct state. It would appear more probable that the Fudsi previously formed one among the chain of mountains by which it is surrounded, that its eruption formed the lake in question, which also changed the character of its peak to such an extent as to give it the name and origin of a new mountain. In the year 800, A. D., this volcano was described as the largest and most active in Japan. The year previously an eruption occurred that lasted 34 days, and is said to have been of the most terrible nature. In the years 836 and 864, A. D., further eruptions occurred, more violent than any preceding ones. These latter eruptions were accompanied by earthquakes, and by the most frightful thunder. The flames rose high from all parts of the mountain, which was on fire for ten days, until at length the lower part of the mountain burst with a most tremendous explosion. The results were truly terrific; the lava ran to a distance of nearly five leagues, while the devastation extended over an area of more than thirty leagues. In the year 1707, a severe earthquake was again felt, and two eruptions took place from the crater of Fudsi. Flames burst forth to an enormous height, immense masses of rocks and stones were hurled upwards in a continuous cascade, and cinders flew at the distance of ten leagues. An interval of two days elapsed between the first and second eruptions, the last of which occupied two days. The neighboring plain, and surrounding country, were covered with large masses of rock, ashes, and sand reddened by heat. The ashes were driven to a great distance, and fell to a depth of several inches in the city of Jeddo.

Religion is not the straight-jacket system of the Pharisee, nor the semi-sensualism of the liberalist, but "denying ourselves of all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and also by living soberly, righteously and godly," "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation"—the sweetest and most precious enjoyment of religion being the results of tribulation, and the fruits of self-denial.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHILDREN OF NATURE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN PITTS.

[Three miles easterly from the village of Lewiston, N. Y., crowning a bold and picturesque ridge, is the house of worship of the remnant of the once powerful Tuscarora tribe of Indians; and around this, at unequal distances, are scattered the wigwams which compose the last village of the race. Every view of the landscapes which surround this remarkable spot is beautiful and picturesque in the highest degree; and especially does the eye of the beholder turn admiringly towards the magnificent forest at the north, beyond which is seen the blue surface of Lake Ontario for a stretch of an hundred miles, dotted here and there with sails and steamers, and plainly exhibiting the Canadian shore, full fifty miles distant. And here, in this unpretentious structure, surrounded by some of the most sublime of Nature's works, the Tuscaroras, true "children of nature," assemble each Sabbath to receive the ministrations of their missionary. The services are conducted in the native Indian tongue, and, altogether, the scene is one of a deeply impressive character.]

God of the Red and White,
Great Spirit of the sky,
Whose lurid lightnings fill the night,
Before whose wrath we fly,—
O, hear the prayer we speed to thee,
Regard our piteous cry!

The patriarchs of our race,
Our holy men of yore,
Within their hearts to thee gave place,
As theirs had done before,
And here, to-day, with trembling lips,
We bow the knee once more!

Far from our ancient home,*
Our ancient council-fire,
Poor, wandering, desolate we come,
Before destruction dire;
O, save us from the conqueror's brand,
And from the conqueror's ire!

Like to the withered leaf
Before the wintry blast,
We left our fathers' graves in grief,
Forlorn, despised, outcast,
And soon the stars shall gaze upon,
Of all our tribe, the last!

But here with joy we meet,
This smiling Sabbath morn,
When summer skies in beauty greet
Our fervent prayers, heart-born;
While prayer and praise shall evermore
Those willing hearts adorn.

Then, God of Red and White,
Great Spirit of the sky,
Whose lurid lightnings fill the night,
Before whose wrath we fly,—
O, hear the prayer we raise to thee,
Regard our piteous cry!

* Before their final flight to the North, the Tuscaroras, in conjunction with the Yemassees, were the most powerful Indians in the Carolinas. Both were conquered and expelled by Governor Craven, in 1713.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WHITE LADY OF MUCKROSS.

A Romantic Legend of the West of Ireland.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

A FEW years since, a traveller in search of pleasure, who was passing a few days amidst the beautiful and romantic scenery in the environs of the Lake of Killarney, in the west of Ireland, while wandering one day in the valleys which intersect the mountains in every direction, became so completely engrossed by the ever-changing prospect as he emerged from the shadow of one mountain pass only to find himself at the entrance of another, that darkness surprised him before he was aware of it. Anxious to reach his hotel by a short cut across the mountains, he soon found that he had lost his way. The night was very dark, and he was aware that under such circumstances travelling on foot was very dangerous, on account of the numerous tracts of bog-land from which, if the incautious wayfarer should wander unawares, he would soon find himself unable to extricate himself, as, in many instances, these bogs are ten or twelve feet in depth, and of so soft a nature as to be unable to bear the weight of a man's body. Indeed, instances are of by no means rare occurrence of unfortunate wayfaring strangers perishing in these morasses, their bodies having been subsequently dug up by the bog-cutters from far beneath the surface, and though the nature of the soil is such that it preserves animal substances from decomposition, so that it is scarcely possible to affirm how long they have been buried, it has frequently been discovered at a subsequent period, that these bodies were those of unfortunates who had been missing for years. The more the traveller sought to find the right path, the more deeply he found himself involved in difficulty, while to increase the discomforts of his position, it was evident that one of those storms which so frequently burst with fury over the mountain districts of Connaught, was rapidly brewing. Finding himself in this dilemma, the traveller thought the wisest plan, especially as the weather was warm, to look around him for such a shelter as nature afforded, and to wrap himself in his cloak, lie down and wait for daylight. An overhanging rock a short distance from him, promised him a partial shelter from the threatened storm, and he bent his steps towards it. To reach it he had to ascend an eminence, and when he arrived at the spot, he perceived, but a few hundred yards distant, the faint red glimmer of a light, which evidently proceeded from a fire. Not doubting that it proceeded from the hovel of some woodcutter or swineherd, he resolved to approach it and seek the hospitality of its owners, which he had no doubt would, according to the custom of the country, be readily accorded. Besides, he began to feel hungry, and he thought that a meal, even of potatoes and buttermilk, eaten within the walls of a habitation, however rude, would be preferable to a midnight hungry bivouac in the open air.

Descending from the eminence he lost sight of the light, but he had noted its bearings, and a short walk brought him to the door of a rude stone hut, so concealed behind forest trees and so sheltered beneath an overhanging cliff, that had he not seen the light from the hill side, he might have passed within a few rods of it without perceiving it. He knocked at the rude, unpainted door, and was immediately saluted by the loud barking of a dog, which was quickly silenced by the rough voice of a man, who cried, "Whisht, Nero, ye baste; would ye be afther bethrayin' us?"

A dull sound, apparently a kick from the man's boot, sent the beast yelping to its corner, and then all was silent. No one came to the door, but the traveller, placing his ear to a crevice in the panels, fancied he heard a noise like that occasioned by moving furniture inside. He went to the window, but something had been placed against it so that the light was only visible through the chinks of the shutters. A mournful gust of wind, accompanied by a few drops of rain, the precursor of the forthcoming storm, admonished him of the necessity of gaining admittance, if possible, and he again applied his cudgel to the door, which, after a short interval, was opened by an aged female, who gazed upon him with a half-frightened air, and seemed doubtful whether or not to admit him.

It was no time for ceremony, the rain was now falling fast, the wind howled mournfully among the branches of the trees and through the mountain passes, a blinding flash of lightning illumined the atmosphere, and a peal of thunder immediately followed, reverberating among the mountains and echoed and re-echoed till it died away in the distance.

"God save all here," said the stranger, stepping past the woman and entering the hut. "I have come to seek shelter from the storm, and if you will allow me, to remain till daylight. I have lost my way and I am afraid to venture among the bogs in the darkness."

"Who and what may ye be, sir?" said the woman, who had been scrutinizing the traveller's dress and appearance apparently with a satisfied result, for the expression of alarm which had rested upon her features, had almost entirely disappeared.

"I am a traveller for pleasure, and I have been stopping at the hotel near Lake Killarney for several days; to day I wandered about among the mountains until I lost myself and darkness came upon me unawares."

"Sure ye are welcome," said the old woman. "God forbid we should refuse welcome to the sthranger, or the bit bite and sup while we have it to offer; but you'll excuse me, sir, I thought at first, maybe ye was one of the 'peelers'* who had come down upon us."

The traveller was at no loss to discover the cause of the woman's alarm, for a stifling spirituous odor prevailed in the cabin, and a number of kettles and pans thrown hurriedly into a corner and only partially concealed by a heap of straw, explained the noise he had heard, and the fact that he had surprised the inmates while they were engaged in the illicit manufacture of whiskey, a trade which he was well aware was carried on to an enormous extent by the mountain peasantry, greatly to the loss of the revenue.

"Sure," continued the old woman, "a gentleman like you will niver be so mane as to inform upon poor crayters who are sthriving to yarn an honest penny?"

The traveller had his doubts as to the honesty of the practice, but, as the old woman said, he was no informer, besides, he felt that he was in the power of he knew not how many lawless men, whose hospitality he was about to accept, so he quickly assured the old dame that it was nothing to him how the family occupied themselves, and certainly he was not so base as to endeavor to bring trouble upon those who had given him shelter in the hour of need.

This assurance seemed perfectly to satisfy his hostess, who hastened to call the other inmates of the hut, who had concealed themselves on the traveller's appearance. The next moment a middle-aged man and woman, a lad of eighteen, and a good-looking girl of sixteen or seventeen, made their appearance on the floor of the hut as mysteriously as if they had sprung up from the earth, for the stranger had not observed them enter until they all stood before him and gave him a hearty but rough welcome.

The man and boy, though not ill-looking, presented a wild, half-savage aspect, and the traveller acknowledged to himself that he would not have chosen to have met either of them in a lonely spot among the mountains, but he knew enough of the Irish character to satisfy himself that they having once granted him the hospitality of their rude abode, he was perfectly safe, even if his pockets had been loaded with gold.

He thanked them courteously and responded to the request of the eldest of the two females, that he would join them in their evening meal, by saying that his long walk had made him hungry, and he should be very happy to do so.

"We'll put aside the still for the night, since the sthranger gintleman is with us," said the man, "and Bridget, jewel, ye'll get the supper ready as soon as convaynient. An', maybe, sir," addressing the stranger, "ye'll not object to a taste ov usquebaugh to kape the cowld from your stomach while the womanfolk are gettin' the praties ready?"

The whiskey, steaming from the still, was produced in an earthen jug and drunk from tin pannikins, which the middle-aged female placed upon the rude bench which did duty for a table. Both the man and the lad swallowed a large quantity of the fiery spirit, undiluted, without the slightest grimace, but the traveller mixed his portion with water and then found it sufficiently strong, though by no means of an unpleasant flavor.

"Sure there's not a dhrop o' whiskey that pays duty to Queen Victoria that's got the thrue flavor like that same," said the man, appealing to the stranger, as he set down on the table his tin cup and smacked his lips, after having swallowed the fiery draught.

The traveller, whether from policy or conviction, perhaps from both, assented, and the man seemed gratified and pleased with the taste of his guest. The supper was now ready and the traveller was invited to seat himself upon the only stool the cabin boasted, the rest seating themselves on the bare earthen floor; a cauldron of hot steaming potatoes was emptied into a huge wicker basket placed in their midst, and a fresh jug of whiskey and another of buttermilk were produced and partaken of by the company, according to the inclination of each, *ad libitum*. The meal finished, the stranger was asked if he would like to retire to rest, and as he replied in the affirmative, the only bed in the cabin, which stood in the dark room separated from the main apartment by a boarded partition which did not reach to the smoke-blackened rafters which supported the roof, was offered him, but he declined accepting it for more reasons than one, and preferred to take up his quarters for the night upon a heap of clean straw which was spread upon the floor of the principal apartment, and shared by the two male members of the family, the three females jointly occupying the bed.

The storm by this time had subsided and the moonbeams shone bright and clear through the aperture which served for a window. The man and boy, by their energetic snoring, soon gave evidence that they were both sound asleep, and the traveller, wearied by the adventures of the day, soon followed their example.

It was, as he supposed, past the hour of midnight, though as he had left his watch at the hotel, he had no means of ascertaining, when he was awakened from his slumbers by the sound of bagpipes and fiddles, and a noise like the tramp of a procession passing along a road. At first he thought he was dreaming, for such sounds were little likely to be heard amid the dark mountain solitude in which the hovel was situated. To satisfy himself, he sat up on his bed of straw and looked around him. The moon had risen to its height, and the interior of the cabin was almost as light as day. Beside him were the sleepers, breathing heavily and lying motionless in their deep slumbers; everything in the rude, smoke-blackened apartment was as he had noticed when he lay down to sleep. He was awake, surely. Still he heard the wild notes of the music, now seemingly close to the cabin, now far distant among the mountains and in the ravines. Then it appeared to approach nearer again, still nearer—and he distinctly heard the shuffling of feet, as if those taking part in the procession were dancing instead of walking along, and yet the music sounded unearthly, but that, he thought, was occasioned by the hour of the night in which it was heard, and its unexpected visit to such a place. The traveller's curiosity was awakened to the utmost. He wondered that neither his host nor any of his family heard it, and unwilling to disturb them, yet determined to learn the cause of the unwonted revelry, or at least to discover whence it proceeded, he arose softly, and stepping lightly to the door, which was unbarred, opened it and stepped out on to the moor.

He could perceive nothing of the musicians, but the music sounded more loudly, and following the sound until he came to a comparatively open and level space, he saw at a short distance from him a procession of men and women led by fiddlers and bagpipers, passing rapidly before him not more than a hundred yards from where he stood. The females were clad in white and the men wore ribbons in their hats, and carried flags and banners, on which appeared to be wrought various fanciful or heraldric devices. Two figures, a male and a female, were mounted on small ponies, which were decorated with ribbons and led by boys clad in white garments. The instruments of the musicians who played lively tunes, were also ornamented with gay-colored streamers, and occasionally those who formed the procession united their voices to the sound of the music, and the effect heard at night amid the solitude of the dark mountains, which re-echoed the sound and appeared to increase the volume of the music, was sweet and impressive beyond conception. The procession numbered some hundred persons, and those who walked first, to the number of thirty, males and females, were evidently above the condition of the rest, who wore the customary habiliments of the peasantry of the district, although somewhat antiquated; but what seemed to strike the traveller as somewhat singular, was that, notwithstanding he heard the shuffling of feet, the party seemed to glide over the earth rather than walk.

Determined, if possible, to learn the cause of the procession at this strange time of the night for such a gathering, the traveller approached nearer, but he could not approach nearer than a certain distance. After that, if he increased his pace, so did they. If he slackened his speed, theirs was slackened also.

Forgetting aught else in his curiosity, the traveller followed them over ground that he did not recollect to have traversed during his day's peregrinations, until they led him to a ruined castle, through the gateway of which they passed and disappeared. The traveller followed, but when he reached the gateway, he saw nothing but a ruined archway, which he now recollected he had passed on his way to the hotel, some days before; beyond the archway there was nothing to be seen but the mountains and forests and a sheet of clear water, in which the moon and stars were briefly reflected, and which he judged was a portion of Lake Killarny. He saw nothing more of the procession. The music was silent, and nothing was heard but the moaning of the wind as it passed through the loopholes in the ruined arch, and the occasional elfin screech of an owl frightened from its roosting place among the ruins by the appearance of the traveller, who now began to feel extremely uncomfortable and to wish himself back again in the rude hovel where, at any rate, he would have living beings for his companions, for, though he had always hitherto laughed at ghost stories, he could not doubt now that there was something supernatural in the sight he had witnessed; besides it was by no means pleasant, immediately after this strange adventure, to find himself alone, in the dead of night, far from any human habitation, for he was satisfied that he must have walked at least two miles since he had left the cabin. Turning to retrace his steps, he discovered to his consternation, that he had no recollection whatever of the

* *Peelers*, the Irish constabulary, a force instituted by Sir Robert Peel, hence the name.

ground over which he had passed—his mind had been so occupied by the sight he had witnessed. However, he resolved to trust to chance and walk in a direction which he thought would be the most likely to bring him back to the hut.

He had not advanced many steps when he heard sounds of revelry, and looking back he saw that the ruins he had just left were brilliantly illuminated.

From this direction, the sounds of revelry proceeded; but being now filled with vague feelings of alarm, he stopped not to listen, but hastened on along the path he had chosen. He had not proceeded far when the sounds of revelry which had lately filled his ears were suddenly changed to lamentations, and sounds of moaning. Dismal shrieks were heard, as of females in distress, and shouts of men, and the clash of steel weapons.

Again he looked back, and to his astonishment and dismay, he perceived that the brilliant lights which had shone from the turrets and windows of the ruined castle, had changed to a blood red color, and while he still gazed they were extinguished altogether.

Turning about again, the traveller redoubled his speed, but he had not advanced far when he heard a noise behind him. He looked back for the third time, and to his further dismay, saw the late revellers flying from the ruins in disorder, and approaching rapidly toward him.

He turned aside and concealed himself behind a large stone on the mountain side, in the hope that the flying procession would pass by, so that he could proceed on his way back to the cabin, alone; for much as he would have given at that moment for a living companion, he had no fancy for such ghostly company.

On it came, but now there was no sound of joyous music. The pipers and fiddlers played a doleful funeral march, and the females accompanied it with dismal croanings, intermingled with shrieks and other sounds of woe. It passed the spot where he lay concealed, and when it had proceeded a short distance beyond, he was irresistibly led to follow it. Fearful, however, of being observed if he ventured too near, he suddenly stopped, when the procession stopped also. He was about to return to his hiding place, when the leaders of the procession turned about, glided rather than marched to the rear, and advanced toward him. He stopped, and they stopped also. Mustering up all his fast oozing courage, he advanced a few paces, when they immediately receded.

There was nothing for him, apparently, but to follow at a short distance behind, as he had done before, and marching thus for half an hour, the pipers and fiddlers still playing their mournful strains, and the women still uttering doleful screams and cries of distress, while the males of the party marched in moody silence, he found himself opposite the cabin he had left.

He sprang toward it and opened the door. The inmates were still soundly sleeping. Everything was still as he had left it—the vacant space on the straw, from which he had risen, still unfilled.

Before he returned to it, he glanced out the unglazed window of the hut, but he saw nothing but the waving trees and the wide sweep of moorland, bounded by the mountains above which the moon was still brightly shining, although a glimmering of light in the eastern sky announced the near approach of day.

He laid himself down, and notwithstanding his strange adventure, the midnight tramp over hill and valley had so wearied him that he soon slept.

When he again awoke it was broad day. The people of the hovel were already astir. The women were preparing the humble breakfast of the family, and the men were getting things in readiness for their day's labor.

As soon as they perceived that their guest had risen, they invited him to partake of a dram of whiskey, which offer, however, he declined. He recollected every circumstance of his midnight walk. The minutest incident was vividly impressed upon his mind, and yet the whole affair seemed to be so ridiculously improbable, that he could not bring himself to believe it was anything else than a vivid dream. But when he was about to put on his boots, which he had taken off before he lay down on his straw bed, he perceived that the upper leathers were covered with mud, and that mud adhered thickly to the soles!

Now on his first arrival at the hut, they were unsoiled, as he had wandered all day amongst the grass perfectly freed from damp by the summer sun, and he recollected that while near the ruined arch, his feet had almost stuck fast in the damp, loamy soil, and that he had walked over it for some distance. Here was proof corroborative that he had been abroad during the night—at least, and at the risk of being laughed at, he determined to relate the circumstances to his host, though he was certainly surprised that he and his family could have slept so soundly, if the sound of music had really been heard by himself.

To his astonishment, his host and hostess, as well as the old woman and the young people, listened with grave attention to his narration, and when he had concluded, the man said:

"Shure, the gintleman has seen the White Lady of Castle Muckross. 'Tis well for ye, sir. 'Tis a warning to the sthranger. May I make so bould as to ask ye if ye have to cross the water afore long?"

"Not that I am aware of, my friend," replied the traveller; "unless I should join a pleasure party on the lake, or something of that sort."

"Then take my advice, and don't ye jine any party, nor go on the water at all, unless after ye've been asked and have refused, and some throuble has come to them that asked ye. Thin ye'll be safe to go where you will, but not before."

The traveller's curiosity was stimulated. "That I left the cabin last night," he said, "is certain, for my boots bear me witness; but if, as it seems to me, I heard music and saw a procession, it is singular that all others in the hut slept soundly."

"There's not the shaddy ov a doubt ye heern music and followed the bridal procession of the Lady of Clonmel," replied the man. "Shure, none but sthrangers sees and hears it, and they can't help but follow. It does n't appear to us who live in the neighborhood."

The simple breakfast was now ready, and the family sat down to the meal. The traveller expressed a wish to hear the history of the White Lady, and as he was in haste to return to his hotel, the host promised to accompany him a part of the way and set him in the right path, and on the way to relate the legend.

Breakfast over, he rose to depart, first having offered money to his hostess, which the good woman proudly refused. "Shure," she said, "we'd not be taking pay from the sthranger, who comes to us in distress. Ye're heartily welcome to what little ye've had, and I wish it was more with all my heart, but all we ask is that ye'll say no more of what ye've seen ov the still, so as to set the gauger upon us, and good luck go with you on your journey."

The traveller promised inviolable secrecy, and having bidden farewell to his kind hostess and the rest of the family, he set forth, accompanied by his host, for his hotel, which he was informed was nearly ten miles distant—so far had he rambled from home on the previous day.

As soon as they left the cabin, the host thus commenced:

"Ye must know, sir, that in the good ould times, whin every province in Ireland had a king ov its own, and the great lords lived in their castles, with hosts of knights and squires, and retainers, and such a thing as poverty and distress was unknown in the land, there lived in Clonmel, in Tipperary, where he had a great castle, and heaps of servants, a great lord named O'Moore, who had one child, a beautiful daughter, who, because she would one day own all her father's lands, but more because she was so beautiful and so good that the likes ov her for good looks and purty manners, ginerosity to the poor and distressed, was never seen afore or since, had lots of lovers seeking to gain her hand. But though she was kind in her manner to everybody, she loved none of the young lords well enough to be his wife, until at last the young Lord of Muckross, who had been long absent in forrin parts, came home and made up to her. Well, sir, afther courting each other for a long time, the Lord of Muckross asked the Lord of Clonmel to give him his daughter for a wife, and the ould Lord of Clonmel knowin' nothin' agin the young man, and much in his favor and how he owned the castle and all the land hereabouts, consinted, and promised to give his daughter hapes of money—gould and silver—besides, and it was settled that when the young Lord of Muckross should return from forrin parts agin—seeing he was obliged to go there for awhile, being high in favor with the French king—he was to take the young lady home to his castle.

"Now there was a wicked young lord who came from the north, that they called the Baron of Derry—who had long courted the Lady of Clonmel to no purpose, for she know'd all his evil coorses, and wouldn't so much as look at him, and when he heerd that the young Lord of Muckross was a goin' to carry away the lady, he flew into a terrible rage, and swore he'd be revenged on her, and that she should die before she should become Lady Muckross. But he only told this to his own folks, and purtinded to be very much grieved because the lady wouldn't look at him, and went home and shut himself up in his castle in the north.

"Now the ould Lord of Clonmel was suddenly called to go abroad, and being desirous of placing his daughter in safety while he was away, he sent her to a convent that stood near by my cabin, for he was sure no young lords would come a-courting her there, and there she was to stay either till the ould lord or the Lord of Muckross came from abroad to claim her.

"But, meanwhile, the Baron of Derry was planning all sorts of mischief in his castle in the north, for he could scheme anything that seemed as if it would serve his purpose, and at last he heerd that the young Lord of Muckross was coming home, and in his cruel passion, he swore that he would kill the young lady sooner than she should marry the young lord. So he hired a clerk to write a letter to the young lady, in the handwrite ov the lord of Muckross, to tell her that he would be at her father's castle on sich a day, and bring the praste with him to make them man and wife; and havin' done this he set out for Castle Muckross with a band of his own retainers, and unbeknown to anybody took possession of the castle, which was empty by reason ov the ould lord being gone away to forrin parts, and there he waited the young lady's arrival.

"Now the young lady was mighty pleased when she recaved the letther, telling her the young lord was coming home, and she tould the lady abbess ov the nunnery, and a grand procession with bagpipers and fiddlers was got up to conduct the bride to the castle, where she expected to find the young lord awaiting for her.

"She rode on a beautiful black pony, and a young nevey of the lady abbess' rode by her side, as you saw them last night, and a mighty fine procession they made ov it, with the music playing, and the maidens dressed all in white, singing, and their sweethearts a walking by their sides a courting of them as they walked along, till they came to the castle, which was all lit up till it looked like a fairy palace.

"Well, the young lady, followed by all her friends, and lots of her father's retainers, entered the castle, and there sure enough in the great hall stood the young Lord of Muckross, dressed up like a prince ready to receive his bride.

"When the lady clapped her two swate eyes on him, she gave a great cry of joy, and the music struck up, and the men folks shouted, and the ladies cried for joy, and there was mighty goings on. The young lady rushed into the young lord's arms, and the men shouted and the women cried, and the pipes and fiddles played, louder, and faster, and merrier than ever, but in a moment the young lady gave a loud shriek, and fell to the flure, and the people thought she had fainted, till they saw blood on her bosom, and that she was gasping for breath.

"The women crowded round her, and raised her up, but she was dead, and the people set up a great howl that might have been heard at Clonmel, and they turned to the Lord of Muckross to learn the reason of this outrage, but he had thrown off his disguise, and it was the Baron of Derry that stood before them, armed to the teeth, and with twenty of his followers, all armed with broadswords standing round him.

"'The Lord of Muckross shall not even have the dead body of his bride,' he cried, the sight of the lady's blood having made him mad with passion, and rushing with his followers upon the unarmed people, he tore the dead body of the beautiful lady from them, and cast it into the lake which lay near by, and then taking to his boats, he was crossing the lake to return home after doing this cruel deed, when it chanced that the young Lord of Muckross who had just returned from abroad, met him on the wather.

"He was struck with amazement to see the Baron of Derry, who he believed to be far away, coming from *his* castle, and he bade his men stop while he asked the reason—and in his hatred and pride, the baron up and tould him what he had done. The young lord's eyes flashed fire when he heerd the baron boast of the cruel murder, and he ordered his retainers to draw their swords, and a great battle was fought on the lake, and the baron and most of his retainers were killed, and their bodies thrown into the water.

"The young lord never lifted up his head after this; he retired to a monastery, and the castle of Muckross was allowed to fall to ruin.

"The procession that marched out so gay, returned to the convent, the pipers and fiddlers playing mournful laments for the dead, and the women wailing and shrieking, and the land around was cursed by the praste, and the convent removed to another part of the country.

"But for all that," continued the narrator, "it's a mighty fine place for a still, for nobody comes here after dark, and not often, even in broad daylight, though those who live here never see anything, but at certain seasons of the year the ghosts of the procession walk, with music playing, and flags flying, to the ruins of the castle, and back again, and any stranger who chances to be near hears the music, and sees the ghosts, and if he follows them to the ruins and back, it's a sure warning that some accident by wather is about to happen to him, unless he takes warning and waits till the danger is past, which is when he hears of some accident by wather, which he would have shared had it not been for the warning."

They had now reached the beaten track across the mountains to the hotel on the borders of the lake, and the narrator of this legend bade the traveller godspeed, and returned to his hut, after repeating his warning to the stranger to avoid the water if he valued his life.

The traveller reached the hotel in safety, and on the following day some of the guests of the hotel arranged a fishing party on the lake, and asked him to join them, knowing his fondness of the sport. Notwithstanding his disbelief in the story he had heard, he declined to accept the invitation, smiling at the same time at his own superstitious folly, and the party proceeded without him.

They had been about two hours on the lake, and had hoisted their sail to return to the hotel, well pleased with their sport, when a sudden gust of wind arose, the boat was capsized, and every one on board perished!

The traveller always disavowed his belief in the legend, yet he insisted in the presence of many of his friends—among others—the writer of this story—that he was awakened from his slumbers in the hut, by the sound of music, and he saw and followed the ghostly procession, as has been described. He was a gentleman of undoubted veracity, and it must be acknowledged, even by the most skeptical in such things, that the illusion—the warning—and the catastrophe form a series of singular coincidences.

As to the Lords of Muckross and Clonmel, the unhappy lady, and the cruel baron, it is impossible to say whether such persons ever existed, or if such a tragedy as we have recorded ever occurred; but the ruins of Muckross are still standing near the Lake of Killarny.

Cæsar "thought that he had done nothing while there remained anything for him to do."

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SCENE IN A TURKISH COFFEE-HOUSE.

INTERIOR OF A TURKISH CAFE.

The accompanying engraving is from a photograph, and delineates accurately a couple of smokers enjoying their habitual pipes in one of the humbler cafés of Constantinople. It is interesting to preserve these records of oriental manners, for they are fast passing away. Stamboul is not the Stamboul it was before the Crimean war. At that period the influx of Franks swept over it like a wave, leaving, as it receded, many traces of the invasion behind it. The great struggles of the first French empire had disseminated French notions in Constantinople, and the Crimean war deepened the impressions then made. Mourn for this, ye ulemas, imaums and muftis, who pray in the three hundred and forty-our mosques whose minarets and cupolas shine forth against a sky of spotless azure. Weep! for the triumph of the infidels is great! Soon will the houris of your harems walk the busy Bezestein unveiled, that the eyes of Frankish dogs may gloat upon their charms. Still, it will be long before the cafés are abandoned, or the pipe laid aside, for the use of both have become universal. In ordinary times the Constantinopolitan coffee-houses are very quiet places. Customers come and go like shadows, and when under the hospitable roof, sit, smoke and drink in silence. Sometimes they play at chess and draughts, games not forbidden by the Koran. So still is every person that swallows build their nests in the angles of the rafters and flit in and

CITY OF CORFU, AS SEEN FROM THE ISLAND OF VIDO.

out as if the place were deserted. The café is animated only at the epoch of the two Bairams and the Rhamazan. It is then transformed into a theatre, and itinerant musicians, dancers and the *meddahs or Khodjas* (professors) flock thither. The latter are much like the ancient troubadours. They frequent the best patronized coffee-houses, place themselves on a high platform, behind a little table, strike a sharp blow with a stick they hold in their hands, and the session begins. The meddah opens with a eulogy of the sultan, to whom he wishes all sorts of happiness. Then he tells stories like those of the Arabian Nights. What charms his audiences particularly, is the skill with which he imitates the gestures, movements and language of the fictitious characters. In the pauses of his romance, his assistant goes round collecting contributions. The Meddahs are generally tall, with expressive faces and fine voices. They sometimes possess great literary merit. They live moderately, and the contributions of a single session sometimes support them for a week. Only those who have heard and seen these professional story tellers can appreciate the great histrionic and dramatic power they possess. They are successful in working up their auditors to the highest pitch of excitement, and sustaining it to the close of their tale most skilfully.

branches of the inland scenery. Corfu is the capital of one of the Ionian islands of that name, which is separated from the Mediterranean by a narrow channel. The population is about 20,000. It has steam communication with Trieste, Athens, Gibraltar and England. It is distinguished in history for its successful repulse of the Turks in 1716. The island of Corfu is interesting in many points, and its scenery, as our engraving shows, is exceedingly striking and romantic. In the foreground of our picture will be noticed one of those curious craft with lateen sails, peculiar to the Mediterranean.

THE KERANCHIE.

The singular looking conveyance which we have engraved, may be termed the Hindoo's cab, or omnibus (for it picks up its fares as it proceeds on its journey). It is not of English but of Indian manufacture, through probably indebted to some European model for its form and structure. The high-boned, large-bodied ponies are harnessed to the bamboo pole by the simplest means: an old, worn-out *dotey*, which for the last five years has served as a turban, a cloak by day and a sheet by night, besides performing other offices too numerous to detail, is used for connecting the *tathoos* to the vehicle in the primitive

SOMETHING ABOUT LEPERS.

Only a few years ago, in the church at Quimperle, in Brittany, there still existed a ghastly evidence of the strength of the feeling with respect to lepers. It was that of a skeleton hand, suspended near the *benitier*. The legend ran thus:—A rich Cagot, who was, it would appear, less abject and submissive than the rest of his unfortunate race (with whom it had become second nature), had dared to love a peasant girl of pure Breton blood; she had even allowed him to suppose that his affection was returned. One day, after mass (for the Cagots are all pious Catholics), he followed the girl out, not daring, however, to join her. As she passed the *benitier* she touched the water with her fingers, and, forgetting the ban on her lover, made a sign to him to do the same. She paid dearly for her girlish fancy: he stepped forward, in lover-like haste to fulfil her wish; the instant after an old soldier, who had witnessed the desecration, as it was then considered, drew his sword, cut off the offending hand at the wrist, and hung it up dripping with red blood. This legend dates in the seventeenth century. They were only allowed to receive the host at certain times, and it was presented to them on the end of a wooden fork. There is a picture now existing in one little inn, in the

ket for the purpose of purchase, save on Monday, which was a day set apart for them. A Cagot was further compelled to have a piece of red or yellow cloth sewed conspicuously on the front part of his dress, or the foot of a duck or a goose suspended from his left shoulder. They were, of course, not permitted to reside within the walls of any city, or indeed, within a certain number of miles of it; and nothing more desolate or hopeless than a Cagot village could well be conceived. Neither were they allowed, after their joyless life was over, to rest in peace; the curse pursued them to the grave; further, fortunately, even Christians cannot follow their enemies. All Cagots were buried in a separate division, on the north side of a cemetery. In the Pays Basque, the hatred was carried even to a greater pitch than anywhere else. The Cagots originally had settled principally in Brittany, the Landes, the Pays Basque, and the valleys of the Basses and Hauts Pyrenees. One of the popes, as early as 1520, made some efforts in their behalf; for it is a singular fact, that these unfortunates had always been, and such of them as now exist are to this day, good and zealous Catholics, and devout and regular attendants of the mass. But the pope's exertions were at that period followed by a very little result. In the

THE KERANCHIE, OR KIDRAPORE OMNIBUS.

THE CITY OF CORFU, IONIAN ISLANDS.

The second engraving on the preceding page represents a panoramic view of the city of Corfu as seen from the fortified island of Vido, a little more than a mile distant. From Vido the best view of the city is undoubtedly to be obtained, affording a distant glimpse of the Bay of Castrades, while the eye at the same time rests upon the principal object in the sketch—the Citadel, Rock and Signal Station. The low range of buildings beneath are, severally, the line and artillery barracks, hospital, general's quarters, and saluting-battery. The Rock is a bold and well-fortified position. The high building to the right, lower down, is the Lord High Commissioner's Palace. The style of architecture is not elaborate. In the foreground is the sea-wall, of very antique design, leading round through the quaint market-place to the lower end of the town towards Fort Neuf. The tower near the centre of the picture is the Cathedral of Saint Spiridione. The smaller tower is one of the numerous chapels abounding in the city. Fort Neuf is an imposing fortress, consisting of an upper and lower barrack, the latter, little worthy of notice, being about one of the most inconvenient and confined quarters ever erected, and situated beneath the rugged rock, ascending which by a high flight of steps the Upper Bell Fort is reached. The view from the Bell Fort is splendid, embracing the distant land of Albania, the fine view of the island stretching towards Paxo, the high land adjoining Mount Saint Salvador, and various

mode, shown in the engraving. The driver is seated on a small perch in front, in a highly dangerous position; indeed, the whole turn-out, as it goes tearing through the dust, now staggering and swaying about on its immense springs and its waddling wheels to a degree really alarming, tacking here and there at the eccentric wills of the ponies, over which the driver has little control beyond urging them forward by the incessant application of his home-made whip,—all this sets the beholder wondering, first, that the whole affair does not turn over at once, or that it has not done so long before; and, secondly, that six sane men could be found willing thus so manifestly to risk their necks and limbs. English sailors at Calcutta, under the influence of their proverbial fondness for a ride, and the stimulative qualities of arrack, may be freqnently seen occupying the intensely awkward seats of those vehicles, noisily rejoicing in the excitement afforded by the perilous nature of their progress; indeed, Jack is accustomed to contemplate a ride in a keranchie as a stock item in his bill of fare for the novelties of a "day ashore." At Kidrapore, Alipore, and at some parts of the circular road, and other native portions of the city of Calcutta and its environs, keranchies may be seen in numbers, with their swarthy loads of perspiring Hindoos (one or more with a still greater deficiency of the bump of caution on the roof), preparing to start, or on their way, to their several destinations, usually within four or five miles of the metropolis. Queer things, these keranchies.

Basses Pyrenees, which is a rude representation of the scene, and the priest and the Cagot penitent are depicted in that position. They were only allowed to enter the church by a small side portal appropriated to them, and which was purposely built so low that they had to bend double before they could enter. Such an one is still to be seen at Luz, and another, also, did exist at Larroque. They were accursed as Jews, and on this supposition special laws were made, supposed to bear heavily on the Hebrew nature. They were forbidden to buy or possess land, neither might they own more than a certain number of sheep and pigs. In many parts pigs were the only animals they were permitted to purchase or keep. Their aptitude for the carpenter trade (for they excelled in many handicrafts) was converted into a proof that they were the original makers of the cross. They were accursed as being Egyptians. It was universally believed that they had the *jettatura*, or evil eye; that they trafficked much in charms, worked magic, and gathered and sold herbs, one in particular, known in the country as *le bon succes*. Finally, they were accursed as being Moors, or descendants of the Saracens, though they were fair, tall men. They were accursed of being of such a noisome smell, that neither man nor beast could endure to be near them. They were, therefore, forbidden to walk in the middle of the street, which was at that time the best part; to touch passers-by, even by accident; to enter any town before sunset, or after sunrise; or to visit any fair or mar-

eighteenth century some of the wealthier Cagots began to try the question of their rights in the civil courts, but were invariably worsted. A celebrated physician was appointed especially to examine them, to ascertain whether any of the alleged physical peculiarities really existed: their blood was analyzed, but nothing deleterious was extracted, much to the surprise of the populace; neither could any smell be detected dissimilar to other human beings, or any extraordinary heat from their persons. In the physician's report, he affirmed, indeed, that their demeanor was much more abject and timid than was common to men—not, perhaps, an unnatural consequence of the persecutions which they had endured for ages—and that their ears were very large and oddly shaped (the popular superstition was, that they had sheep's ears, which they concealed by their hair)—but that they were fair, well-shaped, and even possessed virtues; such as industry, benevolence, piety, and meekness. It would appear that the mine of hatred, so sedulously worked for centuries with respect to this pariah race, is at last exhausted. The feeling has died out, and is now only heard of in remote valleys. The Cagots have intermixed with others by marriage, and it is at this date almost impossible to find a pure Cagot, though, as has been before said, families who are more or less descendants of Cagot blood are still to be met with by any one who may be interested in such a search.—*Roadside Sketches in the Pyrenees.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Beverly."—Your work has been received and will be noticed as soon as the publisher's advertisement appears.

Student.—The migratory arrangements of storks are even more interesting than those of the swallow. They are never heard to utter any sound until the time of their departure has arrived, which is at the beginning of September. They then begin to make a very singular kind of clatter, communicating with every member of their flock. They never start until each individual is collected together. Night is the time chosen. Strict silence is then preserved, and they rise immediately high up in the air. They form themselves into a triangle, and one bird takes the apex The duties of this position are too laborious to be long sustained, and therefore, when fatigue is felt, the leading bird retires and another takes its place. The study is full of interest.

"A Middlesex Farmer"—In Caldwell county, Texas, the white Malaga grape grafted on the common mustang of that State, has proved a perfect success.

R. C.—General de la Marmora, the new president of the council and minister of war of Sardinia, is well known. He has been minister of war for ten years, and it was he who organized the Piedmontese army. He served with it with great distinction both in the Crimea and in Italy. He is considered both a good administrator and a good soldier. He enjoys the friendship of the king. He belongs to one of the noblest families in Piedmont, his brother being the Prince de Massarano; and he is decorated with the Grand Cross of the Annunziada, and with that of the Legion of Honor. He is only fifty years of age.

"Admirer," Rockport, Mass.—Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has resumed concert singing, and is about to take a tour in Ireland, accompanied by Herr Joachim.

C. C., Newburyport, Mass.—The plan of the Victoria Bridge was drawn by Stevenson, the great English engineer, for which he received $225,000.

"A Sufferer."—We have seen it stated that in Cincinnati, now that street railroad tracks are to be laid, a new wheel for vehicles has been invented. The outer rim of its tire is as usual. The inner rim fits the rail, and while on the track the carriage passes as smoothly as a car. When on the pavement, the other part of the wheel runs on the surface of the road as ordinary wheels do now.

FALL AND WINTER.

There is nothing in the great change through which Nature passes in her progress from summer to spring, that ought to excite melancholy feelings in the observer. A poetic sentimentality may invest the phenomena of this season with sombre hues, but practical experience takes no gloomy view of the appearances that meet the eye. It is true that the flowers die along the borders; it is true that the forest trees first put on the hectic flush of consumption, and then one by one drop their leaves to earth. The red flag of the oak flutters last in the gale, and often waves till new colors are displayed on its sturdy mast; but, with the exception of the evergreens, all the glories of summer lie shattered in our pathways. The music of the groves is hushed, and the cold breeze only wakes the discords of rustling sedge and clashing branches. But what of this? We know that Nature will again arouse from her long sleep. We know that flowers as bright as those of the olden time, will again ravish our senses; we know that the woodlands will again put on another raiment as green, and far more ample, than that stripped from them by the keen winter and autumnal blast. That there is no death, only re-creation, is the joyful lesson that we glean from our experience of woods and fields.

During the long torpor of nature, many animals sink into a congenial slumber, but higher organizations soar into a higher region of activity and enjoyment. Man and the domestic creatures by whom he is surrounded, and who, by a wondrous magnetism, borrow something from his controlling force, undergo only a vivifying change of habit.

Social life is never more enjoyable than during the period opening before us. We feel a sort of necessity of gathering together under the hospitable roof; families become more united, and the cheerful "register"—we wish we could say cheerful *hearth*—witnesses the pleasantest groupings of relatives and friends. To those who are even more gregarious in their tastes, the theatres, concerts, balls and lecture rooms offer an endless variety of excitement. Nor are indoor sports alone practicable; on the contrary, there is no time like fall and winter for outdoor exercises, and those of the most healthful and exhilarating character. The now fashionable exercise of skating, which is enjoyed by all classes and ages, and by both sexes, is a better panacea than can be found in any apothecary's drawer or bottle. Walking, too, before the snow comes, is an admirable out-of-door resource. A vigorous march of ten or twenty miles to a man, in ordinary training, sets him up for a week. And then sleigh-riding!—for the sake of it, one might almost submit to the rigors experienced by Dr. Kane in his Arctic voyage.

But it is chiefly as a period of intellectual development, that the long evenings of the autumn and winter are dear to the dwellers in high latitudes. These long evenings, valuable to all, are an especial boon to those engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The farmer then collects his files of papers, magazines and books, and "posts himself up" with a zest all the keener from long deprivation. After a day at the plough, or in the hay-field, it is useless for him to attempt reading; he must be content with that which the leisure of the seventh day affords. But the farm work for the season is closed up; when the cellar is full of apples and potatoes, and the barn crowded to the pitch with fragrant hay, he only has work enough to do to afford him exercise without weariness, and to enable him to read and study with a relish. How this opportunity is improved, we can see by conversing with the hardy yeomen of New England.

It is a great mistake to suppose that education, in the true sense of the word, is the gift of schools, academies, or even universities. They but teach us how to learn; but point to the path which we must pursue, and save us from losing ourselves in wayside wanderings. The acquisitions that mark and make a man are self-acquired; and it is the employment of such opportunities as those we have pointed out, that yields a full and satisfactory intellectual development.

HOW NAPOLEON III. LOOKS.

It is interesting to know just how the ruler of France, and the arbiter of European destinies, appears to an unprejudiced observer. A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes from Paris, August 14: "I had a very satisfactory view of the emperor to-day, as he turned down, at the head of the army from Italy, from the Boulevard de Capucins into the Rue de la Paix, with the undecorated bronze statue of his uncle directly before him. On horseback, he is certainly a fine-looking man. He was dressed with rich simplicity, and his horse's decorations were those of an imperial gentleman. Nothing like the crowd this morning has been seen in Paris for a generation, except on the occasion of the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, and of the last visit of Victoria. The pictures represent Napoleon very fairly, except that he is rather stouter than commonly shown, and that his beard is of a light brown color. I was struck with the anxiety about him prevalent everywhere among the lovers of order, and more than once I heard expressions of thankfulness that he was so far on his dangerous way without accident. Several of the cavalry of the imperial guard carried on their horses their little sons, spectators of the scene. The little fellows were dressed in the uniform of the Guard. I saw in the demeanor of the emperor nothing but modesty and dignity. He looked born in the purple. Others, who had seen him before, thought they could discover in his face evident traces of sadness and disappointment. A French gentleman was sure that he had grown gray during the last three months."

THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION.

The foreign legion enlisted by the French in Algeria, is one of the most effective bodies of troops enrolled under their flag. It is composed of English, Germans, Russians, and other foreigners. The uniform is the same as that of the infantry of the line, with the exception of a copper number on the *képi* or cap. The legionaries have the dashing air of the French Zouaves, with whom they fraternize completely. In Africa, before the Crimean war, they took part in all the battles. Emulous of the Zouaves, and their rivals in glory, the legionaries followed them to the Crimea, and on their return from the siege of Sebastopol, the emperor adopted these gallant soldiers, and confided a tri-colored flag to their hands. In 1856, the Kabyles trembled before them on the summits of their inaccessible rocks, and the depths of their ravines. The Beni-Koufis and the Beni-bou-Abdous abandoned their villages and fled at their approach. The Zouaves and the legion are united in indissoluble friendship, and their union has been cemented by blood.

In 1857, at the battle of Scheriden, the legion rendered the 2d Zouaves a signal service, and the last regiment swore upon the spot to acquit their debt to their brothers-in-arms. It was in the middle of the attack; 6000 Kabyles, strongly entrenched, arrested the rush of 1200 Zouaves, who, kneeling around their flag, suffered themselves to be decimated rather than recoil a foot. The position was critical, the men were falling under a storm of bullets, and 400 wounded had made a frightful gap in the ranks. Suddenly a tremendous clamor arose on the left, and the Zouaves saw the gallant legionaries debouching with a cry of "On, on! to the rescue of the Zouaves!" In the twinkling of an eye, both regiments uniting, they sprang into the trench and repulsed the enemy.

On the 4th of May, at Magenta, the legion, which was always brigaded with the 2d Zouaves, saw its flag in peril. Carried away by their ardor, the legionaries found themselves in the middle of the Austrians, and the inferiority of their numbers made them fear a disaster. The trumpet sounded the rally, and their brave colonel, who met a glorious death that day, saw the Zouaves hastening up. They had heard the trumpet-call, and all within reach had rallied, saying to each other, "The bayonet! the bayonet! to save the flag of the legion!" A few minutes afterwards, formed in compact mass, the Africans resumed the offensive, and mowing the enemy's ranks with their terrible curved bayonet, they proved once more that "union is strength." As at Magenta, Solferino, and other battle-fields, the legion on its return to Paris marched shoulder to shoulder with the Zouaves, and shared the enthusiasm of their reception. They form the 2d brigade of the division, commanded by the late General Espinasse. All Paris applauded Brigadier-General Castagny, who directed the famous bayonet charge which will live forever in the memory of the French army.

To the Ladies.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of our lady readers to the advertisement in to-day's paper of F. P. Shumway, at 243 Washington Street. For the last ten or fifteen years our lady friends have known his store as one of the best in this city for a general assortment of small wares, dress trimmings, fancy goods and the like; and, what is more essential in a retail store, they may always be sure of lady-like treatment by the employees. No urgency to buy, but the articles are shown them in a pleasant manner, and the prices are as low for the best quality of goods as at any other store. The general *expansion* which has been so much in style for a few years past, has taxed the ingenuity of the most skilful to answer the demand for fancy trimmings, spring skirts, and a thousand and one little articles that go to make up a lady's wardrobe; and after making a visit to Mr. Shumway's store, and noticing the perfectness of each and every department, and the almost endless variety of the goods there to be found, we are not surprised to hear the general expression of the ladies that there is the place at which to make their purchases.

Victoria Bridge.—The Montreal Pilot says the Victoria Bridge will be finished and open for traffic early in November, and it is certain that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Newcastle will visit Canada in the spring, and be present at the celebration of the opening.

A wealthy Banker.—Mr. George Brown, the celebrated banker, whose death occurred recently at Baltimore, died possessed of a fortune of five millions of dollars. He left three children to inherit the property. Enough to begin the world with, surely.

Versus Hoops.—The New England Courant, in 1726, contains the following advertisement: "Just published and sold by the printer thereof, 'Hooped Petticoats Arraigned and Condemned by the Light of Nature and the Law of God.'—Price 6d."

A Chess Maniac.—Hyde tells us that Louis XIII. of France, had a chess-board quilted with wool, the men each with a point at the bottom; by which means he played when riding in a carriage, sticking the men in the cushion.

The new Bowery Theatre, N. Y.—Messrs. Fox & Lingard's new Bowery Theatre, opened recently, will seat 4000 persons comfortably. Isn't this the largest theatre in the world, then?

The Arctic.—The steamer Arctic, formerly connected with Kane's explorations at the North Pole, is fitting out at Norfolk as a light ship.

PERSONAL PLUMPTITUDE.

Fashion takes cognizance of and controls other matters besides dress. It has the audacity to say how much people shall weigh, and the fiat has gone forth from Paris, "no fat—no beauty." A respectable amount of *embonpoint* is now a necessary passport to success in the gallant world. Slenderness is slighted and scragginess utterly proscribed. Is this a sign of a general tendency to materialism, or is the fashion founded on sound philosophic principles? The fact is as we have stated. If Falstaff were alive now, he would command the *entrée* of the best society, solely on the score of his ponderosity. As the cold weather approaches, our corpulent friends may take heart and rejoice, for, says the Eclectic Review, "human fat, to use a dock expression, is bonded fuel. It constitutes a hoard of combustible material, upon which the owner may draw whenever his ordinary supplies are intercepted. Should any voluminous gentleman be put upon short commons, or worse still, upon no commons at all, this reserve fund would be silently invaded, and day by day the sufferer would dwindle down until reduced to an affecting state of attenuation. Let all plump persons, therefore, rejoice. We offer them our hearty, perhaps somewhat envious, congratulations. They, at any rate, are prepared to stand a long siege from cold. Blessed with such depots of fuel in their own frames, they are entitled to crow over the spare Cassius-like figures in which no bountiful provision has been made for the season of privation. They, too, can afford to lavish their caloric when lankier mortals have none to sport. Partly in jest, but partly in earnest, a military writer mentions a corpulent soldier who threw out so much heat that his comrades contended for the pleasure of lying near him whilst bivouacking in the field. It is even playfully alleged that some of them would come to warm their hands over him; and it was certain that no man in the army could dry up a puddle by force of natural caloric with more celerity than this portly hero. Is there not something positively benevolent in obesity? Under such circumstances, who would not wish to be philanthropically fat?"

WORKING IN EARNEST.

To accomplish anything, you must give your whole soul to it while you are about it. One hour of stern, relentless study, is worth a dozen of dozing, languid reading. Bulwer, since leaving college, has read prodigiously, though he has travelled much, and mixed in society and politics, and yet has written sixty volumes. Yet he says the time he has devoted to books and authorship, was never more than three hours a day. "But then," he adds, "during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

An Ex-President.—A letter from Old Point, Va., says John Tyler is living a mile or two from this place, in a neat cottage, as I understand, with no professions to style or ceremony. He has grown somewhat older, of course, since I saw him last, in the White House in 1841; but still walks with the ease and elasticity of a much younger man. By his side was his handsome wife.

Sewing Machines.—It is said to be dangerous to be working with a sewing machine near a window when there is a thunder-storm; but it is also no less dangerous to sit near some sewing-machines when there is no thunder-storm.

Consolation.—A lady, with a sigh, exclaimed: "Well, I have lost my lawsuit!" "O, mama, how glad I am," said her child, "that you have lost it, for it tormented you awfully!"

New Theatre.—The new theatre built on the site of the Metropolitan, in New York, is described as a very pretty affair. The interior is colored in violet, pink and white.

Egypt.—The recently completed census of this interesting country shows the total population to be 5,165,000.

Philosophy.—To be without passion, or to be hurried away with it, makes a man equally blind.

Liberal.—In five years Indiana has erected 2700 school-houses, at an expense of $1,100,000.

SALARIES IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The difference in the salaries paid to the members of the American and British Cabinet, is sometimes marked. The American Cabinet consists of the Secretary of State, of War, of the Navy, of the Interior, of the Post Master General, and the Attorney General, who each receive $8000 per annum, amounting in the aggregate to $56,000. The British Cabinet consists as follows: Prime Minister, salary $25,000; Secretary of Foreign Affairs, salary $25,000; Chancellor for the Exchequer, salary $25,000; Lord Chancellor, salary $50,000, and a retiring pension of $25,000, which he receives though he held office but for a day; Home Secretary, salary $25,000; Colonial Secretary, salary $25,000; Secretary of War, salary $25,000; Indian Secretary, salary $25,000; Lord President of the Council, salary 10,000; Lord Privy Seal, salary $10,000; Post Master General, salary $12,000; First Lord of the Admiralty, salary $22,500; Chief Secretary for Ireland, salary $22,500; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, salary $10,000; President of the Poor Law Board, salary $10,000; President of the Board of Trade, salary $10,000. The aggregate of the salaries $332,500.

The difference in the salaries paid respectively to the American and British Cabinet, represents fairly the difference in the general cost of the administration of the two governments. It will be observed that the Lord Chancellor of England receives double the salary of our President, and nearly equal to the aggregate of the salaries of all our Cabinet officers, besides a life pension after retiring from office equal to our Presidential salary. Each of the principal British Secretaries of State receives a salary equal to that of our President. We are not enlightened as to the sums received by the royal family from the public coffers, but they are enormous. At the same time there are thousands of people in England who live on less than a shilling a day.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

A traveller in Spain writes: "I have seen the Queen at Aranjuez, and never in my life was so agreeably disappointed. She does not in any feature resemble the wretched portraits of her stamped on the Spanish coin, or painted in so-called portraits. She is a fine looking woman, and it pleased me very much to see her in mourning for the King of Naples!—because black becomes her." But "handsome is that handsome does," and we hope that the queen behaves better than she "used to did." She was not a model young lady, by any means. But we suppose she has grown wiser as she has grown older, for

"Fanny was younger once than now she is."

NOVEL ILLUMINATION.—At a public illumination in Paris, a few weeks ago a numerous band of the *gamins*, or "street boys" of Paris, went along the Boulevards, carrying colored lanterns at the ends of long sticks. A person who met them questioned one of the boys as to the meaning of this singular exhibition. "You are not very sharp," was the reply; "we have no windows looking into the street, and we therefore light ourselves up."

CAN GOUT BE CURED?—It is said that the severest gout has been cured by a persevering use of coffee. In the French colonies, as well as in Turkey, where coffee constitutes the principal beverage, the gout is almost unknown. We do not vouch for the infallibility of this remedy, but it is a harmless one, and worthy of a trial.

SCIENTIFIC.—Next to the wonder how the milk got into the cocoa nut, came George the Third's marvel how the apple got into the dumpling. This has been succeeded by the question why white ashes should come from coal, when coals are so black?

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.—There is an old bachelor in London so confirmed that he will never read war news, because so much is said about infantry.

A COMMERCIAL PROBLEM.—If oranges can be purchased for a penny a *piece*, how much would a whole one cost.

A FACT.—Pawnbrokers keep *pledges* longer than confirmed inebriates.

SOCIETY.—What is society, after all, but a mixture of mister-ies and miss eries?

LENGTH OF LIFE INCREASING.

We are told, in a recent publication, "Hints toward Physical Perfection, or the Philosophy of Human Beauty," that the average length of human life is steadily increasing. The author says: Notwithstanding the lamentable premature mortality of the present day, statistics show that the length of life has been steadily increasing since the sixteenth century, when, according to Dr. Buchanan, its average was only *eighteen years*. It is now *forty-three years*. In Geneva, Switzerland, of whose population, births and deaths, an accurate account has been kept for three centuries, the mean duration of life, from 1500 to 1600 was 21 years, 2 months; from 1600 to 1700 was 25 years, 9 months; from 1700 to 1800 was 32 years, 9 months; in 1830 was 40 years, 5 months; in 1850 was 47 years.

The mean duration of life among the ancient Romans, not including the servile classes, according to Ulpianus (as quoted by Dr. Southwood Smith), was only thirty years. Among the same class in Great Britain at the present time it is fifty years. For the whole population of Great Britain the average is forty-five; for France, forty-two; and for the United States, about forty-three. These facts illustrate, in a very striking manner, the influence of civilization and an increase of knowledge and the comforts of life in promoting physical welfare. The poor and laboring classes in most countries (popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding), are shorter lived *by more than one-fourth* than the wealthy. A comparison made for France, by M. Villamerme, and based on actual statistics, shows that the latter live, on an average, *twelve years longer* than the poor. The proportion would be different here, however, as even those whom we call poor possess most of the conditions essential to health and long life as largely as the rich, and are free from some of the unfavorable conditions to which the latter are subjected.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

"One man," says Marcus Aurelius, "after having obliged another, will hasten to charge him with the favor. Another does not so; but he has always present in his thoughts the service he has rendered, and looks upon the recipient as his debtor. A third does not think even that he has performed an act of kindness; like unto the vine which, having borne the grape, asks nothing more, satisfied with having produced the fruit which is proper to it. The horse which runs a race, the dog which has hunted, the bee which has made honey, and the benefactor, make no noise about what they have done, but pass to some other action of the same nature, like the vine, which, in its season, produces fruit again."

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS.—All persons would be very glad to do this, no doubt, and therefore we recommend them to use what we know to be an excellent remedy. When Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will cure coughs, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest that fell destroyer, consumption, it does more than most physicians can possibly do. A single trial will convince the most incredulous person. The genuine has written on the wrapper, "I. Butts," and is sold throughout the country by all responsible druggists.

FOR THESE LONG EVENINGS.—Enclose us *one dollar* and receive for a whole year Ballou's Dollar Monthly, full of charming *original* reading, one hundred pages in each number, and finely illustrated. It will be sent by return of mail, and will prove a marvel each month, that such a work can be furnished for *one dollar*. Present circulation 116,000!!

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The latest style of hoop skirt is the grand self-adjusting, double-back action bustle, Etruscan lace expansion, spiral Piccolomini attachment, gossamer indestructible! It is a "love of a thing."

ROUGE.—The ladies of Saratoga this season painted in profusion; the diving-belles of Newport did not attempt it, as it is incompatible with aquatic sports.

CINCINNATI.—The papers of the Queen City do tell some awful sensation stories lately, of circumstances said to occur in their midst.

FACT.—Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally shallow.

Wayside Gatherings.

There are 250,000 Jews in America, 40,000 in New York city alone.

The last news from Yucatan is, that the war of races there had ceased.

The 200th anniversary of Nantucket is to be celebrated in October.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company are gradually substituting iron bridges for wooden ones.

During the last three months 4747 children have died in New York—an average of over fifty per day!

Two specimens of the Texas horned frog have been received at the Smithsonian Institute.

Government is about making a new commercial treaty with France, one that shall be better for both parties.

The number of arrivals at the Saratoga hotels the past season has been 23,000, or 4000 more than last year.

It is estimated that the tobacco crop of Connecticut this year will be worth one million dollars.

An individual advertises for sale 100 barrels of whiskey, which he had imported "expressly for his own use."

It is stated that "in Cuba the value of coolies is steadily on the increase, and latterly sales have been made at $400 per head."

The New Orleans Picayune learns that the widow of the late General Quitman died on the evening of the 22d of August.

A Philadelphia medical journal says that the sea-shore air in autumn is even of more use to invalids than in summer.

An Arkansas paper says that many of the girls in that State grow six feet high. They must be uncommonly well cultivated.

Mons. Chabert, known years ago as the "fire king," and who entered red-hot ovens and cooked beefsteak therein, died in New York lately.

The editor of the New Orleans Bulletin has received the gift of a pumpkin which weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and measures seven feet in circumference.

The Illinois farmers are complaining that the wheat crop does not average as much per acre as was expected—that, indeed, there is only two-thirds of an average crop.

On the most fashionable equipages now, the coachman's box in front is dispensed with, and outriders and postilions are employed, thus securing to the riders within a front view.

In the Superior Court, sitting at New London, Ct., a jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiffs, in a slander suit, assessing damages at three cents. The parties to the suit were married couples.

So numerous are wild grape vines in North Louisiana, that the Louisiana Baptist advises the making of communion wine from them instead of purchasing adulterated material for this purpose.

Mention is made of much injury to the potato crop in some parts of Connecticut by the rot. At Stratford whole fields have been destroyed. The disease has been mostly among the Pink-eye and Mercer varieties.

The recent meteoric explosion in Rensselaer County, N. Y., was pronounced "a slight shock of an earthquake," in Waterford, Saratoga County, and other points within twenty-five miles of that place. Houses were shaken, and a low rumbling sound was heard.

The new Custom House at Chicago is represented as a very handsome building. It is built of Illinois marble of cream color, and is three stories high. The lower story is devoted to the Post Office, the second to the Custom House, and the third to the United States Courts. It is estimated to cost $450,000.

A Detroit paper recounts "a sable wedding in jail," and says the bride was decked out in all the finery she could muster, having got herself up for the occasion without regard to expense. A wreath of hollyhocks encircled her head, set off in the background by a thicket of asparagus, over which was thrown a green veil to hide her blushes.

In the case of Daniel Wightman against the city of Providence, in which the plaintiff claimed $4000 damages for injuries sustained by falling in the street, in an icy time in winter, the jury returned a verdict for the whole amount claimed. Mr. Wightman offered to settle his claim for $500, but the Common Council refused to give him that sum.

There is on the route of the overland mail, about two hundred and eighty miles east of El Paso, a spring said to be a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, which has been sounded to the depth of eight thousand feet without finding bottom. The surface is as smooth as that of a mountain lake. It is slightly impregnated with alkali, and contains five varieties of fish. It is called Leon Hole.

A marble sarcophagus for the remains of Henry Clay has just been completed in Philadelphia. It is designed for the monument now erecting at Lexington, Kentucky. It is cut from a solid block of marble of the shape of a coffin, and the interior is of sufficient size to admit the leaden case containing the remains of the deceased statesman. The outside of the sarcophagus is beautifully carved with appropriate emblems.

Sands of Gold.

.... A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. —*Shakspeare.*

.... There are two ways of pleasing: to amuse and to interest.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven. —*Shakspeare.*

.... A poet is thought to observe everything from a higher sphere, and to transport his spectators to his point of view.—*De Boufflers.*

.... A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.—*Bovee.*

.... He that doeth a base thing in his zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

.... The best physician is he who insinuates hope into the heart at the same time that he prescribes a cordial for the disease.—*Bovee.*

.... The best of men may sometimes fall into the gutter, but it is the worst only who is willing to remain there.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness.—*Bartholin.*

.... A generous, virtuous man lives not to the world, but to his own conscience; he, as the planets above, steers a course contrary to that of the world.—*Bacon.*

.... If, under all circumstances, a man does not go round facts or ideas, to examine them under their various aspects, this man is incomplete, feeble, and in danger of perishing.—*Balzac.*

.... All our friends, perhaps, desire our happiness: but then it must be in *their own way*; what a pity that they do not enploy the same zeal in making us happy in *ours!*—*Bulwer Lytton.*

.... It is easier to forgive an ancient enemy than the friend we have offended. Our resentment grows with our undesert, and we feel vindictive in due degree with our own doubts as to the chance of forgiveness.—*W. G Simms.*

.... I acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture; hereby we may have either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high-towering, wide shadowing tree—either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible luxuriant green one.—*Carlyle.*

.... Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is, therefore, superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.—*Johnson.*

Joker's Budget.

Are not the British queen's subjects, properly speaking, vic-tims?

In India a *lac* of rupees is wealth; here a lack of dollars is poverty.

Debaster is becoming a philosopher. He don't care for victuals—all he asks is enough to eat.

Broadway promenading is truthfully illustrative of the old song, "Such a getting up *stares*," etc.

In modern days people are accustomed to earn their living, but in former times it was usual for them to *urn their dead!*

A sprinkler is always an in-dust rious man but some men in a hay-field are mower-industrious,

"John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door the next morning."

Mrs. Partington insists that to be struck by lightning is *shocking*. Our insane reporter thinks that gathering sheaves of grain in a harvest-field is more *shocking*.

Which is the way to the Bank?—"What is the meaning of that, papa?" said an inquiring youngster to his papa, who was busy crossing a cheque. "That my dear, is a crossing that leads to the Bank."

A Cincinnatian at the Tremont House, Chicago, expatiating on the "vine clad hills," etc., claimed that the Ohio was "the Rhine of the New World. "Yes," ejaculated old X——, "the *pork*-Rhine."

It is said that a girl in Pittsfield was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then, a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

"Sam, did you see Mr. Jenkins, the new overseer?" "Yes, massa, I met him down by the cotton-gin." "He's a good-looking fellow, isn't he?" "Well, massa, he talks like a good-looking man—he made a bow, dat's all he said."

A gentleman who recently travelled over a certain railroad, which it might excite jealousy to mention by name, declared his opinion that it is the safest road in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running ahead of the trains to drive off the calves and sheep!

Health is getting to be vulgar, and is confined principally to servant girls. No "lady" can possibly plead guilty to "being well," without losing caste. Spinal complaints are just now in the ascendant, no female being considered "good society" who possesses sufficient strength to raise a smoothing iron.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANEW.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

I cannot sing as I used to sing—
The heart is not the same in tone;
You know how it used to tremblingly bring
To your bosom its plaintive and constant moan,
"Alone—alone."

No other, as you, hath searched far within
To gently pluck out the rankling thorn.
I do not know but thy hand has been
The saviour of my heart forlorn;
For when no help but death seemed nigh,
It ceaseless probed, and shielded from scorn;
It fondled gently, and hushed the sigh,
And stifled despair ere yet 'twas born.

But this is not all that I meant to say—
I cannot sing as I used to sing,
For at last there has dawned a beautiful day,
To my soul a new life and sunshine to bring.

It is the bright hope of that far distant shore,
And the presence of Him who hath said
He will not forsake or cast from his door
The loved ones for whom He hath bled.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The house is haunted."

It was a sombre, haughty-looking old mansion, wearing its strange air of desolation and ruin as we sometimes see a proud man, fearless of eye, firm of foot, and strong of muscle, wearing the sign of a premature old age in his whitened hair, which sorrow, and not time, had bleached. I stole into the wide, dusty hall with timid steps and loud-beating heart. A feeling of awe, not altogether unlike terror, crept over me as the heavy door which I had pushed open when I entered, swung to on its creaking hinges, leaving me alone in the breathless silence and hushed gloom of the Haunted House.

There was a dark and fearful story connected with that old, deserted English mansion, and as I stood there among the shadows, with all the superstitious and unreasoning credulity of an untaught childhood rising up to combat my naturally courageous spirit, and heighten the effect of an imagination which at all times was too daring and active for a well-balanced mind, it seemed as if the stately walls were lowering down upon me a terrible repetition of that tale of horrors. I clasped my hands instinctively across my eyes, lest I should see spectral faces leering at me over the oaken bannisters, or ghostly figures, with the charnel mould upon their garments, gliding up and down the broad stairs with restless step and unholy laughter.

Years before, a proud old English gentleman had brought a young wife there to brighten up the gloomy grandeur of his ancestral home. She was of Italian birth, and strangely beautiful. Her husband was old enough to be her grandfather, they said—a stern, upright, relentless man, and very proud, but loving his childish bride with all the strength and passion of which such natures are capable. Every luxury which wealth could command or love suggest, was lavished upon her. He was a slave to her lightest caprices, and sometimes when she was ill or sad, or even if only chary of her bewitching smiles, the neighbors would see him wandering alone through his garden grounds, his haughty head bowed upon his breast, his stern face softened into an expression of profound and tender sadness, tending the flowers she loved as quietly and patiently as though they had been human and conscious things, capable of expressing to her the delicate care which, for her sake, had been bestowed upon them.

But the young wife was false of heart as she was beautiful in person. She had coveted the old man's wealth and rank, and exchanged for them her youth and maidenly charm, caring little for the passionate love which his great heart squandered upon her so prodigally. The seals of her own heart had never been broken by the subtle touch of the magician, Love, or else, perhaps, its sweet waters might have swept through and cleansed her nature, washing away the worldliness and selfish pride which made her life a wreck. But there came a time when the dormant affections of her heart germinated, and taking root in an unnatural soil, as if to revenge themselves upon her for the wrong she had done them, blossomed into shame and guilt. With the spell of that unholy passion strong upon her, she fled from England and left the shadow of her sin lying like a black phantom across the threshold of her dishonored husband's home and heart.

If she thought to escape his vengeance, she knew not the man whose name she had disgraced and made a byword for a gossiping world to scoff at. Sir Richard Mordaunt was as implacable and cruel an enemy as he was a generous and devoted friend. If he could love fervently, he could hate as well. She had held a lion couchant at her feet by a silken thread, but if she thought to strike the kingly creature in the face, without rousing all the hot, bad blood of his passionate heart, she overrated her power. Every evil attribute of his nature was roused and stung to action by her ingratitude and the foul stain it had left upon his haughty name.

One night in the arms of her paramour, the Lady Inez slept long and soundly. But when she woke, her rich night-robes were stained with blood. Faint with horror, she turned to find herself alone, and on the pillow beside her, the ghastly, trunkless head of her lover, dripping blood over the velvet counterpane and in among the rich masses of her raven hair. His bold, bad arms severed from the body, still encircled her, and his wide-open, glassy eyes stared into hers, with their pitiful death agony still lingering cold and stony in their blue depths.

Sir Richard Mordaunt was never heard of afterward, but the arch-fiend himself might have gloated over the terrible success of that bloody retribution. From the moment of that awful awakening, the Lady Inez was a gibbering maniac, and months after, wild-eyed, haggard and dusty with travel, she crept back to her old home to die. There, in the very room which had been her nuptial chamber years before, she gave birth to a disgraced and fatherless babe.

A young, kind-hearted peasant woman adopted the little orphan, and the dead mother's name was never taught to her. The old mansion was deserted, and the simple people round about told strange stories by their firesides of the ghostly tenants that flitted through its rooms with jeering laughter and unhallowed mirth. They said there was one room that no human force could open—the chamber where Lady Inez died, and where the unquiet spirit of the sinful woman and her murdered lover kept unearthly tryst together.

This was the story that had come to my childish ears, of Mordaunt Hall, and one night, climbing to my father's knee, as he sat smoking his evening pipe in the rude, old-fashioned kitchen of our peasant home, I had asked him to tell me if it was true. With a quick gesture, which betokened neither anger nor impatience, but an emotion stronger than either, he put me down and said, in a hoarse, hurried voice: "Hush, girl! These things are not for you or such as you to meddle with. Get me my tobacco from the shelf yonder, and let me hear no more of this."

But I was not satisfied. My quick, childish eyes had noticed the sudden pallor that overspread his rough, sunburned face, and the tremor that shook his strong hands as he pushed me from him like an unclean thing.

I was a fearless, adventurous child, with a dash of recklessness in my composition, and the fearful story of the Haunted Hall took strong hold of my imagination. My father's agitation strengthened the power which it had gained over my mind, and day by day the fascination deepened until curiosity overcame whatever prudence my impulsive nature possessed, and led me where the strongest and bravest man in the whole neighborhood could scarcely have been induced to enter alone—into the very gloom and mystery of Mordaunt Hall itself.

I have described the first spell which fell upon me as I entered the great lonely hall and heard the ponderous door shutting heavily together with a dull, almost human shriek of its rusty hinges. For a few moments I stood paralyzed, holding my hands across my eyes and listening tremblingly to the audible throb, throb, throb, of my scared heart. But the feeling of spasmodic fear died away as suddenly and unaccountably as it came, and with a reckless laugh at my weakness, I sprang up over the echoing stairs and dashed (with a kind of mad glee at my newfound courage) through the upper hall. I stood up on tiptoe and tried the rusty latches one by one, as I ran along, experiencing a vivid disappointment as each one yielded to my touch. I was in search of *the* room—I had no desire to penetrate the others.

I found it at last. At the farther end of the shadowy corridor there was a door that would not yield, though I pushed and strained and beat against it with all my might. My mad, unnatural curiosity (for I think I must have been mad) rose to fever height at this discovery. I struck my slender hands against the stubborn latch, bruising them at every blow, and then crying out with rage, more because my efforts were so futile than from any pain they caused me.

I know not what devil tempted me, but at last, moved by an irresistible impulse that I could neither account for nor control, I put my lips to the key-hole and shouted in a voice so loud and shrill that its echoes rang through the oppressive silence as though a thousand fiendish voices had caught up my words: "Lady Inez! Lady Inez! Let me in!"

Again I tried the latch. It yielded to my lightest touch and back on noiseless hinges swung the great oaken door. Startled and horrified by my success, and yet nerved by it to a pitch of daring and wild eagerness which would not allow me to retreat, I stepped across the threshold.

I stood in a large, dim chamber, gloomy with antique furniture and oppressive in its death-like silence. On the wall opposite me, reflecting my slight figure and imparting a wierd look to my wild, pale face and dilated eyes, hung a great, full length mirror. The frame was of carved wood, massive and costly, and all over it spiders had festooned their gray, clinging webs. The dust of years had settled thick and brown on the velvet chairs and rosewood toilet-table, and the rich coverlet and downy pillows of the great grand-looking bed in the corner, were blue with mould.

"Agatha!"

Who whispered my name? Had any one followed me? I glanced back toward the entrance but the door had closed as noiselessly as it opened, and no one was with me. Could any person be concealed in the room? I peered around among the shadows, and even went forward and lifted the damp, mildewed drapery of the bed. No—I was alone. It must have been a freak of my distempered fancy, I thought, yet how strangely distinct my name had sounded

I turned again and looked about the room. One window, half-way between the bed and the mirror, was broken, frame-work and all, and through the fragments of shattered wood and stained glass, a straggling vine of ivy had crawled in and was trailing on the discolored velvet matting beneath. Its leaves wore their autumnal tinge of scarlet, and to me they looked like little oval pools of blood, staining their indelible crimson upon the floor.

"Agatha!"

Again that whisper, louder and more distinct. I *could* not be mistaken. Was it the wind among the ivy-vines? Something, whether of good or evil I cannot say, told me it was not—that neither human voice nor any agency of earth or nature was in the sound. And yet I was not afraid, or if I was, I was unconscious of fear. There was a fascination in that ghostly solitude and that mysterious pronunciation of my name which acted like magic upon my overwrought nerves and buoyed up my spirit with unnatural courage.

"Agatha! Agatha Mordaunt! M-o-r-d-a-u-n-t!"

Strong and clear, and O, how fearfully sweet was that silvery whisper. For the first time, a chill ran over me, making my blood like ice. And yet, fool that I was, I laughed. Agatha Miller was *my* name—not Agatha Mordaunt. And so, with a burst of derisive merriment, I mocked the phantom voice, and bade the ghosts, if there were any, to come out and face me, and not make such strange mistakes with honest people's names and skulk away among the shadows like cowards. And still the wind played with the trailing ivy vines, and the little oval pools of blood made crimson blotches on the discolored floor.

God of heaven! Was my irreverent, blasphemous challenge to be accepted? Why had I not noticed before, that beautiful portrait on the wall beside me, that was looking down on me with such human, life-like eyes, sneering at me with its cold, exquisite mouth?

"Lady Inez!"

I spoke the name as though it had been the living and tangible form of the dead woman that was there beside me in that haunted chamber, for I knew at once whose dark, southern loveliness that rare painting represented. Those great, passionate, slumbrous eyes, the rich black hair braided up with pearls, the line of fine white teeth just visible through the rare redness of the parted lips, the ruby cross lying on the swell of her white bosom as though still trembling with the pulsations of a living heart, the exquisitely moulded throat and arms, the satin bodice laced together with strings of pearls, and floating over all, the misty whiteness of a bridal veil, are all burned upon my memory in characters of fire.

"Agatha! Agatha Mordaunt!"

The red, cold, sneering lips did not stir or alter from their expression of stony scorn, and yet I could have sworn that those hissing syllables issued from thence, and that the great haughty eyes put on a malignant look, while I stood there staring into them, with my hands locked rigidly across my breast.

Like one to whom delay is fatal, I struggled with the fearful fascination that was upon me, and by a spasmodic effort of my will, withdrew my charmed gaze from the beautiful picture-face of the false fiend whose glances were burning into my very soul. But I only turned from one horror to another. Reflected from the dusty surface of the great mirror, about whose worm-eaten frame, the thick gray spider-webs were tangled, all alive with the crawling of their loathsome tenants, was a face so like the pictured one upon the wall, that I screamed with terror, thinking it had left its place to mock me. A face so like and yet so unlike! So like in the dark beauty of the delicate features, the splendor of the great impassioned eyes, the rich bloom breaking up through the olive cheeks, and the haughty curve of the small red mouth; yet so unlike, because there were no pearls showered in like a storm of snowflakes among the black masses of braided hair, because the arms were brown and sunburned and not round enough for a perfect symmetry, and because instead of a satin bodice there were the coarse linsey woolsey garments of a peasant girl. Merciful Heaven! Was that *my* face, *mine*, Agatha Miller's? What terrible resemblance linked it to that other one sneering down upon me from its costly frame? Why could I not have had a fair face like the rest of my father's children? Why had my brothers and sisters inherited the bright blue eyes and sunny hair of their English parents, and I alone been excepted, the one dark, southern-complexioned lamb of their northern flock? And why had they called me Agatha *Inez* Miller?

The horrible truth flashed over me all at once, and I fled from it as from a demon. I say I fled. Rather I *attempted* to fly, for my feet were chained to the accursed spot. It seemed ages that I stood there, keeping the phantoms at bay with my outstretched, imploring hands, and yet I knew it was but a few, a very few hours, for I watched the twilight gather slowly, and saw the first ghostly glimmer of light that the new moon cast into the chamber. With the moonlight came that voice again, and it almost maddened me, for this time it said: "Agatha! Agatha, *my child!*"

It broke the bewildering horror that was upon me, and gave the strength of fear to my paralyzed limbs. With a cry of unearthly terror, I sprang across the dark chamber to the door. It was close shut and I could not open it. Behind me, close behind, I could hear—what?—something that told me that the evil thing had left its station on the wall to pursue my flying steps. Mad with fear, I cast myself down on the shadowy floor and screamed till the whole hateful mansion rung with my shrieks. And then there came a hideous thought, an involuntary and electric knowledge that as I came, so must I go—that only one hand could open for me *that* door, and acting upon it, I called aloud with desperate eagerness, "Lady Inez! Lady Inez! Let me out!"

There was a burst of derisive laughter, an embrace like the clasping of skeleton arms about my waist, a caress as if clammy lips had touched my forehead, a shock, a burst of light, and then I stood, not in the fearful chamber, with the moonlight glimmering around me, but down in the wide, dusty hall, with my hands across my eyes, listening to the audible throb, throb, throb, of my scared heart, the ponderous outer door just swinging to on its hinges and a gleam of afternoon sunshine streaming in and lying like a bar of gold across the oaken bannisters.

I opened the door and fled wildly from the spot, but I knew it was the unquiet spirit of my dead and sinful mother that called after, as I dashed down the wooded avenue with the recklessness of desperate terror: "Agatha! Agatha! my child!"

HANDEL, THE COMPOSER.

Burney says, "His figure was large, and he was somewhat corpulent and unwieldy in his motions; but his countenance, which I remember as perfectly as that of any man I saw but yesterday, was full of fire and dignity, and such as impressed ideas of superiority and genius." According to Hawkins, "he was in his person a large and very portly man; his gait, which was ever sauntering, was rather ungraceful, as it had in it somewhat of that rocking motion which distinguishes those whose legs are bowed. His features were finely marked, and the general cast of his countenance placid, bespeaking dignity attempered with benevolence, and every quality of the heart that has a tendency to beget confidence and ensure esteem."—He had a keen appreciation of wit in others, and was often witty himself. On one occasion, Dubourg, the violinist, indulged in such a wandering *cadenza*, that he found it difficult to return to the original key. When, at last, he did arrive at the final "shake," Handel cried out, with his customary coolness, "Welcome home, Mr. Dubourg, welcome home at last!"—On another occasion, a singer named Gordon, accused him of accompanying him badly, and declared that if he did not change his style he would jump upon the harpsichord and smash it. "Let me know when you will do that," exclaimed the angry composer, "and I will adverdise it; for I am sure more beople will come to see you shump, dan dey will come to hear you sing!"—On first hearing the musical instrument called the *Serpent*, he took a dislike to its sounds and inquired, "Vat be dat?" And being told it was called "a serpent," he replied, "O, de serbent, ay; but it nôt be de serbent vat setuced Eve."—To a friend who expressed his sorrow at seeing the theatre so empty, he rejoined, "Nevre moind, de music vil sount de petter."—He undertook the care of a lad who was strongly recommended to him, but the lad running away, he was heard to mutter to himself, "De tefel! de fater vas desheeved; de mutter vas desheeved; but I vas not desheeved! He is ein schountrel, and coot for nutting."—The singer Carestini refused to sing the air in *Alcina*, "Verdi Prati" (Green Meadows), as not adapted to his voice. Handel rushed to his house and addressed him, "You toc! don't I know petter as your shelf voat es pest for you to sing! If you will not sing all de song voat I give you, I will not pay you ein stiver!"—Signora Cazzoni, during a rehearsal of the opera of *Othone*, protested that she would not sing the air "Falsa immagine" (vain hopes). Handel flew at her in a furious rage, exclaiming, "I always knew you were a very tefel, but I shall now let you know dat I am Beelzebub, de brince of de tefels!" and swore he would throw her out of the window.—Having to dine at a tavern, he ordered beforehand a dinner for three persons, and when at the appointed hour he sat down at the table, expressed his astonishment that the dinner was not brought up. The landlord said, "We will bring it up, sir, as soon as the company arrives." Handel replied, "Den pring up te tinner prestissimo, I am de gombany." When asked what were his feelings during the composition of the Hallelujah Chorus, he replied, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself!" He often wept while composing some of his most pathetic airs.

CHILDREN OF ADVERSITY.

The editor of the Newburyport Herald has been to the alms-house in that place. He gives a very interesting account of his visit there, with many historical details of the previous life of some of its inmates. The two following paragraphs close his description. They forcibly illustrate the mutations of human life. "Several old ladies also interested us much. One, engaged in knitting, told us of better days. She belongs to the stock that has furnished an admiral to the British navy; and her own father was favorably known in this town. He was a patriot of the Revolution and served through that war from its beginning to the end. Four years he was one of Washington's body-guard, and was in every battle where the general was present. She had a brother, who lies buried at St. Helena, who was one of the most successful sea-captains that ever sailed a ship. He made twenty-four voyages to India without the loss of a dollar to owners or insurance companies. During Bonaparte's last imprisonment he held conversations with him, and made overtures for his release. 'He was a kind brother,' said this woman, 'and had he lived, I never should have been here.'

"There was another old lady that very much impressed us. She was really beautiful; not an uncommon thing, however, for where vice does not deform, women almost invariably become more interesting as they grow old. She was full of woman's dignity and grace, and a pleasant smile played over her pale face, curling lips of beauty, and sending lustre to eyes that had all the placid innocence of childhood. She spoke of other days, of different circumstances, of gentle blood—of father, mother, brother, all gone now, and she, the last of her race, in poverty. As the only daughter—the light and joy of her father's house, she was unfortunately brought up without labor, and to-day her small hand is as delicate as an infant's. Fond parents thought only of what affection could do, and what wealth could bestow on her. Among the gay she was the gayest; through the mazes of the dance she passed like the form of a sylph, and in all the virgin train not one shone more brightly than she. Times changed; wealth vanished; friends departed; and now she sits there, bearing the traces of the past, but looking more hopefully to the future, when the weary day shall have ended, and the glad summons shall call her to join those who have gone before, and where God's own hand shall wipe away each tear, and bid all sorrows cease."

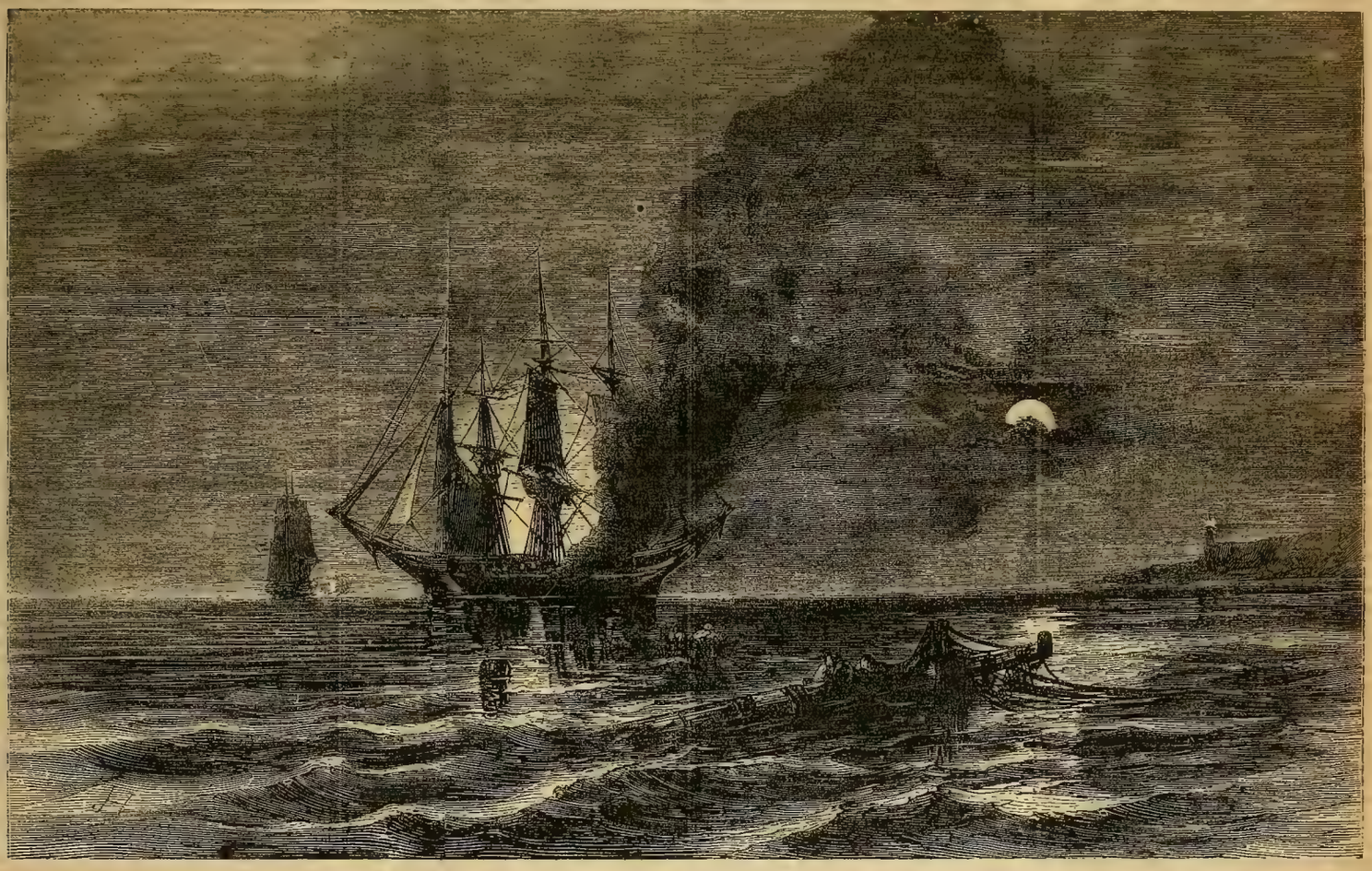
Drunkenness turns a man out of himself, and leaves a beast in his room.

FUNERAL OF A SIBERIAN CHIEF.

At a late meeting of the London Royal Historical Society, Mr. Atkinson, whose interesting travels among the Kirgiz and other nomads of Siberia, have recently been published, delivered to the meeting "a narrative of some of his adventures among those rarely visited tribes," giving a graphic picture of their habits and manners. The following is an account of the funeral of a chief named Darma Syrym, who died near Norzaisan, when Mr. Atkinson was on a visit to the tribe: So soon as the chief was dead, messengers were sent off to invite the head men residing within a hundred miles, who all immediately repaired to the place. The body of the chief was laid out in his best attire, his chair of state was placed at his head, his saddle, arms and clothing were hung around, and silk curtains were suspended from the roof of his *yourt*. His wives and daughters, with the females of the tribe, knelt around, chanting the funeral dirge, in which the voices of men occasionally joined. While this was going on, the funeral feast was preparing. Ten horses and a hundred sheep were slaughtered, and the flesh thrown into numerous cauldrons, boiling over fires kindled in the ground, which were constantly kept stirred by men stripped to the waist. When a sufficient quantity of food was dressed, the feast began. The guests sat in a circle round the meat, the chiefs nearest the centre; those of next degree next them; and the women outside. The feast lasted seven days, during which two thousand persons partook heartily in the consumption of mutton and horseflesh. On the eighth day, the body was conveyed to the tomb on a camel; the camel also carried the chair of state. The two favorite horses of the chief followed, after which went the whole tribe, singing the funeral hymn. On reaching the place of burial, the body was deposited in the grave, and the horses were forthwith slain and placed beside the body of their master. When the grave was filled up, all returned to the encampment to continue the funeral feast, which was furnished by one hundred horses and one thousand sheep, slaughtered for the occasion. The festival continued several days after the burial, the chiefs and the family of the deceased chanting his praises every day, until all the guests had gradually departed for their homes. The feast was kept up by the tribe for a considerable time afterwards; and the chanting was repeated every day, at sunrise and sunset, for a whole year. Mr. Atkinson dwelt on the very impressive nature of the ceremony—the wailing music of the funeral chants, the sorrow, apparent at least, exhibited by an immense concourse of mourners, mingled with the almost savage accompaniment of the feast; all this, in the midst of a desert which seemed of unlimited extent, produced an effect which an Englishman finds it difficult to picture to himself. The native habits and customs of the people of these bleak solitudes, as they were developed to our traveller, furnished a field of survey of much interest and reflection.

PAUL JONES'S GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.

The history of naval warfare records no more terrible sea fight than that between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis delineated in the accompanying engraving. Often as its story has been told, the recital still stirs the blood like the blast of a trumpet on the field of battle. It will be remembered that John Paul Jones was placed in command of an important expedition, which was fitted out under the joint auspices of France and the colonies. The fleet was composed of five vessels—the Duc de Duras, Alliance, Pallas, Cerf, and Vengeance. The vessels were all French except the Alliance, but sailed under American commissions, given by Doctor Franklin, and were to be governed by the rules of the American navy during the cruise. In compliment to Doctor Franklin, the name of the Duroc was changed to the Bonhomme Richard, and this became the flag-ship of the expedition. The fleet sailed from L'Orient in June, 1779, but became scattered, and, after taking a few prizes, returned to port. It sailed again in August, with two strong French privateers, and soon captured a most valuable prize. Afterwards, the whole squadron, except the Cerf and two privateers, was cruising under the mouth of the Humber, when the Baltic fleet, of about forty merchantmen, made its appearance from behind Flamborough Head, protected by the Serapis of forty-four guns, and the Countess of Scarborough, of twenty-two guns. Jones immediately signaled orders for a general chase, and very great confusion became observable among the merchant fleet, which the English armed vessels prepared to defend. Here Landais disobeyed Jones's orders, by cowardly ordering the Alliance to a distance. Night set in, while the Richard and Pallas, and their English opponents, were manœuvering for the advantage. Early in the evening the Richard and Serapis engaged Jones was aware of the superiority of the Serapis, and hence endeavored to lay across the bow of that vessel. In endeavoring to accomplish this, the bowsprit of the Serapis ran between the poop and mizzenmast of the Richard, in which position both vessels were immediately lashed together by Jones. The wind afterwards swung them around, so close together that the muzzles of the respective guns almost touched each other, and in this position the action continued during two hours. The engagement grew warmer and warmer, and the combatants fought hand to hand. The Richard had been pierced by numerous eighteen pound balls, and was rapidly filling. Only three nine-pounders kept up the cannonade from the Richard; but the marines in the tops sent down volleys of bullets on to the deck of the Englishman. Ignited fire balls were scattered on the deck of the Serapis, which at once was on fire in a dozen places at once. On three or four occasions both vessels were on fire at the same time. In the heat of the engagement the Alliance approached, and from one of her broadsides eleven men in the Richard were wounded, and one officer killed. Soon after the Serapis and Scarborough struck.



THE FAMOUS SEA FIGHT BETWEEN THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WEE WILLIE'S SMILE!

BY M. T. CALDOR.

O, wee Willie's smile, to his mother's eye,
Is the loveliest sight beneath the sky,
It bring a joy that is holier far
Than the blessings of love or of friendship are.

For the soft, dark eye hath a wistful gleam
It caught from the angels, he left in his dream;
As regretting half he has come away,
From those regions bright to this world of clay.

But the radiant smile that dawns apace,
Tells of solace found, in his mother's face,
Accepting the light of its earnest love,
For loss of the wings that have fled above.

O, sweet are the lips where that rare smile breaks,
As the violet's breath when the south wind wakes!
O, wee Willie's smile, to his mother's eye,
Is the loveliest sight beneath the sky!

SLEEP.

"Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be sweet,"
Ladurlad said. Alas! that cannot be
To one whose days are days of misery.
How often did she stretch her hands to greet
Ereenia, rescued in the dreams of night!
How oft amid the vision of delight,
Fear in her heart all is not as it seems;
Then from unsettled slumber start, and hear
The winds that moan above, the waves below!
Thou hast been called, O Sleep, the friend of Woe,
But 'tis the happy that have called thee so
SOUTHEY.

GREATNESS.

Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;
And without that the conqueror is naught
But the first slave —THOMSON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The London Times lately commented on the fact that at the late great celebration in Paris, there was no speech-making, except the remarks of the emperor, and they were exceedingly brief. Had the celebration taken place in London or in any city of America, the length of the proceedings would have been doubled by the outpouring of that eloquence which is a gift of the Anglo-Saxon race, and which in countries peopled by Anglo-Saxons is often, it must be confessed, a nuisance. It is a curious fact that the power of eloquence is in inverse ratio to the conversational power. The French are the most brilliant talkers in the world—all of them, men, women and children, talk fluently, and talk well, but they have produced only enough off-hand public speakers to form an exception to a general rule. On the other hand, the English and Americans, who have very little conversational power, can point to thousands of brilliant orators. John Bull is shy and hesitating, or blunt and laconic in conversation; Brother Jonathan, free from the *mauvaise honte* of his English brother, has a very limited amount of small talk, and is very apt in company to harangue and lecture rather than converse. These are curious facts.....If the autumn ends as it commenced we shall have had one of the finest seasons within our memory;—made of cool nights, bright, bracing mornings, golden meridians, and entrancing afternoons. Mental and bodily exercise are both prompted by the glorious weather that precedes the long reign of hot-air stoves and oven-like apartments.....Punch says: A woman's tongue is a sharp weapon that she should never draw excepting in her self-defence, and then only after the strongest provocation. That weapon, sharp as it is, is never so effective as when tempered with mercy....."I rode out yesterday," says the Paris correspondent of the London Literary Gazette, under date of the 2d ult., "to see the little species of cottage farm that the Town Council of Paris has given to Lamartine. It is as yet a rambling sort of edifice, but when half of it shall be pulled down (which workmen are now busy upon) it will be a pretty place enough, and the greatest poet of modern France (one of the greatest of modern ages) may retire there to a pleasant half-solitude, that even his best friends may think of with satisfaction. The land is bad (or else it would probably never have been made a present of), but I should fancy cabbages and potatoes are not exactly the produce the lover of 'Eloise' will ask from his garden, and the few trees round it give it a cool, shady, sequestered air, that is charming in this broiling weather. It nestles just under the princely plantation of La Muette, where Madame Du Barry once 'sat enthroned,' reigning over '*La France*,' as she was wont to style Louis XV, and where the widow of the late Pierre Erard, the pianoforte maker, now dwells. All the shade and all the perfumes of the once royal residence are gratuitously poured forth upon a seemingly humble neighbor, and the nightingales of La Muette will send forth their heavenly strains unconsciously to the ear of as glorious a master of song as themselves.".....The Panama directors have confirmed the action of their committee in the purchase of the Collins steamers. The Pacific Mail Company had already done so. The ships will be put into a new company and will commence their trips the 5th of October....."I hope you are not disposed to question the character of my milk," said a dairyman to to his customer. "O, no, indeed, it has evidently been pumped enough already.".....Truth is the golden fruit which hangs upon the tree of liberty. How beautiful, and yet how difficult for poor mortals to grasp it....Physicians are the nut crackers used by angels to get our souls out of the shells that surround them.....A son of Marshal Macdonald, one of those great captains who filled Europe with their renown during the career of the first Napoleon, is now residing in Indiana. He is represented as a gentleman of wealth and standing. His son, and of course the grandson of the marshal, now resides in St. Louis. He is a young member of the bar, of fine personal appearance, and stated to be promising in his profession.....Everybody has heard of the famous letters that passed between the adverse chiefs of Tir Connell and Tryone, the most laconic correspondence in history: "Pay me my tribute, or if you don't—O'DONNELL." "I owe you no tribute, and if I did—O'NEIL.".....The Baltimore Exchange says: "Those persons who have been accustomed to regard the pine forests of the South as of comparatively small commercial importance will be surprised to learn that the annual value of the hewn timber, of the sawed plank, boards, scantling, rosin, pitch, and turpentine is estimated to be not less, in the aggregate, than from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars; while it is impossible to compute the yearly loss by waste, in girdling trees that are the growth of centuries for the purpose of opening up new plantations or extending the area of those already worked.....A package was received at the Smithsonian Institution, recently, containing two living specimens of the Texas horned frogs. They were brought from Huntsville, Texas, in a mail bag, and had received no food since they left Texas.....A case on trial in the Police Court of Bangor, recently, was decided in favor of the plaintiff, whereupon the defendant determined to appeal. The judge fixed the amount for which he would be required to find sureties before his appeal could be allowed, and he went out to obtain his bondsmen. In the meantime the judge had commenced the trial of another cause, when the defendant came in, and without ceremony asked the judge, "will yer honor take a 'hoss?' His honor said a "hoss" wouldn't *answer*, and so could not be received as surety.....We see that the bishop of Exeter (England) has sanctioned a plan proposed to him for organizing a community of women desirous of devoting themselves exclusively to works of charity and piety. They are to be called "Sisters of Charity," or "Deaconesses" No personal vows are to be taken. A period of probation will first have to be passed, during which it will be allowable to leave at any time. After this, an engagement to the society, for a period not exceeding five years, will be made renewable at the expiration of that term.....A white flag has for some days past been floating over the House of Correction at Hohenelbe, in Bohemia, to indicate that there are no prisoners. The prison is the only one in a district containing a population of 70,000, the greater part of whom are poor weavers .....It is stated that Spain intends to extend a more liberal form of government to Cuba.....A public dinner was given to William H. Webb, Esq., on the 28th day of July, at the residence of the American consul at St. Petersburgh, by the American residents in Russia. Speeches highly commendatory of the American shipbuilder were made, and toasts drank in bumpers of champagne, by some thirty or forty gentlemen who sat down to dinner.....A California paper says a miner, named Gibson, took out of his sluices on Coyote Creek, near Vallecito, a seventy ounce lump of gold mixed with quartz. After separating, there were forty ounces of pure gold.....A price fight between Heenan and Tom Sayers, the English champion, is announced.....A letter from Constantinople states that such is the prodigality of the sultan, that, though his civil list is 27,000,000 francs, the ninth of the total revenue of Turkey, his debts amount to nearly 600,000,000 francs. As examples of his majesty's extravagance, the letter states that in 1858 he borrowed 10,000,000 francs at 11 per cent, to pay for a *fete* given to his two daughters, and the palace of Dolmabatche recently cost him 70,000,000 francs. According to this letter, the sultan has no idea of the value of money, and as a proof of it relates that having once asked what the palace of Dolmabatche had cost, he was told, "Only 3500 piastres," (584 francs), and that he gravely accepted the answer as true. The sultan, the letter adds, has a great many ministers, each of whom receives 250,000 francs a year, and in his army are 120 muchirs (marshals), each with the pay of 200,000 francs a year. In addition, the marshals, when holding commands, extort money from the populations. The one at Erzeroum, for example, is represented to make not less than 800,000 francs a year.....The residents of Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, were very much amused at the coolness of a party of mourners who followed the last remains of some departed relative or friend to the grave, the other day. They were seated in a wagon, in the most cozy and sociable of attitudes, with a huge water-melon reposing in the midst, from which each carved and ate with a gusto peculiar to the occasion, the rinds strewing the road on each side, and marking the course down the avenue as far as could be seen.....The London Field says it is calculated in the Ring that Mr Ten Broeck is a richer man by £40,000 than he was when he landed on those hospitable shores in 1857.....The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says that Miss Evans, now known to be the author of Adam Bede, was only nineteen when she translated, and translated well, Strauss's Leben Jesu. She has long been known in literary society in London as the contributor of several very thoughtful papers to the Westminster Review, particularly some on the position, duties, and difficulties of women. Miss Evans is either a native of, or was long a resident in, Nuneaton, where some of her family still live.....The success of the General Admiral steam frigate is unquestionable. The emperor has promoted all of the Russian officers who were in this country engaged in superintending her construction.....Sir John Herschel attributes the appearance of the aurora to the agency of electricity. This wonderful agent, says he, which we see in intense activity in lightning, and in a feebler and more diffused form traversing the upper regions of the atmosphere in the northern lights, is present, probably, in immense abundance in every form of matter which surrounds us, but becomes sensible only when disturbed by excitements of peculiar kinds.....At Paris, as we learn from the correspondence of the New York Express, Miss Mary Mason, daughter of the American minister, was married to Mr. Archer Anderson of Virginia. The marriage took place at the residence of the bride's father, and was a quiet, unostentatious affair.....According to advices received in St. Louis, 3499 emigrant wagons have passed over the Western Plains this season, for California and Salt Lake City, four-fifths of them going to California. Loose cattle estimated at from 120,000 to 140,000; sheep, about 6000.....In Europe quite a difference exists in the percentage of deaths in the north and south. In the former, death annually takes one man in every forty-four, in the latter, one in every thirty-six—while for the whole population, amounting to two hundred and ten millions, one in forty die annually.....Captain Chappell, of New London, who saved a man from drowning recently, was just about to be married, and had on his "best clothes" at the time. Notwithstanding this, he plunged in, like the illustrious hero of antiquity, "accoutred as he was, and after saving the man, was married in his wet suit. It is considered a proof of bravery, this recklessness concerning his wardrobe.....A most valuable discovery of diamonds has lately been made at the foot of the Oural Mountains. One consigned to Mr. R——, of Batheaston, as a specimen, brought £60.000 There is every reason to believe that a mine of inexhaustible wealth has been discovered.....An ascent of Mont Blanc has been made by a route hitherto supposed impracticable. The party leaving Chamounix consisted of the Rev. E. Headland, G. Hodgkinson, and C Hudson, and Messrs. W. Foster and George Joad, and was accompanied by six Chamounix guides. This route is free from crevasses, rocks, any similar difficulties.....A burlesque target company, denominated the "Umbrella Guard," paraded the streets of New York recently, bound on a pleasure excursion. Each man of this fantastical looking corps was armed with an umbrella, and bore no other implement of war.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The political news from Europe is unimportant, though the prospects are that a settlement of the Italian question, at least temporarily, will be arrived at, and that peace for some years will reign in Europe. In England, however, fears of the future attitude of Louis Napoleon are still entertained.—It is rumored in Paris that the State is about to bring an action against a private individual for the restitution of Cardinal Richelieu's head, which was cut off when the mob broke into the chapel of the Sorbonne, at the time of the great revolution, and has hitherto been kept as an heirloom in the family of a deputy, into whose hands it fell.—The Galway Steamship Company has contracted for four new side-wheel steamers, nearly as large as the Persia, and one of them, now building on the Clyde, will probably be put on the line in May next.—The Liverpool Journal says: "Our government is not without some anxiety. The queen has been reviewing the troops at Aldershott, and increased anxiety is manifested for the formation of volunteer and rifle corps. They are now very numerous, say 30,000 men: but, if the plan was rendered popular, instead of 30,000 there would be 300,000 active and intelligent young men under drill."—It is said in London that the recent article in the London Quarterly Review, demonstrating the feasibility of a French invasion of England is from the pen of Sir Howard Douglas, the eminent military writer.

King and Queen of Naples.

A Naples letter says: "The king and his bride are at Quisisana. His majesty drives out escorted by a company of guides and forest keepers on horseback, armed to the teeth. A gentleman wishing the other day to present a petition to the king waited at a point where he was coming down the hill from Quisisana, and where the carriage was obliged to go at a slow pace. The king, on approaching, would not take the petition, but the gentleman persisted in walking by the carriage till the queen slid her arm behind her husband's shoulders and took the paper. After delivering the paper he was arrested by the king's followers and well flogged. This is the way the young sovereign, just come to his throne, treats his subjects. As for the intelligent little queen, she is as miserable as may be, and is reported to have very little respect for her husband, on account of the absurd education given him by his father, and which unfits him as much for private as public life."

The Great Eastern.

The Mechanic's Magazine thus treats of the Great Eastern as a war ship: "Without in the least degree detracting from her commercial qualities, or increasing her cost, Mr. Scott Russell has so constructed her that no less than three hundred and sixty 10-inch guns might be placed on board of her and be fought, if the government should at any time desire to convert her into a ship of war, either temporarily or otherwise. This is no small matter."

Prussia.

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times says that owing to the complications of the affairs of Italy the Prussian government is favorable to a European Congress, as it would be an acknowledgement that France and Austria are the arbitrators of Europe, if such weighty questions are allowed to be decided by the Zurich Conference.

Austria.

Letters from Vienna express apprehension that the difficulties of the Italian question will not be settled at Zurich, and give a report that furloughs granted to Austrian soldiers returning from Italy, had been suspended, and that seven out of twelve Austrian corps d'armee are to be retained on a war footing.

The Paris "Patrie."

The Paris Patrie having given utterance to strong anti-Austrian sentiments, had, pursuant to official orders, told its readers that it does not receive its inspiration from the government, but expresses its own views only.

The Invasion of England.

The London Advertiser gives the following curious news in its Paris correspondence: "Engineers have been sent to Bologne to survey the whole line of coast thence to Calais, that they may fix upon a spot for the formation of a seaport sufficiently spacious to contain a fleet of fifty transports, and that the minister of marine had notified his subalterns that fifty transports, each capable of containing two thousand men, must be ready and waiting on the coast opposite Dover by the commencement of the ensuing year." The writer says the statement reposes on excellent authority, and a full confirmation of its authenticity had been telegraphed to the English government. He throws out a conjecture that a French altercation with Belgium will supply a pretext for a rupture with England. This story was of course regarded as a ridiculous *canard*.

Victor Emmanuel.

The King of Sardinia, in returning thanks for a medal presented to him by a private society, says that his efforts were always concentrated for the great national cause, that he lived for it and was ready to die for it; that difficulties and misfortunes arise which must and certainly will be surmounted, and that in view of the wisdom and good order now displayed in the Duchies and the Romagna, it has been impossible to go further, as he might have wished. In conclusion, he pledged his best efforts for the welfare of Italy.

The Collier Folio.

The Duke of Devonshire, its owner, has withdrawn the famous Collier folio from the British Museum, and has placed it in the hands of his solicitor for safe keeping. Such was the excitement which the question raised as to the good faith of Mr. Collier and the corrector of the folio had created, that the duke thought it best to have the volume under his own eye.

Italy.

The object of the defensive league between the provisional governments of Tuscany and Bologna and the dictator of Modena, is stated to be to prevent the restoration of the fallen governments, maintain internal order, and lay down the basis of assimilation in institutions.

The French Liberals.

The liberals in France are represented as being disappointed at the number of eminent men who decline availing themselves of the amnesty. Their presence in France would, it is contended, be advantageous to the cause of liberty.

Venice.

A number of distinguished Venetians have been sent as representatives to the European powers, and they have issued a long address in which they say the conduct of Austria has not changed since the peace.

The "Times" and the Tuscans.

The London Times strongly urges the Tuscans to be prepared to resist Austrian aggression even if they have to fight, and points to Garibaldi as a noble champion for them of the Washington school.

John Ruskin.

Mr. John Ruskin is at Basle, Switzerland. He has a new work nearly completed. It is reported that he has written a series of lectures, with the ultimate design of delivering them in the United States.

China.

Advices from Canton say a fleet of 190 vessels would precede the English, French and American ambassadors up the Peiho, in case it should be necessary to force a passage to Pekin.

The General Admiral.

The naval critic of the London Times gives on the whole a very favorable report of an inspection of the Russian frigate General Admiral, which remained at Spithead.

East India Company.

The old East India Company's army may be considered dissolved. Five thousand Europeans have taken their discharge, and four thousand more were expected

Massacre of Christians.

A general massacre of the Christians in two towns in Borneo is reported. Pilgrims from Mecca are supposed to have given the signal for the outbreak.

The Grand Duke Constantine.

The Russian journals deny that the Grand Duke Constantine's visit to England has any political object. He only went to study naval progress

Austrian Military Schools.

The Augsburg Gazette says that the Austrian military schools are to be completely re-organized on the model of those in France.

Egypt.

The viceroy of Egypt is increasing his army considerably.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE, TRAVELS AND BOOKS OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. With an introduction by Bayard Taylor. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12mo. pp. 482. 1859.

This work, based on a wide range of authorities, is well executed and full of interest, and is worthy of the exalted subject. Humboldt was not only the foremost scientific man of his age, but his personal adventures were exceedingly romantic, and his character lofty and stainless. Devoted to science for the sake of science, he set little store by the earthly honors that were showered upon him. The record of such a life is invaluable as an example. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

MISS LESLIE'S BEHAVIOUR BOOK. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 336.

An excellent guide and manual for ladies, written by a true lady and a fearless, out-spoken woman. No one can read it without benefiting by it. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

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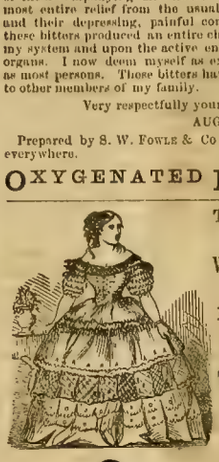

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SUNDAY MEETING OF COLORED PEOPLE AT CHICAGO.

SCENE IN AN AFRICAN CHURCH, CHICAGO.

The scene delineated in one of the engravings on this page, is sketched from life, and represents the interior of an African church, at Chicago, during a prayer meeting at a period of the greatest excitement. A friend of ours, who has attended on more than one occasion, was much impressed by the rude eloquence of the preacher, and by the wild excitement of his auditors. The impressibility of the colored races is strikingly exhibited in their religious exercises. Wild gestures, convulsions, stentorian shouts, attest the fervency of their zeal. Their "wrestlings" are sometimes fearful to contemplate. The women are as much excited as the men, perhaps even more so. Scenes ludicrous in themselves often occur at these meetings, but we forbear to enlarge upon them, for the parties engaged are all sincere and devout, and hence, have a right to be shielded from ridicule, and to be permitted to conduct their services in their own way. As we contemplate their gatherings, we cannot help being impressed with the important results to the colored races which have flowed from their contact with civilized whites. The ancestors of these same people dashed out their brethren's brains with clubs, in honor of beastly idols; theird escendants recognize the truths of the gospel, and the efficacy of those self-sacrifices which a divine religion has substituted for the sanguinary offerings of paganism.

WASHINGTON'S ROCK.

Our engraving shows one of the most romantic and hallowed localities in the State of New Jersey, situated near Middlebrook, on the southern slope of the mountains of Somerset county, New Jersey, known as *Washington's Rock* From its great altitude, an uninterrupted view is obtained of the country extending from the hills of Bergen, on the east, to those of Hunterdon on the west, embracing the highlands of Nevisink, Staten Island, the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Newark, New Brunswick, and Perth Amboy, villages almost without number, and a section of country unsurpassed in landscape beauties. The name of the rock is taken from revolutionary associations. In the spring of 1777, the American army lay encamped in the valley of Middlebrook, below. But twelve miles off, at New Brunswick, lay the British army, under charge of Lord Howe. The position of our army was strong, notwithstanding the poverty of their circumstances, and every conceivable feint and stratagem was resorted to by the enemy, for the purpose of decoying them from their security, but without effect. Finally, fatigued with exertion, the British army left for Perth Amboy, intending to leave Philadelphia *via* Staten Island, thus avoiding the American posts at Princeton and Trenton. During the whole of this trying period, tradition says that Gen. Washington habitually frequented the rock shown in our picture, to study out the probable movements of the foe. The rock is a large key-stone boulder, perched on the edge of the mountain's brow, seemingly ready to topple off, and crush to atoms the hamlets below.

THE WORLD IN A NEWSPAPER.

Wonderful to him who has eyes to see it rightly is the newspaper. To me, for example, sitting on the critical front bench of the pit, in my study here in Salem, the advent of my weekly journal is that of a strolling theatre, or rather of a puppet show, on whose stage, narrow as it is, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are played in little. Behold the whole huge earth sent to me hebdomadally in a brown paper wrapper!

Hither to my obscure corner, by wind, or steam, on horseback, on dromedary back, in the pouch of the Indian runner, or clicking over the magnetic wires, troop all the famous performers from the four quarters of the globe. Looked at from a point of criticism tiny puppets they seem all, as the editor sets his booth upon my desk and officiates as showman Now I can truly see how little and transitory is life. The earth appears almost as a drop of vinegar, on which the solar microscope of the imagination must be brought to bear in order to make out anything distinctly.

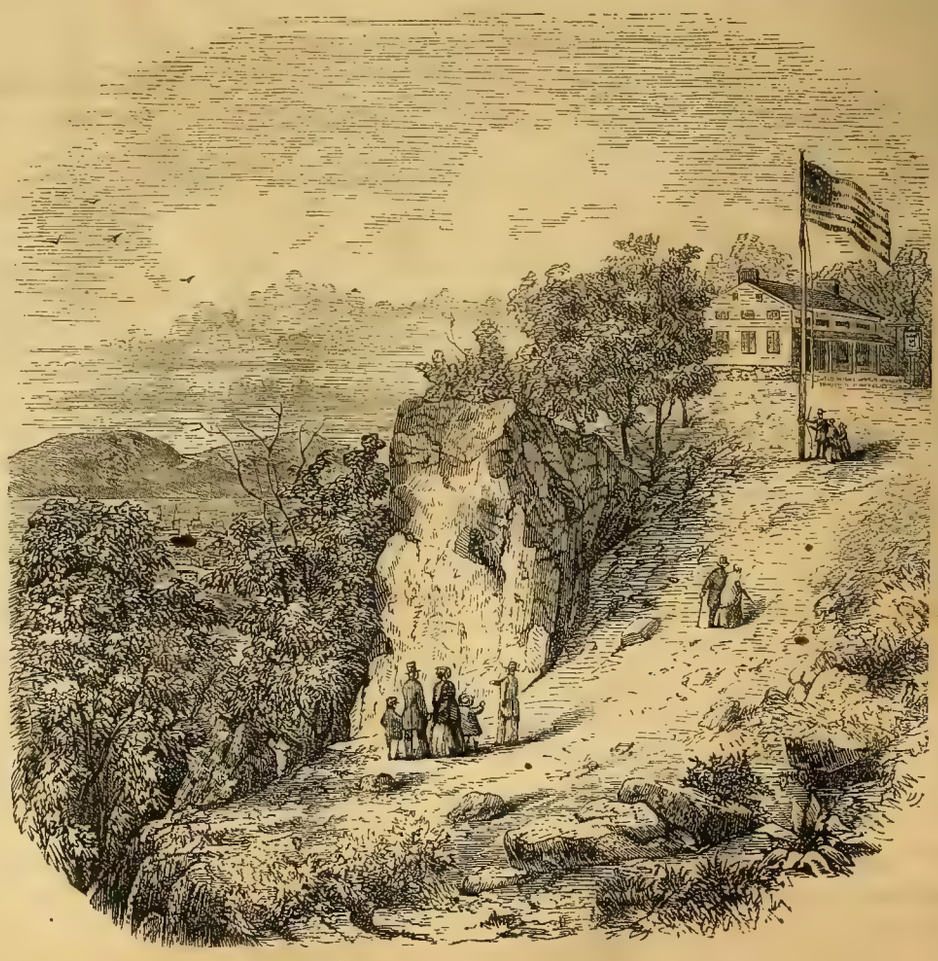
The animalcule there, in the pea-jacket, is Louis Philippe, just landed on the coast of England. That other, in the gray surtout and cocked hat, is Napoleon Bonaparte Smith, assuring France that she need apprehend no interference from him in the present alarming juncture. At that spot, where you see a speck of something in motion, is an immense mass meeting. Look sharper, and you will see a man brandishing his mandibles in an excited manner. This is the great Soandso, defending his position amid tumultuous and irrepressible cheers. That infinitesimal creature upon whom some score of others, as minute as he, are gazing in open-mouthed admiration, is a famous philosopher, expounding to a select audience their capacity for the infinite. That scarce discernable puffet of smoke and dust is a revolution. That speck there is a reformer just arranging a lever with which he is to move the world. And lo! there creeps forward the shadow of a skeleton that blows one breath between its grinning teeth, and all our distinguished actors are whisked off the stage into the dark beyond.

Yes, the little show box has its solemn suggestions. Now and then we catch a glimpse of a grim old man, who lays down a scythe and hour glass in the corner, while he shifts the scenes. There, too, in the dim back ground, a weird shape is ever delving. Sometimes he leans upon his mattock, and gazes, as a coach whirls by, bearing the newly married on their wedding jaunt, or glances carelessly at a babe brought home from christening. Suddenly (for the scene grows larger and larger as we look) a bony hand snatches back a performer in the midst of his part, and him whom yesterday two infinites (past and future) would not suffice, a handful of dust is enough to cover and silence forever. Nay, you see the same fleshless fingers opening to clutch the showman himself, and guess, not without a shudder, that they are lying in wait for spectators also. Think of it! for two dollars a year I buy a season ticket to this great Globe Theatre, whose scene shifter is Time, and whose curtain is rung down by Death.

Such thoughts will occur to me sometimes as I am tearing off the wrapper of my newspaper. Then suddenly that otherwise too often vacant sheet becomes invested for me with a strange kind of awe. Look! Deaths and marriages, notices of inventions, discoveries, and books, lists of promotion, of killed, wounded, and missing, news of fires, accidents, of sudden wealth, and as sudden poverty. I hold in my hand the end of myriad invisible electric conductors, along which tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despairs of as many men and women everywhere. So that upon that mood of mind which seems to isolate me from mankind as a spectator of that puppet pranks, another supervenes, in which I feel that I, too, unknown and unheard of, am yet of some import to my fellows. For, through my newspaper here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage? And, strangest of all, is not this singular person anxious to have me know that he has received a fresh supply of Dimity Broisgins? But to none of us does the present (even for a moment discerned as such) continue miraculous. We glance carelessly at the sun rise and get used to Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to morrow this sheet, in which a vision was let down to me from heaven, shall be a wrappage to a bar of soap or the platter for a beggar's broken victuals.—*James Russell Lowell.*

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

On one of the many bridges in Ghent stand two large brazen images of father and son, who obtained this distinguished mark of the admiration of their fellow-citizens by the following incidents:—Both the father and the son were, for some offence against the State, condemned to die Some favorable circumstance appearing on the side of the son, he was granted a remission of his sentence, under certain provisions; in short, he was offered a pardon, on a cruel and barbarous condition—namely, that he would become the executioner of his father! He at first resolutely refused to preserve his life by means so fatal and detestable. This is not to be wondered at; for let us hope, for the honor of our nature, that there are very few sons who would not have spurned with abhorrence life sustained on a condition so horrid and unnatural. The son, though long inflexible, was at length overcome by the entreaties of a fond father, who represented to him that, at all events, his (the father's) life was forfeited, and that it would be the greatest possible consolation for him in his last moments to think that in his death he was an instrument of his son's preservation. The youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering his life and liberty; he lifted the axe—but, as it was about to fall, his arm sunk nerveless, and the axe dropped from his hand! Had he as many lives as hairs, he could have yielded them all, one after another, rather than again conceive, much less perpetrate such an act. Life, liberty, everything vanished before the dearer interests of filial affection; he fell upon his father's neck, and embracing him, triumphantly exclaimed, "My father! my father! we die together!" and then called for another executioner to fulfil the sentence of the law. Hard must their hearts indeed be—bereft of every sensation of humanity—who could stand insensible spectators of such a scene. A sudden peal of involuntary applause, mixed with groans and sighs, rent the air. The execution was suspended; and on a simple report of the transaction to the authorities, both were pardoned. High rewards and honors were conferred on the son; and finally those two admirable brazen images were raised to commemorate a transaction so honorable to human nature.—*Reynolds.*



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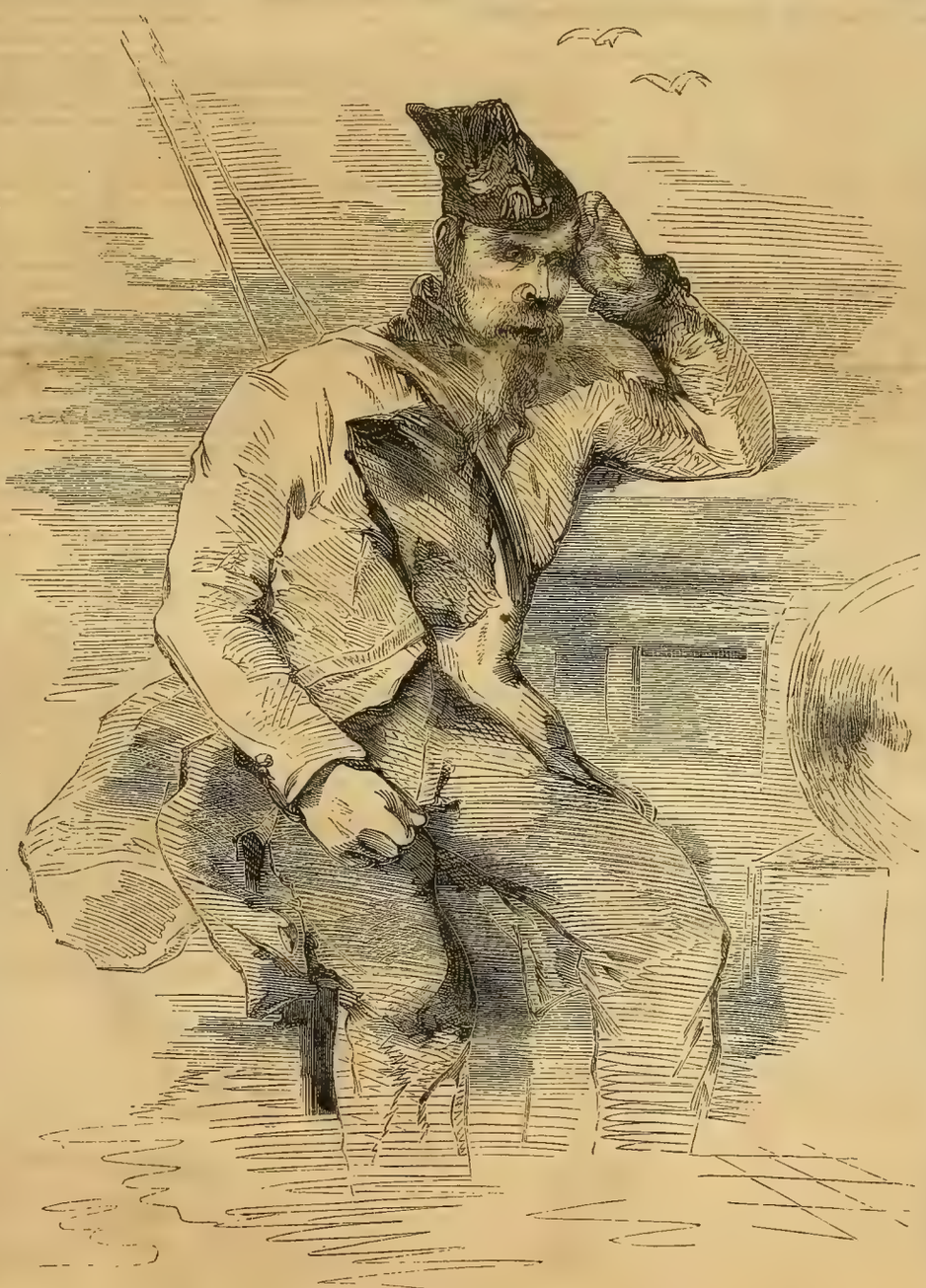
BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859. 5 CENTS SINGLE. $2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVII., No. 14...WHOLE No. 432.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER.

Our engraving represents a French soldier returning on shipboard to Marseilles, *en route* for his native place. It is no fancy picture, but a sketch from life, and bears the impress of truthfulness. The worn and hollow face, the traces of suffering borne with dignity, the seal of melancholy blended with pride that war leaves upon its votaries, are rendered with a bold and graceful touch worthy of Gavarni. The national type is well preserved; you could not by any possibility mistake the subject for an Englishman, a German, a Swiss, a Russian, an Austrian, or even an Italian. The mould of face and figure is Gallic, and breathes of that military nation, which from its earliest historical records has been distinguished for gallantry in the field, and for a love of arms equalled by no other civilized people, with the exception, perhaps, of the Hungarians and Poles. What a thrill of pride ran through the hearts of his auditors, when Lamartine, addressing his friends, neighbors and constituents at Macon, in 1858, in allusion to a furious storm that arose and threatened to sweep away the tent under which they were assembled, exclaimed, "You are the worthy descendants of those gallant men whose boast it was that even if the arch of heaven should fall, they would sustain it on their lance-points!" No appeal to the military spirit of France was ever made in vain. In ancient Gaul the entire population flew to arms when the foot of the invader pressed their soil, and Cæsar won no greener laurels than those reaped in the deadly conflicts in which the Gauls bared their naked bosoms to the spears and javelins of the Roman legionaries. When the revolution once more gave freedom to the French people, they flocked by thousands to the national colors, and though all Europe was banded against them, beat back the enemy on many a stricken field, trailing his colors in the dust of his own soil. "The French tricolor," as Lamartine has well said, "has made the tour of the world in glory." But it remained for Napoleon I. to develop the full force of the French military spirit. The battles to which he led the French soldiery, were "combats of giants." From the "terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi," to the annihilation of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo, is one uninterrupted trail of glory. We do not mean that it was unchecked by reverses, but we do assert that the arms of France were never dishonored, but that the valor of her braves commanded the respect of their victors. To have fallen at Waterloo was no dishonor, and the record of Waterloo is as glorious to French arms, in one sense, as the day of Austerlitz. We are apt to sympathize with only military success; but who does not look upon the Guard preferring death to surrender, with even more respect and admiration than when it bore its victorious eagles in the heart of the enemy's ranks on its proudest day of victory? The white plume of Marshal Ney never shone with a purer light than when it waved at the head of the falling Cæsar's forlorn hope, as they descended to the 'harvest of death," on the fatal plain of Waterloo. Since that time, the French army has reaped many laurels—in Africa, in the Crimea, in Italy. Africa has been the great school of the French soldier in these later years. The African campaigns, and their exigencies and requirements, gave birth to the Chasseurs de Vincennes, the Zouaves and the Turcos. Under the burning skies and on the arid plains of Algeria, the French infantry were trained, by long marches, to that degree of hardihood which makes them the finest infantry in Europe. We saw a statement recently to the effect that the French infantry soldier carries on the march sixty or seventy pounds weight, made up of tent-cloth, ball-cartridges, blankets, rations, etc. With this load he is sometimes required to march thirty or even thirty-six miles in a day It was men thus trained who astonished their English allies in the Crimea by their patient endurance of the vicissitudes of climate and the toils of the camp. But it is not alone this patient endurance of fatigue that gives the French soldier his supremacy; the Russian and Austrian may perhaps march as far and carry as great a weight as the Frenchman: it is the impetuosity, the rush, the *elan*, as they themselves call it, which wins victory for their eagles. Think of men, disdaining the use of cartridges, and plunging with the cold steel on batteries vomiting forth death, as the French infantry did at Palestro, Magenta and Solferino! Were they not worthy sons of those heroes who rolled back the Mameluke horse of Murad Bey at the Pyramids, and reddened the snow with their blood at the Moskowa? In science, in *physique*, in *morale*, the French army is an example to the world. No officer is appointed to command who has not received a brilliant military education, or who has not thoroughly learned the art of war with a title to promotion on the field of battle. Thus the soldiers have the fullest confidence in those who lead them—confidence in their knowledge as well as their bravery, such as cannot be felt by the troops of those countries where the officers owe their epaulettes to the political influence of their friends, or the length of their own purses. The system of conscription also brings into the ranks representatives of all classes. A French peasant promoted from the plough-tail to the saddle, may have for his fellow-coverer a nobleman with a hundred thousand francs a year, for it is not unusual for men of rank and wealth, when their turn comes, to serve as common soldiers in the army. The *Chasseurs d'Afrique* have had many gentlemen in their ranks, and other arms of the service can boast their social illustrations. Hence a spirit of refinement, of chivalry, is diffused through the army. They fight like heroes, and behave like gentlemen. We are told that during the whole of the late war in Italy, the soldiers behaved as well in camp and garrison as in the field. They committed no outrages, they respected private property, they exacted no tribute, they were grateful for attention. Such conduct mitigates the inevitable horrors of war. The Austrian prisoners were treated so well by their captors and by the people of France, that when returned to their own country at the conclusion of peace, many of them shed tears, as if they were leaving home and friends. In the care of the wounded, the French soldiers and the French surgeons made no difference between their comrades and their enemy. It is traits like these that we contemplate with the highest satisfaction. When gallantry, endurance and other soldierly qualities are united to humanity, forbearance and kindness, the soldier who exhibits them has a legitimate claim to honor and respect. The reception of the French soldiers at Paris on their return from their brief but hard service, and their rapid series of glorious victories, shows how dear are the triumphs of war to the hearts of the French people. All classes vied with each other in doing them honor, from the titled satellites of the emperor and empress, to the rude workmen of the stormy faubourg. Costly bouquets were lavished by fair hands from gilded balconies; floral offerings that cost but the lowest coin were presented in the street. The sidewalks, the windows, the parapets, the roofs and the chimneys even, were thronged with spectators. Even the phlegmatic English caught the enthusiasm, and as the vast deep-fronted column moved along the boulevards, the "*Vivent les Zouaves!*" and "*vive la ligne,*" from British throats, were as hearty as those uttered by Gallic lungs. So ardent is the military enthusiasm of France, that many sober politicians believe that if foreign wars are not from time to time waged, a French government can scarcely maintain itself in power. It was with the utmost difficulty that Louis Philippe kept the peace for eighteen years, and perhaps a less pacific policy would have prolonged his reign. Louis Napoleon has profited by the mistakes of his predecessor, and shown a better understanding of the character of the people he governs. The French soldiery have been his especial pets from the days of his presidency to the present hour. It was his certainty that he had entirely won the army that enabled him to venture on the *coup d'etat*, and, since then, notwithstanding his declaration that the "empire was peace," he has found work for his bayonets. Fear of the French army keeps England and Germany in a fever of anxiety. Few people credit the pacific assurances of Napoleon, and all ask themselves, "Where will he strike next?" The best informed people of England entertain a belief that he will certainly attempt an invasion; not the public men, but the men of the clubs, men versed in continental affairs, and men who have travelled. They regard Napoleon's recent amnesty, his proposed emancipation of the press as indicative of a design first to unite all France, and then, backed by such combined support, to launch the thunderbolts of war against that nation.



THE CONVALESCENT FRENCH SOLDIER RETURNING TO FRANCE.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PORTUGUESE SISTERS.

An Episode of the East India Insurrection.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

CHAPTER I.

THE IDYL.

THE Dutch have labored sixty years to wrest from the Portuguese their Indian possessions, but the descendants of Alphonso of Albuquerque are still found on the lands conquered by the flag of Lisbon, in 1498. So the family of Luiz Rivares, settled between Meerut and Morahabad, dated its origin from Vasco de Gama. The descendants of sailors and conquerors have become, according to the law of progress, cultivators of the soil.

The indigo plantation of Luiz Rivares is situated on the lower slope of a charming valley, watered by the little river called the Hindus. It is an oasis of trees, flowers and springs, in the centre of a large field, where grows abundantly the benafouli rice, the best rice in India. On the horizon of this vast rice-field may be seen the sombre outlines of the forest of Wilharma. A hill, or more properly speaking, a rocky eminence, separated the plantation from the dwelling of the English planter, John Windham. The two neighbors and their families lived harmoniously. In a lonely place, neighbors are always friends. It is a lesson for cities. If I had a romance to write, I would choose this Indian landscape; but to-day history has anticipated me, it has chosen it for me: it has done more, it has deprived me of the necessity of invention, even to its minutest details. When history gives herself the trouble, she can humble all the imaginations of romancers.

In our European countries, nothing can give an idea of the picture I am about to attempt to paint, and which was re-produced every day, with little variation, in the large green saloon of the plantation of Luiz Rivares, at the hour of noon, when excessive heat suspends labor.

This green hall is not the work of a mason or an architect; nature has built its four walls and ceiling with a massive assemblage of all the trees of the tropics; a large stream traverses its whole length, murmuring over its pebbly bed, and forms at a little distance, beneath sombre arches of foliage, a lake, where Indian lovers swim and sport with the tame elephants. The same hand which constructed the walls and arched the roof, has woven the softest carpets of turf and flowers. It is evident that kind nature destined this beautiful work of embroidery for the repose of laborers in a crepuscular light which invites to sleep; it is not a place for promenade, but a bed.

It is the night of mid-day; two young Indian girls only are awake, seated in a swing and singing plaintively and with subdued voices, the celebrated Song of the Rice-Fields. This song, monotonous, like all Oriental music, prolonged the sleep of masters and servants, in the alcove of the Indian siesta; but when silence succeeded, a young man suddenly awoke, and striking with his hand a small chess-board placed on the grass, said: "Good! We fell asleep in the midst of the *gambit muzio*."

At this exclamation, another young man awoke, saying: "I am not asleep, I hear. We were at the seventh move of the *gambit*, my dear Master Hebert."

"Right!" returned Hebert; "I knew I could not have been asleep. Those young girls magnetized us with their mournful music. Swing, if you please, my pretty children, Lula and Naddya, but do not sing. You can re-commence at midnight. Now, my dear Captain Volsy, I am at your service. The king's pawn, one square. Take care, I am about to play you a trick."

"But," said Volsy, "you are sacrificing this pawn."

"Well, take it, and you will see."

"Then I will not take it."

"So much the worse for you."

"The deuce take the *gambit muzio!*" said Volsey, clearing the chess-board. "Doctor Hebert, your *gambits* disgust me with this game."

"This Englishman is very passionate!" said Hebert. "Are you very sure you are English, my dear Volsy?"

"Hebert, my friend, you have not the gravity which becomes your profession of physician. In Europe, you would not find a rich man who would allow himself to be cured by you."

"Hold!" said Hebert, "you remind me that the poor fakir, Waly, is waiting me in his cabin."

"What madness possesses you to cure fakirs, Doctor Hebert Colomb?"

"Yes, you are English, Volsy; I do not doubt it now; you are even worthy to enter into the Council of Ten of the East India Company. You look upon a fakir as one insect the more in a country of insects; you would crush him boldly, if he were beneath your heel."

"I would thrust him aside."

"You would crush him. I would cure him. A fakir is a man"

"He is a madman."

"No; he is only an enthusiast. Besides, pride apart, have I not done a good work? This poor devil had sworn to bury a steel point in his right side every time the clock of the manufactory struck. With the permission of Luiz Rivares, I caused the clock to be stopped, and the fakir, fearing the displeasure of his god, left off puncturing himself. He ascribes the silence of the bell to Brahma. His reason is sound now; it remains only for me to heal his wounds."

"Courage," said Volsy, laughing; "two or three more such cures, and the King of Delhi will appoint you physician-in-chief to the fakirs."

"I would accept, and render a famous service to English India. These fakirs are your most dangerous enemies; they succeed the Thugs, who had nearly taken Bengal from you in the war of Nizam. We have everything to fear from these men, who fear nothing. The fakirs make sport of mutilations, of suicides, of martyrdoms; they die smilingly beneath the wheels of the sacred car, because they will revive, they say, in the celestial garden of Mandana. If their fanaticism should ever become national, if the contagion should seize the sepoys, God knows what would happen."

"Good!" said Volsy, laughing, "we are taking matters seriously."

"Well, would you take them otherwise, my dear Volsy?"

"Yes, doctor, I need to do so as a remedy; the thermometer marks thirty degrees in the shade, and we are committing the folly of waxing warm."

"Volsy, do you know what I found in the cabin of the fakir Waly? An English Bible."

"William Bart must have deposited it there."

"I know it," interrupted Doctor Hebert; "conceive the mania of this mad Methodist. He walks about in India with a bundle of Bibles, and leaves a copy in every place where he drinks a glass of water."

"What great harm is there in that?" asked Volsy.

"Great harm and great folly, my dear Volsy. To commence with the folly. I can conceive of giving a knowledge of the Bible to Indians who can read as they do at the religious college of Pulo Pinang; but to give any English book whatever to poor ignoramuses who do not know even the first letter of the Indian alphabet, is both ridiculous and absurd. To pass to the evil Their fanaticism is irritated at this book, or this mysterious thing which falls with premeditation from an English hand. They fear you even in your presents, and when the colporteur has left the cabin, proud of having disposed of a copy, the illiterate Indian kicks the book, digs a deep hole, buries it, and performs his ablutions to wash away its contamination. Then he assumes an air of solemnity, looks at the road which the Methodist has taken, and curses him with all the anathemas known to his caste. A day may come when assassination will take the place of malediction."

Volsy laughed as he listened to Doctor Hebert, and, seating himself on the turf, said, as he replaced the men on the chess board: "Well, my dear Hebert, I prefer the *gambit muzio*; give me another lesson, I will be more tractable, and afterwards let you go to your beloved fakir."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, a pantomime which signified, you are an incorrigible Englishman; and, refusing to obey the gesture and the invitation of Volsy, took a few steps in the direction of the fakir's cabin. Suddenly he stopped, as if he had changed his mind, and smiling at Volsy, appeared to consent to continue his lesson of the *gambit*.

"O, I am not the dupe of your conversion," said Volsy, laughingly. "I saw the branches move at the entrance of the green saloon. The angels have come."

In fact, it seemed as if two stars were rising in the direction indicated by Volsy's finger; they illuminated the dome of verdure, and suddenly gave an inexpressible charm to this vast alcove of trees, turf, springs and flowers. Paula and Amata, the two daughters of Luiz Rivarez, entered with elegant nonchalance, and responded by an imperceptible movement to the respectful salutes of Hebert and Volsy. The crossing of the two races had been favorable to the young girls. Paula was a brunette, Amata a blonde; this difference allowed of their being recognized, for the beauty of the younger was so exact a copy of that of the elder, that mistakes might otherwise have arisen even in their own family; they might be distinguished by the color of their hair. This powerful Indian nature, which filtrates the sap of its sunlight into its plants and flowers, has often the same natural complacency for women; then creole beauties seem to borrow from the Indian flora its treasures of luxury and brilliancy; they grow and develop into a superb blossoming, like living sisters of the aloes and the palm-trees.

Although this history commences with the year 1857, truth compels us to say that the costume of these two young ladies was the extreme antithesis of the reigning fashions. The climate and the country of India have requirements and exigencies unforeseen by Parisian dressmakers. The fashions of the Directory have been invented by a great creole lady accustomed to praise, in a climate which prohibits dress from concealing beneath its folds the slightest deception.

Accustomed to living in the familiarity of domestic life with Paula and Amata, Hebert and Volsy always experienced a respectful awe when they encountered the two sisters, and if the English mode had not prevailed in the dwelling of Luiz Rivarez, these two young people would never have dared to introduce a conversation with them. Paula or Amata always commenced it.

"Continue your game, gentlemen," said Paula, without letting go her sister's arm, "we do not wish to interrupt the lesson of chess."

"We had ended our game," said Hebert, drawing out his watch; "it is already very late—two o'clock! I must go to work."

The young ladies laughed.

"Yes, ladies, to work," resumed Hebert, "it is no joke. I am going to botanize along the stream; it is an unpleasant task in the hot sun, but I did not come to India to be idle."

"How seriously that was said!" remarked Volsy.

Doctor Hebert, who had stammered as he replied to Paula, found himself suddenly at his ease, thanks to the jesting reflection of Volsy, and raising his head and folding his arms, said to the English officer: "Ah, my dear Volsy, do you think that I laid aside the hope of Parisian practice, the best practice in the world, when one has it, to follow the example in India of your lazy English doctors? What have you done for science since Lord Cornwallis and the conquest of 1799? You have trod for sixty years, on thousands of plants, of which each one is a remedy, prepared in the laboratory of the sun, and have not even discovered the leaf which cures the headache or a cold."

"Good! good!" said Paula and Amata, clapping their hands.

"Pardon me," said Volsy, laughingly, "we have discovered the root of the yellowslip for the bite of the cobra-capella, and the yapana, for the cholora-morbus."

"O, perfidious Albion!" exclaimed the doctor, "these two remedies were discovered before the dynasty of Aurengzebe, under the reign of Baber. It was an Indian physician, the *moulay* of the coast of Delhi, who invented them."

"With this discussion," said Paula, "we have made the doctor lose his hour for botanizing; he might, perhaps, have discovered the herb which cures the headache."

And the two sisters made a movement to retreat, which was suspended by a gesture from Volsy.

"Our two sepoys are awaking," said he; "if you will enter your palanquins for your daily ride to our dwelling, ladies, these two men will serve you as an escort—an escort of honor," added he, laughing, "for you know that there is not the slightest danger."

The two Indian girls, Lula and Naddya, who had fallen asleep chanting the Song of the Rice-Fields, awoke at the call of Paula, and disappeared beneath an archway of trees, a natural gallery of the dwelling of Rivares.

"My work can wait," said Doctor Hebert to Paula; "we will assist at your departure."

"And is the time for your voyage fixed?" asked Paula, in a timid voice.

"No, mademoiselle. I have many things to study here, and do not wish to return to France empty-handed. Our profession is not advantageous in Paris for us young people. The number of old physicians kills us. I wish to create for myself a speciality. With steam, railroads and the canal of the Isthmus of Suez, all young physicians will do in ten years as I am now doing. I must, therefore, profit by my monopoly. In 1867, it will be too late."

"My sister is calling me," said Paula; "the palanquins have come; we shall now set out. I restore you to your botanical labors, and wish you may be successful in finding a plant which cures—"

"The wounds of the heart," interrupted Hebert, in a low tone.

Paula bounded like a gazelle wounded by the hunter, and hastened toward the palanquins.

"At last the word is said; it has escaped me unintentionally." Such was the reflection which the countenance of Hebert expressed, after the clearest and most concise of declarations.

The bearers of the palanquins were at their posts; Paula and Amata seated themselves beneath silken canopies, from which floated in the breeze a fringe of ribbons which cooled the air like thousands of little fans.

Volsy spoke thus to his two sepoys: "Tauly and Mendesour, escort these palanquins to my father's dwelling, and come to rejoin me here."

Tauly and Mendesour belonged to the 20th regiment of native infantry in cantonments at Meerut; two vigorously built young soldiers, two satyrs of Ramaiana, two demons with epidermis of bronze, hair of ebony, eyes of fire. Nothing in them indicated the inferiority of the race; on the contrary, it was evident that the energetic blood of Malaisia flowed in their veins, and that they belonged, by the natural right of filiation, to that ancient Indian family which has chiselled in statues, in pagodas, in monsters, in idols, all the granite of Bengal and Java.

A little while before their departure, Tauly and Mendesour had addressed some flattering words to Lula and Naddya, but these young Indian girls were accustomed to reply to the gallant speeches of the copper-colored race only by a proud and disdainful silence; their ambition aspired higher. Like the women of every country and shade, Lula and her sister, gifted with an admirable talent of imitation, had learned in the school of their two beautiful mistresses, the coquetry and dignity of European castes. In their moments of leisure, they practised their lessons in the large mirror, and forgetting their complexion at sight of their Bengalese beauty, assumed the elegance of the noble English lady, and dreamed of lawful marriage with a handsome officer of the garrison of Meerut or Moradabad.

An indifferent observer might have remarked the singular variety of the four groups at the departure of the palanquins: Paula and Amata carelessly sitting like two adorable goddesses, and looking at no one, that all eyes might look at them; Volsy and Hebert fixing their eyes on the odalisque sandals which played with the fringes of the silken curtains; Lula and Naddya, negligently leaning against a palm-tree and promising themselves, at no distant future, a ride in palanquins also; Tauly and Mendesour flashing the lightnings of their eyes on the two clouds of Chinese stuffs which concealed the Europeans, those white marvels, unknown in the harems of Delhi, Lahore and Agra.

Doctor Hebert and Volsy followed the palanquins with their eyes to the extremity of the little road which terminated at the hill. As soon as there was no longer anything to see but a luxuriant landscape, the two young people were seized with that sadness which follows the sunset, and returned to the green saloon to look at the traces which the beloved feet had left on the turf and wild flowers. Words failed both to commence the conversation and perhaps change friends to rivals, for no previous confidence had been made; neither knew exactly his position, and each feared to become enlightened.

At last Volsy summoned resolution; he touched the doctor's arm lightly, saying, with a smile: "Do you know what men do when they are in love?"

"They love," replied Hebert, lightly.

"Since you do not choose to tell, I will," resumed the Englishman. "Men in love, in the presence of the beloved one, either maintain silence, or speak in order to shine at the expense of their neighbors. That is what you have just done, my dear doctor. When you and I are

alone together, you spare your wit, but if a woman arrives, you crush me without pity. Hebert, you are in love."

"My dear Volsy," said Hebert, with assumed dignity, "I did not come to India to violate the holy laws of hospitality; I came to instruct myself in my profession, you know very well. Certainly I admire, like everybody else, the beauty of the ladies Rivares, but that is all. In my turn, my dear Volsy, I address to you the same question, reply to me frankly."

"Well," returned Volsy, laughing, "I will be as serious as yourself. The Misses Rivares are the only friends of my family; they are at this moment at my house, and I am here. You see that I avoid them; this is the only concession I can make. Beneath our Indian sun, only a minute is required to take away one's self-possession, and a soldier in love is a deserter who has passed over to the enemy."

This ambiguous explanation seemed to satisfy the young doctor; he extended his hand to Volsy, and pointing to a new personage who had arrived, dripping with perspiration and laden with an enormous burden, he said: "There, my dear Volsy, is a youth who is more unfortunate than either of us; he is in love and about to marry."

"Your servant, Cesar Verlacq, about to marry?" asked Volsy, with astonishment, "and whom?"

"O, do not be alarmed, Volsy, he is to espouse Lula."

"Lula!" responded Volsy, "who has refused to many a brahmin enamored of her, and who, by her scorn, obliged that poor Waly to become a fakir!"

"Yes, Lula," replied Hebert, "the young Indian women have no longer religious prejudices. Even widows prefer a second marriage to the funeral pile. Lula would rather be the wife of a French or English servant, than the favorite sultana of the Great Mogul. Women, everywhere, have good sense. If the East India Company were directed by five Englishmen, it would make at least five blunders less per day."

Cesar Verlacq having deposited his burden, approached the doctor to take his orders.

"Have you gathered a good harvest?" said Hebert.

"I hope you will be satisfied," replied Cesar; "I found between the crevices of the rocks, a family of plants as large as an umbrella, and lined with velvet, like the mantle of a princess. I gathered them all."

"Very well; go deposit your plants in my room and rest."

"Rest!" said Cesar, "O, not yet; I will rest at midnight, if the tiger will let me. I discovered on the edge of the forest a little shrub which sweats in the sunshine like an Italian pine. There is something in that, I said, and I am going to uproot the shrub while the tiger is asleep." And Cesar saluted his master and disappeared.

"There is one whom I cured by a process unknown to medicine," said the doctor, to Volsy. "This poor boy had not been planted on congenial soil. Transplantation has cured him of his natural infirmity. He was so averse to labor that one day, being hungry, he preferred stealing two loaves of bread to earning them. He was taken, tried, convicted and sent to prison. I studied the physical constitution of this youth, and thought I recognized in him one of those nervous natures which the north kills and the south resuscitates. To day, in a congenial climate, he puts money in my purse and labors almost unremittingly."

Volsy listened to the recital of this moral cure with a distraction which the doctor remarked, without asking an immediate explanation of it. Not a word of praise or raillery was pronounced by the English officer. Hebert left him, saying, carelessly: "I must go and examine the new vegetable riches of my herbal."

CHAPTER II.

THE DRAMA.

NIGHT, always precocious in those climates, had long since fallen, and this time, contrary to their usual habits, Paula and Amata had not yet appeared at the house of their father, Luiz Rivares, on their return from the dwelling of John Windham. The young Doctor Hebert began to feel some uneasiness, although he affected much gaiety in presence of the father, not speaking of his daughters, but relating the successful experiments which he had just made in his laboratory with two new plants discovered in the morning.

At intervals, Luiz Rivares repeated the usual phrase of long and anxious expectation: "I do not understand this delay; they should have been here at least an hour ago."

They were both seated on the steps of the *chattiram*, by the light of those splendid constellations which give as much brightness to the nights of India as does the sun to the days of the north. When the conversation was interrupted, they listened to the sounds of the country, and Doctor Hebert repeated: "There is not the shadow of danger. Eight bearers and two sepoys; with this escort, two women might now travel over India. The tiger is rare and cowardly, and besides, it is not yet up."

A dull and almost human plaint was heard, and Luiz Rivares started and looked at Hebert. The gardener passed by the dwelling and said: "Baby whines and refuses to enter his enclosure. His mistress has not bid him good-night."

"Poor Baby!" said Hebert, "I will come to console you, and Cylon also."

Baby and Cylon, the two favorite elephants of Paula and Amata, persisted in remaining outside the gate of their vast yard, and remained deaf to the persuasions of the young Indian girls, Lula and Naddya.

Hebert had seized this opportunity to separate from Luiz Rivares and free himself from an intolerable constraint, for this delay had already changed his fears into despair. Besides, Volsy seemed to suspect him, and not knowing to what reasonable cause to attribute the absence of the two sisters, he feared even a crime, and all the alarming events which one can imagine in a wilderness where the law protects only criminals. Meanwhile, as he had undertaken to console the elephants, he walked towards the enclosure, and addressing the two colossuses, repeated all that the English language has softest in superlatives, to calm their impatience.

"Take care," said Lula, "do not approach too near Cylon, he is enraged; look how he flattens his ears."

"He is too reasonable to be angry with me," said Hebert; "what have I done to him?"

"You are of the country and have the accent of his old master, the merchant of Meerut."

"Does Cylon dislike the French?" said Hebert, laughing.

"He killed one at Meerut."

Hebert stepped two paces backwards. The bravest fears a blow from a trunk on his forehead. Cylon seemed to comprehend the meaning of this dialogue, and assumed an attitude of composure, that he might not frighten a man, who was in reality a friend, though a Frenchman. Hebert forced a laugh, and, resuming his first place, hastily interrupted Lula.

"I should like to hear the story, and if we had time—"

"O, it is not long," returned the young girl. "Listen. Cylon was led every day by his master to the watering-place of elephants at the gate of Delhi. His master fell sick, and the servant, who was a French deserter from the marines, mounted on the neck of Cylon to go to the fountain. On the way, he bought a cocoa-nut and attempted to crack it on the walls of the houses at the right and left. The streets of Meerut are very narrow, but the height of Cylon prevented the cocoa-nut from reaching the walls. Then this servant attempted to break the nut on the elephant's head, treating this noble animal as if he were a rock on the highway. Cylon comprehended the gravity of the insult, but, according to the habits of his race, did not allow himself to yield to the first impulse of a just anger, but wished to reflect in order to assure himself that the servant did not deserve to be forgiven. The next day, on the same route to the watering-place and in the same alley, the domestic was on foot, leading Cylon, and when they had arrived at the cocoa merchants, the elephant picked up one of these fruits and broke it on the head of his conductor."

"And the head?" asked Hebert.

"Was crushed, of course; the trunk of an enraged elephant would break anything. After that, Cylon went to the fountain and returned home alone, followed by witnesses who had seen the insult and the vengeance, and justified him to his master. All the inhabitants of Meerut blamed the servant, and no one pitied him."

During this recital, the two elephants gave signs of uneasiness; they expanded their cavernous ears, as if to listen the better to those distant sounds which cannot reach feeble human ears; they elevated their trunks vertically, as if to snuff on the evening breeze the emanations from the wild beasts which might follow their two young mistresses on their return in the palanquins. At least, it was thus that Lula and Naddya attempted to explain the mysterious movements of the two colossuses.

"A great danger is in the air," said Lula, looking in the direction of Meerut. "Men are often mistaken; elephants never."

"Ah!" said Hebert, "that is extraordinary; we must hasten to the residence of John Windham. Lula, make Cylon kneel; Naddya, run and get me my carbine; I must go, I may be of assistance."

At the first sign from Lula, and as if he had comprehended the order, Cylon was preparing to kneel in order to favor the ascent of Hebert, when the dogs of the house were seen to run on the road to Meerut.

"The dogs do not bark," said the young girls, jumping with joy. "There are the palanquins."

In fact, the two daughters of Luiz Rivarez, lighted by resin torches, soon appeared beneath the first trees of the avenue and fell into the arms of their father, giving signs of terror beyond known perils. They rapidly ascended the steps of the dwelling, entered the grand hall and seated themselves, or rather fell upon the nearest divan. He who had seen them on their departure would not have known them on their return. By their livid paleness, by their mute despair, it was evident they had suffered extremely.

The door of the saloon was closed, and Doctor Hebert alone remained with Luiz Rivares, Paula and Amata. The young man would have withdrawn, but an imperative sign from the head of the family detained him. A physician is never an intruder at such fearful crises; so Rivares thought.

The French doctor had, in the highest degree, an instinctive faculty, which is often with others but the fruit of mature experience and long observation; he could read on a countenance the secret thoughts, especially because of the efforts made to conceal them. So, at this moment, rapid as lightning, he comprehended that the grief, the emotion, the despair of the two sisters, took their source from different causes, and that the fearful revelation they were about to make would not tell all, and would keep an important secret.

Here, then, is what was revealed by Amata. The sepoy garrison at Moradabad had revolted; they had massacred the English officers and all the English families. It was said that at Delhi and Agra the rebel natives had delivered themselves up to the most atrocious excesses, to acts of unheard-of brutality. A dull agitation reigned in the regiment at Meerut. An explosion was expected, and young Volsy, listening only to the call of duty, had torn himself from the arms of his family and mounted his horse to rejoin his cantonment.

At this sentence in the recital of Amata, her sister Paula suppressed her sobs, and her head fell on her breast in a nervous convulsion. Hebert had listened to all vaguely, he looked only to Amata. From this moment, doubt was no longer permitted to him; Paula was the betrothed of Volsy Windham.

"The secret has been well kept," thought Hebert, "but there are decisive circumstances which betray the most intimate secrets of the heart."

Luiz Rivares embraced his daughters tenderly, and, after a long silence, interrupted only by tears, he said: "A great misfortune has doubtless happened around us, but it threatens only the English; we are colonists, and the Indians have no motive to injure us. So do not despair, my dear daughters. Our dwelling is a safe asylum, the Portuguese flag will protect us. Is it not so, Doctor Hebert?"

The young man was pacing the saloon and paying no attention to the words of Luiz Rivares, but, on hearing his name pronounced, he stopped, and not knowing what to reply to a question which he had not heard, exclaimed: "I have predicted it a hundred times, and all the wise men in India have predicted it. The old fool of an East India Company will ruin this country. I said so this morning to Volsy, and he laughed. This evening we shall laugh no more."

Silence ensued in the saloon, but Amata quickly interrupted it by summoning through the window, Lula and Naddya, to request them to give refreshments to the poor bearers and the two sepoys who had escorted them to their dwelling.

"This night," said Rivares then, "we run no risk, so, my dear daughters, go and take a little rest which you so much need. To-morrow, the flag of Portugal shall wave on the roof of our house."

Amata had approached her father, doubtless to say something to him in confidence, and the young doctor would have profited by the favorable opportunity to address himself directly to Paula, but the latter rose like a Pythoness on her tripod and said, in a stern voice: "Would you know, sir, the cause of our delay? It was this. My sister and myself, two women! wished to depart for Meerut; we wished to accompany the brave soldier who was so heroically doing his duty. And you, sir, his friend, you spend your courage against the East India Company! You forget that France was the ally of England in the last war, and have not had the generous inspiration to hasten to Meerut to fulfil your double duty as friend and physician."

And without waiting for a reply or justification, Paula hastened to rejoin her sister, leaving Hebert immovable and mute with surprise and confusion. An instant afterwards he was alone in the great hall; three good-nights had been addressed to him and he had not replied.

Twenty projects crossed each other in his head, all admitted and rejected at the same instant. The blood rushed to his forehead, and everything appeared at once easy and impossible. An hour had just overturned the scaffolding of his future. He had pleased himself with a sweet dream; had seen himself arrive at fortune and at fame by honorable labors and unheard-of discoveries in this garden of India, this laboratory of the sun, this herbal of God, this pharmacopœia of the world; he was the friend of Luiz Rivares and had hoped to be his son-in-law. In reasoning thus, he had not flattered, he had only been just to himself. Sons-in-law like Dr. Hebert Colomb do not abound in the civil service of the Ganges, and all the passports of the foreign office do not contain, like that of Hebert, the flattering description: *twenty-five years, black hair, aquiline nose, high forehead*, in fine, whatever constitutes the physical distinction of man, for the word beauty should be applied only to woman; it is a word exclusively feminine.

A young English officer, fair, rosy and agreeable, was the betrothed of Paula, and that he might not be dishonored in the eyes of Portugal, it was necessary that Hebert should depart with the arms of a soldier and the medicine-chest of a physician to give the aid of friendship to a fortunate rival. Devotion above human courage.

There are in the Gospel two words sublime in their association: "I will arise and go," *surgam et ibo;* it is the cry of heroic resolutions. Hebert found it in his soul and rose to depart without bidding any adieu; his absence would speak for him.

As he was repairing to the quarters of the servants, he encountered Cesar Verlacq, laden with a parcel of plants, and said to him: "Will you accompany me to Meerut?"

"But do you know what has taken place at Meerut?" said Verlacq. "Do you know the latest news?"

"No."

"I will inform you. Two English servants have just arrived and taken refuge here. They escaped the massacre by a miracle. The European habitations in the environs are burned. Everything white is English. Only the Indian is spared. The sepoys are committing horrors without a name, murdering, outraging, cutting to pieces young girls, children. The Indian sun has never witnessed such scenes. Now, master, would you see them nearer? let us go, I will follow you."

"Go and saddle two horses immediately, my brave Verlacq, and wait for me at the gate of the court yard. I will write a letter to my mother, and that duty fulfilled, we will do another. Go and choose our best Parisian weapons, load the carbines and pistols as if for a tiger-hunt, and make haste."

Night had advanced, a silence of solitude reigned around the dwelling, and gave a fearful gloom to this nocturnal landscape which the sun made so joyous. A single window remained open towards the north and allowed the gleam of a lamp, reflected from a thick grove of ebony trees. It was the chamber of the two sisters, Paula and Amata; they were seeking from the night air a little coolness to soothe the fever of their emotions while awaiting the blessings of sleep.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

It is surely better a man should be abused than forgotten.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONNET.—INFERUS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN PITTS.

"——facilis descensus Averni;
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic opus, hic labor est!"

Easy the road that leads to realms of death,
And feet innumerable walk therein;
Bestrewn with flowers the dazz'ing path of sin,
And, at the gate, the demon-tempter saith,
"Come, enter here, for pleasure waits within!"
Yes—easy is the road! Have ye not seen
Where wanton lust doth lurk in winsome guise?
Or where each hateful passion ambushed lies,
While sin's seductive witcheries lie between?
Easy the road, and beauteous her feet
Who leads thee captive down the steep of hell!
Fair are these haunts—Temptation here doth dwell.
O, fly thee, mortal, when her measures sweet,
In syren strains thine ears enraptured greet!
How bright the way, how pleasurable the road,
Which, with its quick gradations, downward leads,
Through gardens of delight to death's abode!
Ay, but these flowers shall shrink to noisome weeds,
And as thou turn'st in terror wild to flee
From the black pit, which now all horror breeds,
Poor wretch—around thee rolls in fire a boundless sea!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PHEBE MARLOW'S THREE LOVERS.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

The nicest of great, old-fashioned kitchens was Farmer Marlow's, and on the particular evening of which I write, it looked more than usually cozy, with the chimney-curtains closely drawn to shut out the sharp December wind, a wood fire flashing and roaring most gloriously in the broad fire-place, and pretty Phebe Marlow, the farmer's buxom daughter, sitting alone by the wide brick hearth, the glimmer of the pine blaze springing up to waste itself in a red tide of kisses on her bright face, warming the blood in her cheeks till their soft, tempting bloom quite put to shame the jaunty cherry ribbons in her hair. Ah! there wasn't a comelier, more bewitching lass in all Christendom than this same little Phebe, and it is not impossible that she was thinking of this fact as she sat there before the blazing fire, for she leaned her head coquettishly on her small brown hand (Phebe was a farmer's daughter, remember), and let such a pleasant, happy smile spread over her face, that a whole nest of dimples was startled into motion, and went fluttering and dancing around her lips like bees about the scarlet heart of a rose, while the ambitious flames panted and wrestled up the great chimney for very love of the black eyes in which they saw themselves reflected.

But whatever gratifying thought was in the damsel's mind, it did not seem inclined to pay a long visit, for the smile was displaced by just the most delicious shadow of a pout, and Phebe sprang up resolutely, glancing in a half-nervous way at the distorted pictures which the romping firelight was sketching on the wall, looking up at the tall wooden clock in the corner, the fingers of which pointed to the early hour of seven, and then going to the window and sighing as she pushed aside the curtain for a moment and looked down the long, desolate, snow-covered road. You might have thought, so long she stood there with her rosy face pressed against the frame, and her bright eyes peering out into the wintry darkness, that she was looking for something or somebody in particular, and, perhaps she was! At any rate, she was very lonely, for her father and mother had gone to a neighboring village to a lecture, leaving her to keep house alone until their return.

Evidently it was dull work for the lively-spirited young lady, but she seemed determined to make the best of it, for she went out into the pantry, and bringing in a large wooden churn, set it down before the hearth, and then tying a gingham apron about her waist, to keep the great white spatters of cream from her neat woolen dress, she seated herself to a task which one of the dainty feminines of the present day would turn pale to think of accomplishing.

By the way, if there is a single old bachelor among my readers, let me ask him if he ever saw a pretty girl churning, and if so, if he is now a bachelor from choice or necessity? Certain am I that he could never have seen Phebe, my charming heroine, with her sleeves tucked away from her round, white arms, leaving them bare and free for their vigorous exercise, the flush on her cheeks and the golden fire-shine shimmering over her black hair, the cherry ribbons on her head and the little leather-shodden feet out stretched on the braided hearth-rug, the cambric ruffle about her slender throat, the tape-strings of her apron, in fact every portion of her jaunty, becoming dress keeping time to the rising and falling of the restless dasher, he couldn't have seen her so, I say, without wishing—bless me! who gave my elbow such a merciless nudge? As I live, here is Phebe herself, come to pay me an afternoon visit, with her youngest ba— but I anticipate.

A bright idea strikes me. She shall sit down and write out her own little love affair. It will be doubly interesting, I know. I doubt if she ever wrote a story in all her life, or even dreamed of such a thing, and I am sure she will lead my tired pen out of its hackneyed courses and flavor this short narrative with an interest I could not hope to give it. In return, I will take care of her ba—but I anticipate again.

PHEBE'S STORY.

I make you my prettiest bow, dear readers. As Margaret here says, I never wrote a story in my life, and never thought of such a thing. But she has promised me that if I fill out these blank sheets of paper for her, she will go home and spend the evening with me, which is something of a temptation, for you must know that we are the dearest friends in the world, and have been ever since we used to be schoolmates together, which was so long ago that I shouldn't dare tell you, for fear you would be guessing at Margaret's age. She's a nice old mai—girl, though I will say, in confidence, that she kisses John (that's my husband) just when she pleases, and is a terrible tease among the children. Never mind, I'll be even with her one of these days, when *she* has a husband to kiss (if she ever does, which I sometimes doubt the likelihood of).

There! I've done something wrong to begin with, for experienced story-writers never bring in the husband and babies till the closing paragraph. Please forget that part.

Maggie has seen fit to introduce me to you in rather a novel way, and has said a great many agreeable things about me, for which you must please give credit to her wonderful imaginative powers, as I was not half so charming or pretty as she would try to make you think, though I looked well enough, to be sure, and was as wild a little witch as ever hunted hen's eggs or rode on a hay-cart. The churning which she makes such an ado about, was, in spite of her rhapsody, a very tiresome piece of business, and made my arms ache dreadfully. Perhaps I shouldn't have thought so much about it if I had had any one to keep me company, but I was terribly lonesome, and the time seemed long. I kept wishing some of the boys and girls would drop in for an evening's chat, for they all knew that father and mother were gone, and just what a nice place the old kitchen was for a game of Copenhagen or Blind Man's Buff. I had begun to think real hard of them and had half made up my mind to lean my head against the churn-handle and have a good lonesome cry all to myself, when I heard heavy, stamping feet at the door, and the next minute who should walk into the room but Sam Partridge, the awkwardest, homeliest, most ill-mannered specimen of an overgrown country youth that can well be imagined? Dear knows I was vexed enough at the prospect of staying there alone all the evening, but he is the last one I should have wished for a companion.

Now he was rather "stepping up" to me, Sam was, and I knew in a moment that he had seen father's sleigh go past the village, and surmising that I would be alone, had come up sparking. I should have known it by his dress, if in no other way, for he was mightily smarted up. He had on a bran new pair of home made pantaloons and his go-to-meeting swallow-tail coat. A flaring red neck-tie and a tall hat completed his costume, and though his trousers had been cut three inches too short for his long legs, and his blue swallow-tail was one that had encircled his grandfather as long ago as that venerable gentleman went courting himself, yet Sam marched into the room as bravely as if he were going to lay siege to a British man-of-war, instead of the poor little heart of a country girl like myself.

"A cold night, aint it, Phebe?" he said, familiarly, going up to the fire and rubbing his great red hands briskly over the blaze. "Old folks aint tu hum, be they?"

Just as I was about to answer him, there came a gingerly rap at the front door, something like the pecking of a sick hen at a dough-dish. I took the candle, leaving Sam to admire himself in the dark, and went to the door. Whom do you think I found there? As sure as my name is Phebe, it was Moses Marsh, the village dentist—a dignified, dapper little man, who had asked me at least as many as four times to marry him, and that before his first wife (for he was a widower) had been dead a year. I think the phrenologists would have marked his organ of hope up somewhere among the nines or tens, for he kept coming to see me, even after the fourth refusal of his suit, and didn't seem to entertain the slightest doubt about eventually calling me Mrs. Marsh. Maybe I encouraged him a little at times. I am inclined to think now that I must have done so, though I am very sure if I did, it was to torment the younger fellows—one in particular.

Well, I led the way to the kitchen in high glee. The idea of having two lovers to entertain in one evening, and neither of them at all agreeable, was so amusing that I almost choked in replying to his dignified "I hope I find you well this evening, Miss Phebe," and had to make a pretence of wiping my nose on my apron, in order to hold one corner of it across my mouth to smother a very rude giggle.

Sam stared at us, as we entered the room, with a sort of sheepish wonder, which made me want to laugh the more. I went back to my churning, after handing a chair to my guest. He had a way of always looking stiff and straight like a broom-handle, and when he plumped himself down into his seat, it seemed to me that instead of bending, he broke short off in the middle, and there were the fragments of him, each proper and upright, like the individual whole, but still looking like pieces which could never be put together again in the right shape. Thinking first of this, and then of Sam's great awkward figure, standing so near me that the pointed tails of his famous coat brushed against me, I had hard work to say anything serious to them, you may well believe.

Just as I was trying to steady my voice so that I might make the usual inquiries regarding the health of Sam's mother and sisters, I heard a quick, springing step coming over the snow-crusted fields towards the house. I should have known that step among a million, and it seemed as if every drop of blood in my foolish heart came flying up into my face at the sound.

Surprise parties had not been heard of in that day, or I should certainly have imagined that I was being favored with such an entertainment, when John Harris—dear, handsome John—the favorite with all the Cranston boys, and the idol of all the girls, myself included, joined our little trio. What a smile there was on his bright, frank face, so unlike Sam's intolerable grin, or the slow, watery simper of Moses Marsh. And how vividly the impression came over me, though no doubt I was very silly, that instead of bringing in with him a cold breath of the wintry weather outside, it was a gush of summer warmth and fragrance that followed him into the old dim kitchen, making its old shadowy corners look bright and sweet to me. I could almost have gone to the window, expecting to look out upon the green grass and blushing roses.

But mind you, I wouldn't have had John mistrust how I was feeling for anything in the world. We were always quarrelling, and I don't exactly mean that either. We had a way of saying little sharp things to each other, and of getting into a most agreeable disagreement whenever chance threw us together, though all the while I knew he liked me, and I am very sure he knew the same of me. I suppose I was what people call a coquette, in my small way, though being a sober married woman now, I don't exactly like to say it, it sounds so vain-like. But John knew just how to treat me, and never made a mistep in his quick march into my affections.

I bowed very coolly to him, and he bowed very coolly in return, though I saw a roguish glimmer in his great blue eyes as he advanced and shook hands with Sam and Moses. The farmer held out his awkward paw with a most unceremonious snicker, and said, as he withdrew it and thrust the long fingers up through his bushy brown hair: "It 'pears to me as though we'd all come on pooty much the same errand, and I guess none of us didn't come to see the old folks."

Another snicker followed this trite observation, and I felt my face flaming and crimsoning painfully. John must have noticed it, for he sprang forward, and catching me up as though I had been a doll (yet not rudely, I am sure), set me down almost instantly in a far corner of the room, where the fire in my cheeks might burn out by degrees, and no one be the wiser for it. It was very kind of him.

"I know you are tired, Phebe; you have churned a delightful color into your cheeks," he said, laughingly. "Let me try it for a while and see if I can manufacture two such roses as you have done."

He commenced churning as he spoke, and for a few moments I heard nothing but regular strokes of the wooden dasher in the cream, and the loud, quick beating of my own heart in the corner. What made my heart beat loud and quick, do you ask? Hadn't John's arm just been round my waist, I'd like to know? I don't believe there was a girl in all Cranston whose heart wouldn't have beat the faster for it.

"Miss Phebe," said Moses, suddenly, turning his round, brown, cow-like eyes toward the corner where I sat, "Mr. Harris has set an example worthy of imitation. Is there no way in which *I* can be of assistance to you?"

The *I* was emphasized in a peculiar manner, as much as to say that *he*, of all persons, had the best right in the world to assist me, however much more officious such light-headed youths as John Harris might be with their offers of help.

"O, yes, indeed!" I answered, glad enough to think of his being occupied in any way which would free me from his annoying but most innocent staring. "I have a tray of apples to pare and a pan of beans to look over this evening for to-morrow's baking. You may do the beans for me, if you wish, and I shall be very thankful."

I drew the table out nearer the fire and set the pan of beans upon it with the utmost alacrity, while he dragged a couple of chairs up to it, setting them side by side, and remarking, with his thin smile and another roll of his cowy eyes, intended to be particularly affectionate, that he supposed I would be his near neighbor while I pared my apples.

"I suggest," said John, coming to my assistance again, "that Sam shall take care of the apples. Then we shall be all out of mischief, and Phebe will have nothing to do but entertain us."

"Sartin, sartin!" exclaimed Sam, springing forward, with a great clap of his horny palms, "Ill pare the apples, but I'll have it in the bargain that the one who gets his job done first shall have the coast clear to himself from that time, that is, if Miss Phebe, here, haint no objection."

Evidently Sam hadn't put on his bran new breeches and blue swallow-tail to no purpose. He meant to make a sure business of his courtship, if it was a possible thing.

"What do you say to that?" said John, turning to me with a tantalizing laugh. "Sam certainly deserves some reward for his bravery. I doubt much if either Mr. Marsh or myself would have had the courage to speak our wishes so distinctly. What say you to the proposal? Are you willing that the one among us who shall prove himself the most expeditious workman, shall be honored by sitting alone with you for the remainder of the evening."

It was one of those provoking emergencies, in which I knew not what to say or how to act. Usually I was pert and saucy enough, but I had no retort for so unexpected and ludicrous a proposal.

"Silence gives consent," whispered John, while I still stood blushing and confused, and I could but laugh at the vigorous way in which he re-applied himself to his task.

"That's so!" cried Sam, flinging himself down beside Moses. "Bring on your sour apples, Phebe! Hurra for the spriest fingers and the pootiest gal in Cranston!"

Moses turned toward him with a dignified look of reproof, and then asked me, with a faint attempt at wit, if John had requested me to give him a cent. He thought he whispered something that sounded like that.

I have to laugh even at this late day, thinking of the next half-hour, and the ridiculous haste with which Moses and Sam applied themselves to their labor. Not that John seemed indifferent, by any means, but while the others defeated themselves by their own hurrying, he alone was cool and collected. I need not tell you on whose side my sympathies were enlisted, or with what a growing horror I watched the beans and apples disappearing before the expeditious fingers of Moses and Sam, while the obstinate cream still swish-swashed gently back and forth in the churn, without the faintest apparent wish to become butter.

I thought John caught a little of the same spirit

which infected me, for he began to cast nervous glances toward his rivals, and to examine more and more closely the thin white cream for some signs of butter. So interested were we all that the fire went down without replenishing, and all of a sudden, the candle, as if ambitious of following the example, went out in sympathy, though I was sure it had not half burned down.

While I was wondering at the occurrence, I heard what sounded to me like the unceremonious thumping of a man's boot against the table-leaf, and the next moment, beans, apples and candlestick were rolling together across the floor. I knew then whose foot had done the mischief, and for what reason. Dear, wicked John! He *did* want to sit up with me very much indeed—don't you think so? I ran into the pantry for another candle, and while there a sudden thought struck me. Close by the door was a churning of new butter which father had "brought" before starting for the lecture. The churns were just alike—I could easily change them in the darkness, and why not? No one would be the wiser; I should get rid of Moses and Sam, and—and—better than all the rest—pshaw! What nonsense for a married woman to be writing!

The idea no sooner darted through my brain than I started to put it in execution. The churn was heavy, but I was stronger than the girls of the present day, and lifted it in my arms as though it had been but a kitten. It was the work of an instant to transfer it to the kitchen and set it softly beside its mate. But alas! for me, as I was tripping lightly and softly back with the other one, my foot caught in the door-mat and precipitated me in a kind of half-summerset into the hall. Before I had time to spring to my feet, I felt the cream from the overturned churn pouring over me in a cool deluge, and saw Sam Partridge standing in the doorway with the lighted remnant of the candle which he had picked up somewhere from the "wreck of matter." Standing on tiptoe behind him, and looking over his brawny shoulders, was Moses, his eyes and mouth both stretched wide open with surprise.

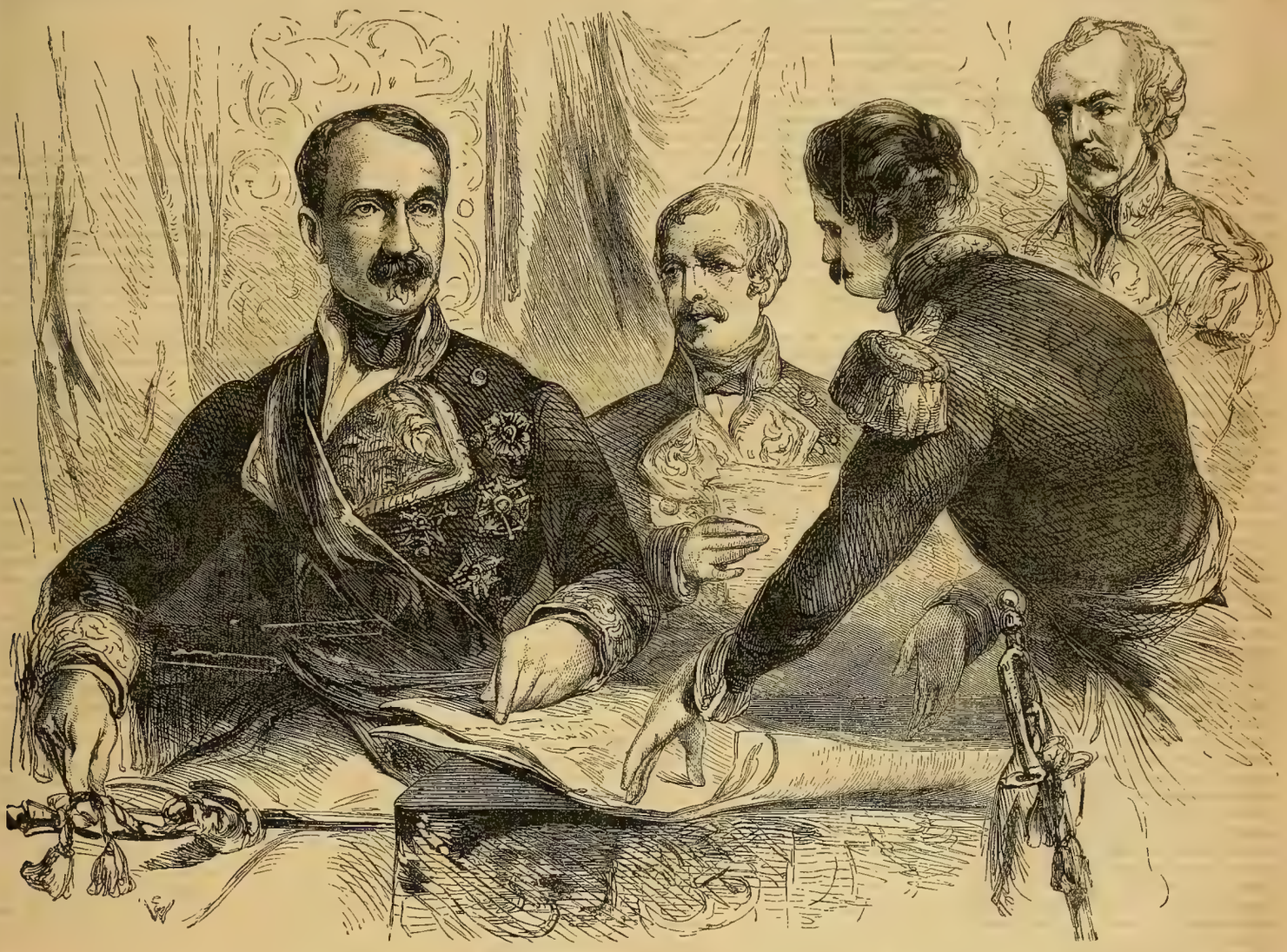
It was John, I believe, who came to my rescue, lifting me up so cautiously, and casting into my face at the same time a glance which assured me as plainly as words could have done, that he understood the matter perfectly. I am sure that I looked something like a nymph rising from the sea and dripping with foam, but my looks bore no comparison to my feelings. To say that I would gladly have had the earth open to swallow me up, would be doing but faint justice to my sensations, for I saw as Sam cast a quizzical glance first at the whole churn standing in the kitchen, and then at the broken one lying in the hall, and again into my crimsoned, confused face, that he, too, began to comprehend how affairs stood. Moses was duller of comprehension, and stood scratching his head and looking from one churn to the other perplexed, as if trying to find out which was the real one, and which the ghost.

Here I am at the last page of Maggie's paper, and my story still unfinished. My Johnnie is kicking most lustily in Maggie's unskilful arms, and crying at the top of his lungs to go home. And so you must excuse me if I condense the rest of the evening's adventures into a single paragraph, for it wouldn't be quite fair to leave you so, without telling how Sam, like the good-natured fellow he was, swallowed his disappointment and his matrimonial hopes together in one laughing gulp, and retreated from the field, prevailing upon Moses to bear him company; or how John and I sat side by side on the old-fashioned kitchen settee, talking all manner of foolish things; or still further, how I promised to —to— Well, my little Johnnie is named for his father, and he is the youngest of three. I am a demure lady of thirty-seven, just two years younger than—Margaret snatches at my arm—good-by! I didn't mean *her*, I am sure.

Very cordially, PHEBE HARRIS.

THE GOV. GENERAL OF CUBA IN COUNCIL.

As everything relating to the island of Cuba has an interest to Americans, from the proximity of that island to our shores, and the contrast it presents to our institutions, we have selected for the illustration of this page a picture of the governor general holding a council. The captains-general of Cuba have always wielded great power, but since 1825, or, for a period of thirty-five years, they have enjoyed almost unlimited authority, governing as an arbitrary autocrat governs in the old world. Vivez first received this *carte blanche*, when the island was threatened with invasion by the united forces of Mexico and Columbia. Tacon wielded these powers with an unsparing hand, and successive dangers have induced the home government to continue to successive captains-general nearly the same broad authority which was conferred upon Vivez. Yet Spain persists in terming the "Eden of the Gulf," her "ever-loyal island of Cuba," though the fact that the creoles are held in subjection solely by Spanish bayonets and the threats of the dungeon, exile and the infamous punishment of the *garote*, is notorious. The captain-general says that Spain relies not on foreign aid to maintain her rights, but on her "powerful navy and disciplined army, of the loyalty of the overwhelming majority of her vigorous native citizens, on the strength imparted to the good by the defence of their hearths, their laws and their God, and on hurricanes and yellow fever for the enemy." Hereupon an intelligent creole remarks, "No reliance can be placed on the loyalty of the vast majority of the vigorous citizens (unless the negroes alone are comprehended under this phrase), when the whites are deprived of arms for the defence of their country, and men are fined five pesos for carrying canes of a larger size than can be readily introduced into a gun-barrel, and free people of color are alone admitted into the ranks of the troops. The Cubans are not relied upon, since, to prevent their joining Lopez, all the roads were blockaded, and everybody found on them shot; and the immense number of exiles does not prove the majority which favors the government to be so prodigious. The value of the powerful navy and army of the island was shown in the landing of Lopez and the victories which three hundred men constantly obtained over an army of seven thousand, dispersing only when ammunition failed them. Hurricanes and yellow fever are most melancholy arms of defence, and, if they only injured the enemy, the Spaniards, who are as much exposed as other Europeans to the fatal influence, would be the true enemies of Cuba."



GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CUBA IN COUNCIL.

POISONED SNUFF.

Scented snuffs were sometimes made the recipients of poison. In 1712, the Duke de Noailles presented the Dauphiness of France with a box of Spanish snuff in which she delighted; she kept it for a few days privately; it was charged with poison, which she inhaled; and five days after the present, died of it, complaining of sharp pain in the temples. This excited much attention, and great fears of "accepting a pinch," on the one hand, or offering it on the other. It became a general belief that such poisoned snuff was used in Spain, and by Spanish emissaries to clear away political opponents, and that the Jesuits also adopted it for the purpose of poisoning their enemies. Hence it was termed "Jesuit's snuff," and a great dread of it was felt for a considerable time. One instance of the dangers inseparable from scented snuff is given in an anecdote of the Duc de Bourbon, grandson of the great Condé; who took Santeuil, the poet, to a great entertainment, compelled him to drink a large quantity of champagne, and ultimately emptied his snuff-box, filled with Spanish snuff, into his wine. This produced a violent fever, of which Santeuil died, amid excruciating agonies, within fourteen hours after. Other instances of the use of this article for such a purpose are familiar in its history.—*Tobacco: Its History and Associations.*

THE NEW TRIALS OF CHRISTIANITY.

For a time has come when they that stand for Christ must be either a great deal better in their life, or else a great deal worse. All the fiery woes of persecution that, in former ages, burnt in a saintly piety, are extinguished. The way to heaven is grown easy and safe, under the guarantee of our modern liberties. The world, meantime, is in tide of economic progress—the very soil of the world is being scientifically fattened for a more copious production. Wealth is becoming, thus, a hope more nearly universal, and so, luxury, show, fashion, are becoming a kind of general ambition. A great and fearful problem is thus raised for the gospel: how to let in riches into piety itself; how to make a solid union between power and humility; how to raise the tastes and manners, and keep the simplicity of feeling; how to amplify conditions, without raising puffs and swells in the men; in one word, how to bring in means, and not bring dissipations, fumings of pride, vapors of conceit, shows of vanity, apings of the great world of ungodliness. Such a fool is man that, getting power, he loses sobriety, and it is yet to be seen whether even the lowly-minded, self renouncing religion of Jesus can save a prospering age from this folly. What is specially wanted therefore now is Christian men and churches who maintain th open state with God; living joyfully above th world, when the world's best gift are theirs; godly, self-renouncing, simple, responsible, using their great means for great benefactions, and finding always, in the riches of Christ, a heaven-full of consciously ennobled joy and peace, such as plainly no inferior good can yield. What we want is Christian men and families who can be saints without being persecuted or poor; men who, having mastered all prosperity, can master also themselves; who, having conquered all the good of time, can conquer it again by being superior to it; doing honor to God's abounding fatherhood in all most generous uses of his gifts, and yet in such a way, all ascetic practices apart, that not his gifts but he himself will ever be the joy and rest, and fullness of their heart. The low, legal, anxious piety now commonly prevalent is far too doubtfully blessed in Christ—a kind of starvation, out of which the soul hies herself eagerly to lay hold of almost any sort of good. It is no argument for unworldliness, but the great temptation to it rather. Nothing answers now but fulness in Christ, riches above all riches, glory within above all glories without, to be imparadised in faith, and God to faith revealed.—*Dr. Bushnell's Farewell Sermon.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TWILIGHT.

BY JAMES BISTINE.

'Tis the pensive hour of twilight,
And the noisy day is past,
While the oriental shadows
Now are falling, falling fast.

Slowly down the distant heavens,
Sank the broadening sun of day,
Melting in a ring of crimson
When it kissed the mountain gray.

Ocean's waves are bright and glassy,
Rosy as the skies above,
While upon its brow is mirrored
Vesper's little star of love.

Down the distant shady valley,
Listen to the fairy song.
Gushing from the silver streamlet
As it purls the mead along.

Darker shades are in the forest,
Darker birds are on the wing,
While the dying sunlight mellows
On each grove and mountain spring.

Sorrow, like the summer twilight,
Casts a shadow o'er the soul,
Tinging with its pensive sunbeams
Pleasure's wavelets as they roll.

Soothing down the heart in slumber,
Drowning grief in Lethe's stream,
Comes the starry light of heaven
O'er each fairy evening dream.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A JUDICIAL MURDER.

The English Criminal Code a Hundred Years ago.

BY H. B. SANFORD.

In the year 1748, one Mr. Jacob Halston—a wholesale dealer in Birmingham and Sheffield goods, carried on business in Mincing Lane, in the city of London. Mr. Jacob Halston was a ruddy, good-looking, somewhat corpulent man, of about sixty years old, who had commenced life in the midst of a hard struggle with poverty, and who, by dint of industry, energy and integrity, had succeeded in accumulating a fortune. He was a good-meaning, not over-educated, not uncharitable man, who was kind to his family and friends, and most hospitable to strangers, when they visited him at his handsome villa, on Clapham Common, about five miles from London, but he was shrewd and cautious in business matters, strict to the letter in fulfilling his own engagements, and as strict in enforcing the like promptitude in his dealings with others. In fact, a very Shylock in insisting upon the promises of his bond. His family consisted of his wife, and his daughter, the latter a young lady of eighteen, pretty and amiable, and accomplished after the fashion of the young ladies a hundred years ago.

Mr. Halston had some friends who lived in Edinburgh, and Miss Julia Halston, after quitting school on attaining to her seventeenth birthday, had paid a long promised visit to these friends, with whom she had remained for several months. While in Edinburgh, she had made the acquaintance of a young gentleman who held a lieutenant's commission in the royal navy—a handsome, generous, dashing young fellow—and the result of this acquaintance was that the two young people fell in love with each other, without thinking it necessary to ask the advice either of friends or parents.

Lieutenant Thompson, who was attached to a frigate then lying in Leith roads, went to sea, being bound on a cruise in the Mediterranean which it was expected would occupy at least two years, but before he sailed he had had a private interview with the young lady, had declared his passion, and had been accepted as her lover, Miss Halston having promised to remain faithful to the young sailor under any circumstances, and to use her best endeavors to obtain her father's consent to their union on the lieutenant's return to England; while he, on his part, vowed that the fair Julia would prove a safeguard against any attacks that might be made upon his heart, by the black-eyed *senoritas* of Spain, or the still more seductive daughters of Italy.

In truth Julia did not anticipate a very difficult task in her endeavor to win over her father, for she knew that he doted upon her, and her lover belonged to a respectable Scotch family, which, if it was not so wealthy, occupied a higher social position than did her own.

She was correct in her expectations. The old merchant was somewhat angry at first. He would have wished his daughter to marry a young merchant or tradesman rather than an officer of the army or navy, both of which services he professed to regard with contempt, but having ascertained the fact that Lieutenant Thompson's father was an independent gentleman, and a justice of the peace—though his income was very limited; that the young officer had friends who were likely to push his promotion, and that he had an elder married brother, who was a merchant in Edinburgh, in his (Mr. Halston's) line of business, and in good standing, he, at length, gave his consent to his daughter's anticipated union, and everything was satisfactorily arranged in regard to the future.

The two families became intimate. Old Mr. Thompson—the Scotch laird—came up to London on a visit, and made his home at the villa on Clapham Common, and shortly after the old gentleman's departure, the lieutenant's brother—the Edinburgh hardware merchant—came to London, and as was to be expected, made the acquaintance of Mr. Halston.

Before this gentleman left London, he visited the warehouse in Mincing Lane, and selecting goods to the value of one thousand pounds, he paid half that amount in cash, and gave his notes to Mr. Halston for the remainder, at three months.

The three months came round, the notes were promptly paid, and then the Scotch tradesman thought he would succeed better if he started business in London himself. He did so, again obtaining goods from Mr. Halston—on credit of six months—to the value of one thousand pounds. Now, however, he began to meet with disappointments and misfortunes. The six months elapsed, and he was unable to pay Mr. Halston for the goods he had received from the old gentleman. He called in at the counting-house in Mincing Lane, and informed his creditor of the fact.

"Hem!" gruffly exclaimed the merchant, "can't your father help you?"

"No," replied Thompson, "I have two unmarried sisters. My father's income is barely sufficient for his own support and theirs. I could not ask him to assist me—I thought—"

He hesitated and stammered, but failed to complete the sentence.

"Thought what, James Thompson?" said the merchant.

"That perhaps you would give me a little time?"

"If I do, what probability is there that you *can* repay me, and when?"

The tradesman was forced to confess that he saw no immediate probability of being in a condition to pay his debts. He would labor hard, and be as economical as possible, and perhaps—

"Get deeper and deeper into trouble!" interrupted Mr. Halston. "I am not your only creditor?" he added.

"I am sorry to say that you are not."

"And if *I* wait, will others? No, the only way is for you at once to declare yourself a bankrupt, dispose of your stock and goods, and pay your creditors with the proceeds, unless, indeed, your brother Charles—"

"Charles has nothing but his pay as a lieutenant of the navy," was James Thompson's reply; "and that is little enough. He will return home in the course of six or eight months, and you know he is engaged to Miss Julia. Poor fellow. Charles is generous enough to make any sacrifice, but I should scorn to ask him to lend me his well earned money, unless I knew that I could promptly repay the loan."

All James Thompson's endeavors to obtain assistance, or even time from Mr. Halston were futile. The old merchant argued that if he was inclined to show mercy, others would not, and he would only be the greatest loser by his generosity, as other creditors would seize upon the whole property, and exclude him—the chief creditor—from a due share in the proceeds of the sale.

"I am sorry for you, James," he said, "by-and by, if you ever get your certificate, I may assist you to start again; but it is my rule—one from which I have never swerved—to admit no claims of friendship, or even of relationship, to stand in the way of business. I should deal with my own brother, if I had one, just as I would deal with a stranger. But this matter between you and me will make no difference in the arrangements between my Julia and your brother Charles."

So a commission of bankruptcy was issued against James Thompson, of Scotland—now of London, merchant; and his property was sold for the benefit of his creditors.

As had been anticipated, the proceeds of the sale were quite insufficient to meet the demands of the latter, and the amount being divided proportionally between the various claimants, Thompson still remained indebted to Mr. Halston in the sum of two hundred pounds, and in various amounts, from one hundred and fifty down to twenty pounds to others, making the whole sum of his indebtedness nearly six hundred pounds.

Debt and bankruptcy were regarded in a very different light a hundred years ago from what they are now. Whether James Thompson's creditors were morally justified in acting as they did, we will not take it upon ourselves to say. Probably they were actuated by feelings of anger and bitterness because they were unable to obtain what they considered their just due; but these creditors—Mr. Halston *inter aliis*, appeared in court against the unfortunate debtor. The court refused to grant him his certificate of discharge, and a commission was issued calling upon James Thompson to surrender himself a prisoner in some one of his majesty's prisons, for debt, in the city of London, there to be held in durance for the satisfaction of his creditors.

Now Mr. Thompson felt that he had done all that it lay in his power to do in giving up to his creditors the whole of his property, and leaving his wife in London, he answered the summons of the commissioners of the court of bankruptcy, by flying to Scotland, where they could not seize upon his person. His creditors were furious when they heard of the successful escape of their victim, and they vowed vengeance if ever he showed himself in London again.

Another six months passed away. Lieutenant Thompson was expected to arrive home in the course of a month or two. He had written Julia to that purport, and as Mr. Halston, angry as he was with James Thompson, held his brother, the lieutenant, guiltless, Julia was making preparations for her wedding, which was to come off within a month after her lover's return. Indeed, unless the frigate should be unexpectedly delayed on her return trip—the day was fixed for the wedding.

Meanwhile James Thompson had found some profitable occupation in Scotland, by which, in the course of a year or two, he hoped to be able to satisfy his creditors. He was living at Peterhead—a short distance from the town of Aberdeen, and he felt sad and lonesome, deprived as he was of the society of his wife and child. He determined therefore, to go up to London, in disguise, and bring them home to Scotland. They were living in lodgings in the borough, and he reached London, and found them out without it having became known to his creditors that he had quitted Scotland.

All was prepared for their departure on board one of the Leith smacks, then lying in the river Thames. He had seen them safe to the cabin of the vessel, and had stepped on shore for a few moments to make some little purchase, when, by chance, he encountered one of his creditors, in Ratcliffe Highway. The man recognized him, and calling a constable, had him arrested as a fugitive from justice. He was carried before Henry Fielding—the novelist, and the celebrated author of "Tom Jones,"—who was at that time a magistrate in London, and by him committed to Newgate prison, to take his trial for non-surrender.

His wife and child, who knew nothing of his arrest, sailed on board the smack, without him, and for a long, weary month he was an inmate of the foul keeping-room of Newgate—the involuntary companion of thieves, rogues, and murderers, and miscreants of the deepest dye, who, like himself, and many others guilty of such like venial offences, were awaiting the day of trial.

Mr. Halston had kept his daughter in perfect ignorance of these matters, and it chanced that on the very day appointed for the trial of James Thompson, the frigate on board of which his brother sailed, arrived in the Downs, and the young lieutenant went on shore at Dover, and posted up to London, and paid a visit to his bride elect, at Clapham Common. Mr. Halston was absent, having been detained all day at the Old Bailey, as one of the witnesses against the accused, James Thompson.

These were the days of hanging, drawing, and quartering; the days when the criminal code of England might have challenged comparison with the "bloody laws of Draco." These were the days when the perpetrators of the paltry theft of ten dollars in money, of a few pounds of bacon or cheese from a shop, or of a few silver spoons from a dwelling-house, would each or all have been punished by hanging beneath the gallows. The days when the man, who, impelled by poverty, stole a few articles of clothing, or a few mouthfuls of food for the sake of his naked, starving children, or who passed off a worthless bank note, or coined a paltry shilling, met the fate of the vilest murderer; the good old times, when almost every Monday morning witnessed the sight of a dozen trembling wretches, swinging between earth and heaven, while the gaping crowd beneath looked on, and pickpockets plied their trade, and street ballad singers cried and sold the "last dying confessions" of the same men whose breath was then being choked out of them, which confessions were rapidly purchased by the eager crowd, while the melancholy bell of the neighboring church of St. Sepulchre—rightly named—tolled the death peal!

The proof against James Thompson was complete. He was found guilty of evading imprisonment, or, as it was termed, of "non-surrender" and contempt of justice, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck till he was dead—on that day, fortnight—the day before that which had been appointed for the wedding of his brother Charles and Julia Halston—the daughter of his chief accuser—although it is but just to say that had Mr. Halston not been compelled to testify against his debtor, he would not have done so.

The merchant was shocked, when on his return home, his daughter introduced her lover to her father—who, it will be recollected, had never seen the lieutenant—the unfortunate acquaintanceship of the two families having sprung up after the young officer's departure for the Mediterranean—and more shocked still when the young man, after warmly shaking the hand of his betrothed bride's parent, observed that his brother James had written him that he had commenced business in London, and asked if he was still in the city, and where he lived.

"Dear papa, are you ill?" asked Julia, as the merchant changed color and staggered to a sofa, while the young man looked at him with an expression of sympathy in his features.

"No—" gasped the merchant—"a mere trifling faintness. I have been—been—much annoyed to-day—I shall be better directly. Julia, bring me a glass of water."

The young lady withdrew to obtain the water, leaving her lover alone in the room with her father. At this moment one of the venders of the sheets already alluded to, passed the house, crying in a loud voice:

"Here's the only true account of the trial and condemnation, and sentence of James Thompson, for non surrender, and attempt to defraud his creditors, who is to be hanged under the gallows on Monday fortnight, with ten other culprits. The full, true and particular account—only one penny."

The fellow stopped under the window of the villa, and repeated his doleful cry. The young lieutenant caught his brother's name, and looked at the merchant as if for an explanation. Mr. Halston covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Halston?" cried the young man—"my brother's name—but, nonsense," he added, with a sickly smile, "it cannot of course, be he. How foolish I am. There are thousands of the name of James Thompson."

Mr. Halston still made no reply. Meanwhile Julia had returned with the water, and the fellow beneath the window, as if he had known what was going on within, or perhaps determined to force a sale of his wares among the servants in the kitchen, approached still closer, and looking over the railings into the area, repeated his doleful sing song, which Julia now listened to, with amazement and horror.

Still Mr. Halston had not spoken nor raised his head. His silence and his evident perturbation of mind thoroughly alarmed the young officer; he rushed to the window, and raising the sash, threw a shilling to the ballad vender, demanding at the same time a couple of his papers.

"Stay—for God's sake, stay! Shut down the window," cried Mr. Halston.

It was too late, even if it would have answered any purpose. The ballad vender had tossed in two of his confessions, and picking up the shilling, had hobbled off with it, without waiting to ask if the gentleman wanted any change.

Charles Thompson had glanced hurriedly over the sheet. "What is the meaning of this, Mr.

Halston?" he asked, in a fierce tone of voice, while his face was white as the paper he held in his hand. Mr. Halston shuddered, but made no reply. Julia stood erect as a statue, and gazed with terror expressed in her countenance, first at her father, then at her lover.

"Mr. Halston, I insist upon an answer," cried the lieutenant,—and then the merchant, in tones scarcely articulate, explained the sad mystery, softening as much as possible his own actions in the prosecution, and insisting that he had been compelled to testify as he had done.

We will leave the scene that followed to be imagined. Julia fainted, and late as was the hour, the young lieutenant, heedless of the condition of his mistress, hurried off to Newgate, to demand admission to his brother. He could not obtain admission that night, but he waited all night at a neighboring coffee house, and succeeded in obtaining an interview with James at an early hour on the following morning.

It was a sad and painful meeting. As yet, neither the father, nor mother, nor the sisters of the condemned had even heard of his arrest—for he had purposely refrained from writing to them—nor, indeed, had they any idea that he had rendered himself liable to such a terrible fate.

There was little time to be lost—communication between one distant place and another was not so easy as it is now. It was four or five days journey by post, from London to Scotland. Lieutenant Thompson departed for Edinburgh immediately, to be himself the bearer of the bad intelligence to his aged parents and his sisters—a sad meeting after an absence of two years. The old gentleman returned to London with his son, resolved to seek James's pardon in person, at the office of the secretary for the home department, and Mr. Halston united with the father and brother in this endeavor.

Their efforts were in vain. The secretary at first refused to see them. At length, having been informed of the particulars, he betrayed some interest, and ordered them to be admitted, and listened to the story from their own lips. He was evidently moved to pity, and promised to lay the matter before his majesty that evening, and use his influence to obtain a pardon for the condemned. But he gave them little hope of success.

"The king," said his lordship, "would rather pardon a murderer than a forger, or rather than interfere in any matters which would affect the well-being of the commercial interests of the country; but I will do my best. When is the day appointed for the execution?"

"Next Monday, my lord," replied the lieutenant.

"Next Monday, and this is Friday! There is indeed little time to spare. Call to-morrow, and you shall know of my success or failure. I will strive to the utmost to obtain your brother's pardon, young gentleman, but I cannot bid you hope."

Thanking his lordship for his kind interest, the old gentleman and his son, and Mr. Halston, left the office; and a wretched night to them all, and to Julia, was that which intervened between the time of their interview with the secretary and the hour on the following day when the best or the worst would be made known. They feared to go near the poor prisoner, who was aware of the errand on which they had gone, and who was feverishly expecting them, walking up and down the stone floor of the condemned cell, unable to sleep, or even to remain quiet for a moment. They could give him no hope, and they dared not see him.

At ten o'clock the next morning, a carriage stopped before the office of the home secretary, from which alighted the three gentlemen who had visited the office the day before. A lady remained in the carriage. It was Julia, who was so anxious, for her lover's sake, that she could not remain at home. It seemed to her excited fancy that she, through her father, was guilty of the blood of her betrothed husband's brother. The party that had entered the office, soon returned. The sad expression of their countenances betrayed to the expectant, anxious girl, the ill success of their mission.

Soon she heard all. The king had refused to interfere with the course of justice! The secretary had risen from his chair when they entered the office.

"I bade you not to hope," he said, "I have bad news to tell you."

"His majesty has refused to pardon my boy?" said the unhappy father.

"It is so," returned his lordship, "I urged his majesty to show mercy, using every argument I could think of, in behalf of the unhappy prisoner. I did not hesitate to say that I considered the penalty of death for such an offence, a blot on our criminal statutes—a brutal law, fit only for a nation of savages. His majesty replied:

"My lord, if I pardon this man, I shall hold myself guilty of the murder of all who have suffered the penalty of death for the same offence!"*

"After this I had no more to say. I saw that the king was offended at my pertinacity. I bowed, and left the royal presence"

We will draw the curtain over all that passed during the days that intervened before the day of execution; even the anguish of the father and brother, and of Julia, and the self reproach and keen remorse of Mr. Halston; over the misery of the prisoner in his cell, doomed to die for what now-a-days would be held as a mere venial offence, and unable to bid the last farewells to his far distant wife and child.

At eight o'clock, on the following Monday, the bell of St Sepulchre began to toll. The streets in front of Newgate were thronged with eager gazers, men, women and children, of the lowest class of society, many of them drunk and quarrelsome—all anxious for the show to begin. The windows of the opposite houses were filled with men and women, of a more respectable (?) class, who could afford to pay for a rare excitement, while the roofs and chimney stacks were swarming with boys and young men who had ascended to the risky eminences, to witness the real tragedy that was about to be enacted below.

Presently the door of the great, gloomy prison was opened, and the chaplain of Newgate appeared, attired in his clerical robes. He was followed by three men whose arms were pinioned to their sides, and then came forth the executioner and his assistants, and one or two of the officers of the prison. They ascended into a cart that stood near by, when the prisoners were seated in a row, their backs to the horses' heads, and the clergyman took a seat opposite to and facing them; the executioner and constables seated themselves in the rear of the cart.

A guard of horse soldiers had meanwhile arrived, who stationed themselves on each side of the rude vehicle, and the word was given for the terrible procession to move onwards in the direction of Tyburn—then the place of execution—now the centre of the most fashionable part of the great metropolis of England. The crowd followed, talking and laughing; the more respectable citizens kept their seats at the windows, and coming down the street, got into carriages which were waiting to receive them, and which swelled the procession.

On they went, increasing their number as they proceeded, the windows of the houses on the way being also filled with people. It occupied full two hours to pass over the short four miles from Newgate to Tyburn.

At length the place of doom was reached; the soldiers stationed themselves around the black painted gallows, and cleared a space in front, into which the cart entered, and backed up near a ladder which was placed against the platform on which the cross beam was erected, from which three nooses could be seen depending.

Then the prisoners mounted the ladder, the chaplain leading the way, and the executioner and his subordinates following in the rear. A few words were spoken which nobody could distinguish amid the murmur of the crowd; then a thrill of horror passed round the spectators; there was a momentary, solemn silence, and the next moment the bodies of the condemned were struggling in mid air. The silence was but for a moment, it was broken by the ill-omened cries of the ballad venders, hawking for sale "the last dying speeches and confessions" of the men who were still struggling beneath the gallows.

Many of the spectators now dispersed; others remained rooted to the spot, until the struggles of the dying victims ceased, and the executioners cut them down, delivering the bodies of James Thompson, and of George Griffeth, who had been hanged for forgery, to their friends, while the body of the third victim, Daniel Cardwell, who had been guilty of highway robbery and brutal murder, was given over to the surgeons for dissection, to advance the cause of science! Immense as was the difference in the comparative atrocity of the crimes of the doomed men, this was all the distinction the law allowed in the nature of their punishment!

* The words actually used by George the Third, on a similar occasion.

The elder Mr. Thompson and his son Charles returned to Scotland. Mr. Halston returned home from the prison, for, of course, he did not witness the execution, to reproach himself incessantly with having caused the shameful death of James Thompson. It is believed that the remorse he felt hastened his own death which occurred within a year. Lieutenant Thompson again went to sea—still an unmarried man.

Five years later there was a wedding at St. George's church, Hanover square, London. Charles Thompson, Esquire—post captain in the royal navy, was the bridegroom, and the bride was the wealthy and beautiful Julia Halston.

Thus the two lovers were united at last; but the name of the unfortunate, murdered James was rarely mentioned by either, though Captain Thompson adopted and educated as his own child, the only daughter of his late brother, whose widow died a few weeks after she heard of the sad fate of her husband.

True as is this story, and horrible as now appears this act of judicial strangulation, so common were such executions at this period—only one hundred years ago—that not a word of surprise or indignation was expressed in the public journals of the day, at this poor man's fate! It was thought in those good old times—of which some people are so fond of talking—that the abolition of capital punishment, not only for forgery, but in such a case as that of a fugitive bankrupt, would bring down utter ruin upon a commercial country.

AGES OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

President Buchanan will be 68 years old on the 13th of November next; Vice President Breckenridge will be 39 years of age on the 16th of January next; Lewis Cass is nearly 77 years old; Stephen A. Douglas was 46 years of age on the 23d of April last; Simon Cameron is in his 60th year; Jefferson Davis is 54 years old; Caleb Cushing is in his 60th year; Howell Cobb will be 44 years old on the 7th of September next; William H. Seward is in his 58th year; Franklin Pierce is 54 years old; Robert Field Stockton is nearly 60 years of age; John Charles Fremont was 46 years old on the 7th of January last; John Bell is 62 years old; John J. Crittenden will be 73 years old in September next; Alexander H. Stephens was 47 years old in February last; James L. Orr was 37 years old on the 12th day of May last; Jesse D. Bright is in his 47th year; Augustus C. Dodge is about 47 years old; James Shields is 49 years old; Isaac Toucey is 61 years old; Henry A. Wise is in his 53d year; Robert M. T. Hunter is nearly 50 years of age; Robert Toombs was 49 years old on the 2d of July last; Edward Everett was 64 years old in April last; John M. Read is over 60 years of age; Daniel S. Dickinson will be 59 years old on the 11th of September next; Horatio Seymour is about 50 years of age; John E. Wood is about 65 years of age; John Slidell is in his 66th year; Nathaniel P. Banks was 43 years old last January.—*Home Journal.*

PHYSICAL BENEFIT OF THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath is God's special present to the workingman, and one of his chief objects is to prolong his life and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system, it acts like a compensation bond, it replenishes the spirit, the elasticity, and vigor which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and, in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings bank. The frugal man, who puts away a pound to-day and another pound next month, and who, in a quiet way, is putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail gets not only the same pound back again, but a good many pounds beside. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of his existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up, the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and, in the length of days, the hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—*North British Review.*

UNSUCCESSFUL IN THIS LIFE.

I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for those who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from superabundance of qualities in themselves good, from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," but there are forms of greatness, or at least, excellence, that die and make no sign; there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.—*Hillard.*

A JOKE BEFORE DEATH.

In the middle of the last century, there was an Earl of Rosse, who, in character and disposition, resembled the profligate Earl of Rochester, of the Restoration; he had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the *beau monde* call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune as much as he possibly could do; and finally beyond repair. Some asserted, that he dealt with the fiend. Be it as it will, his lordship's character was torn to pieces everywhere, except at the Groom Porter's, where he was a man of honor; and at the taverns, where none surpassed him in generosity. Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbor, Rev. John Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life, the particulars of which he mentioned, such as profligacy, gaming, drinking, rioting, turning day into night, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness; and exhorting him in the tenderest manner to employ the few moments that remained to him, in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear. It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the Earl of Kildare was one of most pious noblemen of the age, and in every respect a contrast in character to Lord Rosse. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the dean's letter, he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the Earl of Kildare, he likewise prevailed on the dean's servant to carry it, and say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord Kildare was an effeminate little man, extremely formal and delicate, insomuch that when he was married to Lady Mary O'Brien, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off to embrace her. From this single instance may be judged with what surprise and indignation he read over the dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of. He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received. Her ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it as he could possibly be, but withal observed the letter was not written in the style of a madman, and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin about it. Accordingly his lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner:—"Pray, my lord, did you ever hear I was a blasphemer, a profligate, a gamester, a rioter, and everything that's base and infamous?"—"You, my lord," said the bishop, "every one knows you are the pattern of humility, godliness and virtue."—"Well, my lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and reverend divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?"—"Surely," answered his grace, "no man in his senses, that knew your lordship, would presume to do it; and if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your lordship will have satisfaction from the spiritual court." Upon this, Lord Kildare gave to his grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the dean's servant, and which both the archbishop and the earl knew to be Dean Madden's handwriting. The archbishop immediately sent for the dean, who, happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his grace advised Lord Kildare to walk into another apartment, while he discoursed with the gentleman about it, which his lordship accordingly did. When the dean entered, his grace, looking very sternly, demanded if he had written that letter?—The dean answered, "I did, my lord." "Mr. Dean, I always thought you a man of sense and prudence, but this unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem of all good men; to throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a distempered brain: besides, you have by this means laid yourself open to a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court, which will either oblige you publicly to recant what you have said, or give up your possession in the church."—"My lord," replied the dean, "I never do anything, for which I am afraid to be called to account, before any tribunal on earth; and if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer patiently the severest penalties."—And the dean retired with emotion, leaving the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord Kildare went home, and sent for a proctor of the spiritual court, to whom he committed the dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him. The archbishop, who foresaw that ruin must attend the dean upon entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and urged him to ask my lord's pardon, before the matter became public.—"Ask his pardon!" said the dean, "why the man is dead!"—"What! Lord Kildare dead?"—"No, Lord Rosse."—"Good heavens," said the archbishop, "did you not send a letter yesterday to Lord Kildare?"—"No, truly, my lord, but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Rosse, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did." On examining the servant, the whole mistake was rectified, and the dean saw that Lord Rosse died as he had lived about four hours after he had sent the letter. The poor footman however lost his place by the jest.—*Gilbert's History.*

A CHINESE DOCTOR.

A LAVA STREAM.

Professor Haskell, of Oahu College, Sandwich Islands, a recent graduate of Yale, visited the volcano of Mouna Loa with about thirty of the students, and in an article on the subject, he gives a vivid description of the majestic river of lava flowing from the mountain to the sea. He says:—"Descending by the stream of lava flowing from the mountain, we were able to follow it on its south side, as a strong wind was blowing from that direction. Here we found good walking, and could with safety approach within a few feet of the channel. The width of the stream was from twenty to one hundred feet, but its velocity almost incredible. Some of the party thought it one hundred miles per hour. We could not calculate it in any way, for pieces of cold lava thrown into it sink and melt almost instantly. The velocity certainly seemed as great as that of a railroad car. For eight or ten miles the stream presented a succession of cascades, rapids, curves and eddies, with an occasional cataract. Some of these were formed by the nature of the ground over which it flowed, some by the new lava itself. The stream had built up its own bank on each side, and had added to the depth of its channel by melting at the bottom. The stream flowed more gracefully than water. In consequence of its immense velocity and imperfect mobility, its surface took the same shape as the ground over which it flowed. It therefore presented not only hollows but ridges. In several places, for a few feet, the course of the stream was an ascent of five to ten degrees; in one instance, of twenty-five. Where the turns in the streams were abrupt, the outside stream was much higher than the inside. So much was this the case, that the outside sometimes curved over the inside, forming a spiral. It is needless to add that we were filled with wonder and admiration of the sight we saw. The clinkers are always formed by deep streams, and generally by wide ones, which flow sluggishly, become dammed up in front by the cooling of the lava, and in some instances cooled over the top, forming as it were a pond or lake. As the stream augments beneath, the barrier in front and the crust on the surface are broken up, and the pieces are rolled forward and coated over the melted lava, which cools and adheres to them more or less. Then, from the force of the melted lava behind and underneath, the stream rolls over and over itself. In this way a bank of clinkers, ten to forty feet high, resembling an embankment of a railroad, is formed. Often at the end of the stream no liquid lava can be seen, and the only evidence of motion is the rolling of the jagged rocks of all sizes down the front of the embankment. Sometimes the stream breaks through this embankment, and flows on for a time, until it gets clogged up again, and then the same processes are repeated. In this latter case the outbursting stream often carries, as it were, on its back, immense masses of clinkers, which look like hills walking. We found no clinkers until we reached the plain, and it would seem that none are formed except where the descent is but little, or the lava but imperfectly melted.

"There is only one point more of which I will speak. I am not quite satisfied that there is a fissure in the side of the mountain, through which the lava made its exit to the surface. Those of our party who had seen the flow of 1840, and who had no doubt of a fissure in the side of the mountain then, think that there is no fissure in this case. I do not, of course, believe in the old theory of a perpendicular duct or pipe reaching down to the reservoir of lava; but it seems to me that the lava, by the pressure of gasses and steam, works its way to the surface as the water of springs by the hydraulic pressure. Hydraulic pressure also constitutes a part of the force which impels lava. Mouna Loa is full of caves, passages, etc., and very porous; and besides, the lava, in case of this flow at least, could melt its way more or less where it met obstructions. It may be, however, that there is a rent in the side of the mountain."

A CHINESE DOCTOR.

The accompanying picture is an actual portrait of a queer old fellow who exercises the healing art on foreigners and natives, at Canton, and who is supposed by the credulous to possess the "sovereign'st thing on earth" for the relief of "all the ills that flesh is heir to." Notwithstanding his venerable appearance, and the mysterious apparatus by which he is surrounded, we should have no inclination to trust ourselves in his hands, if we found ourselves prostrated by illness anywhere within his latitude and longitude. We should far rather leave the result to nature and the strength of our constitution. The professional gentleman our artist has delineated is not handsome—far from it—but that is a circumstance over which he has no control. He has just written out a prescription, and is preparing to smoke the calumet of peace. The pipe is made of brass, and the smoke is caused to pass through water. Only three whiffs at a time are legitimate, which would not suit a German at all. These doctors always feel the pulses of both wrists. Their medicines consist mostly of herbs. As surgeons they are very ignorant; in curing fevers and other diseases, however, they are said to possess some skill.

CHINESE HAIR-DRESSER.

As a pendant to our sketch of a Chinese doctor, we add a representation of the manner of dressing a lady's hair in the style so fashionable in the Celestial empire, and so well known to us through the medium of pictures and engravings—the "teapot" style. This is a most wonderful and incomprehensible operation, and takes a long time to do. A sort of gum, made from shavings of a peculiar kind of wood, assists in keeping together the hair in its various positions. You must acknowledge that the back of it bears a strong resemblance to the handle of a teapot. A woman cannot do her own back hair in this style, therefore she is compelled to call to her assistance some woman or friend; and of course, "China custom," it is paid for in cash. On the table is one of the dressing-cases indispensable to the Celestial female. It contains looking-glass, drawers, combs, hair-pins, white powder for the complexion (observe how civilized they are), rouge for the cheeks and lips, and a red rag. We must confess the position of mademoiselle is not quite after the antique—even modern ideas of grace might object—but that is not the artist's fault; he copied "natur," probably agreeing with Sam Slick's notion, that she can't be improved upon. For ourselves, however, we are free to confess that the style of Chinese beauty and grace is not our style.

NEWLY-DISCOVERED ACTION OF LIGHT.

According to M. Niepce de Saint Victor's recent experiments, if a solution of starch or dextrine (one of its constituents, with gum and sugar) be exposed a short time (say a quarter of an hour for a small quantity) to the action of solar light, the liquid will be converted into glucose (grape sugar). This will tend to explain many natural phenomena, such as the ripening of fruits, etc. M. Niepce believes that if bunches of grapes at the beginning of autumn were enclosed in paper bags steeped in a solution of tartaric acid, not only would the ripening be accelerated, but the quantity of sugar in the fruit would be greatly increased, tartaric acid, like the nitrate of uranium, having the property of absorbing and retaining the light in its condition of chemical efficacy.—*Cosmos.*

CHINESE HEAD-DRESSING.

M. ALBERT DE POURTALES, PRUSSIAN MINISTER TO FRANCE.

COUNT ALBERT DE POURTALES,

MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO FRANCE.

The accompanying likeness of Count Albert de Pourtales, minister plenipotentiary from the court of Berlin to that of the Tuileries, is from a recent photograph. To become the representative of a great foreign power in one's native city is certainly a rare destiny, yet this has been the fortune of the subject of our sketch. Born at Paris in 1812, he was recently sent thither as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the court of Prussia The Count de Pourtales, entering on the diplomatic career at an early age, worked from 1845 to 1848 in the ministry of foreign affairs, where he attracted attention by the extent of his knowledge and by his command of the two languages used in the German bureaux. He was afterwards appointed minister plenipotentiary of Europe near the Sublime Porte, and thus enjoyed an early opportunity of employing the varied resources of his mind, as well as his diplomatic tact. Belonging to the number of statesmen who have always desired that Prussia should take an active part, and one worthy of her rank in European affairs, M. de Pourtales, chafing at the period of reaction on which Prussia entered in 1851, was withdrawn from service, at his own request. In 1854, when the oriental question gave Prussia an opportunity to combat the pretensions of Russia, M. de Pourtales returned to public life and exerted an influence highly favorable to the Western Alliance. It is well known that neither he nor his political friends succeeded in their plans, the system of strict neutrality for Prussia having prevailed at the royal council. M. de Pourtales then again retired and took part in the reformatory movement, of which the "Weekly Press" of Berlin was the organ, and who triumphed on the incoming of the regency. Old age and death which regenerate diplomatic bodies as they regenerate the social body, had vacated important diplomatic posts in Prussia, and this circumstance assisted the recently-established regency and enabled it to address foreign courts through new representatives. The Paris mission was in the hands of an eminent man, at once a zealous patriot and a sincere friend of France. It is probable that if all the ambassadors had been changed, the Paris ambassador would have remained at his post, for he possessed the exact qualities necessary to maintain a good understanding between the courts of Prussia and France. But death decided otherwise; Count Hatzfelt having repaired to Paris at the commencement of the Italian difficulty, without having been recalled, died suddenly in that city, universally regretted. Paris was one of the most desirable posts, and one of the most difficult to fill. The qualifications of Count de Pourtales, who enjoyed the entire confidence of the prince regent, naturally pointed him out, and this selection produced the happiest effect in France, as well as in Prussia. The social position which M. de. Pourtales occupies in his country, is the more important, since he is married to Mademoiselle de Bethmann Howley, whose father, minister of public instruction, is one of the most influential members of the present government.

A SCENE IN SAVOY.

The second engraving on this page, from a sketch by the celebrated Karl Girardet, exhibits a picture of village life and scenery in Savoy, full of nature and animation. It requires a very small matter to produce a prodigious excitement in the quiet Alpine villages. At the sound of the itinerant hand-organ which has suddenly broken the silence of the hamlet, the head of the family has dropped his tools, the good wife has abandoned her distaff, and the children at the fountain have forsaken their toys. All this is caused by a monkey, who has made the tour of Switzerland, not to see, but to be seen, and his grimaces, his pranks and his begging, fill the simple villagers with wonder. The staid householder, though he has reached an age when the edge of curiosity usually becomes blunted, is sufficiently interested to bestow a moment's attention on the quasi wrinkled little traveller; but what interests him yet more than the monkey, is the pleasure, dashed with fight, expressed by his grandson. The child, with a firmness unusual at his age, has resolved to bestow alms on the queer mendicant. To bring him to this great effort, his father has taken him in his arms, and his mother to whisper a few words of encouragement. Words and caresses have carried the day; the child extends his arm, but averts his head, and the eyes dare not look on what the hand performs. The monkey, clinging boldly to the wooden gallery, seizes with his black and rough paw, the offering which the smooth little hand drops into it. We should not like to wager, that the old woman looking on with a grin over the grandfather's shoulder, would do the same thing herself without hesitation. While this scene is enacting in the gulley, we see opposite a good mother who is trying to comfort a bouncing little boy, who hides his head in her clothes. For all that, he is shouting, wailing and weeping, will not be comforted and refuses to gaze upon the horrible monster. But if you were to put a goad in the little fellows hand, he would drive twenty head of cattle to pasture without a word; and only let him grow up, he will be a hero of the stamp of the Tells, the Melchtals and the Winkelrieds. Is the unknown less terrible to little girls? Here is one who appears perfectly dauntless. She quells the barking of an infuriated dog and communicates courage to a younger sister. The latter, who imbibes valor from the pressure of a kindly hand, points gaily with the other to the hero of the scene, while her brother, one of those who regard the monkey race with suspicion, probably because he has heard something to their disadvantage at school, looks up from his safe position at the African monster. He lies half crouching on the bench, ready to fly at the first alarm. In the midst of the laughter, the barking and the tears, the hand-organ continues and fixes the attention of the young village girls; but are not their eyes arrested by the puppets walking in the rear of the melancholy musical instrument?

SILENCE OF THE OCEAN.

There are many kinds of stillness. There is the silence of a study or library, as it were the calm, reflective brooding of thought, a quiet shed from the spiritual presence of the gifted minds of other times, and which always soothes the spirits and refreshes the heart. There is the hush of the summer woods, a silence that seems to reproach us as though we had startled some holier presence from its proper solitude by our profane intrusion. There is the stillness of the city streets at midnight, the more impressive from our knowledge of the restless life and busy passions that only slumber near, and which a few hours will waken to intense and noisy toil. There is the silence of a grand cathedral in its week-day emptiness, in which to recognize the solemnity of its consecrated uses, and which we fear instinctively to desecrate by loud or careless speech. And there is a stillness in a room of death, which throws a sudden spell over levity itself, too mysterious and strange for our analysis. How thrilling, how overpowering is it when the night shadows have settled deep over the waves, and the sky and the sea are alone together! It is the type of silence; it is eternity communing with its material symbol; it is voiceless, being dumb from reverent consciousness of its own mystery —mute order gazing into the bosom of mute lawlessness! For how many ages have those countless lights looked down upon the sea, observed its stormy and its noiseless wrath, witnessed the dark gathering and spent energy of the tempests, or seen their own dim radiance mirrored in its peaceful depths. How many tragedies have they not looked down into—the midnight murder and the midnight wreck; how many shrieks of wild, unchastened terror; how many calm and trusting prayers from mortals sinking for the last time in the remorseless waves have ascended towards them unechoed, from its still and solemn vault. The ocean is the realm of an awful silence. Its waves lift up noiselessly to the impulse of the winds, and, but a few feet beneath the effervescence of the surface, its silent currents flow unnoticed and unbroken like the constant purposes of Providence below the apparent chance and tumult of human history.

Especially is the desert silence of the ocean impressive to the soul of the novice on its waves, for the first time cut off from the channels of intelligence and from the intercourse with the world. The breezes that travel from the eastern hemisphere bring no tidings with them of the course of revolutions and the fate of kingdoms. In our musings and eager hypotheses about the progress of freedom, and the triumph of right, how does the sea mock us with its seemingly conscious and intentional indifference to the destiny of man, as though it would say to us, "vain child of a year, another century, perhaps, and these kingdoms will have gone, while the play of my billows shall be as fresh as when the ships of Tarshish and the Grecian fleets floated over them in safety, or sank into their bosom." The winds that blow from home waft no tidings of the steady changes with which the shortest absence startles the heart. The sea is the throne of silence. Upon it we are thrown on our own resources, and there is health for our moral nature in its quiet, chastening influence. The silence of the great deep suggests thoughts of the Infinite and Sublime.—*Transcript.*

VILLAGE SCENE IN SAVOY, SWITZERLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. D., Lowell, Mass.—More than 40,000,000 of cigars are now made annually in the Connecticut Valley.

PUPIL.—The temperature of the blood in health is preserved exactly at the same degree, whether the individual is placed at the pole or the equator.

R. G.—Valuable packages from abroad cannot be consigned by their owners to collectors of customs in American ports. The treasury department has issued instructions that such consignments are not sanctioned by law, as the officers of the customs are expressly prohibited from being engaged in the business of importation. Should cases occur, after this warning, it will become the duty of the department to adopt such measures as the law may warrant to put an end to the practice.

B. B., Concord, N. H.—Since the year 1850 no iron ships have been added to the British navy. Between 1843 and 1847 eighteen were built or purchased.

O. S., Baltimore.—A nebule, in heraldry, is a line drawn with undulations resembling the form of clouds.

C. C., Newburyport, Mass.—On January 1st, 1859, Liverpool had a registry of 210 steam vessels, of which 152 were built of iron and the rest of wood, 82 of the former and two of the latter being propelled by the screw.

"TWO-FORTY."—The London Field states that Mr. Ten Broeck has made $200,000 in England.

"TRADER," Albany, N. Y.—The business of putting up fruits and meats in hermetically sealed packages was introduced into America some twenty-five or thirty years since by a firm in the British Provinces. In England it was practised many years previous.

ENQUIRER.—It is stated that no Mormon can be convicted by a Mormon jury for any crime that he may commit in behalf of the church.

"A FRIEND," 5th Avenue, N. Y.—We have no knowledge of Lamartine's affairs except what we gather from the newspapers. He is always pleading poverty, though we believe that he is still possessed of three fine farms. We suspect that he does not know the value of money or how to take care of it—in other words, he is more of a poet than a practical man.

M. M., Concord, N. H.—The fact that the great English dramatic poet signed his name "Shakspere" ought to settle its orthography forever. He who renders a family name immortal is surely entitled to dictate its spelling.

CONVALESCENT, Portland, Me.—If you can afford it, ride on horseback every day.

J. C., Burlington, Vt.—The steamers chartered by our government for the Paraguay expedition are now the permanent property of the United States.

BOSTON IMPROVEMENTS.

We sometimes now-a-days get lost in our city; not, certainly from its immensity, not, certainly for the complicated character of its net-work of winding and radiating streets, for we are to "the manor born," and could find our way from one end to the other, in the darkest night, or the thickest fog, without once heaving the lead or hailing another craft. No—it is not that that bothers us, but the changes that are constantly going on about us, architectural changes that seem as rapid as the construction of Aladdin's palace. We pass two or three months without going through a certain street, and lo! the next time we chance that way, some favorite old landmark has disappeared, some low-browed shop has been sold for fire-wood, and in their places stand an iron building, half a dozen stories high, or a free-stone warehouse with Venetian or Romanesque front.

Washington Street, one of our favorite haunts, we manage to keep the run of, though sober old Washington Street is getting "fast," we are sorry to say. Crooked as Richard the Third, it needs must, like that amiable monarch, "study fashions to adorn its person." Not content with its plain old school respectability, its solid man-of-Boston look, its decided individuality, it must perforce trick itself out with a bit of Broadway, a scrap of Chestnut street, a favor of Regent Street, and a morsel of the Boulevard Italien. Its old continental uniform has become a coat of many colors, and whereas, in the old time, the simplicity of the country was continued down to the Old South Church, now the dash and glitter of city finery are carried away out to Roxbury line. Why, not many years ago, the old Lamb Tavern, on the site of the Adams House, was a perfect picture of a country inn. White and wooden, it had the smart look of a village stage-house, but nothing of a city air. The huge stable was filled with the horses of country visitors, for such found themselves at home within its hospitable halls. In and out of its portals flowed farmers with cowhide boots, and homespun coats, Bucolic youths resplendent in blue coats and yellow vests, blooming crinoline-less maidens in blazing flowered calicoes, with eyes like stars, and cheeks like petals of the peony. Betrothed lovers wandered forth to see the sights, hand in hand, as our first parents strolled through the garden of delights. From the paved court yard, in and out, at all hours, rolled huge white-topped baggage-wagons, or stage-coaches, piled up with trunks and travellers, and drawn by game looking cattle. They are all gone, and the scene is utterly changed.

During the session of the Massachusetts "Leegislatur," the "Great and Giniral Court," much of the wisdom of the Commonwealth was stowed away beneath the roof-tree of the Lamb. If instead of the usual petition, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" the safety of the Lamb had been invoked, a majority of the State legislature would have been provided for. The table of the Lamb was a good one—not all mutton as the name of the hostelrie might have led one to anticipate. The waiters were roseate Hebes, suggestive of haymaking, and huskings, and quiltings, and all sorts of rural festivals. There was no French or Italian cookery, but Yankee abundance and Yankee neatness. And, shade of Heliogabalus! how those representatives would eat. In those days dyspepsia and indigestion were not invented, and valorous trencher-men possessed the *dura ilia messorum.* Ham, eggs, hot bread, oysters, beef, cheese and pickles disappeared before their voracity, "like snaw when its thaw," as Burns says.

We remember one fat rascal, who was a perfect facsimile of Massinger's Justice Greedy, and had he been but "indifferent honest," he would have confessed with that worthy:—"I am no chameleon, to feed on air; no Frenchman, to feed on a soused frog, or regale on an ounce of beef in a Mediterranean sea of soup; I love to see the board well spread, groaning under its savory burthen, smoking hot from spit, furnace, and cauldron." But this cormorant was always talking about the delicacy of his stomach, and lamenting that he could n't eat. When he made his dainty effort "jest to pick a little bit," he generally swept the board. In the House, he always slept through the debates, and never delivered but one oration, and that was a pathetic appeal for adjournment when the session had been protracted beyond the hour of dinner. But he has gone with the rest.

Country legislators are now not to be distinguished from city members, and their head-quarters are removed to Parker's. Times are changed—improved is the word—and we are all changed with them.

FACILITIES OF TRAVEL.

Nothing is more surprising than the revolution in the mode of travelling by sea and land, which has occurred within the memory of men not yet old enough to be classed among the "fogies." Mail-coaches were only introduced about a hundred years ago. "In old times," says an English writer, "people of an humble rank travelled only on foot, and those of a higher station on horseback. Noblemen and gentlemen, as much for ostentation as use, kept running footmen—a class of servants active in limb, who run before them on a journey, or went upon errands of special import. This custom did not cease among noble families in Scotland till the middle of the last century. The Earl of March, father to the late Duke of Queensbury, and who lived at Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, had one named John Mann, who used to run in front of the carriage, with a long staff. In the head of the staff was a recess for a hard-boiled egg, such being the only food taken by Mann during a long journey."

The length of time consumed in journeys by even the best kind of carriages is now a matter of surprise. The stage-coach which went between London and Oxford, in the reign of Charles II. required two days, though the space is only fifty-eight miles. That to Exeter (168 miles), required four days. In 1703, when Prince George of Denmark went from Windsor to Petworth, to meet Charles III. of Spain, the distance being about forty miles, he required fourteen hours for the journey, the last nine miles taking six. The person who records this fact says the long time was the more surprising, as when not overturned, or when stuck fast in the mire, his royal highness made no stop during the journey.

Of the stage-coach journey to Bath, about 1748, we learn some particulars from Smollett's celebrated novel. Mr. Random enters the coach before breakfast. It proceeds. A highwayman attacks it before breakfast, and is repulsed by the hero. Strap meanwhile accompanies the coach on horseback. A night is spent on the road, and the journey is finished next day, apparently towards evening—108 miles.

Our coaches on the best routes radiating from Boston, the Salem and Providence turnpikes, for instance, used to make about ten miles an hour. Railroads have reduced the time on the road to a third or a quarter of that consumed by he coaches. But the improvement in comfort is incalculable. A stage-coach journey in winter was excruciating, and you were half frozen and jolted to death. Now you glide from city to city, as comfortably as if you were sitting in your own warm, snug study or parlor. And then in ocean navigation, what a leap from the cabin of the Mayflower to the princely grand saloon of the Great Eastern!

KEAN AND RACHEL.

On one of the most triumphant repetitions of "Macbeth" at the Princess's, Mr. C. Kean received a compliment equally unexpected and agreeable. He knew that she formed one of the audience, and played his best in consequence. When the play ended, she came round to his dressing-room for personal introduction. Her praises were poured forth with all the ardor of appreciating genius, and wound up with enthusiastic ebullition: "*Pernettez que je vous embrasse*" (Allow me to kiss you). Such a request demanded instant compliance, and the fraternal salute was most cordially exchanged between the two great artists. The incident recalls a similar one that happened when Garrick visited Paris. In a private party at the house of Mademoiselle Clarion, the Rachel of her day, he was asked to gratify the company by a specimen of his power. He rose at once, and gave the dagger soliloquy from "Macbeth" without preparation or arrangement. The spectators were electrified, and Clarion, although unacquainted with the English language, was so excited by the expressive action and feature, that she caught Garrick in her arms, and kissed him. Mrs. Garrick, who was present, and frequently related the story, invariably added, "All were surprised, but David and I were delighted."

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

Some philanthropic ladies in England have organized a "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women." They intend to establish a large school for girls and young women, where they may be specially trained to wait in shops, by being thoroughly instructed in accounts, book-keeping, etc.; be taught to fold and tie up parcels, and perform many other acts, which a retired shop-woman could teach them. The necessity of politeness towards customers, and a constant self-command, will also be duly impressed upon them. It is believed that girls educated in this school would be capable of becoming clerks, cashiers, and ticket sellers at railway stations. It is also contemplated to establish workshops in connection with the schools, where the girls might be taught other trades—trades well suited to women, but now almost exclusively in the hands of men, such as printing, hair-dressing, etc., for instance, and possibly even watch-making. As the means of the society increase, so would the number of workshops and the variety of trades taught.

"GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE."—New work by Rev. Woodbury M. Fernald.—We learn that a new work on the above subject is about to appear, by this writer, presenting the subject in all its great branches, and treating it both philosophically and practically. We are authorized to expect a very full treatise, and from what we know of the author, we have no doubt it will be a work of great interest, and destined probably to a very wide circulation. It will be out about the first of October; published by Otis Clapp, Boston.

CROSSES FOR THE PRESS.—Among the nominations to different grades of the Legion of Honor, given on the occasion of the emperor's fete, are three crosses for the Paris press and one for the press of the department. Louis Napoleon has crossed the French press before this.

MR. RAYMOND.—Mr. H. J. Raymond, of the N. Y. Times, is back again at his post, working as quietly as if he had never sniffed the smoke of one of the greatest battles of modern times—Solferino—of which he was an eye-witness.

RATHER QUEER.—A singular reason is urged against building a piece of railroad in northern Michigan; it is, that "the flies and mosquitoes will render it almost impracticable in summer."

A TRUE SAYING.—Every word, says Bulwer, has its sequel, and the sequel of epicure is beggar.

AN UNWILLING AERONAUT.

The Abkar, of Algiers, relates the following alarming adventure, which lately took place at Mostaganem: Two brothers, named Braquet, were about to ascend in a balloon, one of them having engaged to go through a variety of gymnastic exercises on what is called the *trapeze*—a piece of wood suspended from two ropes hanging below the car. As the spectacle was a novel one in that part of the country, a great multitude had collected. At the moment when the order was given to let go, the men who had hold of the cords all obeyed the order with the exception of one, a Spaniard, who, by some mismanagement, got entangled in the rope which he had to hold, and was lifted in the air. The alarm of the spectators was extreme, but they became somewhat tranquil by seeing the man climb up the rope, and, though not without some difficulty, take his seat on the piece of wood astride which one of the aeronauts was seated. The Spaniard, finding the balloon ascending, became alarmed, and called loudly on Braquet to descend. "I want to go down," said he. "And I," replied Braquet, going through his exercises, "want to get rid of you, so let go." "But let me get down, I say. I cannot sit comfortably here." "It was not I who asked you to come here," said Braquet, "why do you intrude yourself here?" "My head is getting dizzy and I am losing my hold," urged the Spaniard. "Shut your eyes," said Braquet. In this state the man was borne through the air for some time, when at length the aeronaut in the car took compassion on him, and skillfully bringing the balloon near the ground, enabled him to drop along the rope from the critical position in which he was seated, and reach the ground without any injury beyond a few bruises.

ALL WE KNOW ABOUT SHAKSPEARE.

He was born in April, 1565, at Stratford-on-Avon, was the son of John Shakspeare, tradesman, and at the age of eighteen was married to Ann Hathaway, then twenty-six years old. In 1586 he went to London, and there became a player; in 1589 he was one of the proprietors of the Blackfriars Theatre, and in 1595 was a prominent sharer in a large theatre called the Globe. He seems to have altered, mended, and added to the dramas of others before he wrote any himself. Between 1591 and 1613 he wrote over thirty plays, but the precise date of the composition it is impossible to fix. About the year 1610 he retired permanently to Stratford. He died on the 23d of April, 1616. Such are the meagre results of a century of research into the external life of Shakspeare.

NEW NEIGHBORS.—Nearly opposite to our office, at 27 Winter Street, MESSRS. DIX & EVANS have opened an elegant new store, built expressly for them, for the purpose of supplying Ladies and Gents Furnishing Goods. There is to be found here one of the largest and best stocks of the kind in Boston, all fresh and new, and of endless variety. Especially in the line of Hosiery, Gloves and Under Garments, we have never seen a more complete or choicer selection. Remember the number, 27 Winter Street.

MARRIAGE.—"Married people," said Dean Swift (a most unreliable authority on the subject, by the way), "for being so closely united, are but the apter to cease loving, as knots, the harder they are pulled, break the sooner."

MATURE ATTRACTION.—When Mlle. Mars, the great comedienne of France, was sixty years of age, she bewitched the Count de Morney, then twenty-six. A similar story is told of Ninon de l'Enclos.

AN AUTHOR MARRIED.—Mr. Oliver S. Leland, the well-known author, was recently united to Miss Ella D. Clark, daughter of Lewis Gaylord Clark, Esq., of the Knickerbocker Magazine.

ROSA BONHEUR.—This charming painter has contributed a picture to the exhibition of the New York Academy of Design, painted expressly for it. The subject is "Haymaking."

IS IT NOT SO?—When you hear a man railing against wealth, be sure that he is a victim of disappointed avarice.

PERHAPS.—Says St Evremond; "A woman's last sighs are for her beauty."

CARDINAL DUBOIS.

Dubois, before his promotion, fretted himself to a perfect skeleton with his schemes to procure the cardinal's red hat, while his steward, De la Vigne, seemed to be getting plump and fat in proportion as his master waxed meagre. The latter said to him one day, "How is it, De la Vigne, that while I am getting leaner and leaner, you are growing fatter and fatter every day?"

"The reason is very plain," answered the steward. "You, my lord, have always a hat in your head; while I always have my head in my hat."

When Dubois finally obtained the coveted red hat, he immediately grew plump and portly. The wags said that the cardinal's sconce was *deeper red* outside than in.

On the occasion of his elevation, he paid a visit to an old chateau of his, accompanied by a confidential hanger-on, a sort of jester, named Dupin, who happened to be a small sandy-haired man. The cardinal was no sooner established in his chateau, than addresses, congratulations, and deputations flowed in from all quarters. Among others who waited on his eminence was the Mayor of Miroblais, a town famous principally for its annual fair of asses. The dignitary had prepared, with the help of the village schoolmaster, a long-winded harangue, which he began to deliver with all the pomposity and emphasis peculiar to little men. Dupin, who noticed that his master showed unmistakable signs of annoyance at the infliction, interrupted him by asking the following question:

"By the way, Mr. Mayor, what did asses fetch at your last fair?"

"Why, sir," replied the mayor, with perfect coolness, "small sandy ones, like you, brought only twenty francs, and plenty of 'em at that price." After which retort, he resumed his oration and finished it without further interruption from the humbled wag.

NEW MAP OF BOSTON AND ITS VICINITY.

An excellent map of Boston and the suburban places within a radius of between seven and eight miles of State Street, has just been issued by F. A. Baker, 106 Washington Street, from actual surveys, under the direction of H. F. Walling, superintendent of the State map. It includes all of Boston, in its various departments, with the harbor and islands, the cities of Roxbury, Cambridge, Charlestown and Chelsea, and the towns of Somerville, West Roxbury, West Cambridge, Watertown, Medford, Malden, Brookline, North Chelsea, Brighton, Belmont, Winthrop, and large portions of Dorchester and Newton. The scale is five inches to a mile, which allows space for mention of all the public buildings, and the names of many of the residents on the avenues in the towns near Boston. The villages which have grown up of late years in suburban places are noted, and attention seems to have been given to every matter that would add to the completeness of the work, or enhance its value. The boundaries of the towns are very plainly indicated, and the references to noted places are very copious. Circles are drawn across the map each mile from State Street, so that air line distances may be ascertained without the use of the scale. We hope the enterprise of the publishers of this map will meet with liberal reward from the public. Orders received at E. P. Dutton's, 106 Washington Street. Price five dollars.

Granet, the celebrated French painter, famous for his interiors, died recently, leaving a large fortune to his sister.—*Home Journal.*

Good gracious! Celebrated for his *interiors!* Had he, like Cardinal Woolsey, "an unbounded stomach?"

So we go.—We don't often mention it, but seven of our exchanges which come to hand this week, have original sketches *borrowed* from this paper, but which they accidentally omit to credit us with!

Western Indians.—These poor forsaken creatures are getting troublesome again. Sixty were lately killed in an encounter with United States troops.

Expressive.—If a Mississippi boatman desires to express his admiration of a person, he will tell you that the individual is a "good egg."

Poetical.—Gratitude is beautifully styled, the memory of the heart!

Ennui.—Emptiness of heart and mind!

RABELAIS AND THE LAMPREYS.

The witty and eccentric Rabelais was, as it is well known, physician to Cardinal Lorraine, who was one of the most renowned epicures and gormandizers of his age. One part of his daily duties was to wait upon the cardinal at dinner and point out to him what dishes were indigestible, and what food might be partaken of with impunity. One day a dish of lampreys was set before his eminence, and he immediately plunged his fork into one of the crispest and largest of the fish, preparatory to removing it to his plate. Rabelais, however, interposed with the gravest air, and tapping the plate containing the lampreys three times—a cabalistic number—shook his formidable wig, and said, in the gravest tones of solemn warning:

"Indigestible! Indigestible! Indigestible!"

The cardinal turned pale with horror. "Take it away!" he exclaimed, and a servant instantly seized upon the offending dish.

"Hullo, you sir!" cried the physician, "bring those lampreys to *me!*"

And before the cardinal could recover from his astonishment and indignation, Rabelais had devoured every one of the fish.

"Sir!" exclaimed his eminence, as soon as he could recover breath for utterance, "what is the meaning of this conduct? You condemn this food as indigestible, and yet make no scruple of devouring it before my very eyes."

"I beg your eminence's pardon," asked the doctor, humbly. "I tapped the *plate*, and that, you will certainly acknowledge, is indigestible enough. As for the fish—I was astonished at your sending them away. They are not only very easy of digestion, but I assure you I find their flavor very exquisite, and have ate them with a perfect relish."

Vandalism.—The daguerreotype rooms of Messrs. Silsbee, Case & Co., at number 299 1-2 Washington Street, were entered on Sunday week by some villains, whose evident purpose was to destroy the beautiful works of art on exhibition. This intent was not accomplished to a large extent, when the intruders were interrupted by the visit of one of the proprietors, and decamped hastily. The rascals *stole* less than fifty dollars worth of articles, but they destroyed many fine and choice pictures, such as this house are celebrated for producing.

George W. Caleff, the entertaining and popular temperance lecturer has actually left the stage. "If parents only knew the traps and hidden snares that were set for their sons," he says, "they would shudder, and they would do something to break down these dens of silken pollution." He is receiving encouragement from some of our most eminent men in the country. Every town should get him to address her young men. His lectures are free. Address Boston, Mass.

Useful Invention.—A machine to tie up bundles of kindling wood has been invented. As its sawing, splitting and tying is now all done by machinery, it will lighten a prime source of expense to the poor.

Vigorous Age.—Among the instances of a vigorous old age, that of Miss Catharine Sedgwick stands preeminent. Although 70 years of age, she has just produced a new novel, called "Walter Thornley."

Female Heroism.—The heroism of a young and delicate girl is mentioned in a Cincinnati paper. A burglar was shot *through the hat* by an alarmed young lady.

Germans.—It is said that the German population of the United States now number some *six millions* of souls. A remarkable fact.

Sad Thought.—Though many are laying their bones in the soil of Pike's Peak, some few are sending gold home to their eastern friends.

Duels.—Two more duels at the southwest since our last issue. We only wish these foolish fellows were *better shots.*

Colossal.—They have been exhibiting an ox in San Francisco weighing 3400 pounds!

The Union.—The offspring of our weakness, and the parent of our strength!

New Motto for France.—L'empire c'est la paix-an gun!

Wayside Gatherings.

The rate of taxation in New York this fall will be about $17 on $1000.

The New York Post thinks the Peter Funk auctions in that city are a crying nuisance.

The Gentiles in Salt Lake City have applied for military aid to suppress disorders, and protect their lives.

The New York Herald says that the Fifth Avenue Hotel has been such a success, that another house, still further up town, is talked of.

We learn from the Florida papers that the crops of corn and cotton in most portions of that State promise an abundant yield.

The number of students in the several classes, in Dartmouth College is as follows: Seniors, 65; Juniors, 70; Sophomores, 70; Freshmen, 72. Total, 277.

The Utica Observer learns that a message was sent recently, by telegraph, from Albany to Kansas city, and an answer received within the short space of six hours!

The new suspension bridge now in the course of erection over the Ohio, at Wheeling, will have a span of over 1000 feet. The estimated cost of the structure is $37,000.

The Portsmouth Chronicle reports that there are twenty men in that city eighty years of age and upwards; two of them have passed the age of fourscore and ten.

The Taunton (Mass.) Locomotive Works, since their establishment in 1847, have made to order about 270 locomotives, and some of them are running in almost every State.

The "more advanced spiritualists" have outgrown the necessity of any form of marriage, but in deference the human weakness they think it best to retain something that will answer the purpose.

During the present season, one individual at Columbus, Ohio, has purchased 400,000 pounds of wool, at a cost of $180,000. It is estimated that the quantity bought and sold in the State during the season will reach 10,000,000 pounds.

At the Union Factory in San Francisco, four 24 pounder iron howitzers have been made for the liberal party of Mexico. These are the first guns ever cast in California, and reflect much credit upon her enterprise and progress.

The Hartford Press announces the death of Colonel Samuel Green, in the ninety-second year of his age. He was the oldest printer in the State—possibly in the United States—and was long actively connected with the newspaper press in Connecticut.

When Governor Seymour returned from Russia, lately, to his home in Hartford, Ct., he was immediately recognized by a favorite house dog that had not seen him for six years, which leaped and fawned upon him with every demonstration of joy.

A pickpocket, not long since in the Missouri Penitentiary, writes from Toulon, in France, to the warden, that he is doing a big business now all about Europe, but he says he intends having money to come back, buy land, and settle in America.

William Owney, of Southampton county, Va., died a short time since, aged 109 years and five months. He was engaged in the battle of Brandywine, and also at Petersburg, Va., when Arnold paid that town a visit. The old soldier had never taken medicine in his life, and in his last illness positively refused to have it administered.

Annie Williams, a seamstress, lately committed suicide in Philadelphia by swallowing an ounce of laudanum, purchased with the last penny she possessed. A local paper describes her as "only twenty-three years of age, and possessed of as fine a person as the finest lady you will meet in Chestnut Street." She could not obtain work to support herself.

An exchange says there is living in the town of Stratton, Vermont, an old revolutionary soldier, aged one hundred and four years, who was one of the captors of General Prescott. He was at the battle of New London, was badly wounded, and he remained in the army till the close of the war, in 1785, and yet this soldier has never received a pension.

Madame Gassier has accepted a second engagement in the Cuban city of luxury, Havana, for the approaching winter season, upon terms equivalent to two thousand five hundred dollars per week, in addition to a free benefit—conditions which we are inclined to consider unprecedented in the experience of any prima donna either in this or in any other country.

A man-brute in Baltimore set his four dogs on a boy eleven years old, and they bit his legs, arms, back and abdomen, which were completely lacerated by their teeth, and his whole person covered with blood, when the police officers succeeded in rescuing him, hardly alive, from their ferocious possession. The dogs were then ordered to be killed, and the owner put in prison.

Mrs. Blandina Dudley, of Albany, was recently found to have executed a deed of trust of all her property to Rutger B. Miller, of Utica, under circumstances justifying a suspicion that it was procured by fraud. Her relatives determined to contest this document, but finally agreed to a compromise, by which Miller agreed to resign all claim for $10,000. Mrs. Dudley, however, did not assent to this arrangement, and acting under the advice of counsel, refused to pay over the $10,000.

Sands of Gold.

.... The warrior who cultivates his mind, polishes his arms.—*De Bouffiers.*

.... No man is obliged to do as much as he can do.—*Dr. Johnson.*

.... Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

.... Ignorance is a prolonged infancy only deprived of its charm.—*De Bouffiers.*

.... Our humanity were a poor thing, but for the divinity that stirs within us.—*Lord Bacon.*

.... Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.—*Rochefoucault.*

.... Men in misfortune are like men in the dark, to whom all colors are the same.—*Swift.*

.... It is extraordinary how long a man may look among the crowd without discovering the face of a friend.—*Dickens.*

... When you want anything of a woman, praise her for that in which she is most deficient.—*La Bruyere.*

.... Gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body, invented to cover the defects of the mind.—*Rochefoucault.*

.... Nature confesses that she has bestowed upon man a most susceptible heart—in that she has granted tears.—*Juvenal.*

.... Humanity still conquers, though suffering. Be careful not to lose that, and you lose nothing.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... We can sometimes love what we do not understand, but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

.... We complain that the censure of our neighbor does us injustice. How much greater would be our grief were his judgment just.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... False friends are like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.—*Bovee.*

.... It is better not to expect or calculate consequences. Let us try to do right actions, without thinking of the feelings they are to call out in others.—*Mrs. Gaskell.*

.... With the vulgar and the learned, names have great weight; the wise use a writ of inquiry into their legitimacy when they are advanced as authority.—*Zimmerman.*

.... Woman's power is over the affections. A beautiful dominion is hers, for the seat of it is in man's heart. She risks its forfeiture when she seeks to extend it.—*Bovee.*

Joker's Budget.

Looking out for number one is little else than I-service.

There are many married people whose every day breakfast is a broil.

Did you ever see anything walk without legs? Yes, a rope-walk.

It is not considered proper for young ladies to give their *countenance* to indiscriminate kissing.

A sexton who failed during the hard times, gravely remarked that he had been "unfortunate in his undertakings."

Which railroad in England is the most favorable to the acquisition of knowledge? The Reading.

Droll people, these Parisians, said one of the wounded of Solferino; I have lost a leg, and they clap their hands!

The lobster is without doubt a posthumous work of creation, for it is only red after its death.

"Steel your heart," said an ex-president to his son, who was going to Europe; "you are now going among some of the most fascinating of the fair sex." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the promising youth.

"O, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice-boy, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat." "Yes, master," said the boy, "I have been practising it since I was a child."

Mrs. Partington, hearing that a young man had set up for himself, "Poor fellow," said she, "has he no friend that will set up for him part of the time?" And she sighed to be young again.

Three cockneys, being out one evening in a dense fog, came up to a building that they thus described: The first said, "There's a *nouse.*" "No," said the second, "it's a *nut.*" The third said, "You're both wrong, it's a *nin.*"

In Belfast, Ireland, after questioning the children of a charity school about what the wife of a king or emperor was called, asked, "What is the wife of a duke called?" "A drake," exclaimed several voices.

A stranger meeting an editor in the street in Boston, a few days since, roughly accosted him with, "Here! I want to go to the Tremont House!" The deliberate reply was, "Well, you can go, if you wont be gone long!"

"Where did you prig that shilling from?" said Buttons to Sam. "Prig it, sar," was the response; "I'll make you prove vat you say, sar. I found that shillen in master's trouses pocket, and he hab gone out of town for a month."

A lawyer, reading a will in a country village the other day, incidentally mentioned "heirs and successors," upon which a young gentleman of forty-five, rather hard of hearing, remarked, "Dear me, who ever heard of 'hairs and scissors' being in a will before."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROBIN'S NEST IN THE MAPLE.

BY MRS. S. P MESERVE HAYES.

When the rays of the sun at its sitting,
Come in to enliven the gloom,
Its glances fall fitful and broken
On the floors of my snug little room.
For it comes through the branches close woven,
Of the maple, whose broad shining leaves
Are tossed by the breezes of even,
'Gainst the moss on the low cottage eaves.

A curtain of green to my window
It gives in the sunshiny spring,
But a drapery of gorgeous crimson
The bright frosty autumn days bring.
No hangings in palaces royal,
Though woven by Persian loom,
Can equal in splendor the curtain
That shadows my one attic room.

In the spring of the year, when the birdlings
Were building their nest in each tree,
Two robins made love in its branches,
And chanted sweet music to me.
And ere many days had departed,
They made them a nest 'mid the leaves,
Of twigs and dried grass, interwoven
With moss, from the o'erhanging eaves.

All day could I watch from my window
The robins a-building their nest,
And lining the home for their children
With down from each warm throbbing breast,
And listen unseen to their music,
That made all the echoes resound,
When blue eggs gleamed out through the branches
Of the maple above and around.

And then after long patient waiting,
I heard the young birds in their nest,
Chirping low, as with joyous carols
The fond mother sang them to rest
And all, through the long summer hours,
They chanted their hymns in my tree.
While the young birds joining their voices,
Melodiously sang unto me.

And when with the first breath of winter
They fled to some far distant clime,
I hoped they might come to my window
Again in the sunny spring time.
When the flowers are opening in beauty,
And green leaves hang thick on my tree,
I would listen to hear 'mid its branches
The sweet songs they warbled to me.

THE VALLEY OF THE INNOCENTS.

"MUSHA! bad cess to *you*, Darby Dillon! Och, wirra! wirra! is id going to brake the doore in ye are wid hammerin? By the blessed light, one id think ye had a goat's horn on every knuckle! Ha, ha, ha—ha, yer at it agin, ye dirty baste! Ugh! I suppose I must let you in."

Knock, knock—rattle, rattle.

"Hurry, hurry wid ye, Thade alanna!—hurry, I say. Tell the gintleman in the big beard that I'm off, but'll wait a start for him, if he's purty lively."

Post-horn: turroo-turroo-turroo! ad lib.

Thus was I awoke out of a most delightful slumber, during which I had pleasantly travelled through all the pleasant paths of dreamland. A rude awakening it was, but its accompaniments were worse. The rain poured in torrents—enough, as I heard Darby, the mail-driver, soliloquize on the outside, "to pelt holes in the hide of a runosceros!" The tempest raged in fury, an inky darkness pervaded, and I had the prospect of an eight hours' drive before me into the heart of the kingdom of Kerry.

There was nothing else for it; so, with the resolution of despair, I sprang from my turf, smoke-perfumed couch, nearly upsetting Thade, as he rushed into my room.

"Och, murther, yer honor! I'm ruined intirely. I overslep mysel, and there's that villin Darby has come too airly, a purpose—"

"Just give Darby my compliments, and ask him would not a drop of hot water, with the insects in it scalded with a drop of whiskey, make him weather-proof this morning?"

"Begar, jest the thing to keep the old baste from growlin his liver out, yer honor!" was the delighted answer of the shock-headed little waiter of the principal house of entertainment for man and beast in the good town of Tralee.

I peeped through the window, and could just discern the outline of the vehicle upon which I was about to undergo an amount of bodily suffering which none but those who have travelled on an Irish mail-car can at all appreciate. Perched upon the apex of a rectangularly-shaped box, appeared a bulky mass of shiny, wet oilskin garments: naught of the "human form divine" could be seen, save a red button of a nose and about an inch of brickdust-colored cheek, revealed by the occasional flashings from the bowl of a "dudheen;" with a thing called a hat set well forward to meet the driving rain, and the car drawn close to the door, so that he could reach it with the butt of his whip—there sat Darby Dillon, one of the rarest specimens of an Irish driver it ever fell to my lot to encounter.

After fortifying the inner man, and disposing of Thade and his fee, which he acknowledged with a "God bless yer honor—ids yerself I always found to be a raale ossifer; and sure ye never lave us bud I'm wishin ye back agin!" which certainly puzzled me, as I had never set eyes on him before, and mentally hoped I never might again; I proceeded to mount, and we rattled out of the town, getting an occasional "thug" from a rut or a stone about the size of a thirty-two pound shot, occasioning a shock which sent a throe of agony through the fag-ends of one's teeth, when Darby opened fire.

"Does yer honor iver take a blast of the pipe?" he inquired, with a patronizing bend of his bullet-shaped cranium.

"Often, Darby, mabouchal!" said I; for there is nothing will open an Irishman's heart like entering into his ways at once.

"Here ye are, thin, alanna!" returned he. "Niver be afraid uv id; ids good for the lungs, bewtiful to privint ketching a cowld, and whin yer inclined in the way of miditation, bedad ids quare what castles ye can build up out uv the smoke of a dudheen."

Accepting Darby's philosophy, I was speedily occupied in dispersing volumes from the generous weed; during which we overtook a tall, shambling-gaited individual, clothed in black, a cross between a distressed tradesman and an unfrocked parson.

"D'ye see that chap?" inquired Darby.

"Yes; what of him."

"Well now, if that was a daycint fellow, I'd give him a lift this blake morning, but— Morrow—morrow, kindly!" he exclaimed to the individual in question, "but as I was sayin, yer honor, he's one uv them snakin Soupers!"

"What the plague is that, Darby?" I inquired, for he might just as well have catechised me in pagan nomenclature.

"Ye see how it is, yer honor, that ther's some people in this world when ther well off don't know it, and can't keep thimselves to thimselves, and lave their neighbors to make their pace wid heaven after their own notions; but, begar, if they find out that ye dig wid the left foot, they'll want to make ye dig wid the right, and so the world goes round; and they sind craytures like that down here to put contintion among the people; they call it enlight'nin uz. Sure we have light consciences, and light stomachs, glory be to God! and if that's not lightnin enough, I don't know what is!"

I now perceived Darby's drift.

"O, they want to convert you, Darby, do they?"

"Ye have it now, yer honor. Musha, don't let the pipe out! Well, as I was tellin yer honor, one of thim chaps tuck a purty joke out uv me a while ago. He was a sort uv an inspecthur—a fat, jolly chap enough too, and plinty uv fun in his way—and, bedad, ids myself thinks id was more the money he was makin than the marvels he was workin, that tuck up the most of his time!"

"What did he do to you, Darby?" I inquired, fearing his garrulity would lead him to be discursive.

"Why, thin, I'll tell you. I stopped at Corny Callaghan's up here above, one mornin, to lave him a bag of male; bud while I was lightin the pipe, down comes my gintleman, throttin along the Boreen as brisk as a two-year-ould. 'Have ye an empty sate on the car?' says he. 'Id wouldn't take a blind man to tell that,' says I, 'seein there's none of thim full.' 'Bedad, yer a pleasant fellow, anyhow,' says he, jumping on the car. 'What's yer name, my man?' says he, as I druv on. 'Darby Dillon, at yer service,' says I, looking at him hard, yer honor, this way." and Darby screwed his little dark ferret-eyes into a look that he meant to pierce like gimlets. "'Yer a mimber,' says he, of that erroneous religion that sheds ids baleful influence over this benighted land!' 'Bedad,' says I, 'I don't know what that manes, at all, at all; bud if ids what persuasion I am,' says I, *day*termined to let him see I wasn't as ignorant as he was, 'I'm an humble follower of that pagan prince the Pope of Roome,' says I, 'at yer service!' Well, my jewel, wid that ye think the blackguard id dhrop off the car wid the laughin. 'Manners is a purty thing,' says I, in a huff, ye undherstand, yer honor, for a chap doesn't like to be laughed at by thim kind of cattle. 'Pon my honor, Darby,' says he, 'I beg yer pardon!' 'Och, thin,' says I, 'if ids comin bogthrottin down here ye are, ye'd better lave yer honor behind ye!' angered like, ye know, to hear a spalpeen like that takin the word out uv a gintleman's mouth. 'Well, Darby,' says he, 'and do you attind yer devotions?' 'As often as her majesty lets me,' says I, 'but she has such a constant demand for my sarvices, that whin I do get a male of prayers I make a good one!' 'And do you understand what the priest says whin he's prayin for you?' says he. 'No,' says I, 'why should I? Ids not for the likes of uz,' says I, 'to be pryin?' 'An what good does it do you?' says he, 'if ye don't understand it?' 'It's mighty edifying,' says I, 'and comfortin too, that fine ould Roman language!' Well, bedad, I shot him up complately, and he hadn't another word to say for a long time. Bymeby, anyhow, he got over it, and, as we'd meet a flock of geese, he'd begin to cackle, 'Gobble, gobble, gobble! Cackle, cackle!' until, upon my conscience, the ould gandhers thimselves didn't know whether they were on ther heads or ther tails. Thin, if we met an ould puckawn goat, he'd begin to 'Ma-a-a-h-a!' till you'd think he'd crack his jaws. And as to cows and calves and jackasses, bedad, he had them all dancin quodreels along the road. Thinks I to myself, says I, bedad this is a lunytic, and I got into a fair thrimble uv fright; all of a sudden he jumps and ketches me by the arm: 'Darby!' says he, wid a shout. 'Y-y-e-s sir,' says I, making ready to lep off the car and run for my life. 'D'ye undherstand what I'm saying to the geese and the goats?' says he. 'Divil resave the word!' says I. 'Aren't ye edified?' says he. 'I am,' says I, thinking to humor his madness, ye know. 'Aren't ye comfortable?' says he. 'N—Yes,' says I, ketchin myself before I vexed him. 'Well, whisper,' says he. Now I'm in for it, says I; he'll bite the ear off me anyhow; bud sure, maybe he'd knock my brains out if I don't; so I stooped down to him, yer honor, and he says, 'Sure, you wont tell any one?' says he. 'Divil a word,' says I. 'Pon yer honor?' says he. 'Pon my honor!' says I. 'Well,' says he, that's as good to you as the priest's Latin.'"

Enjoying a hearty laugh with the good-humored Darby, we rolled ourselves up afresh, for the storm came on more pitilessly than ever. We had by this time arrived in a very wild and bleak mountain district, and occasionally we caught glimpses of the Atlantic lashing the iron-bound coast with impotent fury. Wilder and wilder whistled the blast through the narrow defile through which we endeavored to urge the panting steed; the sheets of driving rain were whirled into mist and fog, enough to obscure the daylight; when suddenly, as we emerged from the rocky pass, there was a lull in the gale, the rain suddenly ceased, the sun shone forth in meridian splendor, and I beheld a scene which has left an impression on my mind never to be effaced; we had entered a narrow valley, surrounded with bleak and barren mountains, adown whose sides leaped foaming torrents; nor verdure, leaf nor tree gave relief to the eye on three sides of our point of view, but on our right such a romantic little picture enchained the eye, that I jumped from the car and stood for a lengthened period lost in astonished admiration. The road wound in the form of a large horse-shoe, on the inside of which ran a clear and beautiful river, unstained by mountain torrent or aught else that was impure; its bed of snow-white pebbles strongly contrasting with the rich emerald-hued verdure of a mound of considerable extent, whose base it washed with a playful ripple, as if to injure such a lovely spot would be a mortal crime against nature. The mountain rose gently from the back of this mound, and there laurestina, arbutus, and evergreens of various kinds luxuriated in wild profusion. Row over row, and tier over tier, this miniature mountain forest arose like the seats of an amphitheatre; the wild rose and sweet-briar gave forth their richest perfume; and the primrose, blue bell, and wood violet flourished in lavish wildness. But the mound, the emerald mound, if ever there was a peaceful-looking spot on the face of God's creation, there it lay; it was studded all over with little tombstones and little wooden crosses; so curiously formed, so quaintly fashioned, so cunningly worked, and so carefully preserved—flowers of rare and splendid hue loaded the air with the sweet scents of spring; garlands woven with jealous care hung suspended here and there, whilst gently raised little ridges encased in their moss-clad bosom all that on earth remained of those whose gentle spirits knew no guile; whose souls knew no sin; who had bloomed and passed away from earth to heaven; whose little voices were hushed by whispering angels; whose sojourn knew not of sorrow or of suffering! Such a holy quiet reigned around, that involuntarily I removed my cap, and as I cast a furtive look at Darby, I perceived that poor fellow, rough as he was in exterior, he had a Christian heart, for a tear moistened his cheek as he offered up an Irish peasant's heartfelt prayer for the souls of the dead. To add appropriate interest to the sweet solemnity of the picture, kneeling amongst the tiny tombstones, clad in the picturesque garb of the country, sky-blue coats, and the females with the distinguishing scarlet cloaks, were many a poor fond father and mother, who had toiled wearily and from afar to deck with flowers and smooth the mossy canopy that covered all that was dear to them, and to commune in spirit with their lost first-born. We stood before the "Graves of the Innocents."

As we returned reluctantly to pursue our journey, I inquired from Darby, was there any legend or story connected with this sweet and peaceful resting place? Regarding me with an indescribable look—half serious, half comic—he burst forth:

"Why, thin, musha, yer honor it's joking me ye are now. Don't you know there's not a mountain, valley, or river, nor a rath, nor a boreen, lake, watherfall, or landmark of our bewtiful green island that hasn't its own wild story? Haven't we White Ladies and Black Ladies, and Phookas, Banshees and Chirichauns, and Leprichauns as plenty as thorns in a whin bush. Story, indeed—ay, and a bitther one."

"Well, then, Darby," said I, producing a fresh stock of the real 'Maryland,' which made his eyes sparkle again, "we'll load again, and then you can fire away with the story."

"Long life to yer honor," ejaculated Darby, as he sent forth a puff like the explosion from a thirteen-inch mortar, and giving the old horse a thwack that resounded along the mountain like the blow of a flail, he settled himself down for a comfortable yarn.

"There's an ould manor in these parts, called the Manor of Frierné, belonging to the raale ould stock; they owned half the counthry at one time, but the old Friernés were gallows ould chaps for wine and women, and horses, dogs, and hawks, racin and shootin, and spending their money in foreign parts. Och, musha! 'twas a great ould place in times gone by, and the ould castle stands there still, yer honor, and would do yer heart good to look at it; every stone is as *perefect* as the day it was built—divil a fut less than thirteen feet of solid stone-work is in every wall of it—and you might manewver a ridgement in the ould coortyard. The last of the Friernés that was in the counthry—O, he was a wild chap!—shocking, and always a wild clan about him; but there was one disperate scoundhrel that used to set him on for all sorts of badness. No good could come of him, and so the neighbors and tinints said; but this black-hearted rascal drew him on from bad to worse, until he had to lave the counthry, and thin this chap was made agint over the property. Och, wirra, wirra! bud it was a bad day for the tinints of Frierné—for they never knew bad thratement until then. Ye see that brake up in the mountains there, yer honor?"

"I do, Darby!"

"That's called Tubbermore!" continued he. "And up there lived a strong young farmer, a tinint of the Friernés, by the name of Con Flaherty. Con had the best farm on the estate, for he was own fosterer to the young Frierné, and used to be always at his elbow, until this black-livered hound of an agint put him against him. Con had just been married to the purtiest Colleen Dhas in all Kerry; and many an achin heart there was amongst the boys the day she became Mrs. Flaherty.

"Now the agint, Misthur Dan O'Mara he was called, a Dublin attorney—bad look to the likes of thim—had as liquorish a tooth, and was as bad a boy as ever walked the hall uv the foor coorts; and many a poor father and mother's curse was upon his head, for many was the poor misfortunate girleen he left without name or characther, deluded and desaived; and sure, yer honor," appealed Darby, "a man that id lade an innocent girleen on to ruin and desthruction, and a nameless grave among sthrangers, to satisfy a few hours of his own bad passions, is no man at all—he's a brute-baste! Well, this was the sort of a chap that had the whole of the manor of

Frierné under him. But the moment he clapped his eyes on Noreen of Tubbermore, he was fairly illuminated about her. Now, captain, jewel, if there's one woman in the world that's more virtuous than another, ids an Irishwoman; uv coorse I know there's an odd one now and agin, but in the main they bate creation. So, my dear, Noreen up an she tould Misthur O'Mara that if he kem to her house agin on the same errand, she'd make her husband lave marks upon him that he'd carry to his grave. Well, they lived on, and there wasn't a happier, or purtier, or better hearted couple in the counthry round; the poor never left their doore empty handed, and the sthranger was always welkim. A year rowlled on, and ther first child was born—O, such a bewtiful little crayture! 'twould jump and clap its little dawshy hands, and crow at everybody, showin it had the big, ginerous heart of father and mother; 'twas a little flaxen-haired girleen too, and 'twas like a wee spring-flower that bloomed before its time. All this time Misthur O'Mara was working his evil plans—and he parsecuted the life and sowl out of poor Con Flaherty, and things began to go wrong. At last Con forgot himself, and he sthruck the agint one day at the fair of Cahirciveen; it was all the black thafe wanted, so poor Con was clapped into goal and kep there, and poor Noreen undtherwent such a persacution, that she dhropped away to nothing; indeed people said that to save poor Con from the hulks, she did more nor she ought for Misthur O'Mary; be that as it may, the day poor Con got out of gaol and kem home, Noreen died, blessin him and the dawshy girleen. The next day the bailiff kem and saized everything on the farm for the rint that became due while Con was in prison, and two days afther Con Flaherty rowlled up his poor little girl in his frieze cotamore, and left the home that had been his and his father's and his grandfather's before him, a desperate and a ruined man, and as he left Tubbermore, he swore an awful oath that he would have a deep and bloody revenge on Misthur Dan O'Mara.

"Well, yer honor, the agint heard that Con was goin about threatenin his life, and he wint and swore his life was in danger. O, yer honor, it would make yer heart bleed if I was to tell you the way they hunted that poor fellow through the counthry; that big black villain always in his thracks, until the neighbors began to cry shame on him; the poor fellow he was like a specthre, and night or day he never left the little, dawshy, darlin Noreen; the dyin prayer of his lost, ruined colleen was always ringin in his ears; he always kep her wrapt up in his big coat, and no matter where he was hunted, little Noreen was always wid him. The neighbors at last missed him for a day or two, and whin they wint to look afther him wid some food in some of his hidin places, they found him lyin on that green mound, and there too was the dead body of the little colleen, the jewel of his poor broken heart. They buried the poor darlin there and then, and many is the night the figure of poor Con could be seen sthretched upon her little grave, for his all was there.

"One wild night the agint had to go though the Black Pass, as it was thin called, and his cowardly heart quailed within him, as he remimbered havin heerd tell how Con Flaherty's child that he had murthered was buried there; bud he couldn't go back, for the night was wild and stormy. When he got fairly opposite the mound his heart lepped up in his mouth, as he saw a tall, dark figure glide down from it, cross the river, and stand fair in his way.

"'Who-o-s e there?' says he, every hair on his head stannin on an ind.

"'Me!' says a voice, that sounded more like one from the grave than anything else.

"'Who are you?' says he, the voice makin him bould.

"'Con Flaherty!' was the answer.

"'O, you black villain!' shouts O'Mara, 'would you murther a difinceless man?'

"'My wife was difinceless, and so was my child!' said Con. 'And you murthered thim'

"'No—no—no!' says the villain, his teeth knockin together wid the fright. 'Shure, didn't they die natural!'

"'Liar!' shouted O'Flaherty, 'twice to-night,' says he, 'I had you covered, and the wavin of a blade of grass would have sent your soul to its long and bad account; but I couldn't do it,' says he, the big tears coorsin down his cheeks, as he dashed the gun in the road, '*for the spirit of my poor dead child* whispered for mercy for you.'

"The next morning poor Con was found lying on the little girleen's grave, but whin they wint to wake him up, his spirit had gone to hers.

"Ever since that, yer honor,' continued Darby, "the first-borns that die in their infancy are brought there to be buried from miles upon miles all round the counthry, and on the anniversary of their deaths, if the father or mother are able to thravel at all, they come to the grave to pray, and dress it with fresh flowers and garlands; and they think that the spirit of their child is watchin and smilin on thim; and would you believe it, yer honor, whin I tell you that many a black and foul deed has been prevented by a pilgrimage to the VALLEY OF THE INNOCENTS!"

NEW DISCOVERY IN FIRE-ARMS.

Experiments were recently made at Vincennes, France, to ascertain the accuracy of fire and the distance traversed by a new musket bullet proposed to replace the bullet fired from the rifles with which the Chasseurs and Zouaves are armed. The following are the results:—Of 100 balls from the old fashion, fired from a rifle of 600 yards' distance, forty-three struck the target, and fourteen balls at 800 yards. Of 100 newly-invented balls, fired from a smooth barrel at 600 yards, sixty-five struck the target, and thirty-nine at 800 yards—being a difference of twenty-five per cent. in favor of the new ball. A still more extraordinary fact is, the new ball will kill at a distance of 1500 yards, while a rifle ball is not effective at more than 1000 yards.

HORSE-RACING AMONG THE JAPANESE.

The accompanying engraving represents a Japanese horse-race, and is quite curious and interesting. The track is circular, and not elliptical as in England and this country, and the object seems to be not so much to test the speed of the horses, as to exhibit their points and action. Accordingly we find neither the horses nor men accoutred in a style conducive to great rapidity of movement. The riders are dressed very cumbrously, and the saddles and heavy shovel-stirrups impose an unnecessary weight upon the horses. The race-riders seem to make no effort to overtake or pass each other, but are equi-distant on the circumference of the course, round which they go bobbing up and down with the beat of the gallop, holding their horses hard, bowing down over the animals' necks, the wind filling their garments, and giving them the appearance of huge, clumsy and misshapen butterflies. How different is all this from the spectacle presented by an American race-course, where the horses are trained to the fineness of silk, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on their clear muscles, where the head-stalls and saddles are as light as possible, and the jockeys, with close-fitting caps, and light jackets and breeches, are as gaunt and fleshless as the flying steeds they back. The Japanese have some excellent horses, and have given much attention to breeding them. Dr. Hawks, in his narrative of the Japan expedition, notices a "book in two volumes, written by Prince Hayashi, the chief member of the imperial commission appointed to negotiate the treaty, and presented by him to Commodore Perry. The subject treated of is 'the points of a horse,' and the work is illustrated by a large number of pictures. The illustrations are from wood cuts of bold outline, and apparently printed with a tint, to distinguish each in the various groups of the animals, by sober grays, reds and blacks. The style might be classed as that of the mediæval, and the horses might pass for those sketched in the time of Albert Durer, though with a more rigid adherence to nature. They exhibit, what may be noticed in the Elgin marbles, a breed of small stature and finely-formed limbs, such as are found in southern countries. The animals are represented in various attitudes, curvetting, gambolling and rolling upon the ground, positions requiring and exhibiting an ability in foreshortening, which is found, with no small surprise, in Asiatic art." When the officers of the expedition landed in state on the shores of the bay of Yedo, they were received by infantry, "but large bodies of cavalry were seen behind, somewhat in the distance, as if held in reserve. The horses of these seemed of a fine breed, hardy, of good bottom, and brisk in action; and these troopers, with their rich caparisons, presented at least a showy cavalcade."

HORSE-RACING AMONG THE JAPANESE.

A wise man will dread the beginning of quarrels. None of us know how much of the evil spirit is either in himself or his adversary.

GROANS AND SIGHS.

In attempting to throw up cinders, oversetting and scattering them far and wide, by dashing the edge of the shovel, as if with a violent determination, against the upper bar of the grate.

After having invited a large party to dinner—within a few hours of their expected arrival, some of the most indispensable servants (cook in particular) seized with the influenza, small pox, etc., when it is quite too late either to look out for substitutes, or to put off the engagement.

A villanous cold in the head; blowing your nose lustily and frequently, till you are a walking nuisance to all around you—but without any fruits, except a sharp twinging sensation in the nostrils, as the passages you have forced open close up again, with a shrill, thin, whining whistle—not to mention the necessity of disgusting yourself and friends by pronouncing M like B, and N like D, till you are well.

Being on the bri.. on the bri.. on the bri.. on bri.. (*sneezes*) ..ink of a sneeze for a quarter of an hour together, and yet, with all your gasping and sobbing, never able to compass it.

After over-fatigue, or watching—those self-invited starts, jerks, or twitches that fly about the limbs and body, and come on with an indescribable kind of tingling, teasing, gnawing restlessness; more especially towards bed-time.

A carriage which is of little or no use to you, because your coachman generally chooses either to be sick himself, or that his horses should be lame; yet you are afraid to part with him, as *unluckily* he is a careful driver, and extremely sober, and you a great coward.

In the depth of winter—trying in vain to effect an union between unsoftened butter and the crum of a very stale loaf, or a quite new one.

Sudden and violently scratching your ear, without recollecting to respect the feelings of an excruciating pimple with which it is infested.

Writing at the same ricketty table with another who employs his shoulder, elbow and body still more actively than his fingers.

Receiving the first hint that your thimble has a hole worn throught it, from the needle as it runs, head and shoulders, under the nail.

The sensation when your foot is fast asleep, and before the *sharp shooting*, which you have yet to expect, has yet come on.

Dreaming that you have a locked jaw, and seeming to wrench open your head in your convulsive efforts to speak or gape.

In your sick-chamber—receiving a large parcel, which you expect to contain interesting books, or dainties, sent by some kind friend; and on eagerly opening it, finding only a myriad of fresh phials and packets of medicines—and this, too, when you thought you had done with the doctor.

Waking in the middle of the night in a state of raging thirst; eagerly blundering in the dark to the washing-stand; and there, after preparing with a firm grasp to raise a large, full water-decanter to your mouth, finding it fly up in your hand, as light as emptiness can make it!—"*The Miseries of Human Life.*"

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SERENADE.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

Floating on the limpid tide,
Gay gondola, swiftly glide;
Art thou waking, lady fair?
While sweet numbers fill the air,
Waft them lightly, gentle breeze,
Charming thus her hours of ease.

Myriad stars that fleck the sky
Witness every earnest sigh;
Deeper grief ne'er rent a heart—
Can it be that we must part?
Waft my sighs, O, gentle breeze!
Cheering thus her hours of ease.

Luna's pale and silvery ray
Lights thy lover on his way;
List and answer now my lay,
Hither come, O haste away;
Waft her answer, gentle breeze,
A lover's breaking heart to ease.

DANDELIONS.

O, golden commas in sweet Nature's book,
Strewn up and down her emerald tinted page,
Like revelations of the twilight past,
Ye come now to me in my manhood's age.

The dew-drops glittering tear-like in your eyes,
Reflect the silver-breasted stars above,
And teach me that my sad, desponding heart
May likewise mirror back God's boundless love!

No truer watchers wish I o'er my grave,
Than your green-girdled, unpretending forms,
E'er faithful, in the golden, summer calms,
Nor fleeing at the rude autumnal storms!

PARMENTER.

WITH A ROSE.

Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.—WALLER.

LOVE'S QUESTION.

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins,
Mingle with life, and form my very soul?—YOUNG.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

There are times when an editor becomes mutinous; when he wishes no good to pens and ink, and rather thinks, upon the whole, that the press is a humbug. At such times of splenetic humor he would fain consign Dr. Faustus to the sable gentleman whom tradition calls his prompter and executioner, and, seizing hat and staff, hie forth to the suburbs on foot, or mounting a spirited steed canter out of the city to enjoy to the full the glories of this autumnal weather. Now, at early dawn and evening, soft gray mists rise along the water-courses and shroud the bases of the hills with their silvery folds. At these times there is just enough of the mystical and visionary in the landscape to interest the imagination. One can form a thousand fantastic shapes of fairy or giant or spectral visitant in the vapory recesses of these cloud-regions. But the warm rays of the rising sun dispel these fanciful hallucinations. The mists condense and coil themselves together like huge serpents retiring from their jungles. Anon, as they stretch upward in the air, they are transformed to golden or rosy clouds and finally melt away in the clear azure of the fine autumnal heaven Now do the rustling cornfields begin to change their livery from green to gold. The fields present jolly corporations of fat pumpkins growing red and fat in the sun, and giving goodly promise of famous pies at the genial season of thanksgiving. The autumn of New England is the crowning season of the year. It has not the chill coyness of spring, nor the parching heats of summer, but it is bland, genial and invigorating, and no lover of the "land of the forest and the rock" fails to greet its advent with delight ...We are afraid the fair Parisiennes are recklessly extravagant, and we trust that few of our fair countrywomen will feel inclined to imitate them. A lady writing from Paris tells a sad story of the scale of a Frenchwoman's preparations for passing a week as a guest of the emperor and empress at Compiegne. She says: "This lady had ordered nineteen dresses for her one week (that is, her *hoped-for* week) at Compiegne. Averaging each dress at one hundred dollars, which is Roger's average price, we attain the nice little sum of nineteen hundred dollars; then there are of course other, and as equally necessary things, such as gloves *lingerie*, etc. Rather a dear week's pleasure, take it all in all! The dreadful extravagances of the ladies going constantly to court has reached the emperor's ears, and it is said that he specially desired the empress to set the example of great simplicity to ladies surrounding her majesty. This, it is said, the beautiful Eugenie does as much as possible; it is not uncommon to hear her pointed out by a Parisian to some country cousin as being of her ladies 'Celle qui est habillee le plus simplement,' (she who is deemed the plainest) which is often the case.".... .Some men really seem to be born to ill luck. A man named Clark Burrows, of Ontario, Indiana, about four years since fell from the scaffolding around a church steeple which he was painting. He fell to the roof, a distance of ninety feet, and from thence bounded off, struck a ladder, from which he broke four stout rungs, and landed at last in a heap of sand in the churchyard without materially injuring himself. A few months after this event he got caught in the machinery of a mill, and had every particle of clothing torn from his body, but escaped with a few flesh wounds. Recently he descended into a well which was in course of being excavated, when the earth caved in upon him, and before he could be extricated life was extinct.....At Cleveland, recently, James Reynolds, a colored man, and by profession a whitewasher, eat ninety large peaches on a wager. He was fifteen minutes doing it. The wager was $250. He arose from the repast apparently refreshed, and resumed his artistic avocation. Nobody after this can im-*peach* his voracity.....A romantic story is being told of a young French actress who made her *debut* at the Theatre du Palais Royal about a year ago. Although but seventeen years of age, and possessed of extraordinary beauty, the young aspirant for dramatic honors did not make a very favorable impression. A wealthy Moldavian who had just lost his wife, visited the theatre, and saw in the *debutante* an exact likeness of his departed spouse. Love succeeded astonishment, and the gentleman demanded her hand; her parents were agreeable, and the marriage was celebrated recently in presence of the gentleman's aristocratic friends. The best part of the story is that the young lady is of highly respectable parents, though very poor; the bridegroom with a snug fortune of 60,000 francs a year will, no doubt, render the happiness of the whole family complete.....A member of the Chicago bar, and graduate of one of the New England colleges, has been sent to the City Bridewell for ten days, for the larceny of ten cents from the till of a bar-room. He is not more than twenty-five years of age, and has resided in Chicago two or three years. He was intoxicated at the time of committing the offence.....There are "some pumpkins" in Texas, we should judge, by the statement made by the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, whose editor says he has received one which weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and measures seven feet in circumference.....At Bologna and in Romagna, as at Modena, since the expulsion of the papal authorities, the statistics of crime give the most satisfactory results. Those countries have never been so free from criminal offences.....M. Victor Hugo makes the following declaration: "No one will expect that, so far as I am personally concerned, I should give a moment's attention to the thing called an amnesty. While the state of France remains what it is, my duty will be to protest against it absolutely, inflexibly, eternally. Faithful to the engagement I have made with my conscience, I shall share to the last the exile of liberty. When liberty returns, I will return.".....American ingenuity has fully proved its claims to superiority in the matter of steam ploughs. A comparison between the machine of Fowler, an Englishman, which obtained the prize at the trial of the Royal Agricultural Society just held at Warwick, and that of Fawkes, a native of this country, by President Kennedy of the Polytechnic College, Philadelphia, exhibits the following results: The American machine will easily and regularly plough three acres an hour, with the attendance of two men. Fowler's prize machine may be made to plough three-fifths of an acre an hour, with five men and a boy—that is, Fawkes with two men, will plough five acres in the same time that Fowler, with five men and a boy, will plough one.....Land on Broadway, New York, 100 feet in depth, is worth at the present time about $10 for each one-sixteenth part of an inch; $80 per quarter inch; $320 per entire inch; $4000 per foot; $100,000 for a decently fronted lot; $250,000 for a moderate show, and about $1,000,000 for a "splurge.".....A letter from Vienna informs us that a complete reorganization of the Austrian army, particularly of the artillery, which proved itself so inferior to the French, is about to take place. Several Austrian general officers are not of that opinion. They say that the superiority of the French arises from their constant campaigns in Algeria, which colony is a much better school for officers than St. Cyr.....Expensive houses out of the cities of New England are sold at a large discount from their cost when they are put into the market. A fine mansion and estate within four miles of Boston, which cost $40 000, was recently sold for less than one-half that sum. The Northampton Courier reports that the Edward Clarke homestead, in that town, was sold for $15,150. The price is considered a low one. The place was appraised about a year ago at $25,000 .....In one of the rural towns in Vermont, there lived a man who was accused of stealing sheep, and the day was set when he was to answer the charge before a court of justice. But, as it happened, before the day of trial he sickened and died. His old mother was overwhelmed with grief, and sat long by the corpse, filling the house with wailing and lamentation. At last, a thought seemed to strike her; she brightened up, and throwing up her hands she joyously ejaculated: "Well, thank God, he's out of the sheep scrape, anyhow!".....The agricultural society which holds its fair at Dundee, Illinois, in October, offers a premium of five dollars to the young lady "who will pare a peck of potatoes in the shortest time and do it the best!".....A six pounder, cast in 1798, and taken from the frigate Macedonian, is now on the summit of Mt. Peter at Great Barrington. It was a present to the town from George R. Ives.....Congress having appropriated money for the construction of a new fort at New Bedford, the work is to be commenced immediately, and Captain Cullum of the United States Engineer Corps is making preparations. The fort is to be located on Clark's Point, south of the city. It will mount fifty guns, and when supported by another, to be erected on a shoal in the harbor, will afford complete protection to the inner harbor. During the fall and winter the work will be laid out and prepared, and in the spring a full force of men will be employed.....The total amount of valuation of Lowell is $22,735 563; an increase of $1,982,202 over last year. The whole number of polls is 7101; an increase of 287. The poll tax for the present year is $1 50, against $1 75 last year. The tax on property is 75 cents on $100, against 84 cents on $100 last year.....Statistics collected by the American Iron Association show that there are 1200 efficient iron works in the United States. These produce annually 850.000 tons of metal, worth about fifty million dollars. Of the iron used in this country, 70 per cent. is of domestic manufacture, whilst the remaining 30 is imported.....Fanny Haverman was killed by being caught in a belt at Saquoit (New York) factory, recently. Her head and body were fearfully crushed, and both arms torn off and thrown some distance.....At Sandwich, John Shields, a young man employed at the glass works, was fatally injured by being jammed between two cars which he was endeavoring to shackle.....A client, while bathing at Trinity (Edinburgh), saw his agent rise up, after a long dive, at his side. "Ho, there, Saunders, have you taken out a *fugæ* warrant against Burt?" "He is in quod," replied the agent, and instantly dived again, showing his heels as a parting view to the client; nor did the latter hear more of the interview until he got his bill, containing the entry, "To consultation at Trinity, the incarceration of Burt, 6s. 8d.".....Mr. James T. Fields, the Boston publisher, has recently left London for Paris and the continent. He will be absent for several months. While in England he was the guest, successively, of Charles Dickens, Tennyson, Carlyle, Reade, and other eminent literary men....."Have pity on a poor blind woman," cried an athletic beggar-man to a passer-by. "You must be mad as well as blind," was the answer; "you look more like a stout able man, than a poor blind woman." "Ah, sir," replied the beggar, "that's true enough; but as I took the place of my poor blind sister that's dead, I have to go on with the business in her name, and if I said I was a strong man, nobody would pity me.".....The Pittsburg Eagle says that in tearing down a building in Adams, the remains of an infant, with the skin evidently dried on to the skeleton, were discovered beneath a floor. The infant must have been from six to eight months old, and whether by foul means or fair it came there, or how long it has been in its unnatural grave, are questions wrapped in mystery, and of no easy solution, as the building is one of the oldest in Adams.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The conferences at Zurich drag their slow length along, and it seems unlikely, from present appearances, that they will arrive at a satisfactory settlement of the Italian question A European Congress is talked of as affording the only chance of a solution. The effect of this suspense is clearly visible on the Paris Bourse, the London Exchange, and other great financial centres.—The curious collision between the Moors and Spaniards at Ceuta seems to revive a page of mediæval history. It is singular that after so many years of peace, Christian and infidel should be cutting each other's throats again on the battle-field of ages past.—Since the overthrow of the temporal power of the pope, the banditti and smugglers, who had infested the Campagna, had entirely disappeared.—Advices from Russia state that the expedition into Daghestan had been completely successful. A company had been formed in St. Petersburgh for constructing commercial posts there on a large scale —A letter from Paris says the Queen of Spain had sent to the various courts a protest against the ejection of her Bourbon cousin from Parma.—The Newfoundland mail at Paris brought the announcement of a full triumph of the French Admiralty over the English in the questions concerning the fisheries.—A Paris letter says there is no doubt that the Zurich Conference disagree about many points touching the peace of Villa Franca, and the opinion is growing stronger every day that a Congress must be held.

Selling a Wife.

At Dudley, England, the shocking spectacle was recently witnessed of a man named Pensotte offering his wife, to whom he had been married but three weeks, for sale, because he had found her to be neither "worse nor better." He first caused a rumor to be spread that he should sell her on a certain night, and accordingly he took her, with a halter round her neck, about three-quarters of a mile, opposite the brewery in Dudley, where, amid a vast number of people, the disgraceful sight of offering her for sale was to be seen. The first bid was 1 1-2, and ultimately reached 6d. Her husband, in his ignorance, thinks—this repeated three times—she has no claim upon him.

French Academy.

The French Academy is still embarrassed with the question of finding a worthy successor to the late M. de Tocqueville. The appointment of M. Troplong, a notability in politics and literature, is urged by some of the members; the Reverend Father Lacordaire has many advocates for membership, such as Montalembert, Cousin, Villemain, Guizot, Berryer and Biot, while he is opposed by such men as Lebrun, Angier, Thiers, and others. Several members wish M. Gustave de Beaumont, the intimate friend and coadjutor of M de Tocqueville, to succeed him. He is already a member of the Academie des Sciences Moral et Poliques.

A Successful Writer.

Miss Mary Ann Evans, author of "Adam Bede," has already received from Messrs. Blackwood, for that work, upward of $20,000. She is engaged upon a new novel for the same publishers, which is said to be of a different character from any of her preceding works. Her jibes at the bishops and her general eulogy of dissenting clergymen are said to agonize the senior Blackwood, who is a zealous churchman, and thinks the archbishop of Canterbury the greatest creature on earth.

Verdi the Composer.

The celebrated composer, Verdi, has reached Paris. He has, it seems, resolved to write no more; but it is hoped that he will not, like Rossini, act thus, as he is still in full possession of his splendid faculties, and to persist in this resolution would be indeed a calamity to the art of which he is now the acknowledged head.

Lytton Bulwer.

Bulwer's health is entirely restored. He spent the summer at Knebworth, but is about leaving for the continent, and possibly for Egypt and the East. He is occupied upon a historical novel, which was begun nearly ten years since. His hearing is much impaired by his recent illness.

An English Present.

Sir John Bowring, English commissioner to China, has received from the Chinese employed by the English government at Hong Kong, a beautiful mirror in a rich frame of Chinese workmanship, a large bronze vase with ebony stand, and a magnificent porcelain bowl On each of these gifts was an inscription, the first two declaring that Sir John's administration had been pure as the glass in which he might behold his face, or the water which was contained in the vase; the last wishing him a joyful and peaceful old age.

Public Fountain.

The public fountain movement, which has been so successful in England, is not unfelt at Berlin, but the Berliners have refined it. On all the open places elegant little structures of wood, painted white, and more or less gilded, have been put up. They are about twelve feet by eight. Behind a narrow counter adorned with water plants, two maidens serve out to the thirsty public goblets of soda-water at the small charge of a halfpenny. They have many customers, and the ingenious speculator is doing a lucrative business.

Court Gossip.

The Queen of Spain is said to be as much addicted to port wine, as "court scandal" says Queen Victoria is. But it affects both rather differently. The Queen of Spain suffers from it internally; Queen Victoria externally. The Queen of Spain is interfered with medicinally; Queen Victoria physically. It touches the Queen of Spain's heart and head; it touches Queen Victoria's face and feet. These be strange contrasts as truly as these be two queens, and that the thing in question is port wine—the real thing too.

Imaginative.

The London Telegraph, in reporting the sale of Wordsworth library, says: "If we could adopt the superstition of the Oriental, and believe that the spirits of the dead cling to the volumes they loved in life, how should we be concerned for gentle poets like Wordsworth, who in that case would have to be constantly on the wing, flying from the cold ridges of Cumberland and Westmoreland to dingy courts and alleys in London, and across the Atlantic to the banks of the Alabama and the Mississippi."

The Poor Man's Bible.

Mr. Russell Smith will soon reproduce in London the "Poor Man's Bible," a very ancient copy of the Scriptures printed from wooden blocks before the invention of metal types. Fac-similes will be given of the engravings, which illustrate the original work—forty in number, and of course rather singular in design and execution. Several copies are known still to exist in Europe, and the present reprint will be copied from the volume in the British Museum.

Economy in Fuel.

A Mr. Napier of Glasgow, Scotland, has made a discovery recently, by which the consumption of fuel in steamships is greatly economised. It has been tried on several ocean steamships with success. The saving is one-third in the quantity used, so that on a voyage from Liverpool to the West Indies and back, the saving would be from £1500 to £2000. This will be an immense advantage to the Great Eastern.

Burning of Widows.

The Delhi Gazette records three cases of Suttee during the month of May last. One took place in the neighborhood of Futtyghur, another at the village of Koongur, in Hansi district, and a third on the estate of the Dadree Nawab. It is stated that at Koongur the subject was talked of for some days before, and the barbarous rite celebrated in the open day, without any remonstrance or check from the local police.

Macaulay and Alison.

The severe criticisms upon Macaulay, which have lately appeared in Blackwood, are attributed to Sir Archibald Alison. On the other hand, Frazer's Magazine contains an article making a most unsparing assault on Alison's History of Europe, exposing blunders taken from all parts of the book, and some reviewers suggest Macaulay as the author of the article.

Aristocracy.

The Spanish titled aristocracy, according to one of the journals, consists of 2 princes, 82 dukes, 689 marquises, 546 counts, 74 viscounts, and 63 barons. The American titled aristocracy consists of 675,327 captains, 149,476 colonels, 102,349 majors, 4321 generals, 526 excellencies, 97 325 honorables, 374,532 deacons, 46,196 able editors, and 1 baron.

Frederika Bremer.

A letter from a Scottish lady in Athens refers to the celebrated Swedish authoress as follows: "Miss F. Bremer is at present here. She is a dear little old lady. She has a very high forehead. Her manners are very pleasing. She speaks English very well, though with what you would call a German accent."

A Drunken Dwarf.

Edwin Calvert, a dwarf of some celebrity, at Skipton, England, has died from the effects of drink He was seventeen years of age, thirty-six inches in height (three inches less than Tom Thumb), and weighed only twenty-three and a half pounds. Arrangements were being made for him to be presented to the queen.

Jenny Lind.

Madame Lind Goldschmidt is to sing in Dublin in October next, in the Messiah. The performances are in aid of the Incorporated Society for the Relief of Distressed Musicians in Ireland. She gives her gratuitous services.

New Humorous Work.

Messrs. George Augustus Sala and Edmund Yates are jointly engaged upon a fantastic work, which is to describe the imaginary invasion of England by the French.

The Telegraph in Persia.

The first electric telegraph has now been set up in Persia. It is sixty leagues long, and extends from Teheran to the camp of Sultanieh.

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GLOVER, Vt., June 20, 1859.

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Royal Mail Steamship "Arabia."
East Boston, Aug. 22, 1859.

PETER LAWSON, ESQ: Dear Sir,—The bottle of your "Nervous Curative" which you so kindly sent me, has fairly set me on my feet again, for which I beg to return you my best thanks. I had been for some days suffering greatly from rheumatism in my left leg, particularly the knee, so much so that I could not move without assistance, and when changing my position, had to have the leg lifted or set down. I had also been unable to get any sleep for several nights, when on Tuesday last you gave me the bottle of your "Nervous Curative," and although the limbs were so sore that I could not bear any pressure, still after the first application I slept soundly, and the next morning could bear to have it (my leg) well rubbed. I have continued to improve since, and I am happy to say, now able to resume my duties. I am determined never to be without a bottle of your "Nervous Curative" with me, and I shall take care to keep my family in England supplied with it also, that they may enjoy its benefits as well as myself. With every feeling of gratitude for your inestimable discovery,

Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
(Signed) GEORGE ALEX'R LEWIS,
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PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH LADY.

PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH LADY.

The above engraving represents all the characteristics of a Spanish belle. The graceful figure, the regular features, with the lustrous beaming black eyes, coquettishly veiled by the costly lace mantilla, the fan now resting idly in the hand, but when in motion the fluttering and eloquent transmitter of a thousand love signs as expressive as words, are all there. The fascination of these Spanish belles is less in form and feature than in the exquisite grace which clothes them as with a garment. Their every motion is vital with elegance, and in repose they are models for the painter. Their large black eyes, alternately languorous and fiery, shoot the arrows of Cupid straight to the heart of him who gazes only to bow in submission. They have rich, voluptuous forms, and the daintiest of fairy feet. Their walk is a marvel to behold, with its elastic, springy step, and its well-poised swaying movement. But it is in the national dances that the Spanish women are seen to the best advantage —in the Cacucha, the Bolero, the Jota Arragonese, in which they put forth all the fascination of supple limbs, graceful action and bewildering grace and expression; and what fiery hearts beat in these lovely bosoms, let the story of the heroic maid of Zaragoza attest.

ANECDOTES OF WELLINGTON.

With him there was never relaxation till every duty was discharged. A curious illustration of this habit was told us by an English statesman, who had it from General Alava. On the night previous to one of the Duke's Peninsular victories, another officer came up to Alava, and asked in much alarm, "What will become of us? We shall have a great battle to-morrow, and Lord Wellington is doing nothing but flirting with Madame de Quintana!"

"I am very glad to hear it," replied Alava, "if we are to have a great battle to-morrow, for it is quite certain that all his arrangements are made, if he is flirting with Madame de Quintana."

His coolness in danger, and his personal escapes, were as striking attributes of the individual man as his tactics were attributes of the general. During the battle of Talavera, Albuquerque sent him by a staff officer a letter informing him that Cuesta, the commander of the Spanish army in the action, was a traitor, and was actually playing into the enemy's hands. He was intently watching the progress of the action as the despatch reached him; he took the letter, read it, and turning to his aide-de-camp, coolly said, "Very well, colonel, you may go back to your brigade." On another occasion, just before the siege of Rodrigo, when the proximity of the allies to Marmont's army placed him in considerable danger by reason of the non-arrival of their flank divisions, a Spanish general was astonished to find the English commander lying on the grounds in front of his troops, serenely and imperturbably awaiting the issue of the peril. "Well, general," said the Spaniard, "you are here with two weak divisions, and you seem to be quite at your ease; it is enough to put one in a fever."

"I have done the best," the duke replied, "that could be done, according to my own judgment, and hence it is that I don't disturb myself either about the enemy in my front, or about what they may say in England."

In several instances he very narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Once at Talavera, in the midst of the action; once just before the battle of Maya, being surprised by a party of French while looking at his maps; once at Quatrebras, again during the battle. In the latter action, as he was carried away on the tide of a retreating body of young troops, the French lancers suddenly charged on its flank, and his only chance was in his horse's speed. "He arrived," Mr. Gleig writes, "hotly pursued, at the edge of a ditch, within which the 92nd Highlanders were lying, and the points of their bayonets bristled over the edges. He called out to them as he approached, "Lie down, men!" and the order was obeyed, whereupon he leaped his horse across the ditch, and immediately pulled up with a gratified smile on his countenance."—*Edinburgh Review.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859. $2 50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVII., No. 15...WHOLE No. 433

THE TURCOS IN PARIS.

The Zouaves of the French army are familiar to us by means of frequent description and illustration, but the Turcos, that other singular and almost equally effective corps, are less known to us. Our engraving shows a column of these wild Afric warriors, sons of the desert and the mountain, marching through the streets of Paris with the long firm stride that carried them to meet the enemy on the plains of Lombardy. To the Parisians themselves the Turcos are welcome as a novelty, and a novelty is always welcome in Paris. Their dress is the same as that of the Zouaves, differing only in color, the color of the pantaloons; blue for Turcos, red for Zouaves. Since 1842, when the first three Arabic battalions were organized in Algeria, under the command of Bosquet, Vergé and Thomas, the French generals have exerted themselves to attach the natives to the tricolor. The Turco is now a Frenchman. He loves the eagle of his regiment on which he has written in his best blood the names of Alma, Tracktir, Sebastopol, Kinburn, Turbigo, Magenta, and Solferino, without counting a hundred combats in Africa. He is proud of his uniform and of the badges which his valor has attached to it. There are now four fine regiments of these native skirmishers; three in Algeria and the one now quartered near Paris, which formed a part of the Duke de Magenta's *corps d'armée*, and participated in the greatest dangers and most brilliant successes of the Italian campaign. The Emperor Napoleon was delighted with the behaviour of the Turcos under fire, and at a time when the war bid fair to be prolonged and extended, he determined to organize a fifth regiment of Turcos, and recruiting had actually commenced for it when the arrangement of Villafranca was made. The French lay great stress upon the services of the Turcos in Italy. At Sebastopol, where they covered themselves with glory, it might be thought that in fighting shoulder to shoulder with the French against the Russians, they were obeying a religious feeling, and defended the crescent menaced in the person of the sultan. But in Italy they had no such motive; they fought, and fought nobly, for France alone. At Turbigo, where they fought almost alone, they excited the admiration of General la Motte Rouge, who led them into the fire. At Magenta they vied in impetuosity with the best French regiments, and Marshal MacMahon, on the same evening, directed the attention of the emperor to their achievements. Finally, at Solferino, where they lost their brilliant and deeply-lamented colonel, Laure, and their gallant lieutenant-colonel, Herment, they outdid themselves. The Turco is not only brave, he is intelligent. He is quite a lion in the streets of Paris, as he steps along with a jaunty gait, his smile displaying his pearly teeth in contrast to his dusky skin. His uniform, the elegance of which has resisted the storm of battle, is still brilliant, it is so well taken care of, so carefully spunged and brushed. And the white turban coiled round his head like a serpent (as a song of the Turcos has it)—the white turban is a model of artistic skill, and drives the oldest Zouaves of the guard to despair, it is so perfect. The gaiters, leggings and shoes of the Turco fit them as nicely as the satin boots of a Parisian belle, and the beholder asks with astonishment how they could have performed the extraordinary marches they have accomplished so daintily shod. Almost all the Arabs have chivalric and noble faces and graceful figures; they are gay and communicative, and remind us of the Moors at the period of their occupation of Spain, when they shone alike in arts, arms and letters, and exhibited the highest refinement. They answer all questions that are asked them, though most of them speak a dialect so broken as to be incomprehensible, a few of them only having mastered the French, speaking it fluently. One of their officers, a very young man, just out of school, replied to a gentleman who asked him how his men manœuvered, "Like the battalion." That was the highest praise, for the battalion referred to is that of St. Cyr, the battalion *par excellence*, which the old pupils of the military school at St. Cyr never designate otherwise. Much of the efficiency of the Turco is attributed to their splendid corps of officers, which, from time to time, has embraced such men as Generals Bosquet, Vergé, Wimpffen, Thomas, Rose, Bataille and Bourbaki, and Colonels d'Argent, Levy, Martineau-Deschenetz, Liébert and Laure. Gallant, young and highly-educated, all the officers of these native tirailleurs lead their men with ardor. They are beloved by their soldiers, and discipline becomes easy with men united by fire. To a Turco the colonel, the chief of the tribe, is a father. We have mentioned that the Turcos were first organized in 1842, as three battalions. In 1852 the number of companies of each battalion was increased to eight. In 1854, Marshal St. Arnaud organized the regiment which was employed in the Crimean war. The marvels they achieved under the command of Colonels Wimpffen and Rose led to an increase of their special force, towards the close of 1855, and three regiments, one for each province, took the place of the three battalions in Algeria. The Arabs now voluntarily enlist in the French ranks, and the feeling that prevails among them assures the French government of a supply of soldiers.

THE TURCOS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF PARIS.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PORTUGUESE SISTERS.

An Episode of the East India Insurrection.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

[CONCLUDED.]

Two men—we are obliged to give them this name—issued from the grove of ebony trees like wild beasts, and began to creep like reptiles through the tall grass, according to the custom of the Thugs when they are about to strangle their victims. These two monsters of the night were Tauly and Mendesour, the two *faithful* sepoys of Volsy.

Arrived at the foot of the wall of the dwelling, beneath the pavilion of the two sisters, they listened in order to assure themselves that the conversation of the young girls had been interrupted by sleep; and afterwards examined the wall, in order to scale it with the marvellous agility of Indian jugglers.

A light rustling of the grass made them turn their heads, and what they saw in the shadow chilled their blood, and arrested the exclamation on their lips. Two constables of nature, the two elephants, were touching Tauly and Mendesour with the end of their trunks, and looking at them with their little eyes red as coals.

Left to themselves, in the disorder of the evening, when master and servants had lost their senses, our two friends, Cylon and Baby, were profiting by their nocturnal liberty and pasturing among the sugar-canes; but their instinct, superior to our reason, leading them to foresee dangers in this unaccustomed confusion, they were watching the habitation as a distance, like two giants, with their infallible scent, and the Indian marauders had just been made aware of their vigilance and intelligent care. The elephants had arrested the guilty, but their duties ended here; they did not regard themselves as either judges or executioners; they imprisoned the two [illegible] in the formidable circle of their trunks, [illegible] to human [illegible]

Dr. Hebert ha[illegible] tionate letter to his mother, and this pious duty fulfilled, he found himself more calm.

"If I die in this expedition," said he, "I shall have given my mother three more happy months."

He left his missive full in sight on the table, and then resolutely went out to rejoin Cesar Verlacq. A very natural idea turned him a moment from the direct road; he wished to give a last glance, as an adieu, to the flowery pavilion which Paula frequented at mid-day, in a pleasant shade, to read or embroider. When he had turned the angle of the wall, he stopped short, as if thunderstruck with surprise, on perceiving a scene unknown in the history of Indian fable: two sinister men, immovable as statues of black granite, and guarded by two elephants. By the dubious light which fell on the pavilion, it might have been thought one of the enormous bas-reliefs in the subterranean temples of Elora, when a ray of light penetrates the shadowy horrors of those pits, dug by unknown architects.

After the surprise, reflection came, and the young doctor, on recognizing the two sepoys, divined all. Nocturnal marauders, these copper colored bandits were the advanced guard of the whole band of Meerut. A horrible danger therefore threatened the two daughters of Rivares, and for the moment nothing must be thought of but to watch over and defend without alarming the young women. Hebert therefore renounced, through duty and necessity, his expedition to Meerut, and held a council with Cesar Verlacq on the decisive part to be taken.

Verlacq, who was on familiar terms with the two elephants, and often served as their cornac, said to Herbert, "Let me act; I think my idea good."

He provided himself with things necessary to the meditated operation, and under the protection of the friendly trunks, tightly bound Tauly and Mendesour, and confined them in a cellar of the dwelling. Hebert accompanied his two servants with two loaded pistols, his finger on the trigger, ready to fire in case of resistance. After this expedition, Hebert consulted Verlacq on the number of servants on whom they could rely to defend the dwelling in case of surprise.

"On very few," said Verlacq, sadly. "I know all the household, and I see scarcely four men brave and sincerely at[illegible] family—there is the gardener, the groom, the servant of M. Rivares, and a rice-beater; the rest will do us no harm, I think, but they will not defend us."

"Well," said Hebert, "we must immediately, and under any pretext whatever, awaken those four men, inform them of the danger, and tell them to hold themselves in readiness, arms in hand; especially observe the greatest secrecy—my brave hostages, these women, must know nothing of it; they have already suffered enough, and—"

"But," interrupted Verlacq, "if we are attacked, these two young ladies will hear the firing of the carbines, and it would perhaps be better to warn them."

"No, Verlacq; it is important that they should have rest and sleep as long as possible; and then, who knows? our duty is to take every precaution, but we still have the happy chance of not being attacked."

"You are right; but when we begin to take precautions, we should take all," said Verlacq, after having reflected; "this is the best."

"Well, let us hear it."

"I will place the largest *howdahs* on the backs of our two elephants, that they may be ready for flight. At the first alarm, Cylon and Baby will carry these young girls and their *mahouts* faster than the swiftest horse; I will undertake to conduct them to a place of safety."

Hebert reflected a little, and said, "I approve you, lose no time. Place the *howdahs*, and afterwards awaken and arm the faithful servants; everything must be ready in an hour."

The night rolled away, and the young doctor, who had undertaken the role of sentinel, listened constantly to the murmurs of the country, and heard nothing which justified his fears; no disturbing sound arose in the neighborhood. The little company of defenders, assembled beneath the *chattiram*, kept guard; the two elephants were waiting at the gate of their enclosure, and seemed joyful, Verlacq said, as if they divined the greatness of the service they were about to render to their young mistresses on this fearful night.

They were anticipating danger until sunrise. The light of the day dispelled their anxieties, and even gave them a character of almost ridiculous exaggeration; Verlacq hazarded some pleasantries, as he returned Cylon and Baby to their enclosure, where he disencumbered them of their travelling paraphernalia. The servants summoned to labor, murmured against Hebert, regretting the loss of a night's sleep. All the stories of the night before were treated as Indian visions and Chinese tales; Luiz Rivares himself, re-assured by the brilliancy of the sun and the serenity of the country, showed a countenance so calm, that labor commenced in the factory as if the alarms of the night before had ceased to exist.

Paula descended very late and alone; she manifested great astonishment at seeing Dr. Hebert carelessly seated on the terrace of the dwelling, and advanced towards him with the intention of receiving his salutation and ironically thanking him for the zeal with which he had hastened to the succor of his friend. The first words between the young girl and the doctor were cold and polite.

"Sir," said she, in her softest tone, "I have heard the gallantry of the French vaunted, and I now see the extent of their courage."

Hebert bounded as if this sentence had been a poignard-thrust, and replied, in a calm tone, "Mademoiselle, a nation should not be judged by one man; I may be wanting in gallantry and courage, but that proves nothing against my nation."

"So, sir," resumed the young and beautiful creole, "you justify yourself only by self-accusation."

"What will I say to you, mademoiselle? facts speak against me; appearances are unfavorable to me. I should be at Meerut, and I am here. I prefer security to peril—that is but too evident."

"And have you passed a good night?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, I am very well satisfied with it."

"And now, sir, does not the sun, which gives courage to the cowardly, counsel you better than the night? You will go to botanize along the streams; you will not go to Meerut to learn the fate of your friend."

The obstinate silence of Herbert raised the pro'onged irritation of the young creole to its height; she dashed on the young man a lightning glance, and said to him, "I have learned to-day what cowardice is." And she disappeared beneath the trees, murmuring other words still more severe.

During this intolerable conversation the young man behaved heroically; it needed but a word to justify himself from so odious an accusation from a beloved woman; he resolved to be silent and remain faithful to his first plan, not to alarm the females, and protect them without their knowledge.

Paula did not confine herself to words; she profited by the ascendancy which she had over her father, to avenge herself for Hebert's conduct and silence. She demanded that, by the orders of Luiz Rivares, this cowardly Frenchman should be driven from their dwelling, as unworthy to be a guest in a noble Portuguese family. The father, influenced by Paula, became inspired with the blind indignation of his daughter, and encountering Hebert in the green saloon, said to him, in a severe tone:

"Sir, India is large; you can botanize everywhere; you will honor us by your absence." And putting his hand to his Manilla hat, without uncovering, he made a bow, and was about to leave.

Hebert ran to him, and taking him by the arm, said, "Will you permit me to confide to you alone a little secret?"

The friendly tone which accompanied these words struck Luiz Rivares, who seemed disposed to listen to the confidence of the doctor.

Then Hebert revealed the horrible scenes of the night in all their details, and pointed to the temporary prison where the two bandits were confined. He ended by these words: "Now I can accept my dismissal without shame; adieu, Rivares, watch over your prisoners."

It was then Rivares who detained Dr. Hebert by the arm. This terrible recital had deeply affected the father of the family and the master of the dwelling; he pressed the hand of the young man, and said to him, "That I might thank you as you deserve, I would gladly call you my son. The day may come perhaps—"

He stopped hastily, and withdrew his hands from those of Dr. Hebert; Paula was crossing the green saloon, suppressing a cry of surprise, the first tones of which were heard. She had witnessed with a kind of joy, a scene of expulsion, the disgrace of which fell on the cowardly Hebert, and what did she see? Her father lavishing on this wretch testimonies of the most lively affection and the most sincere friendship.

Luiz Rivares secretly wiped away two tears, replaced them by a smile, and advancing towards Paula, said to her, "Dear child, you should have full confidence in your father, your best and perhaps your only friend. Well! I swear to you that Dr. Hebert does not deserve the affront he has just received; he is a man of honor and courage."

A burst of harsh laughter interrupted this eulogy; Paula had reached the delirium of anger and grief.

"Yes, I might have expected this," said she; "he has spoken to you with the false wit of a demon, and has seduced you. You are his dupe, and he laughs at your credulity."

"No, no, my daughter," interrupted Rivares; "no, believe me, this young man—"

"He has unworthily deceived you, my father, I tell you. Ah, if you had seen him in my presence just now, pale and mute, like a criminal surprised in his crime, you would not justify him as you do."

"I shall always justify him, my dear Paula; and you will soon render him justice yourself."

Paula started and made an imperative gesture; her subtle ear had just heard confused cries and the precipitate gallop of a horse. She took her father's arm, and said, in a stifled voice, "come."

A rider was flying through the outer gate of the dwelling, amidst the servants and workmen of the factory attracted by the same sounds; with his left arm he held a young girl of eleven or twelve clasped to his breast, and his right hand seemed to make the gesture which commands silence and composure. Paula uttered a cry of terror, but her energy saved her from fainting; she had recognized from afar her betrothed Volsy; she had seen traces of blood on the white pantaloons of his uniform; all announced an unparalleled disaster, the ravaging of the dwelling of the Windhams, and the massacre of a whole family, of whom only little Mary remained, miraculously saved by her brother and by the protection of God.

CHAPTER III.

THROUGH THE WOODS.

It was a moment impossible to describe, for too many incidents took place at once. Paula and Amata seized the little girl, who called upon her mother with heart rending cries, and Dr. Hebert received in his arms the young English officer, who was losing blood through a wound, and scarcely articulating these fearful words:

"Save the women—not a moment's delay—the brigands are there—do not lose time with me—I am mortally wounded."

Luiz Rivares, beside himself, and no longer master of his reason, like every unhappy man whom a sudden catastrophe crushes, was going and coming on the terrace, exclaiming, "I am not English! My flag will protect me! I will not abandon my dwelling, I will receive them here!"

Hebert was dressing Volsy's wound, and, at every instant, looking on all sides to see if the faithful Verlacq had not arrived. The Indian servants and laborers assembled before the habitation, looked upon this scene with alarming indifference, and did not seem disposed to take arms to defend the dwelling against their insurgent countrymen.

"Make haste!" Volsy constantly repeated; "save the women, in Heaven's name!"

Hebert, absorbed in his duties as a physician, seemed not to hear Volsy.

Verlacq soon arrived with the two elephants, two horses, ammunition and provisions of every kind. Hebert said to Volsy, "Let us save the women and children," and made a sign to Verlacq to prepare the elephants to receive the fugitives. Volsy, lying on the ground apparently dying, did not speak, but he constantly pointed with his finger and his eye towards the road leading to his father's dwelling; that is to say, the path of the expected incendiaries and murderers. Then the young man closed his eyes, dropped his arms, and seemed to surrender up his soul in a last convulsion.

"He is dead!" said several voices, at the moment Paula was descending to the terrace.

"Silence!" said Hebert. And taking Volsy in his arms, with the aid of Verlacq, he placed him in the *howdah* of the elephant Cylon, saying to the desolate and mute Paula, "Do not be alarmed, it is only a fainting fit from exhaustion; I will answer for the life of Volsy."

In a twinkling, the two young ladies, little Mary, Hebert, Volsy, Lula, Verlacq, the faithful gardener, Luiz Rivares, some placed on the elephant, others on the horses, left the dwelling, directing themselves towards the forest of Wilharma, by a hard, rocky path which returned no traces of the fugitives. Verlacq and the gardener, placed on the necks of the elephants, served as cornacs, and the two colossuses outstripped in their race the two fleet horses mounted by Hebert and Rivares. A quarter of an hour afterwards harsh and confused voices were heard on the road from Meerut, with the tumult of a tropical hurricane; there were quickly seen to arrive a pack of copper-colored demons, spectres from Ramaiana, Indian vampires, covered with the blood of victims, armed with Malayan poniards, with English carbines, with resinous torches; a living trunk of destruction, which massacred, burnt, ravaged everything in its passage, and left behind it only smoking ashes, scattered ruins, and streams of human blood.

The monsters found the dwelling deserted, and ravaged it from top to bottom. Tauly and Mendesour, the two sepoy prisoners, uttered frightful howls at the bottom of their cellar, and, delivered by their countrymen, re-appeared in the sunshine, with a thirst for vengeance and a fury of passion of which nothing can give an idea in the cold countries of the North, and which are the natural sentiments of those zones of flame, where the same blood flows in the veins of savage men and the black tiger.

The two ferocious prisoners had heard the heavy and rapid steps of the two elephants, and guessed the direction of the fugitives; they armed themselves to the teeth, associated four friends with the chances of their expedition, and mounting six horses taken from the stables, rushed like demon centaurs in pursuit of the daughters of Rivares, and the horses, scenting in the air the traces of their companions, seconded to perfection the guilty intentions of their riders.

Meanwhile the little caravan, guided by Verlacq, had reached the depths of the forest of Wilharma, and halted in the midst of a thicket

of *cassuarinas*—charming trees, whose light leaves imitate the murmur of the sea. As he had no longer any secrets to keep, Luiz Rivares had just informed his two daughters of the heroism of Dr. Hebert on the last night, to defend them and protect their dwelling. After the recital, Paula would willingly have thrown herself at Hebert's feet, to ask his pardon for so many suspicious and abusive words; her hatred was turned into affection and gratitude, especially at the moment when she saw the young physician lavishing the most intelligent cares on the wounded Volsy, for this halt in the woods had been made only to give a little rest to the young officer, and apply a second dressing to an alarming hemorrhage. On this occasion Hebert found wonderful resources in his art and his studies. The leaf of *the tree which sweats in the sun*, discovered by Verlacq, a tree which the English call *sun-tree*, wrought an astonishing cure, or at least gave hopes of a prompt and complete recovery. The smile re-appeared on the countenance of Volsy, and his young physician, generously forgetting that he was also his rival, uttered a cry of joy, and raising his eyes to heaven, said to Paula, "I have administered the remedy, God will heal him."

Paula turned her head to conceal tears and conflicting emotions, and pressed the hands of the young doctor.

"Now," said Hebert, "our poor wounded man needs sleep, and whatever may happen, our duty is to remain here a few hours to give him that rest which is the principal remedy."

Verlacq shook his head sadly and said, "The place is not safe; we must march immediately to the frontiers of Nepaul, to Almora."

"Verlacq," replied Hebert, smiling, "you are selfish, and the advice is not good; besides, it did not originate with you, it was whispered to you by Lula. You are not well enough acquainted with geography to know that Almora is on the frontier of Nepaul." And addressing Lula, he continued, "Lula, from what country are you?"

"From Almora, Dr. Hebert."

"There!" resumed the doctor, laughingly, "I thought as much. Lula, listen! If your betrothed Verlacq were wounded like Volsy, and needed two hours' sleep to ensure his recovery, would you forsake him on the road to Almora? No, you reply by a sign; well, do not give bad advice to Verlacq."

The spot was charming; the cassuarinas stood in dense arches above the beds of the grass; a thousand birds were singing with the trees; a fountain escaped from a little mossy rock and formed a basin of living water, where the elephants found a vast trough.

Paula constantly repeated in a low voice, to her sister, "I will never pardon my injustice towards Hebert; he is not a man, he is an angel."

Little Mary slept in the lap of Amata. Luiz Rivares, seated on the turf and leaning against a tree, seemed overwhelmed by a gloomy despair; the young officer was asleep beside Hebert, his guardian angel.

The elephants, after having quenched their thirst, were playing with the end of their trunks in the water of the reservoir, or sporting amicably with the horses, when suddenly they suspended their recreation, uttered a cry of uneasiness, and with uplifted trunks, scented the depths of the suspected forest. Verlacq hastily arose and made a sign to Hebert. The elephants uttered a second cry more shrill than the former, which signified, the first was a suspicion, the second is a certainty.

Verlacq fastened the horses to a tree in the midst of a thicket. Hebert said to Amata, "Do not wake Mary, and conceal yourself in this knot of ebony trees." Luiz Rivares, animated by the danger, seized a carbine, and made a signal that they might rely upon him. They carried Volsy, without awaking him, into the dark recess where the women had just concealed themselves. Hebert, Verlacq and Rivares mounted the elephants, like a little garrison withdrawn into a citadel to defend itself with advantage against numerous enemies.

Tauly, Mendesour, and their four friends, arrived on horseback, but advanced with difficulty through the vines, bushes and brush of the virgin forest; they had not followed the route opened by the two trunks, like pioneers' hatchets. Their horses had not guided them perfectly. Tauly and Mendesour knew the fountain of the cassuarinas, and had guessed the halting place of the fugitives by the direction taken by the horses. There was so dense a veil of branches, of aerial plants, of parasites, of floating flowers, that it was impossible to see a human body or a wild beast at the distance of twenty paces. The horses of the sepoys, constantly guided by their scent, opened a breach through the vegetable wall, and the crashing of branches suddenly reached the ears of Hebert, Verlacq and Rivares. The elephants elongated their ivory tusks in the direction of danger, and raised their trunks like massive clubs; the three men commended the poor women to God, and aimed their carbines. The two elephants stood immovable as towers of granite.

A sudden clearing was made in the trees, and the six Indians appeared almost at once. Three shots were fired from the elephants, and three bodies fell noiselessly among the grass; at the same moment, the living Indians descended from their horses and crept like serpents, with prodigious agility, to the spot where the women had taken refuge. An Indian sun stroke had doubtless added to the madness of these three demons, for they forgot all the measures of prudence which the bravest savages take in their attacks. They were of the race of those Indian fanatics who die with delight beneath the wheels of the car of Siva, expecting to revive, after death, in the garden of the blue god; so, instead of fleeing, they attack with rage, like reptiles surrounded by a circle of fire. Paula, Amata and Lula, frozen with terror, saw the approach of the three monsters, and the cry of distress expired upon their lips; little Mary was still sleeping that infantile sleep which even thunder would not disturb. Volsy, suddenly awoke by the triple detonation of the carbines, rose, notwithstanding his weakness, to defend the young girls, and was overthrown by a blow from the poniard of the sepoy Mendesour. At this moment, when the women were passing suddenly from terror to heroism, Paula and Amata, seized by the bronze hands and burned by the breath of demons, were struggling victoriously, like the sainted women of old in cities taken by assault, and at this moment, Rivares, Verlacq and the doctor, who had dropped rather than descended from their elephants, ran to this horrible scene, and unable to use their fire-arms for fear of injuring the women, rushed upon the Indians, grasped them with vigorous arms, and, at the very outset of this conflict, body to body, were astonished, with reason, at seeing three corpses roll beneath them. Two friends had come to the rescue, two defenders well known to Tauly and Mendesour; they had no arms, they feared not to err in their blows, always infallible, and their death-blows were delicate as caresses. The blows with the trunk given on three copper-colored foreheads had sufficed, and our elephants, after the victory, retained their modest impassibility, and were calm as Hercules in repose.

Herbert was already beside Volsy, and, on examining his wound, feared the poison more than the blow of the weapon. It was necessary first to apply an antidote, and to use the root of the yellow tulip-tree, discovered to be a remedy for the mortal wounds of the cobra capella. Verlacq had opened his herbal of Indian medicaments, and the little caravan, forgetting their recent sufferings, watched, with mute anxiety, the proceedings of Hebert beside the couch of the wounded man. At intervals Paula looked at her sister, and this glance expressed all the noble sentiments of admiration and tenderness. Amata did not give the response expected, she even maintained a gloomy deportment, inexplicable to her sister.

In the state of weakness in which Volsy had been at the moment of the attack, the least blow must have overthrown him. His new wound was not deep, the hand that wielded the Malay poniard having struck in a moment of frenzy, when its owner was intent upon other things. After a very attentive examination, Hebert, being re-assured on the subject of the poison, said to his friends, "Be tranquil, all will be well. This place is not safe; let us leave it."

The young wounded man gave a slight smile of approval to this language of Hebert.

"We must quit the jungles before night," said Verlacq, as if speaking to himself.

"The advice is good," remarked Rivares, looking at the sun through the trees, as we look at the face of a clock to calculate the time.

The women, who comprehended the meaning of these sentences, started and listened to the murmurs of the jungles, as if the howling of wild beasts had anticipated the setting of the sun.

The elephants had discovered a bread fruit tree, and were quickly gathering a frugal collation from the providential table of the wilderness. These colossuses doubtless suspected that the caravan was at this moment uneasy about the wild beasts, and not knowing how to re assure them, had the air of being occupied with a trifle, as if to advise them to the same indifference.

But men do not always understand elephants. A very natural fear manifested itself in the wanderers, for the earliest shades of evening were already darkening the trunks of the trees and the water of the reservoir. They resumed their route towards the west, in the direction of Almora. The march was slow through the woods, for it was necessary to pass through galleries of verdure opened by the elephants, the forest growing more and more dense as it receded from inhabited lands. A very brief twilight was shedding its last gleams, and night fell suddenly like a black dome over our poor fugitives.

Volsy constantly complained of a devouring thirst, like all wounded men, and obstinately refused the warm water which remained of their stores. The doctor also persisted in refusing him, when they crossed a stream, for cold water increases fever after wounds. They arrived in a clearing, when the constellation of the Southern Cross let fall a ray as if to serve for a compass, and a sheet of living water sparkled like an immense mirror amid the surrounding darkness. Volsy rose painfully on the cushion of his howdah, and in a supplicating voice, asked for one drop of water. Hebert shrugged his shoulders, and said to Paula, "I take you to witness that I grant him this drop of water against my judgment."

It was the first time since they had left their dwelling that Hebert had spoken to Paula. And the doctor was preparing to descend from the elephant, when Verlacq stretched out his right arm and said to him, "There are others at the watering-place."

Two supple forms were undulating among the grass, and a hoarse cry from a mouth of iron resounded in this solitude. The horses uttered plaintive neighings, and their hair bristled; the elephants shook their ears, raised their trunks, and turned their tusks in the direction of the peril. Disturbed in the mystery of their night, and on the banks of their watering-place, two large tigers advanced boldly towards the usurpers of their domain, and scented the emanations from the air to ascertain the species of their enemy. The horses sheltered themselves behind the elephants.

The night breeze bore to the nostrils of the tigers the exciting odor of live flesh and fresh blood. They had never been invited by nature to such a feast; the intoxication of gluttonous desire burned in their brains; they did not listen to their instinct, which often counsels prudence, and resolved upon the attack, using always the feline skill and tactics of rapid evolutions. Verlacq and Hebert, armed with their carbines, held themselves in readiness to fire when distance should favor their aim through the uncertainty of the darkness. Volsy held another carbine to hand it to his neighbor, and Lula fulfilled the same office for Verlacq on the other elephant.

The two colossuses played with their trunks, with a sportive air, as a child does with a ribbon to excite the tricks of a kitten. Neither family traditions nor native instinct could give to the tigers an idea of the strange spectacle which they witnessed in their primeval forest, and, as if to devote a moment to sage reflection, they put themselves in a posture of a sphynx, and began to look at these unknown aggressors.

The elephants comprehended that their masters and mistresses were not traversing these woods for pleasure, that they doubtless had more serious business, and that these impertinent cats must be despatched as soon as possible. With this thought, they advanced side by side, with resolute step, uttering a roar of attack like an earthquake unchained by a volcano.

Two yells replied, and the tigers, springing to their feet, recoiled with slow steps but with eyes fixed on the enemy, and in a menacing attitude, which announced a speedy aggression. At the moment they were simulating an attack in front, the two feline monsters executed prodigious leaps in order to kill the horses and fall behind the caravan, far from trunks and tusks.

This sort of tactics sometimes succeeds in the battles of men; the Carthaginians especially, says history, used it against the Romans, and the Romans against the Gauls; but elephants never have been and never will be dupes of these coarse stratagems; they follow the wild beast in all his agile evolutions, and constantly present to him their trunks and tusks. At this encounter, the tigers in vain described immense ellipses to fascinate the eye of the elephants; our gigantic friends, always guided by calmness and strength, did not allow themselves to be invaded on the weak side; they had constituted themselves the guardians of the men, the women, and even of the horses, and had determined, in this extreme peril, to watch over the safety of all, and compromise no existence by human stupidity or a fault of position, fatal errors so common with ancient and modern generals.

After the first moments of danger, energy returns to the heart, and we can even relish the keen play of emotions. From the top of her elephant, Paula followed with feverish interest all the phases of this fearful drama, and almost thanked the chance which had placed her in this natural amphitheatre, where the colossuses and monsters of creation are about to fight a death-battle. The landscape belonged to the early ages of the world; it had the primitive and wild grace of Eden; an immense rotunda, formed by tufted trees, sown with tall grass, and watered by a stream issuing from the lake. The light of splendid Indians stars descended through a thousand crevices of verdure upon the grassy carpet, and gave to all these natural decorations a fantastic hue, surpassing the efforts of the pencil.

The tigers were irritated to frenzy by the immovable tactics of the elephants; they then attempted what they almost always do in these encounters: these monsters took a furious start, and at the last bound, describing a curve, fell upon the heads of the elephants; the trunks caught them by the neck and suspended them to the ivory tusks like sheep in a market-place. A simple movement launched them in the air, and on their fall, they received a blow from the trunk which crushed them.

The women tearfully applauded this scene; the two temporary cornacs lavished caresses on the two colossuses, who appeared very sensitive to these manifestations of friendship. The sage Indian naturalist was right in uttering these words, "*The last word may be said of man, but of the elephant never.*" At the moment when the caravan, guided by the Southern Cross, was about to resume its route, the elephants picked up the bodies of the tigers with the ends of their trunks, and followed the direction indicated by their conductors. As elephants cannot be suspected of pride, the fugitives asked one another what could be the reason why the conquerors thus bore off the trophies of their glories. Paula discovered the secret.

"These great creatures," said Paula, "do nothing without a motive; they are unwilling to expose us a second time to such emotions, in these jungles where tigers roam, and they bear off their dead comrades, not as a trophy, but to inspire terror."

A general assent received this explanation.

"If a man should live with elephants," said Hebert, "he would never commit a folly. If I come out of this forest alive, I will not leave these."

"You shall not," said Volsy, in a low voice, pressing the hand of his friend, become his benefactor.

Hebert attached no importance to this speech of the young Englishman, and continued his cares to the wounded man all night. Two eyes were always open to the noble conduct of the young physician. Paula observed all.

They emerged from the jungles a little before sunrise. When the consoling star, which dispels phantoms and disperses monsters, rose upon India, the caravan was advancing over a wild and barren plain, interspersed here and there with the cactus and euphorbia. The tall vegetation had disappeared. They halted for the morning repast in the ruins of the pagoda of Neer Joor, destroyed, it is said, in 1405, by Tamerlane, when this ferocious ravager went to conquer China, passing through Nepaul.

Youth, moral courage, and even emotion had already wrought a very gratifying improvement in the condition of Volsy; but to secure his recovery, the physician continued the severity of his treatment; he constituted himself the nurse of his friend, and nothing could for a moment divert him from his duties.

From the ruins of the pagoda to the Chinese hostelry of Almora, no annoying incident disturbed the caravan, even during the nights passed in the open air. When they had arrived at a place of repose and safety, Volsy, almost re-

covered, thanks to the devotion of Hebert, asked five minutes' conversation with his young doctor. The tone of the request was mysterious, and affected the heart of Hebert more than the nocturnal encounter with the tigers.

"Hebert," said Volsy, "do you remember our last conversation in the green hall of the dwelling of Rivares?"

"A little—I think—yes," stammered the young physician.

"On that day," resumed Volsy, "we played a game unworthy of our friendship; we essayed to deceive each other like two diplomatists. At twenty-five we had gray hairs."

"It seems to me," said Hebert, smiling, "that I have some remembrance of it."

"Dear doctor," resumed Volsy, in a serious tone, "do not let us recommence. As for me, I will ask you frankly, 'Do you love Mademoiselle Paula Rivares?' Silence is the resource of honest people who do not wish to tell a falsehood. You love her."

"Well!" interrupted Hebert, recovering his energy, "you will not be surprised if I quit you this evening, to travel in the neighborhood, among the European establishments of Himalaya."

"And you will depart alone, Hebert?"

"With my brave Verlacq, who from a servant has become my friend. Advancement is quickly made beneath an Indian sun."

"You are right, Hebert. That gives me an idea." He wiped away two tears, suppressed a burst of grief, and continued thus: "Friend Hebert, I have seen my father and mother massacred before my eyes; have saved of my family only my poor little sister, now an orphan. I owe myself to this child and to my country. A frightful war has commenced, and every English deserter is a coward and infamous. Yes, I have dreamed of marriage, but under a serener sky. To marry at my age, with my profession, and in present circumstances, would be to pass over to the enemy. I will die at my post, if necessary, but a young wife shall not wear mourning for my death in her honeymoon. I will depart this evening to join Havelock; you shall adopt my sister, and espouse Paula Rivares."

There was a moment of silence. Hebert stood as if transfixed with grief and joy by the unexpectedness of this declaration, and stammered some incoherent words, the meaning of which was derived by Volsy, who added:

"There is no objection to be made to an irrevocable determination. You would raise doubts of Paula's consent: your doubts will soon be dispelled. In my fearful journey, my dear Hebert, you had my life in your hands twenty times, and guarded carefully as a treasure, that life which was killing you. I have not lost a single movement of Paula, even on the night of the tigers. I affirm to you that you have the esteem and admiration of the young, heroic girl. After my departure, you will have more."

All the objections of Hebert gave way before the energetic will of Volsy. The day passed very sadly, for the young officer soon announced to all his inevitable resolution, and each, in the depths of his heart acknowledged that Volsy as a soldier, could not act otherwise. In times of war, duty is the command of God. The adieux were heart-rending, but Volsy, who thought he had already heard the cannon of Lucknow, tore himself violently from the embraces of his friends, set out on horseback, and directed himself to the left shore of the Ganges, where the spark of Meerut had already kindled the fires of rebellion.

Rivares, Hebert and the ladies settled temporarily at Almora, in a house built on the European plan, in the outskirts of the city. After five months had sorrowfully rolled away, they learned that poor Volsy, serving as captain under General Havelock, had been killed at Cawnpore. Alas! in this world everything ends, even mourning! A letter, received at Marseilles last November, announces that the marriage of Hebert and Paula will take place soon as the family arrangements admit.

THE DIAMOND WEARER.

I must tell you of a very sensible, uncommonly matter-of-fact gentleman in this city, who, unites to all the strong-minded qualities of his sex the most feminine fondness for brilliants. He wears about $6000 worth stuck about him in every accountable shape. Shirt studs, sleeve buttons, breastpin, and numerous finger rings, are all single stones of the first water; and the same charming jewels gleam in the open links of his watch chain, and are thickly studded in the back of his time-keeper. It is an odd fancy, for a man who is exceedingly plain and rather negligent in his other attire.—*Charleston Paper.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FLOWER OF LIDDESDALE.

BY L. T. TURNER.

"How else shall I prove that my love for you is boundless?" uttered an impassioned lover to a very fair and lovely girl, who had turned away as the speaker concluded a former whispered sentence.

"By doing my bidding, my Lord of Athole," she now replied, in a haughty tone.

"Ay, sweet Annie; but have you considered how difficult the task imposed?—to cease gazing on you, when every feature is beauty's own—to leave you, while there are yet words on my tongue to tell you all I would brave for your love. Indeed, Annie, I cannot leave while there is yet one of hope's bright sparks in my bosom."

"Then I wish I might pluck it thence, Sir Knight."

"Nay, you cannot. Listen, while I again recount all that I would do for one of your heart-cheering smiles. Have I not told you, dearest, that your father should soon be once more with his own dearly-loved child—on the hills of wild Liddesdale? Then, too, I would gather round me thrice the number of brave hearts and strong swords (even including the renowned Dalwolsy, lady), which your sire owns. Annie Douglas, I would join your brave father's followers; his wrongs should be mine."

"Again, Sir Knight!" she exclaimed, in an offended tone, "do you offend my ears again with your base proffers? Do you think that by proving traitor to the cause you have chosen, you will win my favor? I will no longer listen to you. And as for liberating Liddesdale's lord, learn, Sir Knight, that his followers have proffered his ransom, and in a few days you may call all the strength you have vaunted to your aid, for they need it who raise their arm against his—"

She was interrupted by the unexpected sound of a horse's hoofs which seemed to be fast approaching the valley in which they stood.

"It is some one of our followers, my Lord of Athole," she continued; "I warn you to be gone!"

"But, dearest, first tell me that you will think favorably of the risk I have run to gaze on the far-famed flower of Liddesdale?"

"I will converse with you no longer. Farewell, my lord," she replied.

Athole placed his foot in the stirrup, and vaulting gracefully into the saddle, waved a kiss on the breeze which came softly over the cheek of Annie, exclaiming:

"Adieu, my pretty wild flower—I will yet win your love;" then spurring the gay steed, was lost to sight before the other horseman was seen as a black speck on the hill-top.

For some minutes Annie stood vacantly gazing on the lessening figure of Athole, and thinking of the treacherous proposals he had made her; but now the hasty approach of the other roused her from the reverie.

"It is De Vipont, with news of my father, or commands from him," she murmured; "but no, 'tis a stranger, and young and handsome, too. Perhaps he is a friend to England—and here I am alone, unattended. O, there is Scotland's plumed bonnet! doubtless he bears tidings of our troops."

He was even by her side, as she concluded; and, instantly leaping from his horse, bent his knee before her, as he exclaimed:

"Scotland's pride! Liddesdale's famed one! for you can be no other; tell me, lady, if you are the envied Annie?"

With a crimsoned cheek, and a downcast eye, she replied softly:

"I call Liddesdale's Douglas a father."

"Then, Annie Douglas, Ramsay of Dalwolsy bears you a command from his own lips."

"Rise, rise, sir!" she exclaimed hurriedly, and glancing timidly on the fine features raised to her face. "Does Scotland's bravest kneel before one of her maidens, whom it would better become to hold the rein while your foot is in the stirrup? but I had forgotten; you said you had a command from my father. Have you then spoken with him?"

"Ay, fairest; he is once again come to gladden Scotland with his presence; and in token to you that my words hold the stamp of truth, I bring you this ring."

A blush of shame crimsoned even her fair brow as she gazed on it, and remembered that she had been thus holding converse with a stranger who had but called himself as one of their bravest champions, and for the sincerity of whose words she had required no further proof than a handsome face and frank bearing.

But he had called himself by a title which had never been uttered in her presence except in terms of pride and admiration by every noble who had graced the feasts at her own castle home; and, unwittingly she had suffered it to become rooted amid the tenderest feelings of her heart, till even its mention had banished from her mind every remembrance of maidenly caution and pride, and thrilled her woman's feeling to their depths.

"Shame is it to me, Sir Knight," she said at length, in a broken voice, "to look on my brave sire's token. You can think me but a bold lassie, and it brings to my sad memory that I have not yet bidden you to our board, where I, alas! must play the hostess; for my angel mother is at rest—my father, as you know, is watching his country's interest."

Dalwolsy joyfully took his horse by the bridle, and led him by the side of Annie, beguiling the way with words, the same she had often heard, but never till then felt. First, though, Douglas's command was Dalwolsy's theme.

"You must away with the morrow's dawn, lady," he said; "every vassal must hence to his lord's banner. Then, Annie, your father thinks truly, that a scarcely inhabited castle is not a fit place for one like you."

"Ramsay," she interrupted, "whither would he send me? Sir," pointing to the castle turrets as they rose to view, "I have so long called that home, I should weep to leave it. Nobles have whispered in my ear that other hills are fairer than Liddesdale—that their own castles are more than our hermitage, and their vassals braver than the Douglas's followers—but, Sir Ramsay, I have not believed them; tell me, then, whither my honored sire wills me to go?"

"I must bear you safely to Kildrummie, lady, where you will be safe, since the stout-hearted Christina Moray defends it; and where, moreover, you will be surrounded by some of Scotland's maidens equal in rank to yourself. Think, Annie, do you not fancy your days the merrier already, that you are going to sojourn in a castle famed for gallantry and mirth?"

"But my mother's grave, Alexander Ramsay?" returned Annie, in a broken, mournful voice, and raising her tearful eyes imploringly. "I am a wilful creature, Ramsay," she continued, "but I always fly to that tomb of peace when my heart beats too fiercely. I shall leave in our hermitage the only happiness I have known when Liddesdale's lord was far away in the southern land."

"Your *only* happiness, lady!" repeated Ramsay, casting a meaning glance to the hill-top over which Athole had disappeared. "Pardon me; but I had imagined your happiness was centered in the living rather than the dead."

Annie blushed and smiled as she caught his meaning, and replied:

"Ay; you are fancying that yonder gallant was a true—love. He has said he is."

"And you doubt it?"

"Nay, I know not that I have ever thought about it. Tell me, Sir Alexander, would you—and you have boasted over much bravery and love—would you ride away at the glimpse of a single horseman?"

"Might I die anywhere but on the field of glory, if I did! But, Annie, does your father know this?"

"Know what, Sir Knight? Do you think I would trouble his ears with the trash that Athole's earl, Scotland's enemy, whispers to a Douglas?"

"Athole!" exclaimed Ramsay, with a heightened color; "by my good sword, we will give him other work to do than galloping over our hills in search of our fairest maidens. Annie, young leddy Douglas—if you love him, do not tell me so—for I have sworn to dip my sword in his blood; and if such words came from your lips, I fear me I should be perjured."

Annie gazed with surprise on the glowing eyes and heaving chest of Ramsay.

"I love him!" she exclaimed, stopping suddenly in her walk, "an' I did, Sir Knight, I would either root it from my bosom, or never again set foot in Liddesdale. But I hate him, Ramsay; his very words and voice are my detestation. But we shall shortly be in the halls of a Douglas, and Athole is not a name to breathe there. Rather let its walls resound in honor of its guest?"

Ramsay did not neglect to repay her words in kind; and their effect may be best judged from the knowledge that, at the next morning's dawn, he was plighting and receiving vows of faith at her mother's grave, ere they began their journey towards Kildrummie.

Annie was attended by her maidens, and Dalwolsy led a troop of the bravest hearts in Liddesdale. It will not be surprising, then, to learn that it was a mirthful train which wended its way towards the castle; but as they neared it, their spirits flagged, and the merry jokes grew less frequent among the men and maidens, and Annie and Dalwolsy seemed deeply buried in thought.

"Do not the horses grow weary?" said Annie, after a long silence, during which she had imagined their pace to slacken.

"No, dearest," replied Ramsay; "they are but too ready to bear you on. Your father is awaiting me—my country calls me; I may not then even allow my heart to guide me, or I should say it were necessary to rest here. But look, Annie; yonder turret is Kildrummie, and there we must part, but we meet again, love, before long. Will you give me a golden tress to show your father as a token of your love when I shall ask you of him?"

"Take your sword, Ramsay, and cut it from beneath my hood—but stay, it is a work unfitting the dread of England. Call one of the vassals hither, and use his less valued weapon."

But Ramsay cut the bright lock while she was yet speaking, and placed it in the folds of his vest.

They were now called to from the walls of Kildrummie, in a deep masculine tone, but which, to Annie's surprise, proceeded from one of her own sex, "the heroic Christina Morey," who was summoning the numerous sentinels to their posts.

Dalwolsy was admitted on the instant, with the young Lady Douglas and her maidens, but the former staid only to repeat that Annie was committed to her guardianship by the flower of the Scottish chivalry, to receive a gracious promise of protection from the Lady Moray, and perhaps the lingering farewell of one other, before, placing his bonnet on his brow, he was bowing gracefully on his steed as he led his little band on their now weary march.

Annie stood silently by the side of her brave hostess, but quite unconscious of such presence, for her eyes were fixed on the lessening plume which was tossed to and fro in the varying breezes.

"Annie Douglas," at length interrupted Lady Moray, "do you see yonder cloud of dust, which grows more dense with every passing moment? You do! Then, maiden, I will tell you that we are not calling every hand to its post for mere pastime. That mist, in every probability, circles foes. You start! Nay, you have but a weakly heart for the bride of a soldier."

Annie's eyes sank beneath the keen glance of the Lady Moray, and she wondered, in her simplicity, how she could have learned anything that had passed between her and Ramsay.

"But, Annie Douglas," continued her hostess, with a kindly smile, and parting the long golden ringlets from the downcast cheek, "do you think that Dalwolsy's eyes speak a language unintelligible to all, save you? and that your smile can be read alone by him? No, no; remember, for the future, that others than yourself have eyes. But go within and throw yourself on a velvet couch, and dream again each look and word, and sigh, while we deal with more substantial matter. Within with you! within!"

Annie was not disinclined, after her fatigues, to profit by the request of her kind protectress, who now accompanied her to a chamber, where she ranged her maidens round her, and was soon again in the little chapel at Liddesdale, with Dalwolsy plighting his faith at her side.

Meanwhile Athole's earl had not been idle. He had contrived to be an unobserved spectator of the meeting between Annie and Dalwolsy, whom he had recognized by his plumed bonnet and gay bearing, by merely riding round the hill's side and coming again within a few paces of the spot where they stood. He watched Annie's blushes, listened to the words of kindness which fell from her lips, and the homage paid her by Dalwolsy.

When they moved away, he hastily drew from his saddle-bow a small bundle, which, it seemed, contained the dress of Liddesdale's vassals. This he quickly donned, and, taking a different route, arrived at the castle long before those who had loitered so willingly on the way. He then bent his steps to an outer wall, where it appeared he was expected, for a very pretty but simple

looking girl returned his salutation, adding, that he was a "tardy callant."

"Nay, Jeanie, then I must ask forgiveness. I have been spending my time on my master's business, but each moment was an hour before I could reach you." And he passed his arm tenderly round her waist, while he continued: "You need not hasten home, for your mistress is beguiling her evening walk by listening to words which are honeyed to her ear as yours to mine. You will go hence many a weary mile to-morrow. Listen, Jeanie; my master loves your mistress even as I do you, he need not better; but he is not happy as I am, Jeanie, for you know that she has scorned his suit, though he has risked so much to come hither just to gaze on a bright eye. He has braw lands which she might call her ain, and siller eno' to purchase half Scotland, and it is my lord's wish that she should love him; but the Douglas has sent one hither to bear her to a far awa castle for protection, and this one she will love, despite my lord and yours, if some measure be not taken to make her Countess of Athole quickly."

"Ay," interrupted the maiden, "but maybe my young leddy loes anither far, far better."

"A woman's suggestion, or rather," said he, checking the impatient tone with which he begun, "I own that you show a kindly heart. But I tell you this is a mere momentary fancy, just to be perverse; this Dalwolsy will be off to the wars and forget that he ever set foot on Liddesdale."

"But how to bring her to consent to such a measure?"

"Have you not some token which you could give my master, and which might come from her father? Nay, there is nothing in those words to make my Jeanie start. The Leddy Annie will soon acknowledge that we have planned her happiness."

"But I fear me—"

"What should you fear," he interrupted, "when my arm encircles you? Bethink of something that may serve my master, and I must away quickly, though to meet you again shortly, when I hope we may serve under our mutual master."

The thoughts which crept over the maiden's heart at this suggestion, completed all he wished. She turned hastily to him and replied: "There is her mother's portrait, which my lord always carries with him when he gangs awa' with the sodger lads, but he was roused so hastily by this last call, that he left it in the closet; if your lord take that, she will credit the token."

"It is well, dearest; hasten, and bring it hither."

Then, as she left his side, he murmured: "A blessing on her for a kind-hearted lassie! Methinks I have the haughty Annie in my toils now. What a fool I am thus to intrigue for a wild, though beautiful flower, when a whole parterre of richer ones are spread for my choosing! But she has scorned me; that is sufficient to decide her mine. Ah, my pretty Jeanie!" as the girl approached with the portrait, "there is not another like you in broad Scotland. For the present, I must away, but in a few days we meet again."

And so saying, he placed the picture in his bosom, and pressing a most deceitful kiss on her lips, he remounted his horse and galloped off. But Jeanie, the simple, kind-hearted Jeanie, stood gazing after him with all the yearning of woman's affection in her tearful eye and pallid cheek, and she placed every confidence in the completion of her lady's happiness, since it was an earl who was to wed her, and bring so many, or at least one brave heart (so she fancied), to the standard of her lord.

But now to return to Annie Douglas, who, perfectly unconscious of all that had passed in that meeting, was fondly dreaming of other and more valued presence, when she was aroused by Lady Moray's hand placed lightly on her cheek.

"I have dismissed your maidens, love, for the Earl of Athole waits on you. Ay, I was wrong in conjecturing that enemies approached. See, dear," as Strathbogie entered, "he wears the dress which best becomes all who own hearts of steel. But I prevent his delivering you a message from your father."

"From my father!" repeated Annie. "Nay, nay, my lady, I must have other proof of it than mere words."

Athole's tongue burned to tell her that she had not always displayed so much caution in ascertaining such truths, but he dared not give the thought utterance now. He drew forth the portrait and placed it before the astonished but instantly convinced Annie.

"Then I am to welcome a friend of Liddesdale's lord, Sir Knight; believe me, as such, you are welcome."

These few words she uttered with the most complaisant air, to atone for the suspicion her first greeting had evinced.

"Such welcome from your lips, lady," he returned, sorrowfully, and with the utmost respect, "were enough to repay me, even though I had lost honor in the exchange, instead of gaining it. But I will endeavor to remember the lesson so lately learned," and he bowed lowly to her. "But," he continued, "I bring you a message and bidding—you cannot dispute their truth. I am but sorry, An—lady, that my words require aught to certify them as such to your ear." Then turning a flushed cheek to the surprised Lady Moray, he inquired: "Has our brave Dalwolsy left here?"

"Ay, Sir Athole. I would he had tarried to welcome you to Scotland's glory," returned the animated Christina.

"It would have increased my present happiness, doubtless, lady," said the wily earl; "but since he has left, the bidding I bore him rests with me. Young leddy, you must hence to your father, and I wish, since I hear it is also your desire, that one other had been here to be your escort."

"You mean our Ramsay, my lord. By my sword, Athole, you have a discerning eye Ay, Annie, 'tis a deep-dyed blush of yours."

The Lady Moray spoke truly. Annie's cheek burned in its depth of crimson as she turned it from the jealous eye fixed upon it, but which grew softened in smiles as he smothered tumultuous throbs of love and hatred in his bosom, and in a winning and respectful tone he asked when the Lady Annie would be prepared to depart.

She looked long and earnestly at the beautiful picture before her, as if tracing in its placid smile an approval or disapproval of this sudden and, to her, inexplicable bidding; for she felt, though she knew not why, with such a token, a distrust for which she blamed herself, even while unable to repress the fast falling tears.

"How's this, Annie Douglas?" demanded the Lady Moray, "do you hesitate to join your father? Maybe, faint-hearted one, you fear the sounds of clashing swords and the battle call."

"No, no, indeed no, lady. But 'tis rarely I gaze on these features without giving way to this weakness," said Annie; then, for the first time raising her eyes to Athole's, she continued: "My lord, I wait your pleasure."

"Then so soon as the sun's bright heralding crimson is in the east, we will away."

"And now to the banquet hall, Strathbogie," interrupted Lady Moray; "we will summon minstrelsy, and pass in friendly converse and mirthful laugh, some of the few intervening hours."

And at the morning's dawn, Annie and her maidens were mounted ready for the journey, during which Athole preceded them by some paces, the little band of soldiers bringing up in the rear. They were fast approaching the forest of Kilblene, where they were first to halt, and as yet the silence was unbroken. Annie was not a little surprised to see a regularly encamped army, though small in number, and her heart failed her as she noticed that the officer who approached her, wore the military dress of England, as indeed did all, save the few accompanying Athole.

She and her train were immediately conducted to a tent prepared for her reception, and to which Athole soon sent, requesting permission to speak in private with her. Her heart misgave her, when, bidding her favorite attendant alone remain with her, she awaited the entrance of Athole.

It was not long ere he stood by her side. The respect hitherto displayed in his every word and action seemed to have suddenly disappeared, and to have given way to a self-satisfied and almost exultant air, and the composure of his countenance to a supercilious smile. He, too, now wore the English dress.

"My Lord of Athole," said Annie, in answer to his request that they might be quite alone, "you can have nothing to say to me which may not as well reach the ear of my confidential maiden, as—"

But she was interrupted by the girl shrinking on her knees before her, pale, and shutting her eyes as Athole's were bent upon her, his lips vainly endeavoring to give his rage utterance, as he recognized Jeanie.

"Lady, lady!" she exclaimed, in an agonized tone, "do not listen to him! bid him leave you, and I will tell you all! how foolish I have been, how base he is—all, *all!*" and she sank fainting at her mistress's feet.

"The girl has lost her senses, young lady," said Athole, scornfully, as Annie gazed on the lifeless form with the utmost astonishment. Then, as she summoned her other attendants, he bowed and left the tent.

She was now convinced that there was treachery in the proceedings, but hour after hour passed, and still Jeanie lay in the same unconscious state. Suddenly the battle-cry was raised, and Annie was despatching a messenger to learn the reason, when Athole, with flushed cheeks and hurried manner, rushed into her presence.

"Annie Douglas!" he exclaimed, throwing his battle cloak around her, "we are surrounded by enemies. I will not leave you to become the bride of the hated Ramsay. I do not belong to your boasted Scotland. And listen, if I live and conquer now, you shall away with me to England—if I die, you die too!"

But Annie did not hear the threat, for she was lying, a death-like paleness on her lips and face, in his arms, and he was bearing her to his own steed. Then, as he clasped her with one arm, the other outstretched sword in hand, he touched the rock which stood beside him, and swore to be victorious, or die. His soldiers were dropping around him as each arrow whistled down from the eminence whereon the enemy stood, and upon whom Athole had fixed a glassy stare, for he recognized in the tartans and plumes waving to and fro in the breeze, Dalwolsy and Douglas of Liddesdale.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "have you learned that Athole bears the prize? Dearest," as he turned to the beautiful being he grasped in his hated embrace, and pressing her cold lips to his, "we do not part."

An arrow was shot from a bow which was stretched over the precipice, and Athole fell; another followed it—Annie was bleeding by his side.

With the agony returned consciousness, and when she raised her eyes, Alexander Ramsay's arms were round her, while her father and maidens were weeping beside him; but Ramsay's eyes were tearless, though his soul was bitterness itself. His bosom, which was heaving tumultuously, alone betrayed the inward workings of his spirit, as he gasped out: "Annie, my affianced bride, it was my hand laid that dastard low, and my hand, but, O, how unwittingly, stretched you by his side! Stay, stay, dearest! one word—forgiveness!"

She raised her head for one moment, and pressed her lips on the icy hand supporting it, then, raising her eyes to her father and smiling on him, she drooped in death.

LIVING LINKS OF DISTANT AGES.

Mr. Robert Chambers, in a curious and interesting chapter in the Edinburgh Journal, entitled, "Distant Ages connected by Individuals," states (in 1847): "There is living, in the vicinity of Aberdeen, a gentleman who can boast personal acquaintance with an individual who has seen and conversed with another who certainly had been present at the battle of Flodden Field!" Marvellous as this may appear, it is not the less true. The gentleman to whom allusion is made was personally acquainted with the celebrated Peter Garden, of Auchterless, who died in 1775, at the reputed age of 131. Peter, in his young days, was servant to Garden of Troup, whom he accompanied on a journey through the north of England, when he saw and conversed with the famous Henry Jenkins, who died 1670, at the age of 169. Jenkins was born in 1501, and was, of course, twelve years old at the battle of Flodden Field; and, on that memorable occasion, he bore arrows to an English nobleman, whom he served in the capacity of page. "When we think of such things," adds Mr. Chambers, "the ordinary laws of nature seem to have undergone some partial relaxation, and the dust of ancient times almost becomes living flesh before our eyes." —*Ten Thousand Wonderful Things.*

THE HERO OF LUCKNOW.

Havelock was a man who knew that art, which the Duke of Wellington could exemplify though he could not describe, "how to win a battle." Had the hero of Lucknow been a scion of aristocracy, fitting scope for his commanding talents would, long before the campaign that made him famous, have been found for him. He, in that case, might have commanded at Kabul, instead of Elphinstone; the prophecy of the mulberry trees would then never have been looked for or recorded; and English glory would have been free from the darkest spot that clouds its escutcheon.—*London Herald.*

WOMEN IN THE GARDEN.

Much in these days is said about the sphere of woman. Of the vexed question we have nothing now to say. The culture of the soil, the body and the soul are our themes. Rich soils, healthy bodies, pure, cultivated souls, these are what we are aiming at. And to this end we recommend that every country woman have a garden that she keep and dress with her own hands, or that she supervise and manage. The culture of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, currants and garden vegetables is as delightful and profitable as anything in which a woman can engage. She may sprinkle her garden well with flowers. All the better for that. A snowball in this corner, a rose in that, a dahlia bed there and a moss border here will not be out of place. Only let the substantial and useful constitute the chief part. A touch of the ornate, like a ribbon on a good bonnet, is not in the least objectionable. In all the schools the girls study botany. It is healthful, pleasing and useful. The principles of horticulture are the principles of botany put into practice. Farmers study agriculture, why should not their wives and daughters study horticulture? If any employment is feminine, it would seem that this is. If any is healthy, this must be. If any is pleasurable, none can be more so than this. A rich bed of strawberries, a bush of blackberries or currants, a border of flowers produced by one's own hand, what can well afford a more rational satisfaction? We say to all our country sisters, have a garden, if only a small one, and do your best with it. Plant it with what pleases you best, with a good variety, and see what you can do with it. What woman cannot raise beets, tomatoes, melons, onions, lettuce, and furnish her own table with them? What woman cannot plant a raspberry bush, or currant, or gooseberry and tend it well? Come, good women, study your health, your usefulness and happiness, and your children also.—*Valley Farmer.*

SUPERSTITIONS IN CUMBERLAND.

In the pastoral valleys, it occurs now and then that the milk will not churn. Elswhere, the causes of this are understood, and cow and milk are treated accordingly. Not so here. The cow is at once concluded to be bewitched; and it is feared that she will spread the witchery to the whole dairy. So, instead of any sensible method, the remedy tried is depositing in the cow-house some soil from the nearest churchyard. As it is probable this fails, time is lost in other proceedings. Stirring with a stick from the rowan-tree is one of the least troublesome. If the cows are distempered, it is a practice in many of the dales to light "the Need-fire," notice being given through the neighboring valleys that the charm may be sent for if wanted. The Need-fire is produced by rubbing two sticks together. A great pile of combustible stuff is prepared, and the more smoke it gives the better. When lighted, the neighbors snatch some of the fire to hurry home and light their piles. The cattle, diseased and sound, are then driven through the fire; as some of the Irish, by a remnant of paganism, charm their property, and even their children, by passing or snatching them through the fire, making strangers ask whether Moloch is acknowledged there still. It is said in a certain Cumberland dale, that when a farmer had driven all his live property through, he proceeded to drive his wife after the cows, saying he should then be free from all distempers.—*Miss Martineau.*

NOVEL LOCKUP.

The temperance people of Groton Junction have lately been moving in the temperance cause, and several violators of the liquor law have been made to suffer as they deserve. A few days since, one of the rumsellers was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine and be imprisoned. This occurred near evening, when it was too late to take the prisoner to the county jail, so he must be locked up. But where? That was the question. There is no lockup in town; but necessity is the mother of invention, and the police were not long in finding a place of security. An empty baggage car was standing at the railroad depot, and into this the culprit was thrust and the door made fast. About one o'clock next morning, the freight engine backed up to the train and steamed away with the "Groton jail" and contents. The prisoner soon waked up to his condition, but did not succeed in making his case known until the arrival of the train in Portland. Here he was let out, when his surprise at finding himself "down east" was only exceeded by the railroad men, who little thought they had been running away with a prisoner. —*Woburn Budget.*

THE WIFE.

To partake secretly, and in her heart, of all his joys and sorrows, to believe him comely and fair, though the sun hath drawn a cypress over him (for as marriages are not to be contracted by the hands and eyes, but with reason and the heart; so are these judgments to be made by the mind, not by the sight), and diamonds cannot make the woman virtuous, nor him to value her who sees her put them off then, when chastity and modesty are her brightest ornaments. Indeed the outward ornament is fit to take fools; but they are not worth the taking. But she that hath a wise husband, must entice him to an eternal dearness, by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

A milestone in the path of life.
A moment's peace amid the fray
And conflict of this earth-born strife,
Is passed, has dawned on me to-day.
Ah! swiftly do these seasons fly,
I hear their lightning pinions play,
As, winging onward, flitting by,
They bring to me my natal day.

Yes, more than this: with magic art
They paint the scenes of parted days,
The lost affections of the heart,
Unto my sad and weary gaze;
The hopes and joys of other years,
Are shadowed forth in memory's glass,
And e'en my spectral smiles and tears
In ghostly throng before me pass.

They come, they go—upon the tide,
The current of this rushing stream,
These fair life-bubbles gaily glide,
Then break and vanish, like a dream!
O, passing fair and bright to see
Are these sweet children of my heart;
Yet in their very mirth and glee,
Like flitting shadows they depart.

Time wanes apace—yet wondrous brief
The record of my buried years;
'Tis full enough, I ween, for grief,
For pain, for doubts, for cankering fears;
Too full for sorrow's bitter hours,
With clouds without and cares within;
For broken friendship's withered flowers—
Alas, 'tis far too full for sin!

And yet, again, too few these years
For all that brightens earthly care,
For every pleasure that endears
This transient home, and makes it fair;
Too few for genial friendship's smile,
Dear, blessed boon, sent from above
To win our hearts from grief awhile—
Too few, I freely own, for love!

O, soul of mine, arise, be strong!
Scan well the measure of this life,
These earthly birthdays but prolong
A little time thy care and strife.
Look with the vision blest of faith,
O, look beyond this joyless earth!
For He who triumphed over death
Can give thee an eternal birth!

GUESTS AT THE RED LION.

It's now nigh on for ten years since the Red Lion and I parted company. The Red Lion was once the best house in Tunstone, but the railway broke up the coaches, and that broke up the business, and I was glad to get away while I had anything to get away with.

My wife (God bless her!) I shall never see again in this world. She was very lame, and couldn't get about without help; so she sat for the most part in the little snuggery behind the bar, which I had fitted up for her as nice as money could make it. Her birdcage hung from the ceiling, and in a warm corner near the fire there was a hassock, which was the special property of her tabby. Opposite to where my wife sat was a little mahogany cupboard let into the wall, the door of which was generally half open, so that when she looked up from her sewing or knitting, she could see ranged on the shelves the famous old china which her grandmother gave her for a wedding present; and above it, the silver teapot, the gilt candle-cup, etc.; and at the top of all, the great punch-bowl, which was used only on our grand occasions: all of which these articles she used to take much pleasure in looking at. Her room was divided from the bar by a glass door, which she could open and shut at pleasure; so that when any friends or acquaintance dropped in, she could, if so minded, have a chat with them; and though she sat there day after day, and month after month, it's my opinion that she knew more about the Tunstone people, and their private affairs, than any other person in the town, except, perhaps my head waiter, Jim Topping. A very decent sort of fellow he was—middle-aged, brown, lean, with a stoop of the shoulders, and only one eye; but that one as sharp as a gimlet, and equal to the two eyes of most people. Poor fellow! he has been dead these seven years; and lies in Tunstone churchyard, with the finest double daisy growing on his grave that could be had for love or money. It was a flower he was always fond of, so I had one planted over him out of compliment to his memory.

It was one December afternoon, the very winter we had that long black frost, when I heard Jim talking to my wife.

"I've put them into Number Nine," says he, "and a very nice couple they seem to be. Cutlets and a chicken for dinner, M'm."

"Where do they come from, Jim?" says I.

"From the railway-station," says Jim; "further than that I can't say. Name on the luggage is Oldwink."

It was not long before I went up-stairs to pay my respects. When I entered the room, the gentleman was standing with his hands under his coat-tails, looking very earnestly through his spectacles at a print over the chimney-piece.

"After Gainsborough, eh?" he was saying. "Great painter, Gainsborough. This is in his best style. Background well filled in; side lights skillfully introduced; pyramidal grouping strictly observed. Full of merit, my dear. A wonderful painting. The original is in the gallery of my friend Lord Papyrus. Ah, landlord, is that you?"

The speaker was a portly, well-built, middle-aged gentleman. His cheeks and chin were well filled out, and he had a hearty color in his face; he had a hearty voice too—rich and full, that sounded as if he had a sugarplum always in his mouth. He had not a great deal of hair left, but what he had was brushed and frizzled, and made the most of. A large old-fashioned brooch held his white cravat in its place; and his feet were encased in shoes and gaiters. He had a well-fed, comfortable look, such as a landlord likes to see; and I set him down at first sight either for a retired doctor, a clergyman out for a holiday, or a gentleman living on his private means.

The lady was considerably younger than her husband. She was rather sharp featured, and rather hard of hearing. I think, too, that she painted a little; but many ladies do that, and are thought none the worse for it.

"We think of staying a few days with you, Jobson, if we are suited. We shall, in fact, probably stay Sunday over. We have been travelling a great deal lately, and Mrs. Oldwink requires a little rest and quiet.—You require a little rest and quiet, eh, my dear?" he said, elevating his voice, and addressing the lady.

"O, yes, certainly, a little rest and quiet," she replied with a nod of the head, and fell to work on some crotchet again, as if for dear life.

"Her health is hardly what it ought to be," resumed Mr. Oldwink, in a low, impressive tone. "But we must get you to drive us out, Jobson, for an hour or two every day; and try the effect of this pure country air. I trust that your sherry will bear investigation."

I went down-stairs deeply impressed with the affability of Mr. Oldwink, and fetched up a bottle out of a private bin, which was never touched except on special occasions. After dinner, Mr. Oldwink drank his wine, and read the daily paper; and we heard no more of him or his lady till the following morning.

The same evening another stranger arrived at the Red Lion, who walked direct into the commercial-room and ordered tea and a bed. We somehow took him for a commercial gentleman, but he had no luggage with him, except a very small carpet-bag.

He just walked in, ordered his tea, asked what company there was in the house; and then, saying he had the toothache very bad, tied a red silk handkerchief round his head, and getting into a warm corner, never left it till he went to bed.

Next morning came a letter directed to Mr. Purkiss, which he claimed, so of course his name was Purkiss. That was all we learned about him. As for his appearance, it was neither gentlemanly nor vulgar, but midway between the two. He was dressed in a suit of brown clothes; and was altogether a quiet, common-place sort of fellow. He still complained of the toothache, and kept the red handkerchief bound round his face; he said he should not stir out that day, but try what a little nursing of himself would do towards taking away the pain.

Half an hour after that, when I set off to drive Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink round the town, looking through the window I saw Mr. Purkiss walking up and down, with his head tied up, and his hand pressed against his cheek. He brightened up for a moment as we passed, and came to the window to see us off.

I drove Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink through Tunstone, and round Tunstone, and pointed out all the interesting places I could think of. Mr. Oldwink seemed to be a gentleman of much information, and made learned remarks on everything we examined. Mrs. Oldwink had not much to say, but appeared to be so greatly gratified with the outing, that Mr. Oldwink arranged another for the following day.

When I reached home, I was greatly surprised at finding Mr. Purkiss seated comfortably in the snuggery with my wife. This was a favor seldom granted to any but very old friends, and I hardly knew what to think at seeing a stranger there. I suppose my wife's soft heart had been first drawn toward him by the report of his toothache; and as he took all the remedies recommended by her, she hardly knew how to praise him enough, and said he was the nicest gentleman she had seen for a long time.

I drove out Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink every forenoon. We visited every place of interest for miles round Tunstone; and Mr. Oldwink made me tell him everything I knew about each place we visited; and always added to what I said a few moral remarks of his own, so that I became more certain than ever that he was a clergyman away from home on a holiday; and when I hinted the matter to him (for I confess I was curious about it), he only smiled, and said I might have been further out in my guess.

As for Mr. Purkiss, I give you my word that he grew more of a puzzle to me every day. Neither Jim nor I knew what to make of him; and when Jim didn't know what to make of a man, that gimlet eye of his always did double duty in the way of keeping watch. He and I laid our heads together about it, you may be sure; but the more we thought about it, the more in the dark we seemed to be; and though Mr. Purkiss was a quiet, inoffensive, civil spoken man enough, yet, as I've found, the less we know of people the more inclined we are to judge hardly of them. If he had any business to do in Tunstone, he seemed in no hurry to do it; for he seldom went out, and never for more than half an hour at a time—and that of itself was very suspicious—but was generally moving up and down the house from one room to another, as people having the toothache often will do; and Jim found it hard work dodging about after him so as not to let him know he was watched.

Well, Christmas Eve arrived, and all our guests departed except Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink, and Mr. Purkiss, and they informed me that they intended staying over Christmas Day. Now, during all the years I was in the public line, I made a point of asking any company we might have in the house to dine with me at my own table on Christmas Day; and I don't think that any of them could ever say that I gave them a shabby dinner or a poor bottle of wine at such times. I kept up the custom in the present instance, and was pleased that my invitation was not refused. My old friend Scatcher, who makes a capital fourth at a rubber, did not neglect to come; and we all sat down on Christmas Day as comfortable a little party as you need wish to look at. It would have done anybody's eyes good to have seen Mr. Oldwink, as he sat on my left hand, looking so beaming and affable as he uttered a grace for the seasonable bounties of roast goose and onion sauce.

As soon as the cloth was removed, I could see that Scatcher was fidgeting for the cards to be brought out; so I made bold to ask Mr. Oldwink whether he would make one at a quiet rubber.

"Why, really, my friends," he remarked, "it is very seldom that I touch a card; in fact, I am a novice at all games of chance or skill; but, on an occasion of this sort, I should be very sorry to mar the festivity. Do not, however, expect much from me. Let the stakes be low, if you please; just sufficient to give an interest to the game. Say half-crown points—I could not conscientiously play for more; with, if you like, an extra shilling on the odd trick."

Scatcher and I opened our eyes; we had never played for more than a shilling a corner; but, of course, we did not say so; so it was settled at half-a-crown. As for Mr. Purkiss, when I asked him, he said in his quiet way that he should be happy to do as the rest of the company did. So we cut for partners; and, as it fell out, it was Scatcher and Mr. Oldwink against Mr. Purkiss and myself. Mr. Oldwink passed me his snuff-box while Scatcher was dealing.

"A remarkable box that, Jobson," he observed, seeing that I was admiring it. "It was presented to me by the Emperor of Russia, in return for a secret service which I rendered his majesty during the time I was travelling through his dominions. He sent me this snuff-box, and an autograph letter of thanks. Diamonds trumps. Knave turned up."

Mr. Purkiss held out his hand for the box, but Mr. Oldwink took it up, and put it in his pocket; perhaps he did not like to have it fingered by strangers. The luck of Scatcher and his partner was somewhat astonishing; they won rubber after rubber, while our scores were scarcely worth counting; but I must say it was chiefly owing to the splendid cards held by Mr. Oldwink. I could not understand how it was that, when that gentleman dealt, he invariably turned up an honor, and had generally two more of the same suit to keep it company, with a long hand of something else to follow. I don't think I'm a bad-tempered fellow, but really, I began to feel very aggravated at losing one-half crown after another in the manner I did; but Mr. Purkiss, who of course lost as much as I did, was so cool and quiet, that I was ashamed to display my ill-feeling. At the conclusion of the fourth rubber, Mr. Purkiss got up, turned his chair round three times, and then sat down again. Scatcher rubbed his chin, and was evidently puzzled. Mr. Purkiss smiled.

"When I was a lad," said he, "I remember hearing my grandmother say, that when you were unlucky at cards, it was a good thing to turn your chair round three times; so we may as well try an old wife's remedy."

It may seem hard to believe, but it is nevertheless a fact, that, after my partner had turned his chair, he never failed, when it was his deal, to turn up an honor, and hold two more in his hand, so that the next two rubbers were won by us. At the end of the second, Mr. Oldwink got up, rather hastily as it seemed, and said he was tired of playing; and Mr. Purkiss had a quiet laugh to himself in a corner. So I opened a fresh box of cheroots, and the cards were put away.

Next morning, as I was coming down-stairs, Mr. Oldwink called me into his room, and shut the door.

"Who is that Mr. Purkiss who was playing with us last night?" he asked.

"I know no more of him than you do, sir. He sits in the commercial-room; he has been here four days; and how much longer he intends staying, I don't know."

"To speak the truth, Jobson, I don't like the looks of the man."

"I'm no great admirer of him myself, sir."

"Mind, Jobson, I don't say the man is not an honest man, nor a meritorious man, and I am merely speaking in your interest, Jobson—for such a matter can in no other way concern me—when I say, keep your eye on the spoons. I hope I am not wronging the man when I state it as my opinion—and conscientiously I state it—that he has somewhat of a hang-dog countenance."

I was much obliged to Mr. Oldwink for putting me on my guard, and so I told him. I then went down to Jim, and consulted with him as to what ought to be done. Jim had nothing to advise, except that he should still continue to keep his eye on Mr. Purkiss. He agreed with me that it was rather a suspicious case; and at last suggested that the opinion of Mrs. Jobson should be taken. So together we went to my wife, and opened the matter to her. We, however, gained no advantage by the proceeding. She called Jim and me a pair of old fools; declared that Mr. Purkiss was one of the nicest gentlemen she had ever come across, and gave it as her opinion that Mr. Oldwink was nothing better than a humbug. Jim and I retired discomfited, and talked the matter over again in the pantry. Jim's gimlet eye did double duty for the remainder of the day.

It was a relief to all parties when Mr. Purkiss asked for his bill next morning, and desired that his carpet-bag might be sent to the station. He took a very polite farewell of my wife, saying he hoped soon to have the pleasure of seeing her again.

When I told Mr. Oldwink that Mr. Purkiss was gone, he smiled blandly upon me, and rubbed his fingers gently through his hair. "It is well," said he. "It was your interest I had at heart, Jobson, in saying what I did; but, if I am anything of a physiognomist, that man is destined either to be hanged or transported. And now, my good friend, in ten minutes Mrs. Oldwink and I will be ready for our usual matutinal drive."

Two mornings after this, Mr. Oldwink again sent for me up-stairs.

"Jobson," said he, "be good enough to let me have my bill in half-an-hour from this time. Mrs. Oldwink and I depart by the 11:45 train; but previously we shall take a walk into the town to purchase a few little mementoes of our visit to Tunstone. Mrs. Oldwink desires me to say that

she has been very much gratified by your attention and evident desire to please. Speaking for myself, I may also express a similar feeling; and I may add that I shall not fail to recommend the Red Lion to my friend Sir Rufus Bloomsbury, who, I believe, intends coming down here in May for a fortnight's fishing. In half-an-hour from this time, if you please."

Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink went out, and returned in about half-an-hour, carrying two or three small parcels. The bill was looked over, and paid without a murmur. Mr. Oldwink's luggage stood ready to be conveyed to the station.

"Jobson," said that gentleman, suddenly, as if the thought had but just struck him, "it would not be amiss, I think, if you were to get your trap out and drive Mrs. Oldwink and myself as far as Deepwood, the first station on the line to London. It is a suggestion of my wife's—and not a bad one, I think. By driving fast, we should be just in time to catch the 11:45 train from here. What say you? Would the mare do it in the time?"

"I'll warrant her, sir," I replied. "The trap shall be ready in three minutes."

So it was—and we all three got in. The luggage, which was not heavy, was put under the seat, and down Highgate we whirled at a spanking pace, and in five minutes Tunstone was left behind. Our ride was pleasant but short, for Deepwood was only five miles off. Mr. Oldwink praised my mare to the skies, and listened to me with much attention while I mentioned all her good points, and told him what way her best qualities might be brought out by one who understood her. We were just driving into Deepwood when I noticed Mr. Oldwink fumbling with his pockets. A moment after, he turned to me, looking very serious and alarmed.

"Jobson," said he, "I find that I have left my purse and a packet of very important papers on the sitting-room table of the Red Lion. What is to be done?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure, unless we drive back for them," said I, letting the mare drop into a walk. "Or will you go forward, and let me send them to your address through post?"

"It's not that I care much for the purse, but the documents are of great importance to me. Let me consider what will be the best plan to adopt."

He laid his finger on his lips, and thought for a few moments.

"I have it!" said he, brightening up. "A train for Tunstone passes here in five minutes from this time. Jobson, will you return by it, and obtain the purse and the papers? We must let the 11:45 go on without us; but there is another train at 12:30 from Tunstone which stops here—you will just have time to get the articles and return by it. We will meet it at the station here, and go forward by it, after paying you for your trouble, and you will return home with the mare. Will you so far oblige me?"

Such a request it was impossible to refuse. We saw the train approaching. I jumped out of the trap, ran to the station and took my ticket; and, looking out of the window as the train started, I saw Mr. Oldwink drawing up at the door of the railway hotel, and preparing to alight.

When I got out of the train at Tunstone, who should I see on the platform but Mr. Purkiss? He gave me a nod and held up his finger; but as I had no time to lose, I pretended not to have seen him, and dived into the crowd; but when I reached the door, there he was again.

"Mr. Jobson, I want to speak to you a minute."

"Can't stay now, Mr. Purkiss. Another time I shall be most happy."

"Another time wont do. Now listen to me. Where have you left Mr. Oldwink?"

"I don't know what right you have to ask the question, but I left the gentleman you name at Deepwood."

"Did he pay his bill before leaving the Red Lion?"

"Certainly he did. But really, Mr. ——"

"Now don't lose your temper. He paid you with a twenty-pound Bank of England note, did he not?"

"He did."

"The note is a forged one. Got it about you?"

"No; it's at home."

"Well, I tell you again, it's a forged one; and, more than that, that your friend, Mr. Oldwink, is one of the most notorious swindlers in the three kingdoms."

You might have knocked me down with a cork when I heard Mr. Purkiss say these words.

"And who are you, sir?" I at length contrived to stammer out. "And how came you to know all these things?"

"I am an officer of the Detective Force. I have had my eye on Mr. Oldwink for some time, but he is such a slippery customer that it was difficult to prove anything against him. I tracked him to your house; and then, as I was quite a stranger to him, I took up my quarters there, in order to watch him more closely. But he began to suspect me after a while, as did you also, Jobson, in another fashion; so that I found it advisable to leave the Red Lion. But I did not lose sight of my gentleman; for though you thought I had left the town, I was, in reality, snugly located at the Green Dragon, opposite your house; where I received confidential communications from your wife respecting Mr. Oldwink, by a trusty messenger, every two hours during the day. Don't look so wild, Jobson, or people will think you are losing your wits. Well, this morning I was informed that Oldwink was going to make a few purchases previous to leaving Tunstone by the 11:45 train; so I set my man to watch him, and note all the shops he favored with his custom. As soon as he was housed again in the Red Lion, I took a banker's clerk with me, and went the same round he had taken. The result was, that we found he had purchased nearly a hundred pounds' worth of jewelry at different shops, together with a small parcel of valuable velvets; for all of which he had paid with forged notes, receiving the change in gold and silver. This done, I posted off to the station, expecting to nab my gentleman on the platform with the property on him. But he was too deep for me; the 11:45 departed, and he never came; and my man has just been down to imform me that he and you had set off by road. And now I'm off to Deepwood by the train, which starts in five minutes; so do you just get a nip of brandy to keep your clockwork in order, and then go back with me; and slippery as he is, see if I don't lay hold of him yet."

Judge what my feelings were while I listened to Mr. Purkiss's story. I was ready to bite my thumbs off with vexation.

When we reached Deepwood, no Mr. Oldwink was to be seen; and my companion laughed at me when I expressed my surprise at not finding him there.

"To think you should expect such a thing!" said he. "Why he is miles off by this time, unless your mare has broken down." Here was another blow for me, for I had no idea that he would take off with my mare. "It would not do for him to travel by rail," added Mr. Purkiss, as an afterthought. "He was afraid of the telegraph."

We found on inquiry at the railway inn, that the old scamp had stayed there about five minutes only, to bait the mare, and take some refreshment; and then, after asking a few questions respecting the roads, had set off at a good pace northward. In three minutes we had a gig out, a horse in the shafts, and ourselves seated behind it; and after learning which road the fugitives had taken, set off after them as hard as we could go.

"And Mrs. Oldwink, what of her?" said I to my companion.

"Birds of a feather—you know the rest," he replied, biting off the end of a cigar.

It was a raw and bitter afternoon, with showers of sleety rain at intervals. The horse that carried us along was a good one, pretty near equal to my mare, and fresh to begin with. So on we went, over hill and dale, through a very wild and lonely country; every mile, as it seemed, leading us farther away from any town or village; and with but one wayside inn to break the solitude, at which we stayed for a few minutes to bait our horse, and where we gathered tidings that made us hasten on again. We had got, perhaps, a matter of ten or twelve miles from Deepwood, when Mr. Purkiss suddenly flung the cigar out of his mouth, gave the horse a sharp lash that made it bound madly forward, and pushing his hat tighter over his brows, gave vent to a smothered "Hurrah!" There they were before us.

It was some minutes before they found out that they were followed. Mrs. Oldwink, happening to turn her head, was the first to see us; next her husband gave a backward glance; and then, half-rising in his seat, lashed into my poor mare in a style that made my blood boil to see. Though we did our best, the distance between us gradually increased; and in one sense I could hardly regret that it was so, since it proved so plainly the superior bottom of my mare. There was not a word spoken for some time, so great was our anxiety. It had become a question of speed and endurance between the two horses. The road, which had been level and straight for some distance, came at length to a considerable hill, nearly covered by a thick plantation of young trees, up the side of which it wound with a sharp curve. The gig before us passed out of sight when it reached this bend of the road, while we were still a considerable distance from it. When we came up to the curve, we saw that there was another bend in the opposite direction higher up the face of the hill, and that Oldwink had passed the second corner before we reached the first, and was therefore still out of view. The hill was so steep that we were obliged to allow the mare to walk up it, for fear of blowing her completely. What then was our surprise, on passing the second corner, to find the gig and it occupants only about fifty yards ahead of us. Purkiss rubbed his eyes as though he could hardly believe them. But there the fugitives were, real enough; for Oldwink was looking over his shoulder as we turned the corner, and on seeing us took off his hat, and moved to us as though wishing us good day.

"Must have halted here a minute or two to breathe the mare," said Mr. Purkiss, after cogitating for a few moments.

"He needn't have done so," said I, "if he had understood how to manage her."

Oldwink moved rapidly ahead, and gradually placed the former distance between us.

The afternoon was beginning to darken, and the mists to creep down the hill-sides. The road, though level, had now become very crooked; and the gig before us was out of sight as often as not. Oldwink himself frequently looked back, but Mrs Oldwink sat calm and upright beside him, and never noticed us even with a glance.

We had got, as near as I can reckon, about three miles past the hill, when, for the fifth or sixth time, we lost the gig before us behind a bend of the road. We were four minutes, I should say—or, at the outside, five—before we passed the corner, and recovered sight of it; and when we did see it, we both of us this time had need to rub our eyes in earnest. There—a hundred yards ahead of us—stood the gig; and in it sat Mrs. Oldwink in the most unconcerned manner possible; but Mr. Oldwink had disappeared, and with him the mare. Mr. Purkis pulled up suddenly when this sight met his eyes. He knew no more than myself what to make of it. Oldwink certainly was gone—the mare certainly was gone; but why leave Mrs. Oldwink in that heartless manner to meet her fate alone? And why did that eccentric lady appear so perfectly unmoved at being thus unceremoniously deserted?

Mr. Purkiss whistled softly to himself, while we advanced at a walk toward the deserted lady, who did not condescend even to turn her head when we drew up close behind her and descended to accost her.

Mr. Purkiss was the first to approach her. "A Dummy, by Jove!" he screamed, as he peered under the bonnet. "Done again, as I'm a sinner!"

It was as he said. The figure we had taken for Mrs. Oldwink was merely two cross sticks placed upright in the gig, and covered by the lady's ample shawl and bonnet—in fact, nothing more nor less than a respectable scarecrow.

"Well," said I, scratching my head, "I confess I don't see the meaning of this thing."

"You don't!" cried Mr. Purkiss, glancing savagely at me, for he was evidently out of temper at last. "Why, what a stupid you must be! Don't you see, man, that when Oldwink halted close to the plantation, instead of his doing it to breathe the mare as we thought, he did it to give his wife an opportunity of making off into the wood with the jewelry? This thing was then dressed up, and we were enticed forward as far as this spot, in order to give the woman an opportunity of getting clear away. And now, to finish the affair, Oldwink has made off with your mare across the country, and will meet his wife at some place agreed on, twenty or thirty miles away from this. Well, he's a slippery customer and no mistake!"

Further pursuit was useless for the present, even if we had known which road Oldwink had taken; and very down in the mouth we both looked as we turned our faces back to Deepwood, which we did not reach till far into night.

What my wife had to say to me about this little affair when I got home, need not be set down here. And the wigging she gave Jim! Poor old girl! it served her to talk about for many a month after, so that I found it best after a while to shorten her tongue by buying her a peach-colored satin gown.

I have nothing more to add, except that Mr. Oldwink and his wife were taken at Liverpool some three months after by Mr. Purkiss; for some years after which event they were both cared for at the expense of an enlightened public.

THE STEAMER "NORTH STAR."

The engraving on page 237 represents the steamship "North Star," built by Commodore Vanderbilt in 1853, for himself. Her first voyage was a pleasure trip to various ports of Europe, the liberal owner taking with him a company of ladies and gentlemen, numbering about forty. The idea was original and excited the greatest attention in Europe and this country. Rev. Dr. Choules, who accompanied the expedition, and officiated as chaplain, commemorated the incidents of the voyage in a very readable book, the "Cruise of the North Star." The writer of that work, and the commander, Captain Eldredge, both of whom contributed much to the success and enjoyment of the journey, are now no more. The vessel is now on the line between New York and Panama. Built under the eye of the owner, she realized his views in a rare combination of symmetry and strength. She was built by Mr. Simonson, and is a fine specimen of American naval architecture. She is rated at 2500 tons.

Apart from the beauty of her model, she is probably one of the strongest fastened vessels of her tonnage afloat. She is two hundred and sixty feet on the keel, two hundred and seventy feet on the spar deck, thirty eight breadth of beam, thirteen feet from floor timber to lower deck beams, seven feet eight inches between decks, seven feet six inches between main and spar decks, making her whole depth twenty-eight feet six inches. Her keel, of white oak, is fifteen inches sided by fourteen inches wide, stem and stern posts of the same material, with double aprons, and inner posts of live oak, bolted through with 1 3-8 copper bolts, deadwoods of white oak, and thirteen inches through, fastened with 1 1-2 inch copper bolts, in the most substantial manner. The floor timbers are sided twelve inches, and moulded thirteen inches, being placed close together and bolted through sideways with 1 1-2 inch bolts. The main kelsons, of which there are five rows extending the entire length of the ship, are of white oak, sided fifteen inches by 32 inches deep, the first tier being fastened with two copper bolts 1 1-2 inches in diameter, through every floor timber, the upper tiers secured to the lower one with large iron bolts. The bed upon which the engine rests is composed of four rows of kelsons, two feet two inches by five feet deep, secured by iron screw bolts driven from the bottom before the vessel was planked.

The ceiling is of six inch yellow pine, and bolted in the same manner as the bilge streaks, forming one substantial mass of timber fourteen feet in depth. The lower deck clamps, on which the beams rest, are seven inches thick, thoroughly fastened with iron bolts driven from the outside, and rivetted on the inside. There are forty-five deck beams in the lower deck, with carlines between, sided fifteen inches and moulded fourteen inches, with lodging and bosom knees of white oak, and a large hanging knee on each end. The engines were made at the Allaire works. The cabins, saloons and state-rooms are fitted up in that style of splendor which characterizes all of our sea-going passenger steamers, and in which we surpass the decorations of all foreign vessels. We have now fairly shown the world that our mechanics and constructors are capable of producing Atlantic steamships of the greatest speed and strength and may honorably defy competition

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PIMO WOMEN.

SKETCHES OF INDIAN TRIBES.

On this and the next page we have placed a series of well engraved illustrations from authentic sketches, delineating representatives of the various tribes of aborigines yet existing in the west and south, still preserving the customs of their savage ancestors, still subsisting chiefly by the chase, and finding their supreme glory in battle, in spite of persistent efforts to civilize them and change their habits, in spite of the progressing wave of civilization rolling towards and from the Pacific, and threatening the ultimate extinction of the primitive lords of the soil. Of the number of Indians still existing in North America, few are seen in the older and more densely settled States. Here and there, surrounded by white men, as at Marshpee, in this State, a little handful cling together, who have adopted some of the habits of the whites, but the impossibility of the co-existence of the Indian and the white man, seems an established rule only proved by exception. There is, with the Indian, an innate repugnance to the regular labor and steady habits which give the white race its pre-eminence. They are emphatically the children of the forest and the wild. The chase, "image of war," with its wild excitement, its dangers and adventures, has still an invincible charm for them. War, too, is their passion. How few and far between are the examples of red men laying aside the bow and the rifle, and betaking themselves to agricultural and mechanical arts. No—their day has passed away, their sun has set. Year by year, their numbers diminish, year by year their territory is contracted, and year by year the cities of the pale-faces encroach upon their hunting-grounds and wigwams. They have borrowed from the whites only weapons of destruction and potions of death. There is something melancholy in this obliteration of a race of men. Their doom was sealed the moment the keel of the discoverer's caravel grated on the sands of St. Salvador. The white winged messengers that bore to the shores of the New World the cross and the standard of Castile and Arragon, brought also the death-warrant of the red men. The story of their wrongs at the hands of the Spaniards is too trite to be repeated. Doomed to degrading toil, plundered, insulted, outraged, the gentle savages of the tropic wilted away before the breath of the white invaders. The Indians of the north were made of sterner stuff, and experienced more justice at the hands of the whites. Still they were treated with sufficient severity; and when they chose to send the snake-skin and arrows, in token of defiance, the war they courted was waged with pitiless sternness. The "heathen salvages" were shot like dogs, and in spite of all their bravery and adroitness, and knowledge of the country, they proved no match for the men who had beaten the royal troops at Worcester and Naseby, the iron men of the "Bible and the Sword," who overturned the British monarch. Poetry, song and painting have embalmed the memory of the old possessors of the soil; but they themselves have left no memorials in the lands which they once occupied. Their frail wigwams have long since perished; the ploughshare has obliterated all traces of the graves of the dead, and only here and there a lake, a river or a mountain, preserves the music of their disused tongue. Why need we wonder that with so many traditions of departed glory and landed wealth as they possess, they sometimes fiercely turn to bay and avenge the wrongs of their ancestors on the descendants of the men who dispossessed them of their native soil? It is vain to quote the arguments of learned writers to show that nomadic tribes have no right to any territory which is needed by civilized men, it is vain to tell how many jack-knives and brass buttons, and iron nails were given for the site of a city; we must look at these contests from an Indian stand-point. Then, while we admit that the fire and sword must be used to guard our frontier, we can conceive how it is there that scenes of blood and vengeance occur. Critically examined, there is little to excite sympathy in the Indian character. The Indians are, almost to a man, cruel, haughty and sensual. They degrade their women and load them with the severest tasks. Even their bravery is not of that exalted character which commands admiration, and is always tarnished with ferocity. Mutilation and torture are freely inflicted on the fallen foe, and a tribe rarely takes the war-path if it is not sure that its numbers are far greater than those of the enemy. Yet there are many striking traits in the Indian character, a certain picturesqueness of thought and language, hospitality, respect for the dead, contempt of suffering. Poets and romance-writers have made the most of these salient features, but it is not in poetry and romance that we are to look for faithful delineations of the Indian race. We must rather seek them in the stories of pioneers and hunters, of travellers who have "summered and wintered" them, of explorers, traders and agents.

The accompanying pictures are all authentic. One of them (the third) represents a family of Diegeno Indians on their travels. This people are of the San Diego country, and are among its curiosities. They were converted by the Jesuits many years ago. They became partly civilized and were industrious and happy, and collected many comforts about them. Naturally lazy and incapable of self-government, and deeply imbued with all the traits of the wild Indian, they soon degenerated, after the missions had fallen from under the rule of the church, and have become worse than in their original condition. Many of their women are said to be beautiful and all of them are well developed and superbly formed. They imitate the whites in dress, and on a single person one may sometimes see odds and ends of clothing from all parts of the world. Adjoining the Diegeno, and owning a part of the same great valley, that of the Colorado, is the nation of Yuma Indians, delineated in our last engraving. These are said to be a very treacherous people; they conquer by craft and cunning, and delight in midnight attacks; they invite each other to feasts under the garb of friendship, and suddenly fall upon and kill their guests; or, taking advantage of the absence of the warriors from their villages, massacre the old women and the young children, and carry off as prisoners the young women and larger children. They possess but few horses, and carry on their expeditions on foot. Their war weapons are bows and arrows, clubs and knives, with which they make sad havoc among their enemies. They are of the medium height, and of a dark brown color, and many of the women are beautiful in form. An essential article of dress, worn by the men as depicted in one of our sketches, is a piece of coarse cloth; and the women wear a becoming dress, woven out of the inner bark of the willow, which article is also represented. The front portion is woven plain, but the back into an irregular shape, with a lump on each side, answering the purpose and appearing like a bustle. On this protuberance the women carry their young children, a rope passing around the child, and the ends tied together in front of the mother. Both sexes paint, and the men wear longer hair than the women. Their language is not sweet, but the two damsels before us glory in the soft names of Ma-vah and Le-och. Unmarried women are taken care of by the tribes; when a death occurs in a village it is immediately deserted; and the bodies of their dead they consume with fire. They are fond of games, and squat down and play a game of cards, even upon a journey. Although constantly in the water, these Indians never use canoes, but swim from shore to shore. In their rude way they cultivate melons, corn, pumpkins, and beans, the last being a main dependence, and their favorite animal food is the mule.

Another of our portraits is that of Noco-shimatt-tash-tanaki, or Grisly Bear. He is a Seminole, and the principal chief of that part of his nation, consisting of about 2500 souls, who emigrated from Florida a few years ago, and now reside on the prairies west of the Arkansas River. He comes of the same cunning, ferocious, and determined race who so long defied the power of the government. Though accustomed to the use of the horse, it will be perceived that our friend prefers to stand forth as a pedestrian.

Another curious race, found in the Valley of the Gila, are the Pimo Indians, two females of whom are represented in our first engraving. They are farther advanced in the ways of civilization than any other barbarous people on the Mexican frontier. They have among them many great warriors, and yet they habitually work laboriously in the field. They are the owners of fine horses and mules, fat oxen, cows, pigs, poultry, etc. They consider themselves the descendants of the Aztecs, and claim Montezuma to have been of their tribe. Their huts are of an oval shape, not high, built of reeds and mud, and thatched with wheat straw; their country, during the proper season, being covered with fields of the waving golden grain.

Another of our engravings represents a Lipan warrior. He belongs to a tribe residing in Texas, and numbering not more than six hundred souls. Though they have rendered some service as guides, they are in reality, a race of horse thieves; and the fine animal upon which the Indian is mounted is, probably, one of the acquisitions of his last foray. Another tribe of aborigines is that known by the name of Papagos. They wander over the country from San Javier as far west as the Tinagas Altas. They were at one time a formidable tribe, and waged unceasing war against the Mexicans. They are comparatively well off in worldly goods, planting corn and wheat, and possessing cattle and horses. They are, at the present time, a quiet and inoffensive tribe. The women dress respectably, but the men go nearly naked. One portion of the tribe have a superstition which makes them afraid of water, preventing them from erecting their houses in sight of a river or a lake; while others prefer a residence on the immediate banks of the salt lakes near the Gulf of California. The two specimens shown in our second illustration, are accurate representations of the women of the tribe.

DIEGENO INDIANS TRAVELLING.

PAPAGOS WOMEN.

HOTEL AT PERA.

We were shown directly to our apartments, and the first sight of a room—large enough, if divided, to make three ordinary drawing-rooms—affected us somewhat like the entrance into a museum. Passing through it we found our sleeping apartments, consisting of three or four consecutive divisions of the length of the large hall, which formed the back part of the building. They were scantily but comfortably furnished, and commanded a view of a portion of the sea and some interesting parts of the city; but the prospect of the smiling garden and grounds connected with the French palace, that lay directly beneath our windows, was more cheering and less strange than any other object. The large hall that was to be our drawing-room had neither stove nor fireplace; and the day after we became its occupants, the weather was so cold that it snowed nearly all day long. A large copper vessel, called a mangal, in which were three or four quarts of burning charcoal, was placed in the room, around which we all huddled, in the vain hope of making ourselves comfortable. If we succeeded, as we sat crouching over it, in getting a little glow in our blue noses, and in thawing the benumbed ends of our fingers, it was at the fearful expense of severe headaches and dizzy brains. But another mangal was added, and large screens of baize, or something of the sort, were spread round the vessels of coal, forming a little apartment, in which we sought shelter.—*The Tent and Harem.*

A MORNING WITH ROSA BONHEUR.

By birth Rosa Bonheur belongs to France—by the rights of genius, to the world. She is the most distinguished female painter living or dead. No other has won so wide a fame—no other built a reputation on so broad and firm a basis. Wherever Art is known and talked of, Rosa Bonheur is known and talked of. In France, England, America, Germany, and the smaller kingdoms of Europe, the name of Rosa Bonheur is a household word.

At twelve o'clock on the eleventh of March we were set down at No. 32 Rue d'Assas, and passed through a gate and down to the farther end of a garden, where we entered the vestibule of a small cottage house, the present residence of Rosa Bonheur. We sent up our card, and in a few moments were seated in her *atelier*—a large, square, oaken-furnished room on the second *étage*—talking with the little painter with as much familiarity as if we had known her all our lifetime. In a clear, rather thin voice, Rosa ran on about art and art-life for half an hour, only leaving us room to slip in the points of conversation edgewise.

"You have accomplished much, mademoiselle," we said, glancing at a large picture on the easel, called "*Les Moutons*" (The Sheep).

"Yes," she replied, "I have been a faithful student since I was ten years old. I have copied no master. I have studied nature, and expressed to the best of my ability the ideas and feelings with which she has inspired me. Art is an absorbent—a tyrant. It demands heart, brain, soul, body, the entireness of its votary. Nothing less will win its highest favor. I wed art. It is my husband—my world—my life-dream—the air I breathe. I know nothing else—feel nothing else—think nothing else. My soul finds in it the most complete satisfaction."

"You have not married?" we said.

"Have I not said that I married Art? What could I do with any other husband? I am not fit to be a wife in the common acceptation of that term. Men must marry women who have no absorbent, no idol. But the subject is painful; give me some other topic."

"You don't love society?" we said.

"Yes I do," she replied, with an air of impatience; "but I select that which pleases me most. I love the society of nature; the company of horses, bulls, cows, sheep, dogs—all animals. I often have large receptions where they are the only guests. I also like the society of books and the thoughts of great minds. I like George Sand. She is a great genius. The world has wronged her—society outraged her. Go to see her. You will like her. I have no taste for general society—no interest in its frivolities. I only seek to be known through my works. If the world feel and understand them, I have succeeded."

"Have you given the Women's Rights question any attention?" we asked.

"Women's rights!—women's nonsense!" she answered. "Women should seek to establish their rights by good and great works, and not by conventions. If I had got up a convention to debate the question of my ability to paint '*Marché aux Chevaux*,' (The Horse Fair,) for which England would pay me forty thousand francs, the decision would have been against me. I felt the power within me to paint. I cultivated it, and have produced works that have won the favorable verdicts of the great judges. I have no patience with women who *ask permission to think!*"

At this moment two or three visitors entered, and while Rosa was occupied with them, we busied ourselves by making notes of things in the *atelier*. On the wall to the left of the entrance was a head of a buck, with long, branching horns; one of a goat, another of a bull; an imperfect skeleton of a horse, and the skins of various animals. At the farther end of the room stood a large oaken case filled with stuffed birds of all sizes and descriptions, and on the top of it, in a perfect state of preservation, were an eagle, a hawk, an owl, and a parrot. On the wall, opposite the door, were a pair of landscapes representing a storm rushing between the rocks, and clouds breaking on their tops. The third and fourth walls were taken up with the busts of horses, cows, sheep, dogs, cats, wolves, etc., in bronze and plaster, modelled by Rosa's own hand. All about the waxed floor were spread out the preserved skins of cows, bulls, stags with their great uplifted horns, and bears, goats, sheep, dogs and wolves with their fierce eyes glaring upon us. The impression these wild pieces of carpeting made on us, on entering the *atelier*, was almost startling. It seemed more like a den of wild beasts than the *atelier* of a lady.

After a short flirtation with the parrot, which spoke tolerable French, we took our leave, promising to meet Rosa at the School of Design for Women on the next Friday, where she goes once per week to give a lesson. This school was founded by Rosa's father. At his death she became its sole mistress, but now entrusts it mostly to the care of her sister and brother. There are about fifty regular pupils who receive instruction gratis.

Rosa Bonheur has many proofs of the reward of industry. If she wished to make a small fortune in a few days it would be easy for her to do it in England, by opening there an exhibition of her pictures and sketches. "*Marché aux Chevaux*," (The Horse Fair,) which was exhibited at Williams & Stevens's a year or two ago, and which was so well received by the New York press, was bought by Mr. Gamber, an English editor, for forty thousand francs. When Rosa visited England she was received like a princess. America also paid, the last year, ten thousand dollars for a "View in the Pyrenees"—one of her least known pictures. A rich Hollander, visiting her *atelier* recently, offered her a thousand crowns for a small sketch that she could have painted in two hours. "It is impossible to comply with your request," she said, "I am not inspired." Mademoiselle Bonheur is below the medium height of women; in appearance, about thirty-five years old; *petite*, with quick, piercing blue eyes, and brown hair, worn short, and parted on the side, like a boy's. Her dress was a brown alpacca skirt *sans* crinoline, with a blouse jacket of black cloth. She looked very boyish. Mademoiselle also has an *atelier* in the country, where she spends much time. When in the city she wears the costume of her sex; but never ventures outside the barrier except in her masculine gear. There are many anecdotes in circulation about the little painter. One day, when she returned from the country, she found a messenger awaiting to announce to her the sudden illness of one of her young friends. Rosa did not wait to change her male attire, but hastened to the bedside of the young lady. In a few minutes after her arrival, the doctor, who had been sent for, entered, and seeing a young man (as he supposed from the costume), seated on the side of the bed, with his arm round the neck of the sick girl, thought he was an intruder, and retreated with all possible speed. "O, run after him! He thinks you are my lover, and has gone and left me to die!" cried the sick girl. Rosa flew down the stairs, and soon returned with the modest doctor, who said he did not wish to intrude. On another occasion, mademoiselle had tickets sent her for the theatre. She had an important picture in hand, and continued at the easel till the carriage was announced. "Yes," said Rosa, "I am ready;" and away she went to the theatre just as she was. A fine gentleman in the next box to hers looked at her with surprise, turned up his nose, affected great disgust, and went into the vestibule to seek the manager. Having found him he went off in a rage:

"Who is this woman in the box next to mine, in an old calico dress, covered with paint and oil? The odor is terrible. Turn her out! If you do not, I will never enter your theatre again. It is an insult to respectable people to admit such a looking creature into the dress circle." The manager went to the box, and in a moment discovered who the offensive person was. Returning to the fine white-gloved gentleman, he informed him that the lady was no less than Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, the great painter. "Rosa Bonheur!" he gasped. "Who'd have thought it?" Make my apology to her. I dare not enter her presence again."—*Correspondence Home Journal.*

A LIPAN WARRIOR.

GRISLY BEAR, A SEMINOLE CHIEF.

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

We give below an interesting statement of the services of the soldiers now living in the State of Ohio, whose names are upon the roll of the pension office: James McDermut, now living in Ohio, enlisted for three years, in 1777, at Easton, Pennsylvania, and marched to rendezvous near Trenton, New Jersey, and thence to Germantown, Pennsylvania. During this period was in several skirmishes with the enemy, but the engagement at Germantown was the first regular battle he was in. Soon after, returned to Trenton, and was occupied at intervals in pursuing and harassing the British and Hessians, as well as avenging the mercenary depredations and outrages committed upon the inhabitants of New Jersey. Was one of the actors in the battle of Monmouth, when the excessive heat of the day, combined with the dust and smoke of the contest, and the two frequent use of cold water, caused so much suffering as well as death to many of the combatants. This soldier was under the immediate command of Col. Seeley, and well recollects the undaunted courage and untiring activity displayed during the battle by him and Gen. Forman, and the conspicuous manner in which both passed along the lines several times to animate the soldiers.

Adam Link, now in Ohio, entered the regular service in 1777. His father, a bold, fearless man, had settled in Washington county, Pennsylvania, and in opposition to the advice of friends, on the extreme borders of civilization, near the Virginia line. Being thus exposed to the subtle dangers which then surrounded a frontier life, in the vicinity of Indians unfriendly to the whites, Adam acquired in the hardships and dangers of border warfare an experience which fitted him for future service in the cause of his country, as well as to assist in the protection of the property and the lives of the family. Immediately upon the commencement of hostilities the Indians made a descent upon the settlement, captured his father, then murdered and scalped him, burnt the house and barn, destroyed a large field of corn, a hundred hogs, forty sheep, all the cattle and horses, and three hundred bushels of wheat. From this period the family, from having enjoyed an unusual amount of wealth and independence, were at once depressed into poverty, and suffered great privation and danger during the remainder of the war. At the time of his enlistment under Captain Mason, so well was he known as to cause this remark to be made of him: "He is a good marksman, and will now have an opportunity to try his skill." At different periods he served in the garrison at Wheeling, Moore, Dements, and Shepherd Forts, and acted as an Indian spy, as well as scouting along the frontier; was at Wheeling garrison when Capt. Mason was shot through the hips.

John Strait, now living in Ohio, entered the Rhode Island line in 1775, commanded by Col. Varnum; has served under Generals Greene and Sullivan; was in the regiment that landed on the island and marched against the British fort on Batt's Hill, but found that it was evacuated; was at the battle of Newport. Besides these three we know not that there are any other of these old veterans in the State.—*Washington Constitution.*

YUMA INDIANS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPER, TAUNTON.—In Russia, where the ravages of the moth commit such extensive mischief, it becomes a subject of importance to find some counteracting agency. The furs, which are there so universally worn, are one of the principal causes which engender this destructive insect It is found by experience in that country that nothing is so efficacious as a preventive as a very strong tobacco, known by the name of Mahorka. A portion of this placed on any article proves the most effectual antidote that can be used.

EMMA V —"Grecian" painting and "Oriental" painting are only old processes revived.

J. C —It is true that many English people do not travel on the continent this year owing to the unamiable feelings with which they are regarded everywhere.

PUPIL.—The Confession of Faith, presented by the Protestants in 1530 to the Emperor Charles V., is called the Augsburg Confession, because it was presented to the emperor in the city of Augsburg.

STUDENT.—The power of flight given to some birds is most extraordinary; the frigate bird, for instance, is known to perform a journey of twelve hundred miles without pausing one instant to rest its wings, even on the surface of the ocean. A shark will also follow a vessel from America to Europe without any intermission.

QUI TAM, Rockport, Mass.—Ames received $500 for his portrait of Choate, and has received orders for a duplicate.

BEGINNER.—At an English fashionable dinner table It has now become an established custom to have nothing but dessert and flowers on the table. All the dishes are carved at the side tables, and the vegetables handed round.

"FORESTER"—Thirty-one coal burning engines are in use on the Hudson River Railroad, reducing the current expenses of each engine, according to the estimate, some forty-five per cent. All our principal railways, running through thickly settled districts, where wood is scarce and dear, will soon employ coal burners exclusively.

C. C., Wheeling.—Insects and worms have white (or colorless) and cold blood. Animals with cold blood are always more tenacious of life than those with warm blood

S. C.—Ostriches in confinement seem to have a craving for stone and iron. An ostrich died lately near Caen, France, in whose stomach was found a closed knife, some stones, some nails and a file.

VOYAGER.—We learn from the correspondent of an exchange paper that persons arriving in New York will hereafter be spared much annoyance, as police officers are now placed at each steamboat landing and railroad depot to protect them from the outrages and impositions of hackmen, runners, etc. Strangers should always state their wants to an officer, whose duty it is to give them all the information required.

HOW MUCH THEY EAT IN PARIS.

If in the insane visions of a raging fever, we conjured up the image of a vast, ravenous, sensual being, opening a million hungry mouths, we could hardly conceive of the possibility of satisfying his tremendous appetite. But this monster is no fiction of the imagination—it is no creation of the delirium of fever; it exists, it lives, it opens its million mouths, seeking what it may devour, and this monstrous eater is named PARIS. Let us see what it costs to supply the cormorant with meat and drink for a year. The quantity of water consumed cannot be estimated; that which is purchased for the use of families and individuals, costs 4,000,000 of francs. And for the other items. Flour, 62,000,000; meat, 95,000,000; cooked meat, (principally pork), 34,000,000; wine, 196,000,000; alcohol, in various shapes, 34,000,000; beer, 8,000,000; cider, vinegar, olive oil, etc. 7,000,000; poultry and game, 20,000,000; butter, 27,000,000; eggs, 9,000,000; pies, truffles, and other costly delicacies, 2,000,000; milk, 14,000,000; fresh fish, 12,000,000; oysters, 2,000,000; vegetables and fruits, 40,000,000; sugar, coffee, tea, cheese, dried fish, salt, spices, etc, 72,000,000; paid to pastry cooks, restaurants, etc. for special culinary preparations, 8,000,000; fuel, for cooking, 10,000,000; making a grand total of 656,000,000 of francs, or $131,200,000.

The above valuation is based on ordinary years. It corresponds to the average prices for provisions, and to an accidental inflation caused by bad seasons. Admitting this figure of $131,200,000 as the expression of the sum paid by the Parisian consumers for their food, the expenditure of each individual is $124 60 a year, or thirty-four cents a day, nearly.

It is unnecessary to remark that the distribution is not equal. The luxury of opulent tables is balanced by the trivial consumption of young children, old men, the invalids, or by the compulsory privations of extremely poor people.

The cost of living in Paris varies according to style. In general, a good dinner costs you from 4 to 6 francs; a more pretentious one from 10 to 16 francs; a dinner "fit to set before a king" from 20 to 25 francs. Then, in certain quarters of Paris, along the Marché des Innocents, for instance, you will find little tables set in the open air, where you can buy a dish of *something* for two or three cents. There are men who deal in soups alone, and will give you a bowl, such as it is, for a cent. There is a woman who perambulates the quays or the boulevards in the Temple quarter, carrying before her a chafing-dish and a stove, who sells you sausages smoking hot, or fried potatoes, paper cornets, or fritters. Her portable establishment furnishes a complete dinner, meat, vegetables and dessert for 5 or 6 cents. Many a hard-up student, or used-up Bohemian, lives in this way, till "something turns up," *a la* Micawber.

SMALL THINGS.

It is a proof of a very unphilosophic mind to despise small things. "Despise not the day of small things," is a sacred injunction, full of the highest wisdom and philosophy. The greatest fortunes are but the aggregation of trivial sums; the greatest achievements are but the unity of minute particulars. An ancient king of France took it into his head to form a library, and set up in the literary business with a capital of ten volumes. The library—the imperial library of Paris, now contains 700,000 volumes, and is of countless worth.

A quarrel about a pig is said to have involved us in the war of 1812 with Great Britain. We quote the story as we have seen it, without vouching for its historical accuracy: "Two neighbors, both of the old federal school of politics, who had lived in the city of Providence, R. I., chanced to quarrel. And so it happened, one was the owner of a pig, who had an irresistible inclination to perambulate in the garden of the next neighbor. The owner of the garden complained of the pig-sty being insufficient to restrain the pig, and the neighbor replied, it was all because he kept his fences in such ill repair. The pig was taking his morning walk, when he was surprised in the act of rooting up some very valuable bulbous roots; this was the 'last feather:' the owner of the garden put a pitchfork into his tender sides, and killed him outright. At the coming election, the owner of the garden was a candidate for a seat in the legislature, and failed by one vote, the vote of his incensed neighbor, who voted against him. At the election of a senator, the democratic candidate was elected by one vote—and when the question of war with England was before the senate, it was declared by a majority of one vote, so that but for the pig, we should probably have been saved from this war." Is it not a momentous question? We might multiply examples, and illustrations, to give force to the admonition, not to despise small things.

SHARP PRACTICE.—A colored man, who owns a farm in Bedford, and who sells hay in this city, has been detected in a singular fraud. His wagon has been seized, and a false bottom found, in which was a quantity of sand and mud weighing four hundred and fifty pounds, which sand and mud his customers had been for some time paying for as good hay. His property has been attached by his defrauded customers.

HAPPY COMPLIMENT.—The highest eulogium of Mr. Webster's ability that occurs in the recent address of Edward Everett, is where he says of the former that "there are few who would not confess, when they agreed with him, that he had *expressed their opinions better than they could do it themselves.*"

TAKE OUR ADVICE.—Enclose twenty-five cents to John J. Dyer & Co., No. 35 School Street, Boston, and order a copy of that great curiosity, *The Illustrated Scrap Book*, which will come to you with its five hundred engravings, *post paid*, by return of mail.

SUBMARINE EXPLOIT.—A man named Wilson, dressed in a suit of patent submarine armor, has walked across the Schuylkill River, under water, at Philadelphia. Every one to his taste; most people try to keep their heads above water!

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.—The man who won a thousand dollars on a fight between a saw horse and a hydraulic ram, recently lost all his money on a mill race.

LONGEVITY.—The oldest person living in Chelsea, Mass., is an Irish woman aged 104 years!

STRONG-MINDED.—A woman in Worcester, Mass., cowhided a man there the other day.

SHREVE, BROWN & CO.'S ESTABLISHMENT.

In all the great cities of Europe and America, the most attractive establishments to visitors and residents are those devoted to the sale of silver ware and jewelry. Here wealth is displayed in its most tangible and concentrated form, and finds its expression in the most minute and curious workmanship. Many of these magazines are sumptuous and splendid, but we question if there is anywhere, either in Europe or America, one more tasteful and elegant, more comprehensive and complete, than that of Messrs. Shreve, Brown & Co., (formerly Jones, Ball & Co.), No. 226 Washington, and No. 1 Summer Streets, Boston. None of the jewelry stores in the galleries of the Palais Royal, Paris, begin to compare with this ornament of our city, either in elegance or in completeness of stock. Notwithstanding the modern progress of luxury, the establishment has never yet been eclipsed or even rivalled. Fitted up with true artistic taste, it must always please the refined and intelligent. It is furnished in its whole extent—some 125 feet in length, by 67 feet in breadth—from floor to ceiling, with costly and elegant goods. The cases enclose magnificent specimens of silver ware, watches, from the most celebrated manufacturers, diamonds, emeralds, pearls, etc., etc, set in thousand forms which art has devised to meet the caprices of fashion and the patronage of wealth. It is a dazzling gallery of riches and splendor. In various parts of the spacious store are statuettes and other articles of bronze, of elaborate workmanship and high cost. Messrs. Shreve, Brown & Co. are constantly importing these gems direct from the *ateliers* of the most celebrated artists in the world. The stock embraces every article that artists in bronze, gold and silver, and that dealers in precious stones supply, and the extensive correspondence of the firm enables them to fill orders for every object of *virtu* which they do not themselves manufacture. Whether we survey the exterior or the interior of this magnificent store, whether we contemplate its costly contents in detail, or in reference to the whole, we find nothing to criticize and nothing to suggest. It completely fills the eye and satisfies the taste, and must be regarded, in every respect, as a model establishment.

A DISCOVERY AS TO BUTTER.

A New Yorker in the country writes thus to the New York Tribune of his success in investigating the, to him, mysteries of butter making: "It always used to bother us where butter came from. Our idea was that it must have come from a salt mine, mixed up in some inscrutable way in tubs. But it appears that butter is made by women. We happened one day to be out in the place called the 'wood house,' when a very singular occurrence took place. A woman who was there put on an apron, and then proceeded towards a singular-looking institution with a stick in it. Taking hold of this stick, she began working it up and down as though her very life depended on the operation. 'What in the name of wonder are you doing there?' said we. 'Making butter, you fool.' Being in pursuit of knowledge, we disregarded the superfluous appellation, and mildly asked her the rationale of the process, when, to our astonishment, she wheeled upon us and delivered herself of the following remarkable sentiment: 'Naow, look a here, mister, I don't warnt none of your gas. You've been a follering me areound and areound ever since you've been here, and I wont stand it no longer. Naow go.' We went, but we knew one thing—butter is made by women in some way or other."

GREELEY AND THE MORMONS.—In spite of the very moderate manner in which Horace Greeley spoke of the Mormons, Heber Kimball has been opening all the sluices of his billingsgate upon him. His gentlest assertion is that Horace "is the greatest liar on the face of the earth."

WE DENY IT.—The London Times has the audacity to say "the best thumbed book in the public library of Boston is—what? That sacred volume which is, somewhat irreverently, known in the land of its birth as the Snob's Bible—we mean the British Peerage."

CALLED OUT.—The New Haven Register relates that an actor at one of the theatres was called out four times in one evening, not long ago—twice by a sheriff, once by a tailor, and once by an irresistible desire to imbibe.

LARGE GREEK CONTRACT.

We are permitted, says the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, to state that the American Bank Note Company, which organized last year, and is now in active operation in the Merchants' Exchange Building, has just completed a contract for the National Bank of Greece, providing that institution with notes of various denominations, engraved in the highest style which the art has yet attained in any country. The general appearance of the notes, in comparison with those commonly issued by American banks, is not remarkable, except that they are larger and have rough edges—in the latter respect resembling notes of the Bank of England. The paper is made expressly for the Greek Bank, with a water-mark, and is printed in three colors—black, red, and green. All have the name of the bank inscribed across the left hand; and among the embellishments is a portrait of the governor of the bank, the national coat of arms, and a beautiful vignette. One of the latter represents the temple of Theseus, at Athens. These notes are bound in volumes, and cut out as issued, leaving a marginal record of their number and amount. Their denominations are severally ten, twenty-five, and one hundred drachmas; six drachmas being equivalent to a dollar. Their size varies a trifle, increasing according to the amount of the note.

This is the first contract of any magnitude for bank note engraving ever executed in this country, for any European government; and, having been awarded to United States engravers, contrary to all precedent, and in face of the strong competition offered by the engravers of Europe, may very naturally be construed as a high compliment to American art. It is also gratifying so far as it indicates the progress of the Great Republic in national greatness and renown. In mechanics, the superior skill of the United States has been repeatedly acknowledged, as in naval architecture, the construction of implements of war, agriculture, etc.; but in the arts we have not made equal advance. In painting and sculpture we are only beginning to attract attention. Bank note engraving, however, has been carried to a degree of excellence equalled in no other part of the world.

AN UNLUCKY HEBREW.—A Jew residing at Lyons, lately lost his purse, containing 1200 francs, and advertised the loss in the usual way. The next day he received this letter:—"Amiable Israelite,—It is I who have found your 1200 francs and you may weep for them, for you will never get them back. I am leading the life of a Sardanapalus. Here is an account of what I have this day had for breakfast and for dinner. [A detail of the two meals was here given.] I shall continue to live in this manner, gracious Hebrew, until your 1200 francs are exhausted, and I will finish by drinking a glass of wine to your health."

A VALUABLE MEERSCHAUM—The Philadelphia North American tells of a "splendid article in the way of a meerschaum," which is in the possession of Dr. Morris J. Asce, of Jefferson College. It formerly belonged to the King of Prussia, and was colored in a most effectual manner. Its royal owner caused it to be smoked by a whole regiment of soldiers, until it was as black as anthracite, one man passing it to his comrade as soon as he had enjoyed it sufficiently himself.

A YANKEE GIRL.—A New London girl at San Antonio, Texas, keeps a bowling saloon and offers herself to roll with any amateur in the country. She finds plenty who are willing to try their hand with her, and she pockets the change, never as yet having been beaten. She states that in six months she cleared $2000.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.—This house, under its present management, is reaping a rich harvest, a return which is fully merited by the liberal and excellent style in which its performances are given. The company is a remarkably talented one, and the appointments very perfect.

GENEROUS BEQUEST.—The late M. A. Bowden, of Georgia, left the sum of one hundred thousand dollars to the Glenville College and Military Institute, to be applied to the payment of professors and the education of poor boys.

GOOD HUMORED SATIRE.—There is a relief in ridicule and good natured satire. Laughing at the misconduct of the world will, in a measure, ease us of any disagreeable passion about it.

GERMANY.

It appears that a movement is making—whether likely to be successful or not, it remains to be seen—to reform the federal constitution of Germany, and to establish, on liberal bases, a great representative State. It will be remembered that this was a darling scheme of the liberals of 1848 and 1849, but they failed in their projects, and the present German confederation is that established by the federative act of 1815 and the final act of 1820. The Brussels Nord, a very influential paper, in speaking of this movement, says: "The late war has proved, it must be admitted, the absolute impotence of the Germanic confederation for anything beyond purely defensive measures. What is now asked in its name, is a reform, giving it at need and will, the offensive action which its own institutions and general treaties have withheld. Will those who are moving it in this direction obtain their end? This question interests not only Germany, but all Europe, and particularly France, for we must admit that it is disappointed at finding their present federal institutions an obstacle to intervention against France in the Italian war, which now impels certain German parties to demand a reform of their institutions.

"But these reforms forget only one thing, that is, that the Germanic confederation is a European institution, that it is, as such, one of the essential bases of the present legal state of Europe and are of the conditions of the general equilibrium; that it was created by the consent of Europe and consecrated by fundamental treaties which are the common work of all the powers, and that, consequently, it can neither be abolished nor reformed in its essential conditions, except by a common resolve of all Europe assembled for that purpose. It is not assuredly the same to Europe whether there exists in the centre of the States which compose it, a confederation of sovereign States like that which has shown its impotence to draw the world into a general and perhaps endless war, or a great State, a unit with forty-three millions of inhabitants. Evidently, if this reform should be accomplished, all the conditions of the equilibrium would be overthrown, and it would be necessary to reconstruct the edifice on entirely new bases. But it cannot be accomplished without the consent and concourse of all Europe, highly interested as it is to maintain the confederation of German States in its purely defensive character. This is a truth which the reformers of the Germanic confederation seem to us too ready to forget, and which it is not unimportant to remind them of in the midst of their active and unseasonable attempts."

A NEW BALLOON.—A new air-ship called after her birth-place, "The City of New York," is nearly completed, and is designed for a journey across the Atlantic. Her pilot is T. S. C. Lewis, of New Hampshire, hero of 36 ascensions, and she is five times larger than the largest balloon ever built. She has many new improvements, her basket will be warmed by a lime-stove, a metallic life-boat is attached to her, and in three or four weeks she will start; her projector expects that she will make the voyage in 48 hours.

MISJUDGED ECONOMY.—What the world calls avarice is often no more than compulsory economy; and even a wilful penuriousness is better than a wasteful extravagance. A just man being reproached with parsimony, said that he would rather enrich his enemies after his death than borrow of his friends in his lifetime.

A FRENCH FOGY.—A French historian and poet of the fifteenth century sneered at the invention of printing, and the discovery of the New World by Columbus. He was opposed to innovations, and thought that the "old paths" were good enough for his footsteps.

THE GREAT CLOCK.—The great clock at the Houses of Parliament, London, now strikes the hours regularly upon the great bell, and the sound may be heard distinctly for miles round the metropolis.

LIBERAL TERMS.—Madame Gassier is engaged for the Havana opera season at $2500 a week and a free benefit. Such terms would almost make a nightingale of a crow.

LIGHT TAX.—Georgia is probably the lightest taxed State in the Union. Its State tax is only two thirds of a mill on the dollar.

THE ISLAND OF SAN JUAN.

Our readers are aware that General Harney, commander-in-chief of the Pacific division of the American army, has taken possession of the disputed island of San Juan on the northwest coast, and that the assertion of sovereignty is likely to lead to a great deal of diplomatic correspondence, if not to more serious doings between Great Britain and this country. Let us glance a moment at the geographical position of this island which has suddenly sprung up into such political importance. The line separating Washington Territory and British Columbia, has remained up to this time purely ideal—it is the 49th degree of north latitude. But as the more these States are developed, the more necessary it becomes to establish their boundaries distinctly. By its position, the island of San Juan would seem to authorize no contest, for it is situated within the 49th degree of latitude (between 48° 30′ and 48° 40′) and consequently an American territory. If England claims possession of it, it is not because she misunderstands the material fact of its geographical situation, but because she asserts that this island, as well as the adjacent ones forming the archipelago, are annexes of Vancouver's Island, her possession of which is not disputed, though it lies on both sides of the 49th degree. Victoria and all the southern part of the island is really within American limits. As this island could not be cut in two, the entire property is left to England, but it is an abuse for her, on the strength of that title, to grasp at islands entirely separated from Vancouver's. At any rate, the smart Yankees who have now a foothold on the island, and are backed by military authority, will not be very likely to surrender easily, or to be frightened at the aspect of an occasional man-of-war taking a look at their settlement. We shall soon see what the British government says to this affair, and in the meanwhile may keep our quills sharpened and our powder dry.

"THE DANCING STAR: or, *The Smuggler of the Chesapeake.*"—A little more than a year since we published a large edition of this fascinating sea story, from the pen of *Professor Ingraham*, every copy of which was sold in three weeks from the date of issuing. We have received repeated calls for the work from all quarters, but have been obliged to return one answer to all, "out of print." We have now put to press a new edition, fully illustrated with large original drawings, which will be issued next week. Any person enclosing us *twenty-five cents* in postage stamps or silver, shall receive a copy by return of mail, postage paid.

MONTENEGRIN WARRIORS.—A letter in Galignani, from Cattaro, states that Prince Danilo, who had instituted a military medal, has distributed it to the officers and soldiers of his army who distinguished themselves at the battle of Grahove. The claims of the Montenegrin warriors were established in rather a singular manner; all those who had killed a Turk and *produced his nose* to the prince, received the medal. That is, they *turned up their noses* at the proffered reward.

THE LEVIATHAN STEAMSHIP.—The Great Eastern is as long as the distance between the eastern end of the Old State House and the lower corner of State and Broad Streets. Three monuments as high as the shafts on Bunker Hill could be placed end for end on her deck, and yet leave thirty-seven feet of space in length uncovered.

TAGLIONI'S POSITION.—Mdlle. Taglioni has just been officially appointed, by the French Minister of State, to be inspectress of all the dancing classes of the opera, and to perfect such pupils as she may consider likely to become first-rate performers. Taglioni is poor—has lost all her property.

ARTISTIC.—Mr. Corcoran of Washington, is erecting on Pennsylvania Avenue, an art gallery, which is estimated to cost two hundred thousand dollars. The gallery will be free, and will be managed by trustees appointed by Mr. Corcoran.

SMART.—Mr. Noah Noyes, the oldest man in Newbury, cut this year 2500 weight of meadow hay in less than a day. Mr. Noyes was born in 1770, and is consequently 89 years old.

HEALTHY.—The Southern States have been remarkably free from sickness during the past summer.

Wayside Gatherings.

Wildman calculates that a single colony of wasps breeds upwards of 30,000 in a year.

Twenty-one thousand people were present at the firemen's celebration in Zanesville, Ohio.

The losses by the great fire at Halifax, Sept. 9, will amount in the aggregate to about one million of dollars.

The value of produce received at New Orleans for the year has been $172,952,664, larger by $6,797,118, than the highest previous year, that of 1857.

An excellent bust of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, in plaster of Paris, has been sent to Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York, by that reverend gentleman as a present to the firm.

The Dispensary physicians in the city of New York attend annually, it is said, 120,000 poor patients whose disease might have been prevented by the execution of proper sanitary regulations.

The sexton of the Catholic burying ground at Fall River, in his returns to the City Clerk, assigns as a cause of the death of one of the persons whom he interred—"shortness of breath."

By the last report of the Secretary of War, the militia for the United States number 2,766,726, of which about 2,700,000 are infantry, 20,000 cavalry, 12,000 artillery, and 34,000 riflemen.

There are now in operation in the United States one mile of railway for every thousand inhabitants; in England, one to every 2500, and in the whole of Great Britain one to every 3000 inhabitants.

The London Times, in a leading article on England's defence preparations, says she is now rapidly approaching a position, if indeed she has not actually attained it, in which no assailant can hope to attack her with impunity.

From Monroe county, N. Y., it is estimated that 30,000 barrels of apples have already been shipped this season, and that the entire amount will reach 80,000 barrels. The total apple crop of Western New York is estimated to be from 600,000 to 1,000,000 bushels.

In Germany, says "Peasant Life," every inch of ground is made to produce something, and sometimes the soil produces two or three crops. Everything that cattle can eat is used for fodder, and the children wash weeds and other refuse matter to make them attractive to cattle.

It is asserted that silver ore of extraordinary richness has been found on Colonel Fremont's tract in California. It is nearly all pure silver, being but slightly mixed with copper. It is found forty feet below the surface, and said to contain ninety per cent. of silver.

In Newport, as a boy named Johnston, seven years old, was picking up chips in a shipyard, the workmen, not knowing that he was in the way, rolled a mast over upon him, killing him instantly. He had been warned to keep away.

It is authoritatively stated that the amount of money remitted home by Irishmen resident in America, the last year, for the purpose of assisting their friends to emigrate, was $2,360,000. The ten preceding years the amount remitted was $49,680,000.

Among the novelties recently introduced in ladies' apparel is a new article of suspenders. They bear resemblance to those worn by gentlemen, except that they are made of delicate white elastic fabric, with frilled edge about one inch wide, and are attached to the skirt by buttons in like manner.

Doctor S. P. Townsend, who retired from the Sarsaparilla business some years ago with a fortune of half a million, having lost much by speculations, has resumed it again. He is fond of speculation, and it was he who sent the Rev. Mr. Corey to England to invite Mr. Spurgeon to this country.

Steam is always fresh, and thus all the solid matter contained in the feed water, whether it be salt, chalk, or vegetable substance, is left in the boiler. With twenty grains of solid matter per gallon of water, the deposit in a boiler evaporating 2000 gallons daily, would, in one year, amount to about one ton.

The committee upon the plan of the monument to be erected in Independence Square, Philadelphia, to the memory of the signers of the declaration of independence, offer a premium of $300 for the best plan, and $200 for the second best. The monument is to be of marble or granite, on a base of sixty feet, and to cost, with the iron railing, $150,000.

Letters from Zante (Ionian Islands) of 16th of August, 1859, state that the currant crop this year is in a very prosperous condition. The blight, which for five or six seasons past has caused the total destruction of the vines, has entirely disappeared. Zante would perhaps make twelve million pounds, of very excellent quality; Cephalonia thirteen millions, and Morea fifty millions.

The water in the Connecticut is lower by two feet than it has been known for twenty years and more, and boats find it almost impossible to reach "the head of sloop navigation." It is stated that they are longer in going from Middletown to Hartford than from New York to Middletown, and that the river is filling up and becoming more difficult of navigation yearly.

Sands of Gold.

.... Address makes opportunities, the want of it gives them.—*Bacon.*

.... To the imagination, immensity is but a step.—*De Boufflers.*

.... He is a fool that praises himself, and a madman that speaks ill of himself.—*Danish Proverb.*

.... Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range. —*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... The politician never proves more utterly mortal, than when he gives ear to his enemy. —*W. G. Simms.*

.... Hard workers are not so often dishonest as the indolent, their industry placing them above temptation —*Bovee.*

.... Pleasure may be called the short cut to the tomb, as it shortens time, which is the way. —*Jerrold.*

.... The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasure of others.—*Bruyere.*

.... When I take the humor of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle—I go through. —*Ben Jonson.*

.... To the proud man who has erred, the great difficulty is in knowing when atonement has been made.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... This is true philanthropy, that buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its hospital in the human heart.—*Harley.*

.... The sum of our existence, divided by reason, never gives an integer number, but a surprising fraction is always left behind.—*Goethe.*

.... As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.—*Seneca.*

.... Old men's lives are lengthened shadows; their evening sun falls coldly on the earth, but the shadows all point to the morning.—*Jean Paul.*

.... The passions of the men of society differ as much from the passions of the natural man as the fruits of a grafted tree from those of a wild one.—*De Boufflers.*

.... No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—*Sydney Smith.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is a lady's hair like a bee-hive? It holds the *comb.*

Why is an attorney like a minister? Because he studies the law and the *profits.*

Why is an Atlantic steamship like a horse's collar? It goes over the *main* (mane).

Why is a man poking a wood fire like a rum-seller? Because he *stirs* the *brand-he punches.*

Why is unpremeditated homicide like a man's indulging in immoderate mirth? Because it's manslaughter (man's laughter).

"Barber, I think this towel has been in use long enough." "It has been used more than six weeks, and no one has ever found fault with it before!"

A tailor in New York has a bill in his window to the following effect: "Wanted, several *thin* coat makers." This is a fine chance for *spare* tailors.

Soon after the battle of Loban, a wit observed that Bonaparte must now be in funds, for he had lately received a *check* on the bank of the Danube.

A coffin maker having apartments to let, pasted his bills announcing the same, upon the coffins in the window, "lodgings for single gentlemen."

A would-be prude remarked one day in hearing of Mdle Dejazet, "I am very particular about my reputation." "You are always particular about trifles," replied Dejazet.

"My dear, what shall we name bub?" "Why, huz, I've settled on Peter." "I never knew a man by the simple name of Peter that could not earn his salt." "Well, then, call him Salt Peter."

"You had better ask for manners, than money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply.

An Irishman took the cars at Boston for Worcester. On jumping from the cars, he remarked that if he had known he could have made the journey in so short a time, he would have *walked a-foot.*

Old Gent—"Waiter!" Waiter—"What, sir!" Old Gent—"Bowl of soup, rare!" Waiter—"On a fork, sir, or in a paper?" Old Gent—"Tie it in my handkerchief, and don't break the edge." Exit waiter in search of to-morrow's paper.

There is a joke abroad that one day at a conversazione Lord Brougham was talking learnedly about a Hindoo poem, written 500 years B. C., when suddenly, on some hint given, he began to discourse with equal knowledge on the philosophy of cooking a beefsteak. He is the most versatile man abroad.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BEN, MY LOVER.

BY SYBIL PARK.

O'er the meadows bright with verdure,
Creep the shadows cool and brown,
And the sunset's crimson banners,
Fringed with gold are floating down,
While I'm waiting for his coming,
From the field of yellow grain;
He has promised he would meet me,
Just at sunset in the lane.

If with silent heart I listen,
To the murmur of the leaves,
When the Sabbath stills are broken
By the truant summer breeze,
I shall hear the solemn cadence
Of an anthem loud and free,
Drifting up in mighty surges,
Like the soughings of the sea.

Dearer than the gorgeous banners,
Floating softly down the west,
Or the grand triumphant music,
With its stirring vague unrest,
Is the one low song I'm keeping,
Like a royal blessed dream;
And my soul is never weary
Conning o'er its witching theme.

But the crimson light is dying,
Longer have the shadows grown,
O, I am impatient waiting,
In the quiet all alone.
And I wonder why he tarries,
With the stalwart reapers yet,
When the last ripe sheaves were garnered
Ere the golden sun had set.

Hush, cold lips! be still your chiding,
Ben, my lover, cometh now,
Yet a moment, and his kisses
Will fall lightly on my brow;
And the old sweet words, "I love you!"
Shall be murmured o'er again;
Old sweet words, yet new forever,
Charming with their glad refrain.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE

BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE.

BY HOWARD LIVINGSTON.

HALF way up the hill, at the top of which is Castel-Cuille, a sweet little cottage lies half buried in trees. It was the home of Marguerite, the daughter of an old Gascon officer—the same Marguerite whom Jasmin has immortalized in that language which some translators imagine was once spoken universally in the south of France, and which is still that of the peasantry.

This little country maiden was one of the sweetest flowers that ever bloomed in a lowly hamlet. The cottage itself, set in its frame-work of green leaves, and white orchard blooms, was neat as her hands could make it; its simple furniture made beautiful by its perfect order and arrangement, and rendered picturesque by the profusion of plants and flowers by which it was surrounded.

In this retreat, Marguerite performed the part of housekeeper to her father and little Paul, her brother. No sorrow had as yet thrown a cloud over her save her mother's death, and that of her eldest brother; and already, griefs were fast subsiding into a gentle, placid memory, in which nothing of bitterness was mingled.

The old officer worshiped his children, and seemed content to pass his life, now in its sunset hour, in their society alone. Paul was the most affectionate of brothers, and the little maiden's life was beautiful in its devotion to both. Even a new claimant to her love seemed to draw nothing from her father and brother; for latterly, the handsome young peasant, Baptiste, had spent his leisure hours at the cottage, and yet the old officer's ruffles wore the same immaculate purity of hue, and Paul's simple garments were as neatly made as ever.

She and Baptiste were affianced. The wedding day was set, although some time was to elapse before it; and no change was to be made except that the little cottage was to be enlarged for a new inmate—for not even marriage could separate the affectionate girl from those who had been so dependent on her household cares for their comfort.

In the midst of all this happiness, Marguerite was suddenly attacked with measles, and the father, afraid to trust her to another, turned nurse, and took care of the beloved one who had so long been his household angel. The disease, sometimes so light and simple, assumed with Marguerite a fearful aspect. For days she struggled with it, and at last, when only youth and the strength of a constitution, nurtured by the sweet mountain air, subdued its violence, it did not even then leave her unscathed.

For Marguerite—with the bloom coming back into her cheeks as bright as ever—with renewed health apparently as strong as before—with the soft curls again floating over the brow so nobly shaped—was still sorely smitten by a calamity as irretrievable as it was terrible. Those beautiful eyes that had never looked aught but the tenderest love, were thenceforth dark and sightless!

Marguerite accepted the affliction with the same gentleness that had always characterized her. Perhaps she still hoped for restoration; but months passed, and the blind girl sat in darkness.

The brave old officer who had never shrunk from the cannon, was prostrated by this blow. Marguerite did not see the dead face, but she passed her white fingers over it, and knew that death had smoothed the furrows which grief had made there. Then she clung closer to Baptiste and little Paul. She could not know, save by his strange silence, how the former was gathering up his resolution to obey his father, who was perpetually taunting him now, with the thoughts of a blind wife. And even his silence, she interpreted kindly into grief for her privation. So full and perfect was her faith in him—so wicked she would have thought herself, had the case been reversed, if she had thought of forsaking *him*, that she never dreamed of telling him that he might give her up. She would have deemed it treason to the fond love she knew he had borne her so long.

One morning he came in with an appearance of great haste. His father had desired him to go away far up the mountains, on a mission for him which would occupy some time, and he came to bid her adieu. It was all so sudden that she did not even have time to ask when he would come back; but scarcely had he departed, before she thought of it, and felt her way to the door, as if to call him; but the sound of other footsteps near, made her desist, and she returned to her little room, and threw herself upon the bed, weeping and sobbing out the sad words, "alone! alone!"

"No, Marguerite, I am here," said the soft voice of little Paul. "You and I can live together, and I will see that nothing shall harm or trouble you. Reach your hand up to my head, dear sister, and see how tall I have grown since you were sick. Now I can be your protector, can I not?"

And smiles and tears and kisses answered the brave boy's tender words.

The trees, so full of blossoms when Baptiste went away, are loaded down with their wealth of fruit, and still he comes not. Marguerite sits in her darkness, her hands listlessly folded on her lap, and wonders what keeps him so long. Every sound seems to be that of his footsteps; but it passes on and leaves her in her loneliness. And so the season goes on, and again apple and plum and almond give the sweet odor of their blossoms to the breeze, but he who inhaled their fragrance with her last year, is no longer here.

"Marguerite, dearest, I have been down the hill," exclaimed little Paul, as he ran in with his cheeks all aglow with excitement. "There is a bridal party just winding round the foot of it, on the way to the church. Why were we not bidden, sister? It is very ill-natured in Angela, not to ask us."

"Angela! why Paul! Angela to be married this morning, and I, her friend, not to know it."

"Ay, *both* friends—the bride and bridegroom. She is to be married to your friend, Monsieur Baptiste, who came to see you so often last year."

There was a sharp- quick cry, as if body and soul were separating, and there, upon the earthen floor, lay Marguerite with the pale hue of death, as little Paul imagined, upon her face.

At that moment the sound of the bridal music reached the cottage as the train passed on just beneath it. The air was pure and clear, and the words of the song were wafted up to the ear of Marguerite, whose other senses were sharpened since she had lost her sight. She started up, fully roused from her momentary lethargy.

"If you could only see them, dear Marguerite! They are passing up to the cliff with heavy wreaths and chains of flowers, to deck the church where they are to be married to-morrow morning."

A step at the door announced a visitor. It was old Jeanne, the fortune-teller, who came to see how poor Marguerite bore her affliction. The girl's pallid looks soon sent her away without the power of speaking a word; and, full of sorrow and anger, she hastened to where the bridal party were singing and laughing in their thoughtless glee. She approached Angela who was as wild and joyous as the rest.

"Take care, Angela!" she whispered; "perhaps from this wedding, a death may come. In marrying Baptiste, you are digging a grave!"

And the old woman weeps as she remembers the pale, sad face that she has left in the cottage. Angela sees her tears, and glances disturbed at Baptiste. No glad, joyous bridegroom does he seem, but he stands there with a wearied, unhappy look, as if the general gaiety met with no response in his heart.

"My poor Marguerite!" he murmured. "Lost! sacrificed to my father's iron will, that bids me marry where I do not love."

Angela did not hear the words, but a strange gloom seemed to spread itself over her bridal train, as if a deep, dark thunder cloud had suddenly covered the sky; but she quickly recovered herself. She had known all along that she was usurping the sacred rights of the blind girl, but Baptiste was too great a prize for the weak-minded Angela to resign voluntarily, although she saw that he did not love her.

"Wake, wake, dear sister! called out the cheerful voice of little Paul, as soon as the gray dawn had broken, the next day. "Come with me to the bridal. We can hear the music and the service if we were not asked."

Marguerite had not waited to be called. She had risen long before, and was arranging the soft, glossy hair that hung down over her beautiful neck and shoulders. She put on the white dress long ago made for her wedding, and the pretty satin slippers bought by her father, for the same occasion. A delicate spray of white roses, with a few almond blooms fastened her corsage, and a ring which Baptiste had given her hung loosely upon the little shrunken finger it had once fitted.

"Are you ready, dear Marguerite?" shouted the impatient voice of Paul.

"One instant, darling!" she called, from her room, and after seeking in her drawer for something which she put into her boddice, and of which the boy saw only the glitter, without knowing what it was, she joined him, and he led her from the door, talking as he went, of the grand bridal.

He had not seen how the girl had knelt down by her bedside a few moments before, and, while the cold dews of anguish had bathed her temples, she had prayed in a low, sweet, murmuring voice, "Father, forgive me!"

It rains—a dark, drizzling rain, far more dreary and irritating than a sharp, quick shower. It brings out the sweet smile of the laurel branches with which the path is strewn; and Marguerite turns away with a shudder as she inhales it.

"Where are we, Paul?" asked the maiden. "Is this the hill?"

"Don't you *see*, Marguerite, we are almost there?"

Marguerite's smile was like the sunlight upon graves—so dreary when hope is buried out of sight.

"*See*, love?"

"O, sister, I had forgotten. Forgive me?"

A hawk wheeled round in a circle just above their heads. Marguerite heard the flutter of his sable wings, and asked Paul what it was.

"O, the black bird that our father said was called an ospray, and that he brought bad tidings. There was an ospray on the roof the night that brother Antoine died. I remember Antoine said, 'I am going, Marguerite; take care of little Paul.' And when our father died, too, there was one there."

"O, Paul, don't, *don't?* Let us go back to our home. I *will* try to take care of you, my poor boy!"

But no! he would not go home, until he had seen the bridal, and Marguerite borne on by a resistless influence, entered the church, after stopping an instant at the spot where the family graves lay blooming with the flowers she could not see.

Before the altar stands the priest, and kneeling at his feet are the bridal pair. The blind girl listens breathlessly for some sound. One word alone reached her quick ear, unheard by others in its low, faltering tone. She knew whose was the voice that uttered it.

It was he, then, Baptiste himself. She called wildly to him to stop and take her blood, instead of the holy water for his bridal. A vacant, idiotic smile was his only response, while the vain Angela simpered and laughed, as if the blind girl were jesting upon the loss of her lover.

There were wax candles burning upon the altar; and, in their light, something was seen to glitter brightly in the hand of the blind girl, as she drew it from within her boddice. As she raised it, with the point turned towards herself, little Paul, who saw that it was a small steel poniard, once his father's, snatched it from her hand.

"Marguerite! Marguerite! you will be hurt!" he cried. She looked wildly round at these words.

"I will not do it, darling! I *must* live to take care of little Paul!"

But while she spoke, she sank down upon the steps of the altar, close to the bridal pair. Baptiste, shivering with terror, stooped down and called her by her name. A smile of more than mortal beauty passed over her face at that sound. The lips quivered and then were motionless as the altar step on which she lay. With that slight, fluttering motion, life had gone out forever.

That evening, no bridal song was heard in the church; but, in its place, the grand, solemn old funeral chant of the "De profundis" awakened the tears of all who heard it.

On a bier, literally covered with flowers, lay the blind girl. What "mortal woe" could reach that "peaceful sleeper" now? Surely the angel that prevented the poniard's stroke, was now "watching that long repose" that seemed so quiet—so serene. Beside the bier, his small hand wreathed among the soft curls of his sister's hair, knelt little Paul, and near him stood one of the young priests who had joined in the service. As the child murmured his brother's dying words, "take care of little Paul," the young priest clasped the tiny hand within his, and whispered, "*I* will. You shall come with me. Weep no more for your sister. She SEES now!"

THE PRISON OF HAVANA.

The Presido and Grand Carcel of Havana is a large building, of yellow stone, standing near the fort of Punta, and is one of the striking objects as you enter the harbor. It has no appearance of a gaol without, but rather of a palace or court; but within, it is full of live men's bones, and of all uncleanness. No man, whose notions are derived from an American or English penitentiary of the last twenty years, or fifty years, can form an idea of the great Cuban prison. It is simply horrible. There are no cells, except for solitary confinement of "incommunicados," —who are usually political offenders. The prisoners are placed in large rooms, with stone floors and grated windows, where they are left, from twenty to fifty in each, without work, without books, without interference or intervention of any one, day and night—day and night, for the weeks, months, or years of their sentences. The sights are dreadful. In this hot climate, so many beings, with no provision for ventilation but the grated windows—so unclean, and most of them naked above the waist—all spend their time in walking, talking, playing, and smoking; and, at night, without bed or blanket, they lie down on the stone floor, on what clothes they may have, to sleep if they can. The whole prison, with the exception of the few cells for the "incommunicados," was a series of these great cages, in which human beings were shut up. Incarceration is the beginning, middle, and end of the whole system.—*Dana.*

L. J. CZAPKAY, M. D., OF SAN FRANCISCO.

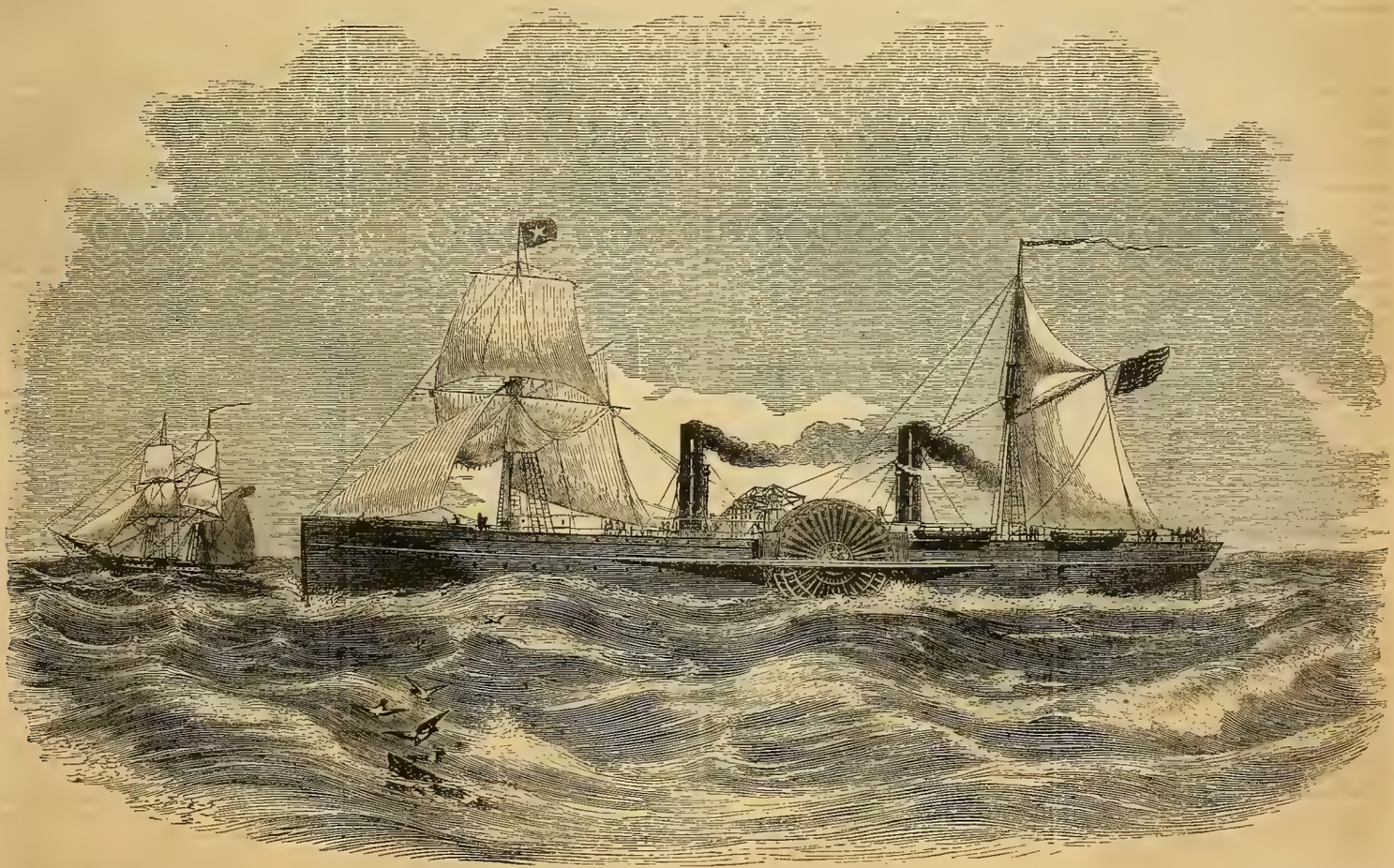
The Hungarian war of liberty, like that which settled the destinies of Poland, brought into action the energies of many a noble spirit whose name remained unrecorded upon the lists of fame. History has emblazoned in brilliant colors the courageous deeds of that heroic band, which, under the leadership of the renowned Kossuth, so nearly succeeded in rescuing the land of the Magyar from the grasp of despotic Austria. Although the effort was not crowned with success, and the leaders and principal abettors of the revolution were driven into exile, despoiled of their property, and obliged to seek in foreign countries that subsistence which was denied them in their native land, the struggle had the effect to disperse the cloud of error which had so long prevailed with regard to Hungary, and introduced us to a race of men in every respect the superiors of those by whom they had been reduced to subjection. Dr. L. J. Czapkay, the subject of this sketch, is a favorable specimen of his nation. He has natural talents, which, exerted in the sphere that had been marked out for him at home, gave him at once an honorable position. His family was one of the first to espouse the republican cause. Born in 1825, and graduating in 1842 from the College of Eperices, he selected the profession of medicine as that best suited to his talents and inclinations, and

was regularly entered at the University of Pesth. Here he went through the usual course of studies with such credit to himself as to elicit the warmest encomiums from the faculty. He received his diploma in 1847, and entered at once upon the promising career that lay before him. When in 1848 the project of casting off the insufferable rule of Austria and proclaiming the independence of Hungary was agitated in the political circles, Dr. Czapkay at once took a warm interest in the plans; he openly proclaimed his sympathy with the cause of freedom, and when the revolution broke out, joined the republican army, with many other scions of the Hungarian nobility and gentry, as a volunteer. In this capacity he exhibited so much bravery, that he soon received a lieutenant's commission, and on the reorganization of whose army he was transferred to the surgical staff, and in 1849 ordered to the military hospital at Pesth, with the rank of captain. Dr. Czapkay speaks in feeling terms of the horrors which came under his notice while attending the wounded at this hospital. After the battle of Veitzen, the wounded were removed to Pesth in large numbers. Many practitioners attached to the army, overwhelmed by their duties or grown callous in the pursuit of them, would slight the cases committed to their charge, but Dr. Czapkay, with a humanity which does him credit, and which is to this day characteristic of the man, redoubled his assiduity in this useful field, and was the means of saving to society many a valuable life. A poor young soldier of the line, whose personal symmetry and comeliness of features attracted the surgeon's attention, had been brought in on a hurdle, apparently breathing his last. He was attended by a lovely girl of aristocratic appearance, which, in spite of the plainness of her attire, would exhibit itself. This poor girl watched every movement of the physicians with looks of agonized anxiety, which testified how deep was the interest she felt in the wounded youth. As one after another they examined his wounds, and turned away with a gloomy shake of the head, her agitation was fearful to witness. "Is there, then, no hope?" she would ask of each in turn, and as the usual negative was received, her voice became weaker and more tremulous, and her eyes glared with unnatural fires, which showed that nature, overtasked, was giving way, and reason beginning to reel upon its throne. "Fear not, I will save your betrothed," replied the doctor, as she addressed the same question to him. And he was as good as his word; he saved the young soldier's life, and had afterwards the satisfaction of seeing him rewarded by promotion, and finally wedded to the lady of his choice—an Austrian countess of great wealth and influence. Dr. Czapkay was soon after called by the exigencies of the time into active service. He assumed the post of chief surgeon to the twentieth battalion of infantry, afterwards celebrated as the Honved Corps, and in this connection shared in all the vicissitudes through which his regiment passed, often distinguishing himself by his bravery as a soldier, as he had already done in his capacity of surgeon. On one occasion he made a very narrow escape. At the battle of Kassau, the Austrians, com-

L. J. CZAPKAY, M. D., OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

manded by General Schlick, had taken position on the side of a mountain, while the Hungarians, under G[illegible] [illegible] an unfavorable stan[illegible] [illegible]ns, discoveri[illegible] [illegible]ng to remed[illegible] [illegible]mi-nence be[illegible] [illegible]en the enemy, [illegible] [illegible]re against the Hungarians' left flank, overwhelmed it and hurled it aside by the mere weight of superior numbers.

This movement uncovered the medical staff, which was immediately involved in the fight, and would undoubtedly have been cut to pieces had not the Hungarian leader sent a reinforcement to their rescue. Those were times of peril and privation—a powerful foe, or, rather, a combination of foes, without, and treachery within the walls of every city. The unexpected defection of Gorgey crushed the hopes of the Hungarian patriots and covered his own name with undying infamy. The leaders of the revolution became fugitives in the land for whose freedom they had fought. Russia lent her forces to disperse the remains of the Hungarian army, and with her powerful aid Austria succeeded in extinguishing the spark of European independence. A price was set upon the heads of the patriots, many of whom suffered at the hands of the butcher Haynau the severest tortures and died the most violent deaths. Dr. Czapkay was among the number of those who fled for life and liberty. In 1850 he reached Hamburg, almost destitute, and departed thence for New York city, en route for Philadelphia, where he arrived on the 9th of May following. There he entered at once upon the practice of his profession, fortifying himself in his ambitious purposes by marriage with an amiable young lady of that city. Dr. Czapkay subsequently accompanied Kossuth in his triumphal journey through the United States, and for a brief time endeavored to establish himself as a physician in the Modern Athens, but in a city whose inhabitants are exclusive in a remarkable degree, and where professions are almost hereditary, the difficulty of obtaining a foothold was too great for an impulsive disposition like that of our ex-Honved. In May, 1854, Dr. Czapkay arrived in San Francisco, where the prospect proved to be worse than in either Philadelphia or Boston. For a moment only the subject of this biography allowed himself to be oppressed by gloomy forebodings. San Francisco was the seat of a severe commercial crisis. Her bankers and merchants were failing on every side, and, although Dr. Czapkay came with the highest testimonials in his favor, he seemed likely to lack for patients. To add to the difficulties against which he had to contend, the place was overstocked with physicians, many of whom were obliged to lend their energies to other pursuits, in order to provide the means of subsistence. There was also little or no ill health, and Dr. Czapkay proceeded to Marysville, in the faint hope that he might there find the golden opportunity he had been seeking. These visions were dissipated by a conflagration, which drove him back towards the close of 1854 to San Francisco. But Dr. Czapkay's indomitable perseverance did not fail him even then. Possessing unbounded confidence in his own resources, he exerted every power of mind and body with which nature had gifted him, and from that moment to the present, fortune has smiled upon him, until he has become one of the landed capitalists and wealthiest men of the States, while as a practical philanthropist his name stands high among the medical and surgical lights of the day. Since his establishment on the Pacific coast he has received the *ad eundem* (honorary) degree from the Philadelphia College of Medicine. He is a member of many of the charitable associations of the day, and has conferred unnumbered benefits upon the weak and necessitous. Society boasts with a commendable pride of its Howards, its Ricords, and its Hunters, and the scientific records of the Pacific have already borne glittering testimony to the surgical and medical achievements of a Czapkay. Maintaining in his social relations all those ennobling traits which mark the man of honor and the gentleman, he devotes himself assiduously to the practice of his profession, which he has pursued with such eminent success. The portrait which accompanies this sketch is a very perfect likeness of the original.



VANDERBILT'S AMERICAN STEAMER, THE NORTH STAR.

[See page 231.]

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I'VE STOOD ON THE SHORE.

BY JAMES BISTINE.

I've stood on the shore of a beautiful lake,
When Luna beamed silvery o'er its fair brow,
And heard the sweet tones of the peasant's harp break
Like fairy sounds over the riplets below.

And I knew in the cottage far over the stream,
Whence came those sweet whisperings from beauty's soft touch,
Contentment resided—if not, in a dream
Alone, such a being could transport so much.

There love is as pure as the brow of the lake—
As the moonlight that tranquilly gilds o'er its wave—
And there all are happy as larks that awake
At morning within the clear waves to lave.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BATHING.

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats;
Nor, when cold winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquered earth,
First learned, whi e tender, to subdue the wave.
E'en from the body's purity the mind
Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.—THOMSON.

LOWLINESS.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.—SHAKESPEARE.

VIRTUE.

Thou know'st but little,
If thou dost think true virtue is confined
To climes or systems; no, it flows spontaneous,
Like life's warm stream, throughout the whole creation,
And beats the pulse of every healthful heart.—MILLER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The statue of Webster has now been inaugurated, and occupies its pedestal in front of the State House. We trust it will not be long before the statue of another great man fills the opposite space. It is time that our public buildings should be externally ornamented by works of high art, handing down to posterity the form and features of those who have deserved well of the republic—its statesmen, warriors, orators, and men of learning. The Webster and Washington of our State Capitol should have marble and bronze companions, executed by American artists.....Rev. Thomas Hill of Waltham has been installed as president of Antioch College. Dr. Hill is a ripe scholar, an original thinker, and a man of unblemished purity of character, gentle and yet firm, and in every way fitted to preside over an educational institution of the first class. Nothing could have induced him to leave his Waltham parishioners but a conviction that he could do more good in his new office.....At a banquet given lately by the King of Sardinia to the French officers, Marshal Vaillant thus complimented their royal host: "Gentlemen, I propose the health of his majesty—the knightly king who wields the old and noble sword of the house of Savoy, the sword that on a day of mourning he recovered from the failing hand of a hero, and which he bathed in such lustre on the fields of Palestro and Solferino: the health of the valiant captain, the hardy soldier, who regards neither hunger nor thirst, neither heat nor cold, whose iron frame defies fatigue, whose lion heart defies peril: to the chief of that splendid and firm army whose standard joined the French on the shores of the Black Sea and the banks of the Po, and everywhere showed itself the worthy rival of our own: to the Piedmontese army! to King Victor Emmanuel! to his glory and his happiness! Long live the king!" That was spoken like a soldier, and has the ring of steel.....An ingenious trickster has lately been going the rounds, offering to sell a patent receipt, which will transform tallow candles into good stearines for no price at all He illustrates its efficacy, on the spot, by filling candle moulds with tallow; adding his composition, and lo! the stearine candles come forth in all their beauty. Having pocketed his fee, and disappeared, the candle maker finds that the adventurer has cunningly substituted the real stearine in place of tallow, and the patent candles are of the same materials and same cost as are the usual stearine.....At Rochester there is a tight rope in the enclosure of Falls Field, used for practice, upon which amateurs are daily performing. There is a score of men and boys in the city who go there, walk the rope with but little difficulty, and few of them fall. There is one lad, a boy of fourteen, who performs as well as Blondin upon the rope, and would run across Niagara River on Blondin's great cable in less time than the owner can do it.....An attempt is about to be made to introduce the growth of silk into Holstein. The mulberry trees, which have been planted for some time on the shores of the Baltic, near Heiligenhafen, have thriven well, and an abundant supply of cocoons has been received.....Dr. J. C. Nott writes from Paris to the Mobile Register that he is still hard at work, making purchases for the Mobile Medical College. He says: "The collection of Vasseur, where I obtained the largest portion of articles purchased up to this time, is a very rich one. I have from him a complete system of osteology, from the earliest period of infancy up to adult age, representing this system in every phase that the most minute demonstration could require. I have from Vasseur, also, an extensive and very valuable collection of diseased bones, which will be extremely useful in practical teaching. In addition to these, I get from him some models of diseased eyes, which are excellent, various little models in wax, and beyond all this a series of comparative anatomy." They raise better skeletons in France than we do here—and they come cheaper....The St. Louis Democrat censures the citizens for their general apathy in the matter of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of Benton—an enterprise in which some steps were taken shortly after his death, since when nothing has been done.....Steam has been applied to the sewing machine. In one of the stores in New York, there has lately been on exhibition a large sized machine, driven by a steam engine so small in its dimensions that it seems as though it must have been made with fairy hands. The two are connected with a narrow ribbon of leather, and as the almost invisible needle flies on its journey across the cloth, in response to the little reminding cranks and levery of the animated Lilliputian by its side, hemming, stitching, and gathering in its course, it seems as if it only wanted a tongue to make it a petticoated seamstress.....The St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette mentions the arrival at that place of a number of Mormons from Salt Lake City, who report that 4000 or 5000 recusant saints will make their exodus from the valley this season.....The Independent states that the leading silk and fancy dry goods auction houses in New York "hammered off" last year on six months' credit the enormous amount in value of $3,000,000 of foreign merchandise, consisting mostly of silks, ribbons and printed goods.....The Duke of Wellington, in his private explanatory letter to Mr. Canning, in regard to a misunderstanding between them in 1827, used this language: "I am not in the habit of deciding upon such matters hastily or in anger; and the proof of this is, that I never had a quarrel with any man in my life.".....Leigh Hunt, whom Christopher North pronounced to be the "most vivid of poets and most cordial of critics," died in London, August 28th, at the age of 74 years. For more than half a century he has occupied a prominent position in the world of letters. His youthful effusions were published in 1801. Fifty years ago he was associated with Byron, Hazlitt and Shelley, and since that time his name has been familiar as a "household word," in England and America. He has been extensively connected with the British press, and modern English literature, and his last days have been passed in the happiest manner.....Many fishermen have a strong musical taste, developed principally in violins and accordions. Salt water seems to inspire a love for music, and it is doubtless true that the fish horn was the first musical instrument invented, though like all pioneers it is not appreciated at the present time.....It appears from tables that have been carefully compiled, that since 1853 some seventeen railroad accidents have occurred in the United States, which could lay claim to the dignity of *first-class horrors*—the list of killed and wounded footing up three hundred and three of the former and six hundred and twelve of the latter. But the above statement is wholly eclipsed by a comparison of the figures with the losses which have been sustained on our Western rivers for the first six months of the present year During this brief period, no less than three hundred and sixty-seven lives have been lost by the snagging, explosion, conflagration, etc., of boats—not to mention nearly two millions of dollars worth of property which has been destroyed in the same way.....A Paris paper thus enumerates what a French soldier has to carry packed inside and strapped outside: On the outside—The tente abri and tent-pole; a blanket; a waterproof cape with hood; a water-bucket, used also as a camp kettle; a round loaf of black bread; a tin pan; a quart measure. Inside—A pair of gaiters; two shirts; a pair of shoes; an order book; a small canvass bag, containing an awl, five stout needles, a skein of scarlet thread, a skein of yellow thread, a skein of black thread, a thimble, shoe, clothes and musket brushes; a small box containing the tools necessary to take a musket to pieces and put it together again, a grease box and a wax box; two pocket handkerchiefs; fifty rounds of ball cartridge; and anything else he can find room for. The weight he carries is from sixty to seventy pounds.....Many a man keeps on drinking till he hasn't a coat either to his back or his stomach.....A story has been circulating in the papers respecting a child in New Bedford who was left sleeping in a cradle, and who was found by its mother nearly deprived of life by a cat, which had stolen into the cradle and was sucking the infant's breath. The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, a semi-medical organ, advances the opinion that the story is all moonshine so far as the child's breath is concerned, as at such a game the cat would have the worst of the bargain, babies having a much stronger power of suction than cats. The probability is that the cat selected the cradle as a warm bed, and lying on the child's chest produced violent nightmare, which might have resulted, as it sometimes does, in death .....Almost every writer speaks of "expectation standing on tip-toe," and she seems to have been standing thus ever since the invention of letters. The wonder is that her "toe" has not long since given way.....The reason why whales frequent the Arctic seas is probably because they supply the "northern lights" with oil.....One must be easy in his mind to go to sleep quietly, but what must have been the feelings of the stranger who was sent up stairs in a Western hotel to sleep with a backwoodsman, who gave him this welcome: "Wa'll stranger, I've no objection to your sleeping with me, none in the least; but it seems to me the bed's rather narrow for you to sleep comfortable, considering how I dream. You see, I'm an old trapper, and generally dream of shooting and scalping Injuns. At the place I stopped night before last, they charged me five dollars extra 'cause I happened to whittle up the headboard with my knife while I was dreaming. But you can come to bed, if you like. I feel kinder peaceable to-night.".....There are in the consolidated city of Philadelphia about twenty ice-establishments. The annual storage averages 100,000 tons, about 40 per cent. of which is lost by waste. The importation from Boston varies according to the ice crop yielded by their winters. This year most of the whole supply, it is stated, was derived from Boston.....Mrs. Anna Bishop has been well received in New York. The New York Evening Post says she has preserved her voice in all its accustomed freshness, and looks but little older than when there last.....The Providence Railroad depot, Boston, is receiving an addition to its passenger department, viz., a new wing, at the northeast corner of the building, which will front seventy feet on Pleasant Street, with a depth of forty feet. It will be brick, one story high, and will afford ample space for two large rooms for passengers—one for gentlemen and another for ladies.....There was lately on exhibition at Sidney, Australia, a set of horse shoes made of native gold, weighing twenty-four ounces, and worth about $500. They were made for a favorite pony in New South Wales.....A new dodge, says the Chicago Press, has been put in practice, which has victimized several brokers. A man steps into a broker's office with some "California" gold in a handkerchief, which he offers for sale. The gold stands the test of acid, and would deceive superficial judges, but it is gold coin melted and mixed with enough silver to bring it down to twelve carats fine, profit. Something which the acid does not affect is put in to keep up the color.....An animal which the papers call a "cougar" was killed in the Tonawanda swamp, about fourteen miles from Batavia, N. Y., lately. It measured eight feet from the extremity of its paws to the end of its tail, and weighed 147 pounds. The sheep-folds of the farmers in that vicinity have long suffered from its depredations.....Blondin has given his last performance for the season at Niagara. Upon the first day of June next he proposes again stretching his cable, and crossing the chasm upon stilts, with a wheelbarrow, etc.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The British forces have been signally defeated in China, at Peiho, which resulted in the loss of no less than five gun-boats, and about a third of their whole force engaged The mouth of the river was very effectually barred by iron stakes and booms. This bar was raked by the fire of newly constructed forts on the other side of the river, mounting 90 to 100 guns. If the Americans can open China to all nations by peaceful methods, let them do it; but thus far, they seem better able to help themselves than to do anything for the world at large.—Little is said of the Conference of Zurich, and it appears to have lost all interest.—The London Times says that nearly a year must elapse before any decided movements can be attempted in China, owing to the insufficiency of forces It is supposed, however, that the China trade will not be interrupted.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times states that a naval officer has been despatched by the French government to Perim to ascertain whether the island is being converted into a citadel, or is availed of simply as a pedestal for a useful lantern.—The French papers announce that the special agent who was sent by the French government on a secret mission to India, has presented a report to Walewski, giving a very gloomy picture of the state of India.—The article in the Paris Moniteur, in regard to the peace of Villafranca, continued to occupy attention. It produced a very unfavorable effect at Paris, and future complications, again menacing to the state of Europe, were anticipated. The article came direct from the emperor to St. Saveur.—A new reform movement has been commenced in England. Cobden and others had had meetings, at which it was resolved that financial reform associations should be established in the principal towns—that lectures should be given, so as to prepare the way for an organized Parliamentary attack on the system at present in vogue.

Works of Art.

Some idea may be formed of the enormous sums of money which are sunk in the purchase of pictures by the wealthier classes in England, from the fact that the collection of the late Lord Northwick has produced no less than £95 726. The sale extended over eighteen days, and was attended by dealers from all parts of the world. The picture of the "Birth of Jupiter," which cost his lordship £80, was knocked down at £1000. The picture of "St. John," by Carlo Dolci, from the Lucien Bonaparte Gallery, was knocked down for the sum of 2010 guineas. This is the highest price realized for a single picture throughout the sale.

Russian Censorship of Sermons.

A singular custom has hitherto prevailed in the Russian Church, in accordance with which, in every diocese, preachers, before delivering their sermons, have had to submit them to the censorship of the dean, who examined and corrected, authorized or suppressed them, as he thought proper. The deans, in turn, submitted their sermons to the bishop, and so on through all the orders of the hierarchy. By a recent ukase, this censorship has been abolished in the diocese of St. Petersburgh, and the freedom of speech is granted to preachers.

English Authors.

Literature, like fashion, has quitted London. Mr. Dickens is at his country house, Gadshill Place, near Rochester. He has finally declined to accept a most inviting offer which was made to him to give readings in America. Mr. Carlyle is in Fifeshire, Sir E. Lytton at Knebworth, Mr. Thackeray on the continent, and Mr. Wilkie Collins at Broadstairs, engaged on a new novel, which is to be published in "All the Year Round," on the conclusion of Mr Dickens's story.

French Exiles.

Proudhorn, the Socialist, Barbes and Charras are among the additional French exiles who have declined the privileges of the late amnesty. Victor Schoelcher, a well known French author, now in England, whose latest work, a "Life of Handel," has been recently published by Mason Brothers of New York, has also declined to return to France, and has written a rather severe letter, in which he calls the emperor "Mr. Bonaparte."

Garibaldi at Parma.

The people and the National Guard were waiting for him at the railway station; the crowd was excited to such a degree that they took the horses from the carriage, and drew him in triumph from street to street through the town, amid a shower of bouquets; and not content with this, on reaching his hotel, he was compelled to address the people from the balconies, which he did as follows: "After this demonstration, say, is it possible that the fugitive princes can ever return?" "No, it is impossible," was the unanimous response. "Well, then," added the general, "I swear to you by this sword, that if ever they dare to attempt to consign you again to servitude, we shall know how to defend ourselves to the last gasp. We ask no favors from any quarter; we only want our rights, like other nations, and with the help of Heaven we will have them at any cost—since diplomacy is endeavoring to deprive us of them."

An aged Matron.

The commissary of police of the district of the Rue Vivienne, Paris, was recently called on to record the sudden death of an old lady, named Ereville, occupying a room on the Boulevard des Italiens, and to his surprise he learned that she was not less than 104 years of age. It is believed that her death, which took place very quietly, was hastened by the fatigue she underwent in remaining for a length of time at her window, on the 14th, to see the troops pass; but, in spite of all that could be said to her, she persisted in seeing the spectacle to the end, because, she said, it reminded her of the triumphal entry into Paris of General Bonaparte and the army of Italy, upwards of fifty years ago.

Americans in London.

A London letter of August, says—"Several American gentlemen are in this vicinity, participating in the country hospitality of the Londoners. Among others Mr. J. Lathrop Motley, author of the 'Dutch Republic,' is staying a few miles out in the country, with his lady and family. He proposes passing the winter at the Hague, where the public will rejoice to hear he intends prosecuting still further his researches into Dutch history. At present he is engaged on a work of two volumes, which perhaps may be regarded as a continuation of the 'History of the Rise of the Republic,' but it will be christened with a new name."

Advice to Students.

At the recent annual meeting of the Institute of France, the president seized upon a happy idea for the matter of his address; he condemned the too exclusive spirit in which many scientific and literary men pursued their studies, pointed to Leonardo da Vinci, Newton, Leibnitz, Pascal, Descartes, and others, as examples for imitation, and argued that a true *savant* or a true artist cannot, without injury to his own mind, isolate himself from the pursuits of his brother inquirers, but should ever bear in mind that "all the Muses were sisters."

Notre Dame de Paris.

The works of the Cathedral of Notre Dame proceed rapidly. Seventeen of the statues have been placed in the "Gallery of the Kings," over the grand porch. The number when completed will be twenty-seven, commencing with Childbert and ending with Philippe-Auguste. The new spire raised over the intersection of the nave and transept has been covered with ornamental lead work, and the windows of the choir, fifty-one in number, are about to be filled with stained glass.

Domestics in England.

A female domestic in England lately gave notice to her master that she was about to leave him to be married. Her master refused to accept her notice, but in spite of his refusal she went off and got married. The master then obtained the services of an officer who arrested the delinquent and carried her before a magistrate. The official sentenced her to pay a fine of £1 and to return to the service of her master, and the sentence was put in immediate execution.

Naples.

A letter in a Genoese journal gives the cheering announcement that the Neapolitan government is preparing a constitution based upon an elective system and a National Assembly. Triennial Parliaments, to sit every year, but only for fifteen days; responsible ministers; and the power of dissolution of the Parliament by the king, with the consent of his ministers, are among the features particularized.

Photographing an Emperor.

During the late military fete at Paris, the emperor reined in his charger whilst riding by the photographer's, Dinderi, on the Boulevard, that he might be photographed at the head of his army. A copy of his picture is to be presented to each of his marshals.

Splendid Present.

The inhabitants of Paris have recently presented the Empress Eugenie two superb vases of gold, weighing 180 ounces. They contain flowers of gold, each flower emitting an odor similar to the natural one of the flower which its form represents.

General Fanti.

General Fanti has been appointed commander-in-chief of the army of the Italian League. General Garibaldi, it is positively affirmed, had been offered that high post, but his modesty prompted him to decline it.

Sheridan Knowles.

Sheridan Knowles, the venerable dramatist and preacher, lately addressed a large audience at Victoria Hall, Rothesay. His health has much improved of late, notwithstanding his advancing years.

Ancient Busts.

It is stated that busts of Cicero and Agrippina and a statue of Apollo, all in bronze, were found recently in removing some earth for a road near Pompeii, and were placed in the museum at Naples.

The Sultan of Turkey.

The health of the Sultan of Turkey has been restored. He had been almost at the point of death from fever.

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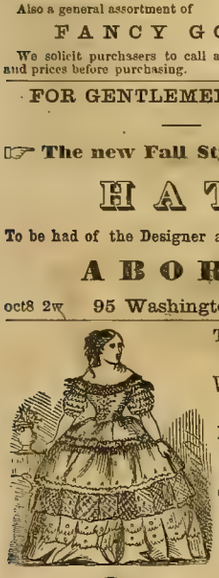

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COSTUMES OF AUVERGNE, FRANCE.

Auvergne, formerly a province of France, but now comprising the departments of Puy-de-Dome and Cantal, with about 900,000 inhabitants, lies to the south of the geographical centre of the kingdom. It took its name from the ancient inhabitants, the *Averni*. Upper and Lower Auvergne, corresponding now to Puy-de-Dome and Cantal, contains about 500 square leagues of territory. The mountains of Auvergne are among the most noted of France. The centre of the present department is formed of the Mont d'or, or Mountain of Gold, not called so, however, from any mineral riches it contains. Auvergne was celebrated in the days of ancient Gaul, and has always remained a very important part of France. It is much visited by tourists, in summer, but the reign of winter is described as long and dismal. Wild storms rage among the mountains, and the traveller who ventures along their ridges, and through their gorges, encounters peril at every step. Wolves prowl about them even in daylight. The Pic de Sancy is one of the most romantic of the mountains of Auvergne. From its summit you discern a dozen lakes, portions of several departments, and a long succession of mountain peaks and ridges. Farming and grazing are the principal occupations of the inhabitants, and their wealth consists in grain, herds and flocks. The people are robust and hardy, and many of the muscular porters and other laborers you see in Paris, who exhibit a very different type of the Frenchman from that which passes current as such, are Auvergnats. Our artist has grouped together a number of these people. In the centre sits a sturdy grazier, with wooden shoes (sabots) on his feet, and his iron-shod mountain staff in his hand. The woman beside him is a fair representative of the undeveloped beauties of Auvergne. She is quite in the Rubens style of attraction. The other female figure shows the plain attire and peculiar headdress of the mountains. The reclining figure on the left, with slouched hat and coarse, loose garments, is a cattle tender. A woman making butter in a hand-churn completes the group. These people are ignorant, but honest and industrious.

COSTUMES OF AUVERGNE, FRANCE.

THE TURCOS.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, paid a visit to the camp of St. Maur—some two or three miles from Paris—where the returned army of Italy were encamped, preparatory to the grand march into Paris. In his letter he gives the annexed graphic description of the Turcos, and their habits:—The French Turcos' regiments present every shade of color, and every variety of African race, from the comparatively fair skinned native of the coast to the coal black negro of the interior. Some of the men were hardly darker than the bronzed French Zouave, with small, spare forms, and the sharp, keen, cunning expression of the half-civilized Oriental; others were ponderous, bull-necked and bullet-headed mulattoes, of almost gigantic stature, and seemingly ponderous strength, with lips and noses of the true Soudanian breed, and skins as black and shining as ink. As a general rule, the stature of these soldiers is superior to that of the French regiments of similar character. This is made especially apparent by the similarity of the uniform, which is the same in form in both corps, native and foreign; the only difference being that the loose trowsers of the French Zouaves are red, while those of the African Turcos are, like their jackets, blue. The color, relieved by yellow facings and brocade, suits their swarthy complexions admirably; and it is difficult to conceive a figure more likely to strike terror into the pale Teutonic tribes of Northern Germany, unaccustomed to the sight, than one of those fierce-looking Kabyles or Moors, in his blue or yellow custume and snow-white turban twined round his jetty brows. There are, as I have said, men of all shades and sizes amongst them; but those above the middle height predominated, and every now and then one came across a tall, thin, lithe, thorough-bred looking Numidian, some six feet one or two inches in height, seemingly as fleet as a panther, and not much tamer in character. Yet, when not roused to anger, the men seemed playful, and even affectionate amongst each other, and without animosity or any apparent distinction of caste! The burly, coarse-bred, flat-nosed nigger was treated *en bon comrade* by the slight-built, sharp-featured and elegantly-moulded Berber. To walk hand in hand was almost universal, and it was by no means unusual to see two of them strolling about, with their arms round each other's necks. But on the least provocation the hot blood of the children of the South was up in a moment, and they glared at each other like true savages, as they disputed over a can of water, or a dish of coffee.

Shaving is an important operation with Mussulmen, and the barber's shop, in the Turcos' camp, was crowded with customers. One after another took his seat on the tin kettle which served as a stool, and unturbaning his bare pate, exposed the single tuft or scalp lock, which alone most of them retained on the summit. The fashion, however, is slightly varied, and some allowed a sufficient quantity of hair to grow to cover the entire crown of the head. No Figaro ever performed his business more dextrously than an Algerian shaver; and with the aid only of a little water, the razor did its work with a rapidity that was truly startling. A bit of looking glass, not much bigger than a five franc piece, was in great request, and by its aid these sable warriors adjusted their top-knots and mustachios according to the most approved fashion. Rolling the turban is a matter of much importance and skill. It takes three hands to effect the operation properly; two men holding the linen cloth, while a third rolls it, displaying much coquettishness in not leaving a wrinkle behind him as he proceeds. Another part of their toilette in which they materially aid each other, is the long crimson scarf wound around the waist. A friend holds one end tightly, while the wearer commences at the other, and gradually and carefully winds himself up to the spot where his comrade stands.

The tents of the Turcos, like those of the rest of the army, are of the well known campaigning fashion called *tenies d'abris*. They are framed of six pieces of canvass, four of which form the conical covering, meeting in a ridge at the top, while the other two close the aperture left at either end; the whole assuming very nearly the shape of an ordinary dog-kennel. The light sticks which support it take to pieces like parts of a fishing rod, and, with the pieces of canvass, are divided among and strapped on their knapsacks by the six men who occupy the tent. No more perfect way perhaps has ever been devised of carrying one's own house on one's shoulders. A layer of straw or dry leaves, and a soldier's blanket completes the accommodation. In the day time the shady side of the tent can be lifted up, and forms thus a most agreeable canopy.

THE PIKE.

The pike, commonly called Jack when under three or four pounds in weight, is a well known fish—like many of us, better known than trusted or treated. He is a greedy, unsociable, tyrannical savage, and is hated like Bluebeard. Everybody girds at him with a spear, gaff, hook, net, snare, even with powder and shot. He has not a friend in the world. The horrible gorge hook is especially invented for the torment of his maw. Notwithstanding, he fights his way vigorously, grows into immense strength despite his many enemies, and lives longer than his greatest foe—man. His voracity is unbounded; and, like the most accomplished corporate officer, he is nearly omnivorous, his palate giving the preference, however, to fish, flesh and fowl. Dyspepsia never interferes with his digestion; and he possesses a quality that would have been valuable at La Trappe—he can fast without inconvenience for a se'n-night. He can gorge himself then to beyond the gills without the sightest derangement of the stomach. He is shark and ostrich combined His body is comely to look at; and if he could hide his head—by no means a diminished one—his green and silver vesture would attract many admirers. His intemperate habits, however, render him an object of disgust and dread. He devours his own children; but, strange to say, likes better (for eating) the children of his neighbors. Heat spoils his appetite—cold sharpens it; and this very day (30 December, 1846), a friend has sent me a gormandizing specimen, caught by an armed gudgeon, amidst the ice and snow of the Thames, near Marlow. I envy the pike's constitution.—*Handbook of Angling.*

TO MAKE CURRANT WINE.

For several years we have made a ten gallon keg of currant wine, which is of as good quality as any we have tasted, and is generally so pronounced by those who have had an opportunity to judge. The mode of manufacture is simple, and can be easily followed by any family having the currants, and the disposition to make the wine. For general information, we give the receipt, and cordially recommend it.

The currants should be fully ripe when picked; put them into a large tub, in which they may remain a day or two; then crush them with the hands, unless you have a small patent cider-press, in which they should not be pressed too much, or the stems will be bruised and impart a disagreeable taste to the juice. If the hands are used, put the crushed fruit, after the juice has been poured off, in a cloth or sack and press out the remaining juice. Put the juice back in the tub after cleansing it, where it should remain for about three days, until the first stages of fermentation are over, and removing once or twice a day the scum copiously arising to the top. Then put the juice into a vessel—a demijohn, keg, or barrel—of a size to suit the quantity to be made, and to each quart of juice, add three pounds of the best brown sugar (we prefer this to the loaf), and water sufficient to make a gallon.

Thus, ten quarts of juice and thirty pounds of sugar will give you ten gallons of wine, and so on in that proportion. The cask must be full, and the bung or stopper left off till fermentation ceases, which will be in twelve or fifteen days. Meantime the cask must be filled up daily with water, as fermentation throws out the impure matter. When fermentation ceases, rack the wine off carefully, either from the spigot or by a syphon, and keep running all the time. Cleanse the cask thoroughly with boiling water, then return the wine, bung up tightly, and let it stand for four or five months, when it will be fit to drink, and can be bottled if desired.

All the vessels, casks, etc., should be perfectly sweet, and the whole operation should be done with an eye to cleanliness. In such event, every drop of brandy or other spirituous liquors added will detract from the flavor of the wine, and wil not in the least degree increase its keeping qualities. Currant wine made in this way will keep for an age, unless it is—*drank.*—*Germantown Telegraph.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859. 5 CENTS SINGLE. $2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVII., No. 16...WHOLE No. 431

LOUIS NAPOLEON AT THE HEAD OF THE ARMY IN PARIS.

[See page 250.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANNA MORTON:

— OR, —

SELF SACRIFICE.

BY DELL A. CAULKINS.

"I SHALL miss you sadly, Anna, during the months that you are to remain absent," said Caroline Dinsmore to her friend, Anna Morton, on the evening previous to the latter's leaving home for a long absence.

"Not more than I shall miss you, Carrie, and my own dear home, and Oakfield with all its sweet associations," replied Anna.

"I shall be very lonely in my rambles, Anna. The woods will lose half their endearing beauties, when you are not here to wander with me through their pleasant shades."

"You forget, Carrie, that Mr. Grant has promised to be your humble servant, upon whom you are to call at all times, as upon a brother."

"Do not laugh at me, Anna, you know I detest Mr. Grant, and only tolerate him because I find it necessary to do so; besides, it is not an humble servant that I require, but a faithful friend, such as you, dear Anna, have always been."

"I presume Mr. Grant might unite the two, and there is no doubt in my own mind, that he would gladly act in another capacity—that of a devoted lover. I think I have perceived symptoms of it lately."

"Devoted fiddlesticks! How can you talk in this way, Anna!"

"Well, well, don't look so earnest about it, but promise me seriously, dear Carrie, that whenever you do give away your heart, I may be the first to share your secret; will you promise, Carrie?'

"I will, Anna, provided you make me the same promise. Now remember! no withdrawing from the compact; as soon as you experience the symptoms, you must make it known to me. The disease manifests itself in much the same manner to every individual who is exposed to the contagion; a feeling of 'goneness' about the heart, stomach and understanding, and frequently, an entire loss of common-sense and identity, accompanied by bilious glances of the eye, with prolonged and prodigious sighs, to which the whirlwind bears no comparison. This is the 'diagnosis,' Anna, and it lies with yourself to make use of those remedies that cover the greatest number of symptoms; yet, if you should need 'counsel,' I should be happy to serve you whenever you may feel disposed to seek it."

"You lay me under many obligations for so lucid an explanation, but I sincerely trust I may be allowed to escape the infliction, fearful it might prove more than I could endure. Now I must say good-by, Carrie, for this is my last evening at home, and I must spend it with mother. Remember your promise, Carrie, to write me long letters, and often."

"Never fear, Anna, that I shall forget it; I shall be too anxious to hear often from you, not to fulfil it."

And thus the two friends parted, one to her elegant and luxurious home and the society of fond and indulgent parents, the other to bid adieu for weary months to the scenes of childhood, round which passing years had linked endearing charms, while the warm sunlight of her widowed mother's love shed radiance round her home. Anna Morton would on the morrow bid farewell, and in a distant city engage in that vocation which would enable her, from the rich stores of her own cultivated intellect, to impart to others those precious gifts that are of more worth than gold or gems.

Caroline Dinsmore and Anna Morton had been inseparable friends from childhood. Constant association in all childish pastimes formed the basis of an attachment which years of school girl intercourse served rather to increase than diminish. They were nearly of the same age, and only daughters, yet here the similarity between them, slight though it was, terminated.

Carrie Dinsmore, as she was usually called, was beautiful as a dream of heaven, full of life and animation, frank and confiding, but when roused by the power of deep emotion, or imagined wrong, high-spirited and dignified in the full possession of that superiority which lifted her above common minds, and constituted her a noble and intellectual woman. Reared in affluence, with no wish ungratified, hers had been, thus far, a charmed life, enwoven with sunbeams and flowers, and overhung by rosy-tinted clouds of beauty.

Anna Morton was not beautiful, like her friend, yet hers were those enduring and endearing charms that outlast the grace of form and feature, lending even to the plainest countenance, the beauty of the inner spirit of purity that found its resting place within the sanctuary of her soul, and manifested by kindly acts and loving words, radiating the sunlight of joy, dispelling mists of gloom and sorrow, and imparting to other hearts a portion of its own beautiful nature.

The days of childhood that promised an undimmed future, had passed to the land of broken hopes and vanished dreams, leaving Anna in the spring-time hours of her life dependent on herself for all that was to make that life a pleasure rather than a pain. Retiring and unassuming in manner, none but those who knew her well, understood her real worth, or the depth and strength of her character; but once perusing the pure pages of her heart, none ever failed to turn again and renew the pleasant task. * * *

Weeks passed away, and though Carrie did indeed miss the companionship of Anna in her daily walks, the warm pressure of her hand, and the loving glances of her eye, yet the feeling was not such as would have been experienced had the separation taken place months earlier than it did, for was there not a manly form ever at her side, a kindly hand always near to assist her up the steep woodland path, when some sweet, wild flower attracted her beauty-loving eye? And then, when the summit of the hill was gained, and the coveted treasure added to the rich collection already made, when with beaming smiles she thanked him who stood beside her, gazing into those bright eyes as if in their clear depths he sought to read his fortune—did not the sweet conviction steal upon her soul, that a feeling dearer far than friendship had found a home within her heart? What wonder, then, that Anna Morton's absence made not the void that Carrie feared it would, when on that calm eve in early June, she bade her friend a sad farewell?

* * * * *

Norman Leigh had come to Oakfield for the purpose of recruiting his wasted energies previous to settling down in his native city for the practice of the profession he had chosen, and while visiting at the house of a mutual friend, had first gazed in admiration on the beauty of Carrie Dinsmore; then and there he silently registered a vow, that if the fair girl's heart were yet her own, he would plead for it as a priceless treasure. Fate smiled upon him, and hope gently led him onward until the prize was won.

It was towards the close of a pleasant summer day, as they sat together on Sunset Hill, as Carrie's favorite resort was called, watching the crimson and amber waves of light as they slowly receded from the shores of day, that Norman Leigh gained assurance from the lips of Carrie Dinsmore, the sweet assurance that the deep and earnest love he bore her was returned, and happy in the possession of the prize he coveted, he vowed unswerving constancy and eternal love.

When Carrie Dinsmore parted from Norman Leigh that night, it was as his plighted wife, and with emotions of deep and earnest joy filling her glad young heart, and irradiating every line of her lovely countenance with new beauty, imparting a holier, deeper light to her clear, dark eye, and with a rich harmony in her tones that told of a heart whose chords were throbbing in unison with those of the dearly loved. And when on the morrow Norman came to say farewell previous to his return to his own home, though the dew of sorrow hung upon the silken lashes of Carrie, and her voice slightly trembled as the parting words were spoken, the same deep feeling of joy still remained, and chased away the transient clouds that floated like a veil of mist around her.

Lester Grant had been a resident of Oakfield for a period of nearly two years, and during that time had succeeded in establishing a reputation as a lawyer of decided talent and ability. He was pleasing and agreeable in manners, and by the ladies—at least the greater part of them—much admired; yet, the more discriminating among those who knew him best, penetrated the mantle of grace and goodness that hung so airily upon his shoulders, and beheld beneath merely the skeleton of true manliness, from which the outer covering had wholly vanished.

Lester Grant had bowed in homage at the shrine of many fair ones, yet his love had been awakened by but one. But alas! for the transitory nature of earth's sweetest hopes! The eye that he would fain have seen lighted with gladness at his approach, turned from his own pleading glance, and left him to mourn in anguish over the ruins of the fair temple he had reared.

Weeks, months passed away, and the love he had cherished changed into hatred, bitter and intense, as in her daily walks and rides he saw the place he had hoped to fill by the side of Carrie Dinsmore gladly given to another.

A spirit of revenge took possession of his heart, from this time forth, and he determined to leave no means untried whereby he might mar the happiness of her who had rejected the love he offered, and given her heart—the heart he coveted, into the keeping of another. No feeling of remorse swayed his soul, as, with the outward semblance of continued friendship, he gazed upon the fair, smiling face of her he had once loved, or listened to the rich music of her voice as from the full, deep springs of her happiness it came welling up.

Time passed. Long and frequent letters were exchanged between Carrie and Anna, one telling of joys and sorrows in her life of labor, the other breathing only the fullness of joy. Carrie wrote, "O, I do so long to have you with me, Anna, that I might pour into your friendly ear the full tide of happiness that is bearing me onward towards a glad, bright future! I have missed you, Anna, O, so sadly! Yet now *he* has gone, I feel our separation still more deeply, and with all my joy, a feeling of deep sadness for which I cannot account, ever and anon comes upon my heart and seems to fold it in dark wings of gloom; but even while I write, a smile comes to my lips, and I am tempted to cast my letter to the winds. Should you conclude to remove to B., as you intimated in your last, dear Anna, you will then have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with this dear friend of mine, and can determine for yourself if I have exaggerated in my description of his worth and talents. But remember, Anna, don't steal away his heart from me, for I could not live without it now." * *

One evening Carrie came from her room, hat and shawl on, prepared for a walk, and holding in her hand a letter which she wished to deposit in the office before dark, but just as she was descending the steps, she was met by a party of friends from whom she could not well excuse herself, and returning with them into the house, she handed her letter to a young girl who happened to be passing through the hall, charging her to proceed with it directly to the office.

Hetty Lee took the letter, and hurrying on her bonnet, promised to perform the errand immediately, glad of an opportunity to show the pretty dress she had put on for the first time, and hoping she might meet one in whom, of late, she had become deeply interested, yet whose name she dared not breathe aloud.

Hetty had lived with Mrs. Dinsmore from a mere child; she was very pretty, and for one in her station, remarkably intelligent and interesting; she was not really an humble friend, nor could she be called a servant; she seemed to stand on the dividing line between the two. Her greatest fault was vanity, and an absorbing love of dress, to gratify which, no sacrifice was too great, short of actual crime.

Lester Grant had seen this girl in his visits to the house of Mr. Dinsmore, and was particularly struck with her beauty and her evident love of admiration. Hetty was aware of the interest with which he regarded her, and had found an opportunity several times, of conversing with him, when he had happened to call during the absence of Carrie, and was greatly pleased at his evident admiration; she never dreamed he was amusing himself at her expense, and when at length he occasionally joined her in her evening walks, no warning voice whispered her to beware of the tempter, and thoughtless of the future, she pursued her perilous course.

It was rapidly growing dark when Hetty started out, and she was just hastening her steps lest she should not reach the office in time, when a low voice at her side accosted her.

"Where is the little bird flying to now?"

"O, Mr. Grant, is that you? I am going to the post-office with a letter for Miss Carrie."

"A letter for her friend Anna, perhaps?" said the gentleman, carelessly, yet looking earnestly at the girl as he spoke.

"O, no! It is for her lover," answered Hetty, with a toss of her head and a coquettish look at her companion.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, in a quick, low tone; then, drawing the girl's arm through his, he continued, in a soft, insinuating voice, "Well, little one, you may slacken your speed, and we will take a short walk, for the office is already closed."

"Closed! And are you quite sure? it is not eight yet, and Miss Carrie is very anxious the letter should go to-night."

"No doubt!" replied the man, with a sneer, "she is probably impatient to receive one in return. I hope she will not be disappointed!" And he laughed a short, disagreeable laugh, that made Hetty start and look inquiringly in his face, which wore an expression she had never before seen there. As they turned from the principal street into one less frequented, Lester Grant said: "Hetty, you had better let me take the letter; I can put it in the office early in the morning, and it will be all the same to Miss Dinsmore."

"I am afraid she wouldn't like it. I think I had better hurry and put it in now; it may not be too late yet."

"What! and spoil our walk! I thought, Hetty, you would like to walk with me this evening; but if I am mistaken, you can go;" and he shook her hand from his arm, and turned as if to leave her.

"Yes, I will walk with you!" exclaimed Hetty, hastily. "You may take the letter; here it is, only don't let Miss Carrie know of it."

"Never fear!" said Lester Grant, as he eagerly took the letter from Hetty's hand, and then again drawing the girl's arm through his, they proceeded on their way. Before they parted that night, Lester Grant had gained from Hetty the information that she often carried letters for Miss Carrie to and from the office, and so warped had her sense of right become, that after some persuasion and several promises of bright ribbons, Hetty finally consented to let him see all letters that she took from the office ere she should carry them to Miss Dinsmore.

It was quite late when Hetty Lee bade her companion good night, at the corner of the street, and with a feeling of oppression at her heart, crept stealthily to her own room, almost resolved to see him again and retract the promise she had rashly made, and implore him, whatever his own evil intentions were, not to bring upon her head the reproaches of those who had always been kind to her, much more so than she deserved. But slumber soon laid its weight upon her eyelids and hushed the low voice that whispered in her heart, and on the morrow the resolution vanished.

Summer had laid aside her airy robes of beauty for those more gorgeous hues that deck the latter months of autumn. Bright-eyed flowers no longer waited for the south wind's kiss, but gently folding their fair petals, as fold above bright, sunny eyes, the blue-veined lids of infancy at the low, death-angel's call, shutting out all life and light, they bowed their fair brows before the destroyer of their beauty, and sweetly, sadly breathed away their being.

The golden glow of an autumnal sunset still lingered on the summit of the hill, crowning it with glorious beauty, while the rich hues of the foliage that decked its sides like regal robes, reflected to the eye of the beholder a scene exquisitely lovely, yet made still more beautiful by reason of its transitory nature.

With slow and lingering step, Carrie Dinsmore threaded her way through the narrow path that wound around the base of the hill to its sunlit summit, and as she reached its highest point, where the eye could gaze for miles on plain and meadow that extended on every side in all the richness of their beauty, her glance lingered a moment on the scene before her, and then, with a low sigh, she turned away and seated herself in her favorite resting-place beneath the branches of a wide-spreading oak, giving up her thoughts to revery.

Since last she plucked with eager hand the scented violet that looked with glad blue eyes upon the happiness that love had kindled in her heart, a change, a saddening change, had passed athwart the fair horizon of her life, leaving only clouds of darkness, where once the bow of promise hung. Now, with the flowers she loved so well, her brightest hopes had faded, and the low sighing of the mournful autumn wind in the branches above her head, seemed dirge-like, in its low monotony. Drawing forth a letter, Carrie read and re-read its contents, until blinding tears filled her sad blue eyes; then, casting the paper aside, words of agony escaped her lips.

"O, it is cruel to write me thus! Why should he doubt my love? why cast me from him without a word of explanation? Yet what could I say to him? I am innocent of all cause of offence, and I cannot pierce the veil of mystery that hangs around his words. I have never hinted at a change in my affection for him, and as to any other attachment, he has no foundation for the suspicion. What can it mean? I fear it has but one interpretation—he is weary of my love, and seeks thus to break its bonds. I have been deceived in him, and yet I deemed him all that was good and noble. I must, I will write to him! Yet—no, he coldly, scornfully forbids it, and I will not force my love upon him; he thinks I have deceived him, and will listen to no explanation. I will bear the blows as a slighted woman ought. A *slighted woman!* No! by all my pride, I will rather prove to him how powerless falls the shaft designed to pierce my soul. With these last tears, I wash from my heart the image of Norman Leigh, while his name shall no longer linger lovingly upon my lips."

With quick, resolute hand, Carrie wiped away her tears, and then, as the shades of evening were rapidly advancing, descended the hill with a firm step and determined bearing, strong in the panoply of truth and innocence.

Carrie confided to Anna Morton the history of her love for Norman Leigh, asserting her conviction that he had never really loved her, but had taken this means of breaking their engagement, merely as a shield for his fickleness.

Anna was pained at this termination of her friend's dream of happiness, and sought to change her views in regard to Norman Leigh, yet it was of no avail; Carrie scornfully rejected Anna's proposition for a reconciliation, saying:

"If you think, Anna, that I would sue for his love, you little know the heart that throbs with indignation at the thought! No! the love that was freely given him in exchange for that as freely offered, has all been returned to me with cold and chilling words that may never be forgotten, and never would woman's pride allow word or sigh of mine to reach his heart, even did I know that heart would be laid at my feet when the supplicating word was uttered.

"When you shall chance to meet with Norman Leigh, never breathe my name to him. I would not that he should be reminded of one whom he has scorned; let my memory be to him as a dream, indistinct, and fading soon away. Remember, Anna, as you love me, never recall me to his remembrance."

Months passed; grief, that in spite of all her pride, had settled like a cloud about the heart of Carrie Dinsmore, traced its deepening lines upon her fair young face. Yet none ever knew the cause; in silence had she suffered, in silence wrestled with the anguish that would not seek relief in sympathy. The correspondence between Anna and Carrie still continued, yet never after that first time, had Carrie even alluded to the subject that had caused her so much of sorrow.

Anna still hoped, till there could be ground for hope no longer, that Norman Leigh would return to his allegiance, but as time passed, the hope passed with it, and Anna had ceased to think of it, and believed it would never be. But as this hope died out, another took its place.

The name of Norman Leigh had more or less often found a place in Anna's letters, but of late she rarely mentioned him, and her letters seemed to Carrie constrained and less confiding than formerly, and when rallied on the subject, Anna answered evasively the questions of her friend, yet proving to the quick eye of Carrie there was something to conceal, something that Anna would gladly make known, yet dared not.

It was not long, however, ere a few sentences in one of Anna's letters revealed to Carrie all that had seemed a mystery. Anna wrote:

"For weeks past, dear Carrie, I have wished to open my heart to you, yet each time I have made the attempt, my pen has faltered, and I have laid it down despairingly. Now, I will hesitate no longer, but make the confession that has hung trembling on my lips each time I have addressed you. The smile of scorn may wreathe your lips, or perchance the light of pity will beam from your dark eyes, when I tell you that the heart you deemed devoid of honor, has poured its rich treasures of love at my feet, and, unlike you, I could not close my eyes to the manly worth of him whom I have learned to love, ay, worship, as I have never loved or worshipped aught else on earth! Will you forgive me, Carrie, for this treason to yourself, and allow me still to hold the place in your regard that has ever been dearly prized by me? It was long, dear Carrie, ere I could look upon Norman Leigh even in the light of a friend, but long and frequent intercourse with him has taught me he has been wronged, and the love he sought has at length been given him."

Months had passed since the fading out of Carrie Dinsmore's dream of love, and she had forced herself to believe that every trace of her soul's conflict had been blotted out, yet as she read these lines penned by Anna's hand, a low cry escaped her pallid lips, and clasping her hands tightly together, she sat with bowed head, immovable as one deprived of life. Hours passed away, and still she retained the same despairing attitude, till at length, forcing back the tears that welled upward from exhaustless fountains, she started to her feet, and throwing backward the long wavy hair that shaded her temples, she paced her room with rapid steps, thought following thought in quick succession, like ocean billows on the wave-washed shore.

Rapidly she scanned the past—its bright moments, joy-laden, its rosy dreams and glowing hopes that love had called to light and life, and all those varied gleams imagination brings to gild life's morning hours. And now, in these moments of anguish, the yearnings of her heart found utterance. Pride no longer stood sentinel at its portals; the tide of memory was too strong to be resisted, and sweeping away all barriers, her proud spirit bowed in agony beneath the overwhelming flood that poured in upon her being.

Again she read the words that opened once more the wound she had deemed long since healed. And as she rose, the conviction stole upon her heart for the first time since that dark hour when she learned the love of Norman Leigh had been withdrawn, that she had been unjust to him. Yet why recall the past? It was dead to her, and now it was her task once more to stifle the grief that again preyed upon her heart. With a determination to banish all thought of Norman Leigh, and calling pride once more to her aid, Carrie prepared to answer Anna's letter; kindly and affectionately did she refer to the confession of her friend, yet in terms so guarded, none could have told the agony it cost her, and when her task was finished, wearily laying aside her pen, Carrie laid her head upon her folded arms and gave herself up to thought, till the clock upon the mantel warned her that the midnight hours were passing, and rising with a face pale from conflicting emotions, yet with the light of firm resolve beaming in her eye, she sought repose.

Anna Morton sat one evening just at twilight in a musing mood, alone in the parlor of Mrs. Allen, the lady with whom she had made her home during her residence in B. Thoughts of the home of her childhood thronged around her, past hours of happiness enjoyed with her early friend, came back to her, filling her heart with yearnings for the companionship of that loved one.

Taking from her writing-desk that stood near, a picture of Carrie, she sat intently looking at it, when the door opened and Norman Leigh entered. After conversing nearly an hour with her companion, Anna turned to him with a smile and a slight blush, saying:

"I have long wished to ask you a question; will you answer it now?"

"Upon one condition," returned Norman, smiling.

"Name it."

"That I may be allowed to look upon the picture that absorbed your attention when I entered."

Anna looked up hastily, hesitated, then after a moment's thought, replied:

"Yes, I will allow you to see it."

"Well, then, the picture first, and then the question," said Leigh, gayly, appearing not to notice her embarrassment, though wondering greatly at its cause. The name of Carrie Dinsmore had never been mentioned between them, though Norman Leigh well knew that Anna and Carrie were early friends. Anna had refrained from speaking the forbidden name, through regard to the wishes of her friend. And Norman Leigh, why did he never speak of one whom he had once loved? Because he had believed himself deceived in her he had deemed all truth, and in the first moments of his distrust, had vowed never again to look upon her face, or breathe the name that once had power to stir the deepest waters of affection in his breast. Mingling with the fair and gay, he sought in vain some shrine whereon he might lay the offering of his love. His yearnings were unsatisfied, until at length he met with Anna Morton; but as acquaintance opened to him the rich treasures of her intellect, and a knowledge of the purity of her heart, he once more fancied his bark of love anchored in safety on the calm bosom of an unruffled sea. And yet he deceived himself, he unconsciously deceived Anna, for down deep in his heart burned the unextinguished embers of a passion that needed but a single breath to fan them to an undying flame.

As Norman Leigh received the picture from the hands of Anna Morton, and turned to look upon its smiling lineaments, the effect was startling. A deathly hue overspread his countenance, the smile that had lighted up his features, gave place to an expression of deep agony. There looking lovingly upon him from out the ivory, was the fair, smiling face of her whom he had so misjudged. The same deep, earnest eyes looked up into his own; the small, sweet mouth round which a smile was wreathed, seemed about to whisper to his aching heart, the low, dear words of love.

A sickness of the soul came over Norman Leigh, and in that brief moment he learned how deep had been the love he bore for her who smiled unconsciously upon him. The pallor of his countenance, the hasty words he uttered, were evidences to Anna that there was more in the heart of him who stood beside her than she had yet been enabled to read, and with the conviction came that deathly sinking of the heart that tells a blight has come upon it.

Leigh strove to command himself and appear at ease, and he so far succeeded, that when he left her, Anna's heart was greatly lightened of its weight, yet still dim shadows hung around it. The question she had framed, remained unasked, a few hasty, unimportant words were uttered by Leigh about the picture, and then no further mention was made of it. * * *

The period Anna had allotted for her absence from home had nearly expired, and she was now making preparations for her return. She had been out shopping one morning, and on her return was informed that Mr. Leigh awaited her in the parlor. The door was slightly ajar, and pushing it open, she entered the room, her light footfall returning no sound to its occupant. He sat, his head leaning on one hand, gazing earnestly on the picture of Carrie Dinsmore that Anna had unknowingly left lying upon the table, the same deathly pallor, the same expression of soul-felt anguish sat upon his countenance as when on that first evening he gazed upon the painted lines.

Anna stood transfixed; the forebodings that had filled her heart on a previous occasion, again pressed heavily upon it, depriving her for the instant of the power of speech, yet soon recovering herself, and finding that she was still unperceived, she turned and glided from the room ere her entrance had been noticed.

Regaining her own apartment, Anna yielded to the emotions that filled her heart. A suspicion of the true state of Norman Leigh's affections sent a thrill of agony through her being that well nigh overpowered her reason, and with a low moan she sank upon her knees and tried to pray, but words came not; only the same low moan of anguish escaped her white lips; the soul's agony lay too deep for words, yet the voiceless prayer that trembled there made itself a pathway to the throne of the Infinite, and He who knows each aspiration of the heart, uttered or unexpressed, gave strength sufficient for the trial, to his supplicating child.

Anna took no note of time; hours might have passed, or only minutes, she knew not; but at length the closing of the hall door roused her from the spell that bound her, and rising from her lowly posture, she approached the window just in time to see Norman Leigh descending the steps to the street. With a feeling of relief that she was not obliged to meet him then, she turned away, and sinking upon a seat, endeavored to collect her thoughts.

After this Anna Morton and Norman Leigh met often, yet the feelings of each were changed. Leigh was always in a gloomy, thoughtful mood, from which it was with difficulty that he roused himself, and though his manner towards Anna was kind and tender, there was still evidence enough to strengthen the suspicions she had entertained, and confirm a resolution made in that hour of anguish when the soul wrestled with opposing powers that stood in readiness to sweep away each joyous hope that had made life hitherto a scene of beauty.

The hour for departure came at length, and assuming a gayety she did not feel, she met Norman Leigh to say farewell. Though her cheek was pale, and a strange light shone in her clear, dark eye, yet he who stood beside her listening to the low words she uttered, believed it to be but the brief emotion caused by the thought of separation. But his eye pierced not the inner recesses of Anna's heart, as, stilling its wild throbbings, with calm, low tones the parting words were uttered; and then, with one long, *last* look, she turned away, while in that hour of parting, her own trembling hand had set the seal upon life's brightest hopes.

* * * * *

Anna had been at home nearly a fortnight, and it had already been rumored that she was making preparations for her intended marriage; but when rallied by her friends upon the subject, she would shake her head and make some evasive answer, while the deathlike pallor that overspread her countenance, sadly puzzled those who would gladly have put more searching questions, had they dared.

The old friendship between Carrie and Anna had been renewed, and the quick eye of Anna at once discovered the changes that a year had made in the appearance of her friend.

Carrie strove to rally her spirits when in Anna's presence, and to converse without hesitation on the subject of her approaching marriage. At such times Anna made but slight answers, and occupied herself in noting every word and look of Carrie's, striving as often as possible to bring out her sentiments in regard to Norman Leigh, that she might be the better able to judge of her present feelings towards him who once claimed the highest place in her regard. Gradually she was led to speak of him, till at length Anna had learned every particular relating to the dissolving of their engagement, with the exception of the agony she had endured, and of that Anna had no need to hear, while Carrie's pride would not suffer her to mention it, especially now that she realized the change in their relative positions.

Anna, believing she had a clue to the facts of the case, questioned as minutely as delicacy would permit, concerning the letters that had been exchanged between them, and in the course of conversation, Carrie remarked:

"When I first read the last letter of Norman Leigh, I fully believed it to have been forged, but knowing none who would be at all likely to wish to injure me, I soon gave up the idea; besides this, I had usually received my letters in person, with the exception of once or twice, and then Hetty Lee brought them to me, and I would as soon trust her as myself."

There were two ideas in all that Carrie said, that Anna had detached and fixed upon her mind, yet she said nothing concerning them at the time, and soon after this, the conversation being interrupted, Carrie, who had been calling on Anna, took leave.

That evening, as Anna sat alone with her mother, she broke a long silence by asking, abruptly, "Mother, what is your opinion of Mr. Grant?"

Mrs. Morton looked up in some surprise as her daughter asked this sudden question, then hesitating a moment, while a glow came to her usually pale cheek, she replied:

"I believe, though I would say it to none but you, that Lester Grant is a man utterly devoid of principle; one who would rob the widow and the fatherless of their last penny, and would scruple not to benefit himself at whatever cost to others, who, to revenge an injury, would go any length."

"This is the opinion I had formed of him, precisely," remarked Anna.

"He has been very attentive to your friend Carrie, during your absence," continued Mrs. Morton, "and rumor says, offered her his hand and heart, which she refused."

"I suspected as much," replied Anna, "but where is he now? I have not seen him yet."

"Charges of the grossest nature having been brought against him, he hastily left Oakfield some three weeks before your return. It has been whispered that he tried hard to have poor Hetty Lee accompany him. Whether this is true or not, I am unable to say; certain it is, however, they have often been seen together, and it is supposed he had a great influence over her. I myself know that she has seemed very unhappy since his departure."

Anna listened with but few comments, but a resolution was taken that night which the morrow saw carried out. As Hetty Lee was passing Mrs. Morton's on the morning following the conversation of Anna and her mother, Anna called to her, and asked her to come in for a few moments, as she wished to have some conversation with her. Hetty turned pale, hesitated a moment, and finally entered the house. She remained closeted with Anna for nearly an hour, and when she again came forth, her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, while the deathly pallor of Anna's countenance, the strange, settled look of despair, mingled with stern resolve, told too plainly that all had been made known to her—all had been revealed that was henceforth to make the love of Norman Leigh but "a memory and a name." Retiring again to her own room, Anna wrestled alone with the deep anguish of her heart. All that she had feared was now made plain to her. Norman Leigh had indeed offered her his love, but far down beneath this second love, she had seen glimpses of the first, purer, deeper, stronger than that he bore for her, though deemed hopeless. And had she not reason to believe that the love Carrie had in vain tried to crush, still lived, smothered though it might be, but still living, real?

And should she, knowing all this, divide two hearts that were in reality one? No! every principle of right forbade it. The happiness of him she loved must be secured at whatever cost. And that dear friend who had ever been to her as a sister, should her young life be blighted, and through her? It must never be! Though her own heart might break in the struggle, its dearest hopes must be offered up a sacrifice for the good of those she loved. The relation that had existed between herself and Norman Leigh must be forever broken; she must see him no more—she *should* see him no more; she had felt this at their parting, which she had believed then to be final; 'twas this that caused her voice to tremble with the emotion she could not fully hide, this that made the throbbing of her weary heart seem like a funeral drum beating above buried hopes that would no more gladden her with the sweet light of life. Henceforth she must nerve her heart to tread alone those paths she had fondly hoped to tread with him. Now, her brightest joy should be, the knowledge of duty well performed, the consciousness of having secured to those she loved the happiness she had forever denied herself.

The struggle was long and fearful, yet the victory over self was finally gained, and then unfalteringly did Anna complete her task. With the explanations she was enabled to give, her object was at length accomplished, and those long separated were again united.

Deep joy filled Carrie's heart when all was told her, yet tears of sorrow filled her eyes and fell upon the pale, calm face of Anna when she thought upon the sacrifice that noble heart was making for her—for him; and even the knowledge of the continued love of Norman Leigh had not power to remove the weight that rested upon her spirit when thoughts of Anna's trial filled her mind.

When Anna wrote to Norman Leigh and told him of the letters that Lester Grant had forged, and that Carrie Dinsmore was all that he had ever believed her to be, when he found that she still loved him as deeply, as fervently as ever, when he read, written by Anna's own steady hand, the words that freed him from herself, joy and grief struggled for the mastery.

Anna Morton was his affianced bride; he knew, he could not help but know, she loved him with all the ardor of an earnest nature, and now, in the unselfish depth of that love, she had resigned him to another. In his heart he could not but appreciate her worth, yet still a low voice whispered to him that, though he had not before realized it, his love for Carrie Dinsmore was deeper far than that he had experienced for Anna Morton. Yet should he avail himself of her generosity, and accept the sacrifice she offered—her bleeding heart laid upon the shrine of his love for another?

At first, he rejected the thought, then the pleading eyes of her whom he first loved seemed to look upon him with upbraiding that he would thus sacrifice *her* happiness with his own; for could he be happy with Anna, knowing that he had thus lost Carrie? and thus would not the sacrifice be doubled? The decision was made that widowed one fond heart, while it brought joy and gladness to another.

* * * * *

Ere the morning arrived on which Carrie Dinsmore was to become the bride of Norman Leigh, Anna Morton and her mother were on their way to a distant State. After the first great trial was over, Anna felt that she could bear no more. For worlds she would not again have looked upon the face of Norman Leigh. And thus, gaining her mother's consent, they had concluded to share the home of an only brother of Mrs. Morton's, far from the scenes of earlier years.

Norman and Carrie Leigh were happy in each other's love, and grateful to her who had proved to them there are *some* human hearts where selfishness may not find a home, and striving to follow the example she had set them, they endeavored to make themselves more worthy each other's love.

Anna Morton had many suitors, yet she never married. The love she had once cherished could never give place to another, and thus calmly and quietly life's pilgrimage was performed, and at length the crown of glory won, for which on earth her brow was fitted.

THE TROUT.

The trout is the only fish that comes in and goes out of season with deer; he grows rapidly, and dies early after reaching his full growth. The female spawns in October—at a different time from nearly all other fish; after which both male and female become lean, weak and unwholesome eating, and if examined closely will be found covered with a species of clove-shaped insect, which appear to suck their substance from them. They continue until warm weather, when they rub the insects off on the gravel, and immediately grow strong. The female is the best for the table. She may be known by small head and deep body. Fish are always in season when their heads are so small as to be disproportioned to the size of the body. The trout is less oily and rich than the salmon; the female is much brighter and more beautiful than the male, they swim rapidly, and often leap like salmon, to a great height when ascending streams. When I first stocked my trout pond, I placed 1500 in it, and was accustomed to feed them with angle worms, rose bugs, crickets, grasshoppers, etc., which they attacked with great voracity, to the amusement of those looking on. They grow much more rapidly in ponds than in their native streams, from the fact that they are better fed, and are not compelled to exercise. Trout are the only fish known to me that possess a voice, which is perceived by pressing them, when they emit a murmuring sound and tremble all over. —*Robert L. Peale.*

A WIFE FOR A KING.

Henry VII. gave the following, among other directions, to the ambassadors he sent to Naples to open a negotiation for the hand of Queen Joanna: "To mark and note well the age and stature of the said young queen, and the features of her body, the favor of her visage, the clearness of her skin, the color of her hair, to note well her eyes, brows, teeth, and lips, to mark well the fashion of her nose, specially to note her complexion, her arms, hands, fingers, neck, whether she have any sickness, deformity or blemish, and whether there appear any hair about her lips or not. Item, that they endeavor them to speak with the said young queen, fasting, and that she may tell unto them some matter at length, and to approach as near to her mouth as they honestly may, to the intent that they may feel the condition of her breath, whether it be sweet or not, and to mark at every time when they speak with her, if they feel any savor of spices, rosewater, or musk by the breath of her mouth or not. Item, to note the height of her stature, and to inquire whether she wear any slippers, and of what height her slippers be, to the intent they be not deceived in the very height and fashion of her; and if they may come to the sight of her slippers, then to note the fashion of her foot."—*Memorials of Henry VII.*

RAILROADS IN ASIA.

The great railway enterprises now in progress in Asia are gigantic projects. But there are rich and populous regions to be tapped; a trade famous from immemorial times for its precious and costly products to be secured, and powerful empires in competition for it. The ordinary limits of the possible fade away while we look at the prospect. One thing is certain, a new era is inaugurated in Asia. The caravan routes, over which the camel, mule and donkey have slowly toiled for almost forty centuries, will soon be replaced by the railway and steam engine. Distance and its consequence, infrequent intercourse, which have "made enemies of nations," will be annihilated. The Asiatic races will be made better acquainted with one another, and with Europe and America. Knowledge will be diffused, thought awakened. A familiar acquaintance with Christian lands, laws, homes, and the whole incomparably higher civilization of Christendom will exert a powerful influence in remoulding and regenerating the political and social condition of that ancient region where the career of humanity began, and whither it seems about to return, as if to carry back all that it has learned and gained in its wide wanderings and adventures, to decorate and enrich the old homestead of the race.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

TOM ROCKET.

"It happened to be my father," said the tall man in the chimney corner, "and that's how I came to know all about it."

The chimney corner is that of the Rising Sun, a pleasant little roadside inn, about two miles from Northampton, and the tall man is the president of a bowling-club that met there, once a fortnight, principally to dine. The "it," of which the speaker's relative was the hero, is the adventure which forms the subject of this narrative.

The reason why we were listening to stories, instead of playing bowls, was simply this: One of the heaviest thunder storms that I can remember, broke over the Rising Sun that afternoon. All during dinner we could see great ragged, copper-colored clouds banking up against the wind, and the cloth was hardly off the table, when spit! spat! spat! against the diamond-shaped window-panes came a few heavy hailstones, then came the lightning, then came the thunder, and then came the rain, as though it had not rained for ten years, and was determined to make up for lost time. So there was nothing for it but to sit still and amuse ourselves, as best we could, in doors; and the conversation having turned upon travelling, and the dangers of the road before railways were invented, Mr. Josh Sandiger, our president, sitting and smoking his pipe in the chimney corner, volunteered to tell us a tale of those times, and said he, "It happened to my father, and that's how I came to know all about it."

I do not think you would like me to give you the story just as Mr. Josh gave it us; you might get vexed with his pipe. He always smoked a very long clay pipe, which seemed to require a great deal of management to get it to draw properly. He never says more than about six words at a time; then he has a pull at his pipe, and goes on again, giving you a whiff of words, and then a whiff of smoke, whilst you are turning them over in your mind and wondering what is coming next. About every tenth whiff, he takes his pipe out of his mouth and looks gravely into the bowl; then he takes the tobacco-stopper, presses down the ashes carefully, and shakes them out on the hob; then he looks into it again, and, if it is all right, he dips the shank end into his brandy and water, looks into the bowl a third time, and gives it a rub with his cuff. Next, he opens his mouth wide, puts the sealing-wax end in, closes his lips upon it slowly, and then goes on again with his story, six words at a time as before. He is reckoned a very emphatic speaker in these parts, is our president. And so, of course, he is; but I must confess, out of his hearing, that all this fidgetting, the pauses and puffings, and stoppings and rubbings, and lookings at nothing at all, in the middle of a story, irritate me sometimes to that degree that I feel inclined to run at him, knock his pipe out of his mouth, and *shriek* at him to get on faster—that I do!

It would be as well, perhaps, then, if I were to quote his own words as nearly as I can recollect them straight on, and put his pipe out.

My father (continued Mr. Josh) used often to say that he would like to see the man who could rob him upon the highway, and one fine November evening he *did* see him.

You young fellows who are accustomed to be whisked away a hundred miles between your breakfast and your dinner by an express-train, and grumble vastly if you are ten minutes behind time, don't know much about what travelling was in 1795—cross country travelling 'specially. Folks did not leave their homes then, if they could help it. It's all very fine talk about the beauties of the country, and the delights of a change of scene, but when there are more highwaymen than scavengers or police about, the roads are not very charming, I can tell you. Why, it was a week's journey from here to London and back, in those days! and if you got home with whole bones and a full purse, you were not in a hurry to tempt Providence and Tom Rocket a second time.

Tom Rocket was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick Assizes, he was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were particular about names then. If you indicted a man as Jim, and his true name was Joe, he got off; and when the law was altered—so that they could set such errors right at the trial—people, leastwise lawyers, said that the British Constitution was being pulled up, root and branch. But that's neither here nor there.

I cannot tell you how it was that he came to be known as Tom Rocket, and if I could, it would not have anything to do with my story. For six years he was the most famous thief in the Midland counties, and for six years no one knew what he was like. He was a lazy fellow, was Tom; he never came out except when there was a good prize to be picked up, and he had his scouts and his spies all over the place to give him information about booty, and to warn him of danger. But to judge by what people said, he was "on the road" at half a dozen different places at once every day of his life; for you see when any one was robbed of his property, or found it convenient so to account for it, why he laid it upon Tom Rocket as a sort of excuse for giving it up easily, because, you see, no one thought of resisting Tom. So it was that all sorts of conflicting descriptions of his person got abroad. One said that he was an awfully tall man, and had a voice like thunder; another that he was a mild little man, with black eyes and light hair. He was a fiery fat man, with blue eyes and black hair, with some; he had a jolly red face—he was as pale as death—his nose was Roman one day, Grecian or a snub the next. His dress was all the colors of the rainbow, and as for his horse!—that was of every shade and breed that was ever heard of, and of a good many more besides, that have yet to be found out. He wore a black half-mask, but somehow or other it was always obliging enough to slip off, so as to give each of his victims a full view of his face, only no two of them could ever agree as to what it was like.

My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured thirty-six inches across the chest. He could double up a half crown between his finger and thumb, and was as brave as a lion. So, many a time and oft, when any one talked of the dangers of the road, he would set his great teeth together, shake his head, and say that he should like to see the man that could rob *him* on the highway; and, as I said before, he *did* see him, and it was Tom Rocket.

My father was a lawyer, and was, at the time I have mentioned, engaged in a great tithe cause that was to be tried at Warwick Spring Assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over to look up the evidence. There was no cross-country coach, so he rode; and being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone. He transacted his business; and my poor mother being ill, and not liking to leave her alone longer than he could help, he set out to ride home again about half-past nine o'clock that same evening. It was as beautiful a winter's night as ever you were out in. His nag was a first-rate hunter, as docile as a dog, and fit to carry even his weight over or past anything. He had a brace of excellent pistols in his holsters; and he jogged along, humming a merry tune, neither thinking nor caring for any robber under the sun. All of a sudden it struck him that the pretty barmaid of an inn just out of Warwick town, where he had stopped to have a girth that he had broken patched together, had been very busy with those self same pistols; and suspecting that she might have been tampering with them, he drew the charges and re-loaded them carefully. This done, he jogged on again as before.

He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that there was in those days over the Avon. Just beyond it rose a stiffish hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled round upon him, and bade him "*Stand and deliver!*" It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked, and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's chest; but, one after the other, they missed fire! The pretty barmaid—a special favorite of Tom's—was too sharp to rely upon the old dodge of drawing the balls, or damping the charge; she thrust a pin into each touch-hole, and then broke it short off.

"Any more?" inquired Tom, as coolly as you please, when my father's second pistol flashed in the pan.

"Yes!" shouted my father, in a fury, "one for you nob!" And seizing the weapon last used by the muzzle, he hurled it with all his might and main at Rocket's head. Tom ducked, the pistol flew over the hedge, and my father, thrown out of balance by his exertion, lost his seat, and fell heavily on the grass by the roadside. In less time than it takes to say so, Tom

dismounted, seized my father by the collar, and presenting a pistol within an inch of his face as he lay, bade him be quiet, or it would be worse for him.

"You've given me a deal of trouble," said Tom, "so just hand over your purse without any more ado, or, by ——, I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there!" And he laid the cold muzzle of the pistol on my father's forehead just between his eyes.

It is bad enough to have to look down the barrel of loaded fire-arms upon full cock, with a highwayman's finger upon the trigger; but to have the cold muzzle pressed slowly upon your head—ugh!—it makes me creep to think of it. My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly gave up his purse.

"Much good may it do you," he said; "for there's only three-and-sixpence in it."

"Now for your pocket-book," said Tom, not heeding him.

"Pocket-book?" inquired my father, turning a little pale.

"Ay, pocket-book!" Tom repeated; "a thick, black one; it is in the left-hand pocket of your riding-coat"

"Here it is," said my father; "you know so much about it, that perhaps you can tell what its contents are worth?"

"I'll see," Tom replied, quietly taking out and unfolding half a dozen legal-looking documents.

"They are law-papers—not worth a rush to you or any one else," said my father.

"Then," Tom replied, "I may tear them up," and he made as though he would do so.

"Hold! on your life!" my father shouted, struggling hard, but in vain, to rise.

"O, they *are* worth something, then," said Tom, with a grin.

"It would take a deal of trouble to make them out again," my father replied, sulkily—"that's all."

"How much trouble?" Tom inquired, with a meaning look.

"Well," my father answered, "I suppose I know what you are driving at. Hand me them back and let me go, and I promise to send you a hundred pounds when and where you please."

"You know very well that these papers are worth more than a hundred."

"A hundred and fifty, then," said my father.

"Go on," said Tom.

"I tell you what it is, you scoundrel," cried my father, "I'll stake five hundred against them, if you'll loose your hold, and fight me fairly for it."

Tom only chuckled.

"Why, what a ninny you must take me for," he said. "Why should I bother myself fighting for what I even get without?"

"You're a cur, that's what you are," my father shouted, in a fury.

"Don't be cross," said Tom, "it don't become you to look red in the face. Now attend to me," he continued, in an altered tone, "do you see that bridge? Well! There's a heap of stones in the centre, isn't there? Very well! If you will place five hundred guineas in gold, in a bag, amongst those stones, at twelve o'clock at night this day week, you shall find your pocket-book and all its contents in the same place two hours afterwards."

"How am I to know that you will keep your word?" my father replied, a little softened by the hope of regaining, even at so heavy a price, the papers that were invaluable to him.

"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the robber, securing the pocket-book upon his person, "and what I mean I say, and what I say I stick to. Now get up, and mind," he added, as my father sprang to his feet, "*my* pistols don't miss fire."

"I shall live to see you hanged," my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.

"Shall I help you to catch your horse?" Tom asked, politely.

"I'll never rest till I lodge you in a jail," said my father, savagely.

"Give my compliments to your wife," said Tom, mounting his horse.

"Confound your impudence," howled my father.

"Good-night," said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning sharp round, he jumped his horse over the fence, and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father, I must own (Mr. Josh continued, after a pause), but he determined to set a trap for Tom Rocket, baited with the five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted up to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous Bow-Street runner, and arranged that he and his men should come down, and help to catch Tom; but, just at the last moment, Bradshaw was detained upon some important government trial, and so another runner, Fraser, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the running should come by different roads, and all meet at a wayside inn about five miles from the bridge, at eight o'clock P. M. on the day my father's pocket-book was to be returned. An hour afterwards they were to join him on the road, three miles further on. Their object, you see, in taking this roundabout course, was to baffle Tom's spies and accomplices, and to get securely hid about the appointed spot long before the appointed time.

My father was a little late at the place of meeting; when he arrived there he could see no one about, except a loutish-looking countryman in a smock-frock, who was swinging on a gate hard by.

"Good noight, maister," said the yokel.

"Good night to you," replied my father.

"Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for," said the yokel, producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment that it was his own letter to Bradshaw.

"Where did you get that?" he said, quickly.

"Ah!" replied the yokel, replacing it in his pocket, "that ud be tellins. Be yer expecting anybody?"

"What's that's to you?" said my father.

"O, nought," said the yokel, "only a gentleman from London—"

"Ha!" cried my father, "what gentleman?"

"Will a name beginning with F. suit you?" asked the yokel.

"Fraser?" The name fell involuntarily from my father's lips.

"That's the name," replied the yokel, jumping down from his seat, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. "I'm Fraser, sir, and you're Mr. Sandiger, as has been robbed of a pocket-book containing waluable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Rocket as has got it—that's our game, sir. All right, sir; and now to business."

"But where are your men?" my father asked, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.

"All right again, sir," said the runner, "they will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please lead the way."

So my father led the way, followed by Fraser; and by the time that they came in sight of the bridge, they had been joined by four London officers, in different disguises, and from different directions. One appeared as a tramp, one as a pedlar, another as a gentleman's servant leading a horse, and the fourth as a soldier. No one could have guessed that they had met before, much less that they were engaged together in a preconcerted scheme. My father gave Fraser great credit for the dexterous way in which he had collected his forces.

The bridge upon which the money was to be placed, consisted of two arches across the river, and was joined on either side by a long sort of causeway, built upon piles over meadows that in the winter time were generally covered with water. It so happened that the very next morning after the robbery heavy rains set in, and soon the floods were out, so that there was no way of getting on the bridge but by going along the causeway, which extended a distance of a hundred yards, sloping down gradually to the road, on each side of the river. The causeway was built of wood. At some places the earth was covered with earth and stones, but at others the roadway had worn out, and they were bare, so that any one looking up from underneath, could see who was passing overhead. Mr. Fraser's sharp eye took in the position in a moment. He got two hurdles out of a field close by, and with some rope, that he had brought for another purpose, fastened them to the piles, so that they hung like shelves between the roadway and the flood, one on each side of the bridge, and about twenty yards from it. This was his plan: two of his men were to lie hidden on each hurdle, whilst he and my father, in a boat that was concealed beneath the main arch of the bridge, unseen themselves, could watch the heap of stones where the money was to be placed, and the stolen pocket-book left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom Rocket, or any of his friends, removed the bag in which the gold was packed, Fraser was to whistle, and his men were to climb from their hiding-places, and secure whoever it might be. If he leaped over the railing of the causeway, and took to the water, there was the boat in which to follow and capture him.

Mr. Fraser was very particular to practise his allies in springing quickly from their place of concealment, and in impressing upon them and my father the necessity of all acting together, keeping careful watch and strict silence. "And now, sir," he said to my father, as a distant clock chimed a quarter to twelve, "it's time to get to our places and to bait the trap, so please to hand me the bag that I may mark it, and some of the coins, so as to be able to identify them at the trial." He had made up his mind, you see, to nail Master Tom this time.

My father gave him the bag, saw him write upon it, and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then my father let himself down into the boat, in which he was immediately joined by the runner.

"It's all right," said Fraser in a low tone.

"Do you think he will come?" whispered my father.

"Certain," replied Fraser, "but, hush! we must not talk, time's up."

For three mortal hours did my father sit in that boat, and the runners lay stretched out on the broad of their backs upon those hurdles, watching for Tom Rocket to come for his money; and for three mortal hours not a soul approached the bridge, not a sound but the wash of the swollen river was heard. By the time that the clock struck three, my father, who had been nodding for the last twenty minutes, fell fast asleep as he sat covered up in his cloak, for it was a bitter cold night; but was very speedily aroused by hearing Fraser cry out that they were adrift.

Adrift they were, sure enough. The rope that held them had been chafed against the sharp corner of a pile (so Mr. Fraser explained) till it broke, and away went the boat, whirling round and round in the eddies of the river, fit to make any one giddy. So strong was the stream, that they were carried a mile and a half down it, before they could get ashore. My father was for returning directly to the bridge, and so was Fraser; but, somehow or other, they lost each other in the dark; and when my father arrived there, having run nearly all the way, he found to his great surprise that the officers had left. He rushed to the heap of stones, and there the first thing that caught his eye was his pocket-book—*the money was gone!* O, how he did swear!

Determining to have it out with the runners for deserting their posts, he hurried on to the inn where they had met, and were to pass the night. He knocked at the door. No answer. He knock again, louder. No answer. He was not in the very best of tempers, as you may guess; so he gave the door a big kick. In it flew; and a sight met his view that fairly took away his breath. Tied into five chairs, hand and foot, trussed up like so many Christmas turkeys, with five gags in their five mouths, and their five pair of eyes glaring at him, owlishly, sat the *real* Mr. Fraser and his four Bow Street runners. Tom Rocket had managed the business at the bridge himself!

How he managed to get scent of the plot, and to seize the officers, all together, just at the nick of time, my father never could find out, and no one knows to this day.

Upon examining his pocket-book, my father found all his documents, and a paper on which was written these words:

"By destroying these writings, I could have ruined you. In doing so, I should have injured your client, whom I respect. For his sake I keep my word, though you have played me false.

TOM ROCKET."

Here Mr. Josh paused, and smoked for some time in silence.

"And what became of Tom?" asked one of the company.

"Well," replied Mr. Josh, "after having been tried three times, and getting off upon some law quibble on each occasion, he—who had robbed the worth of thousands of pounds, and escaped—was executed at Nottingham for stealing an old bridle! And now I've done, gentlemen all. I looks to—wards you."

So our worthy president "looked to—wards us," and finished his brandy and water at a gulp. Then, finding that the rain had given over, we thanked him for his story, and all adjourned to the bowling-green.

A WOOD.

This wood I've entered oft, when all in sheen
The princely Morning walks o'er diamond dews;
And still have lingered till the vain young Night
Trembles o'er her own beauty in the sea.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

SILVER AND ITS USES.

This metal possesses great interest. Its frequent mention in the Scriptures indicates its ancient use and application as money. It is one of those metals which the alchemists of old termed "noble" metals, because they found that it could not be rusted; moreover, they could not dissolve it in any menstruum they possessed. Fire only made it brighter. Allusion is made to this fact in the book of Job, to illustrate the triumph of a good heart over misfortune. Silver is found in all parts of the world, and England yields its share. Bishop Watson, one of our early chemical writers, says that the silver which was procured from the mines in Cardiganshire, by Sir Hugh Myddleton, amounting to 2000*l.* value per month, enabled him to construct that valuable work which we call the New River, for the purpose of supplying a portion of London with water. The bishop also mentions that a mint was established at Aberystwith for coining silver. In the English mines this metal is found mixed with lead, from which it is separated by a very simple process. The mixed metal is melted in an iron pot, and is then allowed to cool. The silver "sets" before the lead, and is then separated by simply straining it through a colander. Silver can be beaten out into leaves so thin that one grain of it can be made to cover a surface of more than 50 square inches. Wire can also be drawn from it finer than a human hair. In these respects it has a nearer resemblance to gold than any other metal. With the mechanical properties of silver most readers are pretty well acquainted; but as very little is known of its chemical qualities, it may be well to mention them. Silver has, as it were, a determination to exist in no other form than in the metallic state in which we generally see it; and although the chemist may dissolve it, and overcome its mobility, yet it is so prone to assume its natural state that even daylight will restore it to its pristine beauty. It is here that chemistry shows its great power in adapting a peculiar property of a material to some use in the arts and manufactures. So we see that silver is the main instrument in the photographic art. Silver is dissolved, some salt is added, you look at it, and the result is that your shadow is there indelibly printed. The poets may well liken soft flowing rivers to "silver threads covering the green velvet of the earth;" but such types are prosy compared with the painting after life produced by a sunbeam on a fabric imbued with silver. Again, how carefully the good housewife marks her linen! She well knows how it is thus preserved for her own use, but perhaps is not aware of the fact that the indelible ink is nothing more than the solution of a 3d. piece, for which she willingly pays 1s. Sometimes a little fungus takes up its abode on the human skin; it grows very fast, but does not cause much pain; nevertheless it is so insidious that if not carefully watched it would destroy life. The doctor comes, he rubs over with a little caustic, and health is restored. This caustic is called nitrate of silver.

A RUSSIAN LADY.

We were now on board the Sylphide, proceeding from the Neva to Peterhof. Nothing remained of the clamor that had been, but the low mumbling of a knot of naval courtiers near the wheel, who, alike indifferent to the raging elements, the pitching boat, or the creature sufferings around them, continued their discourse in broken phrases, between long-drawn whiffs of Jewcoff's "superlatives," for which privilege they had preferred paying a two-shilling fare in our steamer to a free passage in a crown boat, where smoking is prohibited. To some such weighty consideration we were probably indebted for the company of a lovely woman who sat opposite to us, and whose Madonna-like countenance I had been intently admiring for some time; for, thrusting a small, delicately-gloved hand into the pocket of her cashmere morning-dress, she pulled out an embroidered case, from whence leisurely selecting a paperos, she shut it with a loud snap, and returned it to her pocket, looking round meanwhile as if in search of something, which in my ignorance, I supposed to be some rough surface, whereon to rub a lucifer; but one of the naval smokers, before alluded to, better acquainted with the nature of the difficulty, gallantly approached her, and proffered the lighted end of his cigar. The lady rose, their heads drew near, she obtained a light, and gracefully thanked him; he bowed, and they both resumed their seats, she—the beautiful Madonna!—sat there puffing away most manfully, her elbow over the side, and her legs across. My friends informed me that she was really a woman of some consequence, married to a man of high rank, and the mother of several children; and furthermore, that she was a capital "whip"—a very uncommon accomplishment for this part of the world, "fast" ladies of this genus being rare in Russia—that she was not an indifferent swearer, and that she smoked green tea.—*Six Years' Travel in Russia.*

HABIT.

Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions; whatever we do often we become more and more apt to do. A snuff taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing the pleasure resulting from it is by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ diminished, and the desire is irresistible, though the gratification is nothing.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THAT NIGHT.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

The moon was up, and I thanked God for that;—
The moon was up and falling bright upon the floor,
And, now I think of it, the breeze
Rippled the glossy woodbine at the door.

And down upon the gravelled path the shadows fell,
Like clotted spots between the tangled green;
And flowers, like quivering, human lips,
Moved at the dim old window screen.

And up the tented sky a white cloud ran,
Flecked here and there by drops of golden light,
And everywhere, O heart, O heart of mine,
There was a stillness, like eternal night!

A white face, O my God, so deadly white!
Was all I had of life or hope that night;
A white face lying still and cold,
Its marble eyes shut close and tight!

But I was strong, and I could, with my prayers,
Touch the great Father's heart with pity; so I said,
My love could cope with His, and with it
I could win to life my worshipped dead.

My Idol *should* not die! My God *should* hear!
And breathing on the lips and eyes of death,
I cursed the power that made my fate so hard—
That lent me, for an hour, my fleeting breath!

But that was years ago;—and now, to-night,
The moon tells the sad story o'er again,
And my heart,—well, I will not speak of that—
But some there are who know a deal of pain.

Just over there—you see the shadows fall,
Between the willow and the garden gate,—
There is a grave;—I was not made so lone;
For every heart I'm sure God sends a mate.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MISS BETTY'S PICTURES.

BY EVA MILFORD.

When I was a child, and still lived in the dear old seashore town which I may never see again, my daily walk to school led me by a large isolated house, known as Miss Betty Leeming's, and inhabited only by that lady and one old negro woman-servant. Various circumstances combined to invest this old house, at least to my childish mind, with mysterious and even awful attributes. Its gloomy exterior, where the blinds remained always closed except in Miss Betty's own chamber, the deadly hush which seemed to pervade even the air about it, the age and color of the solitary servant, who was never seen except when she glided out at twilight, to supply the small household's daily wants, but chiefly the never-failing sight which morning and evening met the timid glance which I ventured to raise as I hurried by. This was the figure of Miss Betty herself, which was plainly discernible through the low windows of her chamber, as she slowly paced up and down, always clothed in white, and always wringing her hands with a monotonous yet convulsive movement—sometimes in summer, when the windows were open, I could distinguish the low murmur of her voice, and once or twice creeping along close beneath the garden fence with its hedge of dusty lilacs, I made out the words:

"O, dear! O, dear!"

Words simple, even puerile in themselves, but uttered in such a tone of anguish, and ever-new despair, that I never crept away from beneath the dusty hedge, but with tears and sobs.

I was myself an orphan, and not very happy in my uncle's house; my stirring aunt had no children, and kept no servants, so there seemed to be no one of whom I liked to ask Miss Betty Leeming's story. Once I mentioned her to Alice, my favorite playmate, but she said contemptuously:

"Pho, she's an old crazy woman—nobody cares anything for her—the boys say they'd fire stones at the windows, only for the old black thing who lives with her—*she's* a witch, and could kill you any minute, just as easy!"

I changed the subject, for I felt that Alice was taking but a vulgar and outside view of the subject, and I would not have my childish dreams disturbed, either with regard to her own character, or Miss Betty's history.

That night, however, I sat beside the window of my little bedroom, revolving a daring scheme, and when at last I quietly undressed by moonlight, I had resolved upon its accomplishment. I did not pause as I passed the old house next day, and hardly looked at it—I felt as if I must hoard my strength, and stifle my emotions to support me when the time should come.

The moment that school was dismissed in the afternoon, I hurried away, not heeding the various invitations of my playmates, and seeking certain well known nooks of wood and meadow, had soon collected a really beautiful bouquet of wild flowers, mingled with some long stems of wood strawberries, whose sweet musky odor mingled deliciously with the more delicate flower perfumes. With this in my hand, I hurried on, nor paused until with dizzy eyes and chokingly pulsating heart, I stood upon the threshold of Miss Betty's door, and raising the heavy iron knocker, woke the long sleeping echoes of Miss Betty's house.

Long silence followed my first summons, but mine was one of those timid natures, which once aroused, will dare all and do all, but never retreat. I knocked again, more loudly, more resolutely—a few moments, and the door opened, slowly and groanfully—like the door of a long-closed tomb.

It was the old negress, as I had expected, who stood and glared silently and irresolutely at me. I did not wait for her to speak, but hurried on:

"Here are some flowers for Miss Betty—I think she will like them—may I carry them up?"

The old woman paused—peered earnestly into the little pale face before her, and finally, without speaking, took me by the arm, and drew me in, closing and barring the door behind me.

I shivered all over—would she kill me and throw me in the well, like little Sir Hugh and the Jew's daughter, which my aunt used to sing?—I did not know, but followed resolutely as she led me through the long, dark entry to a small side-staircase; up this we groped, and then paused until the groping hand of the old woman fell upon the latch of a door, which she opened; then my heart gave a great throb of relief, for it was really Miss Betty's chamber, and there, dressed in her loose white robe, paced Miss Betty up and down, up and down, still wringing her hands, and moaning over and over:

"O, dear! O, dear!"

She did not look at us until the old woman hobbled up to her, and laying a hand upon her shoulder, said:

"Bucra picininny bring lilly posie to Missy—look, honey-plum, see de pitty posie."

It is impossible to describe the coaxing pleading tone of the old woman's voice, as she thus addressed the wan worn woman before her. Evidently to her, instead of a middle-aged heart-broken woman, Miss Betty was a suffering child, who must be coaxed and petted, that she might forget her little sorrows. The tears rushed to my eyes—I longed, child that I was, to change places with Miss Betty, and give all to be thus loved and cared for.

Miss Betty paused in her walk, took the flowers, gazed at them eagerly, inhaled their fragrance, and then throwing them down, covered her face, and burst into a wild fit of crying.

I shrunk back frightened, and stood irresolute, while the woman lifting the slight figure of her mistress, laid her upon the bed, and taking from a drawer some aromatic vinegar, bathed her forehead and temples.

Presently the invalid became more quiet, although she still wept silently, and my eyes wandered from her to the mysterious chamber in which I found myself. It was a large, low room, with an uncarpeted floor, and rich old mahogany furniture; what however particularly attracted me were the pictures. These were five in number, evidently portraits, and the idea at once occurred even to my inexperienced mind, that they were members of one family.

One was a gentleman, dressed in a flowing robe of Indian silk, such as I remembered my aunt to have shown one day to a visitor, as belonging to my grandfather. In one hand he held an open letter, with a finger of the other pointing to it, while his dark serious eyes seemed fixed so intently upon my face, that I felt as if I were the person whose attention he had been waiting all these years to attract to that now illegible line. Opposite, hung the picture of a lady whom I at once decided must be his wife. She had a sweet and pensive face, somewhat delicate and languid too, as if she did not feel very strong. She was dressed in a soft, smoke colored silk dress, with a gauzy scarf about her shoulders; in her hair, and on her neck and arms, were ornaments of pearl and opal which I remember thinking well suited to her fragile loveliness, although I did not then know either the names of the gems, or why they suited me so well in the picture.

The next portrait was that of a young man about twenty years old I should judge from recollection. He looked very much like his father, except that his face wore an eager, impatient look, as if life held out so many pleasures to him that he could hardly bear to wait long enough to have his picture painted. In one hand he held a wide brimmed hat, and a riding-whip, while the other rested on the head of a great dog, who looked eagerly up in his face.

Next to this young gentleman's portrait, hung that of his sister, an exquisitely lovely young girl, about sixteen, but already dressed in her bridal robes. Among her dark curls were twined orange flowers and buds, which drooping down were lost upon the whiteness of her pearly neck and shoulders; besides the flowers, she wore no ornaments except the lace which flowed as a veil behind her back, and draped with its soft folds the round white arms and little hands which lay clasped upon her lap. She was seated in a garden chair, and from the pale tree above her head hung great festoons of gorgeous flowers which years after I recognized as passion-flowers. The eyes were downcast, but their darkness was visible through the transparent lids, and the black lashes showed upon the pale clear cheek. About the little rosy mouth played a half smile of bashful pleasure, and the skillful painter had thrown over the whole figure just the air of pretty consciousness which one can imagine in a young girl, wearing her bridal dress, though not yet a bride.

The last picture hung over the bed, as if Miss Betty did not care to look at it so much as the others, and yet it was very pretty, representing a little child with merry eyes and laughing, golden hair, seated upon the grass, the lap of her little white frock filled with bright flowers, among which her little fat hands were plunged, while her eyes were raised to a great orange which was held just within her reach, by a black woman who laughed from every one of her white teeth, and from every fold of her gay turban.

It may seem to some persons unnatural that I should notice so many little particulars in these five pictures, and be able to describe them so minutely after these many years, but I was a quiet and observant child, thoughtful beyond my age, and was often storing up food for memory, while those about me thought me engrossed in play, or too young to understand what was going on. Besides, this was not the only interview which I had with Miss Betty's pictures.

I had just concluded this first examination, and was turning to begin again, when the negro woman (whose name I afterwards found to be Judith, or as Miss Betty always called her Mamma Judy), turned round from the bed where her mistress was now sleeping, and coming towards the door, seized me by the arm and hurried me out before her, nor did she pause to speak till she had put me out the front door, and was closing it behind me; opening it a little way, just as I thought it shut, she put out a skinny hand, and patting me gently on the head, muttered in her hoarse voice:

"Good picaninny—maum tank picaninny, but dont'ee ever come here again—make poor lily Missy cry, see de posies dat she use 'a pick."

The door closed, and I hurried home, my heart beating proudly with the consciousness of having successfully achieved a perilous enterprise, and come safely out of unknown dangers.

Although longing to see and know more of Miss Betty and her pictures, I did not think of again intruding after Maum Judy's injunction, until one day, about a fortnight after my visit, as I walked slowly by the house, looking eagerly up, in hopes of seeing Miss Betty, which I had not done for some days, the door slowly opened, and old Judy's dark and withered face appeared in the aperture. She silently beckoned to me, and without hesitation I obeyed the summons. Once inside the house, with the door locked, the negress breathed more freely, and patting me again upon the head, said sadly:

"Lily missy berry tic—drefful weakly, chile—'pec she wont nebber git ober dat ar fright—wants to see bucra picaninny dat bring her posies—must n't talkee much—she so berry weak."

"No, ma'am," replied I timidly to this caution, and we again climbed the dark and narrow stair-case, and opening the door, Judith admitted me to the chamber of the pictures, where Miss Betty lay in bed. She looked paler and weaker than she had done when I saw her before, but her eyes had a softer and quieter look, and when she saw me she smiled a little, which I had never seen her do before.

"Come here, little girl!" said she, putting out her thin white hand, and taking mine; "I thank you very much for bringing me the flowers—they have made a great change in my life—what is your name, dear?"

"Salome, ma'am," replied I, timidly.

"That is rather a sad name, but you do not look like a very merry child—perhaps it suits you as a blither one would do. Will you stay with me a little while this morning?"

"Thank you, ma'am, I should like to very much," said I, mentally resolving to risk the "tardy mark" and the loss of my "nooning" for the sake of seeing a little more of Miss Betty.

"That is right," said she, smiling again. "It is long since I spoke to any one but poor maum, who has been faithful to me through all, and I should like to talk a little to-day."

"Would you please then, ma'am, to tell me a little about the pretty pictures here?" asked I, quickly, forgetting in my eagerness, not only my own natural reserve, but the caution impressed upon me by maum Judy (who had not entered the chamber with me, being probably detained by some domestic duty).

Miss Betty did not answer me for a moment or two, but her eyes wandering from my face, visited each picture in succession, filling the while with tears, and her hands slowly folding together, began the old motion, and her pale lips softly whispered:

"O, dear! O, dear!"

I was quite still and silent, fearing lest I had been the means of making the poor lady worse in body and mind, but after a little while she looked at me again, wiped her eyes, and said kindly:

"Yes, Salome, I will tell you about them, for I think about them always, and it will be no worse to speak. That gentleman was my father, that lady my mother, that, my only sister, that, my brother, and the picture above my head which I cannot see, is myself, and maum Judy, who was then, as now, my kind and faithful nurse.

"I was born in one of the West India islands, where my father had gone from here some years before. My first memories are of such flowers and fruits as you see there, and of all the beauties of the tropics. These pictures were painted by an artist whom my father brought from one of the great cities, on the occasion of my sister's marriage. I remember her, just as she looked then—I remember the gay wedding, and how we all cried when she went away—after that, I remember nothing for some time—I was but a little child—but I know she was there the dreadful night, she and her baby. I suppose she had come on a visit, or perhaps to live—but she was there. That night—I was in bed, and was wakened suddenly by my pale beautiful mama, who snatched me up, and held me close to her breast, while her hot tears rained down on my head. She ran with me into her room, and crouched down behind the bed, still sobbing, but warning me to be quiet. Presently there was a great noise outside, and a crowd of servants rushed into the room—they were all field hands, and I did not know any of them,—the house servants loved us all, and would not join. They soon found us, but when they seized my mother she did not stir—I do not know if she was fainted or dead—I hope she was dead. One man took her, and another me, and carried us to the great saloon. There was my father, pale and bloody, tied foot and head to a marble statue. He looked weak, but brave as ever—if he had been free and had a weapon, he would have driven them all before him, even then. My brother lay upon a couch, dreadfully wounded, and breathing slow and hard—my sister with her baby in her arms, stood between two fierce looking negroes—I think her wits were gone, for she smiled as she looked about her, and cooed to little Lota when she held up her hand.

"The slaves whispered together, and then one—he did not belong to our plantation, I am sure—stepped out from among them, and asked my father something which made him very angry—I do not know, but suppose he offered to spare his life on some disgraceful terms, for father said very loud and quickly:

"'No, villain! The only mercy I ask is, that I may see my wife and daughter dead before me.'

"The great black made no answer, but swinging the hatchet which he held, round his own head, buried it in my father's forehead.

"I saw them all die, O, child, I saw it all! The little baby lay upon the hearth, his mother beside him—my brave, noble brother, my mother—all murdered—all! They would have seized

me, but maum Judy snatched me from the man who held me, and hurried me away. I was saved, but I suppose the terrible shock had scattered my senses, for I was a child then, and now my hair is turning gray, but I remember nothing since, till the flowers that you brought me—my life ended there.

"Maum brought me to this country, she says, and to some of my mother's friends—finally we came here; they recovered some of my father's property, among the rest these pictures, and they have been for years my world—they and this old house, which was my mother's home."

Miss Betty paused, breathless and pale. I was crying so much that I could not speak, but I kissed the white hand which lay outside the bed—kissed it again and again. Miss Betty did not cry, or speak, but I think it would have been better if she had—she was so very white and still. So we sat, motionless and silent in the solemn room, until maum Judy came softly in to look after her nursling. Stealing up to the bed she bent over, evidently expecting to find Miss Betty asleep, but as soon as she saw the white face, and dim, languid eyes, she turned to me almost fiercely:

"Go 'way, bad picaninny—go right 'way. Did n't me tell 'ee no talkee much, no let lily Missy talkee?—now here she all gone—clean tuckered out. Go long wid you!"

Frightened and unhappy, I crept to the door, venturing only to pause and press one more kiss on the beautiful pale hand, which did not move in response, then I opened very softly the door, and stole down the dark stairs to the gloomy hall beneath. It was almost more than my little fingers could accomplish to withdraw those ponderous bolts, but I labored eagerly upon them for there was something in the air of the old house which hung upon me like a night-mare, and I felt so intense a longing to escape into the fresh, free air, that I believe I should have made my way through the solid door rather than to remain within it. This feeling, however, gradually wore away, and after a few days, I used to look up at the old house as longingly as ever, but I never saw either Miss Betty or her pictures again.

A month later, and one Sunday evening the church bell tolled solemnly and slow. My aunt listened quietly, and said:

"That's for poor Miss Betty Leeming—*her* troubles are over at last, thank God."

LECTURERS AND LECTURING.

The Providence Journal in some observations upon "Lecturers and Lecturing," says—"To succeed and survive he (the lecturer) must not only have intellectual gifts, but he must have powers of physical endurance, which may well excite our admiration. If he is one of the 'fifty dollars and expenses paid' class, to whose ranks the volunteer neophytes are ever aspiring, he must have a nervous system which enables him to thrill an audience with his pathos, and yet to travel day after day without the luxury of a bed, without the privilege of swallowing deliberately a digestible meal, or of escaping the salutations of the innumerable great men with which our towns abound. If he belongs to that worthy class who have their reputations to achieve, and who figure before the young men and maidens of the rural districts, 'for nothing and expenses paid by a contribution,' he must have the constitution of an Esquimaux, to go, heated by the over-loaded stove and the excitement of his oratory into rooms which have not been opened for months, which have an unmistakable sepulchral odor, and there to pass the night in taking the accumulated frosts of half a winter out of the high 'spare bed.'"

A MAN-HUNT IN AUSTRALIA.

I met with a squatter at Melbourne soon after my arrival there, who deliberately confessed to having joined, on several occasions, a mounted party for hunting "the blacks," partly for the sport of the thing, partly to rid the district of them. This hunting consisted in shooting as many of them as their shots could overtake; men, women, and children were indiscriminately murdered by those demons on horseback, and their bodies left to lie where they had fallen beneath the silent heaven. "We sometimes used to shoot a dozen or two before breakfast," was one memorable confession of the squatter alluded to; "but even that didn't keep them away; they'd come in the night, and if there was anything they could lay their hands on, they'd plunder it; so, said I, wait a bit, my boys, and I just poisoned a carcass or two with stock arsenic, and had them left out for the gentry whenever they were likely to pass; that dose, two or three times, ridded them off better than anything else."—*Cornwallis.*

All the tears under heaven would not float an eight by ten affliction, to say nothing of more weighty ones. If misfortune approaches you, meet it with resolution. If there is any weeping to be done, let it be done by the turtle dove and willows.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Half an Hour with the Puritans.

BY WILLIAM H. OLIVER.

In the year 1635, the ship Angel Gabriel sailed from Bristol, in England, with passengers to the coast of America. Among these were a Mr. Cogswell, a merchant of London, his wife and seven children—three sons and four daughters. When almost at the point of arrival, a storm drove the ship into Pemaquid Bay, where she was wrecked, and a great part of his possessions, consisting of furniture, and, most probably, of trading goods, were lost.

The passengers escaped to land; and the Cogswell family, tenderly reared as had been the London bred children, had no refuge but a tent on the wild shores of Maine, with bears and wolves on one side, and Indians on the other. Here the wife and children remained, until Mr. Cogswell went to Boston, to select a place for their future residence.

The ship had sailed in May; and in October, he had received a grant of three hundred acres of land at Chebacco—had hastily built a log house, and removed his family to their new abode, just as the glories of autumnal scenery, as seen in an American forest, greeted their eyes for the first time. The log house was a welcome shelter to Elizabeth Cogswell, who had been longing to gather her little flock once more beneath a roof tree. That noble, healthful, handsome English mother, fresh from the lap of luxury, moving in refined and cultivated society, was even thankful for the comforts of a log hut in the wilderness, if but he whom she so loved, were beside her, and their seven human blossoms gladdening their forest path.

John Cogswell had come to America to be a farmer; and when he looked round upon the wide possessions that lay before him, and thought of the three sons whom he had brought from the temptations of a city life—a life in London—to the pure and peaceful existence he trusted to see them following here, he would not have exchanged his position for that of King Charles himself.

And his wife and her little daughters, delighted to find freedom in the open air, were never tired of admiring their generous expanse of woodland and meadow land, their noble animals, their multitude of fowls and all the pleasant sights and sounds of their country life.

Strangely enough did their coarse and ordinary fare—hominy and bean porridge, or vegetables—contrast with the splendid silver turreens, the massive spoons and rich china; and not less observable, that between the rough floors and bare logs, and the superb curtains and carpets which they had brought from beyond the sea.

Not a sigh was ever breathed for their English home, however, with all its wealth and luxury. The forest life filled up the measure of their happiness; and if the incongruities of their surroundings claimed attention at all, it was only to enjoy a laugh at the remarks they would excite from their London acquaintances.

Looking back to the scanty records of those days, we are sometimes tempted to ask, if all the refinement, the show and glitter, the waste of life, the reckless hasting to be rich, and the countless gauds with which we invest existence in these days of hurry and excitement, are indeed worth the price we pay for them?

And now, in the lapse of a few years, John Cogswell's children have grown to be men and women, with frames hardened and more healthy by simple and active exercise, and plain, unvitiated food.

A new house takes the place of the log hut, which is not however demolished, but kept as a reminder of former struggles in the wilderness; and from the yet unopened stores of rich goods and furniture, saved from the wreck at Pemaquid Bay, the plenishing of the new house is taken, and exhibited to the wondering eyes of the neighbors. Turkey carpets, rich curtains and silver plate, all have place there, and the palace of a duke could hardly excite more admiration than the simple frame building, with its clay chimneys, after the decorations are completed.

And hither comes young Godfrey Armitage, from Boston, to woo the pretty forest maiden whom he saw the last summer, while on a visit at his uncle's farm, in the neighboring village. He has written her father for permission to address her, and finding her not averse, he has expressed himself willing that his daughter should receive him at a time specified. The day comes, and Mary, blushing like a rose, bashfully welcomes him, and they are betrothed.

In quaint, but earnest and heartfelt words, Mary wrote to her sister Hannah, of her engagement, warming up to enthusiasm in the description of her lover, and exulting with a woman's natural and pardonable vanity, in his love for her.

Women are the same in court, in village, and in forest, as far as coquetry goes; and a large spice of this quality had entered into the composition of Hannah Cogswell.

She had been absent at Salem for some months, learning some pretty feminine accomplishments, and improving, by opportunity, the aforesaid stock of coquetry. Somewhat too exultant she thought her sister's letters; and in the innocent but perilous ideas it suggested, one was uppermost; that of subduing Mary's lover, by her own charms; meaning only to enjoy herself at her sister's expense, without dreaming of the aching hearts that might follow her unthinking frolic.

Well might Mary look dismayed at the evident admiration of her lover, when Hannah came home, unexpectedly, at the period of his second visit, and opened the whole battery of her attractions upon him.

Hannah sung; and the scientific training she had received at Salem, and the many new and beautiful airs she had learned, joined to a voice always melodious, enabled her to leave far behind Mary's psalm singing. To the practised ear of Godfrey Armitage, Hannah's music was enchanting.

To the surprise of the family, the lover stayed a week longer than was his custom, and when he left them, it was with the opportunity of Hannah's company as far as Salem.

What passed on their journey, Hannah did not reveal; but the next letter of Armitage's was a formal resignation of Mary's hand, and, closely following was a letter to her father, asking permission of him to address her sister.

The answer to this last was characteristic of the sturdy old man. It comprised but one sentence, but that was enough to show the variable and inconstant lover with whom he was to deal. It bore simply these words:

"Mary or None."

And as the coquettish Hannah had encountered a certain Charles Waldo in her travels, who claimed her love, she wrote a half saucy epistle to Mr. Armitage, acknowledging that she only encouraged him in a spirit of mirth, and had no idea of defrauding her sister of his changeless and undying affection! Glad indeed was the youth to return to the more truthful and sincere love of Mary, with whom he managed to make his peace in a way best known to himself, and, shortly after, the first wedding took place in Mr. Cogswell's family, followed in rapid succession by six others.

Won by the sweet and simple graces of Mary, Godfrey Armitage never looked back to his temporary desertion of her without shame and remorse; nor did the Chelmsford lady ever recover her full measure of saucy repartee and playful coquetry again, much doubtless, to the satisfaction of Goodman Waldo, and his subsequent peace of mind.

Time passes with the now lonely family at Chebacco. John, the eldest son, has removed to what was called the school farm, but William remains with the parents, now hale and hearty still, but growing past their active labor, and willing to resign their places to the younger and stronger. When the autumnal harvest is gathered in, and the pious hearts of the Puritans are offering up thanksgiving to the God of harvest, there is no board that shows a more numerous assemblage of children and grand-children, than that of the aged and venerable John and Elizabeth; none whose names are oftener perpetuated, for already there are seven grand children named for each; and if custom permitted more in the same family, there would be a repetition of the two names, so dearly loved and honored are those two.

One of these grand-children was taken prisoner by the Indians, at the time of Philip's war; but he too bore the name of his grand-father, and perhaps it was a charm that gave him an escape.

Yes—years *did* pass; and the Johns and Elizabeths have given place to others, worthy, we trust, of such an ancestry. From this simple, unpretending spot where they dwelt who gave a name and a dignity to its humble location, others have originated who need not the light of ancestry to immortalize them. *One* whose talents are the boast of our age, whose highest distinction is in the legal profession, but whose pathway is not unknown in the fields of American literature, is glad and proud to own himself a child of Chebacco.

Long may it flourish! Long may its peaceful streets echo to the sound of the boat builder's hammer; and long may the quaint old English names of Cogswell, and Burnham, and Story, and Andrews, and Choate, be perpetuated in descendants, who will bring honor upon the memory of those whose headstones are crumbling to dust, in the lapse of years.

FIJIAN MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

On the large islands is often found the custom, prevalent among many savage tribes, of seizing upon a woman by apparent or actual force, in order to make her a wife. On reaching the home of her abductor, should she not approve of the match, she runs to some one who can protect her; if, however, she is satisfied, the matter is settled forthwith, a feast is given to her friends the next morning, and the couple are thenceforward considered as man and wife. "Writing to a woman" is of recent date, and generally done without pen, ink, or paper. It is the "popping the question" of English life, and though for the most part done by the men, yet the women do not hesitate to adopt the same course when so inclined. The man, however takes a present to help his suit; the woman trusts only to her charms. Wonderfully artless are some of the appeals made by the men. Thivalala, whose legs were disfigured with elephantiasis, addressed a smart young widow thus: "You know my circumstances; I am poor; I am afflicted; I am far away from my friends; I need some one to care for me, love me, and become my wife." She, sympathising, consented. Plain speaking in these affairs is not uncommon. Simioni Wangkavou, wishing to bring the object of his affection to a decision, addressed these homely remarks to her, in the hearing of several persons:—"I do not wish to have you because you are a good-looking woman; that you are not. But a woman is like a necklace of flowers—pleasant to the eye and grateful to the smell; but such a necklace does not long continue attractive; beautiful as it is one day, the next it fades and loses its scent. Yet a pretty necklace tempts one to ask for it, but, if refused, no one will often repeat his request. If you love me, I love you; but if not, neither do I love you; only let it be a settled thing."—*Fiji and the Fijians*

HOW TO MAKE MONDAY LUCKY.

There lived in Gayfield Square two charming old maiden ladies—Miss Mary Smith and Miss Peggy Fyffe. They had a pet superstition, for which they paid, between them, three-pence a week to a street porter, that he might be the first to tell them it was Monday, deeming it unlucky to hear the day first mentioned by a woman. They laid each three half-pence on the hall table on Sunday night, and early next morning the man called to wish them a happy Monday, and pick up his reward. Once when Miss Fyffe was confined to bed, her attendant inquired what she would like for dinner, for it was Monday, and there would be no fish to be got. "Wae worth you," Miss Fyffe exclaimed, "do ye no ken that I pay a man to tell me it is Monday?" When Miss Fyffe died, Miss Smith refused to pay any more than her weekly dole of three half-pence. Miss Douglas, of Brighton, being present, the maid whispered, "Never mind, I'll just pay it out of the house money!"—*Scottish Life by Dean Kinway.*

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"L'AIGLE,"—THE NEW FRENCH IMPERIAL YACHT, AT CHERBOURG.

IMPERIAL STEAM-YACHT "L'AIGLE."

For many years the French have been devoting a vast amount of time and money to the improvement of their navy and mercantile marine. It was under the reign of Louis Philippe that the French naval architects began to distinguish themselves, and to produce some fine models of ships-of-war. Many of our readers may remember what a noble vessel the *Belle Poule* was, in which the Prince de Joinville, the sailor of the Orleans family, visited this country. The talents and zeal of the prince gave a great impulse to the reforms in the French navy. Louis Napoleon, though no sailor, has recognized the importance of building up a powerful navy, and he has succeeded in getting up one which commands respect, if it does not inspire alarm, in England. It is especially affluent in steam-vessels of all sizes, from frigates to gunboats. The time may not be far distant when these well-appointed fleets will contest the claim of England to be mistress of the seas. The marine picture on this page represents one of the latest achievements of the French naval constructors—*L'Aigle* (the Eagle), a steam-yacht, which has taken the place of *La Reine Hortense*, and bears the imperial colors. The *Reine Hortense*, though an elegant vessel, was insufficient for the wants of his imperial majesty, Louis Napoleon. According to a French authority, "by reason of her narrow dimensions, she was not adapted to those requirements of speed and interior accommodation which should now belong to a vessel reserved for the special service of the chief of a great nation." The consequence was that the head of the marine department was instructed to build another vessel. The orders were issued at the beginning of 1858, and she is now in active service. Her sailing powers have proved highly satisfactory. Her length from prow to stern is 270 feet; length along the water's edge, 246 feet; breadth, 31 feet; mean draught of water with full cargo, 13 feet. *L'Aigle* has run at the rate of fifteen knots an hour at full speed, and everything in her favor, she makes sixteen knots. This royal yacht is, as might be expected, fitted up internally in a very superb manner. The principal cabin is a perfect bijou of upholstery. No expense has been spared to render her, in every respect, worthy of the ambition of Louis Napoleon, and the spirited nation over which he rules.

SCENES IN NAPLES.

The second engraving on this page, and that on the next, illustrate life in Naples, and are exceedingly characteristic and spirited. The locality of the second of these sketches is a street outside of a shop, the sign of which, "Patissier Français (French Pastry Cook)," is suggestive of a thousand dainties. Two pretty girls, apparently English, are issuing from the door, and are of course beset by a horde of beggars, whose appetites have been whetted by the tantalizing display of delicacies at the plate-glass windows. Ices and pastry are two things for which Naples stands pre-eminent, and so necessary are these dainties to the people, that the shops at which they are sold are exempted from the law which compels all others to close on religious festivals. So far is the craving for luxuries of this description carried, that half-naked beggars watch the exit of customers from the pastry cook's shop, and appeal to them, by the memory of what they have just partaken of, for a half or a quarter of a carline wherewith to procure refreshing draughts to moisten their own parched palates. Having had a few small coins thrown to them, the only way of getting rid of their importunity, they hasten off to the nearest stall to "ber fresco" (drink iced water), or to eat an ice, confidently entrusted to them with a silver spoon by the merchant they so habitually deal with. The other picture is also very characteristic of the city. The shabby fellow seated at the table installed in a vacant portico, is a public writer, whose superior knowledge makes him the confidant of all those who have not mastered the mysteries of reading and writing. His client, in the present instance, is a girl who is evidently dictating a reply to a billet-doux. These public scriveners, poor and poorly paid, are the soul of honor—their hearts are the grave of secrets. The Romeos and Juliets of humble life go to him with as much confidence as they go their confessor. Into his ear they pour their loves, their quarrels, their embarrassments, and all their little schemes. It is probable that all his letters are pretty much alike, and that his calling makes no great demands upon his brain and fancy. His little gains enable him to live well in a place where living is so cheap. Beneath the genial sky of Naples even the lazzaroni do not suffer as beggars do in northern cities. They are temperate, and provisions are so cheap that the merest pittance will buy them food for the day. If there is a surplus, they are able to indulge in some of the *divertimenti* of the mole. If they have no other place, they can sleep under the portico of a palace or a church with impunity. Naples and its environs are truly enchanting. Well may the Neapolitan be proud of his country, call it a piece of heaven fallen on the earth, and exclaim, "*Vedi Napoli e poi muori*" (see Naples and then die)! The air is balmy and delicious; the heat of summer is tempered by the cool breezes that sweep in from the Mediterranean, the magnificent bay is unrivalled in its beauty, every island and headland the eye rests upon is clustered with historical associations, the fields in the vicinity are fertile and smiling, the graceful elms are fes-

A NEAPOLITAN LETTER WRITER.

tooned with vines that yield delicious fruits, and night and day the movement of the population makes a perpetual fair in the city. Vesuvius, Capri, Ischia, Pausilippo—these are a few of the points of interest in the neighborhood. Then there are palaces and galleries and theatres—treasures of art and treasures of science, and Naples only wants good government to make it the most delightful residence in Italy. The ancients knew how to appreciate the enchantments of this region, and fables told of the temple and grove of a siren, by name Parthenope, situated here; but the fable and the name only denote the charms of this El Dorado.

AMUSEMENTS.

When the stern and terrible reformer, Martin Luther, with as heavy a task as God ever laid on a mortal man, threw his cares aside from time to time, and played on his flute, jested with his friends, gamboled elephant-like with his children, or gave himself up with extravagant delight to the songs of birds and all the joyful restorative influences of nature, he thus kept his soul sweet and his power fresh, so as to renew at the fitting time, and finish the work which had been given him to do. Here we see the true place and office of amusements. They are not the business of life, but interludes, recreations, refreshments, thrown in at intervals to save us from being utterly broken down by unceasing and perpetual toil. While we study or labor, while we do our part to work or to prepare ourselves for work, we have a right, nay, it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to give ourselves up from time to time to amusements. But when amusements become the chief thing, when they take the place of the serious duties which God has imposed on every man whom he has created, then they undermine our principles, and impair our faith in whatever is noblest in virtue, or most holy in religion. The soul which lays upon itself no weightier obligations and seeks no higher ends, is lost. Even poetry, and music, and art, so beautiful in their place as the handmaids of religion, only lead us into the paths of death when they withdraw from her guidance and demand for themselves the worship which is due to God alone. "This, too, is the ruinous effect of an education of accomplishments. The education of the taste, and the cultivation of the feelings, in undue proportion, destroy the masculine tone of mind. An education chiefly romantic or poetical, not balanced by hard practical life, is simply the ruin of the soul." And when such has become the character of a community, when æsthetic tastes have greater influence than the love of truth, and amusements are allowed to stand in the place of better things, then, no matter what external show of prosperity or refinement there may be, the doom of that community is sealed. "For," says Sir James Stephen, "neither in sacred nor profane history, neither in the monarchies of the East, nor the free commonwealths of the Western world, neither in Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Italian, Saracenic, or any other chronicles, could an exception be found to the law which dooms to ruin any people who, abandoning the duties for the delights of this transitory state, live only in the frivolities of life, and find only the means of a dissolute and emasculate self-indulgence in God's best gifts to man—in wealth and leisure and society, in erudition and art and science, in literature and philosophy and eloquence, in the domestic affections which should bless our existence, and in the worship by which it should be consecrated." The amusements of men should ever be indulged only as means to give zest and tone to the mind in its pursuit of the higher objects of life.—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

ENGLISH PATENTS.

The New York Times in an account of the Astor Library states the following facts:—One of the most remarkable series of volumes in the library is the Specifications of English Patents. There are in all about 600 volumes, which are devoted to minute descriptions of patents taken out in England since the year 1617. As exhibiting the increased activity of inventive genius in these latter times, it is a fact worth noting that from 1617 to 1822, 14,000 patents were issued, while from 1852 to the present time, there have been 15,000 taken out. The indexing of these volumes displays remarkable industry and a systematic thoroughness which can hardly be surpassed. One series of catalogues gives the names of inventors, another the character of the patent issued, and still another the lawsuits which have originated through alleged trespass upon the rights. Thus our own inventors can obtain all the information they may desire with reference to English patents by going no further from home than the Astor Library. Strange as it may appear, the binding of these volumes has cost $10,000. All the drawings have been mounted with muslin, that the books might be handled without falling to pieces, and this alone has cost for the 200 volumes about $1000.

JEFFERSON'S WEDDING.

The following scene is from the Early Days of Jefferson, in the New York Century:

"Belinda" (Jefferson's first love) had been married many years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met with a young lady of twenty-two, who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion, with a delicate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling; and luxuriant hair of a rich, soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which were eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to all this, the lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced and moved with elegant ease, and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly. And still to these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm, loving heart, and last, though not least, notable talents for housekeeping, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence, in the county of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and had married in her 17th year, Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who dying in 1768, left his young wife a widow at 19. As the three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful young lady found herself besieged at "The Forest" by numerous visitors. Of these, three were favorites with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one. The tradition runs that the pretensions of the rivals were decided either by the musical accomplishments of the young counsellor, or by the feats of his opponents. The tale is differently related. One version is that the two unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's doorstep, but hearing Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest thenceforth, and retired without entering, convinced that the affair was beyond their control.

The other story is, that all three met at the door, and agreed that they would take their turns. Mr. Jefferson entered first, and the tones of the lady in singing with her companion deprived the listeners of all hope. However this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first day of January, 1772, there was a great festival at "The Forest." Friends and kindred assembled from far and near—there was frolicking and dancing, after the abundant old fashion—and we find from the bridegroom's note-book, that the servants and fiddlers received fees from his especial pocket. It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set out in their carriage for "Monticello," where Mr. Jefferson had commenced building in 1769, just before the destruction by fire of his patrimonial house of "Shadwell." The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced toward the mountains, the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage and proceed upon their way on horseback. Stopping to rest at "Blenheim," the seat of Col. Carter, where they found, however, no one but an overseer, they left it at sunset, resolutely bent upon reaching Monticello before night. It was eight miles distant, and the road, which was rather a mountain bridle path than an honest highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep. We may fancy the sensations of the newly-wedded bride, at the chill appearance of the desolate landscape, as she passed along the snow; but she was a woman of courage and good sense, and did not care for inconvenience. It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—or rather there was no reception at all. The fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed, and the place was as dark and silent as the grave. Conducting his wife to the pavilion, which was the only part of the house habitable at the time, Mr. Jefferson proceeded to do the honors. On a shelf behind some books, part of a bottle of wine was discovered; and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and the bride. Far from being annoyed or discomfited by their reception, however, it only served for a topic of jest and laughter. The young lady was as merry and light-hearted as a bird, and sent her clear voice ringing through the dreary little pavilion as gaily as she had ever done in the cheerful drawing-room of "The Forest." Thus the long hours of the winter night fled away like minutes, winged with laughter, merriment and song. The vigil was a mirthful incident rather than a trial of their equanimity. They were young, and they had just been married. When hands are clasped, and hearts beat close together, there is very little gloom in darkness, and winter nights are not cold.

A PASTRY COOK'S SHOP AT NAPLES.

BARON STEUBEN'S BURIAL AND GRAVE.

Agreeably to his directions, Steuben was buried about noon, on the 30th of November, 1794. His neighbors, about thirty in number, hastened to the farm to pay their last respects to their beloved old townsman. It was a simple and modest *cortege* which, on a shivering, winter day, accompanied his remains to the grave. No mourning parade or music was there; no crape-covered eagles or colors were to be seen; no cannon fired a military salute; no word was spoken; no funeral oration delivered. Some handfuls of earth, and the tears of a few manly and sincere friends, were the last tribute paid to the citizen soldier, who, having contributed in no small degree to the attainment of American independence, now found lasting repose in the unbroken stillness of her primeval forests.—*Life of Steuben.*

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

The mistakes and errors of youth are the evil genii which wait upon our manhood, and the ghosts that make us tremble in old age. They chill our ardor when ardor would be success; oppose our progress when to advance would be to conquer; haunt our walks, which might otherwise be blessed by the happiest spirits—by love, by grace, by faith, and beauty—and are not to be laid by all our exorcisms, nor to be entreated by all our supplications. We have raised them, in our folly, till they have grown superior to the check of our wisdom. Our very friends are useful to encourage their assaults, and to keep them from perishing. They keep them wakeful, when, perhaps, they would prefer to be at rest, quite as much as ourselves.—*W. G. Simms.*

A lie has no legs, but scandal has wings.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M.—In little more than three years Edward Everett has received and paid over to the Mt. Vernon Fund, and to other benevolent associations, more than 90,000 dollars. He has delivered his Washington address one hundred and twenty-nine times since February 22, 1856.

R. S., Rockport, Mass.—Louis Napoleon is fifty-two years of age; Francis Joseph, twenty-nine. The latter is of middle height, very slim, and light in figure, of fair complexion, and of the full features of the house of Austria.

EXPERIMENTER.—Captain Dahlgren, U. S. A., has proved one of his boat guns, and states that it does good execution at the distance of two thousand yards, which is the distance at which such effect was reported of the guns at the battle of Solferino. The boat gun carries an oblong twelve pound ball, and is of the same calibre probably as the French field guns.

"MACHIAVEL," Philadelphia.—We must wait till the conclusion of the conferences at Zurich before we pronounce on the peace between France and Austria. The London Times sums up the results of the peace thus: "The treasure is spent and the blood is shed, the war is ended and the peace is made; but no one, so far as we can see, is the better for the fight."

C. C., Brooklyn.—If you were an older man you would not be disturbed at the occurrence. Remember that "It is in the power of every man to preserve his probity; but no man living has it in his power to say that he can preserve his reputation, while there are so many evil tongues in the world ready to blast the fairest character, and so many open ears ready to receive their reports."

"INQUIRER," Cincinnati, Ohio.—The enterprise of editing Mr. Choate's works has been undertaken by his own family.

G. H., Louisville, Ky.—Human growth, according to Professor Quetelet, is not completed until the twenty-fifth year, at least in Belgium. But this period is supposed to be shorter in other countries; certainly so within the tropics, and in very warm regions, where development and decay are universally allowed to be more rapid.

R. C.—Archimedes is reported to have burned the Roman fleet in the harbor of Syracuse by means of condensing and reflecting the sun's rays from mirrors. Buffon, with 168 mirrors, each about six inches square, set fire to planks of beech 150 feet distant, and with the faint rays of the sun at Paris in the month of March.

OUR VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

Last month, in spite of pressing editorial duties, we managed to give the office the slip for a few hours, and joining the tide of human beings flowing in the direction of Concord, had an opportunity of seeing the volunteer troops of the Commonwealth assembled for the first time in a body, and under the marshalship of the commander-in-chief. It is needless to say that we enjoyed the display as a spectacle; but it was something better than a mere military pageant; it had a higher import and a deeper significance. It showed that the military spirit of our people is not extinct, that we possess the aptitude as well as the right to bear arms, and that we are prepared to meet with energy, if need come, "domestic treason" and "foreign levy." Not in vain have the pages of our annals been crowded with the heroic deeds of Indian and French wars, with the glories of the revolutionary strife, with the martial achievements of the second war of independence, and with those stern combats in the valley of Mexico, where the colors of the New England regiment were as far advanced as any in the path of glory.

The full ranks of the different regiments show the zeal of the members, and their admirable discipline was such that it was evident that a few weeks' campaigning would bring them up to the highest standard of military exigency. And this is well. Lament it as we will, the weapons of war must for many years, perhaps for many centuries, be familiar to the hands of every people that would preserve its independence. In our day, we despair of seeing the dream of a peaceful Utopia realized on earth. Woe to the nation that turns its swords into ploughshares and reaping-hooks, while armed despots sit on thrones encircled by bristling bayonets and rifled cannon, on the watch for prey! How long would it be, supposing we disbanded our regulars and our militia, and sold our military stores, before one or more European despots would grasp the opportunity of putting an end to the great republic which is a perpetual shame and menace to their system of oppression and repression, of crushing burthens and of capricious legislation? We have not insisted on the necessity of the militia as an armed police force, in case of domestic troubles, though this is a feature of the system deserving of the most serious consideration. The certainty of the existence of armed citizen corps in every locality is essential in keeping down the ruffian spirit of dangerous individuals, which, but for our volunteers, would break forth in outrage and defiance of civil authority.

In this connection we must express the pleasure with which we have perused the letter of that noble old soldier, General Wool, an honored visitor to the Concord encampment, in reply to the complimentary communication addressed to him by Governor Banks. "The right of the people to keep and bear arms," says the veteran, "is the great conservative feature of our free institutions. This right, with a well-regulated military organization, is essential to the preservation and protection of the privileges guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. It is this feature in the Constitution which renders large standing armies unnecessary, and which are used by other nations, not having the privilege of keeping and bearing arms, to override and keep down the people. Where the people have only picks, axes, shovels, spades, etc., as in France, Italy, and Austria, as well as in other European powers, they cannot resist musketry, rifles and rifled cannon. Hence, the monarchs of the world have their feet on the necks of their subjects, and will keep them there in spite of shovels, axes and spades. The privilege of keeping and bearing arms at will by our people is not permitted in any of the continental powers of Europe. Whenever the people of the United States abandon this great privilege, it will be the beginning of the end of their free institutions, and not long after they will become what the people of Europe are, the down-trodden of America. To guard against such a result let us then cherish this invaluable privilege, this great conservative feature of our institutions, of keeping and bearing arms, which, while it banishes the necessity of large standing armies, renders the republic invincible."

THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

On our first page we have placed the finest equestrian portrait that has yet appeared of the Emperor Napoleon III. It represents him entering Paris at the head of his staff and army, with a Zouave and a grenadier of the imperial guard presenting arms on either side of him. He has now fairly won his epaulettes and earned a legitimate title to military honors. After his baptism of fire at Magenta and Solferino, and his rapid and brilliant operations in Italy, no one will contest his claims to gallantry and soldiership. The present ruler of France appears to the best advantage on horseback. Mounted on a splendid charger, the inferiority of his stature ceases to attract attention, for he is a superb horseman, and sits with great grace and dignity. At a review which took place in the Champ de Mars, not long before the opening of the Italian campaign, he had an opportunity to display the perfection of horsemanship, which he did not neglect to embrace. He was sitting quietly on his horse watching the manœuvres of a body of troops in a distant part of the field, when his eagle eye detected a mistake which, if not remedied instantly, would throw the column into disgraceful confusion. Thereupon he set spurs to his horse and dashed across the field at full gallop. Suddenly he discovered a barouche standing directly across the path. Instead of reining up and making a detour, he gathered up his horse, gave him a fresh touch of the steel, and topped the carriage in a flying leap that would have done honor to the boldest Leicestershire fox-hunter. The feat was witnessed by thousands, who rent the air with their delighted acclamations, for it was just the sort of achievement to touch the French nearly and rouse their enthusiasm. No professional rider at the imperial circus could have done better. The likeness of the emperor in our picture, though on a small scale, is admirable, as those who have seen him will admit.

THE SPUR AND THE SADDLE.

These are glorious days for equestrian exercise—none like them in the whole circle of the revolving year. The cool mornings and evenings, stirring the blood, steadying the nerves, and bracing the muscles, prepare one to "witch the world with noble horsemanship," or at least to make the attempt. The autumn weather "puts a fever in the blood of age and makes the infant sinew strong as steel." There is a magic in the spur and the saddle that is perfectly irresistible. The humblest citizen who can manage to bestride a nag, is filled with high thoughts and lofty aspirations. As he feels the bounding steed beneath him, yielding to the rein and prompt to the suggestion of the "armed heel," he feels fit for deeds of high emprize,

——"Though spurs are won no more
Where steel-clad ranks are wheeling."

Of course he could charge a battery and ride over the guns as Colonel May did in Mexico. Is it not worth something to be so lifted out of one's self, to be so buoyed up and exhilarated? It is this excitement which makes exercise in the saddle so beneficial, and which led a famous English physician to adopt one prescription for all his cases—"Live in the saddle."

We are surprised that in a country where so much money is expended on horseflesh, riding is so unpopular as it is. Of a hundred men you meet on the road in the vicinity of our great northern cities, ninety-nine will be behind a horse to one mounted. A little equestrian spasm occurs once in a while, and then you may chance to see a cavalcade of harness horses equipped with saddles and mounted by ladies and gentlemen who ride just often enough to ride very badly and with great fatigue to themselves and their steeds. Yet there is no country in the world where the appliances for this sort of exercise are more plentiful. Strange as it may seem, in England, where they are so fond of the saddle, the breed of good saddle backs is dying out, while we here in the north raise thousands of horses annually, neat-stepping, compactly-built, sure footed animals, that never ought to look through a collar, and are just the things for ladies and gentlemen to ride. We really wish that an equestrian *furor* would arise and become chronic. We should then see fewer pale faces, and hear less about "nerves" feminine and masculine.

BEE SWARMING.

A very singular circumstance occurred lately in England. A man named Blight, seeing a swarm of bees at the top of St. Sidwell's, Exeter, plucked a bough, and, strange as it may appear, stood in the road and endeavored to attract them to it. They flew towards him; but, instead of pitching on the leafy bough, they clustered inches deep on the man's head, face, neck, and hands. Many people, seeing this, became alarmed; but the man, knowing well the habits of bees, stood perfectly still and composed, and directed some of the bystanders to procure a hive, saying that if this were done the bees would doubtless be attracted into it. A hive was obtained, and the result was as anticipated. The bees forsook the man for the hive, and they were restored to Mr. Elworthy, the owner. It is a remarkable fact that, although the bees stuck to the man for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, they did him no injury. Had he moved or become agitated he would have been severely stung, and in all probability death would have ensued.

TROTTING IN AMERICA.—It is said that the first public trotting match for money which ever took place in America was in 1818, when a match was made for $1000 that no horse could be procured which could trot a mile in three minutes. A horse named Boston Blue won the stake, contrary to general expectation, by trotting the mile in a few seconds less than the prescribed time. Gradually the speed of American horses has been increased, until the public ceases to be astonished when Flora Temple trots a mile in two minutes and twenty-three seconds.

SEWING MACHINES.—"Blessed be the man who first invented sleep," says Sancho Panza, and blessed be the man who first invented sewing machines, say we. At this writing we have reference to the popular and excellent article known as Johnson's Improved Double Thread Family Sewing Machine. Let our readers step in at 13 Tremont Row, before supplying themselves with this necessary domestic article, and examine this noiseless and superior invention.

THE SARDINIAN ARMY.—Victor Emmanuel is disbanding his army, but the men are supplied with passports for his camp and Modena, where they will swell the army of Central Italy under Fanti and Garibaldi.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—The sum of £7949 sterling has this year been voted by Parliament towards the expenses of Doctor Livingstone's Zambesi expedition.

SIR WILLIAM EYRE.—The London Times records the death of Sir Wm. Eyre, late in command of the forces in Canada. His age was 53.

GIBRALTAR.—Madrid journals publish articles on the necessity of taking Gibraltar from the English, no matter by what means.

CORAL FORMATIONS.

Several theories of coral formations have been propounded at different times by scientific men. The last, and most generally received, is that of the distinguished naturalist, Mr. Darwin, who supposes these stupendous piles to have been reared, according to one uniform law, by minute marine animalculæ, which separate the calcareous particles from the sea, and therewith build up these wonderful structures. He conceives that, at the commencement of their formation, the corals are attached to the land like a fringe at or near the surface of the sea; that in those instances where the reef is at a distance from the land, the land has subsided; and that, as the land has gradually sunk, the corals have built up the reef to the surface. Wherever a portion of land remaining above the water is encircled by a reef at a distance from the land, he believes that the barrier reef rests upon the line of the shore at which the corals commenced their work; that the outer reefs rise perpendicularly; and that the distance of the barrier reefs from the present junction of the sea with the land, marks the inclination of the land inwards or towards the centre, from the line at which the corals began their operations. In reference to the circular reefs without any land in the centre, this theory assumes that the whole of the land has sunk beneath the water, which now fills the entire space within the coral walls. In process of time breaches occur in these ramparts, through which the ocean currents force their way, and, breaking down other parts of the reef, carry off the fragments until the whole is dispersed. Mr. Darwin's reputation as a profound and sagacious student of nature is so well established, that his conclusions have been received with that general confidence to which they are justly entitled; and though this theory may not apply to all the phenomena, it is much more satisfactory than any other, and is the nearest approach yet made to the elucidation of this branch of science.

RATHER A SMART OPERATION.

Some months since, says the Herald, a fast young man, who, at times, was in want of the needful, and had been in the habit of "spouting" a diamond pin, consisting of a single stone of great beauty, made application to a broker for money, pledging the pin as collateral. After a brief examination the applicant was offered $50, but he wanted more, and left the shop with the understanding that if he could not get an additional amount from some other "uncle" he would return. The owner of the pin was not gone from the shop more than ten minutes when he returned, threw down the pin, and wanted $50. The money was counted out and the pin put away without an examination, and a week elapsed before the broker discovered that while his customer was absent from the store he had changed the stones and for the diamond substituted a piece of glass of the exact size of the diamond. He has never redeemed his property and probably never will.

THE INDIA QUESTION.—An English paper says: "We cannot shake off our India burden and walk away The day we attempt that, it becomes a sword in the hands of Russia. The task to be undertaken is the exposure of British wrong-doing in India, from the Affghan war down to the annexation of Oude and the Cartridge Mutiny; and the insistance upon the inauguration of an era of right-doing, by beginning to *do* right. Englishmen must be made to understand, before it is too late, that not only is the national credit at stake on this subject, but the national existence."

THE DOUBLE OVEN RANGE.—Housekeepers would do well to read Gardner Chilson's advertisement in another column of this paper. The excellent domestic Range which he manufactures is finding its way into all of our first class houses, while its price is such as to place it within the means of all.

AN INSTITUTION.—Ballou's Dollar Monthly, only *one dollar* a year, fully illustrated, *original* throughout, making two volumes of twelve hundred pagesa year. The cheapest in the world!

COLONEL FREMONT.—This gentleman is after all on the high road to fortune in California. His quartz-mills are yielding enormously.

GREAT EASTERN.—Great Eastern! Great Eastern!! Great Eastern!!!

THE FRENCH JOCKEY CLUB.

Many members of the French Jockey Club of Paris greatly distinguished themselves in the Italian war, in the respective regiments to which they belonged. Many of the most noble and *spirituel* were doomed, alas, never to return to their favorite places of re-union—two gentlemen, however, the Count de la Rochefoucauld and the Viscount de Talon, escaped death in a miraculous way. The former, charging the Austrian cavalry, received five wounds and was made prisoner. None of the wounds were mortal, but one of them was caused in a very extraordinary manner; a hulan placed his pistol close to the count's forehead and pulled the trigger, but the ball, instead of shattering his skull, went round the frontal bone, tearing off the skin, and making its escape into empty space, causing a hole in the kepi. As to M. Talon, whilst charging at the head of the company at Solferino, he arrived in an Austrian square, and received a discharge of balls, which, however, only wounded his horse without touching him. The horse fell, but the rider jumped, sword in hand, and presently had his kepi cut through with a sword; a moment after he received a second blow on his head, but, in the confusion, the soldier hit him with the flat of the sword. Finally M. Talon received a thrust from a bayonet, which threw him to the ground; but the soldier who gave it was astonished to see him rise and get away. The soldier thought, no doubt, the young officer had some talisman about him—and so he had. During the campaign in the Crimea, M. Talon complained that he had broken the glass of his watch, and could not get it replaced. A soldier overhearing him, said, "Lieutenant, give me a piece of two francs, and I will put in a glass that will never break." The man, who was a watchmaker by trade, took the two franc piece, and beating it out till it became large enough, skilfully fixed it into the place usually occupied by the glass. The watch, then, was on one side gold and on the other silver. On his return to France, M. Talon continued to wear the watch as a souvenir of the Crimea; he had it in his pocket at the battle of Solferino, and it was against it that the point of the Austrian's bayonet struck. The thrust was such a violent one, that the point of the bayonet passed through both coin and watch. "Thus," said M. Talon, in recounting the affair, "I owe my life to a two franc piece." A gentleman present remarked, that he considered the money exceedingly well invested; and so it was, for it has preserved to France a brave soldier, and to his family a worthy scion of a noble house.

OPPOSITE THE TREMONT HOUSE.—The large and choice stock of Dry Goods offered by Cushman & Brooks, at their store, number 72 Tremont Street, Boston, is worthy the attention of our readers. Attentive and obliging young ladies wait upon the large number of customers, and the goods are sold *cheap*, the motto being large sales and small profits at this house. Their stock consists in part of Lace Goods, French Veils, French Corsets, French Kid Gloves at sixty-three cents a pair, new Embroideries, new Bonnet-Ribbons, French Flowers and Ruches, Namsooks, Muslins, Cambrics, Checks, Stripes and Plain Goods, Gloves, Hosiery and Under Garments, all at prices which cannot be equalled in this city. Linen and Housekeeping Goods at great bargains. Skirts and Skirt-Supporters at very low prices.

AFFLICTING EVENT.—At Carthage, N. Y., a few days ago, a child of a Mrs. Wilmot fell into a cistern, and in trying to save him, she herself and a younger child also fell in. He husband returned home in time to rescue her in an exhausted condition, but the two children were drowned.

THE WATER-CURE.—"I do wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy husband, lounging upon his pillow. "Well, I will try the water-cure," said his wife, pouring a bucketful on him.

STRAWBERRIES FOR WINTER.—Mrs. William P. Dana, of Perry, Me., has preserved and put up during the past season fifty-seven hundred pounds of strawberries.

AN INVALID'S JOKE.—What's the difference between the top of a mountain and a person afflicted with any disorder? One's a summit of a hill, and the other's ill of a "summut!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

A writer in the Critic narrates the following original anecdote of this versatile poet, musician and painter. It was in Glasgow, this year, and the day after the Burns Festival, that a party of gentlemen (including among their number Samuel Lover and the writer of this sketch) visited the establishment of the Messrs. Symington, who are well known to the world of letters for literary merit of no common order. In the course of the visit we came to a large room, in which a great many damsels were at work engaged in the delicate task of taking up loose threads and repairing all accidents that had happened to the delicate fabrics in the progress of the work. These "lassies" looked up with a half-curious air as we entered, and were quietly setting to their work again, when one of the party—it was Peter Cunningham (*Petrus ipse*, Peter, the son of Allan)—stepped forward and said, "Young ladies, I think you ought to know that the author of 'Rory O'More' is in the room, and I think that if you let him go without singing his song, it will be your own fault;" whereupon he pushed Mr. Lover forward, half-blushing, all laughing, and covered with the natural confusion of an Irishman. This announcement was received with great applause; in a moment work was laid aside, and the veteran bard was surrounded by that audience which Apollo ever loves best—a circle of the Graces. There was no escape, no help for it; to yield with the best grace possible was the only way, and that Mr. Lover very gracefully did. Taking off his hat—for, like a true lover, he was one of the most gallant of men—he sang "Rory O'More" in capital style, giving it far more raciness and humor than any one who has not had a similar treat would conceive to be possible. How the ladies enjoyed it. How they giggled and laughed, and gleefully appreciated the "situation" where Rory, "the rogue," gives "another to make it quite sure;" and when the gallant singer kissed the back of his hand to suit the action to the word, how saucily suggestive one or two of them looked, as if to hint that he might have chosen a more natural illustration without giving mortal offence! It was a capital scene. When the song was over there was a general round of applause, and as we left the room, one of the proprietors of the establishment exclaimed, as he wrung Mr. Lover's hand, "Thank you, sir. Not one of these girls will forget you to her dying day."

"THE SMUGGLER: or, *The Secrets of the Coast.*" So great has been the demand for this captivating novelette, written for us by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., that we have been obliged to again reprint it, and the *eleventh* edition is now ready. It is superbly illustrated by large original drawings, and is got up in our best style. We will mail it, *post paid*, to any part of the country, on the receipt of *twenty cents* in postage stamps or silver.

POVERTY.—Poverty is only misfortune when wishes keep the purse-strings. Poverty is the normal condition of man; neither banks, stocks, dividends, houses nor rents, were dreamed of in Eden. Adam was happy, and probably never saw a cheque-book in his life.

A NURSE'S BILL.—It is asserted that the nurse of the young ladies of a noble English family, who rendered her account annually for little nursery etceteras, among other things put down the modest sum of $350 for brandy to sponge the children with.

SPEAKING AND PRINTING.—A well-known London printer being called on to reply to a toast, said, "Gentlemen, I thank you most heartily. I can't make a speech, but I can print one as long as you like.

REASONS FOR CHANGING.—"Do you know, sir, why Mr. Dash has changed his politics?" "O, yes; he's one of the small beer politicians, and beer will *turn*."

A DISCOVERY.—A man who dines at different restaurants announces the discovery that in these places tender meat is also very *rare*.

A BOY'S WORK.—The eyes of needles are manufactured by a machine, which, superintended by a boy, can punch 20,000 in a day.

A TRUTH.—Few pity us for our misfortunes; thousands hate us for our success.

Wayside Gatherings.

Nearly $3,000,000 worth of buildings are now being erected in New Orleans.

It is intended to erect an equestrian statue of General Jackson in Western Tennessee.

The Liberal army in Mexico is being re-organized at San Luis Potosi.

A turtle weighing 600 pounds has been caught in Peconnic Bay, L. I.

It is estimated that the telegraph cuts off a million per year of postage receipts.

During the absence of General Scott, General Wool, as senior officer, will be the acting commander-in-chief.

The quarrymen at Pigeon Cove, Rockport, are busy fulfilling a large contract of paving for New Orleans.

Three thousand entries of mechanical and agricultural implements were made at the United States Fair at Chicago.

Stephen P. Barker, of South Dartmouth, has an apple tree, of an early variety, from which he has realized $29.91 the present season.

The ladies will know how to pity Queen Victoria, when they are told that etiquette does not allow her to go out shopping.

A Pah-tite Indian, six feet three and three-quarters inches high, and weighing 254 pounds, recently visited Genoa, Cal. He is only 25 years old.

Henry Kendall, of Barre, Mass., has just harvested the largest yield of oats ever known in that town. A single acre produced ninety-two bushels.

A special election for a town officer was held at Paris, Ky., lately. The question at issue was, billiards or no billiards. After an exciting contest, the noes carried by sixteen majority.

The registry law in Michigan goes into operation at the coming election. None but the registered are allowed to vote, and all the challenging must be done before the Board of Registry.

A mother in Alexandria, Virginia, left her babe for half an hour asleep in its cradle, and on her return found a hen, which had been driven from its nest, sitting on the face of the child.

The New Orleans Picayune says that all along the railroads completed in Texas, lands have been enhanced in value one hundred per cent., while production has been stimulated to still greater increase.

Attorney-General Black recently gave an opinion that American citizenship attaches to a child born in this country, the parents of whom are foreigners, and only temporary sojourners.

Signorina Camilla, the new singer at Turin, is said to be the daughter of Chipp, whom the frequenters of the old Park Theatre, in New York, will remember as the liveliest drummer in the orchestra.

In Tiffany's window's, New York, is exhibited a set of beautiful diamond jewelry worth seventy-nine thousand dollars; a diamond necklace being valued at nine thousand dollars. It is a passable outfit for a single lady.

The writer on gentlemen's fashions in the Home Journal says, "General effect should be carefully studied before making a choice—like the wife of one's bosom, the waistcoat which covers the heart should be above reproach."

An ancient house in New Orleans recently passed into the possession of a charcoal seller, who has found a pile of Spanish doubloons under the floor in one of the rooms. The sum found is reported to be about $10,000.

The expense of running the caloric engine used in printing the Cincinnati Penny Press, has been for six months but $15, while that of steam, with the necessary help for the same time, would have cost upwards of four hundred dollars.

A man named Michael July, now in jail in Cincinnati, awaiting execution for the murder of his wife, is making a desperate attempt to starve himself to death, and thereby cheat the gallows. He refuses to eat, and has become so attenuated that it is thought he cannot survive much longer.

There are in Egypt three hundred miles of railroad. When the running of the train was commenced, mummies were used for fuel, and are said to make a very hot fire. The supply is almost inexhaustible, and they are used by the cord. What a destiny! to provide fuel for a locomotive.

The work on the Central Park, New York, is rapidly progressing, and it is intended to have that portion from Fifty-Ninth Street to the reservoir completed this fall. About 3700 men have been employed there during the summer, and the winter force will number from 1000 to 1500 men.

Donald McKay, the distinguished shipbuilder, has gone to Europe. He carries with him plans and specifications of several vessels of war for the use of the European naval powers. The French naval authorities entertain a very high opinion of the lines of the ship Great Republic, and think them well adapted for a vessel of war of the first class.

A gentleman in Corsica, Jefferson county, N. Y., being annoyed by tame pigeons coming about the store door, picked up a rifle and fired at them. The pigeons flew away unharmed. He then took up another gun, and no game being in sight, he fired towards a stable in which a valuable horse belonging to Dr. J. C. Jones was tied, the bullet passing throught the heart of the horse, and killing him almost instantly.

Sands of Gold.

.... A pedant is a precocious old man.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Men may be ungrateful, but the human race is not so.—*De Boufflers.*

.... The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.—*Pope.*

.... I fancy the proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country is to reside some time in a foreign one.—*Shenstone.*

.. . Happiness and unhappiness are qualities of mind, not of place or position, and the cause of one's happiness may be the occasion of another's want of it.—*Bovee.*

.. . Were there but one virtuous man in the world, he would hold up his head with confidence and honor; he would shame the world, and not the world him.—*South.*

.... A mind too vigorous and active serves only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings.—*Goldsmith.*

.... Round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work better, but it debaseth it.—*Bacon.*

.... We desire nothing more heartily than an increase of means, although it may be we are too ignorant or want the disposition to make a good use of those we already have.—*Bovee.*

.... By looking into physical causes, our minds are opened and enlarged; and in this pursuit, whether we take or whether we lose the game, the chase is certainly of service.—*Burke.*

.... When two goats met on a bridge that was too narrow to allow either to pass or return, the goat which lay down that the other might walk over it, was a finer gentleman than Lord Chesterfield.—*Cecil.*

.... Certainly man's wicked angel is in money. I often catch myself with something bold as a lion bouncing from my heart, when the shilling rattles, and the lion as small as any weasel slinks back again.—*Jerrold.*

.... Every other quality is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs.—*Robert Hall.*

Joker's Budget.

A cat, having lost her kittens, followed a mutton pie man.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.

If 112 pounds make one hundred weight, how many will make your wife wait?

"Whose son are you, my little boy?" "I aint nobody's son just now; I'm Mr. Thompson's nephew, sir."

Isn't it rather an odd fact in natural history, that the *softest* water is caught when it rains the *hardest?*

"When did father Adam meet with his first loss in business?" "Why, in the *full* trade," was the answer.

"Massa, one ob your oxen is dead; 'toder too. 'Fraid to tell you of boff at once, for fear you couldn't bore it."

"Up to snuff" is now rendered, "Elevated to an equal capacity with the titillating particles of the tobacco plant."

"Tommy, my son, what is longitude?" "A clothes line, daddy." "Prove it, my son." "Because it stretches from pole to pole."

A eminent connoisseur was offered during dessert some grapes. "Thank you," he said, "it is never my custom to take my wine in pills."

Sir William Draper claimed to be descended from Pepin the French king, and traced the pedigree thus: Pepin, Pipkin, Napkin, Diaper, Draper.

"Warm day, Mr. Jones, warm day," said Mr. Smith, as they met on Thanksgiving day. "Yes, it is," said Jones, "it is *some* warm if not *summer.*"

"As for ancestry," says Smoke, "truth to speak, I am one of those who may take the cuckoo for their crest, and for their motto—'Nothing.'"

Women are all alike. When they're maids they're mild as milk: once make 'em wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificate, and defy you.

A correspondent writes us, that it is folly to undertake to scull a boat with a trowel, or to think of keeping girls from knowing what kind of confectionery matrimony is.

Lord Brougham is described in the Times as "that very complex being, that bundle of inconsistencies, that *debris* of what was, and that rudiment of what will never be perfected."

An individual was arrested the other day in Cincinnati, while endeavoring to pick a gentleman's pocket. He said he wasn't used to the business, and was just trying to *get his hand in.*

A beggar boy made application to a farmer's wife in Scotland for relief, and was refused, on the ground that she "had no copper;" to which the urchin very accommodatingly replied, "I take siller, mem."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FAMILY PRIDE.

A ROMANCE OF LITTLE ST. JAY.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

I.—MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

"O DEAR! O dear! Your want of exclusiveness and self-respect, Mary, will one day be the death of me!"

"Now mother, dear, I do not comprehend you at all. What has gone wrong? Who has vexed you? I was not aware till now that my character was so very faulty, that I had in any way forgotten my self-respect, or encouraged any improper intimacy."

"Bah! the miserable poltroon! to think I would have no more respect for my family."

"Still I am in the dark, mother."

"Mary, I have been grievously insulted, outraged; and all through you—your foolish want of pride, of self-respect. Thank Heaven, you are not like me, or you would not condescend to encourage every boor by treating him as an equal. But I have sent this one about his business. I guess he will understand, in future, that I know the difference between a clown and a gentleman."

"I should think so, mothe; but of whom are you speaking? Recollect I have been absent since noon, and cannot be expected to know who has been here during that time, or what may have occurred to disturb you so strangely."

"Now don't vex me with stupid inquiries, for I told you last Sabbath on our return from church that it would turn out just so. Didn't I know the character of these ignorant boobies well enough to know that if you gave them an inch they would take an ell? Now, Mary dear, you know that my whole life, since your poor father died, has been wholly and entirely devoted to your advancement. You know, also, what your dear papa said to you on his death-bed: 'Remember, Mary,' said he, 'to be discreet in the selection of your friends and associates. Remember that society is divided into three classes, the high, the commonplace, the low; let it be your study, then, to be able to discern between them. You will then make no mistakes to be repented of in after life;' which means, child, that you shall encourage no person below you in the social scale; and now to think of it, after spending one-half of the little property which your poor father left, in giving you an education suitable to your position and future prospects, you no sooner return from the classic retreat of the Misses Tullimedes, than you fall to renewing your school-girl acquaintance with every Betty and Johnny in the village of Little St. Jay. And what is the result? It has given everybody the assumption to approach you as though they were fully your equals. And here is that conceited Tom Bangs been here already to ask for you, and it's all on account of your appearing so well pleased to see him last Sunday. O dear! I told you it would be just so! And here was Doctor Malcolm waiting to see you, and heard him ask. I declare, I felt as though I should sink through the floor. I never was so affronted by anything in my life—the puppy! But I made no bones in sending him about his business, and you should have seen Doctor Malcolm laugh."

"O, mother! have you been so cruel and thoughtless as to wound the feelings of poor Tom, the noblest, the purest-hearted, the most sensitive creature that ever breathed in Little St. Jay? O, mother! I will write a note to him and beg him to forgive your rudeness!"

"Never!" (a little stamp of the foot.) "You shall do no such thing. What? have I not a right to speak in my own house? Am I to be insulted by such boors, and not show them their distance? Bah!"

"Mother, you forget—Tom Bangs once saved your daughter's life! If you have no respect for other's feelings, have you no gratitude? I know that Tom Bangs has no patrimony but his two strong hands, but is he not regarded by every one as a machinist of great ingenuity and promise?"

"O, Mary, your ideas of respectability will yet be the death of me—such horrible ideas!—and do you think that such creatures can be gentlemen, and fit associates for young ladies who have been fostered with tender care, and trained up in all the varied and ladylike accomplishments of the day?"

"Mother, will you please define a gentleman."

"I will" (terrible sarcasm), "because I think you have no intuitive sense of the character. A gentleman, then, is one who is well bred, of good family, and can show you a diploma and a profession—and you should never forget that your father was possessed of both—instead of a shovel and mallet, or an anvil and a file, like some of the vulgar creatures you defend."

"Well, is Doctor Malcolm a gentleman, mother?"

"Certainly! Doctor Malcolm is possessed of all those qualities—is well bred, educated to an honorable profession, possessed of a moderate fortune, and despises the vulgar herd; besides, his grandfather was a colonel in the Revolution."

"Yes, I have heard; he was colonel of a regiment of tory volunteers, and" (very slily) "was wounded while gloriously retreating before the rebels. But seriously, dear mama, what is the difference between the man you hire to physic you, and that other you employ to black your boots? They both require the same vulgar money for their services. I confess I cannot perceive your nice distinctions. Somehow or other I have got the vulgar impression in my mind that it is the character and genius of the man that reflects credit upon the calling, rather than the calling upon the creature who may chance to be thrust into it."

"Now, Mary, stop! I wont suffer it. You wish to reflect on the character of Doctor Malcolm, a gentleman whose attentions to you would have been approved of by your father, were he now living."

"No, mother, you are mistaken; I simply alluded to the doctor's pedigree, but not till after you had. No. I had no intention to reflect on Doctor Malcolm, for I have no more interest in him than—than—the man in the moon! Why should I?"

"I suppose, then, that the Bangses are your ideal—Tom Bangs!" (With great bitterness.) "But while I live you will never encourage him under this roof. No, never! If my daughter so far forgets the honorable position of her family as to disgrace it by any such misalliance, or even by association with such vulgar people, it will be done somewhere beside under the roof of the late Hon. John Sedley, Esq."

"Hold, mother, for Heaven's sake! What have I done, what has poor Tom Bangs done, that you should couple our names together with such bitterness? Even though I admire him, his noble, manly nature, I have no assurance that he cares a straw for me. I am sure he would have good reason not even to respect us after the uncourteous treatment he has received. O, mother! I thought you, till this hour, the pink of politeness and good breeding, but in respect to poor, honest, honorable Tom Bangs, you have consented for once to step out of your legitimate character to abuse him."

"Well, he should not have ventured out of his place. So long as these people remain where they belong, they will never have cause to complain of ill treatment from their superiors."

"But, mother, dear, in what consists our superiority over Tom Bangs? He has done something! What have we done? Nothing but suck our claws and somebody to feed us, or we might be compelled to suck them to some purpose."

"There, you silly creature, what has he done? You are always talking about some such absurd thing."

"He? Why, he has done something worth talking about, something that would reflect honor and credit on the noblest creature in the world. He has constructed a model engine, and it is now on exhibition at the Mechanic's Fair. Mrs. Prim, who was there last week with her friends in the city, saw it, and saw hundreds of people admiring it, and saw on a card attached to it, the name of Thomas Bangs, Little St. Jay."

"Well!"

"Well? Is there nothing in all that?"

"Nothing?—of course there is not. Any lout may do that who is willing to dirty his hands. A king does not build his own palace, if he did there would be no credit in having one. No. It is the situation we are born in that gives us credit."

"Mother, your argument is not sound. Rather admit that the man who toils for the good of all, and dirties his hands that the grand object of his life may be effected, reflects a lasting honor on everything that surrounds him, high or low, rich or poor. He is a spoke in the wheel of social progress. No, I am sorry my own mother's ideas should be so illiberal, so inconsistent, so at variance with her known goodness of heart."

"Then you should be more guarded in your associations, which would give me less cause to be vexed and ill-conditioned. It is not my habit always to speak my mind thus plainly, I admit. But I have been *banged* into the necessity of speaking the truth for once, and I hope you may profit by it. (Great emphasis on the word "banged.")

"I hope so, mother, it is not good that the truth should be wasted."

"Well, Mary dear, I am glad to see you reasonable at last; and that reminds me of something I wished to say before this. I did not tell you why Doctor Malcolm was here. Well, I will now. His aunt, who has been ailing for some time, you know, has at last escaped her earthly trials," (a sigh) "and left him five thousand dollars; and, O, Mary! he has asked permission to—to—pay attention to you!"

"Preposterous, mother. He can do much better than that; besides, I have no inclination to be courted."

"Mary, you are a perverse creature, at the best; but I have given my consent, and now you may run into the garden and look after Susan." (Aside.) "O, what a pest are these servants!" (*Exeunt* Mary.) "There, I think she will be reasonable now. But O, this levelling notion she has somewhere obtained, is extremely humiliating, to say the least. But hark! some one is pounding at the front door! It must be some stupid, vulgar creature, or they would know enough to pull the bell-knob. There," (glancing out of the window as she spoke) "it is just as I suspected, that good-for-nothing Lucy Barnes, cousin of the Bangses; and, as I live, she has a letter in her hand. There, I'll wager my life there is some plot at work, but I'll defeat it, that I will." (Sweeps towards the door—opens it with a bang.) "Well, miss?" (severe dignity.)

"Thank-ee, mum!" (cousin of the Bangses slightly confused.)

"Well, miss, to what am I indebted for this honor?" (smiles: three parts vinegar, one part lunar caustic.)

"Thank-ee; I'd like to see Miss Mary a minute—just a—"

"If you have any business with my daughter, you will please transact it through me. It will do just as well. She is busy just now and cannot possibly attend to you."

"Thank-ee, mum! Then here is a letter for her from my Cousin Tom, who is just startit for New York."

"Thank you, miss; I will hand it to her. Good-morning!" (shuts the door in Lucy's face and soliloquizes:) "'Startit for New York!' What vulgarity, what low-bred creatures."

Lucy.—"Proud as Lucifer, short as pie-crust."

II.—INTERCEPTED LETTER.

As we have already introduced the reader without ceremony into the privacy of a respectable widow lady's abode, which property is her castle, as much as though it were guarded by a brace of rampant lions, and into which, because unguarded, I admit we had no more actual business to intrude ourselves, than had the disreputable Bangs, hero of our story; but, as we have done so, wilfully, feloniously (vide: probing into the inner life), and with force of arms, we may as well hang for an old sheep as a lamb, and as it requires rogues to catch rogues, as the saying is, we may as well follow the exemplary widow into a private apartment, whither she immediately retired on closing the door in the face of Lucy Barnes—poor Lucy! the vulgar creature who gave utterance to the last sentence of the foregoing chapter—and listen to the revelation which follows, which, to say the least, is not much to the credit of this well bred and censorious matron, who is engaged at this moment with a pen-knife in removing the envelope to Tom's letter.

Mrs. Sedley.—"Well, who would have imagined such presumption?"—cut—cut—cut. "But she shall never see it. No one but myself shall ever know of this!"—cut—cut. "Now we will see what the presumptuous puppy has dared to say to my darling." (reads.) "'Little St. Jay, August,' um! 'My dear Mary,' I would like to choke him! 'I called to see you this afternoon, because I knew you would be interested in my success. But your mother would not permit me to see you when I came, so I am now under the necessity of writing to you to inform you of that which I had hoped to have done by word of mouth. My dear Mary, don't be astonished at what I am about to say—it is a secret between us; I have not even mentioned it to my own mother, though I shall do so soon—on my return from New York. I have received the appointment of chief engineer to the Czar of Russia, for five years, at a salary of twenty thousand rubles per annum, only five thousand less than the United States pays to her president.' My stars!—Tom Bangs!—goodness gracious, what does this mean? 'It is arranged that I shall start by the next steamer. O, Mary, I have loved you ever since the hour I swam out to your relief, when your boat was capsized in the river, but I have never been presumptuous enough to mention it till carried away by the golden prospect which has now opened before me. I know that I am wholly unworthy of one so good and pure as yourself, but I love you with my whole soul, and shall always love you, and your mother, and every one that you love, whatever you may think of me for presuming to say it.' I declare! this is the strangest thing!—I wonder if I am asleep or awake? Tom Bangs going to Russia—salary twenty thousand rubles per annum—loves Mary—no doubt he has offered to marry my darling in this very letter—let me see, where did he leave off—really, he is so modest, I had no idea he was so much of a gentleman! Appearances, they say, are often deceitful, and I believe it. Let me see: 'whatever you may think of me for presuming to say it!'—this is where I left off. Now we will go on. 'The world is opening before me, but what is success worth if we are to be forever shut out from the object of our affections?' Very true. 'For six years my constant aim has been to make myself worthy of you and your family, but I despair of ever being worthy of so pure an angel as yourself.' Really, after all, the young man is a person of very nice discernment, and Mary, I must acknowledge, understood him much better than I. 'I am poor, it is true, but I shall now soon be in prosperous circumstances, thank Heaven. If I dared to believe you could love me, with all my imperfections—love me enough to become mine for all the future, it would be the crowning joy of my life. It is true the world would be very dark without you, but I will not ask you to mistake gratitude for affection, for I love you too deeply and too disinterestedly to ask even the slightest sacrifice on your part. But if you should love me well enough to consider favorably this homely proposition which comes from a heart whose chief aim will be to render your life happy, and could your mother be led to take a similar view, nothing would give me greater joy and satisfaction than to have you both accompany me to Russia.' Gracious me! this seems like the developments of some wonderful romance. O, how delightful it would be to go there, and to see the great emperor, Nicholas; and Tom, too, would be so honored on account of his wonderful faculty to build engines. Doctor Malcolm is worth only the half of Tom's salary for six months, and I am sure his practice is next to nothing, so I declare, I cannot see any other way but we must be under the necessity of disappointing him. But let me see what the good-hearted creature says further: 'Could you but become my own darling wife, Mary, you need be under no delicacy in giving me a direct answer, so that I can secure berths for three. I shall look for your letter with the greatest impatience.' How delicate! Who would have looked for such refinement of expression? I will answer for her, my dear good fellow! You shall have it all your own way, and take berths for three, for I know my darling loves you!"

* * * * * *

Mrs. Prim.—"You did not attend the wedding last night, Mrs. Mudget?"

Mudget.—"No. I suppose Mrs. Sedley did not think I was quite good enough; but Mary is a good girl, in spite of her 'bringing up,' and Mr. Mudget says that Tom Bangs always had a great head, if people in Little St. Jay had only been sharp enough to discover it. How soon will they start on their voyage to Russia?"

Mrs. Prim.—"They leave for New York in the morning, and the steamer starts the same evening."

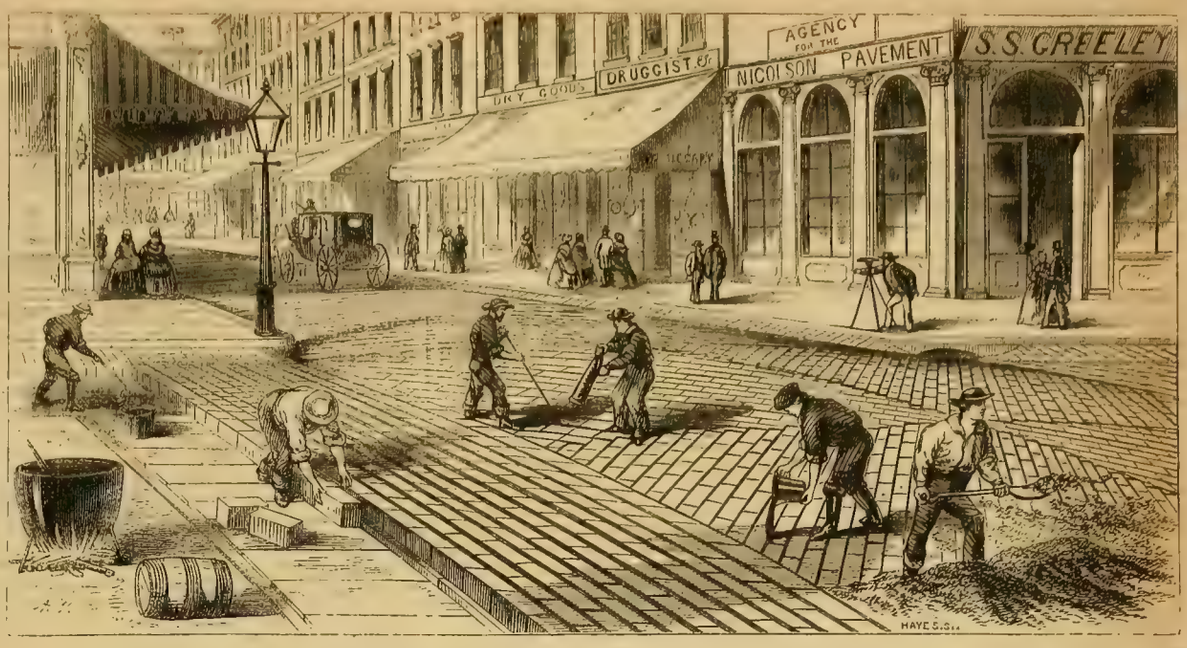
Mudget.—"Well, I declare, it seems almost too strange to be real, after all."

IDIOSYNCRACIES OF GREAT MEN.

Haydn and Newton worked so nervously that they required to be alone. Gluck was miserable unless in the open air. It was in the centre of a meadow, with a piano forte before him, that he composed his "Iphigenia." Granville wrought out his ideas while throwing a velvet cap against the walls and ceiling, or playing with a frog in a glass of water. A celebrated French preacher was accustomed to stimulate himself by stripping to his shirt and playing on a violin.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE "NICOLSON PAVEMENT."

The accompanying engraving represents the "Nicolson Pavement" as it appears at the crossing of Clark and Washington Streets in the city of Chicago, Illinois. The figures and the unfinished portion of the street, are designed to illustrate the manner of constructing the pavement. This valuable improvement in street paving is the invention of Mr. Samuel Nicolson of Boston, Mass. We find in a pamphlet, published and distributed by Mr. Nicolson in 1855, that, having been for many years the treasurer and superintendent of the Boston and Roxbury Mill Corporation, whose roads and avenues extend to nearly ten miles in length, and seeing the great want of improvement upon the old methods of stone paving and McAdamizing streets and roads, he gave the subject his earnest investigation, and then determined that a composition of wood, tar and gravel, if properly combined, would make a more perfect roadway than any other materials; as such composition would be comparatively noiseless and smooth, safe and easy for the feet of horses, prevent earthy exhalations, and also prevent the entrance of frost. Mr. Nicolson's method of constructing his pavement is as follows:—The street, being properly graded, is covered with a thin coat of tar, then by a flooring of boards placed lengthwise of the street, then with another thin coat of hot tar; on this the paving blocks are placed. The blocks are cut from planks three or four inches thick and six inches long, and are set endwise in rows across the street; between the rows of blocks there is placed a strip of board about one inch thick and two inches wide, over which coarse sand or gravel is rammed, and then hot tar is poured over the whole surface of the pavement, penetrating into the wood and amongst the gravel, so as to render the whole so solid as to exclude the entrance of moisture; whilst the tar is hot the whole is covered thickly with sand, and the pavement is in condition for travel. The first experiment made by the inventor was upon the Western Avenue, in 1848, where it was exposed to public travel for more than seven years, without requiring repairs. It was next put upon Mason street in 1854, on West street and Washington street in 1855, on Chauncey street in 1856, on Exchange street in 1857. The block of the latter pavement is of hard wood, and now, after two winters, and the hard usage to which the pavement of that street is always subjected, its appearance and promise of durability is not equalled by any stone pavement in this city. It is officially stated by Mr. R. Copeland, the Superintendent of Public Works of the city of Chicago, that a portion of Welles street, in that city, was paved with the "Nicolson Pavement" in 1856, that it has received no repairs, is now in perfectly good order, and looks likely to last several years longer. He also states that there is now laid and under contract for completion this fall, *thirty-one thousand* square yards of the above-named pavement, covering *one and one eighth mile of streets and alleys.* That "the pavement is cleanly, noiseless, impervious to water and frost, affords an excellent foot-hold for horses, and is in all respects a very desirable pavement, both for occupants of adjoining buildings and for persons driving over it. It is of great value in the saving of wear to vehicles and injury to horses." There are many testimonials concerning the sanitary and other qualities of this pavement, by scientific and practical men, at our command; but we think the above account of this valuable invention will be sufficient to call attention to a subject promising so much comfort and advantage to all towns and cities. The pamphlet referred to above is very interesting and is filled with facts and abounds in verified statements, showing the excellence of this system of pavement, in every point of view.



PUTTING DOWN THE NICOLSON PAVEMENT AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

BORROMEO CHAPEL, WEYBRIDGE, ENG.

The irregular building, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, delineated in our engraving, is the spot where, "after life's fitful hour," Louis Philippe, ex-king of the French, and the beautiful and intellectual Duchess d' Orleans, his daughter-in-law, "sleep well" in foreign soil. For the moralist or the poet we can imagine no fitter theme than the grave of Louis Philippe. We can imagine no spot of "hallowed ground" whereon the philosopher can better erect a fabric of solemn reasoning than the little sanctuary at Weybridge, where sleeps the late King of the French.

> He left a mark behind
> Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,
> And give it whole to late posterity!

The village of Weybridge lies about one mile southward of the Weybridge Station on the South Western Railway, and is surrounded by some pleasant scenery, which derives a picturesque character from "the splashing waters" of the river Wey. In its immediate vicinity is Oatlands Park, the residence of the late Duke of York, and after his death, of his amiable and benevolent duchess. There is a famous grotto in the park, originally formed at a cost of £40,000, and entirely composed of minute pieces of spar, rock, minerals and shells. But the tourist chiefly visits Weybridge for the purpose of inspecting the little and fantastic chapel, known as the Chapel of Borromeo, wherein are interred the remains of Louis Philippe and his two daughters, the Duchesses de Nemours and D'Orleans. It was founded by a gentleman of the name of Taylor, several years since, and intended as a family mausoleum. His tomb is placed in the crypt, in proximity to those of the king and the princesses. The tomb of Louis Philippe is extremely simple, and distinguished with but little ornament. It bears an inscription in Latin, recording his death at Claremont, on the 26th of August, 1850, at the ripe age of 76, and gives expression to the confident hope that his remains will yet be removed to his own country to repose with the ashes of his ancestors—"avitas inter cineres." Wreaths of "immortelles," and vases brimmed with flowers adorn the steps of the tomb. The chapel is surrounded by a very beautiful garden, and sheltered by graceful boughs, through which delightful vistas of the ample heath and distant meadows occasionally present themselves. The decease of Louis Philippe's daughter-in-law, the Duchess d'Orleans, (Helene Louisa Elizabeth) took place May 18, 1858. On her son rest the hopes of those who yet cherish the fond belief that France will regain her lost liberty, under the shadow of a constitutional monarchy. Whether these wishes will be realized or not it is not our province to inquire; but the fact of their existence, as well as the singular interest attaching to the career of him who was once extolled as the Citizen King, may well induce the traveller to pause for awhile at the Chapel of Borromeo, and muse by the tombs of Louis Philippe and his children. We doubt whether all history presents a more romantic chapter, or one more full of change and accident, of surprising elevation and sudden descent, than the life of Louis Philippe. In him the Orleans dynasty begun, and, apparently, terminated. With him commenced in France the experience of a system of constitutional government, which fell, as it had risen, with him His life was one of sudden and extreme changes, and he died at last, under the roof of an English palace, and now lies sleeping in a grave upon English ground. Never was monarch less loved than Louis Philippe—except in the bosom of his family—where the best side of his character was displayed as an affectionate father and a decorous husband. Never was monarch less loved, for no man believed in him, while all men believed in his insincerity; for it was suspected that he looked upon his ministers as mere tools, to be taken up and thrown aside as his purposes required.

CHAPEL OF BORROMEO, WEYBRIDGE, ENGLAND.—BURIAL-PLACE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

There are rude winds to-night—hear them sobbing and sighing!
They tap on the windows, they rattle the door;
Now toning their voice to the wail of the dying,
Now shrieking together in sonorous roar.
Yet I care not, I care not—within is my Eden,
The firelight grows strong as the red flames arise,
And thus in my castle I revel and wassail,
Dear soul, in the beautiful light of thine eyes!

There are black clouds to-night, how they riot in thunder!
How dark are their curtains, the banners of death!
They have lightnings in cheek, with a mission to sunder,
And scatter the bodies of men with their breath!
But I care not, I care not—my Eden is cloudless,
No death-bearing flame from its bosom may rise,
Save the flame that is laden with love of a maiden,
The beautiful light of the soul in thine eyes!

O, cares and perplexities, cease your vain mission!
Ye legions of sorrows, I laugh at your powers:
Leave, leave, and forever, this palace elysian,
Begone from my sight, in these fair sunny hours.
I care not, albeit on the morrow you'll find me,
And cause me to grieve with most pitiable sighs;
Here, love is my pleasure, unstinted in measure,
For here is the beautiful light of thine eyes!

TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURES.

This book, this holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last, this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy brought down, and in the night of Time
Stands, casting on the dark her gracious bow,
And evermore beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

POLLOCK.

AUTUMN.

Wilt thou fly
With laughing autumn to the Atlantic isles,
And range with him the Hesperian field, and see,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters glow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill,
As with the blushes of an evening sky?—AKENSIDE.

PERFECTIONS OF CREATION.

In the vast and the minute, we see
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.

COWPER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— Quite an event in our world of art has been the exhibition of two, or rather three pictures of Rosa Bonheur at Williams & Everett's. We say three, because, although the "Muleteers" and the "Highland Cattle" are her work alone, she painted the capital bull's head on which she is represented as leaning in Edouard Dubufe's picture of her. Charming indeed are these pictures—full of life, of nature, of rich color and expression. Admirable in drawing, in grouping, in management of light and shade, they absolutely defy criticism. There is a breadth and force in all of Rosa Bonheur's works which command admiration. Every touch is in the right place, and every touch is firmly put on. There is no hesitancy, no vacillation in her treatment. There is none of that "dodging" of detail, which ignorance of anatomy sometimes forces a painter to adopt, and, on the other hand, no ostentation of technical knowledge which so many art-pedants indulge in. Her animals do not seem to "pose." The canvass mirrors nature, as the soul of the painter mirrors it. Certainly, among living animal painters, Rosa Bonheur stands pre-eminent.....One of our Scotch exchanges mentions a rather laughable incident which occurred the other day on Lochleven, with a keen disciple of the rod, by a monster trout bolting off with his rod, measuring fourteen feet in length, a reel and about forty yards of line and cast line. In the keenness of the moment he had allowed the rod to slip out of his hand, when it as suddenly disappeared to the bottom. A large trout, weighing upwards of eight pounds, was found dead in the loch a few days afterwards, and it is supposed by some to be the identical trout which had evinced such extraordinary rapacity.....Prince Lucien Bonaparte has printed a catalogue of the works edited by him in the various dialects of Europe—also a list of works now in press. The more recent works are the Canticles in Basque, the Gospel of St. Matthew in the vulgar dialects of Venetia, Milan, Naples, and Bergamo. Among other labors, the prince has printed the Song of Solomon in four English dialects—Lowland Scotch, and the dialects of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Westmoreland, preserving, for the use of linguists and historians, the exact state of language in those districts, as spoken by the native population in the reign of Victoria.....The Ost Deutsche Post, in contradiction of a statement made that there are no Protestants in the Austrian Empire, gives an account of their numbers in the various sections of the empire, and concludes by saying that Protestantism is represented there by 3,000,000.....M. E. de Girardin, in his new pamphlet, thus defines war: "War is murder; war is robbery. It is robbery and murder taught and commanded by governments to the people; it is robbery and murder proclaimed, blazoned, dignified and crowned; it is robbery and murder without punishment and shame, with impunity and glory; it is robbery and murder rescued from the scaffold by the arch of triumph; it is legal absurdity, for it is society commanding what it prohibits and prohibiting what it commands, recompensing what it punishes and punishing what it recompenses, glorifying what it brands and branding what it glorifies. The fact is the same; the name alone is different." The pamphlet has an appendix containing the names of those who have condemned war. By the side of Pascal is to be found the Emperor Nicholas; by the side of Rousseau, Louis Philippe; Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. unite in the same anathema against war and the same exaltation of the advantages of peace. The author proposes a European confederation, and points out four different modes of reducing or abolishing the immense armies and fleets of the great powers.....A new work by M. Victor Hugo, entitled "La Legende des Siecles," is about to be published. In this work, which has been long in the contemplation of the author, M. Victor Hugo describes under the mask of some heroical or historical personage, the aspirations and sufferings of the human race. Each of these dramas represents a phase of history from the fall of Eve to the present era, and possesses an action and interest of its own. The first volume is divided into six parts; the first comprehends the period from Eve to our Saviour; the second, the Fall of Rome; the third, Islam; the fourth, the Christian Heroic Age; the fifth, the Knight Errants; the sixth, the Thrones of the Orient.....Miss Heron has been playing at the Howard Athenæum in Mrs. Bateman's "Geraldine" with great success.....The New York Journal of Commerce thinks Mr. Everett's address, at the inauguration of the Webster Statue, his most masterly oratorical effort.....Many are the stories still related about Lord Seymour, the eccentric English nobleman who died lately in Paris, and his prowess; among others, that he once put seven policemen, who tried to interfere with his amusements, into a big tub, and set a green-grocer's stall, from the Marche des Innocents, on the top of it; and how, another time, he floored a whole regiment of commissionaires, who, attracted by his fame, had come expressly to his residence to try "le box." Lord Seymour led a wild life in Paris, and wasted countless sums of money, but he left a large fortune to the hospitals and poor of London and Paris.....Dr. James Turnbull, physician to the Liverpool Royal Infirmary, says, "General observation of tubercular disease of the lungs, as well as the results in some of the previous cases, enable me to express with confidence the opinion that perfect recovery in the early stage may not unfrequently be permanent; that it may likewise be so in those advancing into the second stage, when the extent of disease is limited; but that in those in the third stage, where one or more cavities exist, perfect recovery is so rare that it can be permanent only in exceptional cases. It is, however, satisfactory to know that, though the ultimate result in these cases must be very generally unfavorable, the disease may often be suspended, and a fair amount of health enjoyed by the patient for an indefinite period of years.....In the advertising columns of the New York Evening Post is the following, from the notice published by the property clerk of the police commissioners: "Also a horse and watch stolen from the pocket of a man who was asleep in the street.".....There are in the ducal palace at Mantua a few very small apartments, perhaps six or seven, leading one into another. They are not six feet high, and may be about eight square. They are now bare whitewashed rooms, with no doors or furniture, though in one, called the kitchen, is a raised platform with steps. You ascend to these rooms by one or two proportionately diminutive flights of steps. The young man who shows the building says they were built by some duke of Mantua for his dwarfs.....In New Orleans, recently, at a big fire, a man named Jules Dreux, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, being in danger of burning, saved his life in some miraculous manner, upon the exact particulars of which the papers disagree, some saying that he jumped across the street to the roofs of the houses opposite, and others insisting that he came down a five-story ladder in three jumps. An honest Dutchman, who saw the whole affair, says that Jules took the "grapple rope," fastened one end of it to the roof of the burning building, threw the other end, to which was attached the iron grapple, across the street, caught it on the roof of the house opposite, and hauled it taut. Having thus extemporized a tight rope, he took a crowbar for a balance-pole, and deliberately walked across .....The Empress Josephine was very fond of perfume, and above all, of musk. Her dressing-room was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Forty years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison has had the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint, has been able to remove the smell of the empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.....Punch has a very good sketch illustrative of the amnesty recently issued by Napoleon. It represents a schoolroom, on the wall of which is a map of Europe. The schoolmistress is Liberty herself, who is teaching Master Louis Napoleon how to write. On the ground are the broken drum, a toy sword, and a little dancing figure of Polichinello. On a huge blackboard Master Napoleon, with a small body encased in a child's tunic and lace pants, has just chalked the word Amnesty in good fair letters, his hand having been guided in that good work by his Celestial monitress.....A Paris correspondent of the New York Courier relates a stroke of good fortune which has fallen upon a young Frenchman, M. Andre de Goy, who was, as he says, at one time professor of French at Harvard College, and editor of a paper which had a brief existence in New York. He obtained a scanty support by writing for the Paris press, when a relative, who he supposed had forgotten him, died, leaving him heir to a fortune of a million and a half of francs.....A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, at Mankato, Minnesota, says that the sportsmen are having lively times this fall, game being very abundant—prairie chickens, ducks and geese are shot by the hundred.....The great balloon, the City of New York, with which it is the intention of Mr. Lowe, the aeronaut, to cross the Atlantic, when fully inflated will be 350 feet in height.....A Michigan judge recently started to hold the fall term of his circuit in the northern counties. The place at which the first court was to be held could only be reached by travelling ninety miles through the woods. The judge and his companion lost their way, and wandered through swamps and marshes for five days, and camped out six nights,—and all on three days' allowance of provisions. They finally reached the place from whence they set out, and took a fresh start....."Captain," said a French soldier of the army of Italy, "I should like to carry home a souvenir of this country to my sweetheart. The corporal says that the best thing they have produced here is their Raphaels. Now, would it not be well to carry her back a few of them?".....In the middle of the road between Niagara and Queenstown there stands an old oak tree, which possesses considerable historical interest from a tradition connected with it. It is, that in one of his pedestrian excursions to the falls, the "Bard of Erin" sat down under its wide-spreading branches, and composed the "Woodpecker Tapping." It goes by the name of "Tom Moore's Oak." It is gradually yielding to the destroyer of all things, and has lost all appearance of vitality.....A man who was arrested at Detroit recently, disguised in female garments, proved to be a horse-thief who broke jail a short time since at Whitby, Ontario county, about thirty miles east of Toronto, and assumed the disguise of a female the more readily to effect his escape.....The Virginia papers advocate a general celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Yorktown, on the 19th of this month. They propose that all the citizen soldiery shall encamp upon the battle ground and celebrate the day in a proper style.....The amount of unpaid water rents in New York for the year 1858, with 15 per cent. added as a penalty for non-payment, was upwards of $55,000.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The San Juan affair is making a great stir in England, and calls forth many saucy articles from the British press. The London Post characterizes Harney's conduct as totally opposed to the first principles of public law, and hopes the American government will disavow it.—The Daily News announces that Lord Clyde will retire from the command of the Indian army at the end of the year, and will be succeeded by General Sir Hugh Rose, who played a prominent part in suppressing the rebellion.—General Mansfield is to be commander-in-chief of the Bombay army.—The Independence Belge says that Lord Cowley and Count Walewski had been commissioned to arrange the basis of co-operation between England and France in prosecuting the Chinese war. Three 91-gun ships were under orders for foreign service at Portsmouth, and four gun-boats were being prepared with all haste for China. The utmost activity prevailed at Woolwich and elsewhere in getting off ammunition, etc.—The Times Paris correspondence says if the reports of the day may be credited, there is a possibility of a settlement of the Italian question, which should satisfy all parties, and the general impression was that the political horizon was likely soon to be clearer than for some time past.—The Constitutionnel had given prominence to an editorial, in which it calls on England to side with France on the Italian question, and the article was regarded as an appeal to England to assist diplomatically, in extricating the emperor from difficulties engendered at Villafranca.—The French outposts on the frontiers of Morocco had been several times fiercely attacked by the native tribes, but they had been repulsed. The government of Morocco is not implicated in these attacks.—Garibaldi had issued a letter, publicly acknowledging his admiring gratitude to the patriotic population of the Italian Tyrol for the heroism of their services during the war.

Turkey.

Disturbances have taken place in Candia, caused by the collection of certain taxes from the Greeks. Five tax gatherers had been murdered. Two battalions of soldiers had been sent to arrest the ringleaders. A Circassian deputation had arrived at Constantinople and presented to the ambassadors of the several powers a protest against the invasion of their country by Russia, and stating that the whole of their provinces would be forced to submit, if abandoned by the Porte.

French Exiles.

Two additional prominent French exiles publish in the London Times their views of the late amnesty. M. E. Guinet declines to accept it, denying the right of the emperor to proscribe or pardon him. Felix Pyatt determines, as a matter of policy, to accept the amnesty and return to France, where, he thinks, patriots may do more good than by remaining aloof.

The Suez Canal.

The London representative of the Suez Canal scheme has issued a pamphlet, in which he asserts that the company, having commenced operations, is determined to continue them in spite of all opposition. It is reported in Paris that France had notified the Porte that it does not intend to treat the Suez Canal affair as a political affair.

French Military System.

A majority of the French generals who commanded in the late war have given a strong opinion against the system of temporary and renewable leave of absence. Men who were recalled from their families and workshops only proved middling soldiers. A military committee is expected to be appointed on the question.

French Uniforms.

A commission is sitting in Paris for the purpose of making some alteration in the uniform of the army. Ease and simplicity are the order of the day; and there is as much writing on the subject as would fill the fashionable columns of Le Follet upon the ladies' toilet for many successive months.

Robberies at Hotels.

A lady guest at a hotel in Dieppe was robbed of 1200 francs in notes, a watch, and other articles of value to the amount of 1000 francs. She had not negligently left them exposed, and had locked the door of her room upon leaving it before the robbery, consequently a tribunal ordered the landlord to refund the whole amount, the responsibility being thrown on him by law of answering for robberies effected in his house when no neglect on the part of the person robbed could be proved.

Vestvali in Paris.

Nothing is talked of in Paris, but the armor of Madle. Vestvali in the part of Romeo. It is of aluminium, cost $3200, and only weighs four pounds. That worn by Madame Pasta, in the same part was of fine steel, weighed thirty-seven pounds, was made at the royal works in Prussia, and cost nearly ten thousand dollars.

The Empress's Present.

The Empress Eugenie has just presented the dress worn by her on her first appearance at church, after the birth of the prince imperial, the embroidery of which cost twenty-five thousand francs, to the statue of the Virgin on the altar of Notre Dame de la Garde, Marseilles.

Garibaldi.

General Garibaldi has put forth an order of the day contradicting the malicious report about the Tuscan troops being unserviceable. He says he finds them gallant, soldierlike men, fit for any exploit, and their discipline perfect, as he will show should an enemy appear.

Bologna.

The National Assembly of Bologna has adopted resolutions declaring that the people of the Romagna desire annexation to the constitutional kingdom of Sardinia, under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. Bologna was illuminated in honor of the event.

Ferdinand Flocon.

M. Ferdinand Flocon, member of the provisional government established in Paris in 1848, has written a letter to a Swiss paper announcing his intention to decline to avail himself of the amnesty lately published by the Emperor Napoleon.

Honors to the Dead.

The Nouvelliste states that, by a decision of the emperor, the names of officers of all ranks who were killed during the war in Italy are to be inscribed on marble tablets, and placed in the Museum of Versailles.

Germany.

Agitation in Germany was increasing, in favor of a firm, strong and central government, and for the convocation of a national assembly, in lieu of the present diet. Prussia is called to take the initiative.

Morocco.

Madrid journals say that the Emperor of Morocco has declared traitors the tribes on the coast who insulted the Spanish flag, and had promised to inflict summary chastisement upon them.

French Coinage.

During the reign of Napoleon III. the French mints have coined to the amount of 2,770,864,775 francs in gold, and 176,908,231 francs in silver.

Algeria.

The Moniteur publishes the agricultural statistics of Algiers, showing that the recent harvests in that colony have been satisfactory.

The Papal Army.

It is supposed that the papal army is not in condition to act against the forces of Romagna, led by Garibaldi.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO FORTE. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The volume before us is a large, strongly-bound and elegant quarto of about 240 pages, by Nathan Richardson, author of the "Modern School for the Piano Forte." It is claimed to be superior to all other instruction books in adaptation, classification, progression and facility of comprehension. The plan is original. The text is illustrated by numerous diagrams, and the selected passages are from the works of the great musical composers. A chapter is devoted to the first principles of Harmony Thorough Bass. The typographical execution of the work is faultless.

ALMOST A HEROINE. By the author of "Charles Auchester," "Counterparts," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 399.

It is enough for the reading public to know that this work is by the author of "Charles Auchester," one of the very best novels of the century, to induce them to procure and peruse it. No disappointment will follow; for this work is, in most respects, quite up to the high standard of its predecessors. We shall spoil the pleasure of our friends by attempting an analysis of this highly interesting story.

DOW'S PATENT SERMONS. By DOW, JR. 4th Series. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 288.

A variety of topics are here treated in a quaint, felicitous style, which has made "Dow, Jr." a household word in America. For sale by Shepard, Clark & Brown.

THE BOOK OF 1000 COMIC STORIES. By the author of Mrs. Partington's Carpet Bag of Fun. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

A vast heap of anecdotes, comic songs, sketches, conundrums, etc., gathered from all sources, and illustrated by 210 humorous engravings. No one who thinks laughter is wicked ought even to peep between the covers. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 36 Cornhill.

THE DICTIONARY OF LOVE. By THEOCRITUS JUNIOR. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

Within the compass of 275 pages, the compiler of this volume has contrived to present a history of the tender passion, innumerable quotations from ancient and modern writers on the subject, formulas for love-letters, and a variety of collateral matters. The work is very handsomely got up. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 36 Cornhill.

THE LOGIC OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND OTHER PAPERS. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 387.

Besides the essay which gives its title to this elegant volume, there are papers called the "Life of Milton," the "Suliotes," the "Fatal Marksman," "The Incognito," "The Dice," and "King of Hayti." The "Fatal Marksman" is the story of Der Freyschutz, which had a prodigious circulation on its first appearance, and which is now first acknowledged as De Quincey's.

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SCENES IN LIMA.

The city of Lima, formerly called *Ciudad de los Reyes*, or the City of the Kings, is one of the most interesting places to the tourist in South America. It is situated on the river Rimac, about 10 miles from the Pacific ocean, in latitude 12° 2′ south, at an elevation of about 700 feet from the sea level. When seen from its port, Callao, it presents a beautiful appearance. It is entered by a magnificent avenue called the Almeda, at the end of which stands a once beautiful but now ruined gate. Pizarro, the founder of the city, in laying it out, distributed the spaces for the houses in quarters of 150 varas, or Spanish yards. The streets are broad, intersecting each other at right angles, and run either from north to south, or from east to west. Small streams of water, conducted from the river about the town, and arched over, contribute to its cleanliness. The suburb of St. Lazarus is on the opposite side of the river and connected with Lima by a bridge. In consequence of the earthquakes by which the city has so frequently suffered, the houses are seldom raised more than two stories, and commonly are built of wood with flat roofs, from which no inconvenience arises in a country where rain is unknown. The houses of the wealthy are built in the Moorish style, introduced from Spain, and are highly picturesque. They consist of a square pile, enclosing a quadrangular court, which is surrounded with piazzas, and sometimes contain a second or even third inner court. The Plaza, or great square, in the centre of the city, is surrounded partly by shops, and partly by public buildings, among which are the cathedral and the government palace, in which latter the visitor is shown the hall in which Pizarro was assassinated. The riches which have been lavished on the cathedral are almost beyond belief any where but in a city which once paved a street with ingots of silver, in honor of a new viceroy. The Cabildo or city house, built in the Chinese style, the mint, the palace of the inquisition, part of which is now occupied as a national museum, and the convent of the Franciscans, said to cover an eighth of the whole city, are worthy of notice. Formerly there were 1200 monks in the city, but the number is now greatly reduced. There are fourteen convents for women, and a number of *casas de exercicio*, to which ladies retire for two or three weeks to perform various acts of pious penance. A university was founded at Lima in 1551, to which the crown of Spain granted the same privileges as to that of Salamanca. The higher classes of the inhabitants are generally well educated, and the women are celebrated for their vivacity and beauty. Both sexes smoke, and this practice is excused by the allegation that it is rendered necessary by the mists, which the sailors call Peruvian dew, which prevail at certain season. The inhabitants are the most pleasure-loving people in the world. Music, bull-fights and cards are the principal amusements; dancing, which is a favorite in many of the southern republics, not being popular with the Limenians The Spaniards of Lima are almost all Creoles, the Chapetones, or European Spaniards, having left the country during the political troubles. More than twenty earthquakes have visited Lima since 1582. In the earthquake of 1746, not more than 20 houses out of 3000, were left standing, and of 23 ships in the harbor of Callao, 19 were sunk. The earthquakes of 1764, 1822 and 1828, were also frightfully destructive of life and property. The personal appearance of the people of Lima is strikingly exhibited in our accompanying engravings, "a visit to a convent in Lima," and "a scene at a convent gate." In the former, the aged, weather-beaten and sandalled friar is receiving the visit of two ladies with their attendant Caballeros. The ladies are dressed in the Spanish style, which many of them have not yet abandoned, with their elegant black lace mantillas and flowing *sayas*, which they wear with proverbial grace. At a little distance sits a third lady with her head enveloped in the folds of areboso, a style which the Spaniards adopted from the Orientals, and have transmitted to their colonies. In the second engraving we have a more numerous group. The priest with attendants bearing banners and crucifixes, sits at the convent gate receiving the contributions of the pious and charitable. Two Limenas, one coyly veiling her charms, the other coquettishly displaying hers in an airy attire, offer a striking contrast to the monks beside them, who wear those extraordinary hats which produce such amusement when we see them on the stage in the opera of the Barber of Seville The whole picture affords one a lively idea of the characteristic costumes and manners of Lima. The ladies of this city are noted all the world over, as much for their beauty as for their grace and peculiar fascination.

VISIT TO A LIMA CONVENT.

LADY STANHOPE.

A melancholy change has come over her residence since I first visited it The garden, with its trellised arbors, and shaded alleys, is now utterly destroyed, and not one room of all the large establishment remains entire. This on the southwest corner was the room in which her ladyship wore out the three last dreary months of life, and this on the east of it was the open lewan where we found the body wrapped in waxed clothes dipped in turpentine and spirits. The tomb also is sadly changed. There is no inscription—not a word in any language, and unless more carefully protected than hitherto, the last resting-place of her ladyship will soon be entirely lost. The British consul at Beirut requested me to perform the religious services at the funeral of Lady Hester. It was an intensely hot Sabbath in June, 1839. We started on our melancholy errand at one o'clock, and reached this place about midnight. After a brief examination, the consul decided that the funeral must take place at once. The body, in a plain deal box, was carried by her servants to the grave, followed by a company with torches and lanterns, to enable them to thread their way through the winding alleys of the garden. The consul subsequently remarked that there were some curious coincidences between this and the burial of Sir John Moore, her ladyship's early lover. In silence, on the lone mountain at midnight, "our lanterns dimly burning," with the flag of her country over her, "she lay like a warrior taking her rest," and we left her "alone in her glory." There was but one of her own nation present, and his name was Moore. The people of Juna, that village across the Wady, are full of wonderful stories about Lady Hester. Several of our friends in Sidon were in her service for years, and from them, and from others still more closely connected, I have had abundant opportunity to learn the character of this strange being. On most subjects she was not merely sane, but sensible, well-informed, and extremely shrewd. She possessed extraordinary powers of conversation, and was perfectly fascinating to all with whom she chose to make herself agreeable. She was, however, whimsical, imperious, tyrannical, and at times revengeful in a high degree. Bold as a lion, she wore the dress of an emeer—weapons, pipe, and all. Nor did she fail to rule her Albanian guards and her servants with absolute authority The site of her residence was badly chosen. She had, however, the English taste for beautiful grounds, and spared neither labor nor expense, to convert the barren hill into a paradise of sweet flowers—*W. M. Thomson, D.D.*

SCENE AT A CONVENT GATE IN LIMA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

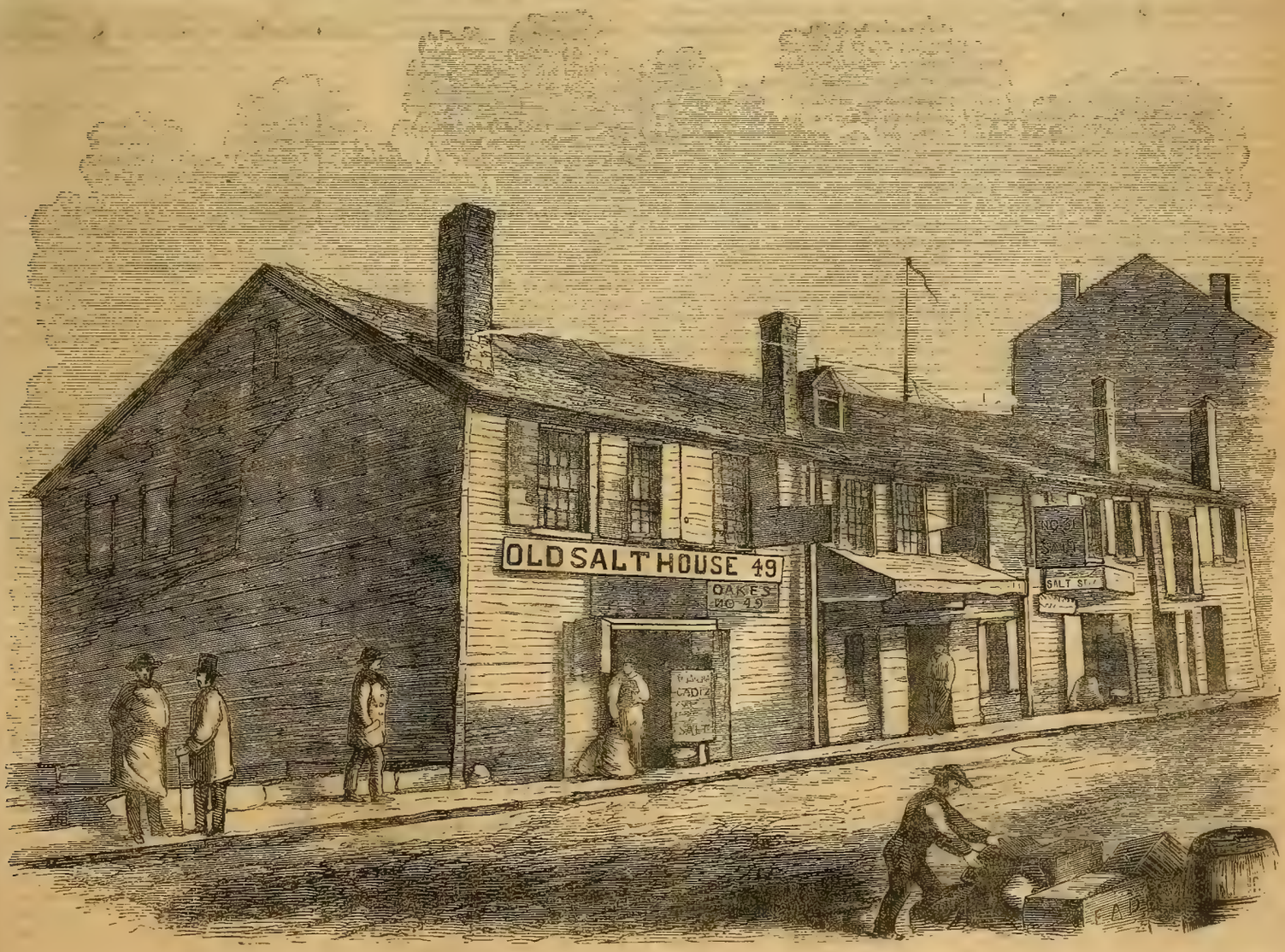
M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1859. $2 50 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. XVII., No. 17...WHOLE No. 435.

"THE OLD SALT HOUSE."

Some two or three weeks ago, taking up our copy of the Boston Post, which is, by the way, quite as necessary to our existence as our breakfast, our attention was caught by the following paragraph:

"THE 'OLD SALT HOUSE.'—In consequence of the strong proclivity of the occupant of this antique landmark for old associations, the owners of it have yielded to the wish of their tenant to have it remain as it now is, with the exception of raising it up so as to prevent the high tide flowing into it. We are informed that since the demolition of the old store was first contemplated, it has had such an extraordinary effect upon 'Acorn' that he is but a shadow of what he was, and he may be seen walking up and down the wharf, in a moody manner, and with a face marked by sadness. It is thought by many of his most intimate friends, that had not the owners of the store consented to have it remain in its present state, 'Acorn' would have relinquished the salt business, and joined his friend George Wilkins Kendall, in Texas, and turned his attention to sheep raising! ''Tis better as it is,' as Long Wharf cannot spare the 'old salt' quite yet We regret to hear, however, that the old fellow has grown so thin in consequence of worrying, that he can scarcely make a shadow on the ground, unless he has an *umbrella over his head.*"

Here was news indeed! Until that moment we had never dreamed that the sacred old pile had been menaced by the hand of innovation. We had thus escaped a pang, but it was with feelings of distress that we learned that "Acorn," whose shadow we had so often wished might never be less, was almost deprived of that necessary adjunct to a substance, and nearly in the condition of the man in the German legend who parted with his shadow for a consideration. We immediately hastened down to 49 Long Wharf, and there discovered that the account of the lessee's fragility was merely a pleasant fiction of Colonel Greene. We found "Acorn" as plump as a partridge, as bright-eyed, wide awake and gay as ever, and capable of projecting a very fair shadow—at sunset. Relieved on this point, we ascertained that the "Old Salt House" stood precisely as we had known it for years, leaning a little forward from decrepitude, and that the raising and supplying of new underpinning had not yet commenced. Calling in the aid of Mr. S. Masury, the accomplished photographer, we secured an excellent view of Acorn's "local habitation," from which the drawing was made that faces the reader on this page. The engraving is in Damoreau's best style. The "Old Salt House," which forms the corner nearest the spectator of the block of wooden buildings delineated in the engraving, was erected a hundred and fifty years ago. It has been occupied by the present lessee for more than a quarter of a century; indeed, his name, "James Oaks," on the sign over the door, can now only be read by the eye of faith. Everybody knows the "Old Salt House," and knows that both "Turks Island" and "attic salt" are supplied in any quantity. No one who visits the occupant in search of either, ever leaves him disappointed. Here, then, in the dim and dusty recesses of the venerable building, has the facile pen of the gifted "Acorn" dashed off those rich and racy sporting epistles, sketches of life on the road, and dramatic criticisms, which, appearing in the columns of the New York Spirit of the Times, have made that *nom de plume* a household word in America, and even in England. Hither, too, have his wit and kindness and generous sympathy attracted visitors clothed by genius with the imperial purple of renown. The dusty, creaking staircase and sunken floors have been trodden by feet that, alas! have ceased to walk the earth. William T. Porter, the brilliant, gentle, generous, the refined spirit of *the* "Spirit;" William Henry Herbert, the ripe scholar and splendid writer; Mat. Field, the gifted "Phazma" of the New Orleans Picayune; his brother Joe, the "Straws" of the Picayune, and of the St. Louis Reveillée, the best "Dazzle" on the stage; Edmund Kean, the splendid meteor of the English stage; Lucius Junius Brutus Booth, a genius of no less brilliancy; Power, the Irish comedian; Henry J. Finn; Sargent S. Prentiss, the orator and lawyer, were among the welcome guests of the "Old Salt House." Sad and sweet are the memories their names evoke. Among the living who have graced these dusky chambers, and who always call at 49 when in these latitudes, are such men as Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Wilkins Kendall, the "ex-Santa Fé prisoner," as we used to call him in the Spirit of the Times, Colonel Albert Pike, the American Kœrner, A. M. Holbrook and F. A. Lumsden of the New Orleans Picayune, Edwin Forrest, John Brougham, T. B. Thorpe ("Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter"), Sol. Smith, and a host of others, distinguished in literature, in arms, on the turf, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the medical profession. The old house is truly *classic* ground.



THE OLD SALT HOUSE, LONG WHARF, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROADSIDE INN:

— OR, —

THE FORTUNES AND MISHAPS OF JOHN SMITH.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

A GOOD many years ago, it was my misfortune to spend a weary day at a roadside inn, on the by-road between the towns of Ipswich and Cambridge. I had undertaken a journey from London to Newmarket, a distance of seventy-two miles. It was before the introduction of steam travel, when a journey of one hundred miles by stage (though the long stage-coaches of those days were exceedingly well-appointed affairs) was as serious and expensive an undertaking as a journey of one thousand at this present time. I travelled over the great North Road, probably, without exception, the handsomest coach-road in the world; but the gloomy month of November was well advanced, and travelling at that season of the year is by no means an enviable amusement, as I found to my cost before I reached the end of my journey.

Before the stage reached Cambridge a snow storm set in, and the weather looked so threatening, that most of the passengers determined to remain over night at the inn in Cambridge, where we stopped to change horses, and to proceed to Newmarket on the morrow. Consequently there were left only myself in sole and lordly occupation of the inside, one solitary outside passenger—outside fare, as he was recorded on the way-bill—and the coachman and guard. Away we started anew. It was six o'clock in the afternoon, and already dark. Silently the wheels rolled on the snow-covered thoroughfares, along deserted streets lined with the monastic-like colleges which compose the world-renowned University. Not a living soul was abroad—not a sound was heard. The scarlet-coated guard had not sufficient spirit to blow his bugle-horn; the clattering of the horses' roofs was deadened, as they plunged, fetlock deep, into the soft snow; the gloomy-looking walls of the ancient colleges—the work of centuries gone by—frowned upon the stage as it rolled noiselessly past them like a phantom coach, with ghostly passengers, passing through a city of the dead. Away into the open country—away, away! The gallant steeds, well fed and sleek, and fresh from the stable, dashed bravely, for some miles, along the great North Road; the fields on both sides glittering amid the darkness in their fresh covering of snow, and the naked branches of the trees festooned with snowy drapery. Very soon, however, the speed of the horses decreased, until, at length, they subsided into a walk—stopped—went on—stopped again—again struggled forward with jerks, and came to a full stop.

I suppose I had been asleep, or had fallen into a dreamy reverie. All I recollect is, that I had drawn my cloak more tightly round me, and, snuggling into a corner, had felicitated myself, as the best-natured people are apt to do, on being so much better off than my fellow-travellers outside the stage, who were exposed to the pitiless storm, when I was roused by the opening of the coach door, and the voice of the coachman, who exclaimed:

"You'd better get out, sir."

"Ah, yes," I replied, rubbing my eyes and gaping, "get out, you say? I suppose we are at Newmarket." Visions of a hot supper, and a cheerful fire, and a snug bed, after a glass of strong whiskey punch, rose up before me, when the pleasing fancy was dissolved by the coachman, who replied:

"At Newmarket! No, master—nor more nor half way."

"Then why should I get out?" I asked, planting my feet as gingerly into the cold snow as a cat does her paws in crossing a puddle. Not a house was to be seen—the only light was that afforded by the coachman's lantern, and the reflection of the white snow. The blasts of the north wind pierced to the skin—the sleet was blinding. I looked at my watch by the light of the lantern. It was half past ten o'clock. We left Cambridge at six—four hours and a half ago! I must have slept, that was certain, but—"What's the meaning of this?" said I, holding the face of my watch to the coachman.

"The meanin' on it be, as it's impossible to get on no furder to-night. The osses is used up, and me and the guard can't stand it no longer. I'm a'most blind a'ready. I don't know how the 'outside fare' has stood it; I wonder he aint a friz corpus!"

I looked around as well as I could amidst the blinding sleet and snow. The "outside fare" was standing near me, wrapped like a mummy in cloaks and capes, and, as a mummy, silent. The coach was half buried in a snow drift; but the horses and guard were not to be seen. I was informed in response to my somewhat petulant inquiries, that we had been over four hours in getting six miles from Cambridge; that further progress until the storm abated was out of the question; that there was a public house about half a mile further on, on a by-road which led to Ipswich, and that the guard had gone on, leading the horses, to arouse the inn-keeper, and set him to work to receive his unexpected guests. We—the coachman, the "outside fare," and I—were to follow as fast as we could, bringing with us such light packages as were valuable, leaving the stage and the bulk of the luggage to take care of themselves—the furious, blinding storm being an efficient guard against robbers. The guard was to return and meet us, if he succeeded in finding shelter for the horses and ourselves.

It was not very pleasant, this midnight journey through a snow storm; but it was no use grumbling—to stay behind was to starve and freeze to death; so, each of us lugging a bundle under our arms, followed the track left by the guard and his four-footed companions, walking on in Indian file, the coachman, with the lantern, being appointed to take the post of honor—the advance guard. Not a word was spoken; the cold was too severe to allow us to open our mouths.

We soon lost the track of the guard, which was filled up by the fast-falling and drifting snows. We seemed to have walked four times the distance the coachman had mentioned, and began to fear we had lost our way, when, to our great joy, we met the guard returning. He had found shelter for the night—such as it was—he said, and the inn was close by. Onward we trudged, with renewed vigor, and soon reached the public house.

It proved to be an old-fashioned roadside inn, of considerable size, which, in olden times, when some half a dozen stages had passed it every day, had driven a flourishing business; but, of late years, only the way-stage from Cambridge to Ipswich passed over the by-road, without stopping at the inn, which had dwindled down to a mere house of call for thirsty countryfolk.

The occupants were a clownish inn-keeper, whose proper vocation was at the plough's tail, his dowdy wife, and a slatternly daughter. No white-aproned, slipped waiters now bustled about the apartments, and hurried through the long, dreary passages. No longer, as in days of yore, the walls resounded with the impatient calls of hungry and thirsty travellers. Everything had fallen to decay!

We were shown into a large room, lighted with a single candle, and filled with smoke from the recently kindled fire in the rusty grate. All was cold and dreary. To my demand for supper and hot brandy and water, I was met by the clownish landlord's announcement that there was "naught to eat i'th' hoos, but a loafe as th' misses had put by for breakfast i'th' morn;" but after much persuasion, I prevailed upon him to send his daughter to the house of a neighboring farmer, whom she aroused from his bed. He sent in some bacon and eggs, and of this plain fare we ate heartily, washing it down with copious draughts of mulled Cambridge ale. I invited the "outside fare" to join me at the table, and, after much pressing, he accepted the invitation. I now saw his features for the first time—since we arrived at the inn, he had sat crouching before the fire, not speaking a word. He now threw aside his cloak, and took his seat at the table opposite me, the candlestick standing on the centre of the table between us.

"Ah! What! Surely, I thought, I had seen that face before. It was quite familiar to me, and yet for the life of me I could not recollect who it was, or where I had seen it last. I mentally recalled the names of all my friends and acquaintances. Was it Jones?—No. Was it Wilson?—No. Sandford—Thomson—Robinson—Medford?—No; it was none of these. It seemed like, and yet unlike, one and all. It was too old for some, too youthful for others; too fat, too thin; like nobody, and yet like everybody. "Snooks!" I exclaimed, half-springing to my feet, and startling my mysterious fellow-traveller, who had not appeared to relish the somewhat rude scrutiny his features had undergone. "How foolish," I muttered; "Snooks is younger than I—not thirty yet." My fellow-traveller was fifty at the very least.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I, "I thought I knew—that is, I thought— *Will* you take another egg, Mr. ——?" I added, in an insinuating, interrogatory tone, thinking, "I should get hold of the name now, certainly. Will you allow me to help you to another egg, Mr.— em—em—? I really can't recollect your name."

"Smith," said my fellow-traveller, moodily.

"God bless me!" I exclaimed, dropping my knife and fork, and upsetting my tumbler; and, catching hold of my companion's hand, I shook it heartily. What, Smith of Old Trinity? My chum at college? I *felt*, I *knew*—"

"I am *not* Smith of Old Trinity," said the "outside fare," withdrawing his hand, testily. "I never was at college, and I don't know as I ever saw your face before to-night."

He spoke in a tone of voice which had more in it of sorrow than of anger, and I promptly apologized for my rudeness.

"I really thought I had seen you before," said I, "nay more, that you were a friend; but I see my folly. My friend Smith, who, by the way, I should have recollected, for I received a letter from him this morning, is now thumping the pulpit—'drum ecclesiastic,' as Hudibras hath it—in a crazy parish in Devonshire, is not thirty five years of age. I sincerely beg your pardon."

My fellow-traveller made no reply, but shook his head once or twice, involuntarily as it were, and in a deprecating manner, and remained plunged in deep thought.

It was now past one o'clock, and I called the landlord, and expressed my desire to retire. I was shown into a large, straggling bedroom, which, however, contained a clean and comfortable bed. I undressed, and was soon fast asleep, dreaming that all my friends stood in a row before me, and that I was unable to call any one of them by name.

The dull, murky light of a stormy winter morning was feebly penetrating the window when I awoke. I rose and hastily performed my toilet, shivering the while, and then descended the wide staircase, and entered the apartment where I had left my fellow-traveller the previous night. The coachman and guard were warming themselves before the fire. In reply to my anxious question, they forbade any hope of proceeding on the journey that day. The storm was raging as violently as ever. The snow was three feet deep on a level. I sighed, and remained silent. Presently my fellow-traveller entered the room, and the landlord appeared to lay the table cloth.

"So you have procured something for breakfast, landlord?" said I.

"Ees, maister. I sent our Maggy out t' morn t' th' village a mile off, through the snow—but that's nought to Maggy—and t' lass brought back all her could find."

"Good!" I exclaimed. "Gentlemen"—to the coachman, guard, and 'outside fare'—"will you do me the favor of breakfasting with *me* this morning?"

The coachman and guard willingly accepted the invitation, the "outside fare" looked fidgetty and uneasy, but said not a word.

Presently the coachman and guard quitted the room for some purpose; the landlord was in the kitchen cooking sausages. The "outside fare" rose from his seat, advanced a step or two towards me—hesitated—advanced again, and somewhat nervously, thus addressed me:

"Sir, I have informed you that my name is Smith—John Smith? Yours?"

"Is Howard," said I.

"Mr. Howard," continued my fellow-traveller, "you asked me to sup with you last night, this morning you have invited me to breakfast with you; it is my duty to inform you that if we are detained ever so long by this weather, it will be out of my power to return the compliment." He drew from his pocket a worn, greasy looking wallet, and took from it one shilling. "I paid one shilling," he continued, "for my bed last night. This is all the money that remains to me. Thank God my fare outside is paid through."

I am but a poor man; before retiring the previous night, I had counted the contents of my purse. I possessed five pounds seven shillings and fourpence halfpenny. I might be imprisoned in the inn for a week; but, I thought, I have friends at Newmarket, who, upon application, will gladly replenish my purse. A week's expenses for two cannot amount to five pounds, in this miserable place. It is through no fault of this poor man that he is thus unpleasantly situated. He looks quite respectable. I will e'en be generous, and for once act the part of the Good Samaritan. It is not often I can afford the pleasure of doing a kind action.

"Put up your purse, my friend," said I, laying my hand in a friendly-patronizing manner on my fellow-traveller's shoulder, and speaking in a tone of voice that would have become Sterne, when on his "Sentimental Journey,"—"put up thy wallet. Let thy last shilling still nestle within its leathern hiding-place; I have enough for thee and me. While here confined, thou shalt be my guest."

My five pounds increased in imagination to a vast amount. My heart swelled in my bosom. I felt myself a millionnaire. My poor friend pressed my hand in silence; he breathed a sigh of relief, tears gathered in his eyes—one rolled down his furrowed cheek and fell upon my hand. I did not wipe it off, it was the sacred tear of gratitude. Such gems are rare! He turned away his head, as if ashamed of his emotion, but his heart was full, and he could not speak. We sat down to a humble but abundant meal. Breakfast over, I thought how I could manage to kill the weary time.

There were a few soiled, tattered volumes on the sideboard. I examined them. Pish! They were copies of the volumes always, by some singular coincidence, to be found in the sitting-room of a wayside inn. The everlasting and disgusting Newgate Calendar, The Pilgrim's Progress, Murray's Guide to Paris, and an odd volume of the Spectator. I turned over the familiar pages of the last named volume, but I soon wearied of it. I knew it almost by heart. "What shall I do?" I asked myself. An idea struck me. I had heard of travellers in our position whiling away the time by telling stories. Why not we? I broached the subject to my companions. The coachman and guard would like to listen, but they could not tell a story.

"It rests then between you and me," said I to my travelling companion. "Will you begin, or shall I?"

"I owe you some return for your generosity," he replied; "I may yet be more deeply indebted. If the history of my miserable life will interest you, I will willingly relate it."

"It will, very much," said I.

I was really curious to learn how my companion had been brought to entertain the misanthropic view of life which he evidently nurtured. I ordered in a jorum of the landlord's best ale. We each drank a tumblerfull, and the "outside fare" thus began:

"Gentlemen, my name is Smith—John Smith. To the possession of this unfortunately common patronymic, and to my unhappy resemblance to everybody, I owe the many misfortunes of my life—"

"Sure," interrupted the coachman, "I could ha' swore the gemman were Tom Higgins a comed to life agin, when fust I see him a mountin' the stage at the 'Belle Savage.'"

"Nay, Jack Hazleton you mean, as was transported for burglary," interrupted the guard. "The gemman's plaguy like Jack Hazleton."

Each maintained his own opinion, and the dispute might have run high, when I interposed, and begged them to remain silent, and allow the old gentleman to proceed with his story.

"I will pass over the unimportant events of my boyish years," continued the old man. "It will not interest you to know how many times my back received the scores properly due to the derelictions of other more fortunate John Smiths. Enough to say, that, committing fewer faults than most of my schoolmates, for my liability to punishment made me wary, I left school, at the age of sixteen, the best flogged youth of my day. If the birch be sharpener of the intellect, then an 'Admirable Smith' should have overshadowed the fame of the 'Admirable Crichton.' My father was a well to do tradesman of the city of London. When I had attained to my sixteenth birthday, he bade me choose a trade or profession. The result was that I was placed an apprentice in the warehouse of Messrs. Dimity & Calico, the well-known linen-drapers of Oxford Street. These gentlemen had placed over their shop doors a flaming sign, splendidly emblazoned, bearing the royal coat-of-arms, and informing a loyal public that they had the honor to be 'Linendrapers to His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth.' The sign is there to this day, th[illegible]mity and Calico have both been la[illegible]it tomb.

"With them it was no empty boast, as it often is with tradesmen. They really served the palace, and many a shirt worn on the royal back of His Majesty George the Fourth, was fashioned from linen bought at the shop of Dimity & Calico. I will not waste time in recounting all the minor mishaps which befell me between my sixteenth and twenty-fifth years; how many times I was sent to the watch-house, charged with misdemeanors perpetrated by other Smiths, or by persons whom I was said to resemble; nor how often I was snubbed by the magistrates in the morning, after passing the night with thieves and prostitutes, in a filthy, underground cell, for stating my name to be John Smith, which they insisted was a paltry subterfuge—a name assumed by young men, who, guilty of some petty outrage, perpetrated in a drunken frolic, were anxious to disguise their real names. So repeatedly was I in trouble, that I should have been discharged, disgracefully, by my employers, half a dozen times, only that I was an excellent salesman. Ladies would purchase goods from *me*, often when they did not need them, because, they insisted, I so forcibly reminded them of some dear absent friend, some former lover, or deceased husband, cousin, or brother. A buxom widow, fat, fair and forty, actually fell with her head upon my shoulder, her arms thrown around my neck, and, weeping the while, kissed me half a dozen times before the whole body of shopmen and the customers in the shop, because, she sobbed out, I so much resembled her dear husband, who had deceased some twenty years before.

"These things were very unpleasant, and subjected me to the ridicule of my shopmates; but I had to bear with them. I will now advance at once to the first difficulty of importance in which my name, and my personal resemblance to congregate humanity, involved me.

"I have already stated that my employers were haberdashers to his most gracious majesty George the Fourth. I had frequently been sent to the palace with bundles, the materials of which had been purchased at our shop, and had, naturally, made the acquaintance of several of the inferior domestics. One day, when I was about twenty-five years old, Mr. Dimity accosted me thus:

"'Smith, you live near Pimlico. As you go home to-night (you had better leave the shop at five o'clock), I want you to leave that parcel of goods at the palace,' pointing out the parcel. 'It is for one of the housekeepers, and must be left at six o'clock precisely.'

"I had seen, in the columns of the 'Morning Post,' that there was to be a grand 'reception' that evening. I had often wished to witness the splendor of these gatherings of the nobility of England, at the palace of their sovereign, and had been promised by one of the under-servants—out of livery—that, if I presented myself at the palace, on the occasion of a levee, in proper costume, he would endeavor to secure me a post whence I could perceive all that was going forward. I had been foolish enough to provide myself with a court suit, cocked hat, sword and all, ready for any opportunity that offered. The long-wished-for opportunity had arrived.

"I quitted the shop before five o'clock, hurried home, with the parcel under my arm, hastily donned my court attire, and departed for the palace in a coach I had hired for the occasion, not wishing to be seen in the streets carrying a bundle and disguised in powdered hair, with a black silk bag dangling behind over my shoulders, a straight-collared, laced coat, such as was worn by the gentry of the last century, a waistcoat, with flaps which descended nearly to my knees, black silk briches, silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, set with false diamonds—I could not afford real stones, of course—and a long, straight sword, which looked like a cook's spit, and was continually going between my legs. When I looked in the mirror, after I had completed my attire by clapping upon my head a little three-cornered cocked hat, I thought I looked more like a monkey dressed up for a show than a man; but curiosity urged me on, and throwing a long cloak over all, I entered the coach, and bade the coachman drive with all speed to the palace.

"The vast number of handsome vehicles, and the throng of footmen in gorgeous liveries, loitering around the palace gates, informed me that the reception had already commenced. I told the coachman to take a street in the rear, and set me down at one of the back entrances of the palace yard. Here I alighted, took my parcel under my arm, and entering the palace, stated my errand, and delivered the goods to a person whose duty it was to receive them. Here, boldly advancing, I entered a small closet, unperceived, threw off my cloak, and appeared full-dressed in the court costume of the day.

"I was puzzeld which way to turn, until meeting a servant in the royal livery, I was about to inquire for Mr. ——, the chamberlain who had engaged to procure me a sight of the proceedings. The servant whom I addressed bowed low, until his powdered head was on a level with his hip.

"'My lord,' said he, respectfully, 'your lordship has mistaken the way. If your lordship—'

"'I am John Smith, from Dimity & Calico's,' I explained, blushing with shame. 'You must recollect me,' and I explained to the astonished footman the cause of my strange metamorphosis.

"He laughed, after recovering from his astonishment, and directed me where to find Mr ——.

"'Really,' he said, as I parted from him, 'you look so astonishingly like the Marquis of ——, that I took you for his lordship.'

"I colored again to the very roots of my hair; but this time with some pleasure and pride mingled with my bashfulness. I had often before been taken for persons whom I didn't care to resemble; but it was *something* to be taken for so distinguished a nobleman as the Marquis of ——. I found, after some difficulty, the under chamberlain of whom I was in search. He bowed low as I approached.

"'Your grace,' he commenced, 'has by some mistake taken the—'

"'I am John Smith, Mr. ——,' I explained, cutting the chamberlain short in his most respectful address. 'You recollect you were kind enough to promise me, that, on the next grand reception day, if I came in court costume, you would lead me to a place where I could see and hear all that was going forward?'

"'I did—I recollect, Mr. Smith,' he said, 'and I will fulfil my promise. Step forward boldly; look as if you were accustomed to the thing, and follow me. Confounded strong resemblance,' I heard him mutter to himself, as he led the way.

"'He called me your grace,' thought I; 'first taken for a marquis and then for a duke, by folks who see dukes and marquises every day of their lives! John Smith, if you do resemble everybody, it is very plain that you resemble *somebody* too.'

"We passed through several rooms, crowded with chamberlains and 'gold and silver sticks in waiting, at the entrance of each of which my conductor threw open the doors wide, and exclaimed, with stentorian lungs, 'Mr.—John—Smith.'

"The gold sticks bent, the chamberlains bowed, and I passed on, looking as stiff as I could, though I perspired profusely, and my knees trembled beneath the weight of my body. I half-repented of my temerity, and wished myself back behind the shop-counter again; but I had gone too far to retrace my steps. There was nothing left but to carry the farce through with the best possible face.

"At length I found myself one among a crowd of ladies, dressed in the richest attire, and loaded with gold and jewels, and gentlemen, all similarly attired as myself, with the exception of the favored few who escaped the necessity of dressing themselves up like monkeys, by being privileged to wear the uniforms of the army and navy.

"My conductor whispered me to wait patiently until he signalled to me to come forward. I stood only a few yards from the doors of the grand drawing-room. I could see the glare of lights within, but I was sadly squeezed and pushed from one side to the other, by right honorable lords and ladies, who scrambled to get near the door, more like a crowd at the entrance of a theatre than an assemblage of the pride of England's nobility and gentry.

"'They aint much different from other folks, after all,' thought I.

"Every moment my ears caught the sounds, uttered loudly and in pompous tones, 'The Earl of So-and-So,' 'The Marquis of Such-a-Place,' 'The Duchess of Something,' 'Lady Such-an-One,' 'The Hon. Mr. Something-Else,' until I began to feel frightened at my temerity in trusting myself—I, plain John Smith, the linendraper's shopman—into the society of such a crowd of nobilities. 'What,' thought I, 'would become of me, if they should discern that I am but a goose in a peacock's plumage?' I had not, however, much time to think. Presently I felt the hand of the chamberlain laid lightly upon my shoulder.

"'Follow me,' he whispered, 'don't be frightened, and when you get in, fall into the background, nobody will notice you.'

"I did as I was bidden, trembling and blushing in spite of myself, and half-stumbling over my sword, which *would* keep getting between my legs at every step. I am sure my face was as red as the comb of a turkey-cock, and it burned like fire.

"'Mr. John Smith,' cried the chamberlain, not quite so loud, I thought, as many of the announcements were made, and the next moment I found myself face to face with royalty—one among a throng of the proudest, wealthiest, fairest and most honored of my countrymen and women. I shrank into a corner of the vast apartment, most distant from the throne, upon which the king was seated, while, one by one, fair ladies and noble gentlemen were led past by a previously presented friend, each bowing and kissing his majesty's hand as they passed by. Near by me stood a noble looking, elderly gentleman, attired in a gorgeous military uniform, who observed me with so much attention—nay, stared at me in so rude a manner, that I would have resented it anywhere else—that I was quite disconcerted. Presently he stepped towards a chamberlain, who, gold stick in hand, was standing near the door, and said something to him. The chamberlain despatched a messenger for something or somebody, and the messenger quickly returned with the under chamberlain who had announced my name at the door, the latter looking extremely sheepish.

"'Good gracious!' I muttered between my teeth, while my limbs almost refused to support my weight, 'it's all up with me.' However, I strained my ears to the utmost.

"'Yes—Smith, may it please your royal highness,' I heard the chamberlain say, at the same time bowing low.

"The Duke of York, the king's brother—for the elderly gentleman in uniform was no less a personage—glanced towards me, and then took up his position in the midst of a bevy of fair ladies, whose bright glances were furtively directed towards me, while his royal highness was in conversation with them. Presently the royal duke quitted the ladies, and walked, just as if it was nothing, straight up to the king on the throne, and began whispering in his ear, at the same time both looked towards the corner where I was trying to conceal myself.

"'O Lord,' I thought, 'here's a pretty job I've made of it! The duke's gone to tell the king that Dimity & Co.'s shopman has smuggled himself into the palace. I shall be kicked out of the room, as sure as fate; perhaps sent to prison as an impostor. O dear! What a fool I've made of myself!'

"Meanwhile the ladies to whom the duke had been talking, had whispered to others, and it seemed to me that the eyes of every person in the room were directed towards me. I could hear the whispers:

"'How he blushes,' whispered a beautiful girl to a middle-aged dowager.

"'Yes, my love,' was the reply. 'Modesty always is found—'

"I couldn't catch the remainder of the sentence, but I thought, 'Ah! the good old lady pities my unfortunate position; but if she means that modesty always is found among linendrapers' shopmen, she's sadly mistaken.'

"Presently I perceived the Duke of York stalking straight from the throne towards me, as if he were marching at the head of an army. 'Now for it, John Smith. *O, you fool!*' said I to myself. 'I gathered up the skirts of my coat, and prepared to rush out as soon as ever the foot of his royal highness was stretched forward to kick me, as I surely expected it would be; but to my utter amazement, the duke advanced towards me, smiling most amiably. He stretched forth his hand, and took mine in his, and shaking it cordially, said:

"'Mr. Smith, I will do myself the pleasure of presenting you to his majesty. Be kind enough to accompany me, and—'

"'But, sir—I beg pardon—your royal highness—' I stammered out. 'I'm only John Smith—'

"'Soon to be *Sir* John,' replied his royal highness. 'As a brother-soldier, Mr. Smith, I am truly glad that it has devolved upon me to—'

"'But, sir—your royal highness—I am no soldier. I am—'

"'A *man*,' said the duke, 'such as kings should delight to honor. Would to Heaven his majesty had more such men, and such soldiers in his army; but I wonder, Mr. Smith—captain—Sir John Smith I hope soon to call you—I wonder you did not appear in uniform. His majesty would have been better pleased—'

"'But, may it please your royal highness, I had no uniform—'

"'Fit to be worn in the presence,' said the duke. 'No wonder, after all, despatched as you were from your duties in such a hurry. I only wonder, when I come to think of it, how you ever managed to get a court suit ready in such a hurry.'

"'I have had it by me for some time, your royal highness,' I explained, fancying, as he had spoken of my being despatched from duty in such a hurry, that he knew all about the affair. I was only puzzled at his terming me a soldier, and speaking of *Sir* John. 'Surely,' I thought, 'his royal highness is making fun of me, and I am to be made ridiculous before the whole assembly. O, that I were back again in Oxford Street.'

"'*Ah!* you have had it by you in readiness for this occasion,' said the duke, archly smiling. 'Well, yours has been a noble ambition, Mr. Smith.'

"'I wish I knew that you really thought it so,' I muttered to myself.

"As we were slowly parading throughout the entire length of the immense apartment, we were, of course, the cynosure of all eyes, and I heard many a whisper that was not intended for my ears, which I interpreted according to my own understanding of the matter.

"'How youthful looking!' [To be such an impudent scoundrel, I mentally exclaimed.]

"'How bashful he appears. He looks as if he were ashamed of himself,' whispered another, [as he ought thoroughly to be, I concluded the sentence].

"'Aw, I shouldn't care and if I were in the fellah's place,' I heard a young, mustachied militaire whisper to a fair girl who stood near him.'

"'I wish you were, with all my heart,' thought I, 'if I could but change places with you.'

"By this time my royal conductor stood by my side opposite the throne. His majesty smiled, and graciously extended his hand for me to kiss, according to court etiquette; but quite forgetting myself in the trepidation of the moment, instead of kneeling and respectfully raising the royal finger-tips to my lips, I took his majesty's hand in mine, shook it, and humbly expressed the hope that his majesty was in good health.

"The king frowned ominously, and I at once recollected what an outrageous breach of etiquette I had been guilty of. I wished heartily that the floor would open and swallow me up. Hopelessly and helplessly, I looked around me. No one dared to laugh, but I could see dozens of pretty lips twitching, and bright eyes dancing with suppressed merriment. The good-natured duke saw my embarrassment, and came to my side.

"Smilingly he said, 'We soldiers bred in camps are but little versed in the staid ceremonies of the court. Mr. Smith, your majesty, would, I will take it upon myself to say, sooner face a loaded cannon, or a regiment of your majesty's enemies, than stand in your august presence, with a battery of such bright eyes beaming upon him,' bowing to a group of ladies who stood around the throne.

"The king relaxed the severity of his countenance, and the ladies bowed and smiled.

"'John Smith,' said his majesty, 'we have heard of your gallant behaviour in the East.' [Up in Oxford Street, in the east end of London, among the female customers of Dimity & Co., I thought. Somebody's been telling the king. They will do it; I can't help it. It's not my fault; and now the king's going to shame me before the whole court.] These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind. His majesty proceeded: 'And, on the recommendation of our royal brother, who is ever ready to appreciate and to reward merit, even in the humblest soldier of the gallant army of which he is the commander-in-chief, we have resolved to bestow upon you the honor of knighthood. You are now, John Smith, only a lieutenant in the service, I am informed. It is not our province to advance you in military rank. It will remain with our royal brother to promote you in the service. We may say, ourselves, that we have been informed by our royal brother that a captaincy awaits your acceptance at the 'Horse Guards,' and we have no doubt that your future career in the noble profession to which you promise to

be a distinguished ornament, will be a glorious one, and that you will in due course of time rise to the highest rank in the service. Kneel, John Smith.'

"I had heard his majesty while he was speaking, but it was not until afterwards that I could recollect a single word he had uttered. An attendant presented to the king a drawn sword. His majesty had bidden me kneel. 'Surely,' thought I, 'I am not to be deprived of life merely because I have been guilty of a foolish curiosity? Surely his majesty will not take upon himself the duties of the executioner!'

"My knees smote together. In my agony, the [illegible] stood in big drops upon my brow. 'Pardon, [illegible] your majesty, pardon!' I cried. The frown was again gathering on the brow of the king. The duke observed it, and almost forced me [illegible] my knees. I bent my head, in dread silence, to receive the anticipated stroke which would stretch me a lifeless corpse at the foot of the throne, and send my head rolling over the carpet. His majesty pronounced some cabalistic words which I neither understood nor heard, but instead of the sword blade falling, as I expected, upon my naked neck, it was gently laid upon my shoulder, and I caught the words, 'Rise, Sir John Smith.'

"It was like a reprieve from death to a culprit standing beneath the gallows. I endeavored to spring to my feet, in order to bless his majesty for his gracious clemency, when my sword caught me between my legs as I was rising, and threw me on my back, with my feet in the air, in close proximity to the king's person. The most rigid etiquette could bear this no longer. I heard stifled laughter on every side, and as the duke assisted me to rise, I heard his royal highness mutter to himself, 'Who could have believed the fellow was such a confounded fool, or clown—I scarcely know which to call him—'

"I dared not face the throne again; and the duke, looking very much out of temper, was conducting me back to my former place, amid the illy-suppressed titters of the whole assemblage, when there was heard a commotion near the door. I soon learned what had caused it; the real Lieutenant Smith had arrived, and the ludicrous mistake that had been made was discovered. I slunk out of the room, and out of the palace, and in my ridiculous garb, ran home as quickly as I could, followed by a crowd of boys, who hooted and shouted, and flung stones and street-filth after me, thinking that I was a madman who had broken loose from confinement.

"The next day I read the full account of the incident in the London Times. It appeared that a certain Lieutenant Smith had most gallantly led a storming party against some fort in the East Indies, and had not only succeeded in capturing the fort, in spite of overwhelming odds, but had rescued a great many ladies and children, who had been held in captivity by the natives. 'This young officer,' said the Times, 'has been sent home with important despatches, quite unexpectedly to himself, and the generous Duke of York, ever anxious to acknowledge gallant service, had induced his majesty to confer upon Mr. Smith the honor of knighthood—his royal highness also resolved to present him with a captain's commission. The young lieutenant was invited to attend the drawing-room, but was not informed of the honors which awaited him. Early in the evening, his royal highness thought he recognized his *protege*, whom he had seen but once, in the person of a young man in court costume, who stood near the entrance of the drawing-room. With characteristic good nature, his royal highness himself conducted the supposed officer to the throne of his august brother, where the chivalric ceremony was immediately performed. In attempting to rise from his kneeling position, the impudent varlet, who had imposed upon the noble duke, fell backwards, the sword he was unused to wearing having tripped him up, and a most undignified and ludicrous scene was enacted in the drawing-room. At this juncture the real Simon Pure arrived, and the absurd mistake that had been made was discovered. Meanwhile the rascally impostor skulked out of the room and escaped from the palace. From inquiry subsequently made of the inferior servants of the palace, we learn that the knave or simpleton whose impudence and folly led to this ridiculous error, is a shopman at a linendraper's in Oxford Street, who occasionally supplies goods for the palace. We hope the impudent, sneaking varlet will receive a reprimand from his employers. He ought to be set in the pillory.'"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

An Adventure in the Arctic Ocean.

BY CAPTAIN F. ALCORN.

WE were in the Arctic Ocean, in the region of eternal ice, where we had become entangled in a vast field, which rendered our progress so uncertain and slow, that Captain Edson resolved to furl sail and lie by, trusting to fortune and a fair wind for that extrication from a perilous position which *we* were unable to effect.

We remained stationary two days, during which time the ice had grown more and more dense, until it presented the appearance of a solid mass, which awakened serious apprehensions for our safety. On the evening of that day I had the last dog-watch, and joining the mate on the quarter-deck at four bells, found him deeply intent upon some distant object, which he was viewing through the telescope, heedless of my approach, until I attracted his attention by demanding, "What have you discovered, Mr. Harding? bear or Esquimaux?"

"Ah, four bells is it, Mr. A.? I declare, I've been so busy for the last hour endeavoring to make out the genus of those objects just visible to the naked eye here-away"—and he indicated a point to S. E.—"that I failed to notice the advance of time. They are alive, that's certain. But see what you can make of them."

"What do you call them?" I demanded, as I took the glass which he tendered.

"I am far from certain; but I am inclined to term them bears. If we were further in shore, I might think them Indians; but the cowardly Esquimaux never venture so far from land."

"We may be nearer land than you imagine, Mr. Harding," said I, removing the glass from my eye, and adding, "Bears, I have heard, will seldom venture further than Indians."

"Well, so have I; but what do you make of those objects?"

"They closely resemble bears, sir."

"So I think, and I hope they may prove so. A bear hunt would be just the thing to put life in our fellows now. They've been so long idle, it will require some extraordinary occurrence to wake 'em up."

"They'd better be waked up by anything but a bear hunt, I fancy," growled the third mate, an old Arctic whaleman, half-aside.

"Why so, Murray?" demanded the mate.

"'Cause this aint jest the season to hunt bears on the ice, in this region, sir."

"Why not?"

"The weather's so unsartain."

"Well, I think it's pretty certain that we are prisoners, and likely to remain so, unless something—a convulsion of nature, or the Arctic Ocean, at least, takes place shortly," responded I, with a smile.

"So I say! You're an old croaker, Murray—a confirmed croaker. To hear you, one would think all was wrong, and nothing right."

"Jest so!" responded Murray, with a shrug; when hitching up his pants, and buttoning the chin-strap of his reefing-jacket, he added, "You may laugh, Mr. Harding, ay, and call me croaker as much as you please, but mark my words, if you attempt to hunt them bears you'll rue it."

"You *think* so, Murray? Just let them give me a chance, and see if I don't prove you to be a false prophet."

The old whaleman grunted disapprovingly in reply, while the mate continued: "Keep an eye on their motions, Mr. A., and if they manifest a design to visit us before eight bells, let me know it," and transmitting the standing orders, he disappeared down the companion-way, when the third mate prepared to follow him, saying, as he moved off, "The mate's a fine fellow and a good seaman, but too headstrong by half. Mark my words, sir. He'll get into a scrape with them bears, see if he don't."

I smiled at what I deemed the old man's conceit, and raising the glass, levelled it at the objects of general interest, while he descended to the state-room, muttering something about hair-brained boys and old stagers, which was too indistinct to be understood. The objects were bears, and evidently intent on learning what we were made of, as their rapid approach testified. At six bells they had approached within a mile, when I sought the mate's state-room, and informed him of the fact.

"They're coming, then," said he, rubbing his hands in high glee. "Now if we can only muster a party, we'll have some sport. How many are there of them?"

"I can distinguish four full-grown fellows, and, I think, a cub or two; but I'm not sure."

"Good! The more the merrier. Jump forward and ascertain how many of the men will join us, and I will ask Captain Edson's permission for all who choose to go."

The moment I said "bears" to the crew, they were all up and eager for the sport, while Captain Edson not only accorded permission readily, but also expressed a determination to make one of the party.

Half an hour later we were all ready for the chase, when leaving the ship in charge of the third mate, steward, cook, and three seamen, who could scarce be induced to remain, we set out to meet and welcome our unwieldy visitors. They had come to a halt about half a mile from the ship; but on our approach they beat a retreat, shaping a course to the eastward, towards which they moved in a body, while we experienced some difficulty in keeping pace with their movements, owing to the rough and uncertain footing presented by the "floe."

Yet we followed in hot pursuit, keeping them within range, but reserving our ammunition at the express desire of the captain, who was bent on having at least one hide as a trophy of our daring, and consequently wished every shot to tell to advantage. For nearly an hour we plodded on, clambering, crawling, or tumbling over the wind-rows of jagged ice in any manner suited to our taste or ability, but, to our excessive chagrin, without materially lessening the distance which divided us from our intended game.

At length Captain Edson, becoming impatient at our slow progress, gave the order to fire, when we discharged all the muskets, some fourteen, in our possession, but with slight effect on the objects of our aim, who responded to our efforts by a unanimous growl, and diverging from their course, hauled up a point or two to the northward. We fired again as soon as loaded, but with as little effect as before, when Captain Edson exclaimed:

"Hold on, lads! We must save our powder for close quarters; and closer quarters we must gain, or we don't get any bear-steak."

Re-loading, we continued our pursuit some twenty minutes longer, when the bears came to a halt and stood at bay, their retreat being cut off by a narrow strip of open water, which was hidden from our view by an intervening ridge of ice until we were within fifty yards of our game. Halting at a signal from Captain Edson, we poured in a third volley, which took effect on all four bears, enraging them to such a degree that they evinced a disposition to show fight, advancing upon us in a body.

"Now for action, men!" exclaimed the old man. "Let them have it as you're ready, and make sure of them!" And bounding forward, he discharged both barrels of his rifle with telling effect upon one of our antagonists, which reeled forward a few yards and sunk on its haunches, uttering a deep and savage growl.

"Hurra, boys, there's one done for!" exclaimed the mate. "The captain's won his laurels, and here goes for mine!" And raising his musket, he aimed at the nearest bear, discharging his musket almost at the instant it touched his shoulder.

His ball took effect in the shoulder of the object of his aim; but failing to disable the brute, only served to increase its rage. We now poured in an irregular volley, which proving generally ineffectual, placed us in some measure at the mercy of the brutes, one of which had apparently singled out Captain Edson, and was advancing upon him rapidly, while he was coolly ramming home a ball in the second barrel of his piece. Observing several of my companions seeking safety in flight, I shouted:

"Fall back and load as you retire; but for mercy's sake don't show the 'white feather' now!"

"Ay, ay! Keep them together," shouted the old man, bringing his rifle to his shoulder, when the remainder of the sentence was lost in the report of his piece.

His ball brought down the bear; but I had no time for observation, its two companions being close aboard of us, and evidently bent on mischief. Retreating slowly, we maintained a dropping fire upon the brutes, until they halted, when we came to a stand, and a minute later poured in a most effective discharge.

Gathering courage from success, the majority of the party made a rush towards the wounded bruins, and deeming them less formidable than they really were, ventured too near in their mad haste to despatch them—discovering their mistake only when one of their number found himself gathered to the shaggy breast of the largest bear, who merely gave him one hug, breaking his back and killing him as easily as one would a spider. Captain Edson witnessed the catastrophe, and with a cry of horror, raised his rifle, but too late to prevent its consummation, his well-aimed ball speeding on its mission only when poor Ned Philbrick rolled a corpse on the ice.

But that ball avenged his death. With a deep growl, his slayer tumbled over on the inanimate form, and a few moments later ceased to struggle. We now hastened to despatch the other three, which, though fully disabled, were far from dead; and having, not without much difficulty, effected our purpose, prepared to divest the carcasses of the hides, which were designed as trophies of our success.

While engaged in stripping the carcass of the bear nearest the strip of water, we became sensible that the opening had enlarged; when, a few minutes' observation assured us that the field had parted, and was slowly but surely drifting asunder.

Startled by the discovery, I hastened to communicate the fact to the captain, who received the intelligence with evident alarm, and dropping his knife took out his pocket spy glass, through which he looked towards the ship, the spars of which were scarce discernible with the naked eye. The scrutiny lasted but a moment, when he exclaimed:

"We're in for't, by all that's unfortunate. Mr. Murray, has the union at the main and—Hark!"

The faint report of a gun, with its attendant reverberations, fell upon our ears as he spoke, when he added, hastily:

"That gun was intended as a recall. The old sea-dog was right, when he said we would rue our sport. Avast there, Mr. Harding—do you hear that gun?"

"Ay, sir—and I reckon it means something. Only think of it, that old 'blubber-hunter' was right after all! What's to be done, captain? Must we leave these fellows with their jackets hanging, or shall we brave it out, and carry off the prizes?"

"No, no, let's be off at once! Murray's too old a sailor to make false signals. Poor Ned—I wish we could take his remains with us, or at least spare time to give them Christian burial."

"Never mind, captain. If the ice is breaking up, the Arctic Ocean will soon do that duty for us. Shall I pass the word to make sail for the ship?"

"By all means, Mr. Harding!" And regaining his knife and rifle, Captain Edson led off at a brisk pace, followed by all hands.

When we left the ship, nearly two hours previous, a fresh northwest breeze prevailed; but we had not proceeded far on our return when we discovered that the wind had veered over eight points southerly, and freshening fast to a gale, which threatened to prove signally disastrous to our retreat by raising a swell, which would hasten the destruction of the floe.

Apprehensive of the worst, we urged the men to the utmost speed, which at best was but slow, owing to the innumerable hillocks of ice over which we had to clamber, and which caused us not a few severe falls and various bruises. We had accomplished rather more than half the distance to the ship, when we became sensible of a movement in the ice, which caused us to double our exertions, only to discover some ten minutes later that our return to the vessel was effectually cut off.

The ship was still two and a half miles distant, when we came to a halt on the verge of the impediment to our progress—a vast sheet of water extending east and west beyond the boundaries of our vision, and not less than one-quarter of a mile wide.

"Here's a go! What's to be done now, I'd like to know?" said the mate, as he gazed anxiously in Captain Edson's face.

"Swim for't, all who can, and let those who remain trust to fortune and the success of those who go," was the old man's rejoinder.

"Humph! I can swim rock-fashion," said the mate, with the "ghost of a smile." "But 'taint a bad idea for those who are of the genus amphibious. Come lads, you hear—somebody's got to swim for't. Who'll try?"

Several doffed their jackets and kicked off their boots as he spoke, and in less than a minute were nobly breasting the chilling fluid in an

attempt to gain the further side. But they were scarce ten rods distant when we became assured that the breach in the ice was becoming wider, and the mate proposed to abandon the idea, and we sat down in a cluster to await the result of this attempt.

'Twas a cold and dreary task the passage of that ice bound strait; but the noble fellows proved equal to its accomplishment, and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing them emerge on the other side, from which they waved a farewell signal ere they hurried on. Fifteen or twenty minutes elapsed, and they were no longer visible, when a decided alteration took place in the ship's position, which was speedily followed by the fall of her maintopsail, a proof that she was free from her icy-bonds.

"Well done, Murray!" exclaimed the captain, as he witnessed the broad sheet of canvass slowly expanding to the fresh breeze. "That man's a treasure, Harding. If he can handle the old boat so short-handed, he deserves to have a ship, and shall, if I live and my influence can obtain him one. He seems to have sea-room—see how he comes round. Dead before it—that's your sort. Hurra! He's bound to the rescue any way!"

And so he was. Twenty minutes later the foretopsail opened to the breeze, and the yard began to travel slowly to the mast-head, a proof that willing hands, if few in number, had manned the capstan-bars. For a short time the ship headed for us direct, when she fell off suddenly four points, but still continued to move, and after a brief space came up to her original course, which she held some ten minutes longer, when she again became stationary.

So intent had we been on the ship's progress, that we failed to notice the change taking place in our immediately vicinity; but it now forced itself upon our observation by extending to the centre of the group, awakening us to a sence of augmented danger, as we beheld a fissure open in our very midst, and divide the party. A sudden leap, and we were together again, but on a patch of ice scarce an acre in extent, and which the slightest shock might shatter. For near a minute all were dumb with horror, Captain Edson being the first to speak.

"Lie close, my lads! A movement, however slight, may cost us all our lives, while to keep quiet is an easy task, and may result in our safety. Ha—there goes the ice yonder! Should that break reach the ship, we're safe."

Following the index of his glance, we observed the opposite field slowly parting, and a few minutes later became assured that the ship was again in motion. Such was the fact. The break had opened a channel for her, through which she soon dashed at a five-knot rate, when we discovered our late companions on her forecastle, on which we had the supreme happiness of joining them ere many minutes had elapsed.

We had enough of polar bears and polar regions, and with a sigh to the memory of him whose corpse we had been compelled to desert, trimmed our scant canvass on a bowline, thankful for our escape, and eager to bid adieu to the scene of our adventure.

VIEW ON THE CHENANGO RIVER, N. Y.

The pleasing landscape illustration on this page, is engraved from a charming picture by J. F. Cropsey, of New York, painted for Nicholas Ludlum, Esq. The scene is on the banks of the Chenango River, at Sherburne, Chenango county, New York. Though we cannot convey to our readers an idea of the rich coloring, the exquisite gradation of tints from the bright foreground to the misty distance, the emerald splendor of the drooping foliage, yet we have faithfully rendered the effects of light and shade, and the grace of the composition. The pervading quiet of this scene soothes and delights the beholder. We are not surprised that a taste for landscapes has of late grown to a passion, and that our best landscapists find constant employment in transcribing the charms of American scenery to canvass. Cropsey is one of that brilliant coterie of painters, embracing such names as Church, Cassilear and Kensett, who have conferred a high artistic glory on our sister city of New York. These men have succeeded, where men of perhaps equal genius have failed, because they have gone to work in the right way. They have discarded conventionalism and imitation, and taken nature in her beautiful American wildness and grace as their model. They have worked in the same spirit as the English landscapists, avoiding their tones of color. Formerly an American landscape-painter who had learned his art of English artists, thought it necessary to re-produce the lowering skies of England when dealing with American scenes. The results were wholly unsatisfactory. We did not recognize our bright sunny Nature in this foreign garb. But our modern American landscapists have made the woods and fields their studio. They have set up their easels in the Catskills, in the White Mountains, along the banks of our gliding rivers, by the shores of the sounding sea. They do not fear to paint what is before them—the blue, cloudless sky, the clearly-pencilled leaves, the distinctly-defined herbage of the near foreground. They dare even—these young Americans—to paint trees green. According to the old rules of art, that was an unpardonable sin. If a landscapist of the old school painted a June forest, he touched up his foliage with umber, or sienna, or yellow ochre and black. "Nature put him out," as old Fuseli once humorously exclaimed. We remember once walking on the Common at midsummer, with an artist then in vogue, during those days when we thought nature and art two different things, and our companion asked us what we thought the color of the elms was. In the innocence of our heart, we replied "green." But it seems we were betraying our own verdancy. "No, *sir!*" replied the artist, emphatically. "They're black—decidedly black. You have no eye for color." But we have changed all that—we admit that summer leaves and grass are green, and we are willing to allow the skies to smile occasionally, and do not think that a bright transcript of a sunny landscape is treason to high art.

VIEW ON THE CHENANGO RIVER, NEW YORK.

THE GALLEY SLAVES OF FRANCE.

A correspondent of the London Times, in a long letter dated at Toulon, gives the following account of the "forcats" there, formerly well known under the name of "galley slaves:" "It is not to be expected that one can speak of Toulon without saying a word of the galley slaves or forcats. There are in the arsenal and yard 4500, who do all the heavy work. They drag the materials about, and some are employed in sawing timber. The worst are attached in couples by heavy chains passing around the ankles and waists and linked together. The better behaved are allowed to go singly, ironed in the same way, with the exception of the connecting chain. They are clothed in coarse canvass trousers and shirts, branded with their numbers, and a woollen jacket. Those who are condemned for life wear a long, green, woollen, peakless cap, sometimes like a nightcap with the top cut off, and made square. On the front of the cap is a tin plate with the number of the wearer punched out. The convicts who are condemned for a term of years are distinguished from the others by red caps, and those who have been more than once to the Bagne by yellow sleeves to their jackets. Their faces, closely shaven, bronzed by exposure to the sun, and brutalized by crime, are fearful to behold, and their repulsive appearance is heightened by their hair being notched short in lines running around the head, in order to facilitate recognition should they escape. At night they lie down on inclined lengths of planking, without mattress or covering, in twenties or thirties, and an iron rod is run through the leg chains of each, so that no one can move without the rest. The food consists of brown bread, not all wheaten flour, soup, and *haricots et feves*, beans. No wine or tobacco is allowed, but the convicts are permitted to receive 10f. a month from their friends, with which they may purchase any eatable they please. The greatest and most degrading punishment, and one which must also be the greatest obstacle to reformation, is chaining the men in couples. Youths over sixteen may be seen chained to old men tainted with every crime. Walking or sleeping, the comrades of the chain are never separated, until freedom or death removes one of them. In spite of the hideous costume and revolting appearance of the *forcats*, there were some who still exhibited traces of their former position, whose gentility, so to speak, pierced through their convict garb. One in particular, standing nearly six feet high, and who is intently watching the arrival of wounded French soldiers from Italy, struck me on account of the ease and grace with which he moved, bowing to the guardians passing by, although his actions were accompanied by the horrid clanking of his chains. At the time of my visit I was told that there were then among the forcats, Colonel de Ceroy, who commanded a regiment at Marseilles in 1851, who was charged with the execution of the coup d'etat in this town, and who was subsequently convicted of swindling; Captain Doineau, Chef d'un bureau Arab, convicted of having conspired to murder an Arab chief; Lieutenant de Mercey, convicted of having unfairly and with premeditation slain another officer when tipsy in a duel; the chief army accountant (chief comptable), who was sent to the Crimea, the two managers of the Bank of Toulon, and six abbes (and there are more who manage to keep their former calling secret). An eminent painter is chained to a distinguished member of the Paris bar, and between them they keep the accounts of one department of the prisons, while of lawyers and notaries there is no end. Among the forcats are men of all nations, as of all ranks in society. We contribute our quota, one—an Englishman, who was arrested at Calais with forged notes in his possession, and who, there is every reason to believe, was guiltless of any criminal intention. He has recently been brought to Toulon from Rochefort in consumption, and not allowed to wear flannel, although permitted to do so in Rochefort. There is also a hazy rumor of a British peer of the realm being among the forcats, but, as no one has ever seen him, it may be dismissed as a myth.

To the present government of France is due the merit of endeavoring to deal with the great social evil, the Bagnes, where vice stagnates and grows more hideous, to be again let loose on society. Penal settlements have been formed in Africa and French Guiana, to which some of the convicts have been removed. Toulon is now the only Bagne; those of Rochefort and Brest have been abolished; but still the work goes on very slowly. Three cargoes of 500 each have been shipped off, yet their places are nearly all filled up by new arrivals. Moreover, it would appear that the forcats cannot be legally compelled to go unless they choose. They were condemned to hard labor in the dockyards and arsenals of the State, and not to transportation. To coax them to go abroad, they are promised that on their arrival they shall be relieved of their chains, and allowed the free use of their limbs. But, so great is the dread of Lambessa and Cayenne, and the craven fear of death, that they prefer the fetters and horrors of the Bagne at Toulon to comparative independence at these two French colonies. As one of their guardians characterized them, "*Tous ces assassins et voleurs sont si laches ils ont peur de mourir*"—All these assassins and thieves are such cowards, that they fear death!"

The extravagance of our demands is continually mocked by our necessities. How absurd that he who lacks even his daily bread, and is at no time sure of it for three days together, will yet indulge in dreams of quails showered from the heavens!—and yet, the very virtue of Hope is to be found in this very sort of illusion; and poverty is solaced, feeding upon a dream, in the absence of any more solid viands.—*Simms.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MANFRED DE LISLE:

— OR, —

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"In that quaint old gothic structure in yonder hollow, now almost hidden by the luxuriance of rambling vines which have grown around it, lived, fifteen years ago, Manfred De Lisle, the subject of my present story."

The speaker was a benevolent-appearing, venerable man, with whitened hair and feeble form. I had met him in the course of an extended ramble in one of the most beautiful and romantic portions of "Merry England," and finding him a most entertaining companion, I gladly took the opportunity to spend an hour in his society. He was, and had been for years, as he informed me, the vicar of the English Church in the adjoining parish. We strolled leisurely along the green, shaded bank of the Thames, beguiling the time with pleasant conversation, until my eye happened to rest upon an antique country-house, upon the opposite side of the stream, half embowered in the profusion of the surrounding foliage. It was one of those objects which instinctively attract the attention of every lover of the picturesque (and I confess myself one of the class), and I immediately directed the attention of my companion to it.

"Ah, the old De Lisle mansion," he exclaimed. "You are not the only one who has questioned me in regard to it. Within the walls of that old structure I was, many years ago, the [illegible] of a singular scene. But sta[illegible] from [illegible] did I under[illegible] you to say that you are [illegible]?"

"[illegible] did—I am an American," was my reply.

"Sit with me then," he continued, "upon this grassy bank, and I will tell you a tale of [illegible] under ancient mansion, which I think can do no otherwise than interest you. That it is true, I bear wit[illegible]ess with my own lips. And yet, looking [illegible]ck over these long years which have interned, I can sometimes persuade myself only th difficulty that the whole is not some strange eation of my brain, although I never think of e deep, awful solemnity of the hour in which is revelation was made to me, without a udder."

My interest and attention were instantly excited by this promising opening, and seating myself upon the luxuriant grass by the side of the aged vicar, I listened to hear his story. And then, while the shadows of twilight were falling around us, rendering still more stern and gloomy the old mansion of which he spoke, and towards which my eyes constantly wandered, he gave me his remarkable story, just as I have here transcribed it.

"There was a reason," he commenced, "for my desiring to know whether or not you were an American. Ten years ago, Manfred De Lisle, then upon his death-bed, and within the old edifice to which you have just called my attention, made to me the confession of which I am about to tell you. I then promised him most sacredly that I would never reveal the secret which he consigned to me to any living Englishman. He wished that none of his countrymen should learn it, and therefore hold his name thereafter for all time in abhorrence and detestation. That trust I have kept well and truly; to none, save myself, is the strange, terrible life secret of Manfred De Lisle known, and it will be no breach of my promise if I reveal it to you.

"I well remember the night upon which this singular occurrence happened. It was but a few months after I had taken charge of the parish of Wilmarth, and thus I was little acquainted, comparatively speaking, with either it or my parishioners. The De Lisle mansion I had not yet visited. I had heard its owner spoken of as Colonel De Lisle, a man who had for many years been singularly taciturn and repellant to all, and upon the several occasions that I had seen him in his pew at church, I noticed particularly his unmistakable military deportment, and, at the same time, the deep furrows and torturing appearance of mental disquietude which his thin, haggard face always wore. He was then, I should say, perhaps sixty years of age.

"Often, while in the midst of the service, my eyes would unconsciously wander to that face, with its almost preternatural expression, and more than once I have speculated within myself as to the history of this incomprehensible man. To none, I was informed, had he ever confided his cares or troubles, or whatever might have occasioned his mental distress; he was forever stern, silent and unapproachable. Nor was it mere idle curiosity which prompted me to desire to know more of him; the desire flowed partly from the real interest which his appearance excited within me, and partly from a sense of my duty as a minister of God. And this desire was soon gratified, in a singular and unexpected manner.

"But let me return to the scenes of the night of which I commenced to speak. The season was mid-winter, and throughout the whole day the snow had fallen fast and furiously, and when darkness came the earth was thickly covered with irregular heaps and drifts. The night, too, was a bitter cold one, and as I seated myself in my dressing-gown and slippers before the cheerful fire of my study, my thoughts turned pleasantly upon the long indoor winter evening which lay before me. My library, the solace of many hours which must without it have been lonely, was close at hand, and taking up one of my favorite volumes I soon fixed my attention upon its pages, listening at intervals to the wild shrieking of the storm without.

"A loud ring of the door-bell, repeated almost instantly, suddenly aroused me from my abstraction. Laying my book down, I began to conjecture the causes which could have brought any person out upon so inclement a night, and of course I concluded at once that it must be some imperative and urgent business.

"Perhaps, I reflected, my presence is called for at some bed of death; some spirit may be taking its flight in the midst of this wild winter tempest. The seasons make no difference with the course of death; in storm and calm, in sunshine and darkness, the destroyer is always abroad upon his mission! and as the servant of God, I must still follow in the steps of the death-angel, and minister to the souls of the poor relics of mortality which strew his path. My conjecture proved correct. Voices of persons in conversation came to my ear, and in a moment my domestic entered the room.

"'Colonel De Lisle's man is at the door, sir,' she said. 'He says his master is dying, and wishes you to come to him without delay.'

"Astonished and awe-struck by this announcement, as I was, I promptly prepared to go forth in answer to the wish of the dying. Rapid thoughts flashed through my mind as I buttoned on my surtout and muffled my face closely in a thick scarf. But two weeks before I had seen Colonel De Lisle in his accustomed place at church, paler, sadder and more gloomy than ever before—and now he had sent for me to attend him in his last moments! The thought was a solemn one, and with it came another and a strange one—the thought that now, and from the lips of the dying, I was to gain the solution of the mystery which had always, within the memories of the inhabitants of Wilmarth, surrounded Manfred De Lisle as if with an atmosphere of secrecy.

"My preparations were quickly made, and I joined the messenger at the door. Besides the horse which he had ridden, he had brought another for my use which he was now holding by the bridle. No words passed between us until we had gained the saddle and were floundering forward as best we might through the deep drifts of snow which rendered the road well nigh impassable. I realized at once that this was no time for delay, and therefore wasted no time in unnecessary words. I believe that only one question and answer passed between us upon the way. As we arrived at the crossing of the roads, the man paused for a moment to decide upon the nearest route, and taking the opportunity, I almost shouted close to his ear, in order that my voice might be heard above the howling of the storm:

"'Your master cannot live,' you say?'

"'I am afraid so,' he replied, sadly, shaking his head. 'The doctor had not come when I left him, but I think he is beyond the reach of medicine.'

"We rode on silently and as fast as possible, and in another half hour we had reached the gate of the mansion. The whole front of the house was dark and gloomy, with the exception of two windows in the corner of the left hand wing, which were only faintly lighted. I at once conjectured that there was the chamber of death, and as my guide dismounted and led me directly towards it, I found that I had surmised rig[illegible] We entered at a small door in the wing, and passing across a dark hall, silently entered the room where the master of the house was lying. The scene presented here was a deeply solemn and impressive one. The servants of the house were collected around the bed, most of them in tears, and all showing their grief in some manner. At the head of the bed was the physician, his fingers placed upon the wrist of his patient, and his eyes fixed steadily upon a watch which he held in his left hand. As I approached, the servants recognized me and fell back, and I at once took my position by the side of the physician and awaited with anxiety the result of his examination. This was of no long duration; relinquishing the hand, he turned to me and whispered:

"'My labors here are useless; he has passed the power of my art! Look at him and judge for yourself; observe his face, so thin, haggard, and ghastly pale, his damp, corrugated forehead, and his faint, irregular breathing! For the last year his life has been slowly wasting away and consuming, and this night must witness the last scene in his earthly career!'

"The brief description thus given of the dying man was a perfect one; I looked again and saw upon the bed the form of Manfred De Lisle, living still, it is true, and yet the very personification of death! Altogether, the presence of death has never affected me, before or since, as in this instance. His bony hands were clasped tightly together outside of the bed, and the long and matted black hair, mixed here and there with gray, [illegible] hair and his sallow and furrowed cheeks, a[illegible] strangely to the wild [illegible] his appearance. Suddenly, with a start, he opened his eyes, and earnestly pronounced the words:

"'Has he come—*can* he refuse to comfort me in this terrible hour?'

"Hardly had he spoken, when his wandering glance fell upon my face. A glad smile broke through the weary, anxious expression of his own, and stretching out his thin hand, he grasped mine with unmistakable eagerness, at the same time uttering my name in a faint voice.

"'Thanks! thanks!' he continued, still holding my hand. 'In these last moments of this long life agony, it will remove one half of the pang to have you by my side. But O, would to God that I might not be doubtful of my hereafter!'

"A terrible spasm shook his frame, and covering his face, he groaned in deep anguish. Bending over him, I was about to whisper some soothing words in his ear, when suddenly starting up to a sitting posture, he exclaimed:

"'Tell me, good sir—tell me this, and in the name of Him whose name I tremble to speak, deceive not the dying. Is there, *can* there be a transgression so deep, so sinful, that the atonement of our blessed Redeemer cannot reach? Were his promises given for me and for my sins?'

"'As you hope for heaven and an eternity of weal,' I solemnly replied, 'I beseech you doubt it not, but rather hold fast to the blessed belief! Miserable indeed would we be had not the precious blood of Calvary been shed for all; Christ indeed died that we might receive eternal life!'

"His countenance grew calmer while I was speaking, and became almost placid. For a moment he lay silent and motionless, and then, arousing his faculties again, he said:

"'I believe you, reverend sir, and the belief gives me such joy as you can hardly comprehend. But still, I shudder to think of the burden of guilt which is yet mine!'

"'Confess, then, and repent, ere it shall be too late,' I said.

"'I will! I will! This is almost my last hour; my life-lamp flickers and burns low—my time is short. Leave me now,' he continued, addressing those who stood around him; 'I would be alone with God and this holy man, his servant!'

"The domestics obeyed—they, as well as the physician, leaving the room in silence. When we were alone, Colonel De Lisle spoke as follows:

"'I know not, sir, whether the [illegible] tured to pronounce upon [illegible] know that it is one w[illegible] rest. Conscien[illegible] of a guilty sou[illegible] for years lashe[illegible] until at last they [illegible] the brink of the grave! [illegible] earth closes over me, let me confess to you the terrible secret which even now burns like a living fire within my breast. There must surely be merit in confession and repentance, even when made beneath the hand of Death himself.'

"Drawing a chair to the bedside, I sat and listened to his words with absorbed attention. He spoke low and feebly, but sufficiently distinct to allow of my hearing; and when he came to the more exciting portions of his strange tale, his voice was raised to a somewhat louder key.

"'It is many a long year,' he commenced, 'since I first came to this parish of Wilmarth to pass the remainder of my life. I am now more than sixty years of age; then I was barely half that number—and yet, even then, young as I was, the blight of utter desolation had already fallen upon my life! I have revealed myself to none in this neighborhood; none know my history, or whence I came. And you, I trust, will guard the secret as jealously as I have; never, I beseech you, breathe to English ears the revelation which I am about to make, for the first time in my life!'

"I assured him that his wishes should be sacredly regarded, and he continued:

"'My parentage is English; but when quite an infant my family removed to Ireland and settled in Dublin, which for the first half of my life became my home. My parents died while I was still quite young, and I was left to the care of a maiden aunt, under whose protection my cousin, Francis Martyn, who was also an orphan, had likewise been placed.

"'Sir, I have heard men speak of friendship, but I never yet have seen its strength and fervor so strongly exemplified as in the bond which united my cousin and myself. There was the difference of scarcely a month in our ages, our temperaments were the same, we loved the same pursuits, both in childhood, youth and manhood, and, above all, we cared for nothing so much as each other's society. Day by day our hearts seemed to draw nearer and nearer in a beautiful and enduring friendship. In the quiet of that secluded home we grew up together, alone in the world, as it was, and yet strong in our mutual reliance.

"'Thus passed the calm current of our lives, until the death of our aunt, which happened shortly after we had attained our twenty-fifth year. The happening of this event gave me the opportunity to gratify an ambition which I had long cherished in secret—the desire to become a soldier. With the little sum which my aunt had held in trust for me, I purchased a commission in a regiment which had just been ordered to active service in America, and when my cousin learned my intention, he immediately conceived a like determination, which he soon carried into effect. Together we bade adieu to our home, and crossed the Atlantic with our commands.

"'I will not give you an account of our stirring adventures in the American war of 1812, for these have little connection with my story. Side by side we fought upon many of the bloody fields of that contest, and in the terrible night-battle at Lundy's Lane we were both severely wounded. Although not dangerous, our injuries were such as incapacitated us for immediate service, and a few days after the battle we obtained a temporary discharge. Returning together to our old home in Ireland, we passed several months in recruiting ourselves, and in the pleasant society of our Dublin friends.

"'The war upon the Continent, which had been temporarily suspended by the abdication of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons, soon broke out with renewed strife and fury. Hardly a year after the return of Martyn and myself from America, Napoleon escaped from his island prison in the Mediterranean, and instantly the call "to arms!" was sounded throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles. Participating in the common fervor and enthusiasm, Francis Martyn and myself determined to rejoin the service. This was an easy matter; upon our application we were speedily placed in the Enniskillen regimen[illegible] former rank [illegible] [illegible] the 17th of [illegible] the other officers of the army, we were hurried from the festivities of the ball at Brussels to the field of Waterloo. Of the horrors of that next memorable day of carnage I will not speak; suffice it to say that our regiment was in the thickest of the battle and shared in the glory of the victory, and that both

Francis Martyn and I were with it, and were afterwards complimented by our colonel for our services. Both of us, also, were promoted.

"'Again we returned to Ireland, but not now as quietly as before. It is impossible, sir, to tell you now, at this distant day, of the wild, delirious enthusiasm with which the survivors of the brief campaign at Waterloo were received at home. Even the meanest private in the army was at once exalted to the dignity of a hero, and for weeks the great cities of the kingdom were in a state of turbulent joy.

"'A banquet was resolved upon, in Dublin, to be given by the citizens to the officers of the Enniskillens, and this was at once done. How well I remember every incident of that unhappy day! The wealth, the beauty, the aristocracy of the metropolis were present, and all was hilarity and mirth. The scene and its seductive pleasures intoxicated me; I drank long and deeply, and carried away by the excitement of the occasion, I soon lost myself in the insane frenzy of drunkenness. For the time I lost my reason; I hardly knew where or what I was.

"'My cousin sat directly opposite me; he drank but sparingly, and more than once I saw him looking anxiously towards me as I swallowed a new draught of the fiery liquor. I was so blind and maddened that this chafed and irritated me beyond measure; and a moment after he whispered in a low tone across the table:

"'"I beg of you, Manfred, don't drink any more to-night! No one can tell what will be the effects of your intoxication!"

"'"Do you mean to say, Captain Martyn," I retorted, fiercely, and in so loud a tone as to attract the attention of the whole table, "that *I am drunk?* If so, permit me to call you *a liar!*"

"'A blank silence of amazement followed these rash and uncalled-for words; every eye was turned to Francis Martyn. He was a man of unquestioned bravery, and my disgraceful epithet stung him to the heart, while at the same time he respected my condition too well to resent it. His face turned pale and he compressed his lips together.

"'"You will think better of this, Manfred, when you are cooler," he said. "We have been friends too long to quarrel now."

"'"*When I am cooler*, Captain Martyn?" I exclaimed; and in the blind passion of drunken fury I started to my feet. "Sir, this is unbearable; you have just repeated your insult, and I am not the man to bear such treatment!"

"'With these words I drew my sword and sprang across the table. All was instantly confusion and outcry; the company rose to their feet and rushed forward with loud exclamations to separate us. Impatiently shaking off the hands which were laid upon my shoulders, I made a furious thrust directly towards my cousin's breast. But he had now become aroused to the danger of his position, and drawing his rapier he easily parried my stroke. In my present condition the issue of this contest could not be doubtful; hardly had I made three passes before he snapped my blade short at the hilt. Casting down the useless guard, I rushed upon him with a cry of rage and shame; he avoided me. I was seized by a dozen strong hands—and then, overcome by my exertions, by the wine I had drank, but still more by a sense of disgrace and defeat, I fell senseless to the floor. I was carried to a private chamber, and the company broke up in confusion and embarrassed regret.

"'The next morning—good Heaven, clear from my vision the terrible sight which has since haunted it!—the next morning Francis Martyn was discovered lying in a pool of his own blood upon the floor of his bed-chamber, dead and rigid! A cry of horror rang through the hotel, and all its occupants rushed in trembling horror to the scene of this terrible tragedy. With others I made my way thither, and pressing through the crowd, I stood by the body of my friend and gazed in blank dismay and with a sickening heart upon it. By my side was the lovely Sarah Derwent, the affianced bride of the dead, and she, too, was gazing in speechless agony upon his face. The scene, the sight, was more than I could bear; the remembrance of our friendship, and of my parting in fierce hatred with my cousin, thronged upon my mind and completely overpowered me. Again I fainted, and was again borne by my friends to my room.

"'A strict search was immediately instituted for the assassin, but neither sign nor trace of him could be found. The search was prolonged and continued with indefatigable earnestness, but, strange to say, not the slightest clue to the murderer could be ascertained. The singularity of this fact was commented upon; it excited public attention, and gradually my own name began to be coupled with that of Martyn. The circumstance of my quarrel with him the night before the deed was committed was brought forward and canvassed with renewed interest, until at last several persons ventured to charge me with the crime. My friends indignantly denied it; the charge was persisted in, and at length the excitement created by this strange affair became so intense that the matter was brought before the grand jury. A true bill was found against me, and I was at once committed to prison to answer the indictment.

"'But notwithstanding these ominous circumstances, public opinion was strongly favorable to me. I was visited in my prison by friends innumerable, who assured me of the certainty of my acquittal, and promised every effort in my behalf. But to all offers of this kind I returned a firm and decided negative. I told my friends that I should employ no counsel and offer no defence. They remonstrated, but I was firm and immovable in my purpose.

"'The day of my trial at last came. The court-room was thronged by my friends; it seemed more like a day of triumph for me than a day of doom. I was arraigned, and pleaded not guilty; the jury were impanelled, and the trial proceeded. The prosecuting attorney simply proved the finding of the dead body of Francis Martyn, and my quarrel with him upon the preceding night, without attempting to connect the two circumstances in any manner. Here he rested his case, and when called upon for my defence, I rose and made a short address to the jury.

"'"I see among you, gentlemen of the jury," I said, "several whom I well know, and to whom, I am happy to believe, I am as well known. By you I am to be judged, and by that judgment will I abide unmurmuringly. If it be that the belief enters your minds that because of a momentary difficulty with one whom I loved as well as my own life, I could steal to the bedside of that friend and play the part of the midnight assassin, then, gentlemen, pronounce upon me the doom of death! But if it shall seem to you that Manfred De Lisle is as incapable of harboring a revenge so dark in his bosom, as that which might urge him to slay the cherished friend of his youth for a cause so slight—if years passed in the service of my country, and the yet unhealed wounds received in that service can merit anything—if there is any testimony in the record of a life hitherto pure and spotless—if, in short, you believe me as innocent of this fearful crime as a babe unborn, then, gentlemen, do me the justice to avow it! I have answered to this charge, not guilty; and living or dying, in honor or dishonor, with the prospect of a pleasant life yet to be passed, or with the vision of the scaffold of a disgraceful death, still will I say, NOT GUILTY! Gentlemen, I can say no more; in your hands I place my life, with a perfect confidence that you will judge me justly."

"'The public prosecutor refused to make any appeal to the jury; the judge charged them strongly in my favor, and without leaving their seats they rendered a verdict of *not guilty*. The court-room echoed with the acclamations of the crowd, and I was caught up in the arms of my friends and borne off in triumph upon their shoulders.'

"At this point the speaker paused. His face grew still more pallid, and a shudder shook his whole frame.

"'And now,' he said, huskily, 'God help me to make this torturing confession to Him and you!'

"A groan of anguish burst from the lips of the wretched man, and at the same instant a quick suspicion of the terrible truth darted like lightning through my brain.

"'Stay,' I exclaimed, 'do you mean to tell me that you—'

"'*That I murdered Francis Martyn? Yes!* Notwithstanding the bold air of innocence which I assumed, and in spite of the verdict of the jury, I, and I alone, was nevertheless the murderer of my cousin! This is the secret which has burdened my life, which has made my existence a curse, and now drags me down to the grave!'

"These words were uttered in a firm, deliberate tone, which assured me of their truth. For a few moments there was a painful silence; the guilty and dying man lay with his face concealed from my sight, while I gazed upon him with all the fascination of horrified surprise.

"'But what,' I at length asked, 'moved you to this awful crime?'

"'It must have been,' he slowly replied, 'the overwhelming tide of my rage and passion. Upon that terrible night, after those had retired from my room who bore me thither, I became almost a maniac in my fury. I raged wildly around the walls until my strength was spent, and throwing myself headlong upon the floor I endeavored to think. But my mind was still in a transport of fury; I realized only that I had been disgraced in the eyes of my friends—that my enemies, if any such had been present, were triumphing in my humiliation—and I ground my teeth together and groaned. I forgot the friendship of a lifetime; I remembered not that nothing save my own wilfulness had brought this shame upon me, and I thirsted for speedy revenge. I did not stop to reason, to consider the consequences of my act, but rushing from my chamber, I sought that of Francis Martyn. He was sitting by his table, writing, by the aid of a night-lamp. He turned as I entered, and with one fierce blow of my rapier I smote him to the heart! He recognized me, cast upon me one reproachful glance—O, God, I see it now!—and without a word fell dead at my feet!

"'I looked upon him for a moment, coldly and remorselessly, and then approaching the table I examined the paper upon which he had been writing. As I read, my brain reeled and my heart well nigh burst with the terrible revulsion of the moment. It was a letter, addressed to myself, full of those endearing and tender expressions which he so delighted to use towards me. The ink was still wet where he had written my name, and the last words were these:

"'"Dear Manfred, let us be reconciled; forgive me if I have angered you, and let us forget it. If you remember our long friendship, you cannot, I am sure, bear hatred to me! I have known and loved you too long to lose—"

"'And there it ended, just as I had cut it short by my murderous blow! Seizing the paper, I consumed it to ashes in the flame of the lamp, and then rushed from the room, to be forever haunted by the voice, the face, the form of Francis Martyn, triumphant even in death!'

"Again he paused for a moment. His voice was growing rapidly more husky and faint, and as if conscious of his waning vitality, he continued in a more rapid tone. I bent lower to catch every one of his imperfectly uttered words.

"'And I have been haunted,' he said. 'I know not how it was that I appeared so calm, so collected at the trial; it must have been that a sense of desperation pervaded my being; that a consciousness of the utter hopelessness of my life, should I be spared the disgrace of a felon's death, made me indifferent as to my fate, as I certainly was. Henceforth there was to be no peace for me; remorse and the terrors of an outraged conscience held my soul with their iron grasp; I seemed to be accursed in the sight of Heaven. My friends congratulated me upon my acquittal and the triumphant vindication of my innocence; every word went to my heart like a steel-barbed arrow! Upon the very night of my trial I secretly fled from my home. There were abundant reasons to urge me to this step. The associations which I had shared with Martyn, the scenes which we had loved in common—everything which might remind me of him was there. Life was destined to be replete with horrors for me; but a life passed in the very locality of this tragedy would be a tenfold living death. I crossed the Irish Sea and wandered hither, and here I have lived and suffered in secret for thirty years. Those whom I left in Ireland know not of my fate; they probably think me long since dead.

"'I have spoken once of Sarah Derwent, the beautiful betrothed of Francis Martyn. Beneath the terrible blow of the death of her lover she sank like a broken reed; but she lived and still lives. And that weak, frail woman alone fathomed the truth in relation to the murder of Martyn; *she* well knew whose hand inflicted the blow; to her the revelation stood plainly upon my braggard face. She came to me once while I lay in prison—not with bitter words, but with sad, reproachful looks, which nearly crazed me. Once, five years ago, she appeared to me here, old and careworn, but still a living reproach to me. Where she is now, I know not; would she were here at this moment, that I might implore her forgiveness!'

"There are certainly some moments in our lives when events occur which seem to us but little less than miracles. Hardly had the dying man uttered these words, before the rustling of garments attracted my attention, and forth from a distant corner of the room, where she had hitherto been concealed by the shadows of the massive furniture, came a female, and with a slow and tottering step she moved to the bedside. Her form was bent with age, her face was withered and furrowed, and her hair thin and gray; and yet there was about her something which spoke forcibly of rare loveliness which had once been hers. Her dark eyes were filled with a soft, mournful light, which, as I saw it, seemed almost the emanation from another world; and as she glided forward and sank upon her knees by the bed, I drew back in awe and reverence. How I received the revelation I know not, but instinctively, as it appeared to me, I became aware that I was gazing upon the face of none other than Sarah Derwent.

"A new life seemed to possess, for the moment, the frame of Manfred De Lisle. A joyous smile overspread his pale, wasted face, and raising himself to his elbow, he stretched out his hand to his strange visitor. She took it softly in her own, and as she bent her head, I saw that a tear fell upon it.

"'Forgive—forgive!' was all that De Lisle could utter, and then, in a broken and quivering voice, she replied:

"'I *do* forgive you, Colonel De Lisle, and may Heaven pardon you as truly as I do! I can survive you but for a little time, and God forbid that this solemn hour should be one of harshness and bitter words! Yes, I forgive you; may your repentance be as sincere as your sin was great and fearful!'

"The dying man pressed her hand and strove with all his power to speak—but speech was now gone from him forever. He raised his clasped hands, and while tears of joy streamed down his cheeks, he looked earnestly towards me. That glance, so fraught with eloquent meaning, I could not fail to understand, and kneeling by his pillow, I raised my voice in earnest and fervent prayer. I prayed that the atonement of the unhappy sufferer might forever purge his fleeting spirit of its sin, and that the unquiet soul might find in death the rest which had been denied it upon earth, and my prayer seemed answered at once. As I concluded, both she who knelt with me and I looked towards the face of the sufferer. It was fixed in an expressionless; and as we looked we knew that the long life-struggle was ended, and that the spirit of Manfred De Lisle had ascended to Him who gave it!"

Upon the following morning I left the little village inn and walked slowly and thoughtfully down the street. The strange and deeply interesting story of the good pastor had made an ineffaceable impression upon my mind; during the night the scenes which he spoke of came before me in my dreams, and now I could find no thought for anything besides this—the fearful life-secret of Manfred De Lisle.

As I walked on, the spire of the village church met my eye. Close at hand was the graveyard, and moved by a sudden impulse, I turned aside from the street and entered its gate. For more than an hour I lingered among the simple mounds and tombstones, where

> "Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep:"

spelling out with difficulty the half-effaced letterings upon the stones, and musing upon the common end of all mortality.

As I was about departing from this "silent city," an inscription upon a marble tablet near by attracted my attention. I paused beside it and read these words:

> "MANFRED DE LISLE. *Ætat* 62.
> ——— in his grave,
> After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

Beside this was another grave, and upon the stone the simple name, "Sarah Derwent." I looked upon it, and then my eyes turned again to the first. Almost unconsciously I repeated the inscription.

"Yes—*he sleeps well!*" I soliloquized. "Manfred De Lisle, troubled, unhappy spirit, blessed art thou in this sleep which knows no waking; from which may a merciful God grant that thou shalt be summoned to a lenient judgment!"

Home is the residence not merely of the body, but of the heart: it is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves; for children to love and learn, and play in; for husband and wife to toil smilingly together and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home; if we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere.—*Bryant.*

REMARKABLE TREES.

On this and the next page we have placed a series of very graceful and interesting engravings, representing some of the most remarkable trees in the eastern and western hemispheres, commencing with delineations of those in California. These enormous trees are the growth of Calaveras County. They indicate the richness of the soil, and show that this country is as rich in its vegetation as in its minerals. The Big Tree represented in our sketch is ninety-five feet in circumference and three hundred feet in length. Five men were engaged for a month in sawing it down. They sawed and bored great holes with immense augers, until the giant of the forest lost his equilibrium and fell with a tremendous crash. Three weeks were employed by the workmen in removing the bark from a portion of the trunk, which measured fifty-two feet. This bark, in thickness, in many parts, more than two feet, was exhibited at San Francisco. The learned of the place have set themselves to ascertain the age of this enormous tree, and, by

THE PIONEER'S CABIN.

counting the concentric rings, have come to the conclusion that it must be at least three thousand years old.

The Three Graces or Three Sisters, also represented on this page, are united at the base, but each has a separate trunk, measuring in circumference some ninety-two feet. The Miner's Cabin has a circumference of [illegible] while its height is reckoned at [illegible] eighty feet, [illegible] three hundred feet. The Pioneer's Cabin is of similar dimensions. There are many other trees of similar magnitude, each of which has been named according to the fancy of the emigrants. There are two trees, for instance, called Husband and Wife—a group, The Family Group. One tree, with the enormous circumference of one hundred and ten feet, and an elevation of five hundred feet, has been called—because he is believed to be the oldest tree known in the neighborhood—The Father of the Forest. A tree, also of great size, standing by itself in a forlorn place, has received the suitable appellation of Old Maid. We also furnish our readers with an engraving termed The Horseback-Ride, representing the hollow trunk of a tree, which affords space sufficient for a man on horseback to drive up the heart of the tree, a distance of seventy-five feet.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin, in an interesting account of a visit to these trees, says: "We were prepared to see the largest kind of trees and not to be a bit astonished. So, as soon as our toilet was made, we started down the road we had come the night before, and at a distance of one hundred yards, passed between the 'Two Guardsmen,' which flank either side of the road as we near the house. These two trees are about fifteen feet apart, and are of nearly equal size, being one twenty and the other twenty-two feet in diameter, and three hundred feet high. These two trees are very perfect and very much alike; one of them leans a little towards the other, and their tops are joined together as one tree. Very few of the trees have branches lower down than one hundred feet from the ground. For such monstrous trunks, their branches and foliage are meagre, the former being few, gnarled and crooked, and the latter very thin. Leaving the 'Guardsmen,' we turned to the left, and after a few rods

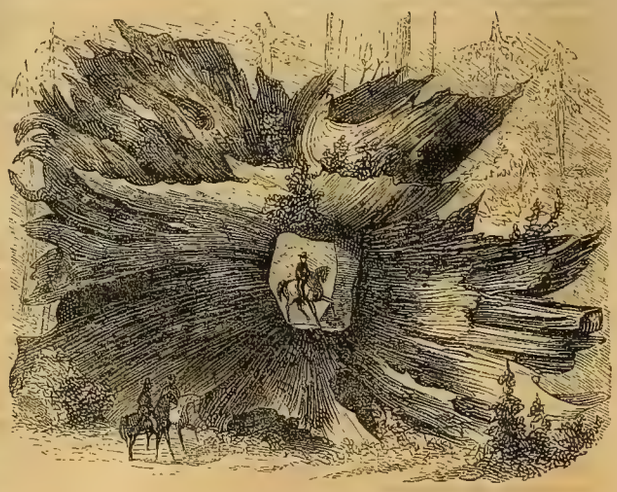
THE THREE SISTERS.

walking, came to a third tree (no name), which is forty six feet in circumference, and two hundred and fifty feet high. A few steps further on and we met a tall, straight, graceful tree, with foliage, well proportioned about the top. A modest sign-board told us that this is the 'Beauty of the Forest,' which is sixty feet in circumference, and three hundred feet in height. The fifth tree has no name, and is two hundred and seventy-five feet high. Alta California is the name of the sixth tree, which is a beautiful, symmetrical, and graceful tree, with fine foliage at the top. It is ninety feet in circumference, and about two hundred and ninety-five feet high. At one hundred feet from the ground this tree is forty-five feet in circumference. The seventh tree has fallen, and measured three hundred feet from the roots to the top. Still on the road leading to the main grove, we meet the eighth tree, called Uncle Tom's Cabin. This is a large and heavy tree, the butt of which has been burned out, forming a hollow which will hold some twenty-five persons, and room to spare. The ninth tree is called Old Dominion, and is fifty-two feet round, and two hundred and seventy-five feet high. The tenth tree is called the Empire State, and is eighty-nine feet round, and three hundred feet high. Vermont is the name attached to the eleventh tree, and is fifty feet round by two hundred feet high. The twelfth tree, which has fallen and is nearly all destroyed by fire, must have been immense, judging from the stump lying upon the ground, which is seventy-five feet long, and burnt out in the centre, so much that several of us, later in the day, rode through it on a horse sixteen and a half hands high. Half the distance through we sat bolt upright on the horse and had plenty of space above our heads, whilst the other half, not having burned so much, we bent our heads forward so as not to strike the 'roof.' We passed on and examined the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth trees, which varied in size from fifty-four to seventy feet round, and from two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and ninety feet in height. The seventeenth tree is called Young America, and is eighty-eight feet round, and two hundred and ninety-five feet high. Directly opposite this tree, and separated by a carriage way, are the Siamese Twins, two trees springing from the same butt, being ninety feet round and two hundred and ninety feet high. Old Kentucky, the nineteenth tree, is sixty-three feet round, by two hundred and eighty-five feet in height. The twentieth tree stands to the right of the road on the side of the hill, and from its lonely position is called the Old Bachelor. The twenty-first and twenty-second trees are of an average size. The Mother and Son are next, being two trees joined together at the roots, being one hundred and ten feet in circumference and three hundred feet in height. The twenty-fourth tree is General Scott, being a stately, grand old tree, measuring sixty-three feet round and two hundred and ninety feet in height. The Fairy of the Forest is a graceful tree, standing on the left of the road, and is two hundred and seventy-five feet high and but twelve feet through. This beautiful tree tapers gradually from the ground, and is clear of branches for at least one hundred feet high; the

THE MINER'S CABIN.

top being clothed in regular foliage. With one accord we named this tree as stated, the Fairy of the Forest. Hercules is the next in order, and a grand old fellow this is, being over thirty feet six inches in diameter and two hundred and eighty feet high. Some cool, calculating lumberman has measured this tree into boards, and says it [illegible] upwards of (725,000) seven hundred and twenty-five thousand feet of inch boards in it. We now come to the Father of the Forest, a fallen tree, which is estimated to be one-hundred and twelve feet in circumference and four hundred and fifty feet long. In the fall this tree has been broken in several places. From the depth it is buried in the soil, it must have been down a long time. In order to comprehend the immense size of this mammoth, we mounted by a ladder to the top of the trunk, and walked over its length. Truly, one must go and see, to believe, and no one can see without being filled with awe and wonder. The Mother of the Forest is a short distance on, and is still standing, being ninety feet round and three hundred and twenty-seven feet high. The bark, to the height of one hundred and sixteen feet, has been removed by some speculative vandals and carried abroad for exhibition. We might mention here that they took the bark abroad, set it up for exhibition, but owing to the immensity of the circumference nobody would believe it came off one tree, and finally, being branded as a humbug, they had to shut up the exhibition, and ended by losing a goodly sum of money. The Family Group is the name of twenty-six trees, all standing close together, and varying in size from fourteen to twenty-two feet in diameter, and from two hundred to two hundred and ninety feet in height. Damon and Pythias are the names of two trees which were once joined together, but are now separated some three feet, fire having burned a space of that width between them. It might be mentioned here that many of the trees are badly scarred by fire, which has, in ages past, swept through this grand old forest. The Hermit stands all alone, and is seventy-five feet round by three hundred and twenty feet in height. The Pioneer's Cabin is the name of a tree thirty-three feet through and but one hundred and fifty feet high, the top having been broken off. The fallen part

THE BIG TREE.



THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

PLANE-TREE NEAR SMYRNA, IN ASIA MINOR.

has been destroyed by fire, as not a vestige of it remains. The Three Graces are three tall, graceful trees, standing side by side in a parallel line, of the same size and length. The centre one is perfectly straight, but so close do they stand that the top foliage has bent the outer ones a little from the perpendicular. There are several other trees near the Graces, one of which, the Miner's Cabin, is twenty-one feet in diameter and two hundred and twenty-five feet high. The butt has been burnt out much in the shape of a tent, and will take in the recess a large number of people. We have now made the tour of the grove, and arrive back of the house, where we catch a back view of the trunk of what was "the big tree." This was the first tree discovered by the hunter Dowd. It was a noble, straight giant, over three hundred feet high, and about thirty feet through at the base. In August, 1853, some parties took a notion to cut this tree down, and, manufacturing augers, went to work. It took five men twenty-five working days to bore the tree through so as to separate the butt, but so plumb did the tree stand that it would not fall. After trying every means to topple it over, they cut down a large tree near it, and let it fall against the old giant, but still it would not succumb. A second tree was then cut down and made to fall against the mammoth, when it was forced over and fell with a crash which shook the very foundations of the hills and made a noise to which it is hard to liken anything. The fall broke the solid trunk in several places even as a pipe-stem. When the hotel was first built at the Grove, the butt of this fallen monarch was levelled off and is now a portion of the floor of the ball-room. The tree is a very good circle and measures, *not* in the widest part, twenty-five feet through. This is ten feet from the earth, without counting the bark, which varies from a few inches to over a foot in thickness. The wood of the 'big tree' is of about the color of our redwood, and the bark of a cinnamon color. It makes nice-looking furniture, not unlike mahogany in color, when dressed and varnished. It must be borne in mind that this entire grove of trees all stand in about fifty acres of ground. To say they are wonderful, grand, magnificent or immense, is poor language—one must go to them, walk round them, get into their hollows, ride through the burnt monster, walk over the Father of the Forest—yes, go among them and around them again and again to be fully impressed with their immensity."

We no[illegible] to [illegible] delineation of [illegible] in New Yo[illegible] Smyrna, [illegible] of the largest cities of the [illegible] of millions are[illegible] the improve- [illegible] the city were [illegible] fired, during [illegible] ral. (There is [illegible] at Harrisburg [illegible] d for the pow- [illegible] e artillery on [illegible] and the Su- [illegible] of the State [illegible] irty days. [illegible] h reached [illegible] ean to [illegible]

on a beautiful bay, surrounded by lofty mountains. A vast plain extends from the eastern limits of the city to lofty hills covered with rich villages on the opposite side to the sea. Traversed by the Melos, a pretty river which bathes the walls of Smyrna, it is of rare fertility; poplars, cypress and plane-trees grow there very vigorously, as well as all kinds of nutritious vegetables. About the middle of this plain, on the side of the road from Smyrna to Bournabat (a village where a grotto is shown in which it is said Homer wrote his Iliad), stands an aged plane-tree, remarkable for its dimensions, and yet more so for its singular form. The trunk is separated into two parts strong enough, in spite of their division, to support the mass of the tree. These two stocks, uniting at a great height, form a species of arch, through which the people of the neighborhood often pass, the place being much frequented, because the rich city merchants generally have their country-seats at Bournabat. The tree does not grow precisely in the middle of the road; it would be an impediment to carriages, the space between the stems not being large enough to admit them, but foot passengers and sometimes people on horseback take a path parallel and contiguous to the road which traverses this curious vegetable gateway.

The last engraving represents the Boabab, or Gouty Stem Tree. In north-western Australia, the character of the soil is such, that few trees are met with, except upon the borders of streams, and they are nearly of the same character as those of the rest of the continent. In addition to these, however, it possesses a tree—the *Adansonia Gregorii*—of great value for its fruit, known as the Gouty Stem Tree by the colonists. It is of the same genus as the Boabab of Africa and the Cape de Verd Islands. It grows to a very large size—sometimes to eighty feet in circumference. The fruit is much sought after by the natives, and affords a palatable repast in those hot regions. The fruit, in shape, is oval, differing from the fruit of the African Boabab, which resembles a cucumber. It is by no means a rare tree in the sandy plains of north-western Australia, and it is a bounteous provision of the Almighty to supply the want of water in these arid lands, the tree, when pruned in the spring, yielding a copious supply of juice of a very refreshing character. The Australian Boabab is not generally confined to the coast, but is found as much as a hundred miles inland. Its *habitat* is in the tract which lies between Sir George Grey's Glenely River and the west coast of Arnhemsland. It likes a sandy soil. It has been named *Adansonia Gregorii*, in honor of the gentleman who first described it.

GAS AND SHADE TREES.

The common council of the city of New Haven are now engaged in investigating the cause of the destruction of many of the shade trees in that city,—supposed to be occasioned by gas escaping from the street mains. The subject is one of interest to the citizens of every place supplied with gas, and we hope the investigation will be thorough, and if possible, some practicable mode devised of preventing the evil. The penetration of gas in the earth, where trees are rooted, for a few days even, seems to be fatal to them. Maples are more easily affected than elms. A committee of the council say that an easy, and as they believe, a practical mode of ascertaining whether the gas pipes leak, would be to bore into the earth directly over the pipes with an instrument made especially for the purpose, in a manner similar to that in which a firkin of butter or cheese is tapped. The earth drawn out by it would disclose, by the smell, the presence of gas. In case the earth around the roots of valuable trees have become impregnated with gas, the committee think the trees might be saved, f attended to promptly, by removing the earth, cutting off the small fibrous roots and supplying the tree with fresh earth. [illegible]ical modes of protecting the trees from such an injury will [illegible]ns, the [illegible]edly be suggested by persons of practical knowledge o[illegible] Students [illegible] and the committee invite communications upo[illegible]cieties and [illegible]

THE BOABAB, OR GOUTY STEM TREE, OF AUSTRALIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. G., Buffalo, N. Y.—We have endeavored to find the work you inquired for, but we are informed by publishers that it is entirely out of print. A new edition will probably be issued by the Appletons the ensuing spring.

STATICIAN.—In the accounts which are kept of the births and deaths in Prussia, and in which the greatest exactness is observed, it appears that at the last census there were 32,678 persons who were not accounted for, and it is suspected that the difference arises from the number of young men who have clandestinely left the country during the last three years to avoid military service, or from the number of persons who have emigrated without having obtained that permission which the law requires.

B. M.—The Turkish empire derived its name Ottoman from its founder, Othman.

FARMER.—From the town of Milton, Ulster county, there were 395,032 baskets of raspberries sent to New York the past season, at an average of five cents per basket, realizing $19,801 60. Thousands of baskets were sent from the same section of country. One berry raiser produced and sold from one-third of an acre over 6000 baskets, which netted him five cents per basket, amounting to about $300.

HARVARD.—The German students form themselves into three societies, and are distinguished by the colors of caps; these are red, green, and orange.

ENGINEER.—The commissioners on the State House, deeming it necessary to preserve the exact location of the rod on its top, for the benefit of all the triangulations in the vicinity, ordered, before the old dome was removed to give place to the present new one, that the rod should be carefully located and replaced on the new dome in precisely the same position it formerly occupied. This was done by T. & J. Doane, civil engineers, and becomes important, as it is one of the main points in the triangulation of the State, by Simeon Borden in 1844.

CURRENCY.—The genuineness of a bank note is more frequently tested by the touch than the sight. Those accustomed to banking business are extremely quick at this mode of detection.

SERGEANT S.—The recent victory obtained by the Chinese over the English and French, shows a wonderful advance in the tactics of war since their first encounters with the English, when they marched up against them without arms, and with gongs and other noisy instruments, thinking to frighten the foreigners.

HISTORIAN.—A life of James Wilson, the Scotch naturalist and genial writer, has been written by his friend, the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, and is very excellent reading. Mr. Wilson was a wit as well as an enthusiast in natural science, and some of the private letters embraced in this volume sparkle with the most graceful and pleasant humor.

THE POPE OF ROME.

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has a ay seem. ce of are not about to falsify
eating
three hunises and practice by plunging into
There are politics; we shall neither assail nor
has been nam but propose simply to the emigrants. There
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great size, familiar to all our readers. Pius IX.
suitable ap men of the times, whose name rises
with an erany other on the tidal wave of foreign
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horseb
thority is recognized by the faithful in all quarters of the globe, but whose temporal power is confined to the sway of about three millions of people, occupying a narrow space on the map of the world, but a most important sovereignty, notwithstanding its contracted limits.

Giovanni Maria Mastai Feretti, now Pope Pius IX., was born at Sinigaglia, in the Marches of Ancona, on the 13th of May, 1792. In his youth he was destined for the military profession, and he served for a time, first in the French, and afterwards in the Austrian army. But the state of his health having disabled him from longer sustaining the fatigues of military life, he entered the ecclesiastical state.

In 1823, he proceeded to Chili, in South America, as auditor, in the suite of Monsignore Musi, and at the expiration of two years he returned to Europe. Leo XII., who then filled the Papal chair, was very friendly to Mastai. He successively elevated him to the dignity of prelate, and appointed him president of the Hospital of St. Michael, and Archbishop of Spoletto. In 1832, Gregory XVI., then being Pope, Mastai relinquished the bishopric of Spoletto to accept that of Imola. In 1841, he was created a cardinal.

Five years afterwards Pope Gregory died, and on the 14th of June, 1846, the cardinals assembled in conclave to choose a new Pope by the form called in the Roman Church "Scrutinium," which is in fact balloting. Thirty-six cardinals voted, and it fell to the lot of Mastai to examine the contents of the urn containing the votes. The first paper (Bulletta) which he drew forth bore his own name, so did the second, so also did the third. Twenty times in succession was the same name drawn from the urn. Mastai could proceed no further. Overpowered by emotion, he begged the assembly would excuse him from continuing the assigned duty, and appoint another cardinal in his place. But so stringent are the forms observed on such occasions, that to have yielded to this request would have had the effect of invalidating the election; and the whole of the proceedings would have been annulled.

"Sit down and recover yourself!" was the unanimous cry of the conclave.

Mastai sat down, pale, mute and motionless. He drank a glass of water handed to him by one of his colleagues, and after a little time, being somewhat restored, he slowly proceeded with the task of drawing forth the papers from the urn. The voters were thirty-six in number, and thirty-five times his own name was inscribed. Every member of the sacred college simultaneously arose, and the vaulted roof of the chapel resounded with the acclamations of the cardinals. After the observance of the customary formalities, one of the cardinals advanced to Mastai, to ask him whether he was willing to accept the tiara; whereupon he replied that he conformed to the will of God, and took the title of Pius IX. The same evening the new Pope entered the Vatican.

The habits of Pius IX. are characterized by patriarchal simplicity and regularity. He rises every morning at seven o'clock, and having performed mass alone in his oratory, he attends a second mass. After partaking of a light breakfast, he proceeds to his cabinet. Two chairs and a table, on which stands a crucifix, are the only furniture of the little apartment in which the interests of the Roman Church are discussed and arranged, and the labors of the pontificate performed.

The Pope dines about three o'clock, alone—*always* alone: such is the indispensible condition of Papal etiquette. The repast is so humble, that a Roman *scudo* defrays its whole cost. A short *siesta*, a few visits, and a brief interval devoted to a drive or a walk, fill up the time till six o'clock. At that hour the Pope again returns to his cabinet, where he continues occupied till ten at night.

ARISTOCRATIC MANNERS.

An American lady who has resided many years in Paris, tells an amusing story of a little incident which lately happened in that capital. She which an English accompanied her to a fashionable French milliner's to select some dresses, as the fair daughter of Albion was a new comer, and was unwilling to rely on her own judgment or the recommendations of the *marchande des modes*. While they were examining patterns, in burst a very plump lady, who began by upbraiding the dress-maker for a delay in sending home a certain dress.

"*Sapristi!*" exclaimed the fat lady, "if this occurs again, no more of my custom—and the dress, how does it fit, now it is sent home? Look!" and taking off her shawl, she exposed to view a dress, laced up the back with about an inch of something white, which should have been hidden, showing behind—"well, all I can say is, that I'm served up like a ham."

This was too much for the aristocratic English lady, who, hastily dropping the silks, left the room followed by the dressmaker. "Have the goodness to send my bill immediately; had I known that you were in the habit of making dresses for *such* persons, I should never have come to you."

The poor dressmaker first looked frightened, then bewildered, then smiled complacently.

"I understand your ladyship's mistake," said she; "and it is by no means surprising. But my lady may be assured that I admit no vulgar persons to my rooms. That was," and here she lowered her voice to a confidential tone, "the Princess D——, the emperor's cousin."

It was indeed the Princess Mathilde, Countess Demidoff, now "fair, fat and forty," sister of Prince Napoleon, and daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, by his second wife, the Princess Frederika Caroline, daughter of the King of Wurtemburg. Mathilde might have been Empress of France, had she been true to Louis Napoleon, who was once deeply in love with her, and even engaged to her. But the match was broken off by her own caprice, and she finally, in 1841, married Count Anatole Demidoff, for his money. The marriage proved a very unhappy one, and the count thoroughly hates his Napoleonic bride. They have not lived together for many years, but the count has the satisfaction of persistently opposing Mathilde's attempts at procuring a divorce, and holding her in chains that have long since changed from roses to iron links. The princess is a very free-and-easy character, a patron of art and artists, a bit of a political *intrigante*, and altogether one of the most talked-of women in Paris.

CHANGES IN PARIS.

The good people of Boston, with improvements and changes going on constantly about them, are apt to think that they are a little ahead of all the world in the line of municipal progress. But Louis Napoleon "leads the crowd" in this direction. In nothing is his wonderful activity so manifest as in what he has done and is doing for his splendid capital. During the last five years, says a Paris letter in the Philadelphia Inquirer, such vast improvements have been made as to completely alter the aspect of nearly every quarter of the metropolis, and the work of demolition and rebuilding continues with unabated ardor. As a matter of precaution, the narrow streets in the noisome purlieus of the Quartier St. Antoine have been destroyed; the Rue de Rivoli has been opened in a straight line from the Place de la Concorde to the Hotel de Ville, so that cannon planted at the lower end of the Tuileries garden would now sweep the whole length of that avenue, to the spot where the revolution always makes its grand stand-point; the granite pavements have been exchanged for the Macadam system, although more expensive, but the latter cannot be torn up and thrown into barricades; and wide boulevards have been opened in every part of the city, offering perfect facilities for the passage of large bodies of troops and masses of artillery. The lower orders of Paris have hitherto lived in communities, swarming together in thousands, and left in all their squalor and vice. These communities of poverty and crime are being rapidly broken up, the dens razed to the ground, and the tenants forced to separate and seek refuge either in the suburbs or in quarters of the city widely distant from each other, where the police are better able to watch their movements.

That part of the capital where the great institutions of learning are located, and where, in dirty, crowded streets, live the grave professors, rollicking students, the proud old aristocracy of the *ancien regime* and the rag pickers, almost pell-mell together, was spared for a long time, but the hand of improvement has at last reached it, and the opening of the Boulevard St. Germain will effect an immense amelioration in that venerable faubourg, so full of historical reminiscences. The demolitions which have been commenced upon the Place Maubert will remove forever many interesting landmarks of ancient Paris.

MILK.—Our citizens are complaining bitterly of the impure character of the milk generally supplied to consumers. Milk—good milk, cannot be sold for less than six cents per quart, and at that price will afford the dealer a fair profit.

SHIP-BUILDING.—This branch of industry has been rather depressed lately, but there are some twenty vessels of various sizes now on the stocks, and three have been launched within a few days.

TRUE CHARITY.—Old wine was never put to a better use than when the Duke of Northumberland recently sent a thousand bottles of sherry, thirty years in bottle, to the Westminster Hospital, for the use of the patients.

TREES.—Now is the time to transplant them; let attention be given to this profitable and important branch of agricultural interest. Fruit raising near any large market is wonderfully profitable.

OUR VICINITY.—The environs of Boston are growing in point of population even faster than the city itself. The year 1859 will add about nine thousand to the population of this city.

DR. BEECHER.—Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher's autobiography is in preparation. It is said to be deeply interesting.

FIRE ENGINES.—Boston has now four steam fire engines, and another in the course of building.

PERSONAL.—General Scott is just 73 years old.

GERMAN GARDENS.

In nothing is the difference between Germany and America more visible to a traveller or casual observer, than in the gardens; for this they are all termed, whether public or private. Those which belong to individuals and surround private houses, are like those we have been accustomed to seeing, and not at all more beautiful. So says the Country Gentleman, a paper devoted to this subject. Indeed, in the suburbs of New York, Boston, and almost any American city, may be found rivals for anything of the kind in Germany. But those provided for the public are almost as numerous, and it is common to find, surrounding all the cities, gardens owned by those whose profession is the rearing of plants for sale and vegetables for the market, but who live further in the country themselves, and perhaps very humbly, while a rich family from the city occupies a house attached to the garden, and pays for the privilege of enjoying its walks, and breathing the fragrance of its flowers. These summer houses are built very slightly, and very plainly furnished, and only resorted to during the hottest of the season, merely to get rid of the dust of the city awhile. The garden consists of beds of vegetables, bordered with flowers, fruit-trees, berries and ornamental shrubbery. In every garden, public and private, there is a table and benches for taking tea, coffee and lunch; and we have been day after day, and week after week, to these gardens, without ever being invited to go into the house; and this is the same whether we go morning, noon or night. The ladies have always their embroidery or knitting-work, and one would think they had very little else to do in life than manufacture long stockings and mark pincushions.

We have often seen ladies take their knitting-work before breakfast, and resort to the garden to wait till the bread and coffee arrives; and among Protestants, Sunday is no exception to the custom of receiving visitors, walking in the gardens, and knitting and embroidering, unless, perhaps, it is more universal on this day, and a family feels more certain that company will arrive. The young people play ball and graces, and perhaps have a dance. Among the Catholics it is not the custom to work as on other days, and the sewing and knitting are all put out of sight as scrupulously as among the Puritan descendants of New England; but they walk and visit, and are more punctual at church. Being in a family where the young ladies went to a ball on Saturday night and danced till four in the morning, we were surprised to see them going to church at seven. On asking how they could, when they were sleepy and weary, they said they must, whether they could or not, as the priest did not allow them to stay at home, and took neither a ball nor anything else as an excuse. Yet he had no objection to their going to a ball Saturday night or Sunday night, or to their indulging in any discussion after church; but the morning devotions must not be neglected.

NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK.—Our New York friends will have good reason to be proud of their new park when it is finished, and certainly "the work goes bravely on." Its total area is 843 acres, and it is about two and a half miles long. It is to be "a system of roads, avenues, winding paths, lawns, groves, shrubberies, hillocks, grottoes, fountains, falls, streams, lakes, arches, bridges, and terraces."

IMPORTANT ENDORSEMENT.—We have several times called the attention of our readers to the Ladd & Webster Sewing Machine, as remarkable for its perfection in construction and performance; and we are now gratified to know that this machine has just received the *first premium* over all others, at both the Kentucky and Pennsylvania State Fairs.

ECONOMY.—The most profitable animal that a family in moderate circumstances can own, is a good cow. She will pay her cost and keeping over and over again, and nearly half support a small family.

MOROCCO.—The London Times says a telegraphic despatch from Tangiers announces that Sidi Mohammed, the eldest son of the late Emperor of Morocco, has been proclaimed as his successor.

SIGNS OF THE MITTEN.—A lover may imagine himself dis*card*ed when he sees another's name on the wedding cards. His natural exclamation will be, "What's a miss?"

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

A minister of the "Kirk" of Scotland once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady, and possibly somewhat monotonous flow of his own oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate:

"Susan!"

Susan opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all other dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake.

"Susan, I didna marry ye for your wealth, sin' ye hae'd none! And I didna marry ye for your beauty; that the hail congregation can see. And if ye have no grace, I have made but a sair bargain!"

Susan's slumbers were effectually broken up for that day.

There are some curious stories respecting Fra Rocco, the celebrated Dominican preacher and the spiritual Joe Miller of Naples. On one occasion, it is related he preached a penitential sermon, and introduced so many illustrations of terror that he soon brought his hearers to their knees. While they were thus showing every sign of contrition, he cried out, "Now, all of you who sincerely repent of your sins, hold up your hands." Every man in the vast multitude immediately stretched forth both his hands. "Holy Archangel Michael," exclaimed Rocco, "thou who with thine adamantine sword standest at the right of the judgment seat of God, hew me off every hand which has been raised hypocritically." In an instant every hand dropped, and Rocco, of course, poured forth a fresh torrent of eloquent invective against their sins and their deceit.

Frederick the Great being informed of the death of one of his chaplains, a man of considerable learning and piety, determined that his successor should not be behind him in these qualifications, took the following method of ascertaining the merits of one of the numerous candidates for the appointment: He told the applicant that he would himself furnish him with a text the following Sunday, when he was to preach at the royal chapel, from which he was to make an extempore sermon. The clergyman accepted the proposition. The whim of such a probationary discourse was spread abroad widely, and at an early hour the royal chapel was crowded to excess. The king arrived at the end of the prayers, and on the candidate's ascending the pulpit, one of his majesty's aides-de-camp presented him with a sealed paper. The preacher opened it, and found nothing therein. He did not, however, lose his presence of mind; but turning the paper on both sides, he said: "My brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things;" and proceeded to deliver a most admirable discourse upon the wonders of Creation.

CRAZED BY THE AURORA.—The Columbus Statesman says that a young lady, aged about sixteen, of considerable intelligence, and prepossessing appearance, is now residing with the sheriff of Ottowa county, preparatory to her removal to the lunatic asylum, having become insane from viewing the aurora borealis a short time ago, which she was induced to believe betokened the approaching end of the world.

ALARMING CONTINGENCY.—Referring to the suggestion that the Great Eastern may be taken to send British troops to China, the Providence Journal remarks that "the State of Maine will declare war with England, if the ship is turned away from Portland."

ART ITEM.—The superb paintings by Rosa Bonheur, which have been exhibiting at Williams & Everett's, in this city, are gems indeed, and should be visited by every lover of the artistic and beautiful.

CONTINENTAL ARMIES.—A statistical publication just issued, states that the cost of keeping up permanent armies on the continent amounts to eighty millions sterling.

CHARLES DICKENS.—This popular author is not coming over at present, but his lecturing tour, though postponed, is not abandoned.

SLEEP.—A distinguished writer says that in sleep we are especially open to heavenly influences. How about the nightmare?

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP.

We beg leave to call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement and accompanying certificates relative to the PERUVIAN SYRUP, which occupy a page of our journal to-day. The originals of these certificates we have examined, and are convinced that there can be no question as to their genuineness and truth. We feel confident that no one can read such an extraordinary array of evidence of the highest character without being satisfied that there is no medicinal agent now before the public which has stronger claims to their attention. They will find the certificates of well-known clergymen, chemists and physicians, bearing witness to such a mass of *facts*, as to leave no question of the great value of this remedy on any mind not closed against human testimony. It has been said by some who have but a superficial knowledge of the manner in which this medicine acts upon the human system, that it cures too many "different diseases." A perusal of the treatise on iron, which forms the introduction to the pamphlet recently published by the proprietor, will convince any one that no criticism is more unfounded than this. It is well known to those who have paid any attention to the subject, that most of the diseases of civilized life arise from imperfect digestion. Unless the digestion is perfect, the blood cannot be properly prepared, and consequently cannot nourish all parts of the system. Many suppose that the blood is a homogeneous fluid, but, on the contrary, it is made up of a number of distinct elements. Just as a ray of light is shown by the prism to consist of seven different colors. A kaleidoscope is composed of a certain number of substances or elements, and the combination exhibits a beautiful arrangement of figures; but let one of the substances or elements be taken from it, and the figures are all changed. So also if the digestion is impaired, some element necessary to make the blood perfect is wanting, and the part of the system it was intended to nourish becomes diseased. It is easy, therefore, to perceive that disease in any organ may ensue when the blood is deficient in any of its proper elements, "and that the so-called 'different diseases' cured by the Peruvian Syrup are in reality only difficult *phases* of disease, depending on one and the same cause, viz., impaired and imperfect digestion, and consequent deterioration of the blood."

We should not speak thus [illegible] did we [illegible] given the Syrup a faithful trial in our family, with marked success, and we have seen its genial effects in such a variety of cases, that we do not hesitate to express the opinion that it is worthy of all confidence, and ought to be in every family throughout the country.

WATER FOR CHELSEA AND CHARLESTOWN.—The Bunker Hill Aurora states that in pursuance of the plan initiated by Mayor Dana, of supplying Charlestown with water, a petition will be presented at the meeting of the legislature in January, for authority to that city, by itself or in association with the city of Chelsea, to lay pipes from Mystic or other ponds for the supplying of the two cities with pure water.

MEERSCHAUMS.—The Meerschaum mania continues unabated, and not to have a Pipe or Tube is to be far behind the times. Our friend Brown, Apothecary, corner of Washington and State Streets, is receiving by every steamer from abroad, the most beautiful specimens of Meerschaum and Briar Wood Pipes and Tubes. Look in upon him.

FROM CHIRIQUI.—The Chiriqui gold diggings do not yield according to expectation. About fifty persons from Panama, who have been at work six months among the graves, have not collected enough gold to pay their expenses.

A GENTLE CORDWAINER.—The most tender-hearted man we ever heard of was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he run his awl into a sole.

DEAD LITERATURE.—The Post-Master General is making some arrangements for the more effective return of dead letters to their writers.

SMART MAN.—The man who got the last word in disputing with a woman, has advertised to whistle for a wager against a locomotive.

AUSTRALIA.—The yield of the gold fields is now considered to be decreasing.

Wayside Gatherings.

The whole amount of gold sent from Pike's Peak is $73,000.

Rosa Bonheur contemplates a visit to the United States at no very distant date.

James Parton's "Life of Andrew Jackson," is announced to appear in November.

Irving's "Life of Washington" is having a larger sale than any of his previous works.

Two New York pawn-brokers have been fined $100 for demanding and collecting usurious interest.

The silver mining business in Arizona is now said to have reached a point where success is certain.

The strike of the four thousand coal diggers in the Pennsylvania mining district has resulted unfavorably for them.

The Northern Albany Railroad has just been sold at auction. The stockholders and bondholders lose over $3,000,000.

The Austin (Texas) State Gazette says that $16,000 have been lost lately in the mails between Galveston and New Orleans.

Every pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects, boiled to death; 700,000 pounds are annually used for scarlet and crimson dyes.

General Jackson's old horse is dead at last, at the age of forty-one years. For several years he has been unable to masticate, and was fed with bran, etc.

In answer to an advertisement for a grammar school teacher in Chelsea, Mass., over one hundred well-qualified teachers made application. Of these forty were examined.

The nutmeg tree is indigenous to the vicinity of Santa Cruz, California, and the nuts obtained from them are said to be equal to the oriental article.

Mr. Ten Broeck writes from England to a friend in Memphis that his winnings in England this year have topped $440,000, to gain which he risked but $20,000.

At St. Joseph, Michigan, there is a peach orchard covering only five acres of ground, from which the owner has already sold, this year, over *nine thousand dollars* worth of peaches.

The usual significance of "a bull in a China shop" is reversed by the recent affair at the mouth of the Peiho: the bull in this case got decidedly the worst of the visit.

The citizens of Philadelphia have to pay $20,000 this year for the privilege of voting. Of this amount $12,650 is for the pay of judges, inspectors and clerks.

Two thieves who were recently caught stealing cattle in Carson Valley were punished by having their left ears cropped and being banished from the country.

[illegible] in New York has cost the [illegible] of millions already, [illegible]: the improvements upon [illegible] millions more.

Five Indian chiefs, repres[illegible] of St. Regis, Iroquois and other tr[illegible] New York reservation, have gone to Kansas to buy lands for the removal of their people thither.

From an official report, it appears that since 1847 the introduction of Asiatics to meet the wants of Cuban labor cover 42,501 subjects—there having perished in the transit 7622, or 15 per cent. of those taken on board.

There are at present in the world about one hundred and twenty-one thousand Mormons. Eighty-three thousand live in Utah, of whom four thousand six hundred and seventeen have *sixteen thousand five hundred wives!*

Mr. Everett's last oration contained about seventeen thousand six hundred and fifty words. The Gazette says he omitted probably about four thousand words in its delivery. He spoke an hour and three quarters without reference to his notes.

The Philological Society of London have in course of preparation a new dictionary of the English language on a most comprehensive plan. It is intended to include every word occurring in the literature of the language, with its meaning illustrated by appropriate citations.

On the day of the *fete* in Paris, the empress wore some "stunning" jewelry, among other things, a bracelet formed of a garland of flowers of the double laurel strung together with pearls and diamonds, and winding several times around the wrist.

The subscription which was made in this country for the benefit of the Italian sufferers in the late war reached the sum of $10,623. The money has already been remitted to them, and has been most gratefully received by the poor fellows, who were so sadly in need.

The venerable Allen pear tree, at Salem, which is said to be two hundred and nineteen years old, still lives and flourishes. It produced five bushels of handsome and palatable fruit this season, which is very remarkable considering the barrenness of the season.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier says there is now a lively movement of horses to the South. They are generally fine blooded animals, bought in the New England market at high figures, and are destined to grace the stables of wealthy planters. The equine exportation to the South is uncommonly large this year.

Sands of Gold.

.... How beautiful is victory, but how dear. —*De Boufflers.*

.... He is poor whose expenses exceed his income.—*Bruyere.*

.... If slander be a snake, it is a winged one. It flies as well as creeps.—*Jerrold.*

.... The sun is every man's servant, working every day in the year for him, and exacting no wages.—*Bovee.*

.... Facility helps to accomplish, but does not accomplish anything; it goes faster, but never as far as labor.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Generally superior men are lonely men. Their superiority isolates them. Or it is at once the effect and the cause of isolation.—*Bovee.*

.... Oft, what seems a trifle, a mere nothing by itself, in some nice situations turns the scale of fate, and rules the most important actions. —*Thomson.*

.... We are too apt to bury our accounts along with our benefactors; to enjoy the triumphs of others as though they were the property of ourselves.—*Jerrold.*

.... The poor and the despised are much given to boasting; they feel that their position is equivocal, and brag to make it less so. —*Bovee.*

.... Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to receive God's blessings, but constant in looking to him.—*Jean Paul.*

.... Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.—*Lord Bacon.*

.... It is a special trick of low cunning to squeeze out knowledge from a modest man, who is eminent in any science; and then to use it as legally acquired, and pass the source in total silence.—*Walpole.*

.... Good service is prompt service. It ceases to be a favor, when he upon whom the service is conferred, has lost in patience and hope deferred what he might have bestowed in love and gratitude.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible it is almost to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice. —*Montaigne.*

.... It is perfectly delightful, the philosophy with which we reconcile ourselves to the misfortunes of our neighbors. That another should be hungry, after we have dined, is a consideration that distresses nobody.—*W. G. Simms.*

Joker's Budget

The quickest way to make "e[illegible] the city were run your nose against a lamp-pos[illegible] fired, during [illegible] Students' Societies and [illegible]

They who "pine" in the[illegible]eral. (There is look "spruce" in old age. [illegible]pers at Harrisburg

Why is a dandy like a w[illegible]d. paid for the pow[illegible] [illegible] employed by the artillery on he's a bit of a buck. [illegible] Congress and the Su[illegible]

The lady who took every [illegible] Council of the State quite a lot of 'em. [illegible]g for thirty days.

"You can't do that again," said [illegible]'s death reached the boy cut off his tail.

"The only way to look at a lady's faults," exclaimed a supergallant, "is to shut your eyes."

"Shall I paint your cheeks for you, wife?" "No, husband, you have done it often enough by making me blush for you."

Why is a stove an agreeable affair in summer as well as winter? Because at either season it is always grateful when coaled.

Bald-headed men take a joke the more easily, because they are not at the trouble of "getting it through their hair."

Not according to the Code.—A Frenchman, on having a coat badly repaired, returned it to his tailor and indignantly demanded "a mend honorable."

One of our city bakers, says a New Orleans wag, has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a pound loaf only weighs eight ounces.

"This snow storm the boys regard as a joke," said one Doctor S., during a late storm. "Yes," replied the doctor, "and it is a joke that any one can see the drift of!"

Bill came running into the house the other day, and asked eagerly, "Where does Charity begin?" "At home," I replied, in the words of the proverb. "Not by a good deal," rejoined Bill; "it begins at (C.)"

The following slanderous paragraph goes unrebuked: A wag has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of women fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first as a secret.

Phelix McCarthy, of the Kerry militia, was generally late on parade. "Ah, Felix," said the sergeant, "you are always last." "Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was his reply; "sure some one must be last."

A general on the point of death, opening his eyes, and seeing a consultation of three physicians, who were standing close by his bed-side, faintly exclaimed, "*Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons*, it's all over with me!" and instantly expired.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FORSAKEN.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Stars fade! isles flit—the everlasting hills
 Bow low their foreheads 'neath the weight of years;
And each, whose breast life's kindling current thrills,
 Must pass, a pageant, gemmed and crowned with tears.
Why sitt'st thou here, lone one, at eventide,
 Nursing thy fond despair with anguished eye,
While o'er thy head night's glittering navies ride,
 And fancy's ear may catch the pæan high
 That from each flame-wreathed bark rolls grand along the sky?

O, is there aught beneath the tidal moon
 Can turn the rock-fast spirit from its poise,
Soft as the touch of lily-fingered June,
 When o'er the earth she wakes her flowery joys?
Or is there aught can hurl it from its throne,
 As sinks the wood-king, crashing in his might,
When through the air the northern riders moan
 Their shrill death-song, and o'er the wintry fight
 Their crests, aurora-plumed, dart through the quivering night?

'Tis true—love's power, throughout the circling world,
 Rules all-triumphant; savage, saint and sage
Have felt its influence—war his banners furled,
 Or at thy bidding bade the combat rage,
Till nations toppled o'er their swarming bays!
 The coldest hearts, who life's broad highway shun,
Have oft crept forth to warm them in its rays,
 As, when the long, dread Arctic night was done,
 Where splintered glaciers soar, the voyager hailed the sun.

Though joy hath fled thee, and dark woes be thine,
 Yet shall thy father's blessings, scattered o'er
The long-trod past, like countless star-worlds shine,
 If memory ope to view her golden store!
And though the portals of thy soul be dim
 With earth-born tears, and gathering mists forlorn,
Yet may their echoes catch thy victor-hymn,
 For time's true hand shall lead the golden morn,
 And through the severing cloud hope's conquering iris dawn.

Why seek the steadfast mid the endless whirl
 Of jarring mind, and life's tempestuous hour;
All earth-forms are but varying shades, that curl
 Up from heaven's verge! Lo, night's mysterious power
Is shattered, and the day-star gleams on high,
 Rousing to daily care the hurrying throng.
So let thy manhood bid the shadows fly
 Up to the heights, till, past the gates of wrong,
 Bursts o'er thy pilgrim track the seraph's morning song!

A MODERN GHOST STORY.

[illegible] years ago it was my fortune to pass, [illegible] a winter in one of the islands of [illegible]tic, and in that dreary region oc[illegible] circumstances which I mean [illegible] though not to be compared, [illegible] the orthodox ghost stories [illegible] familiar to [illegible] of [illegible] men of [illegible] locality which I have men[illegible] short summer months may be most agreeably spent, for there is constant communication with the world beyond the broad waters which surround it, and the island itself is covered with beauty and verdure. The troops stationed there, and the government suite and its dependencies, make the chief town gay, and sometimes even brilliant. But this period is brief, indeed; and the long winter occupies the greater portion of the year, requiring all appliances and means to boot, to relieve the weary monotony of the season, where, for months together, the eye rests on fields of snow, and the ear grows tired of the ringing of the sleigh-bells.

Having found that we should be obliged, by circumstances, to remain during the winter, we made every arrangement to render our residence as cheerful and comfortable as possible; and early in November we found ourselves quite prepared.

We had hired, on our first arrival, the only large or pleasant dwelling to be obtained. It was at a little distance from the town, old-fashioned and roomy, with large offices, deep cellars and wine-vaults, which, it was said, had been (in former times, when the house was occupied by a government officer) well filled with good wine, but now was [illegible] of an inferior [illegible] aunted, and [illegible] ople of the [illegible] to the evil reputation [illegible] they gave it, we were indebted for our spacious and comfortable quarters. There we had spent the short summer without any annoyance, however, from our ghostly fellow-inmates in the deep vaults. We had sometimes, indeed, heard strange noises and rumblings, and also a clanking sound, which a strong imagination might have converted into a ringing of chains, such as figures not unfrequently in the most approved ghost stories; but as no member of our family was possessed of much imagination, we were all content to attribute these sounds to the rats, who were often visible, and remarkably large and contented-looking. There had been shown to us, also, according to the usual custom in cases of haunted houses, spots of blood on the floor of one of the unused attic rooms, which, it was related, had always returned more vividly after any attempt to remove them by scrubbing or other means; but when one of the gentlemen of the family took a plane from the tool-chest, and planed away the obnoxious stains, the last traces of the spirits seemed to have been removed.

And now winter reigned in earnest. The sun shone through the short day as brightly as in summer; the pure snow was dazzling from the reflections of his beams, but the air was piercing cold, and so clear that sounds could be heard from a great distance. Few sounds, however, were to be heard, save the ever-ringing sleigh-bells, and occasionally the distant music of the military band from the barrack square. Few storms occur during the winter, and almost every night of that well-remembered season, the stars shone so marvellously bright that it seemed like moonlight, and the moonlight was like a more soft and beautiful day.

As I was, at that period, full of youth and spirits, *I* especially enjoyed the severe beauty of the season; and often, before going to rest, I would throw open the shutter of the double glass window, and gaze out upon the night; so calm, so bright, so cold. And so, cheerfully and comfortably, thanks to good fires and constant occupation, we were drawing near to the merry time of Christmas, and were busily preparing to celebrate it with the usual feasting and gaiety, when our arrangements were much impeded by the unaccountable circumstance of our servants, one after another, giving us warning that they intended to leave us, without assigning any other reason than that they could not stay, or did not wish to stay. We tried every means to induce them to remain, inquiring most earnestly into the cause of the dissatisfaction—but to no purpose. I should have remarked, that we had most positively prohibited all conversation on the subject of ghosts, for fear of alarming the children, or silly housemaids; but now it became necessary to inquire, with assumed gra[illegible] an Eng[illegible]ance had been offered [illegible] accom[illegible] tongues were [illegible] a fashionable French [illegible] revealed [illegible] some dresses, as [illegible] seen, and *was* to be[illegible] and, strange to say, not in [illegible]sion was a new [illegible] our irreverent conduct had, no doubt, driven him—but outside, round about the dwelling and gardens, wandering in the moonlight, regardless of the excessive cold, parading from nightfall till the dawn. To this statement both men and maid-servants firmly adhered; no reasoning, no persuasion, could be of any avail to convince them to the contrary. Now, however *ridiculous* we might think the *story*, the *effects*, at least, were *not* ridiculous; on the contrary, quite serious. We endeavored, therefore, to calm the excitement by promising to keep the doors fast bolted after nightfall, to prevent the ghost from *entering*, and not to send out on any errand, after that time, any of their number; and finally, by offering increased wages, we induced the elder ones to remain.

The ghost, I was told, had been visible for about a week, and I was very anxious, for my part, to make his acquaintance. But though I looked for him anxiously on the first evening after I received the information, I looked in vain. He did not appear; and the only description I could get of him was that he looked terrible—that his eyes were dreadful. On the next day after, there was a heavy fall of snow, covering up the beaten path, and keeping us all close prisoners at home; but at sunset we rejoiced to see the clouds break away, and the sun peep out for a moment, before his setting, just to promise a bright to-morrow.

That night, about eleven o'clock, I was alone in my room; a bright wood-fire burned upon the hearth, the large old-fashioned chamber looked cheerful, and in making preparation for a proposed sleighing-party, on the morrow, I spent some time. Before going to rest, wishing to see whether the prospect of clear weather continued, I threw open the window shutters and looked out upon the night. Brighter, seemingly, than ever, the moon, now nearly full, shone exactly opposite my window; every building, tree, and even shadow, could be seen clearly against the pure soft snow, which lay in one unsullied sheet upon the open space, which extended between the house and long row of out-buildings which bounded the court-yard.

After a few moments, I was about to close the shutters, when a long shadow fell across the moonlight, and slowly, noiselessly—for the snow gave no echo to the step—a figure advanced before me, so close that the whole appearance was perfectly distinct.

Let no one accuse me of weakness, if I own that I shuddered as I looked; for such a wild, unearthly face might indeed cause the feeling. A face almost as white as the snow, and apparently marked by small-pox, and eyes that were so stony, yet so sad and wild, so pale, they were almost white, yet vivid with strange light, as he turned away with an expression of despairing sorrow that it is impossible to describe. The figure was of middling height, and clad in comfortable garments, the appearance of which, together with a glazed hat, gave an indefinite idea of a sailor's dress. I stood fixed to the spot, and breathless, but not with fear, for I seemed to know that there was nothing to dread from the being who walked so slowly past without looking at or seeming to observe me. Once he looked towards an upper window, and stood a moment gazing there with an expression of mingled reproach, grief and agony, but withal so stony and unnatural that I involuntarily closed my eyes, and when I opened them again, he was gone.

Then I knew that I had seen the original of the ghost story; and I lay awake many hours, trying to account for such a singular appearance—for, in spite of all reasoning, that look made a most disagreeable impression upon me.

Of course I related the circumstance the next morning; and, accompanied by several of the family, made a search in the grounds for traces of the course which my midnight visitor had taken. These were easily found in the fresh snow; the footprints extending from the main road, through the garden, to a small gate little used in winter, and thence through the court-yard and grounds, across to a road which bounded us on the other side; there, all traces ended, for there the snow was already beaten down by many feet, and the passing of vehicles. The print, however, through the garden, was at least that of an earthly foot; and we endeavored to persuade the servants, who looked on with mys[illegible] pell-mell togeth[illegible] was spared for a long time, bu[illegible] person should make, in this manner, a short cut through the grounds from one road to the other.

They, however, had their own convictions; they, too, had seen those terrible eyes. When they had gone to rest, we watched long for the coming of the unknown, but in vain; no shadow, as on the preceding night, fell across the moonlight, though we waited till the moon disappeared and left the stars alone in the deep blue of the winter sky. On the next night, however, the figure was seen, shortly after the twilight faded away. It approached through the garden, but not near, wandering about the grounds, and disappearing altogether when any attempt was made to come near to it; and although it came again the next night, and almost every succeeding one through the winter, it was in vain we tried to seize it. When watched, it would not approach the house, but slowly wandered around it, occasionally looking up to a window with that gaze of infinite sadness, which none of those who saw it ever forgot. Often we hid in the shadow of the out-buildings, hoping to steal out upon him unawares; but he seemed to hear the slightest sound, and to see into the darkest cover; although he appeared to be looking at nothing, for he invariably avoided every ambush, and if approached more openly he would spring over the nearest hedge, or gate, or wall, with marvellous lightness and speed, and disappear, generally in a fir-wood which skirted the plantations. He always came in sight suddenly, as if he had sprung from the earth, and often remained till a late hour: but sometimes he came with the midnight, and only departed with the dawn; sometimes he wandered lonely about, and at others would stand for a long time beside the little gate which I have mentioned, looking up at his favorite window, and always seeming quite unmindful of the intense cold, to which the most hardy person would not venture to be exposed.

Why he thus haunted our dwelling, and why he so delighted to look at that window, was a mystery—for that window was *not* in the chamber where had been seen the ominous stains; nor did his conduct indicate any desire to enter the house. But the old stories were revived in full force; many wonderful and entirely new ones composed; and as such tales are exceedingly popular with a certain class of people, our ghost became a subject of almost public interest and discussion, and many of our neighbors made useless attempts to discover the mystery. About that time, also, we had a visitor—a wild, thoughtless fellow, who always declared his belief that the ghost was a cheat and a humbug, who only wanted and waited an opportunity to steal. And full of this idea, he determined on a plan of his own, which he imparted to no one. He watched at the window of his room till the supernatural visitor should appear, and with the sash open, and the shutters partly closed, stood prepared to fire a musket from that position. The gun, however, was not loaded with ball, and could have done but little injury.

He did not wait long before the pale, haggard face was in his sight—from what quarter appearing, our friend could not say; he did but glance up at the moon, as he said afterwards, and when he looked down again, there stood the figure in the middle of the yard. With his usual slow step he went away, and returned a few times, then stood still beside some sticks of wood for burning, which lay there. An axe, which had been used that day for chopping them, lay carelessly upon the pile; he took it up, passed his hand slowly across the edge, which flashed as he moved it in the light, then he laid it down; and while in the act, the gun was fired from the window by his concealed foe, who looked to see him fall or run away—but he did neither. Only raising his sad, sad eyes to the window, he looked a moment, and moved slowly away.

This was the last attempt which I remember to secure the poor wanderer; and by degrees, even as we become accustomed to much more disagreeable visitations, we got used to his: and as he had never attempted any sort of injury to either person or property, all actual *fear* on that subject was quieted; but the awe and the mystery were kept alive by his continued appearance during the same period of the night, though he always remained longest when the moon shone clear and bright upon the scene of his strange wanderings. And so the weeks and months passed on, the days becoming more intensely cold, the nights more gloriously bright.

On the 14th of February a grand military ball was to be given. Such affairs make no *small* stir, in a *small* city, and this caused such an excitement, that our *ghost-story* seemed to be in a measure forgotten. Engaged in busy preparations, perhaps, no one had had time to watch for his coming. At all events, for several days very little had been said about him. Well, the evening of the ball arrived, and about nine o'clock the large sleigh, with the gay horses and merry bells, came to take thither all the family with the exception only of myself; for a most unfortunate and severe cold obliged me to remain at home, and with some regret I saw them depart. I had resolved to sit up till their return, which I did not expect till a late hour, and hoped, with the aid of some new books and a bright fire, to pass the time almost as pleasantly as if I had gone to the ball.

At ten o'clock I heard the steps of the last retiring domestic, and no one remained in the lower part of the house but myself

I have said that the house was large and antique. Through the long passages the footsteps echoed, hollow and distinct, and when they had ceased, I felt almost lonely; but the fire was cheerful, the books at least new, and I began to read. Presently, I went to the window, and drawing back the curtains, looked long and thoughtfully at the stars, which glowed, and sparkled, and shone with such varied beauty and glory.

I was about to turn away, but before I could do so, a creaking noise, as of snow crushed beneath the feet in very cold weather, caused me to stand still and listen. I stood opposite and near to the window, and strained my eyes to see through it. The creaking came nearer. I knew that these were steps. A small railing extended from that end of the house. I heard that some one jumped over it, and then a long shadow fell across the moonlight.

I felt that it came nearer—nearer. I stood with eyes strained to painfulness, and fixed upon the window. I knew what was coming—what I had often seen before; but now I dreaded to meet that fearful look—at such an hour—alone! but I could not turn myself away; I *must* look. Good heaven! he was coming up close, close to the window; already he stood upon a low bank

beneath it, and pressed his face close against the glass, till the features were flattened upon it.

Unable to speak or move, I still stood chilled with horror, and looked upon that melancholy, ghastly countenance. And now the eyes were fastened with a cold glare upon my own. It was a look that I try in vain to describe in words—a look of death, yet of burning intensity! and of grief so deep, so utter, so hopeless, yet of one turned to stone. The effect it produced on me was of mingled horror and heart-aching pity. I noticed, though without the power of thought, that the whole appearance was more attenuated than when I had last seen it—the white face yet whiter, and those fearful eyes brighter with that look of longing, despairing wretchedness.

Minutes must have passed, and still I looked on him and he on me; then he drew back his face from the glass, and laid his long hands upon the window-frame. Heaven! was he about to enter? The glass shook, and I lost all power to support myself. No chair was near; I sunk down upon the floor, my eyes still fixed upon the window; my head rested upon the stand, where I had placed the candlestick; it shook, the candle fell and was extinguished! No light but the moonbeams inside, and the glare of those eyes without!

A feeling of sickness came over me; there was a rushing sound in my ears, and I remember nothing more.

A furious ringing at the door-bell aroused me at length from what seemed a long and dreadful dream. I raised myself up—the clock was striking two; and another loud, impatient ring told me that the party had returned from the ball, and must have been ringing for some time. I hurried to open the door, composing myself by the way. As I had no light with me, I was saved from any immediate comments on my appearance, which must have been somewhat agitated. But I was much rallied on having fallen asleep, and allowed the fire to burn so low. I lost my character for watchfulness entirely, and it was some time before I felt inclined to tell the whole truth, so much did I shrink from recurring to the circumstance.

I would not allow any measures to be taken against the poor creature who had so shocked me—convinced that he must be a maniac. But I could not help shuddering, whenever I heard of him; for he still wandered about us at intervals, till the month of April, when we removed from the house, and the island, never to return. Many a time afterwards I thought upon this strange visitation.

About four years subsequently, I met, at a summer resort, the old physician who had occasionally attended our family during that memorable period. After some little conversation, he said to me, "Do you not remember the ghost who used to haunt your house, and about whom there was such an excitement? Well, he continued to wander about through the summer and autumn, till the next January. No one, however, had succeeded in approaching him more nearly than before. That winter was uncommonly severe and stormy; many poor unfortunates, overtaken by snowstorms, perished on the roads. One morning, while I was at the hospital, the body of a stranger was brought in. It was frozen, and life was quite extinct: it had been found beside the little garden gate of the old mansion where you used to reside, and was apparently that of a sailor of middle age, and attenuated to the utmost degree. I doubted not that it was the unfortunate being who used to roam about that spot, and that he there met, at last, his only friend—*death*. The body was exposed for recognition, and, after two days, an old woman hobbled to the place, and claimed it as that of her grandson. She was very old, almost a cripple, and quite childish, and from her we could obtain but little information; but she said that her grandson had dwelt with her, at a small cottage, on some wild land, at a few miles distance from the town; that he was a sailor, and had returned from sea a year since; that he stayed with her, in her cottage, during the day, scarcely ever speaking a word, but every evening he went to the town, to meet his Margaret. And this was all she knew. And who was Margaret? She only answered *his* Margaret. But these few scraps of information revived the memories of others in the place, and when I had put all together, it was plain enough—the same old story, old in humble as in higher life. Love, disappointment, madness; and it came about thus."

"A love story!" I exclaimed, interrupting the good doctor. "I never thought of that."

"Why?" he replied; "it is not the first time that ghost and love stories have been connected. But at all events, the subject of *this* story was a young sailor who had passed his childhood with an aged grandmother. He was always, as she stated, a kind and gentle boy; and Margaret was a beautiful young girl, in humble life, to whom he was to be married, when, after a few successful voyages, he should return from sea. On the day when he was to go on board his ship, Margaret went to live as children's maid in the old mansion, where you afterwards resided. There, in the evening, he parted from her, at the little garden gate, where they had long stood talking in the summer moonlight, and there he still stayed after she had said farewell, and gone into the house; till, from a little window above, he again saw her loving young face, and heard a last 'good-by.' It was at that window he saw her last on earth; for when, two years after, he returned from a prosperous voyage, poor Margaret, while in the midst of health and beauty, had gone from the earth altogether. From her fellow-servants he learned the story, when he went to seek her, the first moment of his arrival. Overwhelmed with anguish, and nearly fainting, he staggered home to the dwelling of his grandmother, and lay for many weeks extremely near to death. He was an humble sailor—but *he had loved much!* After a partial recovery, he again went to sea, having provided for the comfort of his aged relative, and was heard of no more, for several years, until the winter which you spent in the island. It appears that he then returned again, none knew from whence. His memory and reason seemed quite gone. He must have had another illness, for he was deeply marked by small-pox, which accounted for his not being recognized. He remained, during the day, quietly in his grandmother's cottage, which, on an unfrequented spot as I have said, was rarely visited; and every evening, at the approach of twilight, set out on his long walk to the town, to meet Margaret, and thus at *last he met her*—just by the garden gate, where they had parted."

Such was the doctor's sad story. It accounted for everything we had found so strange, and I was much moved by the recital. Is it strange that, when the moon shines cold and bright in the deep winter nights, I am reminded of a lonely island, where the seas ever moan round the shore, and the snow lies deep upon the humble grave of a poor, broken-hearted sailor.

THE WATERING PLACE.

THE WATERING-PLACE.

The landscape on this page is a natural and graceful artistic composition. It is the close of day, and the sun declining in the west, lights up the masses of foliage with orange beams, and projecting long and broad shadows from the intervening hills, defines every undulation of the land. The long day's toil is over, and the farmer's boy has ridden the two noble plough-horses into the cool stream to drink. The reins are thrown loose, and the animals can drink at will. One is stooping his head; the other, startled at some noise, or interested in some distant moving object, pricks forward his ears and lifts his head to listen or watch. It is a satisfaction to see a horse drink, he does it with such a keen relish. When very thirsty he fastens on the water, and for some moments the regular vibration of his ears tells how steadily he is imbibing the delicious nectar. But when the poignancy of his thirst is slaked, he finishes his draughts very deliberately, as a connoisseur of wine sips the contents of his glass. Every now and then he lifts his moistened lips and surveys surrounding objects. At a long pause you fancy he is satisfied, but at the slightest touch of the rein down goes his head again, and more nectar is inhaled. But when thoroughly satisfied, how quickly he plashes out of the stream, and how gaily he bears you home when he knows that you have a banquet of fragrant hay all ready for him! A horse is very nice in his tastes, and only great privation will induce him to swallow brackish water. In our boyish days it was rare sport to ride the horses to water, and we have not yet lost our relish for it. We love still to sit on a good horse while he is laying in his supply of the crystal element, and notice his unmistakable tokens of enjoyment.

A ROYAL ARTIST.

William III., King of Holland, is by instinct a musician, and composes very remarkable melodies. At Wiesbaden, where he is just now, he possesses an elegant villa, and if not the actual ruler there, lives at least like a prince. He has a strong partiality for the place, because in its magnificent woods and mountains he finds his happiest inspirations. He is fond of going about the country alone on horseback; occasionally, however, he travels in a little drowshky, where, with his head thrown back, attending the flitting clouds and the smoke from his regalia, he gives himself to his musical studies, and in this way composes, as the case may be, sylvan, amorous, or impassioned melodies. Inspired with the ideas natural to an earnest votary of revery and solitude, this artist-king no doubt often imprecates the high position which confines him to his native dikes and prevents his going over distant seas to unexplored countries. Those who have heard his music, describe it as full of soul and modulation, capable of powerful sympathy and of communicating strong emotion. He arranges it for himself, quite often extemporaneously, but never takes the trouble to write out the tunes, which of course would be lost when once sung, were it not for a precentor who, passionately fond of his sovereign's music, always stenographs it. This singular faculty of the king is all the more surprising in that he is really inexperienced, possessing but very little skill, being ignorant of the rules of composition, and even of musical terms. A walk, a hunt, anything emotional, in fact, inspires him, and then he commences by uttering the words, which he sings to himself, and which, though simple and unmeasured, shape the sentiment of the music. He then calls the precentor and makes him sit downat the piano; but, instead of telling him in what octave he wishes to be accompanied, he tries the instrument himself and says to his attendant: "Hold! accompany me from this side of the board—no, wait! from that side, then this way." He then sings the written words, which are sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, and at other times in Dutch. When the air is sung, he repeats it, and, in so doing, occasionally corrects it. Then, when he has completed it, he says to his companion: "Well, my dear sir, how do you like that?" "Ah, sire," he responds, "it is admirable—magnificent. You have never done better. But it is singular. I know not how you do it; for this does not resemble music, and still it pleases."

THE TOMB OF FRANKLIN.

A graveyard is *always* an interesting place. We have in our city several ancient silent homes of the dead, one of the oldest of them, Christ Church burying ground, at the corner of Fifth and Arch Streets. For nearly a century and a half this has been a place of sepulture. It was purchased of James Steel, in August, 1719, and at first surrounded by a fence, which a short time previous to the Revolution, was replaced by the present wall, at an expense of over seven hundred pounds. The gate is generally opened each morning for about an hour, say between seven and eight o'clock, sometimes at other hours. There is a difficulty in describing situations intelligibly, from the fact of their being so few paths; but the old grave digger knows the whole yard "by heart," and is very kind in affording information.

The first place to which one's steps will be directed on entering the gate is to the grave of Franklin. This is near the street corner, and we have seen it stated his remains were placed there in order that a monument, if raised near, might be readily seen by passers-by. No monument has yet been erected, but the plain slab headed with its simple inscription,

BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH } FRANKLIN,

1790,

marks his resting-place. During the year past a portion of the brick wall adjoining has been replaced by an iron railing, so that the grave may now be seen from the street. The incidents in the *life* of the "American Sage," as he was denominated in France, are familiar enough to all of us; let us dwell a few moments on the honors paid his memory when dead. His death, which occurred on Saturday, the 17th of April, 1790, had long been anticipated. He was then eighty-four years old. For a year or so previously he had been so infirm that he had to be carried about the streets in a sedan chair. But, though not unexpected, the event created a profound sensation, both at home and abroad. His funeral took place the Wednesday following his death, and was witnessed, it is stated, by 20,000 persons. The procession consisted of all the clergy in the city (about 30 in number), the corpse, the pall being borne by the Chief Justice, the President of the Bank, Samuel Powell, William Bingham and David Rittenhouse, the Mourners, the Supreme Executive Council, the General Assembly, the Mayor and Corporation of the City, Judges of the Supreme Court, etc., the Bar, Printers, the Philosophical Society, the College of Physicians, the Cincinnati, the Faculty and Students of the University, other Societies and Citizens. All the bells of the city were tolled, and minute guns fired, during the time of the funeral. (There is among the State papers at Harrisburg a bill for £22 9s. 8d. paid for the powder, etc., employed by the artillery on the occasion.) Congress and the Supreme Executive Council of the State went into mourning for thirty days. When news of Franklin's death reached Paris it was announced by Mirabeau to the National Assembly of France in an eloquent address, a translation of which is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. The original may be seen in the Moniteur for June 11th, 1790, (No. 969 F.,) in the Philadelphia Library. The resolution offered by the speaker in closing, that the Assembly should go into mourning for three days, were seconded by Rochefoucaulds and Lafayette, and passed by acclamation. Subsequently, the commune of Paris ordered funeral honors to be paid to his memory. The place chosen for the ceremonies was the Halle au Bled. "The whole building," says the Gentleman's Magazine, "was hung with black." A pulpit ("for the orator of the day, the Abbe Fouchet") was erected with suitable ornaments, and in full view rose a sarcophagus in antique form, with the following inscription:

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis."

With these words ("He snatched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants") D'Alembert had welcomed Franklin to the French Academy, on his first arrival in Paris. The abbe's eulogy was thought to be a masterly one. Twenty-six copies of it were sent to the Congress of the United States. The Moniteur (before cited) of the 15th of June, 1790, says that many friends of liberty met at the Cafe Principe, Rue des Fosses, and having erected there a mausoleum to Franklin, one of their number pronounced a tribute to his memory, which was received most appropriately with tears and silence. The Gentleman's Magazine adds, that a society of printers, in Paris, assembled in the hall of the Cordeliers, around a bust of Franklin, elevated on a pedestal and wearing a civic crown—a printing-press, etc., being near—and while an apprentice was pronouncing an eulogy, the compositors and others were occupied in printing and distributing copies to the numerous bodies of citizens who were present.

While it is pleasant to see the memory of this great man duly honored at home, these, as it were spontaneous tributes of foreigners, show what a reverence was felt for the talents of *Benjamin Franklin, the printer.*—*Forney's Phila. Express.*

Poet's Corner.

WAITING FOR THE HARVESTERS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

And there she sat in ripened loveliness,
An English mother joying in her babes,
Whose life was bright before her, and whose lips
Were breaking into language with the sweet
And lovely sentences they learn so soon.
Her face was very beautiful, and mirth
Was native on her lip; but ever now,
As a sweet tone delighted her, the smile
Went melting into sadness, and the lash
Drooped gently to her eye, as if it knew
Affection was too chaste a thing for mirth.
It was the time for harvest, and she sat
Awaiting one. A breath of scented hay
Was in the air, and from the distance came
The noise of sickles, and the voices sent
Out on the stillness of the quiet moon,
And the low waters, coming like the strain
Of a pervading melody, stole in
And made all music. 'Twas a holiness
Of nature's making, and I lifted up
My heart to heaven, and in my gladness prayed
That if a heart were sad, or if a tear
Were living upon earth, it might be theirs
To go abroad in nature, and to see
A mother and her gentle babes like these.

PRUDENCE.

Love is that madness which all lovers have;
But yet it's sweet and pleasing so to rave:
'Tis an enchantment where the reason's bound;
But paradise is the enchanted ground:
A palace void of envy, cares and strife,
Where gentle hours delude so much of life;
To take those charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into misery;
And Prudence, of whose care you so much boast,
Restores the pains which that sweet folly lost.

BEAUMONT.

SYMPATHY.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears;
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn;
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

DARWIN.

WOMAN.

The world was sad—the garden was a wild!
The man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled.

CAMPBELL.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The prospects of universal peace are not quite so encouraging as philanthropists could desire. Just as they were congratulating themselves on the cessation of the thunder of guns in Italy, from the extreme verge of the Eastern hemisphere comes the din of war. The Chinese have suddenly thrown down the gauntlet to the English, and, for the first time, shown their ability to [illegible] of modern war-

[illegible] ascend to Pekin with an armed force, brought down the Celestial vengeance on their own heads. A correspondent of the New York Evening Post makes this suggestion: "Suppose Russia and France had been at war with England, and had taken and destroyed the fortifications of Liverpool, keeping possession of the port; suppose peace had ensued afterward, and they had sent a powerful fleet to get the treaty ratified at London, would the English government have permitted a fleet of armed vessels to sail up the Thames for that purpose? telling them the prime minister was ready to receive them at the mouth of the Medway, but that they must not pass Tilbury fort. Surely, England would have been justified in this. Why, then, are the Chinese to be blamed for resisting the passage of the English by a different channel than the one indicated by them?".....We have rarely seen a brighter, more intellectual face than that of Rosa Bonheur as depicted in Edouard Dubufe's portrait. It is not unfeminine; but it bears the stamp of resolution, of inspiration, of self-reliant genius. It is pleasant to find one head at least which does not disappoint our preconceived notions of the original.....Mr. Sage, of the French theatre, New York, has brought over a nicely-balanced troupe of artists for the performance of opera, vaudeville and comedy. If he is wise as well as *Sage*, he will bring them to Boston during the coming season. They would be almost certain to draw good houses for a month.....A writer in the London Literary Gazette thus describes the personal appearance of Leigh Hunt: "In person he was rather above middle height, slender in figure, and extremely prepossessing in countenance. His eyes were large and lustrous, of a peculiarly rich and deep blue. His hair, always remarkably fine, hung in thick masses around his face in his youth, and his address was winning and pleasant; his voice was remarkably delicate and musical, and it was impossible to be an hour in his company without recognizing in him one of the choicest and most genial of spirits.".....A letter from Paris says: "You may remember that on the 1st of August a collision took place on the Lyons and Paris Railway, causing the death of three persons, and wounding thirty-three more or less dangerously. Justice took this case in hand, and a trial of all parties concerned ensued. The result has been the condemnation of the *chef de gare* to two years' imprisonment, and one of the assistants to one year's imprisonment, and a third to six months. All of them were fined 300 francs, and are liable for the costs, the company being held civilly responsible for the results of the dreadful accident. A Madame Munier was killed; her husband sued the company, and obtained 30,000 francs damages. This will be a warning to all careless railroad employes in France.".....What a glorious answer that was of Everett's to the question, Had Webster no faults?—"He was a man." How true it is that in the infirmity, rather than the strength, of manhood, men find the common bond of union.....A letter from Havana says the Spanish opera company have commenced to give their "funciones" in the Tacon Theatre, and have been very well received, although they began under rather unfavorable circumstances, for Dona Juana Lopez, prima donna, died a short time since of the yellow fever, after an illness of five days. She was a very beautiful woman and an accomplished cantatrice, only twenty years of age. She never performed in Havana, and did not wish to go there, as she was afraid of the "vomito.".....While the proprietor of the Pacific Museum was moving his establishment through the streets of San Francisco, by some neglect of his employes the cage which held the sea-lions was not properly secured, and at the corner of Kearny and California Streets, the largest lion, a monster of about 1000 pounds avoirdupois, leaped out of the wagon and began wiggle-waggling down the street towards the bay. The spectacle attracted a large crowd, and the animal progressed to their delight and wonder about 200 yards, when a person versed in sea-lion philosophy caught up a stick and knocked him over, and he was secured.....Physicians in India raise blisters with red hot iron, and dress them with cayenne pepper. If such treatment does not make people "smart" we don't know anything that would.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The London papers are crowded with details respecting the discovery of the remains and records of Sir John Franklin's expedition.—Schamyl, abandoned by his people, has been given up a prisoner of war to the Russians. Such is the gratitude of the Caucasians. At the age of sixty-two, after being for twenty-five years the victorious chieftain of the Caucasus, and causing the death of at least half a million Russians, he is at last surrendered with a baseness characteristic of Asiatics, into the hands of his life-long enemies. Schamyl was born in 1797.—The Great Eastern is now controlled by Liverpool merchants. The Journal of that city says "at Portland, without any consumption of coal, the small tax on visitors would realize £600 a day; that at Holyhead the same price of admission will produce about £2000 a day."—Lord Palmerston's recent speech on railways is considered by the Liverpool Journal a happy condensation of all that could be said on the subject. He recognized with gladness the social revolution they had occasioned; and he saw with clearness that, as yet, [illegible] to appreciate the [illegible] of England are hardly [illegible] means of transit. His observations, [illegible] of this rapid [illegible] nal, "are a painful comment on the history of these great works; for his lordship cannot have forgotten that, when first projected, they excited the enmity, the ridicule, and opposition of the landed interests of this country."—Jessie Mariton White and her husband are no longer in the dungeons of Italy but in Mazzinize. She and her husband have been released from custody by the Bologna governor, and have gone to Switzerland. [illegible] quitoes. Last year he [illegible] Scandinavian limb of Europe. It is now said there is no truth in the report that his health is impaired.

The French Press.

Reports that the restrictions on the French press are about to be materially relaxed, continue to be circulated in Paris, and it is even affirmed that an announcement of the relaxation is about to appear in the Moniteur. The amount of credence given to these rumors is increased by the fact that the Journal des Debats, the Presse, and one or two other journals, have recently published articles which are far bolder and plainer than any that have for years appeared in their columns, and which seem to show their writers' consciousness that the "director of the press" will not display his old rigor.

Old Tobacco Pipe.

The tobacco pipe out of which Johann Sobiesky smoked during the siege of Vienna, and which had been carried away by the French about fifty years ago, has lately been sent back to Vienna, and reinstated to its former place and honors. We do not know whether this fact is one of the results of the recent peace; if so, old Sobiesky's war-pipe war truly be called a peace-pipe.

The Workmen of London.

With respect to the nine hours movement in London, we find that from 1000 to 2000 men have gone in to work on the terms of the declaration, and some 800 more have accepted employment on the principle of the "shop rule." It is stated that a considerable number of workmen have arrived in London from the provinces.

Hugh Miller's Museum.

The museum of the late Hugh Miller has been preserved to the capital of Scotland. The price is upwards of £1000, of which government contributes £500, the remainder being made up by contributions from the friends of science and the admirers of one of her most gifted sons.

Austrian Harvest.

Advices from Vienna state that the accounts from all parts of the Austrian empire represent the harvest as most satisfactory. In Hungary, especially, the crops far surpass what was expected.

Prince Napoleon.

Intrigues for the creation of an Etrurian kingdom under the sovereignty of Prince Napoleon, are prosecuted with more activity than success throughout Central Italy. The prince himself is said to have declared in a letter that he warmly desires the annexation of the Duchies and Romagna to Piedmont, but that if that annexation cannot be effected, he is prepared to accept an Etrurian crown, with or without the consent of his imperial cousin.

Virtuous Conduct.

The Monthyon prizes of the French Academy, for virtuous conduct, were awarded to the Abbe Halluin, for the establishment of an asylum at Arras, where 170 friendless children are educated; to Anne Sure, of Becherel, for nine years' labor in collecting, for the use of the poor, old linen and clothes of all description; and to Madame Thiebaut, of Vic-sur-Seille, for her benevolent labors in aid of the insane and idiotic.

Paris Fashions.

The belles of Paris after racking their little heads to discover some point in fashion which they may alter, have at length pounced upon bonnets. There is a powerfully established crusade against these luckless bits of finery, and it is even asserted that the queen of fashion, Eugenie herself, is quite willing to lend her countenance to the abolishing of bonnets.

Austrian Uniforms.

The Vienna Gazette flatly contradicts the report lately published by the Frankfort Journal, to the effect that the uniform of the Austrian infantry was to be changed. "We believe we are well informed," writes the Gazette, "in saying that the existing uniform, to which so many glorious traditions are attached, will be preserved without modification."

Great Earthquake.

Letters from Trebizond state that the town of Shirvan, in the government of Tiflis, had been buried beneath a mountain thrown on it by a recent shock of an earthquake.

Roger's Benefit.

A night is about to be devoted to the opera at Paris to a colossal performance for the benefit of M. Roger. All the artistes of distinction in Paris express their desire to assist.

Great Exhibition.

The Emperor Napoleon has resolved that another exhibition of the Works of National Industry shall take place at the palace in the Champs Elysees.

Swiss Soldiers.

Eight thousand three hundred and eighty-six Swiss soldiers have left the service of the Neapolitan government, and a few only now remain.

Victor Hugo's Poem.

The first instalment of Victor Hugo's new poem, "La Legende des Siecles," appears in the September number of the Revue Deux Mondes.

Kaulbach's Picture.

Kaulbach has presented his new picture, "Otho III. visiting the Tomb of Charlemagne," to the Germanic Museum at Nuremberg.

The Pope.

Letters from Rome state that the health of the pope is almost entirely restored.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COOKING RANGE.

[illegible] Ranges will thoroughly examine my [illegible] Range, patented January, 1859, they will see such [illegible] and perfect arrangements of self-regulating flues around the oven (causing the ovens to bake quick and perfectly even, without the usual vexatious complication of dampers), together with unparalleled economy in fuel, superior fine heavy castings, and thorough workmanship, and such flattering testimony from the large number of Ranges in use, that not one housekeeper in a hundred will be likely to use any other Range at any price, as it costs as much to set, and twice as much to feed, a poor Range as it does this. A variety of sizes, with or without water backs and hot air fixtures, to be seen at [illegible] Ph, 1 at my store, 99 and 101 Blackstone Street, or at my foundry at Mansfield, Mass. Also, a large assortment of my *Cone Furnaces*, now in general use, and which have proved to be the best apparatus for thoroughly heating and ventilating buildings in this country. oct15 8w GARDNER CHILSON.

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Sent everywhere, by mail, with full printed instructions, for 25 cents. Truly a small investment for good looks. C. B. UNDERWOOD, 114 Hanover Street, Boston.

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F. BROWN, Apothecary,

tf 68 Washington, corner State St., Boston. oct15

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OXYGENATED BITTERS.

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, ETC.

We call the attention of the reader to the following letter from President Smith, of Wesleyan University:

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., Feb. 28, 1859.

SETH W. FOWLE & Co :—*Gentlemen*,—I first made use of the OXYGENATED BITTERS some seven or eight years ago. Having suffered for twenty years from a form of DYSPEPSIA, which was attended with a nervous headache, on an average of not less than one day in a week, I was induced by the unpretending recommendation of Dr. Green "to try one bottle, and if no benefit was received to discontinue the use."

The use of one bottle warranted a further trial, to the extent of some three or four, with a careful observance of the accompanying directions. The result was, an almost entire relief from the usual dyspeptic symptoms and their depressing, painful consequences. I believe these bitters produced an entire change in the habits of my system and upon the active energies of the digestive organs. I now deem myself as exempt from Dyspepsia as most persons. These bitters have also been of service to other members of my family.

Very respectfully yours,
AUGUSTUS W. SMITH.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and for sale everywhere.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.

JOHNSON'S IMPROVED
DOUBLE THREAD
FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully invite all in search of a **Superior Machine for**

FAMILY USE,

to call and examine this new and elegant Machine. It is very simple in its construction, not liable to get out of order, and is almost **noiseless** in its operation.

Every Machine fully Warranted.

C. S. CUSHMAN, Agent,
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BANKING, EXCHANGE,
—AND—
COLLECTION OFFICE,
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Will be made on all parts of the UNITED STATES and PROVINCES, on the most favorable terms.

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BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.
W. BAKER & Co.'s

AMERICAN, FRENCH, HOMŒOPATHIC, AND VANILLA PREMIUM CHOCOLATE, PREPARED COCOA, BROMA, COCOA PASTE, COCOA STICKS, SOLUBLE HOMŒOPATHIC AND DIETETIC COCOA, COCOA SHELLS AND CRACKED COCOA,

Celebrated as nutritive, salutary and delicious beverages,

For more than *three-fourths of a century*, are manufactured from Cocoa of the finest quality, and warranted superior to any other Cocoa Preparations made in the United States. As nourishment for children, invalids, and persons in health, and as substitutes for Tea and Coffee in Nervous and Dyspeptic cases, they are invaluable and recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by their agents, D. C Murray, New York; Wm. S. Grant, Philadelphia; T. V. Brundige, Baltimore; Kennett, Dudley & Co., Cincinnati; and by Grocers generally. WALTER BAKER & Co.,
sept24 tf Dorchester, Mass.

Premature Loss of the Hair, Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handsful, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle. aug13tf

PERUVIAN SYRUP,

OR,

PROTECTED SOLUTION OF PROTOXIDE OF IRON COMBINED.

This well-known remedy has been used very extensively, and with great success in the cure of

DYSPEPSIA,

OR,

Impaired and Imperfect Digestion,

AND THE CONSEQUENT

DETERIORATION OF THE BLOOD;

AND FOR THE CURE OF THE FOLLOWING

FORMS OF DISEASE,

MOST OF WHICH ORIGINATE IN

DYSPEPSIA:

Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Neuralgia and Nervous Affections, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Languor and Depression of Spirits, Carbuncles and Boils, Piles, Scurvy, Affections of the Skin, Consumptive Tendencies, Bronchitis, Diseases peculiar to Females, and all Complaints accompanied by General Debility, and requiring a Tonic and Alterative Medicine.

Note.—The failure of IRON as a remedy for DYSPEPSIA, a bad state of the blood, and the numerous diseases caused thereby, has arisen from the want of such a preparation of it as shall enter the stomach in a PROTOXIDE state, and assimilate at once with the blood. This want the PERUVIAN SYRUP supplies, containing, as it does, Iron in the only form in which it is possible for it to enter the circulation. For this reason the PERUVIAN SYRUP often radically CURES diseases in which other preparations of Iron and other medicines have been found to be of no avail.

Certificate of A. A. Hayes, M. D., of Boston.

It is well known that the medicinal effects of Protoxide of Iron are lost by even a very brief exposure to air, and that to maintain a solution of Protoxide of Iron, without further oxidation, has been deemed impossible. In the PERUVIAN SYRUP this desirable point is attained by COMBINATION IN A WAY BEFORE UNKNOWN; and this solution may replace all the proto-carbonates, citrates and tartrates of the Materia Medica. It is also eminently adapted to take the place of any Protoxide of Iron which physicians have used in Scurvy, or scorbutic attacks; and to meet such cases the Syrup should be found in the medicine-chest of every ship.

A. A. HAYES, *Assayer to the State of Mass.*
16 Boylston Street, Boston.

Certificate of James R. Chilton, M. D., of New York.

A medicinal preparation has been placed in my hands, called "PERUVIAN SYRUP," for the especial purpose of determining the nature of its active ingredients, and also to ascertain whether or not it contains any metallic or vegetable substance deemed objectionable. The result of my examination proves to me that none of the metallic or mineral poisons are present in it, nor have I found in it any indication of vegetable poisonous principles. The main active ingredient in its composition is a salt of the Protoxide of Iron, which is so judiciously combined and protected that it does not undergo any change by exposure to the air. It is well known to medical men that preparations of Iron, where the metal exists in the state of Protoxide, are the most active for internal use, and that consequently it may be given in quantities so small as not to disturb the stomach of delicate patients.

It is equally well known, that it has been found very difficult to preserve in a PALATABLE form, for a desirable length of time, compounds of the Protoxide of Iron. The PERUVIAN SYRUP, I am pleased to say, will be found to have accomplished this desirable end.

JAMES R CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.
93 Prince Street, New York, Aug. 8, 1859.

The following certificate is from well-known citizens of Boston:

The undersigned, having experienced the beneficial effects of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, do not hesitate to recommend it to the attention of the public.

Rev. John Pierpont,	Peter Harvey,
Thomas A. Dexter,	James C Dunn,
S. H. Kendall. M. D.	Samuel May,
Thomas C. Amory,	Rev. Thos. Whittemore.

Testimonials from Clergymen.

The Rev JOHN PIERPONT says: "I have been cured of a troublesome cutaneous disease by the use of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and it affords me great satisfaction to find that it is making its way into the confidence of the medical profession, for my settled conviction is that it deserves the confidence, not of that profession alone, but of the public."

The Rev. WARREN BURTON: "I do not hesitate to recommend the PERUVIAN SYRUP to any whose habits render them liable to HEADACHE, DYSPEPTIC COMPLAINTS, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS and GENERAL DEBILITY."

Professor E. VITALIS SCHERB: "For all the Protean forms of disease, and innumerable complaints that are comprehended under the popular but somewhat vague terms of NERVOUSNESS and DYSPEPSIA, I believe the PERUVIAN SYRUP to be a veritable specific."

The Rev. THOS WHITTEMORE: "I have been using, for some time past, the PERUVIAN SYRUP. It gives me new vigor, buoyancy of spirits, elasticity of muscle. I have no doubt, that in cases of PARALYSIS, like mine, DYSPEPSIA, and especially of DROPSY, it may be administered with a greater prospect of success than any other medicine in use among us."

Testimonials from well-known Physicians.

Letter from S. H KENDALL, M. D., Boston, Jan 22, '59
I was for many years afflicted with LIVER COMPLAINT, of which I was cured in 1854 by the use of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and have enjoyed perfect health ever since.

S. H. KENDALL, M. D.

Letter from FRANCIS DANA, M. D, Boston, June 7, 1859.
I have been relieved of a CATARRHAL AFFECTION, consequent on BRONCHITIS, by the use of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and I would recommend it where a tonic and alterative effect is desired. FRANCIS DANA, M. D.

Letter from JEREMIAH STONE, M. D., of Provincetown, Mass, Dec 30, 1858. I have used the PERUVIAN SYRUP in my practice for fifteen months, and it has fulfilled my most sanguine expectations It is the beau ideal of a preparation of iron, and as such I feel it to be a duty to recommend it to all medical practitioners. I have used the Syrup in a remarkable case of SCROFULOUS AFFECTION of the bones and periosteum combined, which effected a complete restoration to health. For such diseases as this, I consider the Syrup an invaluable medicine.

JEREMIAH STONE, M. D.

Letter from LEWIS JOHNSTON, M. D., of Horton, N. S. Feb. 1, 1859 My experience of the PERUVIAN SYRUP satisfies me that it is a valuable remedy for diseases usually classed under the general terms of DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS DEBILITY and NEURALGIA. I have also found it useful in RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS and HEMORRHAGE of the LUNGS. LEWIS JOHNSTON, M. D.

Letter from W. R. CHISHOLM, M. D., New Bedford, Dec. 25, 1858 I have employed the PERUVIAN SYRUP successfully in cases of DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC DIARRHEA, NERVOUS DEBILITY, NEURALGIA, ERYSIPELAS, BOILS and DISEASES OF THE SKIN; also CHLOROSIS, LEUCORRHEA, PROLAPSUS UTERI, and in FEMALE COMPLAINTS generally. As an alterative tonic the Syrup ought to be used by clergymen, editors, cash officers, clerks, lawyers, and others who use their brains more than their muscles; as well as operatives, printers, tailors, shoemakers, seamstresses and all those whose occupation confines them in ill-ventilated and overheated rooms, who are liable to suffer more or less from nervous debility. W. R. CHISHOLM, M. D.

Letter from ROSWELL KINNEY, M. D, Mannsville, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1856. I do not hesitate to say that the PERUVIAN SYRUP has claims to confidence equal if not superior to those of any medicine that has ever come to my knowledge I have used it with great success for DYSPEPSIA and EPILEPSY. ROSWELL KINNEY, M. D.

N. B.—Pamphlets giving further information of the syrup can be had on application to the agents or to

N. L. CLARK & Co., Proprietors,
CODMAN BUILDINGS, [illegible]
BOSTON
Sold by Druggists generally in the United States.

DYSPEPSIA AND NEURALGIA.

Letter from Mr. Insley Jewett.

BOSTON, June 1, 1859.

To the proprietors of the Peruvian Syrup.

GENTLEMEN,—I have suffered, and sometimes very severely, for twenty-seven years, from *Dyspepsia*, and began to have my fears that it would result in consumption.

During that time I had the best medical advice, and tried the effect of dieting, travelling, farming, and various other kinds of exercise, but without receiving permanent relief. I became very feeble, and my stomach at length rejected every kind of food, even rice-water. In January last, I commenced taking the Peruvian Syrup, and found immediate benefit from it. In the course of three or four weeks I was entirely relieved from my sufferings. Since then I have enjoyed uninterupted health.

I recommended the Syrup to one of my friends who had suffered severely from Neuralgia. He took one bottle of it, which relieved him at once, and not having had any return of the disease for three months, he considers himself permanently cured.

Yours, respectfully,
No. 15 Avon Place. INSLEY JEWETT.

CARBUNCLES AND BOILS.

Letter from Rev. Richard S. Edes.

BOLTON, MASS, June 1, 1849.

Messrs. N. L. Clark & Co.

GENTLEMEN,—For years I was a sufferer from boils, so that my life became wearisome through their frequent and persistent recurrence In 1854, a carbuncle, which ultimately occupied a space of three or four square inches, formed on the small of my back. During its progress large pieces of decomposed flesh were every day or two cut away, and the prostration and general disturbance of the system were great. Before I had recovered from this attack two smaller carbuncles broke out higher up, and I was again threatened with a recurrence of the sufferings to which I had so long been subjected. It was at this time that I commenced taking the Peruvian Syrup. I had previously availed myself of the advice of scientific and skilful physicians, and had tried various remedies which were recommended to me. They sometimes produced a temporary relief, but none of them had the effect to break up the tendency of my system to boils and carbuncles. Formerly the slightest injury to the cuticle, a scratch, or an abrasion was almost certain to result in a boil, sometimes a succession of them. I continued taking the Peruvian Syrup until I had used five bottles of it, since then I have had nothing of the kind, although occasions have since occurred which would have given rise to acute sufferings, had my system been in its former diseased condition.

I attribute this improved state of my system entirely to the Peruvian Syrup, and I feel that I cannot express my obligations to it in terms too strong. For years I was one of the greatest sufferers. Other medicines gave me partial and temporary relief, but this remarkable remedy, with a kind of intuitive sense, went directly to the root of the evil, and did its work with a thoroughness worthy of its established character.

Respectfully yours,
RICHARD S. EDES.

SCROFULA.

Letter from Mr. I. E. Collins.

WINCHESTER, MASS., Sept 23, 1859.

Messrs. N. L. Clark & Co.

GENTLEMEN,—I cannot refrain from adding my testimony to the great and beneficial results I have experienced from the use of the Peruvian Syrup. I have been afflicted from youth up with a severe and malignant "Scrofulous Humor." My face and neck were covered with eruptions and sores, and at times very badly swollen. My general health failed me, and I suffered from extreme debility of the whole system I had tried various kinds of medicines, but found them of no avail. Finally I was induced by a friend to try the Peruvian Syrup, at the time of an unusually violent attack of the disease. I soon began to experience the beneficial effects of it, and by the time I had taken one bottle, to my great surprise, the swelling had entirely disappeared from my face and neck, the sores had healed, and my general health had greatly improved. I continued its use, and have taken some half dozen bottles, which have been attended with the most satisfactory results; there are now no indications of the disease, and my whole system seems to have undergone an entire change.

Very respectfully, yours,
(Signed.) I. E. COLLINS,
No 24 Central Street, Boston.

SCROFULA IN CHILDREN.

Letter from D. R. Wieczorek.

NEW YORK, May 15, 1859.
59 West 41st Street.

To the proprietors of the Peruvian Syrup.

GENTLEMEN,—My daughter Caroline, two and a half years of age, suffered, since her birth, from scrofula, boils, oppression of the stomach, and loss of appetite. As you know, I have tried your "Peruvian Syrup," and I am very happy to confess she is restored to good health. The same was with my youngest boy, Rudolph, eight months old He suffered from scrofula. His ears were sore, and he had on different parts of his body scabs of a dangerous character. I gave him your Peruvian Syrup during two weeks, a teaspoonful at a time and my pretty boy is perfectly well, and his entire body free from scabs.

Yours, with respect,
DR. R. WIECZOREK,
Pastor of the German Evangelical Church.

ABSCESSES AND FISTULA.

Letter from Mr. James P. Cox.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1859.

Messrs. N. L. Clark & Co.

GENTLEMEN,—It is with feelings of gratitude that I place before you a simple statement of my sufferings and cure from the use of the Peruvian Syrup. I am forty years of age, and my occupation is that of a map engraver. About fifteen years ago I was attacked with what I suppose was a disease of the spine. I could not walk erect, owing to a great weakness which I experienced at the small of my back. My digestion became impaired, and by degrees my whole system became deranged. I suffered in this way for seven years, and then placed myself in the hands of eminent physicians. They treated me with mercury and many other strong remedies, but I grew worse instead of better.

In the spring of 1857, there appeared upon my back and side two large abscesses, and at this time I was also suffering from a very bad *fistula*. My whole system became utterly prostrated, so that I was confined to my house during the summer. Upon the return of cold weather I got better, but the following spring (1858), I was affected the same way as before, and confined to my house during another summer. With the return of winter I again got better, but with the opening spring of 1859 my old complaints returned in full force, and I had the prospect of another summer of confinement and suffering, when I was advised to try the Peruvian Syrup. I commenced using it, and at once experienced great relief. I have taken three bottles of it, and every trace of my former complaints have left me. My system has regained [illegible] appetite [illegible] renewed in age and vigor. In a word, my health is now perfect, and I can truly say that I was [illegible] able to do more work, and with greater ease to myself, than at this time.

Yours, respectfully,
JAMES P. COX.

Neuralgia of the Head and Gastralgia.

Letter from Miss K. Kelley.

I have been afflicted with pains in my stomach for a number of years of the most excruciating severity, accompanied by agonizing headaches. My sufferings were intense, and nothing seemed to have power to relieve me. Applications internal and external were of no avail. Prescriptions from the first physicians failed in their object. I lost all hope, for I supposed my disease was beyond the reach of medicine, when a kind-hearted lady inquired into my case, and recommended me to try the *Peruvian Syrup.* I immediately took one bottle of it, and I cannot repress the happiness I feel in being able to state that it has been entirely successful, and I consider myself cured of frightful neuralgic pains that have pursued me for years. K. KELLEY.

Letter from Mrs. Maria Burrell, the well-known Principal of the Mt. Washington Seminary for Young Ladies, South Boston, Mass.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., March 1, 1859.

I certify that Miss Kelley has been a member of my family for many years I have witnessed her acute sufferings and her entire relief, by taking one bottle of Peruvian Syrup. MARIA BURRELL,
Principal of Mt. Washington Seminary for Young Ladies.

Discharges from the Ear, with Deafness.

Letter from Mr. C. E. Sargent.

BOSTON, Nov. 13, 1858.

Messrs. N. L. Clark & Co.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been troubled for upwards of eighteen years with running sores in my head, discharging at my left ear, as often as twice a week, a thick, slimy matter of the most offensive smell, also impeding my hearing so that I could not hear a watch tick. I have been doing more or less for six years to purify my blood, and thus remove the sores or boils, but without any change, except seemingly for the worse. About two months since I commenced taking the "Peruvian Syrup." In less than two weeks I began to improve. The discharges became less frequent, with an entire change in their appearance, being thin and watery. In one week more the discharges ceased altogether, and I have not been troubled with them since. My hearing is also improving, so that I can hear a watch tick plainly. My general health is much better, and I shall continue the use of the Syrup in the confident expectation of deriving further benefit from it.

Yours, most gratefully,
CYRUS E. SARGENT.

BOSTON, Dec 1, 1858.

This is to certify that Mr. C. E Sargent has been in our employ for several years, and we feel assured that any statement he may make in regard to the infirmity with which he has been afflicted can be relied upon as truthful and correct.

HALLET, DAVIS & Co.,
Piano Forte manufacturers,
409 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug 17, 1859.
Worthington House, Chestnut St.

To the proprietors of the Peruvian Syrup

GENTLEMEN,—After the date of my letter to you of the 13th November last, I continued to use the Peruvian Syrup, until my hearing was fully restored to me, and my health perfectly re-established. I have not taken any of the Syrup for several months past, and I have no doubt that I am permanently cured of the infirmity with which I was for so many years afflicted

Yours, respectfully,
CYRUS E. SARGENT.

CHRONIC DISEASE OF THE BRAIN.

Letter from Rev. Calvin Damon, Haverhill, Mass.

HAVERHILL, MASS., July 19, 1859.

Messrs. N L. Clark & Co.

DEAR SIRS,—You may remember my acknowledgment, some three months since, of the reception of your "Letter to Clergymen." Such a personal application was I enabled, nay, thankfully *compelled* to make of it, that it seemed a *private* rather than a public letter, and so to claim the acknowledgment it received Unrolling before me the map of my experience through ten long years of suffering, it presented my disease, to a large extent, in a new but unmistakably true light, and enabled me to trace the entire line of its workings, in the relation of cause and effect, from its incipient state to the latest stage of its progress. I have no words to express the comfort your "Letter" gave me, and the confidence its accompanying testimonials inspired. So great and so protracted had been my suffering that your "Letter" would have proved a comforter, by shedding the light which it did on the nature of my disease, even though it had been denied the companionship of hope. It is some relief to know the cause of our suffering.

Some twelve years ago, I began to experience great inconvenience, and at times severe suffering, from a determination of blood to the head. This steadily increased upon me for years, till my physician pronounced my case a strong tendency to congestion of the brain; subsequently the case was described as a "chronic inflammation of the brain." I had no thought of any serious trouble with my digestive organs, or of any marked sympathy in my case between them and the brain, until your "Letter" recalled such portions of my experience as served to convince me that here was one, if not *the* one great secret of my suffering. The severity of my brain trouble denied me a thought of suffering in any other direction. Do not ask me to describe the distress, nay, agony, which I experienced through those long years, both by day and by night, with only now and then a brief interval of comparative exemption. Description is baffled by it.

From near the commencement of my brain disease, up to the date of the reception of your "Letter," I had not been able to pillow my head on feathers for a single hour—could not tarry an instant in a low-posted apartment, and, through many hours of most summer nights, was compelled to remain out of doors, with uncovered head, by reason of the crushing atmospheric pressure. Inability to sleep strengthened with my disease, until I would pass several consecutive nights with unclosed eyes, accompanied by sight-seelings that were anything but agreeable. Two years since, after a long and painful struggle, I was compelled to yield, soul and body, to my disease. I resigned my pastoral charge, and turned the key, as I then feared, forever on my study. My whole nervous system had become completely prostrate. But I was soon compelled to shut myself out from society, to deny myself the intercourse of my friends, and to forego the very shadow of excitement, in order to preserve the reason that seemed tottering on its throne.

After reading your "Letter," I commenced taking the "Peruvian Syrup," and have persevered in its use to the present time. I am not cured; but judge whether I have been helped, when I tell you that for two months I have had no distress in my head, I have not had one sleepless night, I have pillowed my head on feathers, I have been able to speak nearly every week in public, and not only am I able to mingle with my friends, but during the last fortnight I have visited the homes of nearly eighty families of my acquaintance without serious inconvenience. Are you not satisfied with such a result? It is a result for which I had never dared to hope. I almost feel to question my identity when I reflect on the suffering I have so long experienced, and consider the entire exemption from it which I now enjoy. I have said I was not cured. My nervous system is still weak, and although the distress has left my brain, I have not regained, in any large measure, the sight of which I was partially bereft, and the power of mental application. But I have strong hope of being made "every whit whole," and of being literally furnished with an *iron constitution.* I shall continue the use of your Syrup for months yet to come.

Very truly and gratefully yours,
CALVIN DAMON.

P. S.—I should have stated that for seven or eight years I have been afflicted, at intervals, with *boils.* Since using the Syrup I have had one large and painful one near the centre of the spine, and around it (as if anxious to improve their last chance) a cluster of smaller ones, all of which have now disappeared. C. D.

Debility and Nervous Headache.

Second letter from Rev. Calvin Damon, Haverhill, Mass.

HAVERHILL, MASS., Sept 22, 1859.

Messrs. N. L. Clark & Co.

GENTLEMEN,—I consider the effect of the Peruvian Syrup not more remarkable in my own case than in that of my wife. Several years since she began to experience occasional turns of what we at first regarded the common sick-headache. These increased upon her both in severity and frequency. She followed the prescriptions of excellent physicians all to no purpose, and was finally assured by her medical attendant that her case was not such as commonly passes under the name of sick-headache, but a sickness resulting rather from weakness. She would have a premonition of her sickness in a dimness of sight, with floating specks before her eyes, followed soon by a severe pain in the head, and then nausea and vomiting of the most distressing nature. These turns would last from twelve to twenty-four hours, and were very prostrating in their effects. For the last few years they were almost inevitably induced by over-exertion, or excitement from any cause, however slight, even such as were consequent upon making and receiving calls.

Very soon after the Peruvian Syrup began to prove its adaptedness to my case, she was apprized by the usual harbinger, the eclipse of light, of an approaching sick turn. She resolved at once on a trial of the Syrup. It accomplished what no other medicine has had power to do. It stayed her sickness, and from that hour to this, numbering several months, in the course of which she has passed through a hundred experiences that would previously have induced her distressing sickness, she has not felt the slightest intimation of its approach.

Very gratefully yours,
CALVIN DAMON.

Liver Complaint and Amenorrhœa.

NEWTON CORNER, Aug. 7, 1859.

To the proprietors of the Peruvian Syrup.

I have for some time been intending to give you an account of the almost miraculous cure effected by your invaluable medicine, in the case of a young girl in my family. She had suffered for more than two years from complaints indicating a diseased state of the liver. The symptoms were indigestion and severe pain in the right side, which was much swollen, and hard to the touch, entire loss of appetite, constant headache, with great emaciation and debility. Her complexion was sallow, extremities cold, breath short, with a suppression of her courses for more than a year. She had applied to several respectable physicians but without obtaining any relief. It was my opinion, and that of every one who saw her, that she could not live long I had part of a bottle of Peruvian Syrup by me, which I gave her. In two days she showed signs of amendment, and by the time she had taken that bottle and one other she was entirely *cured!* and is now a perfect picture of health, overflowing with gratitude to "Peruvian Syrup," and to those who promote its circulation.

Very truly, yours, A. DORR.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER AT HOME.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER AT HOME.

In contrast to many war pictures we have given, we now present one in which, though the military figure, yet "grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front." The scene is one of those dancing-gardens outside the barriers of Paris, where the admission fees are so low that the poorest can avail themselves of the amusement so dear to the hearts of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. A soldier of Italy, who has happily escaped the dangers of Austrian bullets and bayonets, is advancing to solicit the hand of a fair countrywoman. He does it with a certain degree of assurance, for he is perfectly convinced that "none but the brave deserve the fair." The damsel he honors does not even seek to disguise the pleasure the soldier's preference gives her, and she will soon be moving through the mazes of the cotillon, or whirling in the waltz with her gallant partner. The French soldier of to day inherits all the gallantry of his chivalric ancestors. In battle he is animated by the thirst of glory; in peace he aspires to the smiles of the fair; at home alike in ball-room and battle.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1859. 5 CENTS SINGLE. $2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVII., No. 18...WHOLE No. 436.

STATUE OF REV. HOSEA BALLOU.

The accompanying engraving of Brackett's statue of Rev. Hosea Ballou, recently placed over his grave at Mount Auburn, is from a drawing made expressly for us by William Waud. This commemorative statue of the eminent man, who was so universally beloved and respected for his talents, his life devoted to the promulgation of the word of God, to the building up and extension of the church to which he belonged, and to the practice of all the virtues which adorn, beautify and dignify social existence, was purchased by subscriptions from the Universalist denomination at large. The committee entrusted with carrying the plan into execution, selected Edward A. Brackett as the artist. The task was no light one, and involved many serious difficulties. The subject was no more, and the sculptor had no reliable likeness in relief to aid his efforts, and was compelled to supply the deficiency by consulting engraved portraits, likenesses taken in the infancy of the daguerreotype, and such verbal suggestions as the friends and family of the departed could make. But Mr. Brackett had often before triumphantly surmounted similar obstacles, and his success in the present instance has been complete. The head, as a mere likeness, is satisfactory; in treatment and expression it leaves nothing to be desired. The earnestness, the grave sweetness, and the mild dignity that characterized the original, are here. The attitude is natural and easy, and the drapery is managed with breadth, grace and effect. Those who from long familiarity with the departed are entitled to express an opinion of the artist's fidelity, are satisfied with the result of his labors, while viewed simply as a work of art, we think that a high rank will be accorded to this effort. The statue is of pure white marble, standing upon a granite pedestal. There is no inscription, recording in florid terms the titles of the deceased to love and veneration; none such were needed. His memory requires no monument; his epitaph is written in the hearts of those who loved him; his fame will live with that great body of Christians, which he saw increase from a small band of worshippers to a wide-spread, powerful and influential denomination, and with whose progress and development he was identified through a long, laborious, self-sacrificing life. His reputation will live outside even of the wide circle of his followers, among all who cherish the memory of the good, the pure, the wise, the charitable and the sacrificing. But to that memory and that fame this votive statue is a graceful offering, and is especially endeared to all connected with the departed by ties of blood. It stands in the sweet and secluded necropolis, where art has done so much and nature so much, a memorial of the dead and living—of the virtues of one, of the love of the other. There it will stand when all who have contributed to and witnessed its erection have passed away; when the sculptor's hand is pulseless, and the hearts of those who now behold his cunning work have ceased to beat. The Rev. Mr. Ballou was born in 1771, and died in 1852—a long life vouchsafed to but few among the sons of men. Yet to the last his mind was active, and to within a few weeks of his death, he was constantly occupied in the sacred duties of his calling. The very copy of the religious paper, the Trumpet, which announced the sad news of his death, contained two articles from his pen, and he was looking forward to fulfilling engagements to preach at remote places, when the summons found him. "Verily he was at his post to the last," says the Rev. T. B. Thayer, in a beautiful eulogy, "and when the messenger came, he was ready. He fell in the full armor of God, with the helmet of salvation on his head, his spotless heart covered with the breastplate of righteousness, his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. In one hand he held the shield of faith, and in the other the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God—the sword which he had for sixty years wielded with such success in his multiplied battles with error and sin, and by which at last he was, through Jesus Christ, made conqueror, and more than conqueror, over death and the grave. Verily the old man died as he had lived, faithful, courageous, serene, victorious to the last. * * * It will be a long time before we shall get accustomed, in our associations and conventions, to the absence of that venerable form, those gray hairs, and that voice of wisdom, gentleness and love, which came like oil on the troubled waters of debate, and drew out the entangled threads of thought, and by quaint queries, by questions which answered themselves, questions plainer than most men's answers, penetrated to the heart of every subject, and showed us, as by a flash of light, the exact point where the truth lay. We shall often desire in our councils his presence, his clear thought, his persuasive language, his gentleness of manner and his conclusive logic." The occasion of his death was prolific of similar eulogies from the pulpit and the press. "A great man has fallen," wrote the editor of the Trumpet. "There have been but few such men as Father Ballou. We can truly say that those who knew him best loved him most. Those who had heard him preach the oftenest, and who had read the most thoroughly what he had written, felt more than others the power of his mind, and were more deeply convinced than others that he was intellectually, as well as religiously and morally, a great man. His life was protracted beyond fourscore years; he enjoyed a large share of health and strength through that whole time. He was never idle; he worked up to the last week of his life, in the harvest-field, and actually died with the sickle in his hand. * * For ourselves we say, most unreservedly, we never knew a better man. We say this after having lived in his family, under his immediate tuition, and since that time spent more than thirty years side by side with him 'in journeyings often,' in mutual consultations, and in very frequent interviews. * There remain yet to be described the childlike simplicity of the man; his benevolence; his blindness to the faults of others; his open eye to their virtues; his strong sense of rectitude; his remarkable and long-continued habits of justice; his wonderful mind, so clear, so strong to the last; his eagle-eyed sagacity; his strong faith in God and his word—a faith like a mountain for its towering height and firmness; his devotion to the truth; his love of the work of the ministry; his truly religious character; his susceptibility to deep devotional feeling; his love of conventions and associations for the seasons of public worship they gave him so many opportunities to enjoy; his love of conference meetings; his power over the people; his closing sermons at conventions; his prayers at the separation, when all, old and young, male and female, clergy and laity, would be melted into tears. Ah! who shall attempt to describe all these things?" The life of the Rev. Mr. Ballou is full of instructive lessons, and its whole course will bear the closest scrutiny from its commencement to its close.

STATUE OF HOSEA BALLOU, LATELY ERECTED AT MOUNT AUBURN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROADSIDE INN:

— OR, —

THE FORTUNES AND MISHAPS OF JOHN SMITH.

[CONCLUDED.]

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

"Thus the whole affair was blown. I was '*Sir John'd*' by my acquaintances, and was an object of ridicule to my fellow-shopmen and to the customers, as well as to the crowds that hung about the shop to get a peep at me. I was obliged to resign my situation, greatly to the indignation of my father, who reprimanded me severely. I lost an excellent salary, and was compelled to leave London for some months, until the affair was forgotten.

"Thus, gentlemen, I have related to you the particulars of the first trouble of serious consequence, which was brought about more in consequence of my resemblance to another person, and my very common name, than by my own silly curiosity."

We thanked Mr. Smith for the pleasure he had afforded us in relating this ludicrous incident, and begged him to proceed with the history of his life.

"Ah, gentlemen!" said he, "what I have next to relate involved me in a far more serious difficulty. I am fearful that I shall weary you with the long detail; but if—"

"Go on, by all means, Mr. Smith," we interrupted in chorus. "We shall be delighted to listen."

"Gentlemen," said John Smith, "some ten or twelve months after my unfortunate *debut* at his majesty's drawing room, I fell in love with a young lady, of whom it is not speaking too highly, when I designate her as the most charming of her charming sex. My love was reciprocated. My father was glad to learn that I was anxious to settle in life, and joyfully gave his consent—all the more joyfully that the lady had five thousand pounds of her own, which she had inherited from her mother.

"My father promised to bestow, on the day of our union, the like sum upon me, and it was arranged that I should go into business on my own account with our joint capital. Everything seemed to predict a joyous wedding; but, alas! fate, and my unfortunate name and face, went against me. The event which should have made me the happiest of men, ruined my prospects for life. But you shall hear—

"The wedding day was appointed. A party was invited to dine and spend the evening at my father's house, on Clapham Common, where Julia—that was the name of my lovely bride—and I were to reside after our marriage, until we could look about us and find a house that would suit us. Six young schoolfellows of my Julia's were chosen by her to act the part of bridesmaids. It was settled who among our friends should be witnesses to the ceremony. Everything was arranged in the most satisfactory manner. We were to be married in St. Mary la bonne Church, exactly at twelve at noon. The father of my Julia was deputed to give away the bride, and precisely at a quarter to twelve o'clock, six coaches, each drawn by four horses, the horses and coachmen adorned with white bridal favors, drew up before the church door.

"The procession entered the church, and advanced to the altar, where the clergyman stood awaiting us. The ceremony was commenced and concluded in the most solemn manner. The remaining needful formalities were gone through with; the fact of the marriage having taken place, duly attested, and I clasped my Julia in my warm embrace—my own, my lovely, loving bride.

"That was my first, last moment of unadulterated happiness. Since then my life has been a weary burden; an hour of ease has occasionally sweetened days and weeks of pain and wretchedness—but even that brief hour has been embittered by anxious thoughts and corroding cares, which I could not banish from my memory.

"Before we had fairly re-seated ourselves in the coach, my newly-made bride and I, to return to the paternal mansion, a messenger appeared, breathless with haste, at the door, bearing a letter with a foreign post-mark. It was for Julia, and the ominous words, deeply underlined, '*immediate attention implored*,' appeared on the left hand corner. The messenger had sought Julia in her father's house, and failing to find her, had hastened to the church. He had just returned from abroad, and had received the letter at Paris from Vienna. It was directed to his care. It was from Julia's sister, then residing at Vienna with her husband, the foreign partner of an eminent German house, importers of dolls' eyes, in the city of London.

"Julia, with trembling hands, broke the seal and tore off the envelope. The contents were brief, two lines only, written evidently by a trembling, fluttering hand:

"'Come to me, Julia, my sister—come immediately, if you would see me alive. I am dying.
Your loving sister, AGNES.'

"Julia dropped the letter when she had read these lines, and leaning her head upon my shoulder, wept bitterly, and refused to be comforted.

"'I have been enjoying myself,' she sobbed forth. 'I have been thinking of marriage and a happy future—I have actually been married—and my only sister is dying in a foreign land! O, how selfish I have been! But I must hasten to her at once—at once.'

"This was a sorry ending to a wedding festival; the love that should have poured out like water into the breast of the newly-made husband, yearning to receive it, was frozen up at the outset. The husband was forgotten for the time being, and all the latent affection of my Julia's soul was given to the absent, dying sister. I could not, however, complain. The grief of my beautiful bride, her devoted affection, manifested in words of deepest tenderness, were so many proofs of the devoted love to which her soul was susceptible. 'Some day,' I thought, 'this undying love will be given to me. I will wait,' only—I am sure that you will sympathize with my feelings at that period, gentlemen—I could have wished that my dear sister-in-law Agnes had postponed, until some future period of our married life, this severe testing of her younger sister's affection.

"Post-chaises must be hired. We must start immediately for Dover, *en route* for the continent. Julia would listen to nothing else. I and her father and two of her bridesmaids were to accompany her, if we chose. This was our own arrangement. She would have gone alone, for aught she cared, so all-absorbing was her affection for her sister, so eager was she to reach Vienna before that only sister breathed her last. Her anxiety was tenfold increased, in consequence of her ignorance of her sister's malady. She might have met with a serious accident! She might— There was no saying or anticipating what she might or might not have done!

"In less than an hour, trunks were packed and corded, two post-chaises were at the door, and we were ready to commence our journey—my bridal tour! What a mockery! Flying post-haste, on the day of my wedding, to the bedside of death—perhaps!

"I had but one consolation—a poor one indeed. The day, I hoped, would come when these heart-rending trials would be forgotten in conjugal happiness. '*Haec olim meminisse juvabit*,' I repeated to myself lugubriously, seeking relief from the classics; for, as you perceive, gentlemen, I had not yet entirely forgotten the Latin that had been so thoroughly flogged into me at school.

"Julia and her two bridesmaids travelled in one post-chaise, myself and Julia's papa in the other. This was Julia's own arrangement, sorely against *my* will; but only just out of church, and under such circumstances, I could not insist upon the exercise of a husband's authority. But we travelled all night, with fresh relays of horses, and I think you will agree with me, gentlemen, that it was not the most agreeable manner of passing my wedding-night, particularly as my father-in-law slept uneasily all night long, and snored frightfully.

"Day-dawn witnessed our cavalcade entering the ancient town of Dover. We stopped and alighted at the White Hart Hotel. Julia would have gone on board the packet immediately; but, fortunately for the rest of us, as it then appeared, for we were hungry and tired—but unfortunately for me, as you will shortly discover—the packet did not sail till noon. It was now scarcely five o'clock in the morning.

"While I was away at the pier, making inquiries and securing state rooms for our party—breakfast in the meanwhile being prepared at the hotel—I noticed that I was the object of a most intense scrutiny to a sharp, vinegar-faced, middle aged lady. I wondered what had caused her to be abroad at such an early hour, otherwise, her evident interest in me did not much surprise nor trouble me. I was used to such observations by this time. 'The old lady sees in me a resemblance to some brother, father, uncle, old admirer, or former friend,' I thought, and then thought no more of the matter; but I noticed she went on board the packet when I left, and spoke to the captain. 'Going to Paris herself,' I muttered, as I strolled back towards the hotel. Just as I was entering the door, I chanced to turn my head. The vinegar-faced lady was close behind me, and followed me in. 'The old lady walks fast,' thinks I. 'So she puts up at the White Hart, as well as ourselves."

"We breakfasted, and then I strolled out in the direction of the celebrated castle, built, some say, by the Romans. I was by myself. Julia kept her own apartment, close shut up, with her bridesmaids, and my father-in-law was sorely grieved with the thought of his elder daughter's mysterious sickness. He also kept his room. I noticed two tolerably well-dressed but ruffianly-looking fellows closely following me, as I ascended the hill which leads to the castle, but it did not trouble me. There were several persons walking in the same direction. Presently the two men came up to me and entered into a conversation, showing their ill-breeding by asking a good many impertinent questions which did not concern them; but I was too low-spirited to resent their impertinence, and having nothing to conceal, I answered them freely.

"Having satisfied my curiosity, I returned to the hotel. Lunch was prepared for our party, and for other guests who were going on board the packet, and we left the hotel and walked slowly to the pier. Julia and her bridesmaids and my father-in-law went on board the packet, and retired to the cabin. It wanted just half an hour to the time appointed for sailing, and I walked disconsolately to and fro on the pier. At last the packet was hauled out to the pier-head, the sails were loosed, and I was on the point of stepping on board to rejoin my bride, when I was collared by the two ill-looking ruffians who had followed me to the castle during the forenoon.

"'What's the meaning of this, fellows?' said I, indignantly, struggling to shake myself free. 'Unhand me, scoundrels. Would you rob me on the pier, in broad day? Unhand me, I say, or—'

"'Best be civil, and go 'long with us quietly, master,' said one of the men. 'Hard words wont do you no manner o' good.'

"A grinning crowd had already collected around us. I appealed to their sympathies.

"'Release me, *gentlemen* (God save the mark)! Release me from the grasp of these villains. See! My ——, the packet's off! Stop her, for pity's sake, some of you! My wife's on board! I'm a free-born Briton. How dare you keep me from my wife?'

"This touching appeal to the sympathies of the bystanders—a crowd of fishermen and idlers—was utterly useless. They grinned the more, and seemed to enjoy the fun. I looked frantically after the packet; her sails were hoisted, and she was already several hundred yards from the pier-end.

"At this moment, to my utter amazement, the vinegar faced lady, whom I had observed staring at me so intently in the morning, elbowed her way through the crowd, and throwing her skinny arms round my neck, clasping me so tightly that I was nearly choking, burst into tears, crying out, amidst her sobs:

"'O, John Smith—John Smith—how could you—could you—could you?'

"A burst of execration came from the male portion of the spectators, while several females who had joined the crowd, were still louder in their denunciations; others were sobbing in sympathy with the vinegar-faced lady.

"'O, if he war mine!' cried one—an Amazonian fish-woman—thrusting her huge fist into my face, 'I'd tear his eyes out, I would, the nasty, dirty wretch.'

"'Ah!' said another, less demonstrative in her temperament. 'See, the poor, dear, heart-broken critter loves him still, and he agoin to leave her, arter spendin' all her fortin—and the poor, dear children too—all for that pale-faced chit as is going off in the packet! Bad luck to her and all sich—and *she* sich a comforbel-looking lady. I dunno whar men's tastes be, for my part.'

"'Let me go, ruffians—fools!' I cried, struggling violently; 'that woman on board the packet is my wife.'

"'His wife! O dear, O dear! The wickedness of this world—and he confesses to it!' cried several of the women in chorus.

"The vinegar-faced lady uttered a piercing shriek, and fell fainting to the ground.

"'See, the brute's knocked the poor critter down!' cried voices from the crowd. 'Shame, shame! Rush in at him; tear him to pieces; fling him over the pier.'

"A rush was made towards me. The officers, for such I now knew they were, had great difficulty in keeping off the crowd, and preventing them from putting these threats into execution, while to add to the awkwardness of my position, the woman who had fainted had recovered herself, and assisted by some sympathizing bystanders, had risen to her feet. Hearing these threats, and observing the furious demonstrations of the crowd, she cried out, 'No, no, don't let them harm him, officers!' and again seizing me by the throat so tightly that I gasped for breath, she burst anew into a flood of tears.

"'What *is* the meaning of this, officers?' said I, as calmly as I could, perceiving that violence on my part was of no manner of use.

"'The meaning, master?' said one of the officers, sternly, 'Do you pretend not to know? Do you mean to say you are not the husband of this lady?'

"'As true as there is justice in heaven!' said I. 'To my knowledge, I never saw the lady until this morning.'

"The officers sneered, and winked at each other. 'He's an old un,' said one; 'he's up to this sort o' game more nor once.'

"'Hear to him! hear to him!' shrieked the females, who were by far the most demonstrative among the crowd, 'he denies that his name is Smith, when he confessed it to the constables this morning. Ah-h-h, the wretch!'

"'I do not deny any such thing,' I said, indignantly. 'My name *is* Smith—*John Smith*—and I have never done anything to make me ashamed of it.'

"'*Now* he confesses it; he *boasts* of it; he *glories* in his wickedness. Ah-h-h, the shame-faced villain!' was the response to this honest acknowledgment.

"'What would you have, good people?' said I. 'You cry shame upon me, first for denying that my name is Smith, which I never did, and then—'

"'You're a liar!' cried a voice from the crowd.

"'No sarmonizing on the pier-head, I pertests agin it,' cried another. And a daub of mud struck me in the face, bunged up my eyes effectually, and spattered on the officers.

"The latter grew angry, and began to threaten the crowd, who retorted, and the fun grew fast and furious.

"'Come, Smith,' said one of the constables, 'you see the folly of this. Come quietly to the watch-house, and if you can explain matters to the magistrate, so much the better for yourself; but I tell you it looks plaguy black against you.'

"I cast a longing look across the channel; the packet was far away at sea. O, how I longed to be aboard of her! I wondered if my wife and her father had missed me. Perhaps not yet. Very likely they believed me to be on deck, and would not find out their mistake until they had landed on the pier at Calais. And then— What would they think? Most likely that I had fallen overboard and was drowned! Almost heart-broken, I surrendered myself quietly to the constables, and was conveyed through the streets of Dover, past the White Hart, where I had put up, the guests and the landlord and landlady and the waiters staring out of the doors and windows, evidently recognizing me, and the crowd following and hooting, until I was locked up in a dark, damp cell in the watch-house. It was only then that I fully comprehended that I had been arrested at the instance of one Mrs. John Smith, charged with having deserted her and her family of four children, after having been five years married to her, and with carrying off with me the sum of one thousand pounds, which had been left to my wife by a deceased uncle. It appeared that ten long years had elapsed since I had taken French leave of my beloved family; so, as I was then in my twenty-seventh year, putting the years of married life and years of absence together, I must have been married in my twelfth year! Ah, you may laugh, gentlemen. I'm speaking jocosely about the affair myself, just now; but it was no joke to me, as you'll perceive shortly.

"Towards sunset I was visited in my cell by

one of the constables. He came in with the jailor, who brought me my wretched supper, to have a chat with me, and cheer me up, he said. I thanked him, and asked him to sit down on the narrow bed of straw; but I would rather he had kept away. I was in no mood for talking.

"'Master,' he began, 'it's not for me to dishearten ye; but it's a pretty sort of fix yer in.'

"'I'm guiltless of any wrong,' said I, 'and I'll prove it before any intelligent magistrate. I'll sue for damages for false imprisonment. I'm a free-born Briton, and—'

"'O, come now, stash that gibberish,' said the constable. 'I never seed the cove as didn't swear he was as innocent as a lamb, and I allers misjudges coves as talks flash about bein' free-born Britons, and sich-like gammon.'

"'There is not, there cannot be one particle of evidence against me to justify this usage,' said I, indignantly.

"'Bother!' exclaimed the constable. 'Beant there the 'dentiflercation of your wife? Beant there yer own confession? You ought to ha' been more fly, man. 'Twan't much to speak on at fust, if you hadn't confessed afore everybody on the pier, as how you wor married to the 'ooman as is gone over to Calais aboard the packet. To be sure you confessed to me and my chum, this mornin', up at the castle, as you'd married the gal; but nuther Bill nor I is the chaps to 'pear agin a cove in ill-luck. We should ha' kept close in the matter. That was the reason we didn't 'rest you there and then. We thought as how we'd let the young 'ooman get off fust. The only charge yer wife brought agin yer was for desartin' her and the children, and cuttin' stick with the gal. Now it's a clear case o' bigamy, by yer own confession afore a hundred witnesses. She's a good 'ooman, that ere wife o' yourn. 'Twer a cryin' sin to run away from such a 'ooman. She's been a takin' on, mainly about yer, since yer was took up. She says, sooner than yer should be transported for life for bigamy, she'd ha' held her tongue, and e'en let yer go off with the gal—'

"'—— her!' said I. I couldn't help the oath from coming out to have saved my life.

"'Ah, you're a hard un,' said the constable, shaking his head. 'I see it aint o' no use in talkin' to yer, so I'll wish yer good-night. You'll be had up afore the magistrates at ten o'clock to-morrow morning.' So saying, the constable left the cell, and shortly after he had gone, I was locked up for the night.

"It is unnecessary for me to relate all the manifold horrors of that dreadful night. Shortly after my untouched breakfast had been brought in, in the morning, the turnkey appeared to inform me that the court was open, and that I must go with him before the magistrates.

"All my clothing was on board the packet save that which I wore, which was torn and disordered, and covered with dust, in the scuffle on the pier the previous day. One of my eyes was half-closed up and blackened, by the lump of mud which had struck me, and my upper lip was severely cut somehow during the struggle. My face and the bosom of my shirt were stained with blood and dirt, and the collar of my coat had been torn off. I was a shocking figure to appear in court. My looks were sufficient to condemn me unheard.

"'I can't go in this condition,' I said, looking wofully at my bedraggled clothing—but not having the least idea how disgustingly dirty and blood-stained my face was.

"'You *must*, and that directly,' said the turnkey, sulkily. 'You should ha' thought of that afore.'

"Remonstrance was of no use. I was compelled to appear before a crowded court—for the particulars of the arrest on the pier, at the moment when I was about to fly the country, had become known to everybody in the little seaport. There was, consequently, a great desire to see the 'gallant, gay Lothario.' The ladies were especially curious; and, when I made my appearance—being nothing to brag of at the best of times—ragged and begrimmed from head to foot, with a black eye, and a swollen and bloody face and dishevelled hair, so great was the disappointment, that the spectators could not refrain from an audible expression of it.

"'Well,' whispered a lady on the magistrates' bench, 'there's no accounting for tastes; but it must be a strange woman who would run away with such a villanous scarecrow at that.'

"'If I were his wife, I should think myself well rid of him,' said another.

"'But the poor children,' interrupted a third.

"'Silence in the court!' cried the presiding magistrate; but I could perceive that the three magistrates on the bench were predisposed against me.

"I was charged with the crime of deserting my wife and family, by the vinegar-faced woman, who unfortunately had married one John Smith. This, gentlemen, you are aware of already.

"Amidst many sobs and tears, which affected both court and spectators, who sympathized deeply with her, Mrs. Smith swore to my identity. 'She could not be mistaken,' she said, 'notwithstanding he had been ten years absent from her, in the husband with whom she had passed five happy years of her wedded life.' Four children, from ten to fourteen years old, were produced, and asked by the magistrate if I was their father?

"'Yes,' said they all, blubbering and stammering amidst their tears; and the youngest, a chuckle-headed boy, with an enormously large mouth and a flat nose and carrotty hair, and a dirty face in the bargain, seized with a sudden impulse of filial affection, ran to me and caught me by the hand, kissing it, and calling upon me in piteous accents to come home to mammy. The court and spectators were affected to tears. Some ladies wept audibly, and others said that the hideous, slobbering urchin was the very image of his father! They would perceive the relationship anywhere. *This was too bad!*

"I pleaded my youth, and asked how I, then only twenty-seven, could have married Mrs. Smith fifteen years before—in my twelfth year! My plea was answered by a burst of derision. I was told by the presiding magistrate that I was telling a falsehood regarding my age, and that I knew it. I was fifty years old, if I was a day. Gentlemen, I grant that in my youthful days I looked much older than I was; but in the condition in which I appeared in that court, it would have puzzled Solomon to have guessed my age. 'The case of cruel and unnatural desertion of an amiable wife and interesting family is fully made out against you, John Smith,' said the presiding magistrate. 'Were this all—and this *was* the sole charge made against you, in the first instance—I should merely commit you to prison until you could find bonds for the future support of your wife and family; but a grave charge has since been preferred against you. You have, by your own confession, been guilty of bigamy, in marrying a second wife while this lady now in court is still living. A few years ago the penalty of this crime was death; now, the humanitarian disposition of the age has struck it from the list of capital crimes; but if you are really guilty of this crime, you will be sentenced to transportation for life. I will simple ask you one question: Are you married to that—that—person who came with you to Dover, and sailed in the packet yesterday for Calais?'

"'I am, sir,' said I, boldly; 'and to her—to that *lady* only have I been married. I was married only the day before yesterday, at the parish church of St. Mary la Bonne, London.'

"There was a piercing shriek from the vicinity of the witness-box. Mrs. Smith had uttered the shriek, and fallen senseless to the floor.

"'The brute! the unblushing, audacious scoundrel!' I heard uttered by female lips, amidst the bustle which the accident occasioned.

"'You seem callous to every honorable sentiment or kindly feeling, John Smith,' said the magistrate, when the bustle had in some degree subsided. 'I shall simply commit your to the county goal, at Maidstone, to take your trial for bigamy. You stand fully committed. Constables, remove the prisoner.'

"I was taken to Maidstone that night, heavily ironed, and lodged in the county goal. My first act was to write to my father, for I had no money, save a few pounds, and no other relative or friend living. He at least could prove the date of my birth, and thus at once clear me of this absurd charge.

"Two days passed away; on the third came a letter from my father's housekeeper. The first portion was full of moral advice. She evidently believed me guilty, and upbraided me for concealing my marriage from my father and friends. I passed all this over, and read the few last lines. My father had read a garbled account of my arrest in the London papers. It was a fit subject for apoplexy. He had been immediately seized with a fit of that terrible disease, and, in spite of every endeavor to revive him, he had never recovered his senses or opened his lips. He died an hour prior to the writing of this letter. The letter fell from my hands, and I sunk to the floor, stupified with grief. It was a week before I sufficiently recovered to recollect the difficulties of my position. Counsel called upon me. My father had left money behind him. They were eager to take up my cause and plead my case, and with one, whose appearance pleased me, I eagerly closed.

"Time passed on; my counsel buoyed my spirits up with strong hopes of success; but the day before that appointed for trial, on being closely pressed, he confessed that he saw little prospect of procuring my acquittal.

"'*I* fully believe in your innocence,' said he, 'more from your manner—I judge a good deal from that—than from your asseverations—'

"'But, my dear sir,' said I, 'I am only twenty-seven years old! The thing is absurd, impossible!'

"'I believe you, Mr. Smith,' said the counsel; 'but I must acknowledge, if I had, as a total stranger who had never seen you, been asked to guess your age, I should say forty. Pardon me. It may be from anxiety of mind, but you really appear to have reached that age. Can you think of *no* one who knew you as a child? Where were you at school?'

"'At Ashford,' said I. 'The school no longer exists—the schoolmaster is dead.'

"'Hem!' exclaimed the counsel, thoughtfully. 'It is *very* unfortunate. It is as if there were some fatality attached to you. Now if the church where you had been christened had not been burned down, and all the records destroyed, the course would be plain enough.'

"'But it *is* destroyed,' said I, 'so it's of no use thinking about that. Have you received no answer to the letter you wrote to my father-in-law? He may have written to you though he will not write to me.'

"'I have. The old gentleman writes that he will keep out of the way, and not appear against you, for his daughter's sake; but he is confident of your guilt, and will not receive nor allow his daughter to receive any further communication from you or me. He says it was the finger of Providence that directed him and his daughter to Vienna, when the marriage of the latter had not proceeded beyond the ceremony at church—for there really was nothing seriously the matter with his oldest child. When they reached Vienna, they found her quite well and cheerful—the happy mother of a beautiful female child.'

"'And her confounded foolish fancies led me into this scrape!' said I.

"'I was thinking of advertising,' said the counsel; 'but to advertise for some person who knew the date of the birth of John Smith, son of John and Mary Smith, of London, would be simply ridiculous. I should receive dates specifying all hours of the day for the last fifty years! You don't know the name of the street in which you were born?'

"'No—nor the parish. I only know that I have heard it was in the city of London.'

"'Well, Mr. Smith,' said the counsel, rising to retire, 'recollect the trial comes off to-morrow. Keep your spirits up, and hope for the best. It is my duty to inform you that public opinion is strongly against you. It is said your reprobate conduct has reduced your first wife to poverty, and cast your children loose upon the world; has ruined the peace of mind of the family of your second wife, and destroyed the happiness of a young and beautiful woman, and has brought the gray hairs of your father in sorrow to the grave. But keep your heart up, Mr. Smith; be as hopeful and cheerful as possible. Good-night, and pleasant dreams.'

"'Avaunt, Job's comforter!' I exclaimed, as the sound of the heavy iron door swinging to, and the rattle of the bolt smote my ears. 'Be cheerful—keep my heart up! I shall go mad!'

"The morrow, the dread day of trial, came. I was arraigned before the court. The room was crowded with spectators. The curiosity of the county had been awakened.

"I will not weary you with a long detail of the trial. The clergyman, who married Mrs. Smith ten years before, swore, to the best of his knowledge and belief, to my identity with her husband. The woman herself was an unwilling witness to the same effect, and so were some dozen or more persons who had known her, or resided near her, at that period of her life, and until the day her husband had left her. The woman who had nursed the children was most positive, and the court was compelled to restrain her tongue. She commenced to denounce me before the judge, jury and spectators. Only two witnesses were doubtful. One old farmer swore that he believed I was Mrs. Smith's husband, but I looked uncommonly like Mr. Wilkins, who used to keep school in the house a top o' the hill, and another—his neighbor—swore that if I wasn't Mrs. Smith's husband, I was plaguy like to Mr. Spratt the milkman, who lived in the valley at the foot of the hill. He know'd Schoolmaster Wilkins, and he didn't think I war a bit like him.

"My own assertions as to my age only provoked a sneer. The judge as much as told me I was telling a falsehood; and when my counsel spoke of the church in which I had been christened having unfortunately been burned to the ground, and the records destroyed, although the statement was perfectly correct in every particular, it only provoked a contemptuous smile from judge, court and spectators, and a remark from the king's advocate to the effect that it was a very convenient accident, but, unfortunately for me, it would not serve the purpose intended.

"The result was that I was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for seven years to one of the penal colonies, and my father's property, there being no other heirs, was confiscated by the crown.

"I should weary you, gentlemen," continued the outside-stage-traveller, "were I to relate a tithe of the mishaps that have befallen me in consequence of my too common patronymic, and my unlucky resemblance to others. After my return from the penal colony, I went to Russia, having heard that there was a good opening there for an engineer. I had learned that trade during my seven years' imprisonment, and was banished to Siberia for life, on account of my resemblance to one John Smith, a German insurrectionist. After the expiration of five years, the real John Smith was arrested, and I was *graciously pardoned* by the Emperor Nicholas!

"But I will say no more. I am now on my way to Newmarket to answer an advertisement, from which I learn that an elder brother, who left England when a boy, and has never since been heard of, has died, and I am sole heir of his fortune of one hundred thousand pounds. Here I am storm-bound. I feel certain that some other John Smith will assert his false claim, and get the money."

The narrative was finished; the landlord served our humble dinner, and, to our great joy, after dinner a thaw set in. The next morning we resumed our journey, and soon reached Newmarket.

John Smith's presentiment of coming evil did not deceive him. He was opposed by another John Smith, and for several years was involved in the intricacies and uncertainties of the law. But fortune at length grew weary of persecuting him. He was the victor after the long contest, and became at once a wealthy man. And now the fickle jade began to heap with favors the man over whom she had tyrannized for many years. The guilty husband of the deserted Mrs. Smith confessed to his guilt, on his death-bed, and acknowledged that one John Smith had been unjustly convicted of the crime of bigamy, through his (the dying man's) desertion of his wife. A tardy acknowledgement of John Smith's innocence was made, and his father's estate was restored to him. Julia, his maiden bride, who had retained her love for her, as she supposed, guilty husband, saw in the papers the public acknowledgement, and immediately hastened to him, was joyfully received, and ever after lived with him, at Ichabod Manor, the estate he purchased and named after the uncle who had made him his heir. And now the old story of his being knighted by George the Fourth was resuscitated. He had *really been* knighted, though in mistake. The neighbors began to style him *Sir* John Smith—at first jocosely, but the title stuck to him, and as Sir John and Lady Smith of Ichabod Manor were he and Julia known, until they died within a few weeks of each other, about ten years ago. They left no issue, and a nephew of Lady Smith is now the Lord of Ichabod Manor.

POINTLESS SERMONS.

In one of his discourses John Newton has this pithy remark: "Many sermons, ingenious of their kind, may be compared to a letter put in the post-office without a direction. It is addressed to nobody, owned by nobody, and if a hundred were to read it, not one of them would think himself concerned in the contents. Such, whatever excellence it may have, lacks the chief requisite of a sermon. It is like a sword which has a polished blade, a jewelled hilt, a gorgeous scabbard, but yet will not cut, and therefore, for real use is no sword. The truth properly presented, has an edge; it pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; it is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOPE ON—HOPE EVER!

BY YORK.

When with the world, in deadly strife, thy soul,
Face unto face, with wildering jar is brought,
Thy thoughts with virtue's calmness then control,
And hope and wait, for so the conflict's short.

Be not dismayed, O, trembling heart!
To tread the path which worthier feet have trod,
But firm and steadfast, nobly act thy part,
Alone reliant on thyself and God.

What though thick trials in thy path are strewed,
And sad misfortune o'er thy prospect lowers,
To wealth and fame there is no other road,
The path to bright success ne'er led through shaded bowers.

Go boldly forth, nor fear the event shall prove
Thy struggles bootless and thy patience vain;
But where thy duty leads, there trusting go,
And hope and wait and strive, and ne'er complain.

Deem not thine is the only heart depressed,
But with thy striving brothers sympathize and live;
Then let thy soul for them expand, nor rest
Absorbed within thyself, but having, give.

So shall thy trust be crowned with virtue's sure reward,
And earthly good shall follow in its train;
And conquered foes thy honors shall award,
And friends rejoice, nor in thy fall complain.

THE MANŒUVERING AUNT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"MARCIA," said Mrs. Allerton to her niece, "I shall expect that you will do your best to appear to advantage at Mrs. Rowland's party this evening."

"Why, aunt?"

"Need you ask? Is not Algernon Lyndon to be there?"

"I think it probable that he will."

"And is not that sufficient reason for you to call into requisition all your powers of pleasing?"

"I don't know why I should be at particular pains to please him, more than any other person."

"What a girl you are! Don't you know that one day he will come into possession of one of the most princely fortunes in the country?"

"I have heard so, and that is the reason—or at least one of the reasons, why I am determined to take no more pains to please him than any one else. I should feel it to be a degradation to enter the lists with a score of young ladies, who will not blush to play to the lead of their manœuvering mamas, for the chance of being placed at the head of an elegant establishment."

"But Algernon Lyndon—his golden expectations out of the question—is a prize of himself. He is handsome, noble-looking, accomplished, and, it is said, of perfectly correct habits."

"I dare say he is well enough, though I will freely confess that I am not prepared to like him. It is now about a week since he returned from his European tour, and in that time I have become fairly surfeited with hearing his praises, the more so from knowing that it is the wealth he has in prospect, not his worth, which inspires them."

"I regret that your antagonism is so easily roused. If Algernon Lyndon should be made aware of this trait in your character, it would at once, I have no doubt, put him on his guard against all your attractions. If you had heard people speak disparagingly of him, I shouldn't wonder if by this time you had exhausted all the figures of rhetoric in his defence."

"It is not improbable—and as to what you term the antagonism of my character, if by it you mean a resolution not to place myself on a level with those who employ themselves in weaving nets for the entanglement of every young gentleman they meet in society who is considered an eligible match, I can only say that I think it more worthy of praise than censure."

"Any person who was ever acquainted with James Walsingham, might know that you were his daughter. He might have had the title of 'honorable' prefixed to his name, if he had not been so afraid of earning the character of an office-seeker."

"If the title was never placed before his name, it belonged to his character, and was proved by his conduct, every day of his life."

"Brother James, as you say, was an honorable man, but he had little worldly wisdom, a deficiency which makes the trust I have assumed, as regards yourself, one of great responsibility. As I have little or nothing to give you myself, I feel bound to do my best to bring about a match between you and some gentleman of wealth and position."

"My dear aunt, just let things take their natural course, and I dare say they will come out right in the end. Young men are not half so blind as they are supposed to be, and do not, if the truth be known, at all relish being angled for."

"There I agree with you, but it is not every one that can handle such delicate matters as I can. Had it not been for me, your cousin Jane would not have married the wealthy man she did. She was not like you—she was willing to be advised in so important an affair. Come, it is time for you to decide on what dress to wear this evening."

"I have already decided. I shall wear the same that I wore at Mrs. Ward's soiree."

"That plain dress? Well, I see that you are determined to make yourself look like a fright." She came near adding, "I wonder what Algernon Lyndon will think!" but imagining that the remark might influence her niece to dress still plainer, she prudently suppressed it.

Marcia Walsingham, when her toilette was completed, instead of looking like a fright, never appeared better, for hers was a style of beauty which needed not the foreign aid of ornament; and had she been as anxious as her aunt to see Algernon Lyndon kneeling at her shrine, she could not have adopted a more judicious course. Mrs. Allerton thought differently. She imagined that gorgeous robes, and the flash and glitter of jewelry, did great execution when there were hearts to conquer.

It had been Mrs. Allerton's intention to arrive at Mrs. Rowland's party fashionably late, but the obstinacy of her niece relative to dressing so plainly, caused her to alter her mind, and she and Miss Walsingham were among the first who were ushered into the brilliant and luxurious apartments.

In about fifteen minutes the guests began to arrive in rapid succession. Though Marcia did not hear the name of Algernon Lyndon announced, she was soon aware of his presence, by the eagerness with which a number of ladies, each of whom had one or more unmarried daughters, pressed towards the spot where he stood. He had not been overrated, even by her aunt, as to his personal appearance, she was obliged to confess to herself; and, as from time to time curiosity prompted her to observe him, she could not help imagining that she detected a certain expression of countenance, which showed that he knew and rightly appreciated the motives of those who paid him such flattering attention.

Mrs. Allerton, mortified on account of Marcia's plain dress, for some time kept aloof from the circle surrounding him, composed for the most part of mamas and their daughters, with a sprinkling of aunts and nieces. But for her it was a magic one, and she was drawn towards it slowly yet irresistibly. She had on a former occasion been introduced to Lyndon, and she was much flattered at finding that he at once recognized her.

"Is your niece, Miss Walsingham, present?" inquired Mrs. Rustlin, one of the ladies who helped to form the circle, at whose side stood Malvina, her daughter, a young lady of brilliant complexion, with a jewelled bandeau sparkling amid her raven hair.

"She is," replied Mrs. Allerton, in a constrained manner, as she mentally contrasted the rich and showy dress of the sparkling beauty near her, and that of Marcia.

"O, I see her now," said Mrs. Rustlin. "She is deeply engaged in conversation with that antiquated old lady, who looks as if she came out of the ark that we were speaking about just now."

"I cannot, for my part," said Malvina, "imagine where Mrs. Rowland picked her up, and after finding her, it appears to me still stranger why she invited her to her party. One thing is certain—it is not because she is either useful or ornamental."

"It may be," said Algernon Lyndon, "that Mrs. Rowland invited her from motives of philanthropy."

"If so," said Malvina, "she carries her ideas of philanthropy to an extent which I should call quixotic. I don't think that a lady has a right to invite such an ancient-looking specimen of humanity to mar the *tout ensemble* of a brilliant and select party."

"There is no knowing," said Lyndon, "but that the ancient-looking specimen of humanity in question may be richly endowed, both morally and intellectually. At least, one might so infer from the sustained and animated conversation between her and the young lady near her—Miss Walsingham, I think you called her."

"No correct opinion can be formed by that," said Malvina, lowering her voice so as not to be overheard by Mrs. Allerton; "for, Miss Walsingham takes pride in acting differently from other people. If she should happen to take it into her head, she would be sociable with a beggar."

"Not because of her humility, I assure you," said Mrs. Rustlin, drawing near and speaking in the same subdued tone of voice, "for, in addition to her being odd, never was there a person prouder, or more self-conceited. Were it not so, she would never have thought of dressing so plainly this evening. Were I in Mrs. Rowland's place, I should consider it anything but complimentary for a guest to appear attired with such unlike simplicity."

"You forget that her beauty is of the regularly classic order, and will, therefore, permit of a severe simplicity of style, as regards costume," said Malvina, with a toss of head.

"I suspect your pa would not much care if your beauty was the regularly classic order," said her mother, "if it permits the absence of all ornaments. Jewelry, particularly diamonds, is rather expensive," she added, glancing at the bandeau which glittered amid her daughter's luxuriant tresses."

"Mrs. Allerton," said Malvina, rather abruptly addressing that lady, "we have been wondering who that queer-looking person is your niece appears to be on such intimate terms with. Perhaps you can enlighten us."

"No—I never saw her before," was Mrs. Allerton's reply.

"Let her be who she will, she must, I think, have something extremely fascinating about her," said Mrs. Rustlin, "for Miss Walsingham appears perfectly spell-bound."

"The spell lies in that natty little cap of hers, I suspect," said Malvina, tittering. "It must, without doubt, be a fresh importation from Paris."

Mrs. Allerton bit her lips with vexation, yet angry as she felt with her niece, and hopeless as she considered her case, as respected her making a favorable impression on Algernon Lyndon, she was determined to do what she could for her.

"I assure you, Mr. Lyndon," she said, "that Marcia is an excellent girl in her way. She has sense, is well educated, and her tastes are cultivated and refined; and though some might smile at my speaking of it, I must say, that when I am indisposed, I find her one of the best of nurses. Her one great fault is, she is unwilling in many things to be guided by the advice of those who are older and wiser than she is."

"But not unwilling to have a little chat with one who is older if not wiser than herself," he replied, while with a smile he looked towards Miss Walsingham, where she continued to be as deeply engaged as ever in conversation with the lady, who had excited the merriment of Mrs. Rustlin and her daughter.

"Really, Mrs. Allerton," said Mrs. Rustlin, "your niece might as well have remained at home and regaled herself with a conversation with your housekeeper. Bless us, the spell is broken at last! See, she has left her fascinating companion, and is coming this way, conducted by Mr. Rowland."

"There is a counter-charm," said Malvina, directing a quick glance at Lyndon, and accompanying her words with a toss of the head—her favorite method of giving emphasis, and at the same time a covert significancy to her remarks.

They all imagined that Miss Walsingham was going to join them, but they soon found that the piano, not they, was what constituted the "counter attraction."

Some allusion had been made to a favorite though rather an old-fashioned song, in the vicinity of Miss Walsingham, when Mr. Rowland, who happened to be near, remarked that he believed he had heard her sing it.

"It is not improbable," she replied, "as it is one I often sing."

"Will you not favor us with it now?" said a lady, who heard her answer.

"It is a song I love above all others," said the lady with whom Miss Walsingham had been conversing, "for with it are associated many mournful yet not unpleasing incidents."

This remark was [illegible] Without a moment's hesitation, Marcia said she would sing the song with pleasure. When she had reached the piano, she said in a low voice to Mr. Rowland, "Who is that lady that has been charming me with her conversation? Mrs. Rowland introduced me to her, but I didn't understand her name."

"Why that is Mrs. Payton, Algernon Lyndon's aunt, or I might say mother, for she has, if possible, been more than a mother to him, having literally supplied the place of both of his parents, who died when he was a child."

"Can it be possible?" said Marcia, and as she spoke, a crimson blush suffused her cheeks, for the thought struck her that Lyndon, who could not be blind to the arts which were made use of to attract his favor, might imagine that she, with the same object in view, had fallen on the more insidious method of endeavoring to win his favor by being particularly attentive to one to whom he owed so much, and to whom, as fame said, he was devotedly attached. It was not without considerable effort that she so far recovered her self-possession as to properly control her voice. When she commenced her song, the most inveterate talkers were for once silenced. The pure, dulcet tones of her voice possessed for them a still greater charm than the continuous buzz of their own.

"Your niece is becoming decidedly old-fashioned in her tastes," said Mrs. Rustlin, addressing Mrs. Allerton. "I positively used to sing that song when I was a school-girl."

Malvina made no verbal comment, but contented herself by manifesting her sentiments on the subject by another of those tosses of the head, which, by some unfortunate hallucination, she imagined made her appear peculiarly piquant and engaging.

"You who have so recently returned from Italy—the land of song and glorious skies," Mrs. Rustlin went on to say, as she turned from Mrs. Allerton to Lyndon, "must find an old Scotch song, like the one Miss Walsingham chooses to entertain the company with, particularly dull and tiresome."

"On the contrary, it is particularly grateful. It is one of my favorites, partly on account of its simplicity and pathos, and partly because it is *the* favorite of one, who has ever since my remembrance, been the same as a mother to me."

"It is natural that you should like it, then," said Mrs. Rustlin. "The lady you allude to is an excellent woman, I have heard. Malvina, you agree with me, I know."

"Certainly," was the young lady's reply. "Nothing, in my opinion, exhibits the character of young persons in a more charming and amiable light, than an endeavor to assimilate their tastes to those of their parents and guardians."

"And, on the contrary," said Mrs. Rustlin, "when I see a young lady, for the sake of gratifying some whim or caprice, go counter to what would please a parent, or even an *aunt*, either in matters of dress or other particulars, I make it a point to warn my son against her attractions, if unfortunately for any gentleman in pursuit of a wife, she happens to have any."

Mrs. Allerton, who was a good deal disconcerted at a speech which she knew was aimed at her niece, remarked, that, for her part, she thought a great deal of allowance should be made on account of early impressions. Marcia, for instance, whose mother died when she was an infant, was, till nearly sixteen, under the direct control of her father. The result was what might naturally have been anticipated, but time and example, she doubted not, would do their gradual and silent work.

Mrs. Rustlin and her daughter exchanged smiles, while Algernon Lyndon, who had for some time been meditating his escape, took advantage of an opening in the circle, to slip quietly away. The ladies, who had so long held him in duresse, silently watched him, till they saw him approach the elderly lady with whom Miss Walsingham had been on such excellent terms, and whom they were inclined to regard rather favorably, from her having afforded them the means of making what they considered some rather smart remarks, which they suspected would tell well, in the opinion of Lyndon.

"What can be his object?" said Mrs. Rustlin.

"How I wish I was near en[illegible]n to what he says to her," said Mal[illegible]

He remained only long enou[illegible]ange a few words with her, and then [illegible] the piano, where Miss Walsingham [illegible] consented to sing another old-fashione[illegible] still seated.

"You must introduce me to Miss Walsingham," said Lyndon, aside to Mr. Rowland, "as soon as she has finished her song."

"You show your good taste in requesting it," said Mr. Rowland. "Had I a son, I don't know but that I should be tempted to try my skill at match-making, if I thought there were the least chance of my obtaining her for a daughter-in-law."

Marcia, though so firmly pre-determined not to like Lyndon, had found her resolution giving way, before the introduction took place; and now, while she listened to his just and even eloquent remarks, made without the least attempt at display, her prejudices, which had their true origin in the excessive and fulsome praise lavished on him by her aunt and others, vanished like the mists of morning.

While Mrs. Rustlin and her daughter, with others equally interested, regarded her with envious and jealous eyes, Mrs. Allerton could scarcely restrain an open manifestation of triumph.

* * * * * *

"What is the matter, Malvina?" said Mrs. Rustlin, to her daughter, who, having just returned from making some morning calls, threw herself upon a sofa with a manner and with a countenance expressive of angry excitement

"I never was so vexed in my life," said Malvina.

"Why? What has happened?"

"Enough, I should think. You remember that lady in the antique dress, at Mrs. Rowland's party last evening."

"Yes."

"And you also recollect the remarks we made."

"Not the words exactly, but the spirit of them perfectly. I know that I thought some of yours were particularly piquant and sparkling."

"I thought so, too, till I was told who she was."

"And who did she prove to be?"

"Mrs. Payton, Algernon Lyndon's aunt, or mother, as he calls her."

"I cannot believe it."

"It is true, for I had my information from Mrs. Rowland."

"Well, the game is up with regard to *him*, then. You will never be Mrs. Algernon Lyndon. Many young gentlemen would not have given what you said a second thought, but he has the reputation of being *so* devoted to her."

"Yes, one might almost suppose that he thought her to be, what a certain lady I once heard of, imagined herself to be."

"What was that?"

"A great glass ornament."

"It is easy to see now, why Marcia Walsingham was so attentive to her. Under pretence of being perfectly indifferent about forming an acquaintance with Algernon Lyndon, or of appearing attractive in his presence, she was all the while artfully endeavoring to inveigle herself into his good graces by devoting herself to Mrs. Payton."

"She has not the least idea, I suspect, that the mask she assumed must appear perfectly transparent to all except Mrs Payton and Lyndon, and so it would to them, were they not blinded by self-love."

During this colloquy between Mrs. Rustlin and her daughter, Mrs. Allerton, with an air that showed she had never, on any prior occasion, held so exalted a place in her own esteem, was congratulating her niece on the fair matrimonial prospect opening before her. Marcia denied that there was any such prospect.

"Don't tell me," said her aunt. "I am too close an observer in such things to be mistaken. He has already made his mind up to offer himself to you the first opportunity. And you may thank me for it, for if I had not in the most adroit and delicate manner imaginable, raised the veil from those virtues which all young men of Lyndon's particular turn are always sure to admire, he would never have noticed you in that plain, unbecoming dress you wore to the party."

"We differ as to the becomingness of my dress, aunt, for in my own conceit, I never looked better in my life, than I did that evening."

"I know you look well in anything, let it be ever so plain, yet, when I saw the contrast between your dress and Malvina Rustlin's, I thought you would stand no chance in attracting Lyndon's attention; but never, at any moment, did I tremble for you as when I saw you so completely engrossed in conversation with that antiquated looking woman; for the Rustlins, the moment they saw you conversing with her, said such queer things about her, as to place her in an extremely ludicrous light, which of course more or less reflected itself on you, and, as you know, nothing is so perfectly overwhelming as ridicule. Lyndon showed himself to be possessed of more moral courage than I could have given any young man of fashion credit for, when he actually went and spoke to the old lady."

"As you say, Mr. Lyndon *did* show himself possessed of more moral courage than some young men I have seen. Dudley Melton, for instance, who caused such a sensation in the fashionable circles last year, was ashamed of his own mother—one of the most intelligent, intellectual women I ever met with, because she was ignorant of some of the conventionalisms of fashionable life. I suspect, aunt, you have not yet heard who the lady *was*, to whom Lyndon was so condescending."

"No, I have not."

"It was Mrs. Payton."

"What! Algernon Lyndon's rich aunt?"

"Yes; she had been at Mr. Rowland's several days, and the party, by Lyndon's suggestion, was out of compliment to her. She suffers from low spirits, and he hoped it would have the effect to cheer her."

"Well, I cannot imagine why she dresses in such old-fashioned style."

"She has a few harmless eccentricities, and that is one of them. She excluded herself from society many years after her husband's death, and has, ever since, continued to wear the kind of dress which was in fashion at the time he died. She seldom now appears in society, and never, it is said, except to gratify her nephew, who thinks such strict seclusion injurious to her health."

"All that I can say is, I am glad that *I* did not join in the ridicule against her. What will the Rustlins say, when they come to find out who she is! I shouldn't wonder if Malvina were confined to her room a week in consequence of what has proved to be their ill-timed remarks. Well, I hope it will teach both mother and daughter a good lesson."

This concluding remark was made with the self-complacent air of one who appeared not to have the most remote idea that she was condemning in others what she often practised herself.

A call from Algernon Lyndon gave a pleasant interruption to their conversation. He appeared to great advantage—better, a thousand times, Mrs. Allerton said, than she had ever seen him before.

When, several weeks afterward, she found that he had offered himself to her niece, and was accepted, she said:

"Mrs. Payton can give a fortune to her nephew, but I, by my tact and clever management, shall succeed in securing both a fortune and a husband for my niece."

This assertion, though in moments of cool reflection it appeared rather apocryphal to herself, as well as others, was repeated so often that she ultimately imagined it to be true.

LITERATURE OF THE ANCIENT INNS.

A recent London paper advertises a genuine Thesaurus of ancient tavern signs and other curiosities at auction, collected during a long life by some curious antiquary. The catalogue covered an extensive and unique collection, for a history of ancient and modern inns, taverns and coffee-houses in town and country (numbering upwards of 850 signs), formed with unwearied diligence and vast outlay during a life time, and illustrated with upwards of 2500 of ancient and modern engravings, comprising topographical and antiquarian subjects, early views of London, caricatures, humorous and satirical subjects, portraits of celebrities whose names have been adopted as signs, characters remarkable for their eccentricities, actors and actresses—others illustrating ancient sports and pastimes—etchings, woodcuts and numerous others, plain and colored, many of great rarity—also 415 drawings in water colors, sepia, and pen and ink, and numerous copies from scarce engravings and old paintings—together with extensive antiquarian, local, and biographical notices (both printed and in MS.), on signs and their origin—merriments and witticisms in prose and verse—tales, traditions, legends, and remarkable incidents—singular inscriptions on tap-room windows and walls—anecdotes of landlords, guests, visitors, writers, etc., Bacchanalian and other songs and ballads, some set to music—fac simile autograph letters of Garrick and other celebrated men—scarce tracts, including "The Downfall of Temporizing Poets, Unlicensed Printers, Upstart Booksellers, Trotting Mercuries, and Brawling Hawkers, being a very pleasant dialogue between Lightfoot the Mercury and Suck Bottle Hawker, Red Nose the Poet being Moderator between them, Printed Merrily and May be read Unhappy betwixt Hawke and Buzzard, 1641."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE GREAT EASTERN UNDER WAY.

Though we have before given representations of the great marvel of marine architecture, which is represented on page 285, and various descriptions and articles, from time to time, exhibiting her wonderful proportions during the course of her slow but sure progress to completion, still we are quite sure that our readers will not be displeased to witness a new and fine engraving of her, as she now rides the deep unshaken by the late explosion, which, though it unhappily caused a sacrifice of life, inflicted no irremediable damage on the ship. Her strength has now been severely tested. An accident at her launch, the jamming of the cradles on the ways, served to bring out in the most unmistakable manner the property of rigidity. Not for the few moments that a passing Atlantic wave might leave a large portion of her length unsupported, not for days or weeks merely, but for months, did from 120 to 150 feet of her length at each end, and nearly 100 feet in her centre, remain suspended in the air without any sort of support whatever, and yet the deflection was absolutely nil. The second accident, which occurred on her trial-trip, proved the means of testing in the most convincing manner her other property—that of enormous strength. Had Mr. Brunel proposed, while she lay at Deptford, and before any fittings were in, to deck over and fit up with rough models of cabins, floors, etc., etc., one of the compartments, and then, by way of testing her powers of endurance, to explode in the bottom of that compartment a charge of gunpowder sufficient to hoist one of her huge funnels fifty feet into the air, we may suppose that the proposal would have been received with very considerable astonishment and demur on the part of directors, shareholders, and every one interested in her welfare; and yet this is, in fact, what the recent accident has effected. An explosion took place in one of the compartments, the certain effects of which on any other ship that ever was constructed may be gathered from the significant fact that the first impulse of that experienced navigator, our countryman, Captain Comstock, was to spring on the paddle box and look over the sides, to see if they were blown out. No other ship afloat could have withstood the enormous bursting pressure of the steam, nor have survived the shock; and yet it is a literal and actual fact that *no harm whatever* has been done to any part of the fabric. The sides, the bulkheads, and every portion of the frame remain in their former imperturbable rigidity; whilst in the next compartment but one the shock experienced was no more, as one of the gentlemen present expressed it, than if one of the crew passing overhead with a twelve-pound shot in his hands had let it fall on the deck. There was no need to stop the vessel's course Her engines continued to work as before, and on her arrival in Portland harbor she was ready to be thrown open to visitors—excepting, of course, the parts under repair—as announced in the advertisements.

It is abundantly evident now that the mode of construction universally adopted in seagoing iron ships—namely, in compartments separated by iron walls, technically called "bulkheads,"—amounts in the case of the Great Eastern to a guarantee of absolute security. Almost anything might go on in one or two of the compartments without its being even known in the others; the gentlemen in the after saloon would actually have taken no notice of the very slight noise which reached their ears but for the fragments which began to fall through the skylight; and, if such was the case with so violent an explosion as that which took place off Hastings, it is difficult to conceive any other disaster of a character more likely to make itself felt. Those who visited the great ship whilst she lay at Deptford, made their way through certain square holes of rather uncomfortable dimensions in huge iron walls. The iron walls were the bulkheads in question, and the holes were apertures left for the convenience of passage to and fro during the completion of the vessel by the omission of one of the iron plates of which these bulkheads are constructed, and they were closed up before the ship started; so that she is now divided from deck to keel into six, and for about that depth into thirteen, perfectly water-tight compartments.

A correspondent writes: "The Great Eastern is the finest vessel that was ever built, and one over which, notwithstanding all that has been predicted to the contrary, the sea seems to exercise no influence. During a portion of her trial-trip a heavy swell was running, and large vessels were lying-to under close-reefed top-sails, pitching deeply to the sea, and sending the spray in clouds from their bows At this time the Great Eastern was as motionless as a rock. Now and then heavy rollers passed her, but their size and action could only be known by observing their effect on other ships. A number of the passengers went forward to the extreme end of the bows, and remained watching the stern of the vessel by comparing it with the line of the horizon to detect a movement. Only by such a rigid test as this could it be discerned that the Great Eastern was moving gently now and then, scarcely more than a foot along her entire length, as the waves rushed under her."

An unusual degree of interest is invariably attached to any great undertaking, and, whether it is a failure or a success, we cannot divest ourselves of a most sensitive and personal feeling in the matter. As it is with nations, so is it also with individuals; and although the undertaking itself is entirely independent of our control, yet the sympathy which we manifest for its result proves that we are not insensible to the affairs of other people any more than we are to those of our own. This is remarkably instanced in the case of the great ship, which has now commenced the active duties for which she was designed and built, and which augurs well for the realization of all those hopes which we entertained in such a project as her creation. The vast improvements which have been made in naval architecture, as well as in the application of the paddle and the screw, through the agency of steam power, suggested a further and more extensive development of shipbuilding and propulsion which should be found as effectual to the economy of time and distance by sea as an application of the same agency had accomplished by railroads on the land. The size of a vessel was deemed to be the index of this celerity, and the greater the ship the more scope would be allowed for her machinery, and, as a consequence, the increase of bulk would not counterbalance the increase of power which that machinery would apply. The power would naturally be increased to propel the additional weight, but the power itself would be far beyond the proportions necessary only to that end, and must, *per se*, add to the means of effecting a more rapid transition through the waters. If this rule would apply where the larger scope for additional canvass to a sailing-ship enabled mariners to curtail the length of any particular voyage, *a fortiori* must it be demonstrable when the irresistible agency of steam is in greater proportions introduced for the increase in velocity of the means of transit. Many difficulties have been suggested, and some which appeared practically insuperable for the general use of large ships, as instanced in the case of the Renfrew and Columbus, both of which were wrecked, and the extreme length of each of which was 370 feet, and the width 60 feet. But this was prior to the introduction of steam. When, however, we bear in mind the difference between a sailing craft and a steamer we can account for deficiencies in the former, which appear valueless in contrast with the latter. The one is dependent to a great extent on the direction of the wind and the consequent casualties thereof; the other is independent of either, and will work her own way against all obstacles by an agency which baffles the weather and defies the storm. Mr. Brunel suggested the plan of the Great Eastern, and a company, as we are well aware, was soon formed to carry out the project. That company was, subsequent to the launching of the vessel, dissolved, and a new one established, under whose auspices she has attained her present position.

An important feature of the equipment of this great ship is the patent magnetic apparatus and patent floating compass, invented and applied to the Great Eastern by Mr. John Gray of Liverpool. The binnacle consists of an inclosed battery of magnate, adjustable by vertical screws, which move the magnets in proportion to the deviation of the compass arising from the influence of the iron. This error is produced by celestial or terrestrial observations, and after the instruments are perfectly regulated by a competent person the process of readjustment (if necessary) is so exceedingly simple that by the officers of the ship merely placing the ship's head in two positions, north or south, east or west, the compass in the northern hemisphere can be made perfect. If alteration takes place in the ship's magnetism of an opposite character in the southern hemisphere, by reversing the position of the magnets, and by the same process being adopted, the instruments will be found as correct as in the northern hemisphere.

There are other applications all calculated for the utmost precision in navigating the ship, one of which is highly important for correcting the dangerous influence arising from heeling. A vertical magnet is made movable in the centre of the apparatus for obviating errors arising from that cause, for it is not at all an uncommon circumstance for the needle to be deflected to the extent of 50 degrees, and in some instances more. This disturbance is productive of oscillation of the card when the vessel rolls, a repetition of which gives a momentum that ultimately causes the card to revolve with such velocity as to render it perfectly useless to the seaman.

There is also a vertical double disc, which registers the ship's course, and prevents any disputation with the officer on duty. On each side of the binnacle is placed a metal box containing soft iron, for the adjustment of a small amount of deviation in the quadrants, remaining stationary with its contents in all latitudes.

The patent floating compass is constructed to prevent vibration from affecting the centres of action. It consists of an inner bowl floating in an outer one, the object of which is to render the inner bowl insulated in its water bed, the exterior being solely influenced by the action of the ship. Through a mechanical arrangement in the interior of the inner bowl the hardest gems and the finest centres may be applied without fear of oscillation of the card. The entire combination of these important points ensures perfect indication, steadiness of action, and extreme durability.

Mr. Gray has not only had the honor of supplying the Great Eastern with these instruments, but also the principal European Governments. The directors of the Great Eastern have felt such confidence in him that, independently of supplying the compasses, etc., he is engaged to perform the onerous duty of adjusting the instruments, seven of which will be in action at the same time.

A volume might easily be written in describing the peculiarities of this marvel of science and mechanical skill. But no description of such a work would prove satisfactory to the general reader. Her very bulk cannot be adequately comprehended until the eye itself compares it with surrounding objects. Fortunately, all who live in communication with our northern seaboard, will have an opportunity of examining for themselves the leviathan steamer.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

BY MRS. A. P. C.

It is said that when engineers are about to bridge a stream, they first throw across a single cord, and then other strands are added, till a plank can be laid on which they can cross to the opposite shore. So our sorrows may be but the cords forming a bridge for us from earth to heaven.

One cord across the stream—
The stream that doth divide
The earthly from the heavenly shore,
Where we would all abide.

A foot is on the cord—
A little dimpled foot,
That falters not, but presses on
To meet the blessed Lord.

Unheeded rush the waters by—
She looketh not below,
Upward is cast her sweet blue eye,
To the home where she would go.

Her golden hair reflects the rays
Of the eternal Sun,
And the halo round her blinds our gaze
As thus she journeys on

We call her back, but loving words
Meet not her listening ear,
There's other music nearer now—
That of the heavenly sphere.

Another cord so firmly twined—
Another darling one,
Crossed o'er with sweet good-by to all—
The loved ones left alone.

And one by one the cords are twined,
Till all our treasures sweet
Have walked across the narrow bridge
With firm and willing feet.

And on the other shore they stand,
Methinks I see them all,
With each a golden cord in hand,
And thus I hear them call.

Come to us father—mother dear,
Earth's wayside is but rough,
We've twined the cords—pass without fear,
The bridge is firm enough.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH BRIDE.

A TRUE STORY OF SPANISH A[illegible]

BY [illegible]

[illegible] of the Blonde [illegible] Captain Mason, com- [illegible] to my humble self, a passed midshipman of the aforesaid frigate, as we stood on the quarter-deck together, gazing towards the arid shore, and the town, which resembled more than anything else, at the short distance we lay from it, a heap of ruins, of what the imagination might conceive had once been an immense castle, covering several acres of ground with its numerous bastions, towers and dependencies. "A wretched dull place," repeated the surgeon. "If this is coming back to civilization, I, for my part, could wish we had remained among the Society Islands. The scenery was delightful there; the beautiful groves of breadfruit trees; the lanes, lined with lime trees; the clumps of cocoa-nut trees, interspersed here and there; the lofty mountains in the background; the pretty cottages of the natives, and the sparkling sea in front, washing the white, sandy beach—never disturbed by storm or tempest—"

"And the pretty Society Island lasses, always cheerful and good-tempered," interrupted a saucy little middy.

"Mr. Talbot," said the surgeon, "I would thank you when you find me engaged in poetical description, to know your place, and keep your tongue silent until I have finished. Now I have entirely lost the thread of my description."

"And I suggested that which you appeared to have forgotten," said the midshipman, not in the least discomposed by the reproof his senior officer. "You should have begun with the Tahitan belles, for if there be fairer, there are few handsomer in the saloons of London or Paris. We could get up a ball there, *al fresco*, at a moment's notice, now here—"

"We can find nobody to dance with, at least no ladies," interrupted a young lieutenant. "You are right, young Talbot. I scarcely wonder at Fletcher's mutiny, when I think of the many fascinations of the girls of the Society Islands."

"A ball," said the surgeon, musingly. "It would be something pleasant, for a change; here we've been lying for three weeks, everything dull as ditch water. I wonder, now, if old Mason would allow us to get up a 'hop' on board, if we were to ask him?"

"What ladies are we to invite?" said I.

"Why," answered the lieutenant, "some of the half-breeds would answer tolerably well, for want of better and fairer. There are Don Manuel, the governor's two daughters, and Don Silvio, the commandanté, has a pretty wife, more than half old Spanish, I should judge, and then there is the unknown senorita, whom four or five of us have got a glimpse of in the market-place, which she visits every morning—myself among the rest. A pure Castilian, lovely as Hebe and stately as Juno, and loving as Venus, or I am no judge of feminine physiognomy. I wonder who the deuce she is?"

"I can enlighten you, Marlow," said the surgeon. "I twisted the whole story, by means of a bribe of a quarter dollar, from the mulatto girl who attends her to market."

"You can? The story! the story!" all cried.

"The story is very brief," resumed the surgeon. "The lady is named Dona Paula de Montesca; she is the daughter of a Castilian gentleman, who resides still in Old Spain on his own estates, and the niece of Don Enrique de Montesca, the commandanté of Tehuantepec. Her father, though it is not generally known, is disaffected to the Spanish government, and when some year or two ago, Lieutenant Don Thomas de Zuma, of the Peruvian navy, visited Spain, the old don was very kind and hospitable to the young *teniente*, and the young couple fell in love with each other. Don Thomas returned to Peru and his duties, and Don Pedro, the father of the young lady, sent her to this place of purgatory, in order that she might remain with her uncle until after her marriage with Don Thomas, who commands that Peruvian schooner-of-war which came into port to-day. The wedding is to come off on Monday next, and Don Thomas will, a few days after, carry off his bride to Lima, where the *teniente's* parents reside. *Voila mon roman, messieurs.*"

"A capital excuse. Old Mason can't refuse [illegible] aid [illegible] tenant, rubbing his hands. [illegible] the Blonde the [illegible] n, [illegible] they have [illegible] vite the officers of her Britanni[illegible] gate Blonde to the wedding," said Talbot.

"I wonder they have not," said Marlow.

"There is a very pleasant sequel to my story," interposed the surgeon. "I was walking in the Almandral to-day, with the captain, and we met the old commandanté, who placed in the captain's hands a general invitation to the captain, lieutenants, surgeons, midshipmen and marine officers of the Blonde, which the captain accepted in our names. The commandanté told us that the officers of the Chilian schooner which came into port a week ago, are invited and have accepted."

"Why, Chili and Peru are at drawn daggers," said Talbot. "It is 'war to the knife' between the two republics!"

"That is nothing," replied the surgeon. "This is a neutral port. It is not necessary in time of war that the natives of two hostile nations should entertain animosity toward each other."

When Captain Mason returned on board at a late hour in the day, the invitation was presented to us *en masse*, and, of course, promptly accepted, and on the following Monday evening the entire body of the Blonde's officers, brilliant in blue and gold, attended at the hospitable mansion of Don Enrique de Montesca, and were introduced to the bride. The bridegroom we made an earlier acquaintance with on board our own frigate, in the following manner:

Our purser, with a keen eye to profit, which distinguishes most of the gentlemen of that grade, at any rate, in the British service, had, although it was an infringement of the laws regulating the naval service, provided himself with a variety of merchantable goods, such as he had been informed by a brother purser, who had made his penny by such means, were in very great demand along the Pacific coast of South America from Bolivia to Guatemala, *videlicit*, ready-made frock and dress coats, pantaloons, and other articles of attire, watches, ear-rings, and various articles of *bijouterié* for the dark-colored belles of the republics, and many other trinkets, and he could not have visited Tehuantepec at a better time, for, independently of the masculine garments, which at the period of which I write, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, were always sure to find a ready sale, the approaching wedding of Dona Paula created an immense demand for the jewelry and other trinkets—the consequence was that, under pretence of paying visits to the frigate—for the purser dared not *openly* turn his state-room into a bazaar—our vessel was visited at all hours of the day by the officials from the town, and by the officers of the Peruvian and Chilian schooners. Among the rest came the two commanders, Don Thomas de Zuma, and Don Stephano de Ponto, of the Chilian vessel-of-war.

I had not, as yet, seen the bride, but when I first saw Don Thomas, I could not help thinking that however lovely the young Dona Paula *might* be, her lover, so far as good looks go, was worthy of her. Tall, well-formed, with regular Spanish features, classical almost to a fault, and with a fair complexion, rarely to be met with among Spaniards, the *teniente* was the *beau ideal* of a *preux chevalier*, and his gorgeous uniform—the coat heavy with gold lace, and the pantaloons of scarlet, with a broad gold stripe—however the latter outraged our ideas of naval costume, set off his majestic and beautifully-proportioned figure to advantage. He had been educated in Old Spain, and appeared to be very intelligent. Certainly his manners were those of a courtly gentleman, and report—and we had every reason to believe that report told the truth—said that he was as amiable as he was handsome. He seemed to be almost idolized by his crew.

The commander of the Chilian schooner was by no means so prepossessing. Both were young men under thirty, but Don Stephano was short and squat in figure, ruddy complexioned, and his features, though far from ugly, were not by any means handsome. There was an habitual, sinister scowl on his brow and lips, which would have deteriorated from a very much handsomer face. However, they and their subordinates met on our decks and partook of luncheon in the ward-room, seemingly in perfect amity, for nearly all the officers of both vessels were, by birth, old Spaniards, and the conversation often turned upon mutual friends whom they had known at home.

[illegible] to fifteen guineas. Slop coats and trousers, which Moses & Co., of the Minories, would have sold at two pounds the suit, readily fetched ten pounds, and other articles in proportion. Don Thomas was mulcted at a most extortionate rate, for the gallant young fellow purchased more than one half of the purser's stock of jewelry to present to his bride and her friends. I don't know how "Nipcheese" reconciled his gains and his conscience; but as I was not the keeper of the latter, it was no business of mine.

The wedding day, as I have previously stated, arrived. The ample ball-room in the mansion of the commandanté was filled with the *élite* of Tehuantepec and the adjoining country, and exhibited a very splendid appearance, for although the costumes of the civilians were somewhat *outré*, the mingling of British, Chilian and Peruvian naval uniforms, with the uniforms of the Spanish military officers, and the official costume of the governor and the commandanté, and of their staffs, and of the gay dresses of the Tehuantepec belles, had a very pretty and dazzling effect.

As to the bride, she was all that "fancy had painted her," lovely as a houri from an oriental paradise, and magnificently attired, and profusely adorned with jewelry she had brought from Spain, and with the presents that had been showered upon her by her lover, her uncle, and her friends.

She was little more than a child, scarcely sixteen, with a clear olive complexion, and hair glossy and black as the raven's wing. Her form was *petite*, but most exquisitely proportionate, and her small hands and feet were worthy of the encomiums which all travellers have bestowed upon those members, when speaking of the Andalusian race, to which she belonged. The greatest charm, however, in her lovely countenance, lay in her eyes. Poets have praised the eyes of the gazelle, and no gazelle ever possessed orbs more enchantingly beautiful. Black as night, deeply seated in their liquid depths and shaded by long silky eyelashes, and overarched by black eyebrows that it was difficult to believe had not been pencilled by some artistic hand, they now expressed a soft melancholy, now seemed fixed in thought, now flashed with spirit, and now beamed with tenderness and love. The bridesmaids were pretty girls, for Tehuantepec, but their charms were totally eclipsed by Dona Paula, and I verily believe there was not an unmarried man present, under fifty, that was not overhead and ears in love with her before the evening was over. I fancied that I perceived a sort of satisfactory expression in the looks of the other females present—I mean the unmarried ones, and I did not wonder at it. However brilliant the stars may be on a fine spring night, the brightest of them suffers by too close proximity with the full moon, and I have no doubt the Tehuantepec belles had a secret satisfaction in knowing that the superlative charms of the fair Andalusian were shortly to be removed thence to torture the bosoms and break the hearts of the youth of Lima.

However, I did not set out to write a description of female beauty—a species of composition to which I confess my humble pen is wholly inadequate, so I will merely observe that the wedding was a gay and joyous affair, and all went "merry as a marriage bell."

At the conclusion of the night's entertainment, we extended our invitation to the governor, the commandanté and their families, the civilians in official positions, the military officers, the Chilian and Peruvian officers, and the ladies in general, to a ball to be given on the following Monday on board her Britannic Majesty's ship Blonde, which invitation was promptly and cordially accepted. The young bridegroom actually postponed the departure of his vessel, which had been fixed for the next Saturday, for the express purpose of attending, with his lovely and fascinating bride.

The frigate was gaily decked for the occasion with branches and flowers, the quarter-deck made a splendid *al fresco* ball-room, we had a famous band on board, were well supplied with delicacies from Europe, the captain's, as well as the ward-room cook, were *artistes*, and we were all anxious to please our visitors; the ship's crew were attired in their best, the marines were in full uniform, therefore, as may well be imagined, everything went off swimmingly, and everybody was delighted. A salute of seventeen guns was fired [illegible] a guard of honor, accompanying Lieutenant De Zuma and Dona Paula to the vessel, which was to sail before daylight in the morning, which had already been ushered in.

We took the opportunity of examining the schooner, Don Thomas, his young bride hanging on his arm, courteously showing us over the vessel, and afterward, at the earnest invitation of Don Stephano, we visited the Chilian schooner, he doing us the like favor. Both were very neat, well armed, well appointed vessels, in every respect, and were a credit to the services to which they belonged, though the Chilian was considerably the larger and more heavily armed vessel. When at length we returned to our own frigate, we heard the boatswain's call on board the Peruvian, already summoning the crew to get the vessel under weigh.

We were all pretty much tired out when we got on board, and speedily descended to our respective cabins to seek repose—all but the unlucky wight, myself, whose morning watch it chanced to be.

I was standing on the starboard side of the quarter deck dreamily looking over the side in the direction of the two schooners, which lay about a quarter of a mile apart, and about two miles distant from the frigate, and to tell the truth, I was infringing the rules of the service, by falling into short dozes on my watch, in spite of my efforts to keep awake, when chancing to look up, I perceived the Peruvian schooner standing under easy sail, and already nearly out of the harbor.

While watching her progress, I fancied that I saw the Chilian gliding out to seaward, though I had heard none of the customary sounds which denote that a vessel is getting ready for sea. I could not believe my eyesight, and thought it was merely an optical delusion caused by sleepiness, when suddenly I saw the schooner's foretopsail drop from its folds, and in a moment it was silently "sheeted home."

"Talbot," said I, to the sleepy young middy, who was my aid-de-camp on the watch, "is the Chilian schooner really under weigh, or do my eyes deceive me?"

"She has loosed her foretopsail," said the youth, rubbing his eyes, "and, by George, there goes the spanker! Yes, she's under weigh, sure enough."

"Didn't the Captain Don Stephano tell Captain Mason, on board the schooner, not an hour ago, that he did not intend to sail for several days?"

"Yes he did, sir. He said so to both Captain Mason and Don Thomas. I was close by at the time. I was thinking that if they were both to sail at the same time, there might be an awkward colision when they reached a league outside the neutral port."

"Had we not better report to Captain Mason?"

"Not yet," I replied. "Let us first see what they mean to do. Perhaps the Chilian will courteously forget that the war is in existence. Don Stephano may have some friendly purpose. Perhaps he has some message to convey, or some present to offer to the bide, which he has forgotten!"

The vessels, in the course of a quarter of an hour longer, were in close proximity, and all doubts, hopes or fears, with respect to the intentions of Don Stephano were speedily set at rest. A flash, a cloud of smoke and the boom of a gun—shotted, by the peculiar ring of the report—from the side of the Chilian, showed too plainly that Don Stephano was in earnest, and that it was his treacherous purpose to capture the Peruvian.

"Rouse up the captain, Talbot; and the first lieutenant," said I. "The infernal scoundrel!"

I had hardly uttered the words, ere a gun was fired from the Peruvian. Then came two together from the broadside of the Chilian, responded to by the like number from Don Thomas's vessel.

The conflict was brief, for though both vessels carried the like number of guns—six—those of the Chilian were of double the calibre of her opponent's.

Before the captain or the lieutenant gained the deck, the vessels had closed, and that the Peruvian had been boarded by Don Stephano's crew was made apparent by the clash of steel, and the savage shouts of the sailors of both vessels, distinctly heard, though they were at least three miles off, in the calm, still air of the morning.

The unexpected sound of cannon had awakened the greater portion of the officers and crew of the frigate, and in a few mintutes the decks were swarming with men. There needed no explanation, the day had dawned, and every one could discern the cause of the disturbance. Officers and men alike, were bitter in their denunciations of the cruel treachery of the Chilian commander.

"Would to heaven," exclaimed Captain Mason, "that we could interfere. I'd teach the black-visaged rascal a lesson of gallantry. But the fellow has the laws of war on his side. Both vessels are beyond the neutral waters, and we are bound to maintain neutrality ourselves."

"Could we not give chase and show the rascal, Don Stephano, a taste of our metal, sir?" asked the first lieutenant, in an excited voice.

"I have as good a heart to do so, Mr. Davis," responded the captain, "as ever man had, if I dared, but it would be an act of piracy on our part. It would be as much as my life is worth."

In less than half an hour the clashing of steel, and the ringing of musketry and pistol shots ceased, and it was sufficiently evident that the Peruvian was the Chilian's prize.

"Poor Don Thomas!" exclaimed some.

"Poor Dona Paula!" responded others. "This is a sad ending to the pretty creature's bridal night."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the captain, "I can't openly interfere. But I'll follow them. I'll follow them to Chili. Don Stephano will, doubtless, make for Valparaiso with his prize. These bastard South American Spaniards are bloodthirsty as demons. They repudiate the laws of war, and give no quarter to their prisoners. I shouldn't at all wonder if it fares hardly with Don Thomas, and then what will become of poor Dona Paula? The presence of an English frigate in the port may serve some good purpose, the remonstrances of a British officer may have some good effect if the Chilian government threaten the poor lad's life. If, indeed, he be still living, for I greatly mistake Don Thomas if he surrendered his ship while he was able to keep the deck. Mr. Davis, we'll get under weigh forthwith. Master, look to your duties; boatswain, pipe all hands to unmoor ship and make sail."

The shrill pipe of the boatswain's whistle resounded throughout the ship, but the summons was needless. All hands were already on deck, and never was ship got under weigh more speedily or with better will than was the Blonde frigate that bright July morning.

A smart breeze had, however, sprung up with the appearance of the sun above the horizon. The schooners drew a light draught of water and had several miles the start of us. The wind was not strong enough to test the sailing qualities of the heavy frigate, and before noon both vessels were hull down, and in the course of the afternoon were clear out of sight.

Nevertheless, we pursued our course for Chili, hoping with all our hearts that before the Chilian reached port with her prize, some Peruvian man-of-war might intercept her and force Don Stephano to disgorge his ill-gotten prey.

We saw nothing of the vessels until we arrived off Valparaiso, when, as we sailed into the harbor, we perceived them both at anchor in the bay; the Chilian with all her colors jauntily flying, the Peruvian a short distance from her, dismantled, and with the Chilian flag hoisted over the Peruvian ensign, flying at her main-gaff end.

It was just day-dawn, four o'clock, A. M., when we dropped anchor in the port. At this moment a volley of musketry was fired, apparently in the courtyard of the castle. The sound of musketry was unusual at that early hour, and betokened a military execution. I don't know how it was, but the quick, sharp rattle sounded ominously, not only in my ears, but in the ears of all on board the frigate. The captain hailed an English merchantman at anchor near us.

"What means that firing from the castle-yard? Do you know?"

"Don Thomas de Zuma, a Peruvian naval officer, whose vessel lies there dismantled, was left by order of a court-martial, to be shot at four o'clock this morning," was the response. "His vessel was captured off Tehuantepec, by the Chilian national schooner Andes, Don Stephano de Ponto commander, and was only brought into port the day before yesterday."

"Quick work, and a bloody and treacherous deed," muttered Captain Mason, between his clenched teeth. "Lower my gig. I'll go on shore and learn what I can of poor Dona Paula. Poor, poor Don Thomas!"

The rest of my story is soon told. The captain almost forced his way into the castle-yard, where the band was playing a lively martial air, and the soldiers were removing the bleeding corpse of the unfortunate young Peruvian officer, and on a rude bench, attended by two weeping females, lay the unconscious form of the beautiful widowed bride, Dona Paula.

With considerable difficulty, and not without using threats, whether rightfully or wrongfully, I leave to the reader's opinion, Captain Mason obtained permission to convey the young widow on board the frigate, in order to convey her home to her family, as the Blonde was homeward bound. The Chilian government wished to detain her in Valparaiso.

A few days after, we sailed. Dona Paula remained for a long time inconsolable, but she was young and full of health, and she gradually recovered her spirits, though she still deeply lamented the untimely fate of her husband. Lieutenant Marlow was especially attentive to her, and from her we learnt the following account of the capture. It appeared that Don Stephano, on reaching hailing distance of the Peruvian schooner, had called upon Don Thomas to surrender to the Chilian flag, and on receiving a refusal, had immediately fired into the schooner. As soon as possible, the shot was returned, but Don Thomas, far from anticipating treachery on the part of Don Stephano, with whom but an hour before he had been on terms of apparent amity, was in the cabin with his bride. He was severely wounded by the second discharge from the Chilian, and obliged to be carried below.

Don Stephano closed and boarded the Peruvian, and the crew of the latter vessel, taken by surprise, and their commander wounded, made a brave but useless resistance. They were soon overpowered, and those of the crew who were unhurt were placed in irons. A prize crew was then sent on board the captured vessel, and the wounded Don Thomas and his bride were removed to the Chilian schooner.

Immediately on the arrival of the vessel at Valparaiso, a court-martial was held, and contrary to all the usages of civilized warfare, Don Thomas, still unable to stand in consequence of his wounds, was sentenced to immediate execution, for conspiring against the liberties of Chili!

The unhappy widow was landed at Cadiz, whence she soon found her way to her friends, and the Blonde pursued her homeward course. When we arrived at Spithead, the frigate was paid off and laid up in ordinary, and the officers and crew set at liberty.

Lieutenant Marlow, who was a fine, handsome young fellow, of wealthy family, and connected with one of the noblest families of the realm, shortly after set forth on a continental tour, in the course of which he travelled into Spain. Six months after his departure, I read the following paragraph in a copy of the London Times:

"*Madrid, October the 17th.* Lieutenant Henry Marlow, late of her majesty's frigate Blonde, yesterday led to the altar of the Cathedral of Saint Augustin, in this capital, Dona Paula de Zuma, *nee* De Montesca, widow of the late gallant and noble Don Thomas de Zuma, of the Peruvian navy. The dona is reputed to be one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of Andalusia, of which province she is a native. Although a widow, she is but seventeen years of age. The happy pair intend to proceed to Paris, where the marriage ceremony will be repeated in one of the Protestant churches of that city. The family of Dona Paula is noble, her father being a count and a grandee of Spain; we need scarcely remind our readers that Lieutenant Marlow, who is, we understand, in his twenty-third year, is a first cousin of the Earl of Albemarle. He is said to possess an independent fortune in his own right. We wish the bride and bridegroom every happiness."

THE LATE MR. BRUNEL.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes as follows of some well-known characteristics of this distinguished engineer: "The death of Isambard Brunel has excited much sympathy. The verdict on him might be, 'killed by the Great Eastern'—but less by the anxiety consequent upon the completion and starting of the big ship, than by the mortification and disappointment at the cost and bungling of her launching. With that daring independence, or rather defiance of settled opinion, which distinguished Brunel, he had made arrangements for the moving of the Leviathan to the water which were in contradiction with many doctrines hitherto accepted as axioms in ship-launching. Mr. Scott Russel made an offer to the company to contract for the launching for an expense of £15,000. Mr. Brunel pooh-hooed the figure as needlessly costly. His own arrangements cost the company close on $100,000. Yet he never swerved, after once determining his course. Audacity was one leading feature of Brunel's engineering character. I heard an anecdote which illustrates this strikingly. Brunel had views in contradiction to those of his brethren, as to the employment of a peculiar kind of Roman cement in railway bridge building. Other engineers objected to its use, as it hardened too fast to allow the work to settle properly. Not so Brunel. Trusting to his own view, he used this mortar in one of the first large bridges constructed by them for the Great Western line. It fell soon after its erection. Brunel entered the room where the directors were assembled, in discomfited conclave, to discuss the accident. 'I congratulate you, gentlemen, on the fall of —— bridge,' was Brunel's entry on the subject. 'Congratulate us! on an accident involving disaster and the loss of —— pounds?' was the angry and amazed rejoinder. 'Certainly,' said Brunel, coolly. 'I was just about to put up two hundred bridges on the same principle.'"

THE AURORA BOREALIS: WHAT IS IT?

In "A Research into the Laws of Force," by Samuel Elliott Cones, the following passage occurs: "The aurora of the northern regions appears to be an arch in the circuit of the 'magnetic force,' spanning a portion of the earth, as if conducting the flow from where it abounds to where it is needed without passing through the intermediate parts. The shooting cylinders of rays have been compared to the flame which arises in the closed circuit of the voltaic pile between two points of carbon. Is it not a flame stretching between the surcharged and undercharged parts of the earth or atmosphere? That it is a passage of what is called the galvanic fluid we know; for it disturbs the magnetic needle, which often points to the corona of the arch. It indicates a disturbed electric condition; and, while the lightning in the electrical storm shows a sudden transfer of force, the aurora represents a more gradual adjustment of the equilibrium; in the one a disruptive, in the other a conductive discharge. It does not occur in the night time only, but its path may often be traced by day in a circle of half illuminated clouds. It is usually accompanied by a high barometric condition of atmosphere, and great tension of vapor; by all the phases of motion which indicate the presence of more than the usual force. For this reason we consider it a distribution of the magnetism of the polar regions passing over an already well supplied region. With us the aurora most frequently appears after an easterly wind has subsided, and a clear wind from the northwest has begun to diffuse the spare force of the more northerly regions.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HEROES.

Wonderful men, no doubt, were the heroes of ancient Greece, and Macedon, and Rome. Tremendous fellows, too, beyond all question, were the knights of the feudal ages, with the big *espaldrons* or two handed swords, their maces, spears, curtal axes, and other devices for cracking and piercing each other's shells of iron. But that Greeks, Macedonians, Romans, Normans, or any other manner of men of which history or tradition, prose or poetry, has made mention, had more pluck and pith than the civilized sons of Adam at the present day, we utterly deny. All the soldiers of antiquity wore protective armor; the *heroes* of whom the classic historians and bards have so much to say, having been almost *cased* in metal. It was the same with the champions of the age of chivalry. They trusted as much to the invulnerability of their "mail of proof" as to their weapons of offence. Even the *canaille* of the soldiery, in the middle ages, wore jerkins of buff that would resist the edge of an ordinary blade, and head-pieces of steel. Now, as specimens of courage, what were the exploits of men thus protected compared with the charges of modern troops? With unprotected breasts they dash forward to the encounter of the bayonet. They rush with unloaded pieces, up hill, upon batteries which they know must kill two-thirds of the assailing force before it can strike a blow. They march coolly between lines of houses from every window of which the foe is raining death. Against instruments of slaughter compared with which those of the ancient world were toys, they hurl themselves with shouts of exultation. Nothing appals them. Even when forced back by superior numbers, they retreat in order. It is impossible to say what the legions of Cæsar, or the crusaders under Richard the Lion-Hearted, might have done under similar circumstances. They were never subjected to the imminent perils of modern warfare. Modern wars, horribly destructive as they are, afford this consolation to modern pride: they show that the *grit* of the race—or at least of the best part of it—has not degenerated, and that, whatever classical pedants may think or say, the educated and civilized man of to day is at least the peer, in constitutional courage and physical energy, of the man of any preceding age.—*Reynold's Miscellany.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHILDREN.

In France the child is brought up, developes itself, grows and studies under the eyes of its mother. If he walks, she watches him; if he speaks, she listens; if he weeps, she pities him; if he laughs, she laughs with him; if he plays, she joins him. His thoughts, emotions, tears or smiles, joys or griefs—all are shared. The family is not numerous, hardly more than two or three brothers and sisters; but this little world lives under the eyes of the father and mother, and the anxious, active, foreseeing affection of the latter anticipates their wants and wishes. In England there is nothing parallel. There you will not find the tender intimacy, and foresight of our domestic hearths. Almost as soon as a child is born it is confided to strange hands—a Frenchwoman or German takes care of it, and teaches it her own language. Later, it joins its numerous brothers and sisters, and plays and studies with them, under the care of a governess. Once a day, at lunch, the father and mother descend and mix with their children; and in these short moments, when the family is united, I do not know whether respect does not close their young mouths and restrain the rapture of their youthful hearts. The repast finished, the noisy recreation follows, animated and joyous, far from their parents, in separate apartments, under the cold and indifferent eye of the governess.—*M. Loisne's France and England considered.*

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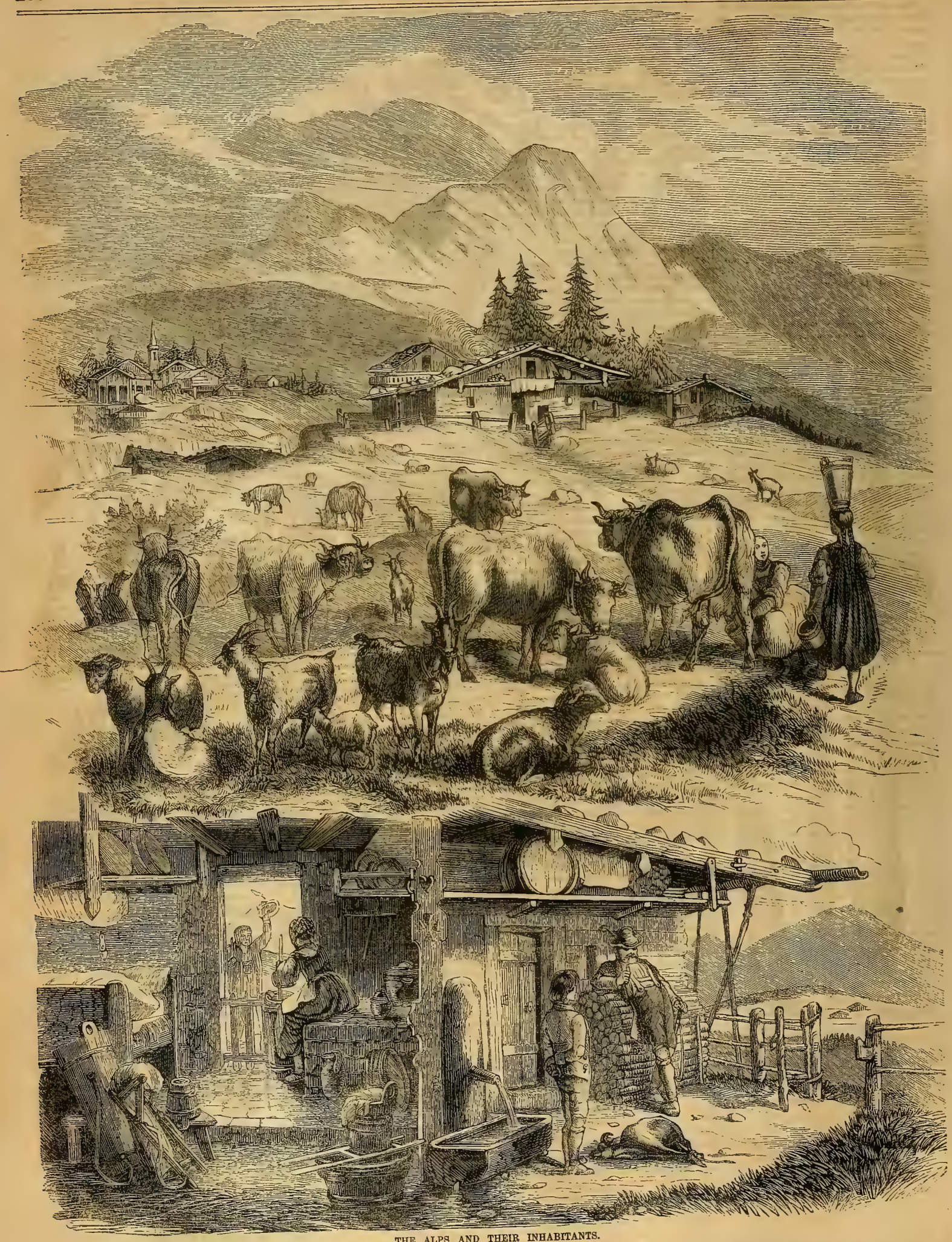

THE ALPS AND THEIR INHABITANTS.

THE ALPS AND CASHMERE.

Of the two companion pictures, on this and the next page, the first represents, in a spirited manner, the dwelling places and occupations of the free and hardy Switzers. We behold the interior of a chalet, with the dairy operations going on, its exterior, with the hunter and the dead chamois, the victim of his unerring aim; above, the herds and flocks that make the wealth of the simple inhabitants, a Swiss cottage, and towering over all, the Alps with their eternal crown of snow. The other picture introduces us to India, and shows us, in one compartment, a pair of the famous Cashmere goats, and in the other the Hindoo weavers, whom these animals supply with the material for their valuable fabrics. There is nothing simpler than the abode of the manufacturer of these magnificent productions. He rents a small plot of ground, puts four sticks into it, fastens them with cross-beams,

CASHMERE AND ITS PRODUCTS.

constructs walls of wicker-work, and the roof with palm leaves; he then instals himself in his hut with his family and tools, the latter of which are few and of the simplest description. The Hindoo knows nothing of the mechanical contrivances to aid him in his work. He first winds his thread on a distaff, erects an oblong frame, and then commences his work with a large wooden needle, very much in the same manner as the workmen in the famous French manufactory of the Gobelins, so well known to all continental travellers. The Hindoo weaver requires eighteen months to make a long shawl, and eight months to weave a square one. To accelerate the work, not unfrequently several men, often five, work at the same shawl. The different parts of it are afterwards sewn together with great skill. An artizan can earn at the utmost four anas, or about four cents a day. This, however, is enough to support life in a country where rice is cheap.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—Certainly some individuals have reason to believe in "lucky days." Alexander the Great was born on the 6th of April. Some of his greatest victories were won on the same day of the same month, and his death also took place on the 6th of April. It was also remarked as propitious by his father, Philip, who achieved great successes on the same day

R. B.—Many coincidents met with in history are curious. For instance: On two occasions, when Jerusalem has been besieged and taken, the names of the principal persons have been the same, the two Popes Urban, two Roman Emperors Frederick, and two Patriarchs Eraclius.

M. C.—On the authority of the Quarterly Review, we may answer the question in the affirmative, that rats are eaten by the French, and that at the siege of Malta they fetched the very high price of a dollar each. The same great authority states that the prejudice of the English against eating them is quite unfounded on any reason, as these animals feed, whenever they can get it, chiefly on grain, and are, therefore, preferable to many things which are in daily use.

TYRO.—"A" becomes "an" before a vowel, or a vowel *sound*.

R. R.—One of the prettiest climbing plants to train round a window, or for other ornamental purposes, is the cobæa. It bears a beautiful large purple flower, and has a very pretty foliage. It was until lately classed with the Bignonias. We have one now growing in our house, having removed it from the garden, as it is not hardy. It is trained round a window. The flowers are large and bell-shaped, and when first opened are of a greenish white; in a day or two, they change to a rich purple.

MRS. C. F., Rockport.—Oral instruction alone can impart a true pronunciation of the French. Pronouncing dictionaries are useful for reference in doubtful cases, after you have learned to speak the language.

THESPIS.—"Inez the Poisoner" is the joint production of F. S. Hill and his late father. It is one of the most affecting plays of the modern drama.

M. C., Baltimore, Md.—The debt of India is very large. A return to the House of Lords shows that the grand total amount of the sums borrowed in India since May, 1857, down to June last, is 108,690,563 rupees, or £10,869,056. Another return shows that in 1858 the debt in India amounted to £60,704,084, and the interest payable to £2,666,275. The amount of home bond debt outstanding in 1857-8 was £8,894,400, and the interest payable £155,776.

THE ZEAL FOR IMPROVEMENT.

There is nothing more strikingly characteristic of the age we live in than the zeal for improvement which marks all classes, and illustrates how wide and general is the spread of intelligence. In former centuries, every discovery and innovation was viewed either with suspicion, scorn or hate, and these prejudices were as rife among the cultivated classes as among the unlettered and ignorant. The Church frowned upon science, and branded with the name of magic every uncomprehended effort of the mind. Copernicus and Galileo saw the dungeons of the Inquisition yawning between them and the exposition of their theories. Jenner encountered a storm of ridicule and hate when he attempted to introduce vaccination, learned physicians leading the van of the assault. When Ambrose Paré proposed to tie up the arteries in cases of amputation, as a substitute for the existing practices of removing limbs with red-hot knives, cauterizing the raw stumps with heated irons, or plunging them into boiling pitch, he was assailed by such a storm of opposition as nearly crushed him.

Intelligent readers need not be reminded that Faust came near meeting death in Paris as a professor of the Black Art, though he printed the Bible by his new process. It was necessary to enlist the services of a strong police force to prevent the mob from destroying the first steam printing press set up in London, so lately as 1814. The introduction of steam navigation in England raised a storm, and a yet greater tempest was evoked by the railroads. "Treatises," we are told, "were written to demonstrate the danger of travelling faster than nine or ten miles an hour, and it was advised that Parliament should restrict the speed at that rate; while some philosophers argued that at a speed of forty miles an hour there would be great difficulty in breathing. The Quarterly Review of 1824, alluding to a proposed railway, said: 'But with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. We will back old father Thames against the Woolwich railway for any sum.'" Dr. Lardner argued the impossibility of navigating the Atlantic by steam not a great while before he came to this country in a steamer.

Thus, up to quite a recent date, the good genius of invention had to fight a battle with the evil genius of prejudice. But the marvels that mind in the manipulation of matter has achieved—ocean steam navigation, the electric telegraph with its control of viewless forces, and its annihilation of time, etherization in its annihilation of pain, the daguerreotype, the photograph, all these successive triumphs have swept away the race of doubters. We are all now believers and workers; and the best proof of this is, that we embark our money readily in the most gigantic enterprises. Projects to make a pathway for thought beneath the waves of the Atlantic, to sever continents by a canal, to build a ship second in size only to Noah's Ark, find their ready millions pouring into the hands of the directors. Nothing surprises, nothing daunts us; we have the fullest faith in the genius of the 19th century, and in its capabilities of indefinite improvements.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

The hopes of those who confidently believed that Louis Napoleon was about to restore the freedom of the press in France have been wofully disappointed. He certainly suffered such a purpose to be inferred, but when the fulfilment of the hope was looked for, he was true to the Napoleonic tradition. Napoleon I. feared a free press more than an "army with banners," and Napoleon III. evidently fears that if he relaxes his repressive measures, another Armand Carrel may rise and prove too strong for his throne. He remembers the part played by the French press in former revolutions, and he dreads to re-awaken its thunder-tones. If his purposes were lofty and his plans patriotic, he would court the freest expression of opinion. But he is neither high-minded nor great enough to champion liberty in France.

Still, standing in the full blaze of the nineteenth century, he must needs speciously plead for his attitude before the world. He tells us through his organ, the *Moniteur*, that the French press *is* free; the government places no restriction on the utterance of opinion. This is but part of the truth. The press is free to publish what it pleases; but if, what pleases itself does not please the emperor, the offending journal receives a "warning," and if that warning is not heeded, it is simply annihilated, the proprietors are ruined, the editor is without employment, and the compositors and pressmen are turned adrift upon the town. Louis Napoleon knows that the "liberty of the press and the liberty of the people must stand or fall together," and he has decreed that they must fall. But only for a season. The mind of France is a mighty force, and cannot be so controlled. Such force, so compressed and so irritated, becomes a terribly explosive element. A few drops of water compressed and exposed to the action of fire, acquires strength enough to rend the firmest structure to its base. Is the ruler of France ignorant that the laws of mind and the laws of matter are in many respects identical?

PLAGIARISM.—A celebrated divine, who prided himself upon his originality, was startled one day by a friend coolly telling him that every word of his favorite discourse was stolen from a book he had at home. The astonished writer begged for a sight of this volume. He was, however, released from his misery by the other smilingly announcing the work in question to be *Worcester's Dictionary*, "where," continued his tormentor, "I undertake to find every word of your discourse."

CRIBBING.—"Mien-Yaun," the Chinese story, which first appeared in the June number of the Atlantic Monthly, is reprinted as the opening original article in the September number of a London magazine. The story was by no means a "mean yarn," and it was very "meen fun" to hook it.

AFFECTATION.—There are many who affect a want of education, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who think them capable of revenge.

MORTUARY TABLETS.—Black marble tablets are preparing for the Historical Museum of Versailles, whereon will be inscribed in golden letters the names of all the French officers that perished in Italy.

BALTIMORE.—There are strong hopes now that the good people of the monumental city will obtain the control of their affairs, in spite of the rowdies.

AN AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER.

In the memoirs of Robert Houdin, the famous French conjurer, just published in Paris, a book well deserving a good translation, we find a very interesting account of Kempelen's celebrated automaton chess-player. It seems that in 1796 a revolt broke out in a regiment stationed at Riga, which was instigated by an officer named Worousky—a man of talent and energy. He was of short stature, but well built. In the rout he had both thighs shattered by a cannon ball, besides receiving other material damage. A Russian physician named Osloff secreted him in his house, and amputated his limbs; Worousky was saved at the expense of about one-half of his body. The man was a wonderful chess player, and Osloff became interested, being a good player himself, in endeavoring to defeat him. Kempelen, who was a celebrated Viennese mechanician, paid a visit to Osloff. He and Osloff combined were defeated by Worousky. Kempelen then conceived the idea of the famous automaton chess-player. This was invented and finished within the period of three months from its conception. Osloff played the first game with it on the 10th of October, 1797. He was beaten, saying, "if I were not certain Worousky is at this moment in bed, I should believe I had been playing with him. Besides," said Osloff, "can you tell me why your automaton plays with the left hand just like Worousky?" Worousky then spoke to his friend from the interior of the automaton. It will be remembered that the automaton always used the left hand, a defect always attributed to the carelessness of the constructor, when, in fact, Worousky had but the left hand to use.

VESTVALI.

Contrary to prediction, Vestvali, the saucy, dashing Italian singer, has been wonderfully successful in Paris. Nothing is talked of but her Romeo, and the splendid aluminium armor she wears. But the chronicle does not halt here. Alas, for poetry and romance! Vestvali has passed from plumptitude to corpulence, yea, even ponderosity. Only think of a fat lover for the gentle Juliet! A Falstaffian inamorato climbing by a silken ladder to the "high top-gallant of his hope." Juliet tells us that if her love should die, she'd cut him up in little stars. Vestvali would make several jolly constellations. Opera-singers have a most unfortunate facility for taking on flesh, and when one of them is verging towards forty, she is always in a fair way to look like a Japanese wrestler. It is one of the misfortunes of the profession.

A LOT OF LOVERS.—There is a young lady residing in Cincinnati who has no less than *seventeen* lovers. For some time past they have been quarrelling among themselves as to who had the best claims to her affection. The other evening they chanced to meet, and, after talking the matter over, agreed to submit the case to Squire John McFall. The squire settled the matter, outside of his legal capacity, by giving the young lady into the hands of one of the party, who, by the by, was fortunate enough to possess her daguerreotype. All hands were satisfied.

CHELSEA BRIDGE.—The city authorities of Chelsea give notice that a petition will be sent to the legislature in 1860, setting forth that the public convenience requires that the Chelsea bridge, between the cities of Charlestown and Chelsea, should be made free, and they therefore pray that such laws may be passed as will secure the removal of tolls from said bridge.

SPAIN AND ROME.—The Florence correspondent of the London Times says a treaty was signed in August between the papal government and the Queen of Spain, by which the latter engages to occupy the Roman States with her troops when the French forces are withdrawn.

THE MODERN HELEN.—"The handsomest woman on the stage" is said to be Miss Crutelli, one of Strakosch's opera troupe. She is a masculine contralto, like Vestvali.

THE REASON.—The N. Y. Saturday Press says why Australian Kelly, the pugilist, was defeated, was because they set a Price upon his head.

AN OLD PAPER.—The New Hampshire Gazette lately commenced its *one hundred and fourth year!*

ROSA BONHEUR'S PICTURES.

The exhibition of her famous "Horse Fair," "Muleteers," and "Highland Cattle," some portraits of horses, and several photographs and engravings, have made us pretty familiar with the powers of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur. We recognize in her productions a conscientious study of nature, a masterly accuracy of drawing, rich color, bold handling, a vigor and frankness that disdain finesse and pettiness. These are high merits, and Mlle. Bonheur deservedly enjoys high estimation. She stands foremost in her class of artists, but that class is not a high one. However pleasing and gratifying as transcripts of nature, her pictures do not reach high art. There is no sentiment, no suggestiveness in them. They are simply portraits of cattle, destitute of refining associations; so much beef, so much mutton or wool, if you please, so many francs' worth of horseflesh. The frame of the canvass bounds the subject. We must be satisfied with what lies within it and before us. We must still go to Landseer for the poetry of animal painting. The life of Landseer's animals is associated with the higher life of man. They suggest refining and elevating thoughts. His accessories are links of a golden chain that unites us to a world beyond. His groups are almost always symbolical; Rosa Bonheur's never. She lacks both fancy and imagination; these are gifts of the English artist which impart a magic to his pencil. One of his least ambitious pictures represents a shepherd's dog watching, with the fidelity that survives death, the coffin that contains the remains of his beloved master, in a lonely Highland hut. This is more than a picture; it is a poem. It is full of emotional interest. It awakens thought and fancy, and calls up a crowd of images and ideas. Study, too, his celebrated companion-pictures, "War" and "Peace." How grandly suggestive they are! In both of them the animals are admirably drawn, and this is no small merit, but association with the most momentous events of the life of man lifts the paintings in which they figure into the sphere of high art. For all this, Rosa Bonheur is a charming artist. There are many panels and niches in the temple of Art, and her productions worthily fill their appropriate place. When we consider her sex and her age, their achievement appears truly wonderful; while intrinsically, they are meritorious and valuable.

OLD FOLKS.—One of the enumerators of the school census in Cincinnati, in his perambulations in search of the school children, entered a domicil, where he found a lady, who said that she was *one hundred and twelve years old*, and, on making inquiry of her whether she had any children about the house, she replied that she "had but one boy, at work in the other room, and he was *eighty-one years of age!*"

VALUABLE WORKS OF ART LOST.—The ship Josiah Quincy, lost on its voyage from Leghorn to Boston, had on board a very valuable collection of works of art, belonging to our citizens who have recently visited Italy. The paintings, bronzes, books, photographs, bas reliefs, ancient arms and armor, and statuary that sunk in her, cost many thousands of dollars.

OIL SPRING.—The oil spring lately discovered at Titusville, Pa., is described by the correspondent of the New York Tribune as yielding 500 gallons of crude oil a day. The supply does not seem to be affected by the quantity that is taken out.

A FAT OFFICE.—They say that the Superintendent of Publication, in Louisiana, receives a salary of three thousand dollars, for which he is required to sign his name four times, thus getting seven hundred and fifty dollars for each time he writes his name.

FRENCH RAILROADS.—During the present Napoleon's reign the French have constructed railways to the extent of more than 7000 kilometres, or about 4500 miles, and they have spent three milliard francs, or £120,000,000 upon the task.

CONCORD GRAPE.—The Concord grape has maintained its superiority the present season in ripening its fruit where other varieties have almost wholly failed.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CROPS.—The hay crop in New Hampshire has been very abundant, but the corn and potatoes are below the average.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

We well remember, says the Traveller, an anecdote of Daniel Webster, related to us by a lady who passed away in the bloom of life, which disproves a very common supposition that the manner of Mr. Webster was cold and repulsive. When a child of eleven years of age, she was travelling in a stage to Concord, N. H. This was before the railroad extended to that place, and when it was a tedious day's journey from Boston. Among the passengers was Daniel Webster, who was on his way to Concord to deliver an oration. The young girl knew not of his fame as an orator, which had then reached its meridian height. There was nothing about him to inspire awe, and she was soon on the best terms with the great statesman. He chatted with her, told her stories, joked with her, got out at the wayside taverns to procure for her water, and when she was tired, nestled her to sleep in his arms. Occasionally he would seem abstracted. His lips moved, and he was probably conning over his oration for the morrow. But a word from his young companion, who was to him but a waif on the sea of travel, would again light up his countenance with a smile. Thus they journeyed upon the best of terms, until they reached Concord, when the guns spoke a welcome, and the stage was quickly surrounded by a crowd eager to catch a glimpse of the opponent of Hayne, and the statesman whose praise was upon every tongue. The young girl shrunk back affrighted, and timidly inquired of Mr. Webster what the noise was about. "It is to welcome you to Concord," replied Mr. Webster, gaily, as he lifted her from the stage and bore her to the steps of the hotel. He then turned to respond to the cheers and congratulations of his friends.

The young girl never saw Mr. Webster again. But she cherished the memory of his features with pleasure. She remembered his dark, cavernous eyes, his massive brow, and his dark features, but they were remembered as possessing a geniality and brightness that were never produced in any picture or bust which she afterwards saw. It is perhaps noticeable, as a coincidence, that while the bells were tolling in Boston for the funeral ceremonies of Mr. Webster, and the procession of sorrowing thousands was passing through the streets, the spirit of this young girl, then a wife and a mother, took its departure, to renew, perhaps, in a bright world the acquaintance of a day which had been to her so pleasant.

Litigation.—A singular suit is being tried in Port au Prince. A man named Archer had sold to one Jean Simon, an official of the ex-emperor, $10,000 worth of goods, for payment of which he brought action in 1857. The justice of the claim was acknowledged by the courts, but the whole affair was declared null, because the prosecutor had neglected in the necessary documents to add to the name of the defendant the title, "Baron, attached to the State of his majesty the emperor." The plaintiff now renews his suit, hoping to be more successful under republican than he was under imperial justice.

Boston Streets.—The Hartford Times says: "That witty counsellor, guide, philosopher and friend C. C. esq., was in Boston lately, when he inquired of a good-looking man the direction to such a place. Good-looking man says—'you keep straight up that street, and'—C. C., 'Did you say *straight?*' 'Yes.' 'Well, it can't be did.' And it can't in any street in Boston." The New Haven Palladium adds its mite, as follows: "The 'good-looking man' had been reading Hood's lines

'*Straight* down the *crooked* lane,
And all *round* the *square*.'"

Autumn Leaves.—The fallen leaves of our trees, gorgeous with their prismatic colors, are now eagerly sought after in England, where they are woven into wreaths and worn by aristocratic beauties.

Complimentary.—The New York Saturday Press likens the Garibaldi, as represented on the boards of the New Bowery Theatre, to the captain of a target company.

The Cholera.—Only think of this fell disease decimating the buffaloes on the western prairies.

Aerial Navigation.—Ballooning seems to be going down—balloons do certainly.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

Colonel Samuel Swett lately presented to the New England Historic Genealogical Society a manuscript poem on the death of the only son of Governor John Hancock, at the age of ten years. Gov. Hancock had one daughter who died in early infancy, and he was thus left childless like many other of the revolutionary patriots and heroes. The circumstance of the death of Gov. Hancock's son, said Colonel Swett, was peculiar and interesting. In the Arabian Nights we have an account of a king's son, whose fate, it was foretold, would be to be killed by a lion. His anxious parents accordingly took every precaution to keep him aloof from a menaced fatality. He was not allowed to hunt, and was much confined in a palace, where, for his amusement, many animals of the forest were painted on the walls, and among them his dreaded foe, the lion. Provoked at his confinement, the restrained youth struck a violent blow at the hateful lion, and a concealed nail under the picture inflicted a fatal wound, and verified the dreadful prophecy. Similar was the fate of Hancock's only son. His parents, to avoid the dangers of skating, sent him to practise it under the especial care of an old retired domestic of the governor at Braintree—Henry Smith. The poor youth, while engaged in this amusement, under all these precautions, fell upon the ice and was mortally wounded in the head. These circumstances are described in the striking illustrated manuscript obituary notice of him by a schoolmate of his at the time of his death—the late Samuel Adams Dorr of Roxbury. This manuscript has been preserved in a remarkably unimpaired state, said Colonel Swett, and was lately presented to me by the family of Mr. Dorr, and I have the pleasure of presenting it now to this society, in the hope that the same devoted care will be extended to it by them.

About Bears.—At Manitouwoc, Wisconsin, one night recently, the residence of a Mr. Greenman, near that place, was visited by a huge bear, which deliberately placed his fore paws on the window sill of Mr. G.'s bedroom, awakening him from his slumbers. Supposing the animal to be a cow, Mr. G. went to his door to drive it away, when he again met bruin, ready to come in, and having no other weapon than a jack-plane, he threw it at him. The bear apparently decamped, but the loss of three fine shoats in the morning assured Mr. G. that his pig-pen had also been examined by his visitor.

Charles Matthews.—Mr. Charles Matthews is sharply criticised in the London Daily News: "We find him now scarcely recognizable as his former self, and falling short in every single point in which he was formerly so great. He has lost his vivacity, his fire, and actually his marvellously quick perception and reproduction of the ludicrous has apparently failed him."

Worth remembering.—Any one residing within fifty miles of Boston, can hand his magazines, sheet music, or newspapers, to the express, tied up with the directions, and addressed to our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be bound up strong and handsome, at a trifling charge, and *returned in one week.*

Pleasant Communication.—A young Hebrew gentleman of New York, writes to a father of that city, that if he does not bestow his daughter's hand on the letter-writer, he will murder him before the holidays are over. "Your daughter or your life," is a new way of popping the question.

A Printer's Excuse.—A correspondent entered an office, and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his communication, when the typo earnestly replied, "I'm not a pointer—I'm a setter."

An Odometer.—A new invention is spoken of for measuring distances, which promises to be very useful. It is attached to a buggy or carriage wheel, and so arranged as to strike at every mile.

Charles Kingsley.—This celebrated writer is said to be engaged in the composition of a new novel on a historical subject of much interest.

Query by a Landsman.—Does a ship wear whalebone in her stays, and does she ever suffer from tight lacing?

Wayside Gatherings.

There are six thousand dentists in the United States.

In the Cincinnati jail there are now fourteen prisoners charged with murder in the first degree.

In fifty-one counties of Indiana, according to the assessors' returns, there are 1,245,990 hogs.

New Orleans, for the first time for forty years, has this season been free from epidemic of any sort.

Lead is being shipped from Kansas City to St. Louis in considerable quantities. It is hauled over one hundred miles.

W. W. Walker, Jr., the editor of the Columbia, S. C., Courant, has received a legacy of $525,000 from an English relative.

T. Buchanan Read is engaged in painting a subject taken from Cooper's novel of the "Wept of Wish-ton-Wish."

Upper Canada has not for several years had so bounteous a harvest as has lately been gathered.

The word London is of Sclavonic origin, and signifies a town upon water. *Lon* is the Sclavonic for water, and *Don*, city.

The claim of Philip Arnold, of Yuba county, California, is the richest one in existence. It yields sometimes $1000 a day.

The clergy of Springfield, Ohio, have united in publishing a remonstrance against the holding of lotteries at church and charitable fairs.

The Montreal Transcript says that, although the Victoria Bridge will doubtless be completed by the end of November, the grand inauguration will not take place until next year.

The journeyman bricklayers of New York have raised about $800 for the aid of their fellow craftsman of London, who have been on a strike for five months.

Mr. C. E. Norton is to collect and arrange his papers on the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, which have found favor with the scholarly readers of the "Atlantic Monthly."

The Philadelphia Press says: "One of the great secrets of the commercial success of New York is unquestionably the pains studiously taken there to present attractions to strangers."

A physician named John Gorrie, of Apalachicola, Florida, has invented an apparatus for freezing by steam! The next step will be to warm ourselves with a snow-bank.

The old Cushman house in Bernardston, Mass., built in 1785, which has been the residence of five generations of Cushmans, was destroyed by fire recently.

An eagle was set upon and beaten off by three crows, on the shore of Seneca Lake, a few days ago, so that his kingship got away to the clouds as rapidly as possible. It is supposed that the crows were defending their nests.

Powell, whose picture of the "Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto," is in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, has been commissioned by the State of Ohio to paint "The Battle of Lake Erie," for the Capitol of that State.

The city of Wilmington, Del., is so well satisfied with the recent experiments with the water gas at that place, that preparations are now being made, says the Wilmington Journal, to dispense with coal gas and use the water gas exclusively.

Five years since, a farmer in Illinois, notwithstanding all his neighbors insisted he was playing the fool, set out on his farm one thousand peach trees, and this season he was offered ten thousand dollars for the crop, which he afterwards sold in the lot for fourteen thousand dollars.

P. T. Barnum, Esq., intends to improve East Bridgeport by setting out a large number of shade trees along the highway. This is a good idea—and one which every land holder ought to act upon. It not only looks well, but it adds much to the value of the property. Mr. Barnum has advertised for one thousand trees to enable him to carry out his plans.

The village of South Braintree, Mass., is rapidly increasing in wealth and numbers, and at present exhibits much thrift and enterprise. Several fine buildings are now going up, which will add much to the appearance of the place. The entire village has been built up within eight years, and its future bids fair to be as prosperous as the past.

In Hadley, Mass., the tobacco crop which has just been harvested is valued at about $40,000, about double the value of 25,000 bushels of corn, the crop that has been ordinarily raised in that town for the last twenty years. The latter crop would require about seven hundred acres for its cultivation, while the tobacco has been raised on about two hundred acres.

The new oyster placer off Norfolk has yielded 250,000 bushels of oysters the day. This is better than Pike's Peak. It is estimated that the "placer" cannot be exhausted in five years. The origin of the bed is supposed to be the wreck of a Connecticut schooner with a deck load of thirty bushels of "seedling oysters" on the spot eighteen years ago.

A Western paper says, we have received a box of very superior Isabella and Catawba grapes, from the vineyard of Mr. Werk, in Green township, near Cincinnati. The vineyard from which they were picked comprises 65 acres, the produce of which this season is estimated in wine at fifteen thousand gallons, worth $60,000. Mr. Werk has the reputation of making a very pure article of wine.

Sands of Gold.

.... One loses all the time which he can employ better.—*Rousseau.*

.... Happiness is like a diamond, and pleasure like a drop of water.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Treason is like diamonds—there's nothing to be made by the small trader.—*Jerrold.*

.... There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know a little.—*Bacon.*

.... Perhaps I should have the right to hate my fellows, but I hate hatred.—*De Boufflers.*

.... The character that needs law to mend it, is hardly worth the tinkering.—*Jerrold.*

.... Genius is nothing more t[...] faculty of laboring to adv[...]—*Pa*[...] men was [...]oring
[...]ght mistake; I con-

... Diffidence is a tardin[...]owing to some un-
often leaves the history unspok[...] stances, I found
to do.—*Shakspeare.* were not pos-

.... If you would avoid being[...]uth and inno-
your servants, wait as much as p[...]h my boyish
yourself.—*Simms.* [...]nvested them;

.... Inquisitive people are th[...]ere were many
versation; they do not take i[...], although this ex-
own use, but merely to pass i[...] made me watchful
in discovering the

.... The study of lit[...]vels of the sex. And I often
entertains old age, ado[...] in my decisions, as the
versity, is delightful at [...] case shows; I first
abroad.—*Cicero.* [...]ion of you as I

.... The most successful peopl[...]st four weeks
who have but one object and pursue it[...]t a happy
sistence. "The great art," says Goethe,[...]ed you to
diciously to limit and isolate oneself."—*Bo*[...]ter, and

.... When a man has nothing in the wo[...]dmired
lose, he is then in the best condition to s[...]y pun-
for the public good everything that is h[...] for if
Jerrold. [...]were

.... The most dangerous men are those w[...] to
have a reputation for probity. To quarrel with[...]er
such is to have all the world take sides against[...]e
you.—*Bovee.*

.... Taught by experience to know my own blindness, shall I speak as if I could not err, and as if others might not, in some disputed points be more enlightened than myself?—*Channing.*

.... To put up with the world humbly is better than to control it. This is the very acme of virtue. Religion leads to it in a day; philosophy only conducts to it by a lengthened life, misery or death.—*Lamartine.*

.... Good counsel, when the fit is on us, is the very worst sort of impertinence. "Your words are very good," said the Seminole chief to the preacher; "I have heard you; yet, after all, the pain is here—still here in the temples."—*Simms.*

Joker's Budget.

Dobbs says tailors would make splendid dragoons, they *charge* so.

Why is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer? Because he raises stories.

What did a blind wood-sawyer take to restore his sight? He took his horse, and saw.

"Don't eat a fellow up," as the Cape Cod girls say when they are kissed.

What is that that belongs to yourself, yet is used by everybody? Your name.

On a frosty day what two fish ought we to tie together? *Skates* and *soles.*

Why is it always proper to take up a penny collection? Because there is some cents (sense) in it.

The "*Deacon's*" last conundrum: Which is the quickest, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

Dr. South says that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough.

Why should a tetotaller refrain from marrying? Because, if he got a wife, his principles would not permit him to sup *porter!*

Mrs. Partington is opposed to the *Home Exemption* law, because men, she says, would stay away all night. "Bless her old heart!"

Why is a hog the most extraordinary animal in creation? Because you first kill him and afterwards cure him.

A man's wedding day should be called his "bridal day;" the orthography of that word is wrong, and it should be written, "*bridle day.*"

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am," answered the girl, "I don't live now—I'm married."

Editors, however much they may be biased, are fond of the word impartial. A Connecticut editor once gave an "impartial account of a hail storm."

A late writer says that the skies of Italy are bluer than anything he ever saw, with the exception of Miss Smith's eyes. Miss Smith is the young woman he sits up with.

In St. Giles's, the following notice was lately posted in the window of a lodging house: "Hay, sack and flour to let, chickens and carrot." The purport of the notice was: "A second floor to let, kitchen and garret."

A Rhode Island lad, under examination by a Connecticut schoolmaster, being asked: "How many gods are there?" the boy, after scratching his head some time, replied—"I don't know how many you have in Connecticut; but we have none in Rhode Island!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WOMAN HATER.

BY C. L. BENT.

Now, dear Grace, throw aside your book, seat yourself beside me on the sofa, and let me tell you some of the "chances and changes" which have visited me, your loving Kate, since we parted on the steps of the old seminary at Vineland. Don't shake your sunny curls at me; I promise you, my sober little dame, I have done nothing w "lucky n my scrapes at school would born on the 6th of A ries were won on the sa Miss Grace Allen a sharer his death also took pla forgotten deeds of lang syne? also remarked as p achieved great sugar ear," and I will commence.

R. B.—Many coin For instance: are receiving the caresses of fond been besieged had come to convey you to your persons have b Roman Emperors Virginia, I was whirled along in clus. he residence of my as yet unmay answer the questi erhaps you may not remem- are eaten by the French, they fetched the very high pr of my father two years same great authority states the guardianship I was English against eating them reason, as these animals with his family in Euchiefly on grain, &c. ir stay there had been protracted things which ar

TRO.—"A" ba month or two before I finished my *sound.*

R. R.—One ne seminary, I had never met any of round a Mr. Manly was an old and dear friend of the co and haer's, and I hoped, for *his* sake, he would classed only child; I knew nothing of his wife in our is non, except that the latter was still abroad; flow are item was quite pleasing to me, for I knew M yet how I should be received, and also had no particular desire to be *bored* by the presence of a young fop affecting Parisian style and manners; such then was my opinion of the gentleman. My feelings were anything but enviable during the journey; remembrances of my father, the vain endeavor to recall the features of my mother, who left me when a child to watch over me in heaven, the painful thought that they would not meet me at my journey's end and fold me in their embrace, the desire to be back in our old room with Gracie by my side—these thoughts and many more came thronging before my mind's vision.

But I was soon called from my sorrowful meditations to the busy world without by the stopping of the train at my destination, and dashing aside the truant tears, I left the car with the most resolute air I could summon; certainly my *face* could not have worn a happy expression, nor a very bewitching one either, covered as it was with a mixture of tears and cinders. The carriage which conveyed me from the depot, soon stopped before a large, handsome mansion, and while I was gazing at my future home with admiration of its beauty and doubt as to its inmates, I found myself folded in the arms of a portly old gentleman, and was not long in learning that it was my guardian. I will not tell you how delighted I was with him and his gentle, invalid wife, to whom he immediately conducted me; suffice it, that I felt at once at home; all my fears were dispelled, and my gaiety returned with, I am sorry to say, redoubled force, nor did days as they passed, bring me any dissatisfaction with my new situation. I found myself the pet of the house; "it was just what we needed," lively Mr. Manly said; "you, wife, wanted somebody to read and chat with you, and I wanted a companion in romping, and I guess my little Kate answers for both," so day after day I rode with him, sailed, played chess, and at last laughingly proposed stealing apples from a neighbor's tree, "for a change," but as this did not quite meet with his approval, the praiseworthy feat has not yet been attempted. (Don't look so shocked, Grace, we have only delayed it till we can have you to help us.)

But if my hours with Mr. Manly were gay, those spent with his wife were more instructive, and not less happy. She was often confined for weeks to her room, but one did not feel when with her as with an invalid, so patient and gentle was she in her sufferings, and her face always wore the same pleasant smile. The moments flew swiftly by as I read to her from her favorite authors, and while giving her pleasure, I was myself acquiring a taste for those books which, when perused in other scenes, seemed to me dull and uninteresting. I now for the first time saw *sense* in poetry, and when listening to the nicely modulated tone of her voice, felt my cheeks glow with a keen appreciation of, and sympathy in, the poet's sentiments.

Besides these dear parents in all but name, I soon found many pleasant friends in the families that clustered around us; one, a bright brunette, had a large share of my love, and held in part your place; at my request, she often spent several weeks with me, and her vivacity and good-nature made her a very desirable companion. One morning in June we were seated with our work in the cool breakfast-room, when we were startled by the sudden and hurried entrance of my guardian with an open letter in his hand; our fear that he had received ill news was dissipated by his exclaiming, "Hurra, hurra, girls! now for rides and sails! Patch up your old dresses for fresh races! Ned's in New York—steamer arrived yesterday—he'll be here tomorrow," and he rushed from the room to tell his wife the, to them, joyful tidings.

"There," I said to Sue, "that is just what I expected; no sooner am I nicely settled here, having a good time, than this dandy must come home; I wish the attractions of the old world had kept him away longer, I shall be bored to death by the fellow."

"Ha, ha! Kate, don't be frightened; you wont be troubled with his attentions or conversation, I promise you; why, my dear little piece of ignorance, don't you know he is that immaculate, keep-your-distance sort of a creature dubbed a *woman hater!* Perhaps he may favor you with a slight bend of his classic head, and he will think you highly honored thereby; but you have made another mistake in regard to the gentleman; he is many degrees removed from a *dandy.*"

"But tell me, Sue, how can the son of so excellent a mother dislike her sex? Such a kind and constant friend as she has proved, certainly cannot be aught but a loving and self-sacrificing parent, and from the extracts she has frequently read me from his letters, I should judge he appreciated and fully returned her affection."

"Your surmises are correct, and at twenty-one he was as agreeable to every woman as to his mother, but his feelings underwent a great change by the disappointment of a dear friend, one who had been his playmate in youth, his chum at college, and was at that time his partner in business; he was engaged to a beautiful but flighty young lady, who had always appeared to *him* the image of constancy and devoted love, but she met one richer in this world's goods, and abandoned true worth for an elegant mansion and showy equipage. Since this sad incident in his friend's life, Mr. Edward has lost all trust in women, thinks them all false, whether fair or *black*, so beware, 'Katie darling,' how you conduct yourself when he comes, or, in addition to his indifference, you will excite his disgust, and wouldn't that be a terrible blow, ma chere?" So saying, the witch, care-for-nought elf showered a handful of prairie roses over my head and face, and rushed past me, laughing at my endeavors to extricate them from my tangled locks.

On the afternoon of the following day all was preparation and expectancy; it was the hour of the long-absent son's return, and while his parents were anxiously awaiting him below, I was seated in my room with my ever-busy thoughts for companions. Yes, I said to myself, Edward Manly shall find there is one woman who can meet his coolness with equal indifference; he shall find that, in spite of his well-known sentiments, I can day by day, in his presence, continue a round of flirting and romping; I shall also express my own opinions without reserve, even if they differ from his in every particular. Doubtless he thinks the school-girl will be awed by his haughty manners, but he will find his match in Kate Percival. Let me think of the first way to show my independence. Now I have it! Aunt Mary (by this more familiar name did I now call Mrs. Manly) has often remarked his preference for simplicity in dress, particularly at family parties, so adieu to simplicity, and I threw aside the blue muslin which I had intended to wear, and searched my wardrobe through and through for the most showy evening dress I possessed. After considerable delay in the selection, I adorned myself with a flounced silk, trimmed with innumerable laces and ruffles; my hair, which I usually wound in a heavy braid round my head, I dressed in the most elaborate manner my poor brain could devise. While I was accomplishing these unusual duties of my toilette, the cause of them arrived, and as I was adding the "last touches," the tea-bell rang; leaving my room, I met Sue, who was also on her way below. Now she was rather fond of dress, and to-day had bestowed additional care on her attire, and as we entered the supper-room together, I had hard work to restrain my laughter at our brilliant and somewhat ridiculous appearance.

We were introduced; I received the "slight bend of his classic head," which Sue had so faithfully described, while my observing eye noted the sarcastic smile which flitted across his features as he carelessly glanced at me; this I attributed to my dress, and it was all I needed to insure my gravity. I dashed into a light conversation with Colonel Easton, Sue's lively cousin, and a frequent visitor at my guardian's; this, however, did not prevent my occasionally stealing a glance at the gentleman the other side of the table, and as I soon found he was conferring his attention entirely to his parents and would not observe my occupation, I had abundant opportunities to gratify my curiosity as to his looks. Dark brown locks shaded a brow on which was stamped in bold delineations a wealth of manly thought and action, his eyes, sad in their darkness, flashed with earnestness when narrating to his father the exciting incidents of his travel, and in turn softened into tenderness as he glanced at his pale mother, and in gentle tones told her his joy at being by her side once more. His features were by no means regular, but with those eyes and hair, I could not be anything but charmed with his face; I soon, however, found my enthusiasm fast cooling, for at a remark addressed to him by poor Sue (who was doing her best, as she afterwards told me, to swallow her prejudice with her toast and be as agreeable as possible to him for once), the kindling expression vanished, and one could hardly have recognized in the constrained, chillingly polite tones which answered her, the full, ringing voice which a moment before fell upon the listening ear. The short summer evening soon passed, Edward Manly continuing his devotion to his mother, and the colonel lavishing his attentions on us. Mr. Manly was stretched in a most unromantic manner on the sofa, his very audible snores conveniently filling the occasional pauses in the conversation.

Now followed in rapid succession the rides and sails which Mr. Manly had foretold when he announced his son's expected arrival; and although that son did not often accompany us, yet the numerous visitors who came to spend some of the hot days of July and August with us in our cool retreat, were continually forming new plans, and evidently were enjoying themselves. When Edward *did* grant us his company, he invariably attached himself to some of the gentlemen, and as there were more *lords* than ladies in the party (a fortunate, but I grieve to say *rare* occurrence), he was always sure of an entire exemption from attendance on the latter. I, in the meantime, was carrying on any number of *harmless* flirtations, always sure of Colonel Easton for a stand-by; with Edward I scarcely exchanged a word, excepting the mere salutations of the day, while I was convinced that his opinion of me was by no means an exalted one—in fact, he seemed to consider Kate Percival the most depraved of the feminines in the house; occasionally during some of my mad sallies with the colonel, I detected that same sarcastic smile, and more than once I met his cold glance when I delivered some *peculiarly edifying* speech, but as a general thing, he seemed utterly oblivious of my existence. My suspicions were at length confirmed. One day Aunt Mary had one of those severe headaches with which in summer she was so often afflicted; at such times, the morning was always spent by her alone, as her extreme nervousness made the presence of any one intolerable. It had always been my custom, as it was her desire, at a certain hour when the intensity of the pain had abated somewhat, to bathe her head and fan her till she fell asleep. That day at the usual time, I was passing through the hall on my way to her room, when hearing some one approach, I stepped into a little recess waiting for the comer to pass. As the footsteps neared my retreat, I became aware that they were produced by two persons, and soon I heard the well-known tones of Edward's voice in conversation with Milly, an old and faithful servant of the family.

"Milly," he said, "I have just seen your mistress, the violence of her sufferings is diminished and she has sent for Miss Percival, though," he added, with a sneer which was perceptible, in spite of his efforts to conceal it, "I should think her rustling silks and ceaseless prating were little suited to a sick room, but she desires it, and you had better call the young lady." They passed, and the young lady darted forward, now fully decided as to the impression she had made.

The next morning Edward left us, as he said to be absent a fortnight; his business, which had been somewhat neglected since his return, required his immediate presence in a neighboring city, and he left with regret the repose and quiet of his country home for burning bricks and dusty pavements. His departure was the signal for my re-adopting old manners and dress, and I welcomed with delight the freedom and ease of muslins and cambrics, in exchange for the uncomfortable silks with which I had tortured myself for the last four weeks; perhaps I was not so pleasing to the colonel's eye as when possessed of the flatteries of dress, but I did not care for that; for the next fortnight I was determined to seek my own comfort, and the opinion of others was of no moment to me. But I was dissatisfied with myself in one respect; I missed Edward Manly! In vain I scolded myself and cried, "shame, Kate Percival, where is now your boasted independence? Why give a thought to the 'woman hater'?" It was no use, *miss him I did.* More than this, I found myself often yawning and wishing it was night, glancing at my watch and suggesting early hours; the same spirit which, when he was present, prompted me to be gay, in his absence took away all desire for mirth, and robbed the society of others of all charm. No longer having an object in view, my ardor for rides and excursions soon cooled, and my spirited flirtations met with an abrupt conclusion, but as a much-desired substitute, I resumed my pleasant readings with Aunt Mary; these had been given up some time before, as her son spent much of his time by her side, and thus had taken my part. I had felt much disappointment at losing my pleasantest occupation, but had said nothing, knowing that he could much more acceptably perform the duties which were, of course, as dearly prized by him as by me; I could not think he valued them more. Mrs. Manly, in the kindness of her heart, was glad that I could be released from them, as she noticed my seemingly increasing love for society, and was willing to gratify it; now, however, we spent many hours again together, and they seemed to me fraught with even more happiness than the bygone. As I entered her room one evening, the thought struck me that that was the tenth day of Edward's stay in the city, and consequently a few days would bring about a reverse in the state of affairs; determined, however, to enjoy the present, I recalled my thoughts from the *almost* regret with which I had for a moment looked upon his return, and commenced reading aloud a favorite chapter from Ivanhoe; interested anew in the oft-perused story, I turned leaf after leaf, forgetful of the passing moments, the silence of Mrs. Manly showing that she was also wholly absorbed in the words of the master-novelist. Suddenly aroused to a remembrance of ourselves by a loud burst of laughter from the merry group below, I lifted my eyes from the book to ask if I should continue, when what was my astonishment at beholding Edward Manly seated near the door in a listening attitude, and with an air of composure which told me he had been an occupant of the room for some time; the shaded light had prevented his mother's observing him, and thus I had had an unknown auditor. Rushing unceremoniously from the room, I hastened to my chamber, where I remained the rest of the evening, angry with myself at my stupidity in not noting his entrance, and mortified that he had seen me thus. Of course, I thought, he knows now my former manners were assumed, or I should have been in the drawing-room spending the evening, as I was accustomed when he was at home—then in place of flounces, he saw only a plain muslin (the identical one, Grace, I threw aside the day he made his first appearance here). Well, it will be a farce now to continue my former extravagances, but I *believe* I shall dislike him more than ever; with this *believe* still unsettled in my mind, I fell asleep, but I shall not tell you the silly things that happened to me in Dreamland.

The next morning I went down to breakfast trying to look very unconscious, and still uncertain how to conduct myself, but I fear my efforts to preserve my indifference met with poor success; before the meal was over, I rallied my spirits sufficiently to plan a horseback ride, and as the idea was an agreeable one to all, confined as we had been by the pelting rain to the house for the last two days, we were soon mounted, and I found the brisk trot in the fresh morning air quite beneficial. It chanced as we were returning, one of the party expressed a wish to visit a certain spring, which was some ways distant by a different path; as Sue and I were the only ones

who were acquainted with its locality, we were called upon to guide the others; Sue, who by the way was something of a lazy body, complained of fatigue, and as several others preferred pursuing their course homeward, we separated, I leading some five or six to the desired spot. Among this number was Edward, and with some trepidation I observed him approaching me; the idea of riding by his side all that distance, was rather formidable, but as the other four persons consisted of two engaged lovers, and a young husband and wife who were as yet inseparable, I saw no alternative, so lashing the bushes with my whip as we rode along, I tried to look as demure as possible, occasionally stealing a sly glance at my companion from under my feathers. At first all was silence—truly delightful, I thought—we trotted on a little farther. "I wonder how long this will last," I whispered to myself—silence still. "Unendurable," I ejaculated, aside, with a smart stroke on poor Jennie's neck, and at last unable to restrain myself any longer, I turned to him, exclaiming: "Mr. Manly, *if* you are going to ride with me, and *if* you don't want to hear *my* 'ceaseless prating,' you must talk yourself, for I abominate silence."

"Well, Miss Percival," he replied, not noticing my quotation, "I have been on the point of addressing you several times, and have been thinking of the best manner to word my ideas, so *if* you can tolerate the conversation of one who has never possessed the art of flattery, and the usual *small talk* used by gentlemen toward the fair sex, I will try what plain fact can do towards relieving the monotony of our ride."

"For which you shall have my hearty thanks, and as our path does not present many objects of interest, suppose you commence at once," I rejoined, fast losing the feeling of restraint which had at first crept over me.

"I will, and first let me thank you for the kindness and thought you have evinced by your readings to my mother; her lips have informed me that last evening was not the first occasion, but that it had always been your custom since you took up your abode here until the close of my European tour; your countenance last night expressed the pleasure it gave you, and I accuse myself for robbing you of it; let me hope you will continue your task, which is fully appreciated and gratefully acknowledged. I withdraw all my claims, hoping, however, I shall not be entirely excluded, but may be allowed another enjoyment of that to which I so unlawfully treated myself not twenty-four hours ago."

Not knowing exactly what to reply, I mumbled a "thank you," and turned his attention to another subject. During that ride I discovered that he *could* make himself agreeable to ladies if he so desired, and when the spring had been seen and duly discussed, and we had turned our horses' heads I was half-sorry that it was all over, for I expected when we should reach home he would revive his wonted indifference to my presence, while I could not help smiling and feeling slightly chagrined at the utter change in my own sentiments, knowing that I could not recall my former nonchalance. But I was mistaken in regard to him, for, although never attentive, he showed a respectful remembrance of me, and at times conversed with me with even something of that tender bearing which before he had used when only with his mother; quite a reform, I thought. In time we shall have him gallant to all, and perhaps even on his knees to Sue. A few more weeks and our summer guests had left us; they had flown back to the gay city, but if their own words were to be credited, the time spent with us had been pleasant; they all declared the change to a country town from a fashionable watering place well made, and some of them proposed *trying it another season*. "At any rate," Mr. Manly said, "they had had enough to eat and drink, and chances enough to be merry with his horses and boats, and that was enough;" many begged and almost insisted upon my accompanying them to their homes, but I pleaded off, promising to give them a call when the winter snows should be fairly upon us. So they went, and the large parlors seemed larger than ever without their familiar faces; Bridgets began to "see their way through," kitty occupied unmolested the corner of the sofa, Jack no longer ran frantically about the house brandishing his blacking-brush and scolding about "dem gemmen's boots," and I returned to *my* old ways, missing Sue some, but not mourning over the absence of the others. This same saucy Sue was at home preparing for a wedding at which she was to take a prominent part; a gallant moustached major was the conqueror, and was well deserving of the warm heart after which Sue had led him a long race. But, Grace, didn't I detect a gape then? Let me hasten in my story. Chilly days came, and having no longer a desire to be abroad, I passed many hours in Aunt Mary's room; hardly a day came that did not bring Edward there also, and when I was wearied he would take my book and continue in his clear, manly tones, while I sat there wondering at myself and him, and as soon as the book was closed, would make my exit. One day leaving them thus, I went to the library, which I found unoccupied; throwing myself into an easy chair, I watched the curling flames as they flashed in the gathering twilight. Without, it was cold and cheerless, and as I listened to the pattering drops of rain, I merely marked the entrance of some one without seeking to learn who, but supposed it was a servant, as he proceeded to draw the curtains and light the gas.

"Now, Tom," I said, as he finished the latter, "wont you bring me a glass of good cold water?" The opening and shutting of doors showed his assent; he soon returned, and as I reached forth my hand for the glass, my eye fell upon Edward presenting it with a bow worthy of the real Tom. Laughing at my mistake, he threw himself on the sofa with the air of one about to open a long conversation.

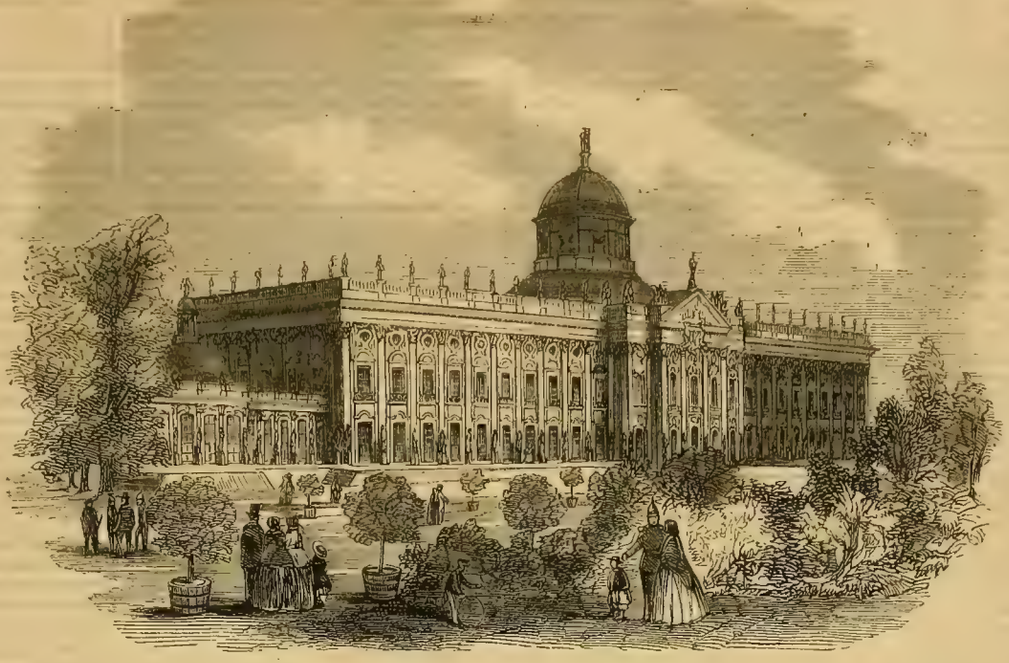
"So you prefer solitude, Miss Percival," he continued, "but if you will not favor my mother and myself with your company at the twilight hour, you must let me take Tom's office occasionally, and draw the curtains, even if you will not let me remain."

"O," I replied, "if you take his duties upon yourself, you must only expect *his pay*, and I believe spending his time in the library is not included in that."

"Well, I suppose I must be content with a little, but I must take the liberty of asking you a question which I have been intending to for some time; that is, to learn the reason of your always playing truant the moment our reading is concluded, and leaving us to entertain ourselves."

Well, I thought, this, I suppose, is what people call *plunging in medias res*; however, he shall know the reason as he has the impertinence to ask it. So I replied: "O, that is easily answered. I was informed when you came, that you were a *regular woman hater*, consequently I did not wish to *bore* you with my society," adding, as I saw with infinite amusement, the biting of his lip, "besides, I believe the opinion you expressed of me once when you thought I was far distant, was not very encouraging; I refer to the time when you remarked to Milly in the hall that my rustling silks and ceaseless prating were not very conducive to the quiet of a sick room."

"I have two charges to answer, but I hope my judge will prove a mild one. Your informant in regard to my opinion of women was laboring under a slight mistake; I confess that, owing to some unhappy circumstances, I found that *all* women were not possessed of the truth and innocence with which my boyish enthusiasm had invested them; but I knew there were many exceptions, although this experience made me watchful and slow in discovering the *jewels* of the sex. And I often erred in my decisions, as the present case shows; I first formed an opinion of you as I saw you for the first four weeks of my stay here, but a happy chain of events showed you to me in your true character, and as such I have only admired you. Let me hope my punishment shall be light, for if you should pronounce a severe judgment, I should fear to trust in your hands another cause—one which should be plead in the twilight hour, dear Kate"—but nonsense, I can't tell you any more, so good-night—but first, will—will you promise to be my bridesmaid?



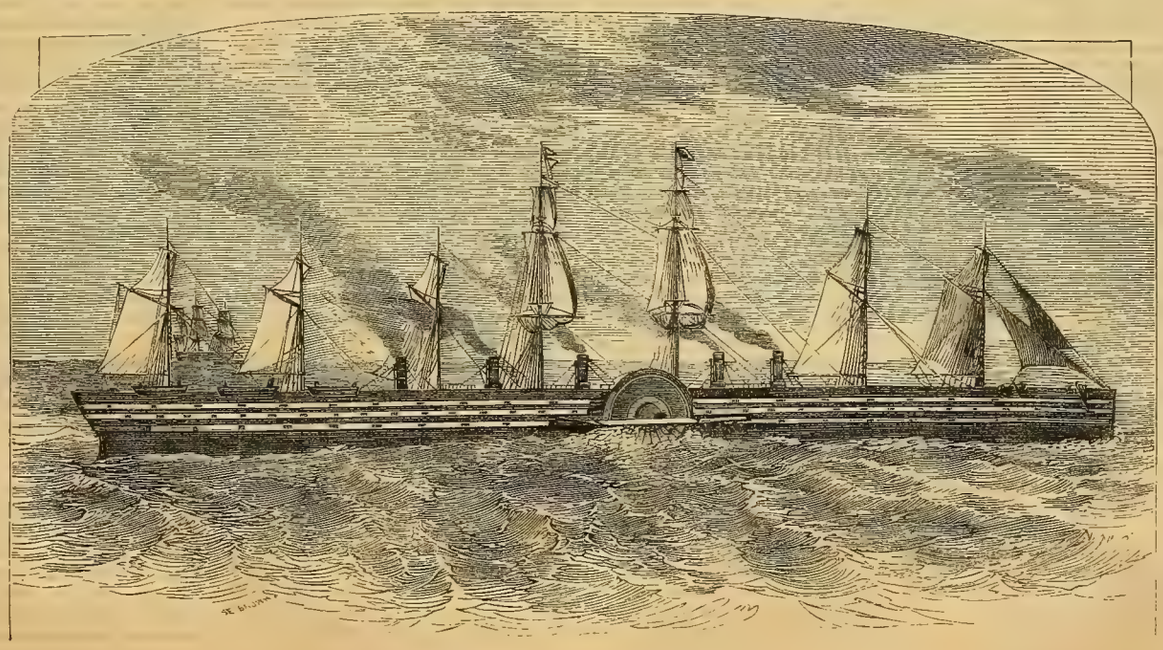
ROYAL PALACE AT BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

ROYAL PALACE AT BERLIN.

The smaller engraving on this page presents a view of one of the royal Prussian residences, surrounded by gardens, and erected in an elaborate style of architecture and ornamentation. The façade is of great extent, pierced by many windows, and covered with escutcheons, bas-reliefs, etc. Sculpture figures largely in the details of this edifice, and the art of the statuary has been invoked to decorate the roof, the niches and the basement of the building. Rows of statues surmount the eaves, lines of statues, like sentinels, guard the base. However fine the general effect may be, we dislike this multiplication of statues in connection with architecture. Especially is the taste exceptionable which sanctions it when a very elevated position, as the roof of a building, is chosen as the resting-place of these works of art. There is no near point of view from which they can be seen to advantage, and viewed from a distance, they look like nothing more than a cluster of pinnacles. Very few of the European palaces will bear criticism. They are mostly noticeable for their cumbrousness and cost, and the American visitor particularly is apt to count the cost, and reflect how heavily subjects are burthened with taxes, that their crowned rulers may be surrounded with questionable splendor.

THE SIGHT OF THE DYING.

The late Abner L. Pentland of Pittsburg, remarked, when he was dying, "Mother, I can see a great distance." Doubtless, this is the experience, beautifully expressed, of every one who comes with a chastened faith, to a calm dying bed. In his progress through ordinary life, the vapors that float in his mental atmosphere render the vision imperfect, and he cannot see afar off; but as he draws near eternity, the air grows purer, the light brighter, the vision clearer, and serenity pervades the whole being; the vista of futurity opens upon the eyes of the soul; he beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life, its glad waters kissing the footsteps of the throne of God, the glories of the new world grow brighter upon him; with Stephen, he beholds Jesus at the right hand of His Father, as he dwells with rapture on these enlivening sights, the earth and all its scenery grows dim about him and troops of angels come to take him to the hills above.



THE GREAT EASTERN UNDER WEIGH.

[See page 277.]

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PARTED.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

What saddened thought his broad brow bears!
What high aims crushed no more to rise!
While eloquence that moves men's souls
Upon his lips prefigured lies.

And quenched the light of his dark eyes,
All speechless love their depths reveal;
Ah, pride has closed hope's golden gates,
Despair the while their iron seal.

One spring tide, when the April days
With chequered glory dawned and fled,
He met her, and that blissful hour
His soul leaped forth with hers to wed.

Alas, he knew not woman's heart,
And deemed her cold when most his own;
Her modest love—his silent pride,
Have left the tale to both unknown.

OCTOBER.

Splendor is on the bough!
The withering leaves fall fast;
Yet wilder beauty crowns the forest now,
Than through the summer past.

A more resplendent blaze,
Of rich and radiant hues,
Gleams through the autumn haze,
Than mid the summer dews.—WM. HOWITT.

THE PRESENT HOUR.

Only the present hour has life,
The home of work, the field of strife,
Choose not thy bride among the dead,
But press the present to thy breast;
In her thy soul shall find its bread,
Thy mind its sphere, thy heart its rest.
PEMBER.

HONESTY.

An honest man is still an unmoved rock,
Washed whiter, but not shaken with the shock;
Whose heart conceives no sinister device;
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.
DAVENPORT.

DESPAIRING LOVE.

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, thou art so above me.
SHAKESPEARE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— We have rarely been more pleased with any military display than with that made by the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford on their recent visit to this city. They took us, and we suppose the generality of our citizens, by surprise, for little was known here, except among the "sons of Connecticut," of this organization. The splendid continental uniforms, the size of the battalion, the size and bearing of the members, the old-fashioned drill, the old-fashioned music, all combined to give them a remarkable fascination. We trust that the Phalanx will pay us another visit.....How capricious we modern Athenians are! The opera at the Boston was a comparative failure, and yet, in advance, we anticipated a brilliant success for it.....We have lately seen some beautiful photographs executed by Messrs Loomis & Shepard, Tremont Row, successors to Cutting & Turner. They were truly artistic pictures. By the way, all persons are not aware that photographs can be taken equally well in all weathers. Very many people fancy they must wait for a sunshiny day for a sitting, whereas, some of the finest pictures have been taken in cloudy or rainy weather.....Lady Franklin's sacrifices and efforts to discover the fate of her gallant husband have at last been crowned with success. He is lost to her on earth, but she knows now when and where his gallant spirit took its flight.....People are already beginning to speculate on the prospects of skating.....The London Morning Post got the start of all the other newspapers in publishing an account of the trip and the arrival of the Great Eastern at Portland, England. But the letter, although dated "on board the Great Eastern," said not a word of any accident, and it turned out that the writer had accidentally missed his passage, and had accordingly invented a description, in total ignorance that anything of momentous character had taken place.....It is stated that since Pennsylvania sold her public works she has commenced the reduction of her public debt at the rate of a million dollars a year, besides paying interest on the principal. At that rate she will pay it off in about forty-six years.....From the army and navy diet scale of France and England, based upon the recognized necessities of large numbers of men in active life, it is inferred that about two and a quarter pounds avoirdupois of dry food, per day, are required for each individual; of this, about three-fourths vegetable, and the rest animal. At the close of an entire year, the amount is upwards of 806 pounds. Enumerating under the title of water all the various drinks, its estimated quantity is about 1500 pounds per annum. The air received by breathing, may be taken at 800 pounds. With these figures before us, we are able to see how the case stands The food, water, and air, which a man receives, amount in the aggregate to more than 3000 pounds a year—about a ton and a half, or about twenty times his weight. The enormous quantity shows the expenditure of material required for life.....A careful demonstration has shown that 300 pounds of pure gold represents the entire quantity taken out of the grates at Chiriqui. This would give only the sum of $75,000, calculating the value at $250 per pound. To gather this $75,000 has required 46,000 days' work, performed by about 15,000 persons, mostly during the month of July.....An editor in South Carolina is so poor that when two dimes meet in his pocket he introduces them—they are such strangers.....At a recent dinner, Hon. George Washington Warren closed an appropriate speech with the following sentiment: "Art and Eloquence—The one presents to the eye of future ages the lineaments and personal features of a great man,—the eulogium of the other gives to the mind and heart of all time those qualities and characteristics which are loved and revered. Fortunate are those eminent men who, like Washington and Webster, are presented to posterity by the highest aid of both.".....The original grant of land made by the crown of Spain to Cortes, the mighty conqueror of Mexico, is located on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and is now in possession of a very rich old Spaniard. The Tehuantepec road will cut it in two for a distance of over twenty miles.....A curious fact in relation to the Ailanthus tree related by the Sussex Democrat, has just occurred in Newton. Many years since a flourishing colony of the beautiful, half domestic birds known as martins, were accustomed to inhabit a cage upon the sign-post of the Ward House, but when two of these Ailanthus trees, transplanted close by, had grown as high as the cage the birds left it entirely. The day those trees were cut down, and the same afternoon, the cage was filled with martins, apparently delighted to regain possession of their old haunt, in which, doubtless, many of them first made a break into this world. The natural instincts of the birds was decidedly superior to the perverted taste of man, who will insist in cultivating the poisonous wood in the most crowded villages of the land.....The State geologist of Arkansas furnishes good reasons to suppose that diamonds will be found in Arkansas. The geological formation and the signs that accompany such valuable deposits exist in such relations as to authorize him to encourage search for this most valuable mineral.....'Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a paraphrasis?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity." "Thank you, sir.".....Eels two feet in length, and as large round as circumstances permit are now being taken from the Cochituate pipes in Boston. Quite an ornamental addition to a pitcher of water.....A correspondent of the Charlottesville, Virginia, Advocate mourns the loss of two twin poplars, which were recently blown down. They stood on the farm of the late Capt. John Harris, near the Howardsville turnpike road. These giants of the forest measured from the fork (about four feet from the ground) ninety-five feet to the first limb; they were four feet in diameter just above the fork, and for fifty feet diminished but very few inches; at the first limb they were nearly three feet in diameter. Their entire length is about one hundred and fifty feet. So well were they known, and so universally admired, that their destruction seems to cause general regret.....The details of the failure of the Belly canal enterprise are given. On arriving in Central America in the beginning of the expedition, Belly brought with him 700,000 francs, but after this sum had been expended, he could not carry on his enterprise. He had sixty men and for five months paid them their wages. At the end of that time he returned to France, leaving the rest of the party to shift as they could. The only work that has been accomplished is a great house which Belly built for himself at San Felix. Now all has been abandoned.....Cole, in his life of Charles Kean, says: An amusing incident occurred during one of the rehearsals of Schamyl. A particular scene represented a cataract, above which, at a considerable elevation from the stage, a raft had to pass, occupied by three or four persons, one erect, and the others in stooping or recumbent positions. A considerable delay occurred. Mr. Kean, who superintended the rehearsal, called loudly to demand the cause. No answer. "Why does not the raft come on?" Again no answer. The question being reiterated, one of the actors, who should have been at his post, at last appeared from the back of the stage, and exclaimed with excitement, "The raft is unsafe, sir; it would endanger a man's life to venture on it. I really cannot incur such a risk." Some further discussion then arose, interrupted suddenly by a loud burst of applause from all who were looking on. This was occasioned by the appearance of the raft passing steadily across with Mrs. Kean standing in the centre, occupying the position of the apprehensive remonstrant. We need scarcely say he was silenced by this eloquent reply. If Mrs. Kean had broken her leg or her neck, how the press would have exclaimed about her foolhardiness.....The expenses of the French army during the Italian campaign amounted to six hundred thousand dollars a day. Add as much more for the Austrian army, and twice as much more for the European armies put on a war footing, and add the value of the large amount destroyed, and we have an enormous expense for the short war.....Mr. James Campbell, steward of the Great Eastern, in answer to an application from a brewery for leave to supply certain ale, replied: "Well, I don't know; yes, you may send in a hundred dozen as a sample, if you like." And the brewers did like. Everything on the Great Eastern is on a magnificent scale, including the beer.....At a representation of Mozart's Don Giovanni, a young coxcomb hummed so loud certain airs of the opera as to annoy all his neighbors. An amateur who sat beside him, unable to bear it any longer, said, aloud: "What a fool!" "Do you mean me?" said the troublesome fellow to him. "No; I complain of Mario, who prevents my hearing you.".....Mr. Concoran, in view of the profits and fortunes amassed by the proprietors of the Washington "hotels," has almost concluded to build a tavern as large as the Capitol, upon the southeast corner of Jackson Square, to be conducted on the European plan. So says a correspondent of the News.....Strakosch has engaged the following additional artistes for the winter season at the New York Academy of Music: Mdll'es Cruvelli and Speranza, and Signori Beaucarde, Stigelli, Lesta and Ferri. Beaucarde is a most popular tenor. It was for his voice that Verdi wrote the part of Manrico in the never-failing "Trovatore.".....Seventeen business firms in New York have subscribed $50 each to procure a testimonial to Colonel Duryea of that city, under whom the famous Seventh Regiment attained its reputation.....The origin of Flora Temple has become a subject of considerable interest in sporting circles, since her recent triumphs. The Waterville (New York) Times says: "We had supposed that 'all the world and the rest of mankind' were aware that Flora Temple, the 'Queen of the Turf,' was born in the town of Sangerfield. She was foaled in 1846, and, when quite young, sold to Nathan Tracy, of Hamilton, Madison county, for $13; he kept her less than three years. Flora then became the property of William Cogden, of Smyrna, Chenango county, who subsequently sold her to Messrs. Richardson & Kellogg, of Eaton, Madison county. This firm kept a livery, and Flora became quite popular with the patrons of their stable. Mr. Richardson finally took the mare to Washington Hollow, Dutchess county, and sold her to Mr. J. Vielke for $175. Flora's dam was Madame Temple, a 'horse of all work,' first owned by Elisha Peck, of Waterville. Flora was her first colt.".....Immediately at the close of the war, when popular support was desired by the French government, the Moniteur, official organ of Louis Napoleon, was laid on his promises of extending great freedom to the press. Now that the government is in good favor, it has simply recalled the warnings it had previously given, ordering that if the journals were not discreetly silent, their newspapers would be stopped and their editors imprisoned.....Dr. Winterbottom, of England, has given $100,000 for the establishment of a free nautical school for seamen.....The Rochester papers say the search in the canal at Albion, the scene of the recent disaster, results in finding no more bodies. The total number of dead is 14, and 15 wounded.....Manzoni has been appointed perpetual president of the Milan Academy for Sciences and Art, with a pension of $2500 a year for his patriotic services.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The Paris Moniteur says: "Under pretext that the press is not free, several journals are attacking the decree of February 1, 1852, passing the extreme limits of discussion, and failing in respect to law, which is inseparable to the royal exercise of liberty. The government will never fail in the duties imposed on it to make the laws respected." Accordingly the offending journals are notified that these discussions will not be permitted to continue.—The account given in the French Presse of the manner of Mr. Ward's introduction to Pekin was a pure fabrication.—Sidi Sadok has succeeded to the throne of Tunis vacated by the death of the old bey.—In Austria a governmental effort is making to reduce the taxes.—The Chinese are said to have treated the wounded French and English who fell into their hands with great kindness.—The telegraphic submarine cable connecting Malta and Sicily is a complete success.—The London Times ridicules the idea of a war between England and the United States about the possession of the island of St. Juan.—The Morocco tribes who recently ventured to attack the French lines at Algeria were so handsomely beaten by the Zouaves that they have not been seen or heard from since. These attacks were not prompted by the new emperor of Morocco, but arose from the character of the neighboring tribes, such as the Beni-Senassen, the Malira and the Angades, who availed themselves of the internal troubles of Morocco to commit those acts of plunder which are characteristic of these fierce people.—The Tuscan government has decided on issuing two medals; one in commemoration of the act of assembly renouncing the house of Austro-Lorraine forever; the other, in memory of the resolution announcing that Tuscany wishes to form a part of the kingdom of Piedmont under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel II.—The death of Mr. Mason, our minister to France, at Paris, was an unexpected event, and has carried sorrow into a wide circle of relatives and friends. Mr. Mason was as much beloved in public as he was in private life.—France and Austria are still armed to the teeth, and further trouble in Europe is shortly anticipated.

England and China.

The intelligence from England indicates a fierce crusade on the Flowery Land. Its origin, however, provokes European criticism. The Austrian Gazette asks, with point, too, whether, if a Russian ambassador should attempt to enter the Thames with a fleet, or a French envoy should enter the Scheldt with a squadron, all Europe would not ring with one cry of indignation, and everybody would not bless the arms that resisted the outrage? The French Nationale, in a sharp article, expresses decided regret at the complication of France in this matter. England has great interests at stake, buys tea and sells opium; but what object has France?

A Fast Englishman.

A young man named Francis George Hare, twenty-nine years old, and formerly a lieutenant in the Life Guards, was recently released from prison in London, where he has been confined for debt since October, 1857, the creditors, though notified, not appearing to object to his discharge. He has spent a fortune of $250,000, and incurred debts to an equal if not a larger amount. Among the items of his expenses were $50,000 for interest paid at various times, exclusive of other large sums for "discounts." An amount of over $30,000 was charged for losses at "play."

Flamingos at Marseilles.

The Zoological Garden at Marseilles has just been enriched by no less than forty-two fine flamingos, brought from Alexandria by a steamer. The moment they reached the garden they all rushed to the large pond, and gave themselves a good bath, which they appeared to enjoy greatly.

The French.

The Liverpool Courier thinks the French have the organ of adhesiveness very strongly developed, and are with difficulty removed from any place they once occupy —witness Rome for that.

Garibaldi and the People of Como.

The Municipality of Como having informed General Garibaldi of their intention of erecting a monument in commemoration of the battle of San Fermo, the general has replied as follows, from Modena: "The engagements which took place in May last in your town and neighborhood are worthy of being recorded. Great, indeed, was the bravery of the riflemen of the Alps, most of whom belonged to your population. How can I express my gratitude to you? For the little I have done you have held me up to the esteem of Italy, and even of distant nations. Ten years ago when I had the honor of fighting on the soil of Lombardy, I covered the national banner with crape, because it had been forced to yield to the pressure of the foreigner. That act weighed on my heart for ten years, while I hoped to return and fight on your fields. May God, who has fulfilled those hopes, bless the thankful and religious people that have suffered so much."

Marriages of Authors.

The London Critic affirms that there are many happy marriages among poets, novelists, and writers generally, and even where literary excellence has been attained by both husband and wife. As an offset to Milton, Byron, Bulwer, Dickens, etc., the Critic says: "Luther married happily, though he did jocularly say that he liked his wife next to his Commentary on Galatians; Bacon was a happy Benedick; old Sam Johnson preserved an affectionate remembrance of his wife, and religiously kept the anniversary of her death with sorrowful observance to his dying day. Pope, Rogers, Hume, Macaulay, Swift, Gibbon, Pitt, Fox, Charles Lamb, and many other British celebrities, kept out of the noose.

Sympathy for Italy.

The depth of English sympathy for the struggling States of Central Italy is about to be tested by a public subscription. Five Italian gentlemen—one of whom is Avesani, who played a prominent part at Venice in 1848 —have taken the initiative in the formation of a committee in London for the purpose of obtaining aid for the patriotic men who are now endeavoring to throw off the yoke of the tyrants who have so long oppressed them. Lord Shaftesbury has been appealed to to assume the direction of this movement.

Italy.

The latest and most accredited report respecting Italy is that the Grand Duke of Tuscany will regain his throne, not by forcible means, but by an appeal to universal suffrage, accompanied by the grant of a constitution, and by a general amnesty; that the Duchess of Parma will have Modena, and that Parma will remain annexed to Piedmont. The warmest and most sanguine partisans have now given up hopes of being emancipated from papal rule.

Trade with China.

It is alleged in England, that however the two governments of England and China may fight, buying tea and selling opium will still go on. It was so in the last war. While the balls were flying trade was progressing; and one journal records the most singular anomaly, that with the consent of their government, then British traders collected, for the Chinese government, the very revenue that was expended to resist the British approach to Pekin!

Preparations in France.

Letters from the provinces in France concur in the reports of grand armaments at the various ports. The government had purchased land at a high price on the coast for the purpose of erecting fortifications. At Bolougne, a floating battery is to be constructed without sails, navigated by steam, and armed with rifled guns.

King of Belgium.

The Paris correspondent of the London Herald confirms in the most positive manner the statement that the King of Belgium's visit to the emperor was wholly on account of the debt due by Belgium to France, amounting to two million pounds, a pressing claim for immediate payment having been put forward.

China.

The last news from Shanghai establishes beyond doubt the arrival of Mr. Ward, the American envoy, at Pekin. This diplomat ascended the Ki-Tcheon Yun Ho, one of the branches of the Peiho, accompanied by all the members of his legation.

Fountains of the Nile.

They do aver that the fountains of the Nile have at last been discovered. They are not fountains, literally, but a lake, which lies directly on the equatorial line, covering six leagues, rather more than half to the north of the equator.

Knights of the Iron Crown.

The Sardinian king and the Austrian kaiser could not, at first, agree about the privilege of making Knights of the Order of the Iron Crown. Finally, they settled that each potentate shall create half the knights.

Naples.

It is stated that the reports of disturbances in Naples are unfounded, but that some agitation prevailed, and government had taken precautionary measures.

Great Fire.

Constantinople has had a fire, losing about a thousand houses, which would be called a grand conflagration anywhere else.

Plague at Beirut.

Two cases of plague have occurred at Beirut, and have caused strict sanatory measures of precaution to be taken.

Modena.

The Duke of Modena is at the head of 10,000 troops, backed by 5000 more under the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The Pope.

Rumor says that the pope contemplates abandoning Rome, and again taking refuge at Gaita.

French force for China.

The French military force, 12,000 picked men, will sail for China about the middle of November.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN ALOE IN BLOOM.

The Great or American Aloe (*agare Americana*), sometimes termed the century plant, is well delineated at the period of its bloom in the accompanying engraving. The flowers have the tube of the corolla narrowed in the middle, the stamens longer than the corolla, and the style longer than the stamens. This magnificent native of North America is by no means an uncommon plant in English gardens, but it is seldom seen there in flower. The term of century plant, as commonly applied to the American aloe, is derived from a mistaken idea that it does not bloom until it has attained the age of one hundred years. The fact is, that the time of flowering depends almost wholly on the rapidity of its growth. In hot countries it will flower in a few years, but in colder climates, the growth being slower, it is necessarily longer in arriving at maturity. The stem which bears the blossoms rises from the centre of the leaves, and, when this plant is in its vigorous state, it frequently exceeds the height of twenty feet. An American aloe in the garden of the king of Prussia was forty feet high. Branches issue from every side, and in such a manner as to form a kind of pyramid composed of greenish yellow flowers, which stand erect and are seen in thick clusters at every joint. When in full flower its appearance is extremely splendid, and, if the season be favorable, and the plant sheltered from the cold in autumn, a succession of blossoms will sometimes be produced extending over a period of nearly three months. In the warmer parts of Europe, the American aloe is cultivated as an object of considerable utility. They are frequently set out in rows as fences for enclosures, particularly in Spain, Portugal and Italy. In Algarvia the leaves are employed for scouring pewter, kitchen utensils, and floors, and, being cut into slices, are used for feeding cattle. The juice of these leaves is made into cakes, which are used for washing, and will make lather with salt water as well as fresh. The fibres of the leaves, when properly prepared, may be separated into threads, which are useful in various ways. This is sometimes done by bruising and dipping them in water, and afterwards beating them. The process in some parts of Portugal is, after plucking the largest and best leaves, to place them on a square board which a person presses obliquely between his breast and the ground, and then scrapes with a square iron bar, held in both hands. By this operation all the juices are pressed out, and only the fibres and some of the membranous parts of the leaves remain, which are easily detached. The fibres are employed for all the purposes to which thread can be applied, but they are neither strong nor durable, and if exposed to moisture, soon decay.

THE AMERICAN ALOE IN BLOOM.

MAN'S DESTINY.

The appearance of man upon the scene of being constitutes a new era in creation; the operators of a new instinct come into play—that instinct which anticipates a life after the grave, and imposes implicit faith upon a God alike just and good, who is the pledged "rewarder of all who diligently seek him." And in looking along the line of being—ever rising in the scale higher to yet higher manifestations, or abroad on the lower animals, whom instinct never deceives—can we hold that man, immeasurably higher in his place, and infinitely higher in his hopes and aspiration than all that ever went before him, should be, notwithstanding, the one grand error in creation—the one painful worker, in the midst of present troubles for a state into which he can enter—the befooled expectant of a happy future which he is never to see? Assuredly no. He who keeps faith with his humble creatures, who gives even the bee and the dormouse the winter for which they prepare, will to a certainty not break faith with man—with man alike the deputed lord of the present creation, and the chosen heir of all the future. We have been looking abroad on the old geologic burying grounds, and deciphering the strange inscriptions on their tombs, but there are other burying grounds and other tombs—solitary church-yards among the hills, where the dust of martyrs lies, and tombs that rise over the ashes of the wise and good; nor are there wanting, on even the monuments of the perished race, frequent symbols which intimate to us, that while their buried yards contain but the debris of the past, we are to regard the others as charged with the sown seed of the future.—*Hugh Miller.*

LEGAL ANECDOTES—CAPITAL ONES.

The New York "Evening Post" daily journal records the following anecdote of Judge Gould, of Troy, above us, on 'Udson, presiding (at this present writing) over the Oyer and Terminer of this metropolis. He must have not a little of the vim and strong common-sense of his exceedingly clever brother, the lamented John W. Gould, mentioned in the Narrative-History of the "Knickerbocker," in our July number.

"The trial of James Glass for the murder of Richard Owens is now in progress before Judge Gould, of Troy, at the Oyer and Terminer in this city. Dr. Ferguson having yesterday been called by the prosecution to prove the cause of Owens's death, testified that Owens had some bruises on his head of a comparatively trifling character, and that he had a gunshot wound through the heart. On cross examination, Mr. Whiting put a variety of questions to the doctor, as to whether the bruises on the head might not have caused the death of Owens; whether, if those bruises might not, more severe bruises would; whether, if more severe would not have caused the death of Owens, they might not have caused the death of a man of Owens's size, and so forth. After Mr. Whiting had pursued this line of questioning till, perhaps, some of the jurors began to doubt whether poor Owens was in fact dead, Judge Gould took the witness:

Judge—"You have now, doctor, answered the counsel as to what *might* have killed Owens. Will you tell me what *did* kill him?"

Doctor—"The bullet, sir."

Judge—"Have you any doubt on that point?"

Doctor—"Not the least, sir."

Judge—"That will do, sir."

Curt and especially to the point: reminding us very forcibly of an incident which occurred before a certain Albany judge, waggishly inclined, several years ago. The case before the court was one of assault and battery. A pompous, wordy, windy, and witless young limb of the law was for the plaintiff. "Did you," said he to the witness upon the stand, after the case had well advanced, "did you, sir, see this man, this person here before you, this individual, this defendant here now before the bar of this honorable court, did you *see* that person raise his muscular arm and excite and aggravate the already sufficiently alarmed fears of my client?"

"S-i-r-r?" asked the utterly dubified and dumb-founded witness.

"My question," repeated the inexperienced legal '*Blatherskite*,' "(and the honorable court will perceive that it was sufficiently explicit and direct), was this; and let us see whether this unwilling witness will answer it *this* time. The question is: Did you, sir, have an unclouded view; were there no intervening obstacles between you and the object of attack—in other words, were your optics unobscured, in all respects, when you beheld this individual raise his powerful and muscular arm, and attempt to coerce, and, as it were, to *preponderate* upon the already (as I have said) abundantly-sufficiently excited fears of my client, who stands before *you*, yourself, and this honorable court, to demand—ay, sir, and to receive—justice, simple *justice* (he asks no more) at the hands of this bench, this bar, this court?"

"*S-i-r-r-r?*" asked the poor bothered witness, once more, with an "inquiring countenance," which was almost pitiful to behold.

Here the commiserating judge kindly interfered; "The counsel will please permit the court to ask the witness a single question: Did you see the defendant in this case, that man standing on your right, strike this plaintiff, the man near you on your left?—did you see him strike him?"

"O, *yes*, I see him *strike* him; 'twas a walloper, too; knocked him as flat as a caaf: you ought to have seen him when he tried to get up—"

"That'll do," interrupted the judge; "we have the *fact* which the learned counsel, we believe, was trying to elicit!"

"The following characteristic anecdote of Aaron Burr," writes a friendly correspondent, "is good enough, I think, to have found a place in Mr. Parton's memoir. It has at least the merit of being authentic: Aaron Burr, it was related to me by a nephew of the venerable Daniel Cady, who often heard that eminent jurist rehearse it. Burr was always sententious and pointed in his 'summing up:' and he was annoyed whenever anything occurred to disturb the attention of the court. He was one time making an argument before the Court of Appeals, when two of the judges put their heads together and began to whisper. Burr instantly ceased speaking, and waited deferentially for the 'confab' to close. One of the judges observing this, made a gesture, and said, rather curtly: 'Go on, Mr. Burr, go on; there is no occasion for stopping!' Burr bowed with that irresistible suavity for which he was noted, and remarked: 'I was afraid that I should disturb the *deliberations* of the court!' It is needless to add that the 'grave and reverend seigneurs' gave the most undivided attention to the remainder of the argument. It was a deserved 'hit,' and 'duly appreciated.'"—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

TIN AND ITS USES.

Tin, so much employed in commerce, is still rather a rare metal as to locality, though occurring in large quantities when found at all. We have no tin in the United States, beyond some slight traces in one or two States. There are, says the Scientific American, four varieties of tin in our market, Banca, Straits, English and Spanish. The Banca tin is the most sought for. It receives its name from the island of Banca, a small island of the Dutch East Indian Archipelago. This tin is worth in market, some three cents a pound more than any other variety. The Dutch East India Company that have the monopoly of this tin, sell it by public sale at Rotterdam, once every year, and at no other time. The Straits tin comes from the Indian Archipelago, principally near the Straits of Malacca. It is not uniformly as good as the Banca tin, and therefore does not bear so high a price. Borneo furnishes much of this variety. The English tin is found in Cornwall in great quantities and in all its forms. It bears as high a price as the Banca tin, but the best is seldom exported, being much used by English manufacturers. These Cornwall mines were worked long ages ago. The Phenicians early visited Cornubia, as Cornwall was formerly called, for the purpose of obtaining tin, as did the Greeks and Romans afterwards. The old Britons worked the mines in their rude way, but the Saxons seem not to have done much with them. The Spanish tin is the result of some tin mines in Mexico and South America. This tin bears but a low price in market. The Scientific American does not mention the tin found in Austria, Saxony, Spain, Sweden and Russia. That of Saxony is of considerable importance in commerce. The British tin amounts annually from 80,000 to 100,000 cwt.; that of Banca and Malacca together to 90,000 cwt.; Saxony, 3500; Austria, 380; and Sweden, 750 cwt. The principal use of tin is in coating sheets of iron for the common tin ware. The tin does not oxydate easily and preserves the iron from rusting and presents a smooth and polished surface. The sheets of iron are heated, cleansed with diluted acid, and scoured The sheets, then, several hundred together, are immersed first in a vat of grease, and then into a bath of melted tin, where they remain for an hour and a half. The excess of the tin is then removed by the plates being washed in a vessel of grain tin, and are then rubbed and polished in bran. The tin of commerce is an oxyde of tin, the sulphuret of tin being a rare mineral. Native tin has been found in small quantities.—*Art Journal.*

ORIENTAL CARPETS.

Those which are known here as Turkish and Persian carpets, are woven by hand, mostly by poor peasant women; the loom is the simplest and rudest that can be imagined. The carpet is woven the whole size it is intended to be, and the raised part or pile is formed by knotting in tufts of fine soft woolen yarn, a row of tufts being fastened to the warp between each throwing of the shuttle. The Persian women fill up the time with working at their carpet-looms, tastefully forming the pattern as they proceed from designs of their own, which are generally gay mosaics, where the colors are beautifully blended.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

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A STREET SCENE IN SEVILLE.

The engraving before us carries us into the heart of Old Spain, and sets us down in the corner of a square in that most picturesque and interesting of old Spanish cities, fair Seville or Sevilla, as it is called in the Spanish tongue. As the motto of the Neapolitans is, "see Naples and die," so there is a Spanish proverb which saith,

> "He who hath not fair Seville seen,
> Hath been no traveller, I ween."

There is a fascination in the very name. Boyhood associates it with oranges; maturer years with a thousand legends and histories, not forgetting Beaumarchais' master-piece, the Barber of Seville, and the charming comic opera of which that furnishes the *libretto*. As you pass along the streets, under the heavy balconies, so jealously guarded, as you see bright eyes peeping from the screen of curtain and fan, you cannot help thinking of Rosina and Bartolo, Figaro and Count Almaviva. But we are neglecting the ladies in our picture, and they are halting at the open booth of a dealer in refreshment, and are about to moisten their red lips with a glass of snow-cooled lemonade or orgeat — nothing stronger, on our sacred honor—not a dash, not a drop of the Xeres wine. Courteously as a knight of old, the dealer waits upon the fair, while another gazes, with look of undisguised admiration, never offensive to Spanish belles. How pretty and picturesque are the costumes! We humbly petition her majesty, Eugenie, empress of the French, sovereign of hearts, leader of fashion, not to forget that she was once the Countess of Montijo, that pure Castilian blood runs in her veins, and that she has the power to introduce some of the most charming features of her national costume to the patronage and admiration of the world. The city of Seville or Sevilla, anciently Hispalis, is situated on the storied Guadalquivir, forty-five miles north of Cadiz, and two hundred and fifty miles southwest of Madrid. It is an archiepiscopal see, and stands in a fine plain surrounded by an old wall built of cement, with twelve gates and one hundred and sixty-six turrets. The interior of the city is built in the Moorish style, the streets being often so narrow that a person can touch the houses on both sides at once, and it is badly paved. The squares are neither numerous nor spacious. There are several beautiful public walks, one, in particular, on the banks of the Guadalquivir. The city contains a cathedral, twenty-nine churches, eighty-four convents, and twenty-four hospitals. The cathedral is the largest Gothic edifice in Spain, and one of the largest in Europe. It was built in the fifteenth century, contains eighty-two altars, and has a tower two hundred and fifty feet high, considered the finest in Spain. Other conspicuous edifices are the alcazar or palace, a Moorish building, containing a library of twenty thousand volumes, a garden, etc., the Longa, or exchange, the school of artillery, and the mint. These houses generally cover a large space, but towards the street they have a mean appearance, the Moors being accustomed to confine their embellishments to the interior. Seville contains an academy for the physical sciences, one for the fine arts, a medical society, and a university, founded in 1502, and almost as backward as at the date of its foundation. The silk manufactories of Seville were formerly extensive. In the time of Ferdinand and Isabella there were six thousand looms. These manufactures declined in the middle and end of the seventeenth century, but revived again in the eighteenth, and are now in a comparatively flourishing state. Other manufactures are coarse woolens, leather, tobacco and snuff. Vessels drawing more than ten feet of water must unload eight miles below the city, and the largest vessels stop at San Lucar, at the mouth of the river. Like the inhabitants of all other Spanish cities, the people of Seville are passionately fond of bull-fights, and the fiercest bulls and some of the most daring taureadors meet in combat in the amphitheatre of the great square. Prosper Merimée, writing from Seville, says: "Bull-fights are still much in vogue in Spain, but among Spaniards of the better class there are few who are not ashamed to confess their partiality for so cruel an amusement. They seek, therefore, many grave reasons to justify it. The only argument which they are afraid to advance, and yet which would be unanswerable, is this—that the spectacle, whether cruel or not, is so interesting, so attractive, and causes such powerful emotion, that it is impossible to give it up, after one has conquered the repugnance of a first sitting. Strangers, who enter the circus for the first time with a degree of horror, and only to acquit themselves of a duty as faithful travellers, become as passionately fond of bull-baiting as the Spaniards themselves. We must confess, to the shame of humanity, that war itself, with all its horrors, possesses irresistible charms to those who contemplate it from its borders. Saint Augustine relates that, in his youth, he had an extreme repugnance for gladiatorial combats, and had never witnessed one. Being induced by a friend to accompany him to one of these splendid butcheries, he swore to himself that he would keep his eyes closed during the whole exhibition. For a while he kept his promise manfully, and managed to think of something else, but on a shout raised by the whole assembly at the fall of a celebrated gladiator, he opened his eyes; he opened them and could not close them. From that time, and to the period of his conversion, he was one of the most devoted amateurs of the sports of the circus. After so great a saint, I feel rather delicate about citing myself; but you know that I have not the tastes of a cannibal. The first time I entered the circus at Seville, I feared that it would be impossible for me to bear the sight of the blood which was to flow so liberally. I feared, especially, that my sensibility, which I distrusted, would render me ridiculous in the eyes of the veteran amateurs who had given me a seat in their box. There was nothing of it. The first bull appeared, was wounded, and I thought no more of going out. Two hours rolled on without any intermission, and I was not yet fatigued. No tragedy in the world could have interested me to such a degree. During my stay in Spain, I never missed a single fight, and I blush to confess that I prefer the death-combats to those in which they are content with teasing the bulls, and fix balls to the end of their horns to prevent serious injury. There is the same difference between actual combats and tourneys with blunted lances."

STREET SCENE IN SEVILLE, SPAIN.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER:

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF FRANZ.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

LAST year, about the end of the month of October, I encountered on the Boulevard des Italiens an old college classmate, named A. D. He is a young man of sense and talent, a hard student, who has already acquired a good reputation as a lawyer. As we are both very industrious, we meet very rarely. That does not prevent our retaining a sincere affection for each other, and a cordial pleasure on meeting.

"Will you come and dine with me?" said I to D. "I have a box for the Opera Comique. When we leave the table we will go and see *l'Etoile du Nord.*"

"Thank you," replied he, with an absent air, "I am not in a mood to be amused this evening."

"What is the matter?"

"I am to defend at the assizes next week, a poor young man in whom I am deeply absorbed, and who occasions me much uneasiness."

"Of what is he accused?"

"Of having attempted to assassinate his wife."

"That is indeed a grave offence."

"The more so that everything conspires against him, and yet I am convinced that he is not guilty. For a week past I have thought of nothing else but this unfortunate affair."

"Then accept my invitation. At the end of a certain time the mind becomes fatigued when it is constantly dwelling on the same object. Come with me and forget your business for a few hours."

"I wish I could, but I cannot."

"Well, then, we will converse upon it. You shall narrate it to me. Who knows? that will perhaps inspire you with some good idea."

"In fact, you are right," said he to me, after a few moments of reflection. "I feel that my head needs rest. It was for this reason that I came out, instead of dining at home as usual, I am at your service."

Half an hour afterwards, we were sitting opposite each other in one of the restaurants of the boulevard. While eating, my friend related to me the following story. Though this affair may be well known to most of those who read the legal newspapers, I have changed the names, even that of the street. The conclusion of my narrative will sufficiently explain the motives for my discretion:

On the corner of the Rue St. Croix and the Rue Bourtibourg was situated, two years ago, a small goldsmith's shop. In the window were displayed a few pieces of plate, for a long time, alas! the same. A glazed case in the interior contained articles of less importance, such as rings, gold and silver crosses, thimbles, spoons, etc. Two chalices, an ostensoir, and some silver dishes garnished the shelves of a sort of armoire placed at the end of the shop, beside the work-room. Though carefully preserved, these articles had an old and smoky appearance. The whole shop had the air of very little business.

The goldsmith, named Antoine Rieland, was a small and stunted man, with a gray and rough beard, stooping form, sunken features, brusque and abstracted look. A little cloth cap, embroidered with green braid, covered his bald head. He was usually seated on a large stool in the work-room, near the door which communicated with the shop. In this manner he superintended, or rather was supposed to superintend, at once the labors of the two apprentices, and the service of the counter. In reality, he superintended nothing and did little. The good man's hobby was to busy himself with mechanisms and inventions of every kind. In this game he had already spent a pretty fortune, and by degrees lost almost all the custom which his father had bequeathed to him. At heart, he was an excellent man, notwithstanding his rough exterior; but he had none of those qualities necessary to success in his occupation.

The wife of Rieland, a gentle and good creature who saw only through her husband's eyes, had died while still young, of a disease of the lungs, which was perhaps enhanced by grief at their misfortunes. Deprived of his faithful companion, Rieland had sood sunk mentally as well as physically beneath the weight of years and misfortunes. He was certainly not poor, but his actual situation inspired him with sad reflections every time he compared it with that he had enjoyed a dozen years before. Instead of struggling, he resigned himself and became more absorbed in the mania of invention. I say mania, because he understood nothing and had never accomplished anything satisfactorily. He passed his life perched on his stool, holding in his hand a hammer and a graving-tool almost idle, and with his mind lost in the clouds, in the pursuit of some impossible invention.

The only consolation of the goldsmith, the only sunbeam which enlightened a little his monotonous and gloomy home, was his daughter Felicie. She was then eighteen. Opinions varied respecting her face. She was small, pale and delicate. There was something of fragility about this young girl. Her sweet and kind smile wanted freshness.

Beside her father, she conversed and laughed gayly, for she knew that her smile radiated into the heart of the old man and gave him courage. But, as soon as Rieland was away, she resumed her slightly melancholy expression. Her head reclined on her breast, and her large eyes allowed only a sad and dreamy glance to steal through their long chestnut lashes.

"What is the matter, my child?" her father would sometimes ask when he surprised her thus.

"Nothing," Felicie would eagerly reply, smiling and hastening to raise his stooping form; "nothing, father."

"Perhaps you are lonely," the poor old man would resume, his voice betraying anxiety and profound affection; "shall I take you to the play this evening."

"I would rather stay at home with you."

She spoke truth. She absolutely desired nothing. This was perhaps her misfortune. Life needs an object, especially at an age when the heart not less than the body has need of exercise. For both, immobility is fatal. Then Felicie, who strongly resembled her mother, had also weak lungs. She needed fresh air, exercise, country life. Like those flowers which are kept always shut up in a room, she languished behind the damp and gloomy counter.

The old goldsmith did not exactly understand the condition of his daughter. Seeing her daily, hourly, he did not notice the progress, very slow, indeed, of her malady. This last word is too strong to characterize the state of the young girl, for with Felicie there was rather a predisposition to disease than disease itself. When Rieland questioned his daughter, he obeyed rather a vague sentiment of anxiety than any special motive for fear.

One day a young man, whose costume and physiognomy sufficiently revealed his Alsatian origin, timidly entered the shop and asked for M. Rieland.

"What do you want of me?" said, in a slightly harsh tone and turning around on his stool, the goldsmith, whom he had just disturbed in his interminable calculations.

The other, entirely disconcerted, stammered a few words. The two apprentices began to laugh at the accent and embarrassed mien of the poor youth. This was enough to make him lose his courage.

"Come, do not interrupt us in our labors," said the goldsmith to him, mistaking the intentions of the young man. "I am not rich enough to give alms to a great boy like you. Good-evening."

"I do not ask alms," said the Alsatian, with vivacity, "I ask work."

"Have you ever worked with a goldsmith?"

"A little," murmured the poor fellow, whom Rieland was insensibly pushing towards the door. "Then, my father—"

"I do not know why I should ask that question, either," interrupted the goldsmith, impatient to return to his calculations, "for I do not need any more apprentices at present. As business is, I have only too many," murmured he, impatiently.

He gently pushed the Alsatian out and closed the door.

"Poor fellow," said Felicie, "he looks unhappy."

"What would you have me do?" exclaimed Rieland, "can I take other apprentices, when I have not enough for these to do?"

He returned to his workshop grumbling, and resumed his calculations. Felicie rose softly and advanced on tiptoe to the street door to see what had become of the young Alsatian. She perceived him two paces off, seated on a stone, and with his head leaning on his breast. It seemed to her that the poor youth was weeping. The kind heart of the young girl could not resist this. The first impulse of Felicie was to call the Alsatian and give him some money. Then she remembered what she had just heard her father say, and feared to offend him by offering him alms. A good inspiration came to her. People with hearts always have their inspirations under sad circumstances, especially women. She opened the door and beckoned to the young man, who hastened towards her.

"Sir," said she, with an embarrassment almost as great as that of the stranger, "will you do me the favor to purchase for me two skeins of silk like this, of the merchant at No. 15? I am alone at the counter and cannot leave. Here are twenty sous to pay for them."

He set off on a run, and returned almost immediately with the two skeins and the money.

"Keep that for your trouble," said Felicie, repulsing by a gesture the change which he handed her.

He made a sign in the negative, and his eyes filled with tears. In the money which he had just given to Mdlle. Rieland was a piece of fifty centimes, entirely new, which shone among the larger coins; Felicie took it and slipped it into the hand of the young man with a gesture so graceful and a smile so sweet, that the eyes of the poor boy filled again.

"Well, so be it, mademoiselle. I will keep this little piece," said he to Felicie, who turned away to conceal a tear which stood at the edge of her long eyelashes; "but," continued he, twirling his little dusty cap between his fingers, "you can render me a much greater service, mademoiselle."

"What?"

"Say to M. Rieland that I am the son of Herman Barth."

"Of Herman Barth?" repeated Felicie, a little embarrassed by the pronunciation of her interlocutor.

"Yes, mademoiselle; M. Rieland will readily recollect that name."

Felicie ran into the work-shop.

"Father," said she, "this young man is the son of Herman Barth."

"What is it to me whose son he is," exclaimed the goldsmith. Hold, hold!" repeated he, changing his tone a little. "Herman Barth, I know him, an Alsatian with whom I worked at Odiot's. How! is it his son? Why did not the stupid fellow tell me sooner?"

"You frightened him, father."

"Where is he?"

"In the street; shall I tell him to enter?"

"Of course."

She did not wait to be told twice. Five minutes afterwards, the young Alsatian, installed in the workshop, was conversing with the goldsmith.

"What is your father doing now?" asked Rieland.

"He is dead, sir," replied Franz.

"Already—so young! How old would he have been now? Indeed, he was my elder, and like me, married late. Poor Herman! And your mother?"

"Dead also."

"Ah! And your Uncle Karl, he whom we always called Calebasse?"

"He lives at Darmstadt, sir."

"Why did you not ask him for a letter of introduction to me?'

The young man blushed, and cast down his head with an air of confusion.

"Hum, hum!" said the goldsmith, who remarked the embarrassment of his interlocutor, "have you quarrelled with your uncle? You have committed some folly, I would wager, my boy."

A purple red covered the cheeks of the young man. He did not reply. Felicie, who had remained leaning against the door, with her embroidery in her hand, came again to his assistance. She stooped towards the old man and asked him, in a low tone, whether it would not be proper to offer some refreshments to the traveller.

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," said Rieland.

"I will carry a bottle of wine into the kitchen; you will converse there more at your ease," resumed Felicie, who had remarked how much the sly looks and smiles of the two apprentices embarrassed the Alsatian.

Remy Nantel, especially, the head workman of the goldsmith, had knit his brows as he saw the friendly reception given to the young stranger. This Remy was an old bachelor of forty-five at least, afflicted with a mania common enough, that of attempting to be witty and to play upon words. Though he had a large body and little hair, a great mouth and small eyes, a red nose and black teeth, Remy was not destitute of pretension. As people often laughed at his wit, almost always coarse, he looked upon it as a success. He then brought towards his forehead, with a laugh of triumph, two or three locks of hair borrowed from the back of his head.

"Zidore," said he to the other apprentice, as soon as the goldsmith and Barth had left the workshop, "this great Alsatian displeases me. He looks like an umbrella case. If he comes here to work, I will make the sour-krout eater see stars."

While the two workmen were amusing themselves at the expense of the new comer, Rieland was conversing with Franz Barth. Like most old men, the goldsmith loved whatever reminded him of his youth. In talking of the father of Franz, he found himself carried back to the happy moments of his life. So the conversation did not lag on his side. As for the young Alsatian, he contented himself with replying to the questions of the goldsmith. He seemed to have reserved all his activity to attack the remains of a leg of mutton which Felicie had silently deposited on the table. The goldsmith was still talking when the whole leg had disappeared, in company with a two pound loaf which had scarcely been begun upon.

"It seems you have a good appetite, my boy," said Rieland. "So much the better! So much the better! I had also, at your age. And your father, too—I remember that one day we were together at the Ville d'Auvray. We two ate a loin of veal and a chicken. Times have changed since that. Well, my boy, what do you propose to do in Paris?"

"Seek work, sir."

"That is easily said; but what can you do? not much, I fear."

"That is true, sir, but I have a good will."

"That is something, but not enough. Return to-morrow—we will see of what you are capable."

The young man rose to withdraw. Felicie thought she remarked an expression of sadness and embarrassment in his countenance. She beckoned to her father, who approached her.

"Father," said she, in an under-tone, "M. Franz is doubtless unacquainted in Paris. Perhaps he does not know where to go. Can we not offer him, for this night, the little room where Trinette sleeps."

"We can, indeed," said the goldsmith. "Besides, if I am not mistaken, this poor boy's purse is not very well filled."

After a moment's hesitation, Franz accepted the hospitality offered him by Rieland. Felicie hastened to make preparations. The young man, who had come on foot that day from Meaux, was exhausted with fatigue and drowsiness. It was not necessary to urge him to retire when the bed was ready.

"He appears to be an honest youth," said Rieland to his daughter; "only there is one thing which displeases me in his story."

"What?"

"He is evidently on bad terms with his uncle, and I see that he seeks to conceal the cause of this quarrel. There may be something in it. I will write to Karl to learn the truth."

It was not necessary to look long at Franz Barth in order to divine his origin. His fair hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion and upright form, revealed at the first glance, that he was born on the banks of the Rhine. Gentleness and goodness were painted on his physiognomy, which was, perhaps, slightly deficient in expression. He was neither silly nor clownish, at most a little simple; but excessive timidity sometimes gave him an embarrassed air, which was an injury to him. His foreign accent and the difficulty which he experienced in expressing himself, contributed much to this. He seemed extremely sad, and even his smile had something sorrowful about it. In fine, he was a handsome youth of twenty-three, who seemed at most twenty, and whose open face prepossessed others in his favor.

The first week of his debut in the work-shop of Rieland was a hard trial to Franz. He did not very well understand what the goldsmith said to him, and dared not ask him to repeat it. So, though naturally very skilful, he often did the contrary of what he was ordered. He saw that the two other workmen laughed at him, and that disturbed him still more.

On the other hand, the disposition of Rieland had been unhappily soured by the misfortunes he had experienced. Though a good man at heart, he was very passionate. He wished to have his explanations comprehended at a word, often carelessly spoken, because he was thinking of something else. Twenty times a day, during the first week, he rose from his stool with impatience, and vented his ill humor in the shop that he might not express it aloud before his workmen. What exasperated him most, was to be every moment interrupted in his eternal mechanical calculations by the questions of his new apprentice. Rendered more fearful still by the temper of his patron, the latter dared not, in fact, give a single stroke with his tools without consulting him.

"What is the matter, father?" Felicie would ask, when she saw the goldsmith walk about the little shop with a furious step.

"This Franz will wear out my patience!" Rieland would exclaim, twisting his cap on his head. "It is impossible to make him understand anything."

And he would relate to Felicie some blunder of the poor Alsatian.

"I shall be obliged to send him away," he would say.

"Poor boy," Felicie would reply, "he looks so pleasant, so honest."

"Yes he is full of good will, but that is not enough."

"The two other workmen annoy him with their ridicule. Besides, if you send him away, you, his father's friend, what will become of him? He will die of hunger."

"O, I see how it is. If I listened to you, I should never dismiss a workman. It was so in the time of that old Mathurin Royat. Everything he broke in the house, you put down to your own account. And here is another who spoils my work. Good! I hear Nointel and Isidore laughing again. I would wager your Alsatian is doing some other stupid thing."

Foreseeing a storm, Felicie would rise quickly, take her father's arm with a coaxing air, and pass with him into the workshop. Most of the time Franz had, indeed, committed some blunder. With downcast head, blushing up to his ears, he would await his master's reproaches with a sorrowful resignation. His two neighbors would laugh and look at the injured article in such a manner as to attract attention from the master. Felicie would then interfere. With a glance she would impose silence on the workmen. Then, addressing Franz in her sweetest tone, she would explain to him slowly and in detail the work he was required to accomplish. Lest he should not readily comprehend, she would often repeat her explanation two or three times. Composed, re-assured by this caressing voice, the poor boy would resume his task. Often Felicie, instead of going away immediately, would remain by the side of Franz, and watch his labors. When he made another mistake, which was very rarely, she would point out his error, without impatience. Then all would go on admirably. The goldsmith would plunge himself again into his calculations, and Felicie, silently regaining her counter, would resume her embroidery.

During the second week, the aspect of things changed. There took place every day in the person and in the mind of Barth, a change analogous to that experienced by a man whose limbs, contracted by severe cold, relax and grow supple in a warmer temperature. Like most of his countrymen, he was adroit and patient, and, like them also, he had a peculiar talent of making a host of little articles in wood. This last quality did more than all the rest to conquer for him the affection of Rieland. He hastened to make useful in his mechanics the address and the inexhaustible obligingness of the young Alsatian. Though he sometimes knocked his apprentice roughly, Rieland liked him much and could not do without him.

"Your pupil has done this, your pupil has done that," he would say to the young girl.

Barth had remained in possession of the little room which he had occupied on the night of his arrival. He took his meals with Rieland and his daughter. This naturally brought about a sort of intimacy of which the two other apprentices showed themselves very jealous. Then, Franz lived completely apart from them and shared none of their pleasures. He had none of the tastes of young men of his age. Although he already earned good wages with the goldsmith, he was extremely economical. And yet he never had any money. What did he do with it? This problem appeared the more difficult for Felicie to solve, since Barth never went out. He spent all his evenings with the goldsmith and the young girl. The latter embroidered or read aloud. The two men carved pieces of wood, and mounted wheels for the mechanisms of father Rieland.

On Sunday they went to walk at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries, or rather, if the weather was favorable, in the fields around Paris. Then Franz would give his arm to Felicie. At first, this honor made the apprentice turn as red as a poppy. He kept himself three feet from the young girl. He would extend his arm at full length, so that she could scarcely place her fingers on the cuff of his coat. But the awkwardness of Franz at last disappeared in this respect as well as others. He soon approached nearer, and perhaps at last pressed Felicie's arm to his breast a little closer than was necessary. After all, she did not complain.

Since the arrival of the young Alsatian, a great improvement had taken place in Felicie's health. The color re-appeared on her cheek. Her lips also were redder. Her laugh had a fresher, more ringing and more free intonation. Love had warmed her heart, and her whole constitution felt it. The young girl loved Franz and did not try to conceal it. Something whispered to her that Barth shared her love. Meanwhile, various circumstances inspired her with an involuntary uneasiness.

One thing pre-occupied her especially. Franz frequently received from Germany letters evidently proceeding from the same person, for the writing of the address was always the same. Every time Felicie took one of these letters to the young Alsatian, or the postman gave it to him before her, Franz would be troubled and blush to the white of his eyes. Instead of opening his letter immediately, he would put it in his pocket, and not read it until he had re-entered his room. It appeared that his correspondent announced to him only bad news, for after every letter, Franz was sad and gloomy for several days. He avoided even Felicie, and his eyes were precipitately cast down every time they encountered the anxious and affectionate glance of the young girl.

Franz had no other relatives except his uncle Karl Barth, who lived at Darmstadt. Now these letters bore the postmark of Ansbach. Then Felicie knew for a certainty that Karl was not in correspondence with his nephew. In reply to the letter relative to Franz, Barth had written to the goldsmith that he did not wish to have anything said to him about this young man.

"This youth," wrote he to Rieland, "whom I regarded as my heir, as my son, has committed a fault which I will never pardon. It is useless to tell you what is. It concerns me particularly and affects in nothing the integrity of Franz. You can keep him in your workshop without fear, only never mention him to me again."

After this letter, which Rieland had shown to his daughter, it was evident enough that Franz did not receive letters from his uncle. Who, then, was the correspondent of the young Alsatian? A friend? He would have spoken of him sometimes. Then, with that ingenious diplomacy in which no ambassador can vie with even the most ordinary woman, Felicie had succeeded in ascertaining that Franz had no friend in Germany. A woman, then? That was more probable; nevertheless, the writing, remarkably handsome and regular, seemed traced by the hand of a man.

All this puzzled Felicie extremely. As it was almost always to the young girl that the postman handed the letters, she was sometimes tempted to open those of Franz's. These letters burned her fingers; she fastened her eyes upon them often as if her glance would penetrate the envelope. Even then, she would have been no better off, for the letters were written in German. It is true that this inconvenience was fast disappearing, Felicie having already commenced studying German with Barth, to whom, in return, she gave lessons in French. The poor boy needed them. He mangled that tongue in a most barbarous manner, which drew upon him the constant ridicule of the other apprentices. Isidore, especially, malicious as a monkey, and spoiled by Rieland, who was amused at his repartees, was very jealous of Felicie's interest in the young workman. Isidore aspired to win the hand of the goldsmith's daughter himself, actuated partly by the kind of love young men are apt to feel for the first young woman with whom they are intimately associated, and partly by his ambition to win one whom he naturally looked upon as his superior.

Though Rieland was not very social or neighborly, he could not entirely avoid those relations which are established in certain quarters among people whose shops join and who must often have recourse to each other, were it only to change a bank-bill or gold piece. On various occasions, he had been joked respecting his daughter's marriage with the young Alsatian. Barth and Felicie were always together, and as Franz seemed to be already a part of the family, these suppositions were very natural. At first, the good man contented himself with shrugging his shoulders impatiently. Nevertheless, one day after a conversation of this kind, instead of returning home, he walked more than a quarter of an hour on the quay, with his hands behind him. Then, suddenly, like a man who has just adopted an energetic resolution, he returned to his counter, ascended to his own room like an arrow, and began to write a long letter to his friend, Karl Barth.

"Will you come to dinner, father?" asked his daughter, entering his room at the moment he was reading the letter.

"Very soon, my child; only let me take this to the post."

"To whom are you writing that long letter?" resumed the young girl, for whom Rieland seldom had a secret.

"You are too inquisitive," replied he, embracing her. "I will tell you at some future time."

Felicie asked no more, but I would not swear that she had not time to read the address. It is certain that she blushed a little, and embraced her father more tenderly than usual.

Two or three days afterwards, one Saturday evening at the end of the month, Rieland, Felicie and Barth held a grand council. The subject in question was to choose the place to spend the ensuing Sunday. After having suggested one by one all the suburbs of Paris, they decided upon Enghien.

At six o'clock in the morning the next day, everybody was up. For most of the shopkeepers of Paris, Sunday is an important day. They look forward all the rest of the week to this happy day of rest and liberty. They are careful not to lose a minute of it.

The first train for Enghien started at half-past seven. Felicie proposed to profit by it; but her father, who was daily expecting the reply of Karl Barth, would not go until after the mail had arrived. The next train left at half-past nine, and in order to be in season for it, it was necessary to leave the shop at half-past eight. At that hour the postman had not yet arrived, and Rieland lost patience.

"We will go," said he; "if I have any letters, we shall find them on our return."

An hour afterwards, the goldsmith, his daughter and Franz were rolling towards Enghien in a car of the second class. In the same compartment were two young people of nearly the same age as Barth. Patent leather gaiters, canes with pinch-beck heads, straw-colored gloves in their second edition, gay cravats, black coats and pants, at nine o'clock in the morning—all this smelt of the dry-goods clerk. These gentlemen were very gay, even turbulent. Franz, who sincerely admired their toilette and their elegance, soon saw that they looked a little too much at Mademoiselle Rieland. Then they had a way of confiding to each other aloud their admiration for the young girl, and afterwards laughing, which much embarrassed Felicie.

In spite of his amiability and peaceful disposition, Franz reddened with anger. But for the timidity which always prevented him from speaking first, he would have accosted the clerks very harshly. As for Father Rieland, absorbed as usual in his calculations, he was deaf, dumb and blind. Felicie, though much annoyed at the conversation of the two coxcombs, was at heart happy at the jealousy which she saw sparkle in the eyes of the young apprentice. Only she feared a quarrel. That at last came.

When they left the cars at the depot of Enghien, the two clerks, encouraged by the silence of Franz and Rieland, began to follow Felicie and continue their remarks. This time, Franz lost patience. He let go the arm of the young girl and ran to the persecutors. One of them was so unfortunate as to raise his cane. It did not need so much. Franz wrested the trumpery reed from him, broke it in pieces and threw it in the dirt, where the clerk soon followed it with one skirt the less to his coat. The other clerk, more vigorous, stood his ground and gave Franz blow for blow. At last, some passers by interfered and separated the combatants. Everybody blamed the two clerks. He who had rolled in the dust, and at whose expense they were laughing, wished to play the courageous and spoke of a duel.

"I ask nothing better!" said Franz; "whenever you please."

The other muttered some bravado in a less confident tone.

"Come, come, decamp," said to the latter an old officer who was among the spectators. "You have no desire to fight, and this brave youth did well to chastise you. Decamp, I tell you, or I will have you arrested."

Everybody applauded. The two clerks cast down their heads and retired in confusion. Felicie took the arm of Franz and went away with Rieland and the young Alsatian. She scolded Franz for his impetuosity, but at heart, she was proud and grateful.

"What fly has stung you, Franz?" said father Rieland, who had but half comprehended this incident. "Why did you seek a quarrel with those two young people? I thought you a very sheep."

"He is an enraged sheep, father," replied Felicie, laughing, though she still trembled a little. "So I am about to scold him. Unfortunately that will not produce much effect," added the young girl, in the same tone, turning to look at Franz, who was contemplating her lovingly.

The good man shook his head and secretly smiled.

After breakfast, Felicie expressed a desire for a boat-ride on the lake. Franz wished to row, but the goldsmith, who was not remarkable for intrepidity, especially on the water, insisted that they should employ a boatman.

The weather was magnificent. The rays of the sun, stealing through the foliage of the trees, agitated by a light breeze, gilded with capricious gleams the limpid surface of the lake. Under the impulse of the oars, the waves parted murmuringly before the boat, to close behind it in a furrow of silver. The azure sky was reflected on the surface of the lake, which was from time to time skimmed by the rapid wing of a swallow. In the adjoining forest was heard the joyous warbling of the birds as they flitted from branch to branch.

Rieland had stationed himself in the bow of the boat. As he watched the motion of the oars, he was planning something to supersede the necessity of rowers. This pre-occupation made him forget his terrors: the boat might have upset and he would not have perceived it until he was submerged.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE FALSE SERVANT.

The writer of "Realities of Paris Life" mentions the following stratagem to smuggle wine, adopted by a Frenchman: "It is not very long since a clever attempt was detected by the vigilance of the officers of the *octroi*. A respectable looking carriage, drawn by a pair of horses, used to go out at the Barriere de Fontainebleau every afternoon, containing one or two persons, and with a livery servant standing behind; after a drive of a couple of hours, the vehicle would return, about dusk, apparently *in statu quo*. The door was opened as usual, the question was asked in due form, and the party pursued their way unmolested. This went on for some time; at length, the perfect immobility of the footman, one day, struck the searcher; he resolved to observe more closely, and the next day, accordingly, after he had shut the carriage door, he called out to the coachman, whose wont it was to whip up his horses, and drive off at a rapid pace, "*Halte là, cocher;*" then, turning to the servant, he addressed him with:—"*Et vous, mon brave, n'auriez vous, par hazard, rien a declarer?*" No answer was returned, and not a whisker moved, when the officer thought it time to come to a closer personal acquaintance with this supercilious and dignified official. His astonishment may be conceived when the supposed valet was dismounted, and proved to be a tin case, painted and dressed, and containing seven dozen bottles of choice wine!

HIGHLY IMPROPER.

Old Mother Nature is no respecter of the theories of savans; she is continually destroying by the quiet presentation of facts, theories laboriously built up by those who have assumed to themselves the office of priests of her mysteries. The latest instance is the discovery last month, in tunnelling upon the line of the Dover and Chatham Railway, near Dover in Kent, of a valuable seam of coal in the chalk formation, alternating with seams of flint common to the chalk in this district. Very lamentable as this discovery is to the geologists, southern England will be reconciled to it, by the selfish consideration that coal is of more consequence than geological consistency

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FLUSH OF MORN.

BY JAMES BISTINE.

There is a glory in the flush of morn,
There is a beauty in the tide of noon,
There's a sublimity when day is borne
Westward to vanish in a deepening gloom.
The shadows call each fairy from her cell,
And bid her breathe sweet music in the dell

There is a rapture in the dawn of life,
A joy in manhood's swiftly flowing hour,
There is an ecstacy when care and strife
Fade like the sunset beam upon the shore.
Then wakened memory whispers in the ear,
The lovely tales of many a slumbering year.

Behold! thou on whose cheek is softly shed
The hollow lustre of expiring life,
Behold yon glory, that is brightly spread
Around the west, where now in deadly strife
The sunbeams struggle with approaching night,
See, day is sinking—vanquished in her light.

In age's calm sunset, when all the joys
Our bosom knew are fading like the west,
Tearful we gaze upon those worldly toys,
And sadly close our eyes in dreamless rest.
But man shall wake beneath a fairer sky,
And see those joys flame in felicity.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE AGAINST GOLD.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

Who does not remember how, some ten or twelve years ago, that electric cry, "California ho!" ran like wild-fire through our land, thrilling men's hearts like a trumpet-call?

"Gold! gold!"—magic words which swayed men's hearts as the mountain wind bends proud forest trees; words more potent than the best impulses of the human soul, luring thousands from their "world of love at home," across trackless waters and arid deserts, to the new El Dorado! And who has not heard that this bright "Golden Legend" has its sad chorus? Who has not seen the Rembrandt shadows that cloud and dim the picture?

An old story, apropos to the theme, sweeps back upon my heart to-day, and easily slides from my heart to my pen—a truthful story, telling how, to one young, loving heart, the refrain of that cry, "California ho!" was a death-warrant, and one which sends misty tears to my eyes, writing this—for I knew and loved sweet Ellen Dunbar, whose young life withered under the blasting Upas breath that swept from the far western shores of gold.

George Dunbar had heard the call from the land of gold, and his heart leaped up to the cry. True, he was doing well in a lucrative business, and, over and above supporting in elegance his young wife and child, laying up a comfortable annuity; but it suddenly seemed too slow away to get rich to his impetuous nature. A band of young men, most of whom were his immediate acquaintances, had been tainted with the golden infection, and persuaded him to join them. He heard and listened, and went to his young wife with the proposal.

Ellen's cheek paled and her lip quivered; but she did not oppose him. She had heard him talk of "through tickets," "going round the Horn," and "ounces" and "piles of the dust;" she had watched him turning the newspapers till his eye rested on the column devoted to "news from California," and now, when he came and told her, she did not oppose him.

She only said, meekly, "George, we are well and happy now, and have enough to make us comfortable. Gold isn't essential to happiness; but I see how it is, you have set your heart on going."

"But, Ellen," said the young husband, "don't talk so! I will not go if you say 'stay'—not unless you are perfectly willing. But you see how it is—Dana, Hill, Walker, and all the fellows, they start next month, and form a company, carry out their own provisions, clothing, mining utensils, and mean to go into the mines; and, with their facilities for turning the bed of a river, every one of them will be a rich man. They can't help it, Nelly! The gold is there, and they intend to dig for it. Now it's just here, Nelly! I'm doing a pretty fair business here, I know, but it's slow compared with what they'll accomplish—and it does seem too good a chance to let slip. Still, Nelly, if you say the word, and don't want me to leave you, why I wont;" and he awaited her answer.

But Nelly Dunbar was brave and self-sacrificing as she was patient. "Well, George, if you're sure—"

"*Sure?* Of course I am!" impetuously urged Dunbar. "In a year or two I could bring home my pile, and you could live like a princess; or is would be but three years at the most, and three years aren't such a long time, are they, Nelly? Dana's wife has given her consent to his going; come, let me have yours, for of course I shan't go without it. With father and mother to look after you and Charlie, and I sending you letters by every steamer, you wouldn't be so lonesome; and then when I come back—"

"But, George, George, don't be so confident," broke forth the young wife, striving vainly to repress her sobs. "I can't help it—but, O if you should *die* in that strange land, or I should not live through—through— O, George, I can't help thinking so!" And she clung to his neck.

For a long time Mr. Dunbar sat silent. He had not thought of this before, so buoyantly hopeful was he; and now he clasped the delicate young wife to his heart, as though he feared to lose her.

"Ought he to go? Was it right to leave Ellen now?" he asked himself. "No!—he would seek his companions and impart his decision."

But this mood did not last. In his imagination he saw them return from the land of gold with their "pile," and thought, "I too might have done the same!" Hope, the syren, again lured him with her promises, and he said, cheerily:

"Come, Nelly, cheer up and look at the bright side of the picture. You are apt to get nervous. We shall laugh at all this, when I come back to find you strong and handsome, and I a rich man. Come, say I may go and make a fortune for us."

And so Ellen Dunbar crushed back her tears, and gave her consent, and the light-hearted, sanguine husband little dreamed how that consent was wrung from her heart.

And three weeks afterwards, in the little parlor of the old homestead, whither George had carried her, a pale face was bowed against the front window, and the blue eyes, blinded with tears, were striving to gaze down the street after the laden stage-coach which was bearing him away to the station; and little three-year-old Charlie clambered up into a chair at her side, shouting, "See, mama, how fast the white horses gallop. Get up! get up!" And he gesticulated violently, stamping his little foot and cracking his little riding-whip.

"Mama, what made papa cry when he went away? And will the white horses bring him back pretty soon?" queried the boy.

"I don't know, darling," was the mother's reply, the repressed tears bursting forth.

"Well, I guess he will; and papa said he'd bring me a big lump of gold, and a little, cunning pony!" And the little fellow clapped his hands in high glee. "I don't believe papa'll stay ever so long, do you, mama? Cause you see he knows I want the pony so bad!"

Ellen wept in silence. She could not bear the hopeful words of the prattler at her side. "Yes, yes, Charlie, papa'll bring home the pony. Now be a good boy, and run out into the yard to play."

Five minutes later the care free child was recounting to a group of wondering boys in the yard the story of the treasures his father was going to bring home from 'Forny. But poor Ellen Dunbar! She watched the stage disappearing round the distant corner of the long highway, then sank down into the low, old-fashioned window-seat, and burst into tears.

Spring had deepened into summer; south winds swept over the clover meadows; the roses bloomed in the front yard of the old homestead; and then, when skies were blue, and winds were fragrant with the breath of flowers, Ellen Dunbar lay upon her sick bed, pale, and very weak, but yet strong enough to thank God that he had granted her a blessed boon—the new, wonderful life of the tiny sleeper beside her on the snowy pillows. For again the sacred joy of motherhood circled in her veins. And then little Charlie stole on tiptoe into the darkened room, and stood beside the old nurse who sat in a low chair with a very mysterious bundle on her lap, from which she unrolled a very wee-looking, very red, and very "cross" baby—at least, so Charlie thought, as a fresh salute from his infant lungs caused him to start back, exclaiming, "O, grandma, how it hollers!" whereat grandma smiled, and mama laughed a little faintly from the bed, and then Charlie ran out to inform Willie Dame in the yard that he'd got something at his house better'n a lump of gold, or even a white pony—a real live baby, that opened its mouth and cried just so, and Charlie gave a very peculiar cry; and then, in due time, sisters, aunts and cousins must all needs come and take a peep at the baby, a letter was despatched to George, and daily and weekly Ellen grew stronger, till again she moved about her infant's cradle. Meantime the first letter had come from the absent, written at Rio, running thus:

"Rio Janeiro, April 12, 184–.

"My dear Wife:—Here I am, thank fortune, on terra firma again. You would have heard from me before, had we spoken any vessel on our outward passage; but this is the earliest opportunity I have had of sending to you. We entered Rio harbor on the night of April 10th, and shall remain till the 20th, to take in supplies and water for the passage round the Horn, which I fear will prove a long one, for we are heavily laden, and the Charlotte is a slow sailor. I am delighted with South America. Every day our party goes out on exploring expeditions into the country, and the way we walk into the orange groves, Yankee schoolboy fashion, isn't slow. Such splended fruit; such tropical richness of vegetation; such processions of jolly old monks in the city, and chanting of organs at mass in the old cathedrals! Well, everything is so strange, that all I have to do is to keep my eyes 'wide open tight,' and enjoy. Wish I had you and Charlie here just now. Wouldn't we 'walk Spanish,' and see the lions for one while? I am in good health and spirits. I escaped sea-sickness altogether on the passage, and have gained ten pounds by the operation, despite the musty biscuit and salt junk they served out to us. On the 20th we again set sail southward, and before many weeks, I hope, shall weather the Horn. We shall touch at Valparaiso—from which city I will write again—and then northward, westward, ho for California! As soon as we reach San Francisco, I will despatch letters. You will hear often, so don't worry about me, but take good care of yourself, Nellie. Be sure and write every steamer, or get some one of the folks to write. But my sheet is full. Kiss Charlie for papa, and appropriate the one I send on paper for yourself. Love to all; and now, good-by, my dear wife, and God bless and keep you, says

"Your affectionate husband,
George Dunbar."

And so this letter—a portion only of which we have given—warmed Ellen's heart, and filled it with peace and love and joy. It was so like George; full of his genial good humor, and honest, manly straightforwardness; just as he would have spoken could he have come and told her all about it. So thought Ellen, as she folded it, then rocked her infant's cradle with a soft lullaby on her lips.

Upwards of two years had passed, and how fared the wanderer, who, after a passage of six long months—weary weeks of which the Charlotte lay off the dreary Cape Horn, buffetted by storms in sweeping from those southern seas—gained the golden strand?

It boots not here to recount the journey of the band with whom George Dunbar had made common interest, from San Francisco into the interior mining districts, their toilsome travels along a track but recently broken through old forests, or the exhausting journeys under a fervid sun, the fording of streams rushing down, foamy and cold, from the Sierra Nevada's sunny summits, or perhaps dragging along for days without finding a spring of water wherein to slack their burning thirst, or yet, the night sleep on the hard earth, when, wrapped in their blankets, and with the far off stars watching their slumbers, they dreamed brokenly of toilsome days' march, rushing river, or the distant home-ones. Enough to record, that, the weary journey ended, they struck their camp on the banks of the blue-rolling Yuba, brought pick and cradle to their work, sifted the glittering dust from the black earth, slowly, but surely turned aside the bed of the river, leaving its rocky bottom bare to the sunlight, and thus gradually by the sweat of their brows each man amassed the "pile" which had been the lure to win him from his distant New England home. And George Dunbar was fast becoming a rich man.

Meanwhile, how passed the years to Ellen? As the time drew near for her husband's return, did not her eye grow brighter, her footfall more elastic, while she counted the months yet to intervene before she could greet him?

Yes, indeed, her eye grew brighter, and she counted the months eagerly — but alas! each day dragged more heavily now, and her footfall grew heavier, too, for of late the eye of affection could not fail to perceive, what Ellen would fain have longer concealed—that, gradually, the delicate form was growing weaker, and disease was marking her for his prey.

"It was not much—a little cold—she should soon be better," Ellen said, and, for the children's sake—the bold, brave Charlie, a manly fellow of six, and the little toddling Georgie, a delicate, golden-haired boy, the child of her love—for *their* sakes the mother would have fain crushed back that strange, wild fear at her heart; but when old Doctor Gray was summoned, he shook his head, and said:

"Ah, *this* never'll do, Mrs. Dunbar! We must have you looking rosier and stouter than this to welcome George home; and, by the way, better hasten his coming, for his presence will prove better than all my medicines."

And so a letter was despatched to George.

"Do not alarm him, but tell him he had better be thinking about coming home soon," said the doctor. "I do not quite understand Ellen's case. "Her symptoms are not wholly unfavorable, and we may bring her up again—but we cannot tell: it is best George should be here—but say it without alarming him."

And so the letter was sent, telling him that Ellen was not well or strong as formerly, though no immediate danger was apprehended; but would he come home as soon as he could arrange his business to leave? But he must not be alarmed, Ellen had not taken much exercise lately, summer was coming, and the warm airs might revive her. So George's sister wrote.

That letter aroused the wanderer. The spell of gold was broken. A voice echoed in thunder tones through his brain, "Return! Return!" And the first homeward-bound steamer bore him from the harbor of San Francisco.

And then, when, in the New England home, where a young and lovely creature was swiftly sinking under consumption's baleful touch, there was but one burthen to the prayers they breathed about her couch: "O, if he may but arrive ere it is *too late!*"

The soft splendor of a tropical night hung over the isthmus, when a traveller, wrapped in the folds of his thick California blanket lay down to slumber. His garments were coarse and travel-stained; a Spanish sombrero covered his head, from beneath whose bent rim fell a profuse growth of black hair which almost concealed his well-cut mouth and sun-burned throat; his complexion was bronzed by exposure; a Spanish dirk-knife and a revolver hung from his belt—the belt wherein he carried the precious golden onzas which was the fruit of his three years' exile from his native home. George Dunbar was on his homeward way across the isthmus. All day long he journeyed along the narrow mule-beaten track which wound through tangled thickets bordered by dense chapparel and grand old trees with glossy, dark green foliage and trailing banners of old gray mosses; all day long had he pressed on his way, till now, overcome by fatigue, he lay down to rest, with his hands clasped across the brow which, in the dreams that came to him in the stillness of that tropic night, throbbed with thoughts of his distant, ill, and perhaps dying Ellen.

Who of us will laugh at "dreams" as idle "fancyings," or ridicule such as lightest "nonsense?" Knowing what came to George Dunbar, asleep there on the isthmus, thousands of miles away from his dying wife, I dare not. For that dream was a warning—nay, a revelation! He recounted it to me when, a month later, we sat in his desolated home, and that dream had become literally fulfilled.

"I slept soundly, exhausted with my day's long and rapid travel along the mule-route. The last thing I remember before I slept, was looking up to the deep blue sky overhead, spangled with millions of stars. Then I fell asleep. An old, withered woman, bent and haggard, and with eyes that seemed to read mysteries, came and stood before me. With one long, skinny finger upraised to the stars, she hoarsely whispered:

"'Shall I read your fate?'

"I seemed to articulate, 'Yes,' though I distinctly felt a choking sensation in my throat. The old sybil replied:

"'You do not care for yourself—but for the distant dear ones—her to whom you are hastening. Hasten! Hasten! why do you tarry an hour, a moment? They are waiting!' And she gesticulated violently and shook her finger before me, menacingly. 'But nay!' And that mood passed, and she spoke sadly, pityingly, 'Nay, it is useless now! They will all be there when you tread the old familiar places—thy father, thy mother, thy brothers and sisters,—all but

her, and she, the best beloved. Thou wilt not find her! It is too late—too late!'

"And then, without further word or look, she vanished. I awoke with a start. It was deep midnight. The stars were thick as water drops in the sea, in the sky overhead; the broad-leaved palmetto stirred with a sighing sound in a soft wind which rose; and close by the green bank where I had made my pillow a little rill of water dripped down over the long sword grass with a sound like falling tears. I was wide awake then. I buckled my belt tighter about me, though I ground my teeth together in a sort of fierce rage, for I was sure the gold it held had been earned at a fearful price; and in the deep tropic midnight I again set out along the mule-track, hurried on by a strange, wild restlessness at my heart—strange, indeed, since it was born of despair. For I know I had had a warning. I am not superstitious, God knows; but I knew Ellen was dead!"

This, George Dunbar told me in a low, choked voice, the tears coursing down his bronzed cheeks, as he sat in the little parlor of the old homestead, his two children on his knees playing gleefully with the golden coins he gave them. And it was all true. Sweet Ellen Dunbar had died the night George was crossing the isthmus! heavily into her arms, she sobbed out, "O, George, —poor Nelly!"

It was many, many hours, ere calmness came to that anguished man, sufficient to listen to all. Then with his two boys—Charlie, grown stout and rosy, and the little golden haired, blue-eyed child whom he had never seen till now, the last gift of his dead wife—with his motherless boys clasped to his broad breast, George Dunbar bowed his head on Georgie's soft hair and heard the story of Nelly's dying love.

And this was the end of it all! "Three years to grow rich in"—three years of lost love—his golden treasure gained—his priceless treasure lost! A fortune won—his wife sleeping over yonder, with the sods on her breast!

Years have passed since that day. Time, the sanctifier and softener, has in a measure healed that wound in George Dunbar's heart—but, ah! its scar can never wholly disappear; and to day I know what heart will throb heavier, reading this, and what dark eyes will grow dim with tears, for the memory of her who for years has been quietly sleeping.

And, reader, pausing mayhap a moment over this "ower true tale," lay its moral to your heart —never, in the balance of your affections, weigh down Gold against Love!

THE OLD SALT HOUSE, LONG WHARF, BOSTON. [REPUBLISHED.]

What a scene that was when the stage coach rolled up the street, and he stood, a sunburnt, foreign-looking man in the entry of the paternal homestead where he had left Ellen, trembling and fearing to lift the latch to enter. Could he open that door, and not find her?

For he knew it all. In the railway-cars which brought him from the city where he landed, he had met an old friend. This man had not come to him and said: "Dunbar, your wife is dead and buried!" But there was small need, for he had known that earlier. He had not wept then, but he sunk down on his seat in the corner of the car after he momentarily wrung his friend's hand, and shaded his eyes with his hat-brim, and so rode back to the home he had left three years before so buoyantly hopeful; but standing there, on the threshold of the old homestead, his knees smote together, and he leaned heavily against the wall for support. Suddenly his own mother opened the door. Busy with her household cares, she had not seen the coach stop; but, entering the parlor hastily, and hearing the hand trembling upon the latch, supposing it to be little Georgie, who had been at play in the yard, she opened the door and stood face to face with a burned and bearded stranger.

Mute she stood a moment; but maternal instinct is strong, then, as he staggered forward

"THE OLD SALT HOUSE."

☞ The edition of our paper containing the picture of "The Old Salt Store," was completely exhausted on the second day after publication, and being unable to supply the demand of those who desire extra copies of the paper containing this old landmark of Boston, we have resorted to the only means in our power to gratify them and meet the demand, by republishing the engraving in the present number of the Pictorial.

Some two or three weeks ago, taking up our copy of the Boston Post, which is, by the way, quite as necessary to our existence as our breakfast, our attention was caught by the following paragraph:

"THE 'OLD SALT HOUSE.'—In consequence of the strong proclivity of the occupant of this antique landmark for old associations, the owners of it have yielded to the wish of their tenant to have it remain as it now is, with the exception of raising it up so as to prevent the high tide flowing into it. We are informed that since the demolition of the old store was first contemplated, it has had such an extraordinary effect upon 'Acorn' that he is but a shadow of what he was, and he may be seen walking up and down the wharf, in a moody manner, and with a face marked by sadness. It is thought by many of his most intimate friends, that had not the owners of the store consented to have it remain in its present state, 'Acorn' would have relinquished the salt business, and joined his friend George Wilkins Kendall, in Texas, and turned his attention to sheep raising! 'Tis better as it is,' as Long Wharf cannot spare the 'old salt' quite yet We regret to hear, however, that the old fellow has grown so thin in consequence of worrying, that he can scarcely make a shadow on the ground, unless he has an *umbrella over his head*."

Here was news indeed! Until that moment we had never dreamed that the sacred old pile had been menaced by the hand of innovation. We had thus escaped a pang, but it was with feelings of distress that we learned that "Acorn," whose shadow we had so often wished might never be less, was almost deprived of that necessary adjunct to a substance, and nearly in the condition of the man in the German legend who parted with his shadow for a consideration. We immediately hastened down to 49 Long Wharf, and there discovered that the account of the lessee's fragility was merely a pleasant fiction of Colonel Greene. We found "Acorn" as plump as a partridge, as bright eyed, wide awake and gay as ever, and capable of projecting a very fair shadow—at sunset. Relieved on this point, we ascertained that the "O'd Salt House" stood

generous sympathy attracted visitors clothed by genius with the imperial purple of renown. The dusty, creaking staircase and sunken floors have been trodden by feet that, alas! have ceased to walk the earth. William T. Porter, the brilliant, gentle, generous, the refined spirit of *the* "Spirit;" William Henry Herbert, the ripe scholar and splendid writer; Mat. Field, the gifted "Phazma" of the New Orleans Picayune; his brother Joe, the "Straws" of the Picayune, and of the St. Louis Reveillée, the best "Dazzle" on the stage; Edmund Kean, the splendid meteor of the English stage; Lucius Junius Brutus Booth, a genius of no less brilliancy; Power, the Irish comedian; Henry J. Finn; Sargent S. Prentiss, the orator and lawyer, were among the welcome guests of the "Old Salt House." Sad and sweet are the memories their names evoke. Among the living who have graced these dusky chambers, and who always call at 49 when in these latitudes, are such men as Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Wilkins Kendall, the "ex-Santa Fé prisoner," as we used to call him in the Spirit of the Times, Colonel Albert Pike, the American Kœrner, A M Holbrook and F. A. Lumsden of the New Orleans Picayune, Edwin Forrest, John Brougham, T. B. Thorpe ("Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter"), Sol. Smith, and a host of others, distinguished in literature, in arms, on the turf, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the medical profession. The old house is truly *classic* ground.

FALLING LEAVES.

Alas! alas! we poor mortals are often little better than wood-ashes, there is small sign of the sap, and the leafy freshness, and the bursting buds that were once there; but, wherever we see wood-ashes, we know that all that early fullness of life must have been. I, at least, hardly ever look at a bent old man, or a wizened old woman, but I see, also, with my mind's eye, that Past of which they are the shrunkened remnant, and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and signification, compared with that drama of hope and love which has long ago reached its catastrophe, and left the poor soul, like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden scenes and fair perspective overturned and thrust out of sight.

Nothing, no, not the whole world, in an equivalent for the soul; so that if you give away money beyond reckoning to the poor, you will not achieve so great a work as he who converts one soul.—*St. Chrysostom.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALL THE DAY LONG.

A companion poem to "All the Night Long," in No 4, Vol. 17, of Ballou's Pictorial.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Seven! hear the factory bells!
"Work begins," their clangor tells,
As upon the air it swells.

Eight! the tardy clerk we spy,
As with speed he hurries by,
Fearful of employer nigh.

Nine! the student at his lore;
The merchant busy in his store;
The doctor at his patient's door.

Ten! brokers at the board preside;
The belts of business far and wide
Around the wheels of traffic glide.

Eleven! Mammon rules the hour;
Now hath Conscience little power,
Save in hermit's lonely bower.

Twelve! the ship glides down the bay;
The workman's tools are laid away;
The schoolboy hurries out to play.

One! once more toil hath begun;
Who has lost and who has won?
What is new beneath the sun?

Two! how swift the shifting sands,
To the one whose palsied hand
Hath but "failure" at command.

Three! the sheriff's work is done;
The culprit's woof of crime is spun;
The debtor's doom hath now begun.

Four! the shadow steals space;
Who hath glory, who disgrace?
A smiling or a frowning face?

Five! he who hath work to do;
He who to himself is true,
Find old truths forever new.

Six! the sun sinks in the west;
The factory bells ring out to rest;
Who is curst and who is blest?

Seven! a sense of calm has come;
It settles on each quiet home;
On those who rest and those who roam.

Eight! the night shades deepen down,
Upon country, upon town,
And Day to Night resigns his crown.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

The Spectre Lover of Saint Cecilia.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

OUR indolent attendant had repeatedly declared that no mule-driver in the town had a single animal to place at our disposal, and that our departure before sunset was a matter utterly impossible. I consulted my watch, and my patience was by no means increased by the discovery that it was now half past two.

"Is there no remedy for this provoking delay?" I asked, stopping in front of Lanman. He was lying lazily upon his back, his knees slightly elevated, and his dreamy, half-closed eyes fixed upon the spiral coils of smoke from his cigar, which wound slowly upward from his mouth. He was a perfect picture of indolent ease and enjoyment, and appeared to possess all the nonchalance of a native Italian.

"What perverse divinity could have landed us in this dull village?" I continued, without waiting for his reply. "There are, as it seems, no means of getting away for more than three hours, and how, I should be pleased to know, are we to beguile the time until then?"

"Well—let us not argue; the atmosphere is altogether too oppressive! Walk off your choleric temper, man, if the effort will not kill you; go and take notes of the scenery, the village, and the sleepy, stupid inhabitants—though for that matter, I neither blame them for being stupid nor sleepy! Upon my soul, the air of this villanous place is as hot as that of a furnace! But, however, don't annoy me any longer; there's a little Roman chapel across the way—go and search out its legends and antiquities, and bring me a report; only, for sweet mercy's sake, don't wake me up if I should be fortunate enough to fall asleep!"

With these words, my eccentric companion turned upon his side and breathed forth a deep sigh of satisfaction. For want of better employment, I resolved to follow his advice; and slowly crossing the dusty, solitary street, I entered the open door of the little wooden church. Two or three devout worshippers were still lingering at the altar, but in a few moments they had silently departed, and I was left alone to my examination of the place. The architecture of the building seemed to be a grotesque compound of several different styles, while in many places the original design of the architect was obliterated by the decay and ravage of time. The stillness and subdued light of the place was rather pleasing than otherwise, and I lingered among its narrow aisles until I was joined by the priest as he emerged from the chancel, having doffed his robes. He saluted me with a movement of his wide-brimmed hat, and after I had returned it, a familiar conversation followed.

As a matter of course, the good priest was as simple-minded as one might be expected to be who had passed almost every year of his life in a little village like St. Cecilia, and his conversation was to me highly entertaining, although not particularly instructive. I am at loss to describe with what self-satisfaction he descanted upon the manifold beauties of his church edifice, and the grandeur of its architecture, nor with what unction he revealed to my gaze the sacred relics which were carefully deposited within the *penetralia* of the altar.

"I do not show these things to many visitors," he rattled on, with increasing volubility, "but signor is an appreciative man, and I know he will value the sight of them. This nail was taken from the very cross upon which our blessed Saviour suffered. Here is the cup which held the gall which his tormentors held to his lips; and this is a fragment of one of the stones by which the holy St. Stephen was slain. But signor does not believe this," he said, as he observed the smile which I strove in vain to mask. It was occasioned by the recollection of the number of times that relics similarly described had been exhibited to me since my sojourn in Italy; but it was no part of my design to offend the worthy father, and I hastened to say:

"You misapprehend me; I do most certainly believe you. My countenance, perhaps, expressed the gratification which I could not but feel at the thought that the parish of St. Cecilia had been so fortunate as to become the depository of these precious articles; and especially that they had been entrusted to the guardianship of such worthy and competent hands."

My unwarrantable flattery certainly accomplished an excellent end. The face of the priest instantly beamed with satisfaction, and he replied:

"Thanks, signor, for your good opinion; I am more than ever convinced that your mind is an appreciative one. There are many other curious and notable things within these walls which I should delight to show you; but my time is more limited than my will. However, I will detain you, if you choose to stay, with a legend of this place which many strangers have thought interesting. It is known to all the people of our village, and as for myself, I have always religiously believed it."

I lost no time in expressing my strong desire to hear it, and my wish was gratified by the following tale. In giving it to the reader, I have chosen to make the language my own.

"It was many and many a year ago—perhaps fifty, or, more probably, not less than a full century—that the three persons to whom the story relates lived at St. Cecilia. They were called respectively, Marie Lutoli, Leon Ferrara, and Petro Novelli. The two former were lovers; the latter a young man somewhat above them in rank, as he certainly was in wealth, and yet the ostensible and accredited friend of both.

"There was much in the person and character of Marie Lutoli that was calculated to command admiration and esteem; and, in view of the fact that half of the youths of St. Cecilia were enthusiastic in her praise, we might add, love. She was a true Italian, as was evident from the classical oval and pure olive of her face; nor did those who knew her best fail to bear witness that the beauty of her mind and disposition fully matched that of her face and person, remarkable as was the latter.

"Her lover, Leon Ferrara, was an artist, and one who by no means lacked talent and merit, notwithstanding which, he was compelled to bear the sad and heavy burden of poverty. He was warm-hearted, enthusiastic and aspiring, and consequently the restrictions of his condition were keenly felt and bitterly deplored. Still he was not despondent, although, it must be confessed, his hopes often fell to the lowest ebb. It was his darling ambition to win fame and money, not for himself, but that he might place his betrothed in a position of affluence—for her condition was hardly superior to his own. Love for Marie Lutoli was with him the all absorbing passion; it had been for months the sole stimulus which had prevented him from sinking beneath the discouragements and difficulties which fell upon him daily.

"We must here also make a brief mention of Petro Novelli, the third of our trio. He was the only son of parents recently deceased, from whom he had inherited an ample fortune, and was now one of the few really wealthy persons in St Cecilia. But although he had been reared in the village from a child, little was, in fact, known of his character and disposition. Much of the time he was absent from the village, where, no one knew, although it had been more than once surmised that he might possibly be found in the wine shops or at the gaming tables of a neighboring city. And it was not until the commencement of his intimacy with Leon and Marie that he had entirely withdrawn himself from his foreign associations, whatever they were, and passed the greater part of his time in the village where his parents were buried.

"That he was handsome, no one ventured to deny—not even those who had conceived a violent prejudice to him, from causes which they were still hardly able to assign. They were even willing to admit that he possessed more manly beauty than Leon Ferrara; but it might be deemed an impossibility that he could ever be able to become as general a favorite as the latter. It was confidently averred that Novelli was secretly and at heart an evil man; that the passive goodness which he had thus far exhibited in his slight intercourse with the villagers, was no indication of the extremes which he might be capable of under the influence of different circumstances. The further revelations of our story must decide as to the truth of these conjectures.

"But whether they were false or true, it is certain that both Marie and Leon were glad to admit him to their friendship, and they unhesitatingly discarded every rumor in the least prejudicial to him. In short, both the lovers cherished him as a friend, and were proud to acknowledge him as such.

"For more than a year Leon and Marie had been affianced, when a sudden determination of the former materially changed the aspect of their affairs. This will be best disclosed in the substance of a conversation which occurred at this time.

"'I have to-day decided a matter upon which I have bestowed much anxious thought,' Leon Ferrara remarked, as the three sat together, one evening, upon the porch fronting Marie's cottage. 'And now that I have fully decided, I I know you will agree with me in regarding my proposed course as the best.'

"Marie looked anxiously towards him, and Petro Novelli became instantly attentive.

"'I have determined,' Leon continued, 'to leave St Cecilia to-morrow. I must go to Rome, I must study her works of art, and try to tread in the steps of her great masters. If fame and wealth can be won, Rome is surely the place to win them, and though my heart bids me stay in this humble village, my ambition points me to Rome. It is better to fail than to make no trial.'

"This announcement was differently received by those who heard it. The restless spirit of her lover was well known to Marie Lutoli; but still she could not prevent a deep paleness from covering her cheek, nor drive the increased appearance of distress from her face. Novelli quickly turned away his head; and had Leon seen his countenance at that instant, he might have been astonished by the unmistakable look of gratification which overspread it.

"'Have you considered this well?' Marie asked. 'You cannot have forgotten, Leon, the difficulties you must encounter, or the long, dismal period of separation which we must both endure?'

"'I have *not* forgtten, Marie; it is rather the remembrance of these things which stimulates me to persevere in my determination. My efforts shall be all in your behalf, for you are worthy of the highest and noblest I can make! That will be a proud day to me which sees you the wife of Leon Ferrara—Ferrara rich in possessions, and honored and renowned among men!'

"'You are a sad dreamer, Leon!' And Marie smiled faintly, very faintly, through her tears as she spoke.

"'Perhaps I am; but I will yet make all my dreams true! And it is my earnest hope that it will require no great time to convince you of this.'

"'And you are right, my noble Leon—I, your friend Petro, declare it!' the latter interposed, speaking in a tone of frankness which certainly had not the slightest appearance of being simulated. 'Go to Rome, my friend,' he continued, 'win fame and wealth, for certain am I that both await you there. I will care for Marie while you are gone; and when you shall return, laden with gold and renown, I will rejoice with you both.'

"The heart of Leon bounded with joy as he heard this declaration, and yearned in love towards his friend. Again and again he expressed his fervent gratitude, and when, upon the morrow, he stood upon the threshold, equipped for his journey, he once more grasped the hand of Petro and anxiously said:

"'Your promise, Petro—remember it! Watch well my darling, whom I now confide to you!' And for the last time he kissed the lips of the weeping Marie.

"'I will, as I live,' was the vehement answer. 'If I be not faithful to you both, may the saints send the spirits of the dead to torment me!'

"Were the words prophetic? The sequel of our story will show.

"For several weeks after the departure of her lover, Marie Lutoli was sad and lonely. And now, indeed, did Petro seem to be fulfilling his promises; he was almost constantly by her side, whispering in her ear words of hope and encouragement, and by his kind offices and attentions, ingratiating himself daily into her favor. Nor could the maiden deny that her heart warmed sensibly towards him.

"'Beware, my child!' one of the old village crones one day observed to Marie, shaking her skinny finger towards the advancing form of Petro. 'Beware, I say—no good will come from your friendship with this artful Novelli, handsome and noble as he appears. I fear me he will teach thee to forget poor Leon, and make thee his own. Be warned, maiden—be warned!'

"To croakings like these, however, Marie paid no heed. Her thoughts were constantly upon her absent lover, and he was the sole subject of conversation between herself and Novelli. The latter still continued his attentions and services with unabating zeal. If he was playing a treacherous part, he certainly masked his real intentions with the most subtle dissimulation; nothing ever appeared in his conduct but the most devoted friendship; and as these things were constantly seen and remarked by the villagers of St. Cecilia, they began to think that possibly they had wronged the youth in their estimate of his character.

"Six months had now passed away since the departure of Leon Ferrara, and they brought strange forebodings to the heart of Marie. During this interval, she had received not so much as a single letter from the absent one; not the first word of love or tidings of any kind from him had reached her. She recalled his frequent and repeated promises and assurances of constant communication, and from day to day she watched and waited anxiously for the expected letter. And still she watched in vain!

"'What can it mean?' she anxiously asked. 'He promised me, and surely, he would write, if—'

"'If he were alive,' Petro suggested.

"'Nay—do not speak of it!' Marie whispered, her cheek quickly paling at the thought. 'It cannot be; I will not think of it!'

"'Or he may have forgotten thee,' the tempter said. 'Ferrara was a sad trifler; perhaps some of the gay beauties of Rome could tell us of the reason of his silence!'

"In an instant the speaker saw that he had ventured too far. The eyes of Marie kindled indignantly, and her cheeks flushed with angry surprise, and Petro hastened to say:

"'Nay, dear Marie, forgive me; I did but jest! Doubtless this strange matter will at some time be explained, and Leon himself restored to you.'

"These last words were spoken in a tone of frank sincerity, yet it would be untrue to say that they expressed the real sentiment of the speaker's heart. The reader will be prepared to learn, at this point of our story, if, indeed, he has not already surmised, that Petro Novelli was playing a deep and crafty game; such an one as only the base and subtle villain ever attempts. For a long period his designs had been craftily masked from the eyes of his unsuspecting victim; and still he continued to pursue his traitorous object,

hoping and longing for success, and yet trembling in the fear of that exposure and disgrace which is the unwavering attendant of all evil men.

"But a new phase in the affairs of those of whom we have spoken was now at hand. Six months more had rolled wearily away; wearily indeed to the now almost hopeless Marie, who still bore up under her heavy grief, striving to bring her mind into the belief that her lover was still living. Six months—making a full year since the departure of Leon Ferrara. It was a quiet summer evening, and Petro Novelli turned his steps towards the cottage of Marie, bound upon his daily errand. She met him at the door, and as his eyes rested upon her face, his heart sank with dread and apprehension. In that countenance, seemingly alive with joy and gladness, in her eager and excited manner, and, most of all, in the open letter which she held in her hand, the treacherous plotter seemed to recognize the prelude to his sure disgrace and defeat!

"'At last, Petro, my good friend, at last this blessed day has come!' were the words which fell instantly from her lips. 'Rejoice with me; I have a letter from dear Leon; it is dated ten days ago, and it informs me that he will be in the village to-morrow!'

"'A letter from Leon Ferrara—to-morrow?' were the words which Petro Novelli mechanically echoed, gazing in blank dismay into the face of the speaker.

"'Yes, it is true,' she rejoined. 'But I will read it to you, and you will, I am sure, rejoice with me.'

"The missive, more precious than gold to Marie, the latter read in a voice trembling with excitement. Its contents were strange and varied; it spoke of former letters, almost without number, which the writer had despatched to the beloved one of his heart, at St. Cecilia; letters speaking, as did the present one, of the wonderful successes of Leon Ferrara in his brief artist-career at Rome, and of the proud position which the young painter had already won, and the sure rewards which he had received. And to none of these, it said, had the first word of reply been received; tortured with doubt and anxiety, the writer had labored unceasingly for a year, and now, with his unfaltering love and devotion to the village maiden, he was about to return, to learn, perhaps, the worst that he had inferred from her strange silence.

"Thus read the letter; and Marie, when she had finished it, tremulously exclaimed:

"'There is some mystery here, Petro; some deep, dark plot, I fear! But I shall see him soon; in a few hours at the most. Blessed be the good saints for this happy hour!'

"With some muttered words, to the effect that he wished to prepare for the coming of Leon, Novelli strode off; he dared no longer to trust himself in the presence of her whom he had sought to injure, deeply and irreparably. His brows were contracted and his teeth set hard; the promptings of his evil nature were already working out a desperate resolve in his breast.

* * * * *

"The night passed, and morning came; but so also came not the eagerly expected Ferrara. Noon passed away, and night sped into midnight—but still, the tardy lover had not arrived!

"Our story need not be unnecessarily prolonged; it is enough to say that Leon Ferrara came no more to St. Cecilia. Days passed into weeks, and weeks were lengthened into months; but his name was mentioned in the village only with dark fear and boding. A strange mystery hung over his disappearance. It was discovered that he had left Rome at the time which he intended, as mentioned in his letter to Marie; thence his progress was traced to the near vicinity of St. Cecilia, and after this, all was dark and inexplicable. True, a peasant who dwelt at this spot confidently asserted that he had heard, upon the early morning of the day which Leon had fixed for his arrival, a deep cry of pain and agony, almost drowned by the rattle of the wheels of a cabriolet, driven with lightning speed past his door; but save this, there was not the slightest clue to point to the cause of Leon's disappearance.

"The terrible, heart-rending grief of the now desolate Marie, when day after day of sickening hope deferred brought her at last the fearful certainty that her eyes were never again to be gladdened by the sight of her lover, was something well nigh fatal in its intensity. The blow descended upon her, as at times the keen fire of heaven comes down upon the pride of the forest, and, with similar effects, it left her drooping, forlorn, almost lifeless. Never, thereafter, was Marie Lutoli the semblance of her former self; earth had scarcely a joy for her bereaved heart, and she awaited with impatience, the approach of the death-angel.

"But even at this point, the selfish heart of Novelli could not sufficiently respect the condition of his victim to permit him to forbear the pursuit which had become a passion with him. For, it may here be remarked, love for Marie Lutoli—such a love, the reader will understand, as his base spirit could readily conceive—this it was that had moved him to the performance of those secret acts which are yet to be explained, and to the treacherous breaking of his trust. With unseemly haste, he now constantly intruded himself upon her presence, beseeching her in the most passionate terms to become his bride. She seemed not to consent; the tearful remembrance of the lost Leon was fresh within her bosom, and she knew that it could never give place to the impression of a second love. Yet there were other considerations that moved her; regarding Novelli as a faithful friend to herself—for she knew him no otherwise—and as one who had been the friend of her lover, she at last gave him this sincere declaration of her feelings.

"'My heart, Petro, can never be yours; I have none to bestow! Nor can I *love* you, my friend; the love of this poor heart—sweet Mary pity and console me!—died with him who alone can receive it! Still, here is my hand, a poor, a worthless boon; take it, Petro, if you will, since this is all I can bestow!'

"And thus was the great desire of the plotter attained. It mattered not to him that this had been done by fraud and villany of the darkest dye; it mattered not that he had strange secrets shut up in his breast, the revelation of which might have caused his promised bride to shrink from him in horror; the end was gained, and beyond this he cared not to look.

"It was upon a bright summer morning that the bell of the little chapel of St. Cecilia rang out a merry peal for the bridal of Petro Novelli and Marie. But, in truth, this was a sombre bridal; among the villagers gathered in the chapel there was scarcely a smiling face; and as for the bride and groom, their appearance was remarkable. So pale, so wan and sorowful did Marie Lutoli appear, that she seemed hardly like a dweller of the earth; while Petro trembled, through some hidden cause, and seemed anxious and discomposed.

"Hardly had the priest pronounced the first words of the ritual, when suddenly a figure glided from the assembled spectators, as it seemed, and ascended the altar steps. It seemed like Leon Ferrara; the form, almost transparent with its strange, unearthly presence, and the face, white as marble, but dull and corpse-like. There could be no delusion here; in awe-struck and trembling silence the spectators gazed, knowing that they saw an apparition which must be supernatural!

"No sound came from the feet of the spectre, no words from his white lips; and the only motion was that of the stiffened finger toward the breast, where gaped in all its hideousness a bloody wound! The glassy eyes of the apparition were fixed sternly upon the face of the guilty and horror-stricken Novelli, and with a thrilling cry the latter fell writhing at the feet of the supernatural avenger!

"From this miserable object, the apparition turned to Marie. A look of surpassing tenderness crossed his shadowy face, and his arms were extended, as if seeking again to embrace her beloved form; but instead, the pale, translucent hands were raised for an instant above her bowed head, as in the act of invoking blessings upon it, and then, while every eye was directed with the fascination of terror towards it, the spectre flitted slowly down the aisle and disappeared from the chapel. A few of the boldest ventured to follow it, but when they reached the door, it was nowhere to be seen!

"Prostrated with mortal terror at the sight of this swift, shadowy avenger, Petro Novelli lingered but for a few hours; but he lived long enough to confess to the priest who was to have married him, the whole of his treachery. Then, first, it became known that his was the hand which had intercepted the letters of Leon Ferrara; and his, too, the hand which had murdered him in the early morning upon the lonely road, and securely concealed the body, as well as all other evidences of the crime.

"Marie Lutoli, soon after the death of Petro, became one of the sisterhood of a neighboring convent. Here the brief remainder of her life was passed; and when she expired, it was with the name of Leon Ferrara upon her lips."

Thus ends the story; and although the good priest assured me of its absolute truth, the reader will hardly expect me to make the assurance my own. Still I am quite certain that should he visit Italy, he could easily find the town and chapel of St. Cecilia, and might possibly hear, just as I have related it, the story of THE SPECTRE LOVER OF ST. CECILIA.

THE OBLIGING YOUNG MAN.

A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

"CARS ready for Boston and way stations!" shouted the conductor of a railroad train, as the steam-horse, harnessed for his twenty mile trip, stood chafing, snorting and coughing, throwing up angry puffs of mingled gray and dingy vapor from his sturdy lungs. "Cars ready for Boston and way stations!"

"O, yes!" replied a brisk young man, with a bright eye, peculiar smirk, spotted neckcloth, and gray gaiters with pearl buttons. "Cars ready for Boston and way stations. All aboard. Now's your time—quick, or you'll lose 'em. Now then, ma'am."

"But, sir," remonstrated the old lady he addressed, and whom he was urging at the steps of a first class car.

"O, never mind!" replied the brisk young man. "Know what you're going to say—too much trouble—none whatever, I assure you. Perfect stranger, true—but scriptural injunction, do as you'd be done by. In with you, ding! ding!—there's the bell—off we go."

And so in fact they did go off at forty miles an hour.

"But, sir," said the old lady, trembling violently.

"I see," interrupted the OBLIGING YOUNG MAN, "want a seat—here it is—a great bargain—cars full—quick, or you'll lose it."

"But, sir," said the old lady, with nervous trepidation, "I—I—wasn't going to Boston."

"The deuce you weren't. Well, well, well, why couldn't you say so? Hullo! Conductor! Stop the cars!"

"Can't do it," replied the conductor. "This train don't stop short of Woburn watering station."

"Woburn watering station!" whimpered the old woman, wringing her hands. "O, what shall I do!"

"Sit still—take it easy—no use crying for spilt milk—what can't be cured must be endured. I'll look out sharp—you might have saved yourself all this trouble."

Away went the cars, racketting and oscillating, while the obliging young man was looking round for another recipient of his good services.

"Ha!" he muttered to himself. "There's a poor young fellow quite alone. Love-sick, perhaps—pale cheek—sunken eye—never told his love; but let—Shakspeare—I'm his man! Must look out for the old woman. Here we are, ma'am, fifteen miles to Lowell—out with you—look out for the cars on the back track. Good-by—pleasant trip!"

"Ding-dong!" went the bell again.

"Hullo!—here's her bundle! Catch, there—hads! All right—get on, driver!"

And having tossed a bundle after the old woman, he resumed his seat.

"Confound it!" roared a fat man in a blue spencer. "You're treading on my corns."

"Beg pardon," said the obliging young man. "Big things, corns,—'trifling sum of misery now added to the foot of your account;' old author—name forgotten. Never mind—drive on!"

"Hit where's my bundle?" asked the fat man. "Conductor! Where's my bundle? Brown paper, red string. Saw it here a moment since."

The conductor knew nothing about it. The obliging young man did. It was the same he had thrown out after the old woman.

"You'll find it somewhere," he said, with a consolatory wink. "Can't lose a brown paper bundle. I've tried—often—always turned up; little boy here to bring it. 'Here's your bundle, sir; ninepence, please.' All right, go ahead!"

Here the obliging young man took his seat beside the pale-faced youth.

"Ill here, sir?"

"No, sir," replied the pale faced youth, fidgeting.

"Mental malady—eh?"

The young man sighed.

"See it all. Don't say a word, man! Cupid, heart from heart, forced to part. Flinty-hearted father?"

"No, sir."

"Flinty-hearted mother?"

"No, sir."

"Flinty-hearted aunt?"

The love-sick young man sighed, and nodded assent.

"Tell me the story. I'm a stranger—but my heart is here, sir." Whereupon the obliging young man referred to a watch pocket in his plaid vest, and nodded with a great deal of intelligence. "Tell me all—like to serve my fellows—no other occupation; out with it, as the doctor said to the little boy that swallowed his sister's necklace."

The love sick youth informed the obliging young man that he loved and was beloved by a young lady of Boston, whose aunt, acting as her guardian, opposed his suit. He was going to Boston to put a plan of elopement into operation. He had prepared two letters, one to the aunt renouncing his hopes, to throw her off her guard; the other to the young lady, appointing a meeting at the Providence cars. The difficulty was to get the letters delivered. This the obliging young man readily undertook to do in person. Both the aunt and niece bore the same name—Emeline Brown; but the aunt's letter was sealed with black, the niece's with red wax. The letters were delivered with many injunctions to the obliging young man, and the two new made friends parted on the arrival of the cars in Boston.

The Providence cars were just getting ready to start, when, amid all the bustle and confusion, a pale-faced young man "might have been seen," as Mr. James, the novelist says, nervously pacing to and fro, and occasionally darting into Pleasant Street, and scrutinizing every approaching passenger and vehicle. At last, when there was but a single moment to spare, a hack drove up furiously, and a veiled lady hastily descended and gave her hand to her expectant admirer.

"Quick, Emeline, or we shall lose the train!"

The enamored couple were soon seated beside each other, and whirling away to Providence. The lady said little, but sat with downcast head and veiled face, apparently overwhelmed with confusion at the step she had taken. But it was enough for young Dovekin to know she was beside him, and he poured forth an unbroken stream of delicious nonsense, till the train arrived at its destination.

In the station house the lady lifted her veil. Horror and confusion! It was the aunt! The obliging young man had delivered the wrong letter.

"Yes, sir," said Miss Brown, "I am the person whom you qualified, in your letter intended for my niece, as a 'hateful hag,' in whose eyes you were 'throwing dust.' What do you say to that, sir?"

"Say!" replied the disconsolate Dovekin. "It's no use to say anything; for it is my settled purpose to spring over the parapet of the railroad bridge and seek oblivion in a watery grave. But first, if I could find that obliging young man, I'd be the death of him."

"No you wouldn't," said the voice of that interesting individual, as he made his appearance with a lady on his arm. "Here she is—take her—be happy. After I'd given the notes, mind misgave me—went back to the house—found the aunt gone—niece in tears—followed after same train—last car—here she is!"

"I hope this will be a lesson," said Dovekin.

"So it is. Henceforth, I shall mind my own business; for everything I've undertaken lately, on other folks' account, has gone amiss. Come, aunty, give your blessing—let 'em go. Train ready—I'm off—best of wishes—good-by. Cars ready for Boston and way stations—all aboard."

The aunt gave her blessing; and this was the last that any of the party saw of the *Obliging Young Man*.

A HEART.—What a curious thing a heart is—is it not, young lady? There is as much difference in hearts as faces. A woman's heart is a sacred thing, and full of purity. How proud a man ought to be, to have it placed in his keeping—to have a pretty girl love him so well that she will give it to him, and tell him that it loves him more than any other! Isn't it a curious thing, ladies? We might say of a heart as the old woman did of the first rabbit she ever saw, "La, how funny!"

ARCTIC SCREW YACHT, FOX.

The first engraving on this page is an accurate representation of the little screw yacht Fox, the forlorn hope of Lady Franklin, which has just returned to England after having ascertained positively the fate of the gallant Arctic adventurer. A gentleman who visited her in the East India Docks, just after her arrival in London, writes: "Her appearance is as quiet and purpose like as the narrative of her commander, Captain M'Clintock, now the theme of every tongue. She seems absolutely without a scratch on her black hull, and looks more sober, so to speak, than yachts in general. There is very little ornament about her, but what she has is in wonderfully good condition. The Fox is a round-sterned screw; has three slender, rather raking masts; is of topsail schooner rig, and small poop aft. Indeed everything is small about the ship, save her achievements. She is rather sharp forward, and her bows are plaited over with iron. As one scans the Fox more closely, we detect preparations about her for other dangers than beset the English waters. She looks not unlike a bundle of heavy handspikes, iron-pointed at each end, as if for fencing off drift ice. A beautiful Esquimaux canoe is lashed on her larboard quarter. Outside the ship, at the bottom of the ropes that stay the foremast, are a couple of ice-saws ready for use. They greatly aid the mind in picturing the sort of work required of them. The sole evidence of damage is a newly-broken spar, which lies on her deck, a part of her jibboom carried away—somewhere on the English coast. In short, there lies the Fox, looking as unassuming among the surrounding craft as ever hero does among the sons of men when his work is successfully achieved and his rest won."

THE YACHT FOX, ARCTIC DISCOVERY VESSEL, CAPT. M'CLINTOCK, COMMANDER.

Captain M'Clintock's narrative is a clear statement and full of interest. An abstract of it is worth preserving. The following describes what was found on the 8th of May: "Most of our information was received from an intelligent old woman; she said it was on the fall of the year that the ship was forced ashore; many of the white men dropped by the way, as they went towards the Great River; but this was only known to them in the winter following, when their bodies were discovered." Further discoveries were subsequently made: "Recrossing the Strait to King William's Island, we continued our examination of its southern shore without success until the 24th of May, when about ten miles eastward of Cape Herschel, a bleached skeleton was found, around which lay fragments of European clothing. Upon carefully removing the snow a small pocket book was found containing a few letters—these, although much decayed, may yet be deciphered. Judging from the remains of his dress this unfortunate young man was a steward or officer's servant, and his position exactly verified the Esquimaux's assertion that they dropped as they walked along."

After relating that near this place were found several cairns, with nothing in them (probably the records, if any, had been removed by the natives), the record continues: "On 6th May, Lieut. Hobson pitched his tent beside a large cairn upon Point Victory. Lying amongst some loose stones which had fallen from the top of this cairn, was found a small tin case containing a record, the substance of which is briefly as follows: 'This cairn was built by the Franklin expedition, upon the assumed site of James Ross's pillar, which has not been found. The Erebus and Terror spent their first winter at Beechy Island, after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77 deg. N., and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. On the 12th of September, 1846, they were beset in lat. 70 05 N., and lon. 98 23 W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. On the 22d April, 1848, the ships were abandoned five leagues to the N. N.W. of Point Victory, and the survivors, 105 in number, landed here under the command of Captain Crozier.'

"This paper was dated 25th April, 1848, and upon the following day they intended to start for the Great Fish River. The total loss by deaths in the expedition up to this date, was 9 officers and 15 men. A vast quantity of clothing and stores of all sorts lay strewed about, as if here every article was thrown away which could possibly be dispensed with—pickaxes, shovels, boats, cooking utensils, iron work, rope, blocks, canvas, a dip circle, a sextant, engraved 'Frederic Hornby, R. N.,' a small medicine chest, oars, etc. A few miles southward, across Back Bay, a second record was found, having been deposited by Lieut. Gore and M. des Vœux in May, 1847. It afforded no additional information. When in lat. 69° 09′ N., and lon. 99° 27′ W., we came to a large boat, discovered by Lieutenant Hobson a few days previously, as his notice informed me. It appears that this boat had been intended for the ascent of the Fish River, but was abandoned apparently upon a return journey to the ships, the sledge upon which she was mounted being pointed in that direction. She measured 28 feet in length by 7 1-2 feet wide, was most carefully fitted, and made as light as possible, but the sledge was of solid oak, and almost as heavy as the boat. A large quantity of clothing was found within her, also two human skeletons. One of these lay in the after part of the boat, under a pile of clothing; the other, which was much more disturbed, probably by animals, was found in the bow. Five pocket watches, a quantity of silver spoons and forks, and a few religious books were also found, but no journals, pocket-books, or even names upon any article of clothing. Two double-barrelled guns stood upright against the boat's side, precisely as they had been placed eleven years before. One barrel in each was loaded and cocked; there was ammunition in abundance; also some thirty or forty pounds of chocolate, some tea and tobacco. Fuel was not wanting; a drift tree lay within 100 yards of the boat. Many deeply interesting relics of our countrymen have been picked up upon the western shore of King William's Island, and others obtained from the Esquimaux, by whom we were informed that subsequent to their abandonment one ship was crushed and sunk by the ice, and the other forced on shore, where she has ever since been, affording them an almost inexhaustible mine of wealth."

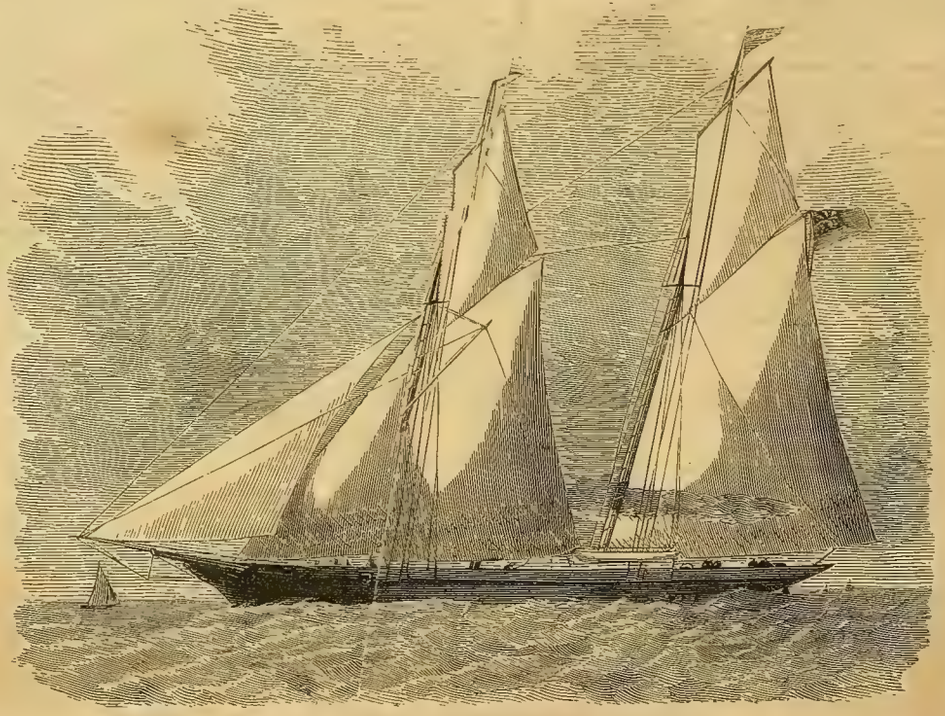
Captain M'Clintock says, from all that can be gleaned from the record paper and the evidence afforded by the boat and various articles of clothing and equipment discovered, it appears that the abandonment of the Erebus and Terror had been deliberately arranged, and every effort exerted, during the third winter, to render the travelling equipment complete. It is much to be apprehended that disease had greatly reduced the strength of all on board, far more, perhaps, than they themselves were aware of. The distance by sledge route from the position of the ships when abandoned to the boat is 65 geographical miles, and from the ships to Montreal Island, 220 miles. The most perfect order seems to have existed throughout.

The Franklin expedition, which numbered 133 souls, sailed from England in May, 1848, and nothing definite, till now, has been accurately ascertained of its movements or fate later than July of the same year, when the fated Erebus and Terror were spoken by a passing whaler. One of the several expeditions fitted out by government with the view of relieving or ascertaining the fate of the missing adventurers, discovered in 1851, traces of their winter quarters in 1845-6, at Beechy Island, and in 1854, Dr. Rea found among the Esquimaux on the west shore of Boothia certain relics of the expedition, and was told that a party of white men had perished of starvation in that neighborhood four years previously. They had been seen, it was said by the natives, dragging a boat on the north shore of King William's Sound. The intelligence now received would seem in confirmation of that obtained by Dr. Rea; the localities in the two accounts appear to be the same; and the discrepancy of dates—Captain M'Clintock's news being to the effect that the crews abandoned their ships as early as 1848—is probably to be explained by the looseness of the Esquimaux notions of times and seasons.

Up to 1850 the country hoped that Sir John and his gallant companions might yet be within reach of aid; and in March of that year government offered a reward of £20,000 to "any party or parties who in the judgment of the Board of Admiralty, should discover or effectually relieve any of the crews;" or £10,000 to any party who should give such information as would lead to their relief, or definitely ascertain their fate. So late, even, as 1857, an effort was made to induce the government to "attempt a final and exhaustive search" with the view of ascertaining the fate of the expedition. It was on the failure of this effort that Lady Franklin herself undertook the responsibility, and the result has now, it appears, justified her faith and enterprise. It will be for the country to consider whether the widow of the brave and unfortunate explorer shall be permitted to pay out of her private funds for information so interesting to the public, and for which so large a sum as £10,000 had been offered in the name of the country—an offer which has never, we presume, been formally withdrawn.

SCREW STEAM-YACHT "NORAH CREINA."

In pursuance of our design of publishing accurate representations of new vessels built on both sides of the Atlantic, we herewith present an engraving of a new English yacht just finished and named after the heroine of one of Moore's prettiest songs. This elegant new steam-yacht, built from the designs and under the superintendence of Messrs. Newbon and Smith for B. H. Hartley, Esq., has just been completed for sea, and, both under canvass and steam, has proved herself a fast and excellent sea-boat, her performances giving the highest satisfaction. In her, every recent improvement in yachts has been fully carried out, one of the most important of which is a patent anchor-lift, the invention of her designers, which, in a much smaller space, combines far greater facilities for raising or letting go the anchor than is possessed by either capstan or windlass. Her dimensions are: Length, 85 feet; beam, 16 feet; depth, 8 ft. 9 in.; tonnage, 102 16 94. The Norah Creina was constructed by Messrs. Westwood & Co., of London Yard, Isle of Dogs, and furnished by them with direct-acting engines, designed by Mr. Harrington, of sixteen nominal horse power. The introduction of steam into private yachting is quite a modern idea, and we have no doubt will be carried out extensively by our wealthy countrymen, for even an American pleasure-seeker likes to be able to "go ahead" at all times, and to be measurably independent of wind and tide.



THE IRON SCREW STEAM YACHT, "NORAH CREINA."

SWIMMING.

We have proposed every child—and not only every boy—as a swimming pupil, because the main reasons for anybody's being able to swim are good for everybody. English women have four limbs, and live in an island, and make voyages, and practise sea bathing, and need exercise in the water at school and at home, and go out in boats—in short, run the universal risks in regard to water; and, therefore, they have a claim to be taught to swim. At the time when the great school was kept away from the river, because a boy had been drowned, a sensible and wealthy Quaker gentleman built a bathing-house for his young daughters on a mere in his grounds, which was sufficiently fenced with reeds to secure privacy; and the girls learned to swim. In the sea they could all go through the exercises as South Sea women do. Their frames, health and safety were improved, there was not a shadow of objection to be set off on the other side.—*Once a Week.*

CATTLE ON THE FRONTIERS OF MONTENEGRO.

CATTLE AT MONTENEGRO.

The accompanying engraving is from a spirited and authentic sketch, representing the strange-looking cattle on the frontiers of Montenegro, with the herdsmen in attendance. One particular breed of their cows is distinguished by the enormous horns which are by no means exaggerated in the picture before us. Montenegro is situated on the confines of European Turkey, and is bounded by Austria, Herzegovina, Bosnia and a part of Albania. Its Slavic name is Czernagora, in Turkish, Kara-dag (Black mountain) and was given it from the aspect formerly presented by its vast forests of larches and firs. The territory is divided into five *nahies* or provinces, and into several *berdas*, or districts. The history of the Montenegrins is as dramatic as it is varied. After having been successively subjected to the domination of the Romans, the Goths, Sclaves and Greeks, the kings of Servia and several princes of the great and ancient family of the Balchitchi, they became Venetians, to avoid paying homage to the Turks with whom they were perpetually at war, and adopted for the same reason the Greek worship. In the beginning their rulers were a civil and an ecclesiastic governor. But as the narrowness of their financial resources counselled economy, they united the two authorities in the person of a Vladika. The Vladika was therefore at once their spiritual and temporal chief; their bishop and their general. Prince Danilo, on his accession, modified this state of things, while maintaining the prerogatives attached to his dignity. He freed himself from the obligation of taking orders, sought the hand of a charming young lady, the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Trieste, married her, and installed himself at Cettigne, the capital, if we may so term it, at Montenegro. Under the direction of the prince, the Montenegrins are governed—in the *berdas*, by independent chiefs; in the *nahies*, by *serdas*, or captains, and by *knes* or mayors. Their government is military, and yet they do not possess what might be termed a regular army. Of a population of 120,000 souls, some 20,000 men are at any moment ready to take the field. The Montenegrins are born soldiers, live with the cartridge in their teeth, and die with their hands on the stocks of their long Albanian guns, that is to say, very rarely in their beds. At the cry "*Brate, kto iest vetiaz* (Brothers, who will fight)?" raised by the heralds, and signifying that the country claims their help, they are armed and equipped instantly. Besides their guns, which they use with terrible effect, Andjaro pistols and Kandjiar knives are their constant companions. They sometimes use pieces of artillery, but being excellent marksmen, they prefer muskets. "I furnish them with powder," said the late Vladika; "as for arms, when they have none, they take them from the enemy." Both men and women are generally of a lofty stature, well-made, alert, vigorous, sober and hardy, but wild, sanguinary and vindictive. The Corsican vendetta does not equal theirs, and in the ardor of battle, nothing checks their fury. If a Turk falls under their arm, they cut off his head, ears and nose, and lay these bloody trophies at the feet of their *serdas*. So, when one of their own men falls mortally wounded, they sign him with the cross, and then behead him, to spare him the horror of falling alive into the hands of his cruel enemies. It is not unusual to see fleshless skulls grinning from pike-heads at the entrance of their villages. But they redeem this blood-thirstiness by rare moral qualities, by excessive probity and a great respect for their plighted faith. They are moreover very hospitable. Montenegro, composed of lofty mountains, either naked or wooded, of fertile villages and rivers studded with fish, has neither agriculture, commerce nor manufactures. And yet it might have all: their temperate climate would assist it greatly. Shepherds and herdsmen, the Montenegrins consume almost all their wine and grain. They have physicians and surgeons, but these practitioners, like the modern Arab doctors, go through no special course of study. What they know they have learned from tradition. Instinct and necessity make them ingenious and adroit. You also find among them sorcerers claiming an occult power, in which they implicitly believe. For amusement and health, they cultivate gymnastic exercises in which they excel, and their dances are quite original. They compose poetry after the style of Ossian and Homer. Proud of their annals, as the records of their valor, history is confided to their bards and becomes a part of the songs of its people, which are handed down from sire to son, and bear the stamp of Oriental gravity or excitement. The Vladika Peter II. was a great poet and historian. Such are these rude mountaineers. The only manufacture they have is that of gunpowder, a necessity of their warlike existence.

TRAVELLING IN CHINA.

Our engraving represents the passage of a stream in the interior of China, by fording, the Chinese guides condescending to carry the "outside barbarians" on their backs. These same outside barbarians may prove, by-and-by, as heavy a load for these poor Celestials, as the old man of the mountain was to Sinbad the sailor. Recents events, however, have shown that the Celestials are not disposed to surrender so easily to European assumption, and they certainly exhibited on the Pei-ho a valor which no one ever thought of attributing to the so-called Chinese braves. The fatal fire of their forts was well-kept up, and their heavy guns were served with a promptitude and precision altogether without a parallel in Chinese military annals. Vain, however, will this effort prove. Its success may stimulate them to a protracted resistance, but they must ultimately submit to England and France combined, and pay by heavy losses, for their temporary triumph.

BOY-LOVE.

The passion of love in boys bears about the same relation to genuine love that green fruit does to ripe. Women of a little experience soon learn that it is not quite safe to trust boys with the secrets of their hearts, as they are apt both to misinterpret and to misrepresent any little freedom of manners. At this period, the imagination is morbid from weakness and inexperience: and a proneness to boast of what their vanity construes into *advances* on the part of ladies, is among the ill consequences of flirting with boys.

TRAVELLING INLAND IN CHINA.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. P., Lowell, Mass.—The well-known game of blind man's buff has an historical origin. It is founded on the desperate courage of a French knight, who, in an encounter with his enemy, received wounds which deprived him of sight, but which did not subdue his valor. He continued the combat with increased fury, and striking at random, soon inflicted a mortal injury on his opponent. In order to perpetuate his bravery, an annual tournament of military games was instituted to represent the last combat in which the principal actor had his eyes bandaged. He was either chosen by the king or by lot from among the most noble of the peers.

"F. C.," Marblehead—The nautilus is a marine animal whose shell consists of one spiral valve divided into several apartments by partitions. When it sails it extends two of its arms, and between these supports a membrane, which serves as a sail. With two other arms it rows or steers. This curious animal is supposed to have suggested to mankind the first idea of sailing-vessels.

"ICARUS."—The armadillo is a quadruped peculiar to South America, and is called by zoologists dasypus This animal is covered with a hard, bony shell, divided into movable belts, excepting on the forehead, shoulders and haunches, where the shell is not movable. The belts are connected by a membrane, which enables the animal to roll itself up like a hedgehog. It burrows in the earth, where it remains during the day, and seldom appears abroad except at night. The armadillo varies in size, the largest being about three feet long, without the tail. It is an inoffensive animal, and when attacked rolls itself up into a ball, presenting its armor, on every side, to the assailant.

"YANKEE BOY."—Belgium was united to France in 1796; but at the peace in 1814 it was separated from France and united to Holland, the two countries forming the kingdom of the Netherlands. In 1830 the revolution in Belgium occurred, when it separated from Holland, and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was chosen king.

T. O'N., Concord, N. H.—The landing-place known as Queen's Ferry, on the Frith of the Forth, Scotland, gained its title in the following manner: When the Saxon Prince Edgar Atheling fled from the court of William the Conqueror, taking with him his mother and two sisters, with the intention of seeking refuge in Hungary, they were driven by stress of weather on the Scottish coast. Malcolm, the son of that Duncan whose name is immortalized in Shakspeare, married one of the princesses, and hence the landing-place was called ever after the Queen's Ferry.

A BIT OF STREET-TALK.

We are in Washington Street, and taking an observation, find ourself in the latitude of the Boston Theatre. One needs a striking landmark to ascertain his position in our town, for capitalists and architects are making as constant changes about us as scene-shifters in a spectacle piece. You see we have borrowed an illustration from the stage, being infected by the neighborhood. Have they not pulled down the Melodeon, and are they not building up a new structure in its stead? "Aperiently," as Mrs. Gamp says. Yet we had some associations which this clatter of bricks and mortar has disturbed, and no one has asked our leave to intrude on our fairy-land. The Melodeon was classic ground once. There "Norway's swaying pine," the Bul-bul of the bow, convinced admiring audiences that Mrs. Child had not proved her insanity in the columns of the Boston Courier. There his mournful fantasies, melting the catgut to strains of pity, proved that the "domesticated tiger-kin" (see Bulwer's Caxtons) have "bowels of compassion." There Arditi and Bottesini, and Vieux Temps and Artot, following in the same path, aspired to rival the Norwegian Paganini with the same materials. There too that delicious little syren Castellan, whose fame had travelled from west to east, whose notes have made the tour of the globe, like the roll of the British drum, now heard in the city of the Aztecs, and now in the capital of the czars, poured forth her sweetest melodies to ears as enraptured with her music, as all hearts were charmed with the fascination of her delicate and feminine smile. Fortunately a souvenir of her beauty remains in the shape of a miniature-portrait which the poet-painter Read dashed off in one of his happiest moments of inspiration. Here too we had a touch of the "Pico-tricity" which was wont to electrify Willis. The memory fails to recall all the illustrations which have graced the Melodeon—but we are sure that Caradori Allan and Cinti Damoreau were among the number. There, too, that great and queer creature, De Meyer, fought his furious battles with his piano, coming off victorious. Who that heard it can forget the *Marche Marocaine?* Nor can we pass by the triumphs of the Steyer*markische* band whose bewildering waltzes and gallopades carried back the traveller to the baumgarten of Vienna, or the Bals Mabille of Paris.

On this site stood the Lion Theatre some twenty years ago, where tragedy, comedy, farce, ground and lofty tumblings, gymnastics and equestrianism were all presented to the "patronage of a liberal and discerning public," the same night. The stage company was excellent, comprising such performers as Dan Reed (since dead), Ingersoll (ditto), Harrison and his pretty wife, and others. Mrs. Louisa Howard was the star of the ring, though just beginning to ride. Camels, elephants, lions and tigers were occasionally introduced here to swell the attractions. This quarter seems to be the fountain-head of music, piano-forte establishments prevailing. Three-quarters of a century ago another sort of music was heard here, for some of the British troops were quartered hereabouts, and the *reveillee* and the tattoo of the regimental bands roused the echoes of the then Newbury Street. But a truce to these reminiscences and shadows of the past.

THE SALT OF THE SEA.

Dumas tells a pleasant story in his "Corricole," illustrating the ignorance of some Italian noblemen he met "once upon a time:" A discussion was held, the Marquis Arditi acting as moderator, upon the causes of the saltness of the sea. A certain Signor Perelli asked leave to address the meeting. The permission was accorded.

"It seems to me," said Signor Perelli, "that you are all wide of the mark. The cause to me is perfectly clear, if you will permit me to state it."

"Hear! hear him!"

"Allow me, then, to ask a single question."

"Certainly, Signor Perelli."

"Where are the salt herrings caught?"

"In the sea," was the unanimous response.

"Very well," resumed Signor Perelli. "Does not natural history inform us that this is distributed through nearly every part of the ocean and in vast quantities?"

"There is not a doubt of it, Signor Perelli."

"Very well, then," continued Signor Perelli, "what need of further inquiry?"

"You are right," said the Marquis Arditi. "It is the salt herrings which salt the sea."

And the discovery was duly entered on the records of the learned society over which the Marquis Arditi presided with so much dignity, and the next day, the corresponding-secretary sent it forth to all the other learned societies on the face of the globe.

TRIPOLI FOR POLISHING METAL WORK.

There is found in Bilin, in Bohemia, a deposit of silicious or flinty character, which occupies a surface of great extent—probably the site of an ancient lake—and forms slaty layers of fourteen feet in thickness. This bed supplies the *tripoli* used by artizans in metal for polishing their work, and also the fine sand employed to form moulds for casting small articles in Berlin iron. For these purposes the consumption of the article in Berlin alone is not less than from fifty to sixty hundred weight yearly. It is almost entirely composed of the sheaths or coverings of a kind of animalcule, which has the power of separating flinty matter from the water in which it dwells, and of producing out of this a sort of case analogous to the shell of a crab or lobster. The length of one of these is about the 1-3500 of an inch; and it is hence calculated that about twenty-three millions of them are contained in a cubic line of the sand, and forty-one millions in a cubic inch.

A STRAY PARTRIDGE.—The Providence Journal reports that a partridge flew through the parlor window of a gentleman who resides upon one of the most thickly-settled streets of that city. The adventurous bird was uninjured by his daring feat, and was kindly restored to his more congenial home in the woods.

SILVER CRADLE.—The corporation of Limerick have presented a silver cradle to the lady of the mayor, on the occasion of the birth of a son and heir during her husband's last year of office.

QUEER MARRIAGE.—A singular marriage recently took place in Dudley, England, the bride being 82, and the bridegroom (her *fourteenth* husband) 60.

EATING SNAILS.—A million and a half of snails are eaten every season in the French capital. In Dijon they [illegible] ents a hundred.

TURKISH CONSPIRACY.

When the news of the discovery of a conspiracy to assassinate the sultan first got abroad in Constantinople, there was a prevalent notion that a massacre of the Christian population was included in the programme. It is, however, alleged by the prisoners—and the ministers have endorsed the assertion—that no harm to the Christians was intended. Indeed, it is said that some officers in command of troops in the Christian quarters of the town had been secured by the conspirators, for the express purpose of maintaining order in those quarters in any event. Among those most deeply compromised, was Djafer Pasha. He was arrested at his house in Stamboul, and placed in a caique by the officers who had charge of him for conveyance to Kouleli. On his way thither, at a point where the current is strongest, he made a plunge into the water and went down. His body had not been found. He was known to many Englishmen, as Djafer Dem, of Albania, where his family are possessed of large estates, and at whose house many sportsmen from Corfu have found a welcome. Hussien Pasha, who was second in command of the Turkish troops at Kars, during the war, is said to have been the originator of the plot. He is, or rather was when last heard of, at Janima. A letter of September 21st says: "It is, of course, premature at present to say what will be the fate of the leaders of the movement. There is a wide-spread belief that a considerable number have been quietly put out of the way." The conspirators intended to surround the sultan in the street, to upbraid him with the abuses of his administration, and to require his abdication in favor of a more worthy successor.

THE USE OF FANS.

Fans have become, in many countries, a necessary appendage of the toilet. The use of them was first discovered in the East, where the heat suggested their utility. In the Greek Church, a fan is placed in the hands of the deacons, in the ceremony of their ordination, in allusion to a part of their office in that church, which is to keep the flies off the priests during the celebration of the sacrament. In Japan, where neither men nor women wear hats, except as a protection against rain, a fan is to be seen in the hand or the girdle of every inhabitant. Visitors receive dainties offered them upon their fans; the beggar, imploring charity, holds out his fan for the alms his prayers may obtain. In England, this seemingly indispensable article was almost unknown till the age of Elizabeth. During the reign of Charles II. they became pretty generally used. At the present day, they are in universal requisition.

THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."—We are gratified to announce that this favorite serial has passed into the hands of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the well known and long established Boston publishing house. With them, the peculiar individuality of the Magazine will be strictly preserved, and its high literary character maintained; indeed, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have long been the publishers of the poets and authors who have imparted such *eclat* to the "Atlantic," and the work could not have become the property of any other house so well fitted to sustain its acknowledged excellence.

MAKING "ROME HOWL."—A fire-engine worth $700, belonging to the village of Rome has been sold by the sheriff, to satisfy a claim arising out of the Ogsdensburgh, Clayton and Rome railroad delusion, in which the people of Rome invested heavily a few years since. The engine brought but $200.

TAMING OXEN.—At the New York State Fair, there was a perfect Rarey of an ox-tamer, who practises breaking steers for farmers, never treats them inhumanly, but he soon has them under perfect control, and as bidable as well-trained children.

MORE BALLOONING.—Mr. Low, a confident and full-fledged aeronaut, is getting ready to start from New York city, on a voyage across the Atlantic. His balloon requires 725,000 cubic feet of gas to expand and fill it.

FRUIT.—Nothing pays better than to raise pears and apples. Little investment of money is required, and very little labor; while the return is always sure and profitable.

EXPANSIVE.—A thimbleful of powder will split a rock four feet square.

THE LONGEVITY OF HORSES.

If the term of a horse's life in his natural wild state may be fixed between thirty and forty years, very few of these animals reach, in a domesticated state, the natural limit of their existence. The labor exacted of them, too often excessive and almost always premature, and a diet which excites their ardor and consumes their blood, combine, in a majority of cases, to ruin them at an early day, and unhappily in proportion to their loss of agility and strength. Yet there are some horses well-trained, that have reached a very advanced age. Atheneus and Pliny speak of horses past their sixtieth year, and very comparatively modern writers recount the achievements of horses of seventy and even eighty. In Frascati's stud, near Metz, in France, there was a horse who was not past labor at the age of fifty-one years; a horse belonging to an official of the same town lived to forty-three, and Cerf Bebé, who died at Versailles, in 1830, was forty-two. We recently saw in a French agricultural journal an account of a horse that died recently at the Chateau d'Origny, near Roanne, at forty-five. He was purchased by Count de Foudras, in 1821, being then seven years old. He worked for forty years, and though no service was required of him for the last five years, it was not because his strength and spirit had failed, but because his owner justly considered that his long services entitled him to a term of rest and ease.

SIZE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

A United States naval chaplain, who has recently visited the grand pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, wading in the deep sand fourteen hundred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before he had made the circuit, says, that taking a hundred New York churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of the pyramid; take another hundred and throw in their material into the hollow square, and it would not be full. Pile on all the stone and brick of Philadelphia and Boston, and the structure would not be as high and solid as this greatest work of man. One layer of block was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century, if they were permitted freely to use it.

THE DYSPEPTIC.—There can hardly be conceived of a more miserable person in existence than a confirmed dyspeptic. He suffers fearfully both in mind and body; yet his suffering need not be endured a single week, for he can certainly be cured, and that right speedily, by the use of the *Oxygenated Bitters*, prepared by S. W. Fowle & Co., of Boston, and for sale everywhere. This article has been long before the public, receiving the endorsement of the medical faculty, and its name is a household word from Maine to Mexico. Indigestion is a fearful enemy to contend with; but we have the means of entirely vanquishing this terrible foe, in the use of these celebrated and effective Bitters.

RAREY IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Rarey has recently completed the instruction at Aldershot, England, of his first batch of cavalry rough-riders, twenty in number. He pauses at this point in order that his system may be fairly tested for a few months experience of these men in their own regiments. If that experience be found to bear out all he claims for his method, he will instruct fresh parties of rough-riders.

ESCAPE FROM DEATH.—De Marbais and his wife, whose narrow escape from a double tragedy of murder and suicide made a stir in Cincinnati some months ago, are still in that city. The woman has recovered from her wounds, and the man from his poison.

LOOK SHARP, DOGBERRIES!—The mayor of Richmond, Va., offers ten dollars reward for every baton taken from a watchman while asleep on duty. They must keep their eyes open tight, now.

FRENCH OPERA HOUSE.—The city of Paris is to build the new opera house opposite the Rue de la Paix; it is expected it will cost between $600,000 and $1,000,000.

BOOKS, BOOKS.—Mr. Choate's valuable library of 7000 volumes was sold in this city, last week, and brought high prices.

INCIDENT AT A FRENCH THEATRE.

The beautiful comedy by Madame de Girardin, called *La joie fait peur*—one of the favorites of the *repertoire* of the Francais—was being played, a few evenings ago, in one of the provincial towns, when the following incident occurred: One of the actresses, Madame Larmet, had no sooner made her entrance than she burst into a violent flood of tears, which continued such a length of time that the curtain was obliged to be lowered. The audience, with that impetuosity which characterizes the French, gave vent to loud sounds of disapprobation, and after a few moments the stage manager made his appearance, and explained that the child of Madame Larmet had died the afternoon of that day, and that if she was obliged to continue the performance, she begged the indulgence of the audience. Loud cries of "She must not play" were heard on all sides, and the piece was changed. It may seem hard-hearted in the manager not to have given the part to another person—if necessary change the piece; but he is excusable when one takes into consideration the nature of a French audience. They are exacting to the last degree. No actor in France dare interlard any play with his own speeches; if such a thing were done, so as to admit of no doubt, the audience would demand an apology. This has occurred often. They seem to look upon the changing of anything in the programme as a direct insult to themselves. It is a good idea in the long run, but sometimes brings about disagreeable scenes, as in the case of Madame Larmet.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

People are prone to cry "hard times," no matter what the facts are, and some of these croakers are being heard hereabouts, just now. The truth is, money was never more plenty in New England than it is to-day; business was never better, never on a firmer or more reliable basis, and people were never more able or ready to part with their money. Hard times indeed! Look at the thrift all about us, observe the immense architectural improvements in building in this city and vicinity, count the scores of splendid commercial warehouses going up everywhere, behold hundreds of acres of water land being reclaimed and built upon, see how artistically and beautifully the environs of Boston are being laid out and improved by our merchant princes. Why, Boston is alive with successful industry, and nowhere in the world does capital find more ready or safer investment.

More about the Bears.—The bears are committing such ravages in the wild parts of Wisconsin that the settlers are flying from their homes. The newspapers declare that the animals no longer confine their visits to farmers' pigpens, but boldly approach their dwellings, and apply for admittance at the kitchen doors and bedroom windows.

Howard Athenæum.—Mr. Booth's engagement at this favorite house has been an entire success, though following immediately upon that of Miss Heron, which was a positive dramatic triumph. Mr. Davenport is reaping the golden harvest which his liberal and intelligent enterprise merits.

Too much Gas.—In digging a well in Bureau County, Illinois, a vein of gas was struck which burned with a flame fifteen feet above the surface of the ground. It was so near to a dwelling house that the well had to be filled to save the house.

Good!—An exchange paper says: "The best safety-valve to a boiler is a sober engineer. Congress may legislate till doomsday, but as long as the officers carry too much steam, the boats will follow their example."

Good Books.—A good book is styled by Milton, "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Erie Railroad.—The Erie Railroad paid through its receiver, in September, $584,320, and its receipts were $621,138.

Genius.—When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

THE GALWAY LINE.

Sir Cusack Roney, in a letter to the Irish papers, says that it is the intention of the present government to endeavor to set aside the contract with the Lever Company for the conveyance of the American mails through Ireland, and he "pledges himself to the complete accuracy of the statement." He says the effort is to be made at the next session of Parliament by means of the re-appointment of the committee on packet contracts of which Mr. Cobden was chairman. Sir Cusack calls upon his fellow-countrymen to "repel this attempt at repudiating a contract which, if efficiently carried out, will not only confer lasting benefit upon Ireland, but will beyond doubt give to all Europe and to all America the shortest, the quickest, and the safest communication between the two continents." The Rev. Father Daly stated at a meeting in Galway, the other day, that between himself and his family Mr. Lever had taken shares in the company to the extent of £171,000. The Messrs. Palmer of Jarrow, iron shipbuilders, are making great progress in the building of the steamers for the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company (Galway line). The first vessel is in frame, and the engine and boilers are in a forward state. Several artists are employed in painting pictures in oil for the saloon, which will be amongst the finest ever designed, and will accommodate at least two hundred first-class passengers at dinner at one time. It is expected these vessels, for dimensions and power, will surpass any of their class, and will exceed the guaranteed speed of twenty miles per hour. Some progress has also been made with the second vessel.

THE YANKEE AND THE CONVICT.

One day, not long since, relates the Cleveland Plaindealer, the accommodation train from Cleveland to Columbus had a convict on board, who was being taken by an officer to the penitentiary at the last named place. The prisoner was covered with a cloak which concealed from view the shackles upon his wrists. He sat, slightly bowed, looking very glum, and probably reflecting upon the rather *narrow prospect* before him. A New England Yankee on the train had his curiosity particularly excited by what he inferred to be a considerable weight on the spirit of the convict; so he approached him with the intent to elicit, if possible, such information as would gratify his curiosity. The following are the questions he propounded, and the answers thereto: "Goin' ter Klumbus?" "Yes," (gruffly). "Goin' enny further?" "No." "Goin' ter stop in Klumbus?" "Yes." "Goin' ter see any friends there?" "No." "Goin' ter du enny kind o' work there?" "Yes." "Goin' ter start bisiness on yer own hook?" "No." "What *are* ye goin' there for?" "Going for seven years." The Yankee's curiosity was *almost* satisfied.

Cross-Firing.—The authorities of Pittsburg have prevented cars on the street railways from running on Sunday. The car proprietors, in revenge, have prosecuted everybody that goes to church in his carriage.

Amusing and Instructive.—Read Mr. Underwood's advertisement of his single lens microscopes, which are transportable by mail. A microscope for twenty-five cents! Everybody is getting one for the centre-table.

Chelsea Bridge.—A move is making to free the bridge between Chelsea and Charlestown. Every avenue leading out of Boston should be, and will be free before half a dozen years have passed.

Proud to say it.—Our own is the most quiet and orderly city in the United States, and there is one more fact that statistics prove, which is that it is also the most healthy.

Horse Railroads.—The Metropolitan horse railroad of this city carries 5,000,000 passengers per annum. This couldn't be done by omnibuses; t would so fill the streets as to impede travel.

Iron Steamer.—A fine large iron steamer was launched at South Boston the other day. It is intended for Chinese coast navigation.

Chicago.—It is claimed that this city will in fifty years exceed New York in point of the number of inhabitants.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Philadelphia census shows a population of 680,000; an increase of 271,238 since 1850.

"Prof." Coe, the balloonist, has had one of his arms taken off above the wrist on account of mortification.

A yield of one hundred and twenty bushels of wheat to the acre is mentioned in a letter from Genoa, Carson Valley, California.

Messrs. Cheney have commenced at Hartford, Conn., to build another silk factory of the same size of their present factory.

Another installment of $10,000 has been paid to Mr. Washington, within a few days past, towards the purchase of Mount Vernon.

Brownsville has been stormed by a gang of guerillas, who are a trifle more lively and active than are some others of their calling.

The citizens of Fall River have made an engagement with the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company for one of their steam fire engines.

A movement has been started in New York, among the Hebrews, for the formation of a Board of Representatives of the Jews in the United States.

At Columbus, S. C., George Patten, convicted of gaming, has been sentenced to one year and three months' imprisonment, and $1000 fine.

The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher has just reached his eighty-fourth year. He is in good health, and lately spent a day with an old college classmate in New York.

The Grand Jury of Chittenden County have indicted the Vermont State Agricultural Society as a nuisance. The ground of the indictment is that said society has violated the law against horse racing.

The servant girls in New York city have struck for higher wages—they want $10 a month. The Journal of Commerce says it is in consequence of assessments for the new Fourth Avenue Cathedral.

The world could not get along without old North Carolina. Her tar, pitch and turpentine are used in every corner of the globe. The amount shipped to England during the year 1858 is valued at $2,176,870.

Four splendid English bulls and heifers of the pure Durham short-horn breed, were lately shipped for Monte Video. They are intended for a farm on the Rio Plata, to make a cross with the native breed.

Mr. Hart, the sculptor, has finished the statue of Henry Clay, ordered by the "Ladies' Clay Statue Association" of Virginia, and it is to be inaugurated on the 12th of April next, the 82d anniversary of Mr. Clay's birthday.

The valuation of real estate in San Francisco for the present year is $17,996,123, which is an increase of nearly $4,500,000 compared with the year previous. The total valuation (real and personal) this year is $83,777,075.

The new dome of the St. Louis Court House has been declared by two competent architects to be unsafe, and ready to fall at any moment. It will have to be taken down, and another built, involving an expenditure of $30,000.

A comparative statement of the wheat inspections in the State of Virginia during the past quarter, ending Sept. 30, and the same period of three preceding years, shows that the crop of 1859 is the largest crop ever grown in the State.

The people of Rockport propose to build a railroad to connect that town with the Gloucester Branch of the Eastern Railroad, and give due notice of their intention to petition the legislature for a charter for such purpose.

They say the greatest punishment you can inflict on an Eastern Jew is to give him at once the price he asks for his goods, for that he will go about bemoaning and reproaching himself the whole day after that he did not ask double.

A man named Daniel Safford stole a pair of oxen near Detroit last week, and in fourteen hours from the commission of the deed, he had been arrested, tried, convicted, and was on his way to the State Prison, under a sentence of three years.

A couple of women, quarrelling for place and power in the fancy needlework department of the Canada Provincial Fair at Kingston, recently came near breaking up the show—the husband of one of them removing his articles from exhibition, thus taking away the most of the mechanical department.

The volcano at Maui, Sandwich Islands, was not so active at last accounts. The lava stream has cooled, so that horses cross without difficulty. A long point has been formed, running out into the sea at Kiholo, with a depth of water at the outer edge of sixty-three fathoms, and the liquid rock is still dropping out seaward.

Constantinople journals recently stated that a dreadful fire had destroyed upwards of a thousand houses in the Turkish capital. It broke out in the Quarter of Hass Keni, built like an amphitheatre, on the side of a hill, and inhabited by 30,000 Jews, and the houses being of wood, the flames spread with the most fearful rapidity.

In the year 1792 Daniel Rowell, one of the pioneers of Western Virginia, being pursued by Indians, hid his gun under a red oak log to facilitate his escape. Recently one of his descendants found the gun, near the Kanawha, after a lapse of sixty-six years. The barrel was not materially injured, the trigger whole, the springs in the proper place.

Sands of Gold.

.... Taste is the mind's tact.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Marriage ought always to be a question not of necessity, but choice.—*Miss Malock.*

.... It is in learning music that many youthful hearts learn love.—*Ricard.*

.... Wisdom no more consists in science than happiness in wealth.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Love has no age, as it is always renewing itself.—*Pascal.*

.... Silence has been given to lovers to enable them to express their thoughts the better. —*Dryden.*

.... We must write the promises of women on the breath, on the wind, on the surfaces of shadows.—*Catullus.*

.... Oaths are the counterfeit money with which we pay the sacrifice of love.—*Ninon de l'Enclos.*

.... The woman who really means to refuse you, is content to say no; she who explains, wishes further persuasion.—*Alfred de Musset.*

.... Fortunes grant victory oftener to rash, impetuous characters than to the cold and circumspect.—*Machiavelli.*

.... We overlook too much degrees of merit, and give too exclusive an admiration to the highest.—*Bovee.*

.... Woman is the great beauty, the most precious jewel taken from the scripture of God for the ornament and happiness of man. —*Guyard.*

.... Every man talks of his neighbor's heart as though it was his own watch; a thing to be seen in all its works, and abused for irregular going.—*Jerrold.*

.... A good heart is the sun and moon; or rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly.—*Shakspeare.*

.... In their intercourse with the world, people should not take words as so much genuine coin of standard metal, but merely as counters that people play with.—*Jerrold.*

.... To great force of intellect there is often added a greater pride that impairs its influence. This offends more than the other pleases. Such an one, it may be said, carries a great many guns, but all of them spiked.—*Bovee.*

.... Either we grow wiser as we grow older, or there is no growth at all. Either we advance as we walk, or we cannot well be said to stand. Humanity is progress, or it is nothing.—*W. G. Simms.*

Joker's Budget.

When is a fish like a bird? When it is a perch.

Why is the Mediterranean the dirtiest of seas? Because it is least tide-y.

Alas! many an enamored pair have courted in poetry, and after marriage *lived in prose.*

Upon the marriage of Miss Wheat, an editor hoped that her path might be *flowery.*

Isn't it strange that our blacksmiths are always *blowing* and *striking* for wages?

Political capital is now said to mean nothing more nor less than personal interest.

A breeder of Shanghais says that one of his fowls, when eating corn, takes one peck at a time.

An architect proposes to build a "Bachelor's Hall," which will differ from most houses in having no *Eves.*

What is the difference between a blunder and a wedding? One is a mistake, and the other a take miss.

Woman's Mission.—To stop at home by the fireside whilst man goes out to collect materials to make the pot boil.

A doctor detained in court as a witness complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients they might recover in his absence.

What must you do to a *tea table* to make fit to eat? Give it up. Why, take away the tea (T) and it becomes *eatable.*

Why are four thousand eight hundred and forty yards of land obtained on credit like a drinking song? Because it's *an-acre-on tic.*

To spin and weave, to knit and sew, was Knickerbocker girls' employment, but now to dress and catch a bow is all they call enjoyment.

Speaking of an excited doctor, a contemporary says, "His face spoke a thousand emotions." Why not draw it milder, and say five hundred?

The following toast was recently given: "The ladies—may we kiss all the girls we please, and please all the girls we kiss."

If you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

"Ah, Joe! since you've been to the city the black ox died without any notice whatever." "Gracious mercy!" replied Joe, "how fast we are all passing away!"

"Well, John, I am going East, what shall I tell the folks?" "O, nothing; only if they say anything about whiskers, just tell them I've got some."

Sydney Smith, one day describing to a friend the people whom he met at a dinner-party, said, "There was Hallam, too, with his mouth full of cabbage and contradiction."

THE CRAZY STEAMBOAT.

BY G. S. RAYMOND.

It was during the second year of the protracted struggle in Southern Brazil, which we of the anti-law and order party persisted in dignifying with the name of revolution, but which, as yet, has found no place in the history of civilized wars; and which I am sure never ought to; for a more miserable, uncivilized set of vagrants never congregated under any banner since the days of the first crusade.

But it was the second year that our sufferings were the most severe, and we were the most savage, both in our manners and personal appearance. For, by the end of the first year, we had worn out our clothes that we entered the service with, and spent what little money we possessed at first; and as neither money nor clothing was forthcoming from those who set us on, it began to look very much like working for nothing and boarding ourselves.

There were a good many of us, who at some former period of our lives had been accustomed to some of the little comforts and conveniences which pertain to civilization; and the eternal warfare which we were obliged to wage with the long list of reptiles and insects inimical to man, with which the climate and soil of Brazil is blessed, was anything but comfortable or pleasant. Flies, bugs, ticks and fleas, of the insect, and snakes, centipedes, and vampire bats, of the reptile species, all appeared to owe us foreigners a particular spite, and claimed us as their legitimate prey.

But the greatest annoyance of all—the indefatigable tormentor of our lives, during the first six months of that year, was a *steamboat:* a little black, uncouth abortion of a thing, so unlike everything that I had ever seen or heard of in the shape of a steamboat, that if I were to hunt the whole habitable globe over for a comparison, I should fail to find but one, and that would be a little plug of a thing that may be seen spluttering about Boston harbor, with *California* painted on her wheel house.

Our tormentor was a sort of mongrel; the materials for her hull having been brought out from England, and put together in Brazil by a Biscayan; and her engine, which was a little high pressure affair, and had doubtless once been the motive power of a Yankee sawmill, was put into her by a Swedish shoemaker.

The little pest seemed to be endowed with the power of ubiquity; for, during the whole of that six months, wherever we fixed our camp anywhere along the shore of the little lakes which skirt the coast for fifty leagues, or upon the banks of the shallow, crooked channels which connect them, the *Forao* was sure to find us out, and drive us from our quarters. Sometimes when we were enjoying a comfortable snooze, all hands of us stretched upon the ground, sheltered from the burning sun by the green orange boughs, or the drapery of wild vines, our evil genius would appear at mid-day, and the first notice of her presence would be a shot from one of her six guns, which would come dancing in among us, flinging the sand in all directions, and cutting short our dreams of glory and ambition in an instant; and, as we had no artillery, we had no alternative but to scatter at once.

At other times, when we were seated around our fires of an evening, broiling our beef upon the points of our knife, the sound of the demon's scape pipe, with its everlasting peugh—peugh—peugh—would interrupt our culinary operations, and directly, bang! would go one of her guns, and her iron messenger would come whizzing into our camp, scattering the firebrands about our ears, and now and then causing some poor fellow to cut his last pigeon wing.

Thus matters went on for a long time, until at length our patience was entirely exhausted; and we met in solemn council, about twenty of us, one afternoon, and after a great deal of argument, pro and con, we voted unanimously that the infernal little steamer was a nuisance, and as such ought to be immediately removed.

But the grand difficulty with us was to accomplish that very desirable object. A great many plans were proposed and rejected, until finally the council appointed a committee of three, whose duty it would be to devise ways and means to get rid of our enemy.

The committee was composed of a French captain, name Letour, a young English lieutenant, whose name was Martin, and myself; and our first move, after we had withdrawn from the council, was to appoint Lieutenant Martin chairman of the committee.

Martin proposed that each one of us should suggest a plan for destroying or getting rid of the steamer, and then we would select the one which looked the most feasible.

Letour proposed that we should move our camp high up on some of the little mountain streams in the sierra, where the fiend spirit of the waters couldn't follow us. To this plan we objected, for the *thing* would draw so little water, that she would go where a goose would fetch up; and Martin swore that wherever there was a heavy dew, or the ground was any ways damp, the blasted thing would get along well enough. My plan was to cut stick and leave the country.

"Leave the country?" interrupted Martin. "You're a fool! Why, if we should wander to the backside of Lapland, we couldn't get away from the cursed thing; for before we should get comfortably settled in our new camp, she would be after us with her eternal peugh—peugh—bang—whiz—phip—and off we'd be obliged to tramp again, like the Wandering Jew. No, no; our only plan is to get hold of her and run her crazy. I'll tell you how we can get hold of her; and after we have done this, I'll soon show you how to do the other thing. Now, we have got two boats hid away up the little creek, which comes in just below here, and each of these boats will carry ten men. The day after to-morrow you know is St. John's day, and the steamer will be in the Rio Grande, where all hands are bound to have a spree, and you can bet they'll all be most gloriously fuddled by sundown.

"We will start from here about dark, so as to get down to the city in the neighborhood of midnight, when we will take charge of the steamer, toss any drunken vagabonds whom we may find in her on to the beach, and wait until just at daylight in the morning, when we will fire up quietly, and run her out round the little mud island in front of the city, where we'll play the very deuce with her, run her crazy, and astonish the Rio Grandensia with an extra especial display of steamboat gymnastics."

Letour and I decided that Martin's plan was a capital one, and we all three started off at once to lay it before the council, who, on hearing it, voted to adopt and put it into execution.

The two intervening days passed quietly off, without a visit from our relentless persecutor; about sundown on the evening of the twenty-fourth of June, we set out, twenty of us, in our two boats, on our errand of destruction.

The distance from our camp to the harbor of Rio Grande was about seven leagues; and it was nearly midnight when we pulled in through the narrow, shallow channel, between the *Isla des Marinheiros*, and the low, sandy peninsula, upon which the city is built.

The night was dark as Egypt, and we passed noiselessly alongside the steamer, which was moored to a rude wharf near the custom-house. On gaining her deck, we found some half dozen of her crew in the condition that Martin had predicted, only more so; for they were so gloriously fuddled that they were ingloriously drunk. We laid our insensible enemies carefully out on the wharf; and after posting two sentinels to guard against a surprise, we proceeded to help ourselves to wine, and such eatables as Don Pedro's insect man-of-war steamer contained.

The night passed off perfectly quiet, and just as the first faint streaks of daylight began to light up the eastern sky, we got our prize under way and run her out of the harbor. The confounded little steamer's peugh—peugh—as we passed down in front of the city, awoke some of her officers, who had partially slept off the effects of the wine they had taken the previous afternoon, and these, by their infernal yells, aroused everybody else; and by the time that we had hauled up round the little mud island, all Rio Grande and their wives, including a couple of thousand blacks, and at least half that number of dogs, were on the beach, and such a scene of wild confusion as was there displayed, never was witnessed anywhere, except on the first of May in the city of New York.

As soon as we had our prize in a position so that the mud island was between us and the city, we set to work, all hands under the directions of of Martin, to run her crazy.

First, we loaded all six of her guns with double blank cartridges, and placed slow matches of different lengths in contact with the priming. Next, we filled her furnaces chock full of coal, and turned a barrel of tar over it, in order to generate plenty of steam. This done, we set fire to her in a dozen places below, and finally we unshipped her larboard wheel, and just as we were going into our boats, Martin put her helm hard a starboard, and lashed it. All our arrangements being completed, we tumbled into our boats, and pulled along up the little mud island, under cover of the tall reeds, until we were out of harm's way, when we lay on our oars and watched the fun. In less than five minutes after we left the steamer, she commenced her antics, and if she was not altogether crazy, as Martin had predicted, it was very evident that her head was turned; for as her larboard wheel was unshipped, and her helm a starboard, she commenced going round in a circle at a furious rate: just as you have seen a dog, chasing his own tail. Our liberal supply of fuel raised a tremendous head of steam, and the little thing fairly yelped, as if in mortal agony. Dense masses of black smoke now began to roll up from every opening in her deck, and presently one of her guns exploded with a crash like a thunderclap.

The bewitched steamer had performed perhaps half a dozen revolutions, when the flames burst out through her decks, and just as her head was towards the island, her wheel ropes were burnt off, her helm flew amidships, and she made a dive for the mud bank, where the tall bulrushes grew up out of shoal water several rods from the island. In she went, lathering and thrashing along through the tall reeds and bulrushes, until she run her nose into the mud. Then commenced a scene that was ludicrous beyond description. She was now altogether enveloped in flames, and the intense heat in her hold, having generated a tremendous head of steam, her single wheel was whirled around like a buzz, slashing off the bulrushes, and tearing up the mud, like a dozen bull alligators. Her little foolish peugh—peugh—was swelled into a regular yell, and she squealed, and fizzed, and wriggled in the mud, while her over charged guns went off one after another in quick succession, like loud peals of thunder.

"Go it, you little humbug!" shouted Martin; and at that moment the fire reached her little magazine, which contained about seven barrels of powder. There was a deafening crash, as of a mighty earthquake; fragments of the wreck was flung far and wide in all directions, and our utmost vengeance was accomplished. After that we took our afternoon naps, and broiled our beef-steaks in peace.

TEA TRADERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier, noticing the death of Mr. George Griswold, the younger of the two brothers that made up the firm of N. L. & G. Griswold, the great tea importers, years ago, thus calls up remembrances of by-gone days: "I do not suppose twenty, thirty, and forty years ago, there was a grocery in the United States but what had tea chests, half chests, or small boxes of black and green teas with this mark, and of course their importation. For years they owned an East Indiaman, called the Panama. Old Nat Griswold, as he was familiarly called, I once knew well. He commenced his manhood as a blacksmith. Such houses as the Griswolds owned their tea ships, loaded them on their own account, sent out a supercargo, who purchased in Canton the return cargo, and the Griswolds alone were interested in the voyage. Hoyt & Tom was another East India house thirty years ago. They had a ship called the Sabine, well known to every tea dealer. Another Canton firm was Talbot, Olyphant & Co. Olyphant resided in China. These houses were samples of the old-fashioned Canton traders. They owned ships and cargo, some times worth half a million when she came into our harbor on her return from China. But all those eminent merchants, in their day and generation, are passing quietly away, like George Griswold, to the tomb."

THE PYRAMIDS

HOW WERE THEY BUILT!

The notion of Diodorus that machines were not yet invented is sufficiently disproved by common sense and by the assertion of Herodotus. It is certainly singular that the Egyptians, who have left behind them so many records of their customs, should have omitted every explanation of their mode of raising the enormous blocks they used. Some have imagined incline planes, without recollecting what their extent would be when of such a height and length of base; and though the incline plane may have been employed for some purposes, as it was in sieges by the Assyrians and others, as a "bank" for running up the movable towers against a perpendicular wall, it would be difficult to adapt it to the sloping faces of a pyramid, or to introduce it into the interior of a large temple. The position of these pyramids is very remarkable in being placed so exactly facing the four cardinal points that the variation of the compass may be ascertained from them. This accuracy would imply some astronomical knowledge and careful observations at that time.—*Rawlinson's Herodotus.*

INCREASE OF CONFLAGRATIONS.

The increase of fires in the United States is alarming. There are several causes to which this may be attributed, such as badly constructed buildings, carelessness of occupants, the use of inflammable materials for lights, etc., etc. It is not impossible that the very fact of the increased excellence of fire departments in all the large towns may produce so great a sense of security that proper care is not taken to guard against fire. It is certain that housekeepers and clerks do not guard so carefully against the devouring element as they did thirty years ago. But the great cause for alarm in connection with the matter is the increase of incendiarism. We hardly settle down to repose from one fire alarm before the pealing bell announces another. There have been within a short time the conflagrations at Lawrence, at Westboro', at Deer Island, and at New Bedford, besides numerous other smaller fires, all the works of incendiaries. And at the same time the local papers of nearly all sections have been teeming with accounts of small fires. If we look around any New England town we find many squares which have been devastated by fires, now rebuilt. How many there are who have been ruined or embarrassed seriously by this work of incendiarism! How many there are who have lost life, health, or valued memorials in the form of dwellings or articles within them, from this cause! And all this in the face of the heavy tax paid in the form of fire insurance and the support of fire departments. The fire department costs the city of Boston $100,000, and the money paid for insurance is enormous. Other towns and cities are in a similar situation. Now, this whole subject imperatively demands attention. It may be a proper subject of inquiry whether the system of insurance itself does not stimulate incendiarism. It may be proper to inquire whether new penalties are not demanded for arson. At all events the subject has assumed a position so alarming that some movement is imperatively demanded. We commend the subject to the attention of the law-makers. If fires increase for five years to come in the same ratio as in five years past, the evil will become most ruinous.—*Atlas.*

PLAYING CARDS ORIGIN OF PRINTING.

It is partly to the use of playing-cards that we owe the invention which has been justly regarded as one of the greatest benefits granted to mankind. The first cards were printed with the hand. They were subsequently made more rapidly by a process called stencilling—that is, by cutting the rude forms through a piece of pasteboard, parchment, or thin metal, which, placed on the cardboard intended to receive the impression, was brushed over with ink or color, which passed through the cut out lines, and imparted the figure to the material beneath. A further improvement was made by cutting the figures on blocks of wood, and literally printing them on the cards. The card-blocks are supposed to have given the first idea of wood-engraving. When people saw the effects of cutting the figures of the cards upon blocks, they began to cut figures of saints on blocks in the same manner, and then applied the method to other subjects, cutting in like manner the few words of necessary explanation. This practice further expanded itself into what are called block-books, consisting of pictorial subjects, with copious explanatory text. Some one at length hit upon the idea of cutting the pages of a regular book on so many blocks of wood, and taking impressions on paper and vellum, instead of writing the manuscript; and this plan was soon further improved by cutting letters or words on separate pieces of wood, and setting them up together to form pages. The wood was subsequently superseded by metal. And thus originated the noble art of printing.—*Art Journal.*

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WOMEN OF THE OUED-NAIL TRIBE.

The group of singular figures on this page is sketched from life, and depicts the females of a peculiar tribe of Arabs in their striking national costumes. The Oued-Nails are a Saharian tribe, powerful and nomadic, whose range comprises almost all the region situated between the oasis of Biskra, Bou-Saada and Lar'ouat. It is divided into a great number of fractions, and each, governed by a sheik, is almost incessantly in motion within the circle traditionally assigned to it. The wealth of these nomads consists in herds of camels and flocks of sheep, of which they possess a great number, for certain chiefs are mentioned who have furnished several hundred dromedaries, each. The camel's hair and wool, as well as the fabrics woven in the tents, furnish the tribe with the means of procuring grain and other necessaries of life. Like almost all the nomads, the Oued-Nails have brothers or associates established at certain hamlets of the oases who take charge of the supplies of grain and dates. For themselves, tenants of the shifting tent, they lead a wandering life, their pride and pleasure. Accustomed to vast horizons, to the free air, to a life full of unexpected incidents and activity, they despise the denizens of towns, whom they call "grocery-pedlars." Especially do they vaunt their manner of existence in the spring, when the soil is covered with fragrant grasses, when the wells are full and the flocks in good condition. While the tribe is filing along in its regular and invariable order, with the chief's baggage, his broad standards, and the palanquins of his women in front, horsemen are hunting the gazelle with greyhounds, or pursuing the chivalrous sport of hawking, with their trained thorough-bred falcons, and on these occasions the Arab lovers vie with each other in displays of horsemanship, to extort from their mistresses the intoxicating cry of *ouil-ouil* (bravo! well done!) which stimulates them to additional feats. Some of the women of this tribe are exceedingly beautiful. Habitually shielded from the sun, many of them have even delicate complexions, while the figures of the youthful are exceedingly graceful. It must be admitted, however, that an old Arab woman looks like a witch. We are sorry to add that the prettiest of these women are sold in the markets, their masters deriving the same revenue from their charms which the Circassian chieftains do. The men of the tribe are graceful, well-formed, and, of course, splendid riders. They use very severe bits, capable of throwing a horse on his haunches in full career. They can hit any mark at a gallop, from the saddle, and when at full speed can pick up a scarf or other object from the ground, regaining their seat with a dexterity truly marvellous to behold. They are also good swordsmen.

CUSTOMS OF THE HEBREWS.

This brief statement of Jewish customs at the close of life is of much interest. The Jews imagine that the two greatest acts that can be performed are—saying prayers for a dying man, and following him to his grave; on the principle that he who does another a favor in different circumstances may be selfish, from an expectation of its return, but that in these cases the motive must be pure, as no such expectation can be indulged. When a Jew is dying, it is no unusual thing, therefore, for his friends and relations to inform the whole neighborhood of the fact. A poor Jew, as well as a rich one, always has, at such a time, two nurses to attend him and say prayers; he may have them night and day for months, the whole expense of which, together with that of doctors, etc., is defrayed from the treasury of the synagogue. Those who attend a Jew in his dying moments are well acquainted with all the symptoms of death; for, though burial takes place within twenty-four hours, instances are very rare of persons being buried alive. The departed lies on the same bed for one hour; a feather is put on his lips (to be blown away if he should breathe), and, as it is reckoned an honor, the Jews present stop during that time; they strip the corpse and lay it on the ground, or, in some cases, carry it to another room. A black cloth is now obtained from the synagogue to lay over the corpse; a pewter plate with salt is generally put on the breast, which, they say, keeps it from swelling; oil is put in a vessel, and a cotton wick is inserted; a basin of water, covered with a clean napkin, is brought forth; and two watchers (provided by the synagogue, if the individual be poor) sit by the dead.

An hour before the time of burial, certain people come from the synagogue to wash and shroud the corpse, in the ablution of which from forty to fifty gallons of water may be used. Before it leaves the house, the husband for the wife, the wife for the husband, children for parents, and parents for children, etc., etc., stand on one side the coffin, and the clerk of the synagogue on the other, while, as each relation leans over the coffin, the clerk takes a knife, makes a slit on the right side of the male or female's upper garment, about two inches long, and then tears it two inches farther. The garment must be worn in this state for thirty-one days. When any of the Jews assembled cannot follow the corpse to the grave, a pail of water and a jug are brought, with which they may wash each other's hands. The first takes the water and throws it over the hands of the next, three times, but he must not touch them with the vessel; this is afterwards placed on the ground; when he who is washed takes it up, and does the same for him who washed him, and thus the process of ablution is carried on through the whole. The coffins of the rich and poor are made of four deal boards, merely planed over to prevent splinters running into the hands. The shrouds are generally made of wool; but some of the more wealthy are buried in fine linen. The Jews have no walking funerals; and no difference is apparent between those of the poor and the rich, except relatives or friends of the latter should follow them in carriages. It is by no means uncommon for a corpse to be followed by a multitude, consisting of from one hundred to one thousand persons, as may be frequently witnessed, at the east end of London, where there are several Jewish burying grounds. Publicity is given to a case of dissolution in two ways. One is by its announcement in the synagogue; for, when a person has died, the clerk in the midst of the prayer stops, and, with loud voice, mentions his name, the spot where the corpse lies, and the hour of interment.

The other is more remarkable. One of the Jews belonging to the synagogue goes into the places crowded with his people, having a copper money-box in the shape of a half-gallon cask, secured by a lock and key, with a niche large enough to admit of a penny piece. The peculiar sound of the box, when shaken, intimates that some one is dead, the Jews therefore flock around him, make every inquiry, and cast into the box what they please. This is always done unless the departed was an illegitimate child, a person of very impure life, or one grossly negligent of Jewish forms. In this case seldom more than eight or nine follow him to his grave. So infamous, indeed, is it to be an exception to the custom alluded to, that it is sometimes mentioned many years after, as branding even distant relations. When Jews quarrel, it may be in the synagogue, one will sometimes say to the other, "I know something about you; don't unlock my lips, or I will disgrace you;" and, when he is dared to utter all he knows, it is not uncommon to reply, if it cannot be charged on a nearer relation, "Why, your great-grandfather, or your fourth cousin died, and the box did not go for him." Females very rarely or never attend a corpse to the grave; but it is heart-rending to witness their mourning.

When the males retire, all sit on the ground, and a hard boiled egg is cut in pieces among them. Their posture is continued for seven days, during which visitors come, sometimes to the number of a thousand, to afford consolation; and, should the party visited be poor, refreshment or money is usually given secretly. The light placed at the side of the corpse is kept in for one-and-thirty days (as Aaron was mourned for during that time); it is called the light of the departed spirit, and, according to the clearness or dimness of the flame, they determine its comfort or discomfort. For the first seven days a congregation assembled night and morning; and every morning the water and napkin are changed, under the idea that the spirit comes and purifies himself with them. Every anniversary, too, a light must burn in the same way for four and twenty hours; a fast must be kept for that time, and the synagogue must be visited night and morning to say Kodesh (prayers) in its behalf.—*New York Tribune.*

LIFE.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life! We rise up in glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet trees of nature, are hanging from each bough in the refreshing morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames are buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we fear no storm, and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour by hour, our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noonday sun; the friends that started with us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have laid down to rest, but new faces are smiling upon us; and new hopes are beckoning us on. Ambition and fame are before us, but youth and affection are behind us. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded, and forever. Onward and onward we go; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it, the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the noonday. Still we press onward; the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached. The orb of hope that had cheered us on, is sinking in the west; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad; we turn our gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of the twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them; we have outstripped them all in the race after pleasure, and the phantom has fled; and caught, in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night time overtakes us; the dark and terrible night time of death; and weary and heavy laden, we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave! Happy, thrice happy, is he who has laid up treasures for himself for the distant and unknown to-morrow.—*Knickerbocker.*

FEMALES OF THE OUED-NAIL TRIBE, SAHARA.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO ANNIE B.

BY JAMES BISTINE.

The floweret weeps through the soft summer's night,
Though heaven with sapphires of beauty be crowned;
Nor do her soft pearl-drops of sorrow take flight
Till blushing, her cheeks in Sol's kisses are drowned.

Thus sad is my bosom when thou art away,
Though bright eyes may cheerfully beam round my heart;
But O, love, how quickly those tear-drops decay
When thrilled by the glances thy dark eyes impart.

TALENT AND GENIUS.

Talent convinces—genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth;
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind;
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees of toil.
BULWER LYTTON.

VIRTUE.

Virtue (for mere good nature is a fool),
Is sense and spirit with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
ARMSTRONG.

SPITE.

But, ever after, the small violence done
Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,
As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long
A little bitter pool about a stone
On the bare coast.—TENNYSON.

TEARS.

What precious drops are these
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?
DRYDEN.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— Our New York friends have one entertainment now which we quite envy them—their little French theatre, No. 585 Broadway. The first serious attempt to establish a regular French theatre in New York was made last year, and its success was ample enough to encourage Mr. Sage, the director, to visit Paris and engage a good comedy and operatic company for his second season, which has opened this month with great *eclat*. Among the performers who are already favorites, is M'lle. Darcy in the "smart chambermaid" line. Mr. Sage owes her acquisition to a little incident which occurred at the Folie-Nouvelles, Paris, where until lately she was playing It occurred at a morning rehearsal. Darcy was standing near the footlights conversing with a friend, when the stage-manager, in a very rude manner, ordered her to retire. She refused and was subjected to a small fine. Turning to the prompter she asked what it cost to slap a manager's face; and was told that such a luxury came as high as twenty francs. Extending that amount to *regisseur* with one hand, with the other she gave him a box on the ear that made him see more stars than ever appeared on the stage, and immediately afterwards threw up her situation. She was without a situation, when Mr. Sage made an offer and secured her for the New York stage.....Our vaunted Indian summer is almost over. Very few leaves still cling to the trees, and the breezes that strip them hourly are getting chill and uncomfortable. Overcoats and anthracite and sunken mercury are now the order of the day.....Lieutenant Wise suggested to Willis, and Willis repeated to the readers of the Home Journal, one reason why the Webster statue makes an unfavorable impression. "Just think," said Wise, "how any one would look, whom you had been in the habit of seeing as a white man well dressed, stuck up there with a pair of sheet-iron trousers and a verdigrease complexion!".....Can't Williams & Everett make an arrangement to bring some of the French and English pictures which have been delighting the New Yorkers to Boston? We should like very much to have our people see Gerome's "Duel After the Masquerade," and some others we could name.....Winterhalter, the celebrated court-painter, is now engaged upon the whole length portraits of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.....The Charleston Mercury says W. W. Walker, Jr, of the Columbia Courant, the fortunate legatee of "the plum" announced a few weeks since by "Nox," in his correspondence to the Mercury, has received, by late steamers, confirmatory intelligence of the legacy, which will net one hundred and five thousand pounds sterling, besides interest, exchange, etc. Its value is fully five hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.....M. Mariette, in his travels in Egypt, has discovered the tomb of a queen, princess, or some opulent person of the olden time. Near the mummy of the departed was found a multitude of objects and ornaments, very valuable as to material, but still more so for their elegance, taste, and workmanship. This unexpected discovery was at once designated for the future museum of Cairo; but, as some of the articles required mending and cleaning, the viceroy requested M. Mariette to get this work of restoration executed in Paris. He, at the same time, permitted him to show the said curiosities to the amateurs of the French capital. It was in that way that the Academy of Inscriptions had the advantage of seeing spread out for its inspection an almost complete Egyptian toilet of the time of Cleopatra, Semiramis, or some other celebrated beauty. There were coronets, necklaces, earrings, bracelets, pins, and rings, all of which, for purity of design and form, elegance of ornamentation, and delicacy of workmanship, surpass all conception. One of the most remarkable articles was a gold necklace, formed of bees with outspread wings, which must have produced a most charming effect on the neck of a pretty woman.....A poor hen-pecked husband by the name of Masters (a very inappropriate name) lately committed suicide at Cambridge, England, leaving a "full confession in his right boot." The jury that "sot" on him returned the following verdict: "That the deceased destroyed himself while in a fit of insanity, brought on through the bad conduct of his wife, and they thought she ought to be called before the jury and severely censured by the coroner." The coroner thought it would be better that the censure should be conveyed to the wife in writing by him, and the jury concurred.....How comes it that people who write "prize odes" are never heard of afterwards? Who will answer? We insert the above for two reasons—first, because it is pertinent; and second, because it is impertinent.....The sea is the largest cemetery, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All graveyards, in other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery, the king, the clown, the prince, and the peasant, are alike undistinguished.....Extremes meet. Civilization and barbarism come together. Savage Indians and fashionable ladies paint their faces.....An Irish woman in Rochester, N. Y., has a monomania on the subject of murder, and claims to have seen a horrid murder by three prominent men—two of whom have been mayors of the city, and the other a member of Congress.....Love matches are often formed by people who pay for a month of honey with a life of vinegar.....An odd leg attracted the attention of an engineer on a New York railroad track, lately, and search being made, other portions of a human body were found scattered about. Upon putting them together, they bore a faint resemblance to a man named Bowman, who, very much intoxicated, was seen walking upon the track, and, it is supposed, overtaken by a train, was killed and distributed in this melancholy manner.....One of our scientific exchanges says that a powder has been discovered in the Academy of Science in Paris, consisting of chalk and the residue of coke after the gas has been exhausted, from which a paste is made, which will completely remove both smell and infection from wounds and sores.....He is a first-rate collector who can, upon all occasions, collect his wits.....A couple of journeyman printers, in New York, named Wilkins and Hughes, exchanged "leaded matter," from pistols, in French's Hotel, recently, in a quarrel. Hughes got a "quod" in the breast, and his form was taken to the hospital. Wilkins "distributed" himself as rapidly as possible. "A foul case.".....It doesn't do to marry for money and get drunk on it. It was the misfortune recently of Stephen Aymar, of Dearborn county, Indiana, to wed at once a bride and a fortune, and he felt so happy in consequence that he got very drunk, fell out of a wagon, was run over and instantly killed. Unhappy Stephen!.....A San Francisco writer, of late date, says the following are about the rates of wages now paid in California: Carpenters from $4 to $7 per day; bricklayers and masons from $4 to $6; blacksmiths, wheelwrights, machinists, painters, tinsmiths, from $3 to $4 50; common laborers, $3; farm hands, from $30 to $40 per month, and found; cooks, from $30 to $60....."Perhaps Brother Jonathan does carry his hands in his pockets," said a drawling Yankee in dispute with an Englishman, "but all the difference between him and John Bull is, that Brother Jonathan has his hands in his own pockets, while John Bull has his in another man's.....It is said that Queen Victoria's second daughter—now the first on the marriage roll—has expressed a wish to resign her "royal dowry," in order to become a professed Catholic. The court papers insinuate that this is a step to court the young King of Portugal, who lately lost his wife. When Don Pedro was in England a few years ago, the Princess Alice was "smitten;" but religion was in the way, and there the affair dropped.....Some of the opulent members of the Rev. Dr. Chapin's society in New York have made liberal subscriptions towards presenting him a new house in that city. It is situated in Thirty-fifth Street, near Fifth Avenue, and cost $24,000, and is now occupied by Dr. Chapin.....Recent advices from Genoa state that while the United States Frigate Wabash was lying at that port, a large fire occurred in the city, when her commander, desiring to assist in subduing it, despatched to the aid of the city a portion of her officers and crew, with the fire engines of that ship.....Smith, the Razor Strop Man, was selling his strops in New Jersey, and a fellow "three sheets in the wind" kept interrupting him. "Why don't you sell 'em at auction?" said the intruder; and he interrupted him so much that Smith, getting out of patience, and hoping to get rid of him, said: "If you think it so fine to sell at auction, just get up here and sell one" The fellow took him at his word, mounted the old dry-goods box, took a strop and commenced, "Here's a fine strop, and what am I offered? I'm offered two cents, three cents, four cents, f-i-v-e cents, and sold for five cents to *myself*," at the same time shoving the strop into his pocket and handing Smith a half dime, saying he should charge no commission! Smith thanked him for his liberality, telling him it was probably the only generous act of which he had ever been guilty.....There has been a sad accident, which has robbed some of the best Parisian society of an ornament. Madame Lengle, the wife of the Prefect of Meurthe, was burned to death at Nancy. A spark flew out of the drawing room fire and ignited her dress while she was sitting at a table writing a letter.....A St Louis paper says they have an "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" at a boarding-house in that city. He knocked down a fellow boarder, gave him a sound thrashing, and then fled to avoid the police.....A gentleman in Hartford has a very large gray squirrel, the wheel of whose cage having been broken, and the family being tired of seeing it in the room, the cage was placed in an unused basement of the house, and his squirrelship provided with food in abundance. On visiting the cage a short time ago a large rat was found quietly domiciled with the squirrel, the falling of the wheel having permitted free ingress and egress to the rat. From sharing the squirrel's food, the rat had grown so fat that he did not care to move. The two *rodente* seemed to be mutually pleased with each other's company, and they were not molested.....Col. Philip Hicky died in East Baton Rouge, La, recently, at the age of eighty-two. He was some time before his decease, the only citizen of Louisiana who was born within the present limits of the State, a subject of Great Britain, and who had lived under the governments of the three great powers, of Great Britain, Spain, and the United States, without any change of his civil status, his residence, or the exercise of his own will.....The city of Wilmington, Del., is so well satisfied with the recent experiments with the water gas at that place, that preparations are now being made, says the Wilmington Journal, to dispense with coal gas, and use the water gas exclusively.....In Australia, the electric telegraph is in constant use, affording a remunerating revenue, and the amount of business has forced on the government the necessity of an additional wire to Melbourne and Adelaide, and wires to Bathurst and Maitland are in progress.....On the 28th of September, Brownsville, Texas, was attacked by a party of Mexican guerillas, two hundred strong, who killed five of the citizens and broke open the jail and freed all the prisoners. The residents fled to Matamoras for protection, and expresses were sent to San Antonio for troops.....Three Cubans, says a late Havana letter, have recently been convicted of being annexationists, that is, in favor of annexation to the United States, and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment.....It was Captain D. K. Nash of Norwalk who upset the oyster vessel in the Sound, in 1841, from which the great oyster bed is supposed to have sprung.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The Zurich Conference bids fair to be indefinitely prolonged. No sooner is one point settled, than another comes up.—The London Times has another editorial on the San Juan difficulty. It reiterates its denunciations on Harney's course, and says he could not have anticipated any outrage to American citizens in San Juan, and considers that such a statement is made for the purpose of excusing an aggression which had been long determined upon. It characterizes Harney's act as a gratuitous insult to the British empire, and one which cannot be passed over. It firmly believes that no large class of Americans will support the policy which had been inaugurated, and in reference to General Scott's mission, says the English government will respond with corresponding courtesy, and the result will no doubt be the peaceable settlement of a question which has been made dangerous to two great nations by the wrong-headedness and folly of a few men—The return of the Emperor to Paris has been marked by great activity in the various governmental departments. In a recent speech, the emperor expressed a hope that a new era of glory will be raised for the church on the day when every one will share his conviction that the temporal power of the pope is not opposed to the liberty and independence of Italy.—The national subscription in Italy for the purchase of a million of muskets, was proceeding with great success.

The Arctic Expedition.

It appears that Lady Franklin sank in her last expedition to the Arctic regions all her remaining fortune, and that her failing health now detains her in the south of France. An "Arctic Navigator," in a letter to the Times, suggests that, besides refunding to the widow of the officer who fell in the execution of his duty the sum she paid for fitting out the Fox and her crew, she should be offered a home for her declining days in the palace of Kensington. The same writer also suggests that Captain McClintock should, by order in council, be allowed seatime as a naval officer while he commanded the Fox, and receive his well-merited knighthood, and that the officers and crew of the Fox ought to get the remaining £10,000 reward for solving the fate of the lost expedition.

Bold Abduction.

Quite a commotion was raised lately in Paris by the kidnapping during the day in the Garden of the Tuileries of a child only two months old, the abductor representing herself to the unsuspecting nurse as the sister of her mistress. The child's father, M. Hua, judge of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine, offered a reward of two thousand dollars for the safe restoration of his first-born. The bait took—the infamous woman wishing merely to make money at the expense of the poor mother's agonized feelings, and, while holding an anonymous correspondence with the judge, the police traced her to Orleans, where she was arrested.

Bloodshed expected in Central Italy.

The London Post's Paris correspondent writes that, according to despatches from Rome, the troops of the pope are waiting reinforcements, when they will attack the federal forces concentrated at Remini and elsewhere. The papal government is said to have applied to Austria and other Catholic people for soldiers. Bloodshed must be looked for ere long in Central Italy, and Austria will assuredly bring about hostilities.

Italy arming.

A letter from Marseilles says that Sardinian houses are purchasing arms and ammunition there The following letter has been received at Marseilles from Genoa: "Purchase forthwith 3800 common muskets, 2000 rifles (such as are used by the Chasseurs de Vincennes) and 1000 rifles of another description. State the price of cavalry pistols. All these arms are for the duchies."

Mr. Carey in Russia.

Mr. Henry C. Carey of Philadel[illegible] [illegible]omed to Moscow with great attentions. A[illegible] [illegible]ven him by several manufacturers and sci[illegible] [illegible]r. Carey remained a week in Moscow, an[illegible] [illegible] time he carefully examined everal of the [illegible] [illegible]t manufacturing establishments af that [illegible]

Disturbance at Bergamo.

A serious row recently occurred at Bergamo, in Lombardy, at a religious service in honor of the Italian soldiers that died in the late war. The bishop having forbidden his subordinates from participating in this ceremony, a young layman ascended the pulpit and pronounced a funeral oration over the martyrs to Italian independence. The diocesan then fulminated excommunication against the orator and the interdicted church, whereupon such discontent ensued that, next morning, the people besieged the episcopal palace, and the prelate was compelled furtively to quit Bergamo. The local authorities interfered, and order was restored during the day.

Paris Papers.

An average of 150 journals appear every year in Paris, the greater part of which are devoted exclusively to the arts, sciences, literature, industry, and speculation. Of these, forty-three are subject to bail (cautionnement), for which a sum equal to $337,500 is placed in the hands of the authorities. The first of these journals in alphabetical order is the Ami de la Religion, and the last the Univers—an accident that places all the organs of public opinion between the Gallicans and the Ultramontanes!

The Armies of Europe.

According to recent statistics, the permanent armies of Europe cost annually the enormous sum of $400,000,000. If to this be added the proceeds of the vigorous hands that are diverted from their peaceful callings, we shall certainly find half as much more—so that it requires $600,000,000 every year to maintain there an armed peace!

A Hunting Party.

A party of ten gentlemen, among whom were Marshal de M'Mahon, General de Bremont, Count de Castries, etc., recently assembled at the chateau of Count d'Epremesnil, at Praslins (Loiret), for a shooting excursion. Between breakfast and dinner they killed 352 head of game—244 partridges, six hares, one rabbit and one teal.

Old Folks' Dinner.

The other evening about forty of the oldest citizens of Dunfermline, Scotland, dined together, the youngest of whom was 70, the oldest 93, the average age being 75, and the aggregate being more than 3000 years. There being no fewer than 21 present who had served in the army, their battles were duly fought over again.

Jenny Lind.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt lately appeared at two concerts in Dublin. The papers state that the appearance of the fair singer created quite a scene, all the vast assemblage seeming to bend forward whilst peal after peal of welcome greeted her.

An Immense Fortune.

The will of the late Sir Jamesetjee Jejeebhoy, Bart., late of Bombay, Parsee merchant, was proved in the Supreme Court by his sons. The whole of the property, personal and real, was sworn to be about $40,000,000.

Lucien Bonaparte.

"We learn from Rome," says the Bulletin de Paris, "that Prince Lucien Bonaparte is likely to obtain the archbishopric of Ravenna, vacant by the death of Monseigneur Fanconieri."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MONEY-KING, AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN G. SAXE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 180. 1859.

Our Parnassian publishers have produced these admirable poems in beautiful style, and they are worthy of the dress. The "Money-King," the "Press," "Richard of Gloster," and "Ho-ho of the Golden Belt," are poems of considerable length and of charming humor, and many of the minor pieces are gems The fascination of Saxe's muse lies in the geniality, the refinement, the grace and melody which are blended with it. He never offends the purest taste, and his versification is always neat and finished. We have no hesitation in prescribing this elegant book as the "sov'reign'st remedy" for the blues or ennui that can be found.

ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN. By CUTHBERT BEDE B. A. 3 vols. in one, with 300 illustrations by the author. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

Ninety thousand copies of this mirth-provoking book have been sold in England, and we have little doubt that the sale of the American edition will reach that figure. The life of an Oxford student is told with pen and pencil in this work, in the most felicitous manner, and he who is not pleased with the recital, would vote the "Pickwick Papers" a bore and Lamb's essays dull reading. For sale by Brown, Taggard & Chase.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson & Co., we have received "Richardson's New Method for the Piano Forte," already favorably noticed in our columns.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT HOUDIN, Ambassador, Author, and Conjurer. Written by himself. Edited by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. Philadelphia: George G. Evans. 12mo. pp 445. 1859.

One of the most entertaining books we ever read. A recent perusal of it in the original, convinced us that its success would be certain in an English dress, and we suggested a translation to one of our publishers. Mr. Evans, however, who is wide awake to attractive novelties, had already prepared the book, and has issued it in excellent style. We cordially commend it to our friends.

NEW MUSIC.—Russell & Tolman, 291 Washington St, have published "She Told it to the Winds," song; "My own Country Home," a ballad; "The Grave of Kitty Clyde," trio; the "Flower Girl's Appeal," song.

SWORD AND GOWN. By the author of "Guy Livingstone." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 308 1859.

We shall not attempt an analysis of this charming and powerful story, but content ourselves with the assertion that it is, in all respects, worthy of its predecessor. The book is issued in the elegant style uniformly characteristic of the press of Ticknor & Fields.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE. By WOODBURY M. FERNALD. Boston: Otis Clapp. 12mo. pp. 437. 1859.

This work, the fruit of deep thought and study, professes to present a "comprehensive view of the principles and particulars of an active Divine providence over man,—his fortunes, changes, trials, entire discipline, as a spiritual being from birth to eternity. The author has some peculiar views, which will be dissented from by many of his readers, but many of his theories will receive universal assent. And whatever may be thought of his doctrines, the spirit of his work, its charity, its gravity, its trustfulness, its thoughtfulness, its sincerity, and its frankness, will ensure it a kind reception and a fair judgment. The work is got up in beautiful style.

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Publishers' Notice.

In assuming the control of the "Atlantic Monthly," Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS would say to its readers, that the Magazine will be conducted upon the same general plan as heretofore. It will be their aim that, under its new management, the Magazine shall not fall short of its present high standard of excellence; and they would bespeak a continuance of the liberal patronage which has hitherto been accorded to it, and which is the best proof of public appreciation of its merits.

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From the Nashua Gazette, Sept. 22, 1859.

A REMEDY THAT IS A REMEDY.—The season is fast approaching when all of us will be liable to, and most of us affected by, some form of cough, cold, or other pulmonary complaint. Of all diseases, those which fasten themselves on the throat, lungs or chest, should claim immediate attention, as neglect of the slightest cough often leads to fatal results. The remedy for all these troubles is found in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is truly a balsam with "healing on its wings." The confidence in it is general and universal, and there is no medicine of any kind within our knowledge which has gained so many friends by virtue of experience of its healing merits, as this well known and highly appreciated Balsam.

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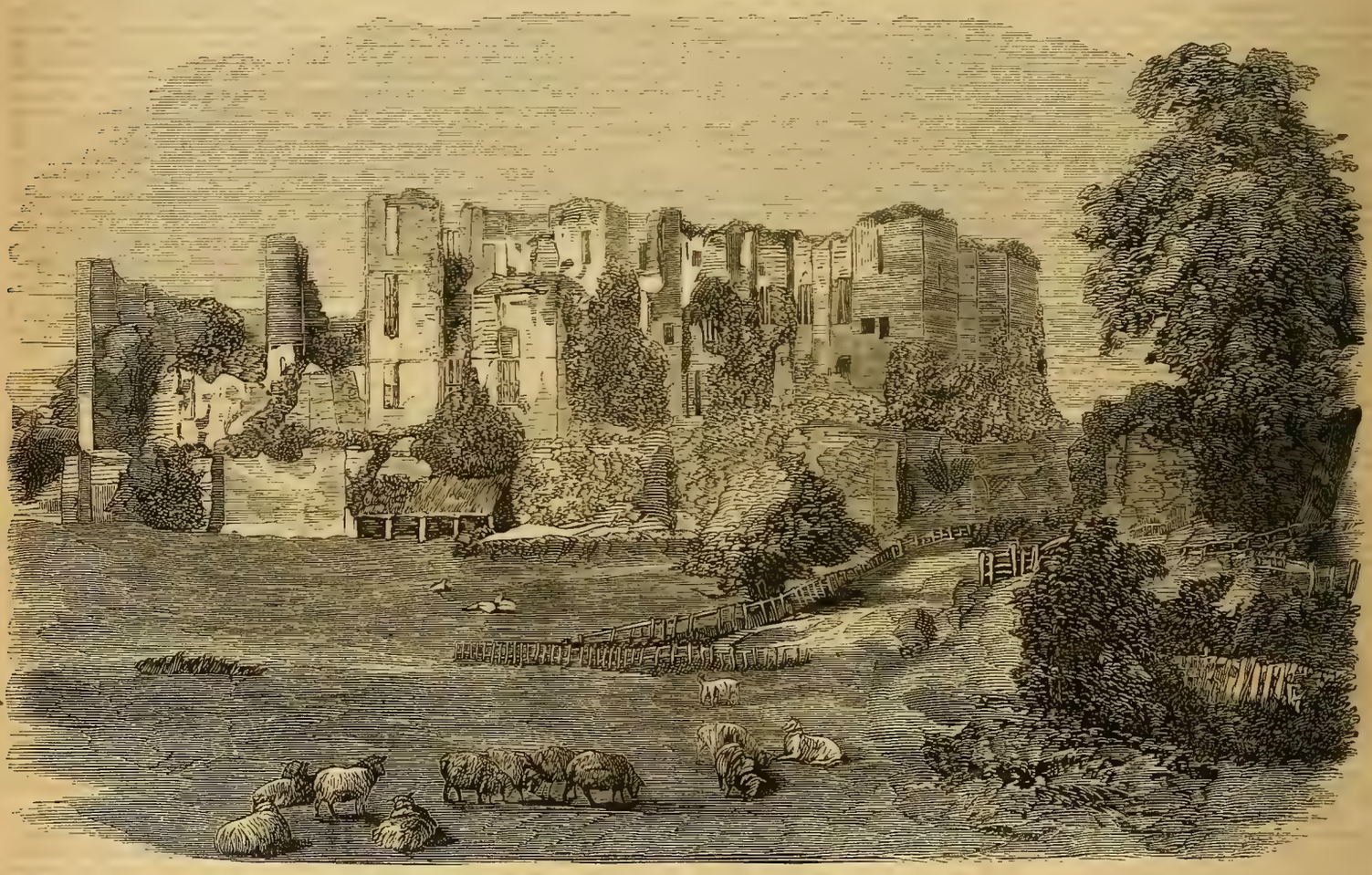
KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE.

The accompanying engraving is an accurate representation of that splendid relic of feudal times, Kenilworth Castle. The assaults of centuries have crumbled away its battlements, shattered its stern towers and breached walls that in their plenitude of power frowned defiance upon mortal foeman. Busy nature has woven a garment of beauty for the old ruin, closing up its wounds with tender green mosses, hanging veils of ivy over its scars, and sowing lichens and wild flowers along its crumbling ramparts. History and romance have shed their glory over this venerable pile; but romance, more faithful than history, has given to every one who reads and remembers, and who looks upon these worn remains, the magic of rebuilding them, and of re-peopling the courts, and towers, and halls, with the splendid, and martial, and lovely figures that once filled them. Thanks to the pen of Scott, the "Wizard of the North," the visitor, fresh from the pages of "Kenilworth," invests the scene before him with a thrilling interest. Leicester, and England's proud queen, and poor Amy Robrart, the gallants, warriors and ladies of the Elizabeth era, again brighten or sadden the scene. The town of Kenilworth is one hundred and ten miles northwest from London. The castle was originally founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, chamberlain and treasurer to Henry I Most of the buildings, of which remains are yet visible, were erected by John of Gaunt, father of Henry IV. It continued in the possession of the crown until Queen Elizabeth conferred it on Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. He spent £60,000 in improving it, and here entertained the queen sumptuously for seventeen days. The area, with the walls of the castle, contains seven acres, and the circuit of the walls, manors, parks and chase, was nineteen or twenty miles. The building was greatly injured during the civil wars.

The eastern side of the square, which consisted of buildings erected by King Henry VIII. and Sir Robert Dudley, is wholly destroyed, only a vestige remaining here and there. On the right is Cæsar's Tower, a noble keep of immense strength; its walls are many feet thick, and in each angle has been a staircase. Though it has been subjected to some alterations, it retains undeniable evidence of its Norman origin in the form of its older windows, which are narrow and circular-headed, and in the character of its buttresses. Some portions of this massive building have fallen down, and the huge fragments which lie scattered round give a better idea of the vastness and solidity of the building, than can be formed by a simple view of its exterior. Westward from Cæsar's Tower were the kitchen and other offices, now represented only by some two or three arches and remnants of foundation; and again beyond there lies the building called Mervyn's Tower, which Sir Walter makes the scene of some of the incidents of his novel. It has been a building of considerable strength, and of a date intermediate between Geoffrey de Clinton's keep and John of Gaunt's buildings. Its chambers are all arched of stone, and it is the part of the ruin best adapted for the purposes of a gaol, and may therefore have been built for that purpose in the time of Henry II. By one of the staircases its present summit may be reached, and hence may be seen on the right the remains of the Swan Tower, which formed the northwest angle of the outer walls, the walls themselves built in 26 Henry III., and bordering the lake, and immediately below, the space within the walls on which the pleasaunce was re-edified. Adjoining Mervyn's Tower on the south side is the Great Banqueting Hall, built by John of Gaunt. It must have been a noble apartment. Its floor was supported on a stone vaulting carried on two parallel rows of pillars, the under apartment being probably used for stores; the windows, filled with tracery and transomed, are of great height, the space of wall between them panelled, and the fireplaces on each side richly ornamented. One window at its southern end looking east into a great court, and one west towards the chase, are its oriel windows, while at the northeast end is the entrance doorway, through a very beautiful arch, not easily accessible, but which may be seen from the interior court. The line of building now turns to the east, but it is not easy to trace it distinctly: it is, however, of the same date with the Great Hall, and contained, according to Dugdale, rooms called the White Hall, the Presence Chamber, and the Privy Chamber; the second of these had an oriel towards the inner court. Beyond these, and carried out to the south, are the remains of Leicester's building, a magnificent erection of great height and striking beauty.



KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

The Falkland Islands are, great and small, two hundred and two in number, and are situated in the same latitude in the southern, as the English midland counties are in the northern hemisphere. The climate, however, is much more equable than it is in England—the extremes of heat and cold being unknown. There is a prevalence of southwesterly gales, rendering the air peculiarly bracing, and far more enjoyable than in Belgium, Holland, Hanover, Denmark, and Northern Prussia, which are in the same latitude. The two largest islands—called respectively East and West Falkland—are separated by a deep and narrow sound, abound in safe harbors, and comprise an area of 6400 square miles, which make them as large as Connecticut and Rhode Island combined, or Massachusetts, minus Berkshire county. The two hundred minor islands are from the size of 20,000 acres, down to the islet of one acre in extent. The sum total of these insular possessions is equal in area to Belgium, or to Maryland and Delaware united.

The climate is remarkably healthy and the soil is very rich. Vegetables may be raised there in any quantity required. White celery and other anti-scorbutic plants are indigenous, and labor is only needed to insure the raising of cereal crops. The Falkland Islands are completely isolated, the nearest land being Staten Island, which is distant, by chart, 250 miles; while it is 350 miles from Terra del Fuego, and 400 from the coast of Patagonia.

Coal of an excellent quality is found in the Falkland Islands, and if steamers are bound around South America, here is a boon worth having, until the mines of excellent coal in the Straits of Magellan shall be worked. Hitherto the great expense of taking our California steamers to the Pacific has consisted in the exceedingly high prices of coal in the Brazilian ports. The coal recently discovered in the Falklands is therefore of great importance, when we consider the increasing intercourse which Europe and our country will have with the Pacific islands, Japan, China, and Australia. The port charges of the east and west coast of South America are most exorbitant. There is, on the other hand, no tonnage duty levied on vessels entering the ports of the Falkland Islands.

It is interesting to look at the various fortunes of these remote islands, during the last 250 years. It is said that Americus Vespucius discovered them, but this is doubtful. Davis visited them in 1592, and other English navigators after him. The Dutch discovered the northwest extremity of the group in 1600. During the first half of the eighteenth century many French vessels visited the Falklands, and in 1763 France took possession of them and established a colony at Port Louis. The French were a few years afterwards expelled by the Spaniards. The English in 1770 settled at what is called Port Egmont, but were also compelled by the Spaniards to abandon it. A war nearly followed this act, but in 1771 Spain gave up the sovereignty of the islands to Great Britain, which has since held them in possession, except for a short period after 1820, when Buenos Ayres laid claim to them—and indeed until within a few years, had not surrendered that claim. England, however, now has the Falklands in her power, and can make them one of the most important and convenient naval stations in the Atlantic, south of the equator.

In an article from the Shipping Gazette, on these islands, mention is made of wild heads of cattle, and of two or three thousand wild horses. This is one of the many curious facts concerning these islands. The French, and afterwards the Spaniards, turned loose upon East Falkland, a number of black cattle, horses, pigs and rabbits. Pigs and rabbits were also left upon some of the smaller islands. These animals multiplied exceedingly; and though they were often slaughtered indiscriminately by ships' crews, yet there are many thousand heads of all kinds. These wild animals are large and fat. The wild bulls and horses are very fierce and formidable. The cattle are now increasing, and we can easily credit the report that excellent beef is afforded to shipping at the low price of two pence and three pence per pound. The inhabitants of the Falklands have determined that prices shall be kept down; so that some of our Pacific bound vessels may find it to their advantage to call at these islands.—*Journal of Commerce.*

THE MAD PIANIST.

Mr. Maguire, in his "Rome and its Ruler," a second edition of which has just been issued, describes the Asylum for Lunatics at Rome, which he inspected on his second visit to that city. As he went through the various wards and compartments, he had an opportunity of seeing this terrible disease manifest itself in every pitiable form. The following is one of the two cases which particularly interested him in the male department: "We shortly after entered a large saloon, at the end of which was placed a piano. By this time our followers had been considerably increased by additional numbers, and we were now surrounded by between thirty and forty of the inmates, some gesticulating without any apparent motive, others politely officious, others grave, dignified, or mysterious, more confiding their oft-told tale of imaginary grievance, or thousandth-time-revealed secret of grave importance. One poor fellow was conspicuous in his *camisole de force*, an occasional crunching of his teeth and rolling of his great black eyes fully justifying the precaution which had placed his hands out of harm's way. There was a performer, as well as a piano. In obedience to the doctor's summons he soon made his appearance, and a more melancholy wreck I never before beheld. Had a cowl overshadowed his long, bloodless, attenuated visage, impressed with the deepest dejection, the most complete mental prostration, one might suppose that a broken heart had sought refuge in the gloom of the cloister from a detested world, and that the hour of his eternal freedom from the woes of humanity was near at hand. At the doctor's request he took his seat at the instrument, and, gliding his blanched and bony fingers over its keys with the ease of a master, but with a manner the very opposite to the accustomed dash of the performer, he played a melancholy air, that seemed in harmony with his own dejection, and in a style that exhibited the remains of a still surviving sensibility, feebly struggling with an overpowering mental and physical languor. He did not appear in any way moved by the harmonious sounds that, as it were, stole into dreamy life under his languid touch; not so with the motley crowd by whom he was surrounded. The wild babble ceased, the sigh was suspended, the noisy clatter hushed, the uplifted hand arrested, the grin changed into a smile, and the flashing eye softened into tenderness of expression. Were this shattered pianist Orpheus himself, he could scarcely have produced a more magical effect. The soothing strain was only too [illegible]d; and when the last note was struck, [illegible]nt forms of disease began to manifest [illegible]stomed peculiarities."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859. 5 CENTS SINGLE. $2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVII., No. 20...WHOLE No. 438

THE LATE LEIGH HUNT.

The engraving portrait on this page is from a reliable likeness of the famous English poet and essayist, the friend and contemporary of Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Wordsworth, Scott, Moore and Jeffrey, and survived them all, and dying quite recently, at Putney, at the patriarchal age of seventy-five. Mr. Leigh Hunt was listening to some Italian music, when he fainted, and never rallied. The following is a sketch of the leading events of Leigh Hunt's busy and eventful life:—He was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, on the 19th of October, 1784. His father, by birth a West Indian, had married an American lady who was residing in this country when the war of independence broke out. Taking the loyalist side of the strife, he was obliged to flee to England, where he took orders in the English Church, and was for some time tutor to Mr. Leigh, nephew of the Duke of Chandos. Of several sons Leigh Hunt became the most distinguished; he was educated, as his friend Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Barnes, afterwards well known as editor of the Times, had been, at Christ's Hospital, London. At this institution he remained till his fifteenth year. "I was then," he says, "first deputy Grecian; and had the honor of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was that I hesitated in my speech. It was understood that a Grecian was bound to deliver a public speech before he left school, and go into the church afterwards; and as I could do neither of these things, a Grecian I could not be." After leaving Christ's Hospital, at the age of fifteen, Leigh Hunt was for some time in the office of one of his brothers, who had become an attorney, and afterwards he had a situation in the war office. While in these employments he contributed to various periodicals; writing, more especially, theatrical criticisms and literary articles for a weekly newspaper which had been started in 1805 by his elder brother, John Hunt. Of his theatrical criticisms, which were in a style then quite new, a selection was published in 1807 in a more lasting form, in a volume of "Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres." In 1808 Mr. Hunt left the war office, at the age of twenty-four, to become the joint editor and proprietor of the Examiner newspaper—a journal, the high reputation of which, both for liberal politics and literary ability, was first acquired under the management of the Hunts. The reputation, however, was not acquired in those days of political persecution without some serious personal consequences to the partners. Although more literary than political in his tastes, the articles of Leigh Hunt, as well as those of his brother, were of a kind to give offence to the ruling powers of the day; and on three several occasions the Examiner had to stand a government prosecution. On the first occasion, in 1810, when the cause of offence was an article on the Regency, reflecting on the rule of George III, the prosecution was abandoned; on the second, which was caused in 1811, by an article on "Flogging in the Army," the brothers were tried before Lord Ellenborough, but, being defended by Mr. Brougham, were acquitted by the jury; on the third, however, when the cause was an article referring to the Prince Regent in rather severe terms, and calling him an "Adonis of fifty," the brothers were sentenced to pay a fine of 500*l.* each and to two years' imprisonment The imprisonment, although actually undergone, was lightened by the public sympathy with the captives; and Leigh Hunt describes the two years as being spent very pleasantly amid flowers and books, with occasional visits from friends, such as Byron, Moore, Charles Lamb, Shelley, and Keats. One of his two rooms on the "ground-floor" he converted into a picturesque and poetical study. "I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling colored with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds; and when my book-cases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a piano-forte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side of the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at my door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise, on issuing from the borough and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside railed off from another belonging to the neighboring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plat. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. A poet from Derbyshire (Mr. Moore) told me he had seen no such heart's-ease I bought the 'Parnaso Italiano' while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:

> Mio picciol orto,
> A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato.—*Baldi.*
> My little garden,
> To me thou'rt vineyard, field and wood and meadow.

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off. But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables, but it contained a cherry tree which I twice saw in blossom." Among the literary fruits of his leisure in prison, published after his release, were "The Descent of Liberty," a masque, 1815; "The Feast of the Poets," with notes, and other pieces, in verse, 1815; and the well-known "Story of Rimini,"—the last of which gave the author at once a place among the poets of the day. In 1818 appeared "Foliage, or Poems, original and translated, from the Greek of Homer, Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, and Anacreon, and from the Latin of Catullus." In 1812 Mr. Hunt went to Italy to reside with Lord Byron, and to establish the "Liberal," a melange of poetry and politics of very radical views. The journal did not sell, and Hunt found that noble poet, to whom he was indebted in a pecuniary sense, was cold, sarcastic and worldly-minded. The publication, in 1828, of "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries, with Recollections of the Author's Life and his Visit to Italy," gave much offence to Lord Byron's admirers, and especially to Moore, and Mr. Hunt has himself subsequently declared the criticisms of Byron's personal character and behaviour there contained to be unnecessarily harsh and bitter. He then wrote for periodicals until 1840, when he published "A Legend of Florence; a play" (acted with some success at Covent Garden), and several parts of a new serial, called "The Seer; or Common Places Reported;" and also edited the "Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar." These works were followed, in 1842, by "The Palfrey, a Love Story of Old Times," and "One Hundred Romances of Real Life, selected and translated," 1843. In 1847 Mr. Hunt received from the crown a literary pension of 200*l.* per annum, which he enjoyed till his death, with the good-will of thousands, whom his writings, both in prose and verse, have instructed and charmed. His other works were very numerous, for Mr. Hunt was a rapid and indefatigable writer. "His poetry generally," says a sound critic, "is marked by a profusion of imagery, of sprightly fancy and animated description. Some quaintness and affectation in his style and manner affixed upon him the name of a Cockney poet; but his studies lay chiefly in the early writers, and he imitated with success the lightest and more picturesque parts of Chaucer and Spenser. Boccaccia and the young Italian authors appear also to have been among his favorites." His prose essays have been collected and published in England, under the title of "The Indicator and the Companion, a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside." They are deservedly popular, full of literary anecdotes, poetical feeling, and fine sketches of town and country life. The egotism of the author is undisguised; but in all Hunt's writings, his peculiar tastes and romantic fancy, his talk of books and flowers, and his love of the domestic virtues and charities (though he had too much imagination for his judgment in the serious matters of life), impart a particular interest and pleasure to his personal disclosures. The era in which Leigh Hunt lived was one of the greatest in intellectual activity, and witnessed the rise and the culmination of as splendid a galaxy of literary stars as modern history has seen. During this period the old formal school of poetry was entirely overthrown, and the bold iconoclasts who levelled the old idols, themselves occupied their niches. Scott, and then Byron, in poetry revolutionized the world of letters. The convulsion in the republic of letters was similar and as radical as that in politics; but it was not followed by reaction. Many of the literary men of the era, like Hunt, took part both in its political and literary changes. With most of the great men of the day whose head quarters were in London, Hunt became intimate, and his name will perhaps be preserved as much by its connection with theirs as by his own merits. The cheerful spirit of the poet, proof against age and distress, may be noticed in the following verses, written in December, 1840, on the birth of a princess royal:

> Behold where thou dost lie,
> Heeding naught remote or high!
> Naught of all the news we sing
> Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing;
> Naught of planets' love nor people's:
> Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
> Carolling of thee and thine,
> As if heaven had rained them wine;
> Nor dost care for all the pains
> Of ushers and of chamberlains,
> Nor of the doctor's learned looks,
> Nor the very bishop's books,
> Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
> No, nor for thy rank a pin.
> E'en thy father's loving hand
> Nowise dost thou understand
> When he makes thee feebly grasp
> His fingers with a tiny clasp;
> Nor dost thou know thy very mother's
> Balmy bosom from another's,
> Though thy small blind eyes pursue it,
> Nor the arms that draw thee to it;
> Nor the eyes that, while they fold thee,
> Never can enough behold thee.

The following is in a different vein:

> A DIRGE.
>
> Blessed is the turf, serenely blessed,
> Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
> Where life's long journey turns to sleep,
> Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.
> A little sod, a few sad flowers,
> A tear for long-departed hours,
> Is all that feeling hearts request
> To hush their weary thoughts to rest.
> There shall no vain ambition come,
> To lure them from their quiet home;
> Nor sorrow lift, with heart-strings riven,
> The meek, imploring eyes to heaven;
> Nor sad Remembrance stoop to shed
> His wrinkles on the slumberer's head;
> And never, never, Love repair,
> To breathe his idle whispers there.

In spite of its imagery and florid language, Leigh Hunt's poetry will not, we think, hold a permanent place in English literature, though some of his minor pieces may survive. As a man, his persistent ignorance of the affairs of the world kept him constantly involved in difficulties, and those difficulties produced complications, in which his reputation suffered. He lived wholly in an ideal world; there was nothing practical in his composition; and a mere poet, without money, must necessarily lead a hard and unappreciated life in this work-a-day world. One of Leigh Hunt's most valuable publication is a prose analysis of Dante, and other eminent Italian poets, for the use of English readers.

LEIGH HUNT.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER:

— OR, —

THE SECRET OF FRANZ.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

[CONCLUDED.]

Seated in the stern of the boat, on a large cloak which Franz had brought, Felicie gave herself up to that indescribable pleasure of living and breathing which only those can comprehend who are recovering from illness, or whose existence has been spent in an abode deprived of air and sunshine. Without looking at Franz, she felt, so to speak, the tenderness expressed in the eyes of the young man constantly fastened upon her. The passionate glances of Franz penetrated the heart of the young girl, and created an ineffable sensation of happiness analogous to that which the pure and fresh air produced in her lungs. Sometimes, oppressed by this novel sentiment of happiness, she would close her eyes, as if to fold these sensations in her heart. Half opening her eyelids, she would encounter the anxious and impassioned glance of Franz. By a sign of the head, accompanied with a sweet smile, she would re assure the young man, and find a new enjoyment in following the changes of his countenance, which instantly brightened at the smile of Felicie.

"How sweet it is to live, is it not, Franz?" murmured the young girl.

"O, yes!" replied he, with a sort of abstraction.

"What are you thinking of, then?" resumed she.

"I do not know. It seems to me, at intervals, that I am no longer on earth, and that on opening my eyes I shall find myself in another world."

"Alone?"

"O, no, no! with you!"

"And father?" said she, with that vanishing smile which the heart's happiness brings to the lips.

"And your father also," replied he, with vivacity, but in a very different tone.

"Who knows?" thought Felicie. "Let my father consent to our marriage, and this dream may soon be realized."

Her look betokened thought, but the young man saw it not. With his head leaning on his breast, he was following, with a pensive air, the furrow of the boat. At this moment, one of the numerous swans which frequent the lake, approached the boat. Opening its white wings and gliding alongside the skiff, it stretched out towards Felicie its supple and graceful neck. The young girl, surprised, started back.

"Do not be afraid, mademoiselle," said the boatman; "it will not bite you; it is asking for bread."

"O, the poor bird!" exclaimed Felicie. "How handsome he is!"

Quickly re-assured, she passed her little hand over the neck of the swan, which quietly allowed itself to be caressed. Only it shook its wings from time to time with an impatient air, and thrust its bill between the fringes of the young girl, in search of the dainties which it expected. "Have you, then, nothing to give me?" it seemed to say to her.

"What a pity that I did not bring some cakes!" exclaimed Felicie.

"Will you have a piece of bread, mademoiselle, I have some in my pocket?"

"O, yes! very gladly!"

"You are a German!" said Franz to the boatman, while Felicie was distributing the bread to two or three swans collected around the boat.

"Yes, sir, and you also?"

"I have lived eight years in Germany; I am from Verdenheim."

"That is not very far from my home."

"From what place are you, then?"

"From Carlsruhe."

"Indeed! How came you to be a boatman at Enghien?"

"I came to Paris—on business," added he, after a moment's hesitation. "On my arrival I was taken ill. I spent all the money I had laid aside for the expenses of my return. Then I was obliged to find work. The master of the inn where I lodged sent me here. I remained."

Struck with the gloomy and mournful tone of the boatman, Felicie examined him more attentively. He was a man of about thirty years. His strongly marked features, his narrow and low forehead, his contracted eyebrows, his slightly wild eyes, announced a violent disposition and lack of intelligence. At the same time, however, there was some kindness in this almost ferocious physiognomy. Felicie noticed that he was very pale and seemed ill. Occasionally, too, he placed his hand on his side, as if to suppress a lively pain.

"Are you sick?" she asked.

"No, mademoiselle, not now. Only the other day, in raising too large a package, I exerted myself too much, and have had a pain in my side ever since."

"You ought to rest," said Felicie.

"Give me the oars," said Franz, in German, "that will amuse me."

On hearing the language of his country, the boatman changed countenance. His face seemed to brighten. Nevertheless, he refused to accept the offer of Franz, but the latter compelled him to do so.

"Do you earn much at this business?" asked the young Alsatian.

"Not much, sir. If I were alone, I could easily earn a living, but I have a little boy of six years who is always sick. I am obliged to pay some one to take care of him while I am here. It takes all I can earn to pay for drugs and doctors."

"Are you a widower?" asked Felicie.

"It is all the same. My wife left me three years ago."

"What has become of her?"

"I do not know—fortunately for her; the wretch!" added he, knitting his thick eyebrows. "This woman has made my life miserable. I was very fond of her, and labored hard to give her all she desired. She was pretty, and knew it too well. She was always wanting fine clothes and jewelry. It was in vain for me to procure them, she was never satisfied. One day when she had sent me to do an errand, she left, doubtless with some gallant. She carried off every article of value in our poor house. I followed her, but it was impossible to find her. Besides, I could not go immediately, for, on my arrival, I found my poor little boy almost dying. In playing with the children of the carpenter, my neighbor, he had fallen from the top of a wood-pile, and injured his spine. The physicians succeeded in saving his life, but he remained a cripple. Then, he is always sick. Some one told me that my wife had taken the direction of France. I had also this idea. At the end of a year, when the little one could support the journey, I came to Paris. I have been in France two years already."

This recital, simply told, profoundly moved the young people. Yielding to one of those impulses of the heart which give no time for reflection, Felicie took her silk purse from her pocket, and as Franz was looking in another direction, slipped it into the hand of the boatman.

"It is for your little boy," whispered she, beckoning him to be silent.

"May God reward you, mademoiselle!" murmured the German, with tears in his eyes.

"Is it not time to dine?" said father Rieland, arousing himself from his abstraction; "I am beginning to be very hungry."

They directed the boat towards one of those groves which surround the lake. Obliged to return to the place of embarkation, the boatman took leave of the two young people, thanking them warmly. Franz and Felicie spread out on the grass, at the foot of a shady tree, the provisions they had brought in their baskets.

Dinner over, Rieland installed himself under a tree with a pencil, paper and some little bits of wood. Five minutes afterwards, he was sleeping soundly. His daughter and the young Alsatian went a little way off and sat down on the banks of the lake. Franz seemed sad and absent-minded. Both remained silent, but their hearts spoke by looks. They started on seeing a human form rise up before them.

A young girl from ten to twelve years of age, poorly clad and of a miserable aspect, begged of them to buy some flowers of her. Felicie felt in her pocket; she withdrew her hand empty, and remembered that she had given her purse to the boatman. She blushed beneath the glance of Franz, who had followed her motions. The young man had nothing.

"For want of better, let us give the little one some fragments of our meal."

"Thanks," said she, going away joyfully, "may your marriage be happy."

Felicie blushed, this time, to the white of her eyes; but through her long lashes, her smiling glance sought that of the young man. Franz covered his face with both hands; large tears rolled between his fingers.

"What is the matter, Franz?" asked the young girl, in alarm. "Why these tears?"

"In the name of Heaven, leave me, and do not ask me!" exclaimed he. "It is too much, I will go—I must go! O, my God, my God, why did I know you?"

"Go!" repeated Felicie, pale and trembling. "Go? Leave us? What have we done to you, Franz? I thought you were happy to be near us, my father and myself, who love you so much."

"O, yes, I love you!" exclaimed he, impetuously; "yes, I love you, Felicie, more than I can tell you, and it is for this I ought to leave you."

"No!" replied she, "no, Franz! Do you think, then, I have never divined that you loved me?"

"That does not make you angry?"

"No," murmured she, with an ineffable smile, letting fall her pretty head on the shoulder of Franz.

The latter made a movement as if to press the young girl to his heart; then, hastily rising, he fled with marks of the utmost despair.

"Where is Franz?" asked father Rieland, arriving a few minutes afterwards. "It is time to think of returning."

He began to call the young man, who arrived at the expiration of a few minutes. His eyes were still red and his face sorrowful. He silently offered his arm to Felicie, who had approached him, and they started for the shore.

On returning to his shop, the goldsmith found a letter bearing the Darmstadt postmark. He put it in his pocket without speaking and immediately ascended to his room to read it. Franz was also about to withdraw.

"Remain, Franz," said the young girl to him, with affectionate firmness; "I must speak to you."

He leaned on the counter and awaited what the young girl had to say, with downcast eyes and mournful attitude.

"Franz," said Mademoiselle Rieland, her voice slightly tremulous, "we must speak frankly to each other. You have told me that you love me. I believe you," added she, on seeing the gesture of the young Alsatian—"yes, I believe you. I also love you, Franz. If my poor mother had been living, I should have told her all long ago. As for my father, you comprehend that I must inform him of what has passed between us to-day. He is good, very good, and you know he loves us both. But, Franz, you do not listen—you turn your head away—you are weeping still, Franz! What is the matter?" continued she, attempting to separate the hands of the young man, which covered his face.

At the same instant, the goldsmith entered, with a gloomy and dissatisfied air, holding in his hand a letter which he threw towards the young Alsatian.

"Here is a letter from your uncle," said he to him, in a harsh tone. "It informs me that you are married, and against his will. It would have been better, it seems to me, to have confided that to us yourself."

He interrupted himself, as he saw his daughter turn pale and totter.

"Married!" repeated the poor child, in a broken voice, and as if she did not understand the meaning of the word, "married!"

She repeated it five or six times, then she stepped a few paces forward as if to leave the room, but her strength suddenly failed her. She fell into her father's arms. The old man carried her to her room, Franz attempting to assist him. He repulsed him harshly.

"Go, wretch," exclaimed he. "Accursed be the day when you entered our house!"

At the expiration of a few minutes Felicie recovered consciousness. Her father was beside her bed, pale and breathless.

"Father," said she, "my kind father, do not drive him away. It is not his fault if I love him. Wait a few days—perhaps he will be able to explain himself. Let me at least speak to him."

She was in such a state of agitation that the goldsmith dared not oppose her. He opened the door and beckoned to Franz, who was still standing without, to enter.

His face bathed in tears and his features discomposed, the Alsatian advanced towards Felicie and knelt at her feet. The young girl extended her hand to him, which he covered with tears and kisses.

"So it is true, Franz," said the young girl, in a low tone, as soon as her father had left the room, "that you are married?"

"Yes," replied he, in a gloomy tone, "yes, to my shame and misfortune. My poor uncle was right. I married against his will. My wife was a seamstress and lived near us. She was four years older than myself. I was a child, foolish and credulous; she made me believe that she loved me, and I was easily deceived. She herself arranged all for our marriage. My happiness did not last long. She soon threw aside the mask. She had thought my uncle would soon forgive us and provide for our wants, so that she could live without labor and spend as much as she pleased. What I suffered for a year, no one can tell. That woman had every vice. I could not endure it longer. I left her. I send her all my earnings, but she is constantly writing for more money. I tremble every instant lest she should arrive in Paris. You see the life I lead, Mademoiselle Felicie. You can imagine what I feel to-day. It is my fault, I know it but too well; but I am very unfortunate."

Tears rolled down the cheeks of the poor boy. Felicie consoled him as well as she could, but she suffered much herself. She felt her strength leaving her.

"Franz," said she, "I pity you and pardon you with all my heart. I will try to make your peace with my father. Adieu, go, my poor Franz; may God have pity on you!"

Felicie had much trouble in obtaining forgiveness from her father for Franz. He would have dismissed him immediately, but was prevented by fear of the conjectures which this hasty departure might occasion in the neighborhood. Franz therefore remained for the present with the Rielands.

Felicie did not soon recover from the shock she had experienced. She was seized with a fever and her life was despaired of. The physician, an old friend of the family, soon perceived that the young girl was much more tranquil when Franz was near her. He was therefore allowed to spend some time in her room. At the end of a week, the physician began to give them hopes of her.

"I think we shall save her," said he to Rieland, as he withdrew. "But she must, above all, be kept quiet. No noise, no strong emotion."

In order to question him more freely, Rieland went out with him. He had scarcely left the house when a woman entered the shop. Her costume announced a foreigner. At first she seemed twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age. On looking at her attentively she seemed younger by some years, but her *embonpoint* and her faded features made her appear older. She had been very beautiful, but of a vulgar and showy style.

"Does Franz Barth live here?" asked she, with a masked German accent.

"Yes, madam," replied Isidore.

"Where is he?"

"Up there, in Mademoiselle Felicie's room," said the apprentice, eyeing her with that insulting look peculiar to the gamins of Paris.

"Tell him to come down. I wish to speak to him."

"He cannot leave her alone, because she is ill. Wait until her father, who has gone out, returns."

"Where is the room?" asked she.

Isidore mechanically pointed to the stairs. She immediately began to climb them with a rapid step. Isidore sprang forward to stop her, but she repulsed him and continued to ascend. At the noise of the altercation which succeeded, Franz emerged from Felicie's room. On seeing the stranger, he became pale as death.

"Descend!" said he, to the apprentice, in a tone that, notwithstanding his curiosity, Isidore hastened to obey.

Rieland had accompanied the physician some distance. On returning home, he perceived two or three hundred people before his house. Everybody was talking loudly, and standing on tiptoe to look in the direction of his shop.

"What is the matter?" asked the goldsmith, of one of his neighbors whom he perceived at the window of a basement.

"Go home quickly," replied the neighbor; "it seems that one of your apprentices has murdered a woman."

Rieland rushed through the crowd and succeeded in reaching the door. A police officer opened it. On his entrance he perceived, in the middle of the shop, a woman dead or fainting, and covered with blood. A physician and two

of the neighbors were attempting to revive her. A few paces behind this woman, some police officers were surrounding Franz Barth, who was also covered with blood, and whose attitude betokened a gloomy despair.

"Where is my daughter?" exclaimed the goldsmith, with anguish.

"She is above, in her room, Monsieur Rieland," replied Isidore. "She knows nothing of all this."

"What has happened here? Who is this woman?" asked the goldsmith.

"It appears that she is the wife of this young man," replied one of the police officers, "and that he has just thrown her from the top of your stairs to the bottom."

"How came she there?" resumed the goldsmith.

Isidore told him.

"This youth is incapable of a murder," exclaimed the goldsmith. "Besides, who knows that she is his wife?"

"She herself has said so," replied one of the officers. "Just now she recovered her senses for a moment. She pointed to that young man, saying: 'It is he, my husband, who has murdered me.' The effort she made caused her to fall back immediately."

"Here is the litter," said another officer, opening the street door.

"She must be carried to the hospital," said the physician.

"So you do not know this woman, sir?" asked one of the officers of Rieland.

"No."

"Was this young man one of your workmen?"

"He was, sir."

"It seems it was not known that he was married."

"Not generally; but he had told my daughter and myself."

"They lived unhappily together, then, his wife and himself, to be thus separated."

"I believe so," returned the goldsmith, who perceived but too late that his reply had compromised Franz.

"She is reviving," said one of the men.

"Can I address some questions to her?" asked one of the police officers of the physician.

"Not at this moment," replied the latter.

"Silence!" said a neighbor, "she is about to speak."

A profound silence succeeded. The woman cast around her, at first, a vague and wild glance. Then her face became slightly animated; an expression of hatred and rage gleamed in her eyes, which were fastened on Franz.

"It was he who murdered me!" said she, pointing to him.

This movement had nearly been fatal to her. The blood, for a moment stopped, flowed anew from two deep wounds in her head. It was necessary to renew the effort to restore her. At last, they succeeded in placing her on the litter and transporting her to the hospital. As for Franz, he was immediately taken to the Prefecture of Police.

* * * * *

Such was, in substance, the narrative given me by my friend. As he was one of the few customers of father Rieland, the latter entreated him to defend the young Alsatian. Though fully convinced of his client's innocence, A. D. much feared a conviction.

"He did but repulse the woman, who was attempting to enter forcibly the aparment of Mademoiselle Rieland," said my friend to me. "She slipped and rolled down stairs, but she persists in accusing her husband of having thrown her down. In fine, everything conspires against the poor fellow."

Without knowing Franz Barth, I was interested for him. As much to learn what became of him, as to hear the plea of my friend, I attended the trial.

I arrived a little late. The act of accusation had already been read. They proceeded to interrogate the accused. The poor young man was to be pitied. The very persons who were most persuaded of his guilt, could not help being interested in him. He replied with a simplicity and frankness which were truly affecting.

"Beltina became furious and attempted to enter Mademoiselle Rieland's room," said he "I told her that she was ill, and that the slightest emotion would kill her. The physician had just said so. She thought I was deceiving her and attempted to force her way. I repulsed her. In struggling to disengage herself, she stepped back too far. Perhaps, also, her foot was caught in her dress. In fine, she fell backwards on the stairs and rolled to the bottom. When I raised her, she was like a dead person, but I declare solemnly that I did not mean to kill her or do her any harm."

Beltina, the wife of Barth, was seated on the bench with the witnesses. She still wore a sort of bandage around her head. A large scar remained on her forehead and on her left cheek. This woman had a wicked face. Her harsh and coarse voice was painful to the ear.

Her deposition was decidedly against Franz. She repeated the story she had told before. Learning that her husband was deceiving her, and was earning much money, although he wrote to the contrary and sent her almost nothing, she had come to Paris. On recognizing her, Franz had overwhelmed her with reproaches, and on her attempting to reply, had seized her and thrown her down stairs.

Isidore afterwards deposed, and his testimony was favorable, but the other apprentice, who knew nothing about the affair, put on so many airs and insinuated so much that it was thought he knew more than he was willing to tell, and his evidence was an injury to the prisoner.

Rieland, who was next heard, testified to the good character of his apprentice and defended him warmly. Thanks to the letters he had received from his friend, Karl Barth, he edified the public as to the character of Beltina, but the president interrupted him, and at the same time imposed silence on the woman, who had risen in a rage.

What produced most effect upon the audience, was the deposition of Mademoiselle Rieland. The sight of her alone was sufficient to make an impression upon the public. She was very pale and her wasted form revealed long sufferings. Notwithstanding her feeble condition, she spoke long and in a clear and distinct voice. Profound silence reigned in the court room.

She had the courageous frankness to acknowledge her affection for Franz, and she made this painful avowal with so much modesty, delicacy and simplicity, that a kind of benevolent murmur circulated among the spectators. The women wept. Many men had tears in their eyes. The interest which she inspired and all she said in justification of Franz, did much good to his cause. Unfortunately, Beltina attempted to contradict some assertions of Felicie. As she abused the young girl, the president imposed silence upon her, but her words had nevertheless the effect of weakening the impression produced by the deposition of Felicie. The trial continued. At the expiration of a few minutes, the counsel for the defence had occasion to address some questions to Beltina. She profited by the opportunity to recommence her recriminations. Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, she hesitated, turned pale, was troubled and became of a deathlike hue. Her eyes, fixed on a corner of the hall with an evident expression of terror, seemed to have lost power to turn in another direction. Five or six persons rose to see what she was looking at. She attempted to continue her sentence, but her voice trembled.

"What is the matter?" asked the president.

She put her hand to her head and said that she was suffering horribly. An instant afterwards she swooned. She was carried from the hall. It was necessary to suspend the trial.

"Some one among the audience made a sign to her," said to me a young man who was on the lawyer's bench. "What does that signify?"

"A man or a woman?" asked I.

"A man—and a very ordinary looking one. He was standing at the very end of the hall."

At the expiration of about two hours, the court resumed its session. Beltina was recalled. Her countenance had so changed its expression that everybody perceived it. The lawyer again put the question to which her fainting had prevented her replying. Notwithstanding the assurance she still affected, it was evident she was under the dominion of some secret terror. From the very first words, a complete change in her disposition with regard to her husband was also remarked. Instead of charging him, as she had previously done, with murder, she sought to justify him. The president returned to the principal fact. There, she completely contradicted her previous deposition. Being pressed still farther, she acknowledged that jealousy and resentment had carried her too far, and that her husband had only pushed her away from the door a little roughly.

There was evidently something singular in this sudden reversal. She was interrogated with regard to her motives for it, but insisted that she obeyed only the voice of her conscience and compassion for her husband.

This singularly changed the position of the accused. After a brilliant plea from his defender, and a very remarkable summing up by the president, Franz was unanimously acquitted. Applause and a murmur of approbation saluted the decree of the tribunal which proclaimed the innocence of the young Alsatian.

* * * * *

Some days afterwards, I found myself passing the door of A. D., and entered to congratulate him on his plea. He related to me the tragic denouement of this story. I will let the facts speak.

Beltina had been one of the last to leave the court-room. As she stepped into the open air, a man came to her and seized her arm. She could not restrain a movement of terror, and recoiled.

"Ah! is it you, Friedrich?" said she, in a trembling voice.

"Yes," replied the man; "come!"

"Whither would you lead me?"

"No matter! follow me!"

"I will not!" exclaimed she. "No! let me alone, or I will call for assistance."

"So be it! then I will explain what my rights over you are."

She stamped her foot angrily.

"What do you want with me?" resumed she. "You saw plainly just now that I divined and executed your will, though I might easily have told you that I did not comprehend your gestures. What do you want now?"

"You shall know. Be silent, and come along."

She raised her hands with concentrated rage, and ceased to resist the arm which was impelling her. At the expiration of half an hour, Beltina, who was ignorant of the localities of Paris, looked around her uneasily and declared that she would not go farther without knowing whither.

"To see your son!" replied the man. "Have you, then, no heart, unhappy creature, that you have not asked me whether he was dead or living?"

She cast down her head and tried to weep; he shrugged his shoulders and continued his march. After traversing many of those dirty and nameless alleys which serve for a refuge for rag-pickers and vagabonds of every species, he said:

"We have arrived!"

He pointed with his finger to a sort of cabin built of old boards and leaning against a shed.

"What! do you live there?" said she, with a surprise mingled with disgust.

"Yes, I have been sick. I was obliged to relinquish the occupation of boatman which I followed at Enghien. But for Mdlle. Rieland, the little one and myself would have died of hunger. Now I work at Bercy, when I have any work at all."

He pushed her into the cabin, the door of which he fastened with a heavy wooden bar.

"Where is he?" asked she, of the boatman, who was lighting a resin candle.

"There!" said he, pointing to a child extended in a sort of little bed which had almost the appearance of a coffin. "He is dying—look at him. He will not recognize you, the poor child. He scarcely knows that he has a mother!"

"Friedrich!"

"You have not even embraced him."

She bent over the bed of the child and heard the death rattle. She uttered a cry and fell on her knees, clasping her hands in despair.

"Yes," answered Friedrich, in a bewildered manner, "pray God to heal him, for if he dies, we shall both follow him."

She was afraid and approached the door. He placed himself before her.

"Friedrich," resumed she, weeping, "do not kill me! Pardon!"

"Silence!" said he harshly, "you will awaken the child!"

"Help! help!" said she, rushing towards the door.

He took her by the arm and threw her on a hard bench at the extremity of the cabin.

"It is night," said he, "and this place is deserted. No one dares pass here at this hour. I have told you not to awaken the child. If you cry out again, I will kill you instantly."

She threw herself on her knees. He repulsed her without listening to her. Fever and a sort of madness shone in the eyes of the boatman and made them sparkle like burning coals.

"It was not enough to have ruined and dishonored me," resumed he, "you must crush another unfortunate man. So, you have been married twice! Do you know that in France they would send you to the galleys for that! —two husbands?"

He began to laugh in a gloomy tone, which froze his unhappy wife with terror. Then he approached the bed of the child, and began to contemplate the poor little creature, whose torpor resembled death. At the end of five minutes, Beltina thought he had forgotten her; she rose softly and gained the door. She was betrayed by the noise she made in attempting to remove the bar which closed the entrance. The boatman sprang towards her, threw her to the farther end of the cabin, and fastened her to the child's bed. As she uttered cries of desperation, he gagged her.

"If she dies, we follow him," repeated he again.

Then he sat down beside the child and took one of the poor little one's hands between his own. With his eyes fixed on his son, whom God was about to recall to himself, he remained silent and immovable as a statue.

* * * * *

One of those vagabonds such as are found around the barriers of Paris, and especially in the environs of that of Italy, had philosophically gone to sleep outside the cabin. Awakened by the cries of Beltina, he heard a part of the dialogue between the couple. He was an infirm and cowardly old man, who did not dare to interfere. As he had already had some difficulties with justice, he feared to meddle with the affair, and promptly changed his lodgings. He gained a sort of cabaret which served as an asylum for vagabonds of his species, and sometimes for malefactors of a more dangerous nature. Unfortunately for him, a crime had been committed in the neighborhood by some of the frequenters of this infamous dwelling. In order to seize the guilty, the police had established around the cabaret what is called a *souriciere* (mouse-trap). People were allowed to enter as usual, but as soon as they had set foot in the cabaret, the door was closed and the police officers immediately arrested the new comer.

Each prisoner submitted to an interrogatory. Compelled to render an account of himself, the old beggar described the place where he had passed the night. As a proof of his veracity, he related what he had heard. One of the officers immediately foresaw some catastrophe. As soon as they had secured the prisoners made at the cabaret, a police officer and three soldiers set out, guided by the beggar.

Arrived at two or three hundred paces from the spot, they perceived a vivid light in the direction which the vagabond assigned to the dwelling of the boatman.

"He must have set fire to his cabin," said the mendicant.

They quickened their pace. At the expiration of a few minutes, the soldiers, guided by the flames, arrived at the spot occupied by the cabin. But it was too late. They succeeded only in taking from the ruins three corpses, which they were enabled to identify as those of the boatman, his wife and child.

Franz, who had been summoned to the Prefecture to aid in the identification, set out a few days afterwards for Darmstadt. Touched with the misfortunes and the repentance of the poor youth, his uncle pardoned him and restored him to favor.

"The uncle and nephew are in Paris at this moment," said A. D. to me, on terminating his recital. "They have come to seek Rieland and his daughter, who intend to settle in Germany. Mademoiselle Rieland, whom I saw yesterday, seems entirely restored. Her marriage with Franz is arranged. It will take place as soon as his time of mourning has expired. I have promised to be present at the ceremony, and shall keep my promise."

PRAED THE POET.

His old friend, Charles Knight, closed a brief biography of him, some twelve years since, in these words: The two great speakers of the Cambridge Union, Thomas Babington Macaulay and Winthrop Mackworth Praed, sat on opposite benches when the oratory of sport had become a stern reality. The one has fulfilled all the hopes of his youth; the other, we can only speak of him with unbidden tears.

"But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life,—but not the praise."

THE WEST INDIA HEIRESS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Clarence Wharton was what very young ladies call a "a decided old bachelor!" He had struggled with the world as most young men do, who are not born to fortune, and at five and thirty he found himself in the enjoyment of a moderate income derived from his practice as a lawyer. Of his early difficulties no one knew much; he had never been desperately poor, but he had suffered many a heartache while keeping up the gentility of his mother and sister, who were left utterly dependent upon him. Now that he could give them a comfortable home and indulge them in the luxuries of refined taste, he felt perfectly happy. It was no wonder, therefore, that Clarence Wharton was a bachelor. He had never been in circumstances to think of a wife, until he had become so contented with the ministry of his mother and sister as not to be conscious of the want of a wife. Had he lived in a boarding-house, and felt the discomforts of single blessedness, he might have thought differently, especially as he was too tall, too good-looking, and too agreeable to be overlooked by his lady friends.

He was beginning to grow really indolent, and to give himself up to the lazy enjoyments of bachelorhood, when he was unexpectedly compelled to undertake a more responsible charge than had ever entered his calculation of probabilities. One of his earliest clients,—an eccentric French West Indian,—died abroad, and Clarence was somewhat startled by receiving one morning a packet of legally attested papers, and a bundle of curious drapery in the form of a young lady. The old Frenchman had left Clarence Wharton sole guardian to his only daughter, whose inheritance consisted chiefly of a lawsuit which had already been carried through half the courts in the country, and upon which depended a vast fortune. Clarence looked at the papers; there was no mistake,—he was the guardian of the lady,—the trustee of her little property, and the lawyer who was in future to carry on the suit. Then he looked at the lady; she was fresh from the West Indies, an untamed girl of fourteen, with great black eyes, and a quantity of elfish-looking curls, wearing diamonds on every finger and a huge gold watch at her side, and presenting rather an outre appearance to the somewhat fastidious bachelor.

Wharton's first impulse was to decline any agency in the affair, and to relinquish lawsuit and lady to some less scrupulous guardian. But while he was deliberating, the young lady had disencumbered herself of her bonnet and shawl; and a tramp of heavy feet through the hall indicated that her trunks and travelling baggage were already in the house. It was not in Wharton's nature to do a rude or unkind thing, and though seriously annoyed at her unceremonious intrusion, he could not be inhospitable to a stranger and an orphan. He therefore consigned the young lady to the care of his mother, while he looked through the papers of which she was the bearer. He discovered among them important documents relative to the lawsuit, and forgetting the girl, in the excitement of his legal acumen, he determined to win for himself new laurels by undertaking the long contested suit. His mother readily consented to assume her share of responsibility regarding the orphan girl, and thus suddenly, and almost involuntarily, Clarence Wharton found himself encumbered with an estate and a lady.

But the experience of a week was sufficient to convince him that only the discipline of a well organized school could ever tame the little West Indian. Her language was the miserable *patois* which she had learned from her slave-nurse, and her manners were those of a hoyden. Bred up in habits of perfect indolence, she knew nothing, and even reading and writing, though, as Dogberry says, "they come by nature," had never come to her. For a week the quiet household of the Whartons was thrown into utter confusion by the new inmate, and at the end of that time, Madame La Grande's fashionable academy for young ladies recorded among its inmates the name of Mademoiselle Estelle La Louette.

Clarence endeavored to forget the young lady's existence as much as possible, and applied himself more closely than ever to the study of some important causes in which he was engaged, leaving his mother and sister the care of attending to Estelle's personal comforts. He secretly resolved to win the lawsuit if possible, and then to leave the young lady to choose a guardian for herself, trusting that the report of her vast wealth would then induce some one to take the responsibility from him. Unfortunately for Clarence, there were continually recurring periods when Estelle must become his mother's guest. First came the Christmas holidays, soon after her entrance into the school,—when she completely destroyed the quiet enjoyment of that festive season, by the hair-brained follies in which she delighted. The summer vacations found her less rude in her manners; but a shy, awkward sullenness had now taken possession of her, and she was quite as disagreeable as ever. To be sure, she had learned to comb her hair, and to wear her dresses properly fastened, but the unsparing ridicule of her companions had made her timid and sulky, for she saw the difference between herself and others, without clearly seeing how it was to be removed. She had become distrustful of every one, and it was impossible to tell what would be the final result of her education. Mrs. Wharton in the kindness of her heart grieved over Estelle's defects; her daughter, who had arrived at a somewhat interesting period of life, could not excuse the poor girl's want of breeding, and as for Clarence, he almost hated the sight of his ward. Her meagre face, her great, watchful looking eyes, her swarthy skin, and those snaky black curls, which no art could reduce to order, all contributed to his personal dislike to poor Estelle. Then she would slip her shoes down at the heel, and shuffle along like a Turkish woman, and her voice had habitually those husky, muffled tones which seemed as if she was always laboring under a severe cold; or if she spoke in a high key, inevitably reminded one of a cracked clarinet. Poor Clarence! he did not think he could ever have found anything in the shape of a woman, so disagreeable as Estelle. During her stay, he became silent, moody and abstracted. There were no more social chattings over the tea-table; no frugal little suppers at bed-time, made pleasant by the affectionate playfulness of the good son and brother; no good-natured bits of gossip discussed at dinner, and served up with comic drollery to give a zest to the simple dessert. He was cold and grave, and Estelle learned to fear him as much as he disliked her.

But these were occasional discomforts, and in the intervals of her visits he thought little about her. He was more seriously discomposed by the ill success or rather retarded progress of the lawsuit, from which he had anticipated so much. He had no doubt of his final success; but the "law's delays," and its "glorious uncertainties," compelled him to silence his hopes and consult his fears and doubts, until he really lost much of his sanguine hope on the subject. If he succeeded, Estelle would be one of the richest heiresses in the country, and a fee of ten thousand dollars was assigned by will as his reward. If he failed, he was to receive whatever remuneration he should claim, from the orphan's personal property, which scarcely exceeded, altogether, the sum which in the other case was designated as a professional fee. He was, therefore, stimulated by self interest, as well as legal ambition, to succeed in a case where so many had failed, and though his hopes grew fainter as months and even years passed on, yet he would not yield to despair.

Four years had passed since Wharton first made his unceremonious acquaintance with Estelle La Louette, and the cause was yet undecided, and the lady was still under his nominal guardianship. But he now rarely saw his ward, who for several years preferred spending her vacations with Madame La Grande, unless she accompanied some schoolfellow to her home. She stood in such awe of Mr. Wharton that she dreaded to return to the quiet home where she had first found refuge, and though she loved Mrs. Wharton, she felt that she could never be happy in such a dull atmosphere as that of her guardian's abode. An occasional visit from Mrs. and Miss Wharton, and a business note (containing generally receipted bills) from Clarence, made up nearly all her intercourse with the Wharton family. First impressions had been very lasting ones with both parties. She remembered the Whartons as people who were very cold and rigid, and not particularly agreeable; while they could not forget the slatternly hoyden, whose ignorance and ill-breeding had so shocked their ideas of decorum. The result showed that, in this, as in most cases, first impressions, though true, are not always to be acted upon in after days, and under different circumstances.

Estelle had counted her nineteenth birthday, and her fortunes yet depended upon the uncertain tenure of legal quibbles, when one of those general calamities, which disturb alike the peace of nations and comfort of individuals, changed the relative position of the parties in question. The dreaded scourge of the east approached the shores of the new world,—the cholera paid us its first, dreaded visit. Everybody remembers the panic caused by its first appearance, and how rapidly all business was silenced in all crowded cities. Madame La Grande broke up her establishment, dismissed her scholars and sailed for Europe, leaving her pupils no choice but to seek their friends as speedily as possible. Clarence Wharton resided a few miles out of the city, and feeling that his mother and sister were in safety, made no change in his daily habits of life. He walked daily to his office, transacted business as usual, and returned at evening, wearied by his mental toil, and refreshed by his bodily fatigue. As soon as he heard of Madame La Grande's precipitate flight, he wrote to Estelle, offering in the kindest manner, a home with his mother until the danger and excitement should be past. Estelle, who had never before felt so keenly the loneliness and forlornness of her situation, gratefully accepted his offer, and when Clarence returned to his home that same evening, he was surprised to learn that she was already domiciled in her own apartment. The readiness with which she had responded to his invitation, and the promptness with which she had availed herself of it, were so like the impulsiveness which had characterized her childhood, that it brought up in their full force some of Wharton's half-forgotten prejudices. But when he heard that fear and anxiety had made Estelle so ill as to confine her to her bed for several days, he was ashamed of his own selfishness, and determined to do all in his power to contribute to her comfort.

Nearly five years had elapsed since Clarence Wharton had seen the young lady who called him guardian. He had conceived such an excessive, and it must be confessed, such an unreasonable dislike to her, that he had sought every means of doing his duty towards her, without subjecting himself to the necessity of visiting her. He had heard his mother, and even his rigid sister, speak of her improvement, but he fancied that no time could be sufficient to fill up that wide space for improvement which he had so early discovered, and he therefore paid little attention to the reports of her changed looks and manners. What was his astonishment then, when on the fourth morning after her arrival, he heard, "good morning, sir," uttered by one of those low, deep, rich voices, which make their way straight to the heart, even when uttering only commonplaces; and turning suddenly round, beheld a tall, graceful girl in the neatest of morning dresses, and prettiest of French caps, whom his mother introduced to him as "our Estelle." For once Clarence Wharton was actually awkward and *gauche*. He dropped his half-buttered muffin into his coffee, making a most unsightly splash over the table cloth (to the manifest annoyance of his sister), and came near crushing his mother's favorite cat in the hurry with which he attempted to execute a bow

Indeed he might well be excused for his bewilderment. To one who has never observed the wonderful developement of mental and physical loveliness which sometimes takes place in women between the ages of twelve and twenty, it might well seem like magic. Estelle's once angular figure had become rounded and symmetrical; her thin face now displayed a perfectly oval contour; a richly tinted brunette complexion now replaced her sallow skin; her eyes, large, bright, and full of softness, were no longer out of proportion to the size of her face, but rather seemed too much veiled by her superbly heavy eyelids; and her smile, which was perfectly bewitching in its frank softness, of expression, disclosed the prettiest teeth in the world. To be sure her nose was a little *retrousse*, and her mouth was not as small as a rosebud, but there was so much to charm the eye that the gazer scarce could notice these trifling defects.

Clarence Wharton was a great admirer of female beauty, and he was withal a very shy man, though this latter quality he managed to conceal under a veil of dignified reserve, so that whenever he felt particularly abashed, he generally appeared only particularly cold and abstracted. But on the present occasion his address completely failed him. He stood in the presence of a beautiful woman revealed in all his nervous shyness, blushing like a girl and stammering out a welcome which nobody on earth could have comprehended. Estelle smiled involuntarily at his evident discomfiture, and then, with the ease of a finished woman of the world, took her seat at the breakfast-table. Clarence was mortified, and, of course, unjust. He saw the smile on Estelle's face, and he fancied she was laughing at him. This made him moody and disagreeable; and, whatever might be his new impression respecting his ward, her opinion of him was by no means improved.

It was impossible to live in daily intercourse with a girl like Estelle, without admiring her. She was full of vivacity and spirit, impulsive as a child, yet doing everything with a winning grace peculiarly her own. She was capricious, and whimsical, but so good-humored, so sunny-tempered, so full of buoyant cheerfulness, and with such wonderful variety of expression in her looks and manner, that only one comprehensive word could describe her,—she was fascinating—perfectly fascinating. In vain Clarence Wharton tried to despise her understanding; in vain he decided that she was vain and frivolous, because she loved ornaments and studied a becoming style of dress; in vain he called her a coquette when she related her experience in the world of gaiety, of which she had already seen glimpses. Let him think of her as he would, he could not but feel that she was one of the most fascinating creatures he had ever met.

He had fancied himself an adept in his knowledge of human nature; but he found himself a novice before this new specimen of feminine nature. He knew his mother's ideas of female perfection, he was perfectly acquainted with his sister's formalism respecting women, and yet he saw both these ladies giving way before the nameless witchery of the lawless Estelle. She would silence Mrs. Wharton's kindly remonstrances with a kiss, and receive all Miss Wharton's prosy lectures with such an air of comic resignation, that even the good spinster would laugh, and declare her incorrigible in tones which seemed to imply more admiration than reproof. To Clarence her manner was full of cold and profound respect. There seemed to be no community of feeling between them. He had become wonderfully intolerant of female follies, and Estelle had a terrible aversion to pedants and bookworms, so it was not to be supposed that they would harmonize very well together. Yet they never quarrelled, and even when Wharton said severe things, Estelle's sunny temper enabled her to bear them with gentleness. She was full of sarcastic wit when roused, but it was never expended upon her guardian, even when his attacks seemed to deserve some retaliation. All the reverence in her whole nature seemed to be concentrated in her respect for him; and however she might jest with others, she was always grave and serious when conversing with him.

Time passed on, the cholera had long disappeared, yet Estelle showed no disposition to seek another home, and the Whartons would scarcely have been willing to part with her. But she had friends in the city who had such claims upon her as school friendships always make for a few years after leaving school, and at the commencement of the gay season Estelle was called to fulfil a half-forgotten promise to a young friend. She went rather unwillingly, but she was fond of gay life, and in the midst of balls, parties, and flirtations, the winter soon passed away, so that it was not until the trees were once more blossoming that she could return to the Whartons' quiet retreat. Had she been missed during her absence? Who can tell? The ladies pursued their usual humdrum avocations, and Clarence, who called on Estelle as often as once a week, during her stay in town, did not express any regret at her absence.

All this time the lawsuit remained undecided, and though Estelle was surrounded by admirers, many of them were most disinterestedly anxious to ascertain her prospects of success before committing themselves by a definite offer of marriage. When she returned to Woodlawn for the summer the crowd of admirers dropped off, but some three or four were really in love, or perhaps, unwilling to lose even a remote chance of fortune, became regular visitors, even though it cost them a ride to pay their compliments. But Estelle soon found that the beaux of a ball-room were not the best companions for a quiet village home. The pleasant little nothings which sounded quite brilliantly in the pauses of a quadrille, were wonderfully flat when uttered to the accompaniment of Woodland sounds. To sit in the porch at moonlight and listen to Clarence Whar-

ton's exposition of his favorite theories, seemed better suited to the time and place. Not that she was tired of gay life, but she wanted a respite from it; she liked variety, and as gaiety suited winter, so she found gravity and sentiment belonged to summer pleasures.

Clarence really grieved to see so fine a nature wasting itself in frivolities, and blaming himself in no small degree for his early neglect of his young ward, now took especial pains to train and direct the vigorous energies of her mind. He could not conceive why a person so intelligent on some points, should be so dull on others. She could no more be taught to understand metaphysics than mathematics; her guardian's system of ethics was like "heathen Greek" to her; and yet, if he could but engage her in an animated discussion on some matter of mere feeling, she would utter more of the *truths* of sentiment that any philosopher ever condensed into a theory. Clarence could not understand her. How could he hope to do so? She did not quite understand herself.

It was a very simple incident that opened the eyes of one of the parties. As they sat over the dinner table one day in the autumn, some remark was made respecting the approaching winter, and Estelle spoke of her anticipated return to the city. A pang shot through the heart of her guardian, and he fancied it arose from his disappointment in not having yet succeeded in bringing his lawsuit to a close.

"I had hoped you would appear as a rich heiress this winter," said he.

"Are you in haste to get rid of me?" asked Estelle, laughing; "do you not know that as a rich heiress I should be compelled to marry, in order to escape the throng of my suitors?"

"You would probably select one from among those who have been constant to you during the summer," said Clarence, industriously cracking his almonds with his thumb and finger, though the silver nut-crackers lay beside his plate.

"Which would you have me choose? the elegant Mr. Sam Rugby, who looks at his own reflection in his polished boots, and lisps to himself, 'whath a pwoper man am I; shall I take him, and find a rival in every looking-glass he approaches?"

"How would the sentimental poet suit you?"

"The gentle Plynlimmon Smiley, who is wretched at having such a merry name, and would fain have one think he is always shedding tears, unless when he is shedding ink upon some newly-perpetrated sonnet? No, 'I'll none of him.'"

"Herbert, the young divine, is a gentleman and a scholar."

"I agree with you, he is both; but he cannot offer me any inducement to become the scape-goat of a whole congregation—I could not stand against the criticism which falls upon 'our minister's wife.'"

"Perhaps your affections are already fixed," said Wharton, looking up.

"Perhaps so," was the careless reply; "please hand me that almond, and we wont talk about such trivialities."

"There, I thought so," exclaimed the laughing Estelle, as she drew forth a double almond from its shell; "take this," giving one to Wharton, "and eat it; now you are my philippe and I your philippine, and instead of talking over my beaux, you must try and remember to make me pay a forfeit."

Clarence Wharton was one of those grave persons who seldom become initiated in those little mysteries of boy-and girlism. He knew nothing about twin-almonds and forfeits. Therefore it became necessary to teach him that when a gentleman and lady eat a twin-almond, a mysterious spell is immediately laid upon them, and, on their next meeting, the one who first remembers to remind the other of this connection, is entitled to a forfeit. Clarence entered quite heartily into the spirit of the little jest, which, old as it is, was quite new to him.

"I shall be sure to catch you," said he.

"I am not afraid; you will be thinking over your theory of moral sentiments, and I shall suddenly startle you with the magical word, 'Philippine!' So prepare yourself with a forfeit.'

It was agreed that the test should be deferred until the following day, in order to give both of them time to forget the pledge; and Estelle left the room.

As Clarence rose from his chair, a thought suddenly flashed upon him, and the more he reflected the more certain he became of its truth. Why had Estelle adroitly turned the conversation at that particular moment? Was it because there was but one other person about whom he was likely to question her, and she wished to avoid such questioning? He thought so, and, as if to confirm him in his opinion, he had scarcely reached his office on the following day, when the gentleman whom he suspected to be Estelle's favored lover, called on him, and requesting his good offices with his lovely ward, entrusted him with a letter, which contained a declaration of his sentiments, to the lady herself. Wharton's first impulse was to show the gentleman to the door, but swallowing his bitter feelings, without making even a wry face, he returned a polite reply to his visitor, and deposited the letter in his pocket, to be handed to Estelle on his return at evening.

If Wharton's reputation as a lawyer had depended on his accuracy during that day, he would have fared but badly. His thoughts were busied with the contents of that letter, which seemed to burn him whenever he accidentally touched it. It seemed the longest day he had ever spent in his life, and when he entered his home at early twilight, he was glad to find the parlor untenanted. Ringing the bell for a servant, he sent the love-letter up to Estelle's room, and throwing himself on a sofa, gave way to the moodiness which had so long oppressed him. A remark from his mother recalled him from his painful reverie; and, anxious to conceal his feelings, he began to talk in a strain of unusual gaiety. At that moment Estelle entered, and the words—"Philippe!" "Philippine!" were uttered so simultaneously, that it was scarcely possible to decide who had won the forfeit. But the decision of Mrs. Wharton was in favor of Clarence. He had certainly been a second in advance of Estelle, and had made his exclamation before Estelle had quite entered the room. After the decision was made, Estelle laughingly confessed that it was Wharton's exclamation alone which reminded her of the forfeit, which her quickness of utterance enabled her so instantly to dispute.

"You were thinking of more agreeable subjects," said Clarence, with an air of indifference.

"Do you know the contents of the letter you brought me?" asked Estelle.

"I know the nature of its contents, but I am no adept in imagining love-letters."

"How do you know it was a love-letter?"

"Because Mr. Harcourt bespoke my good offices in his behalf."

"Which you promised him, I suppose."

"Not exactly; I told him I should not attempt to influence you."

"What do you think of him, Mr. Wharton?"

"That he is an exceedingly fine young man."

"Then you think it would be a good match, even if we succeed in the lawsuit, and I become an heiress."

"I do"

"And you would advise me to accept him?"

"I did not say that; I advise nothing on the subject."

"Well, my mind is made up on the subject."

"Do you accept him?"

"No; he does not come up to my standard."

"You are exacting and ambitious."

"Perhaps I am; but I do not fancy Mr. Harcourt."

"Have you seen any one you like better?"

"Do you ask that question as a guardian, or as a friend?"

"I can scarcely decide which."

"Then let me answer you as vaguely, by saying I have seen several I like better than Mr. Harcourt."

"Excuse me, I have no right to ask such questions."

"As my guardian, Mr. Wharton, you have every right to ask and be answered. One thing I promise, you shall certainly be consulted before I make any choice."

"Thank you; it is more than I have a right to claim," said Wharton, coldly.

"Are you displeased with my apparent levity, Mr. Wharton? then listen to me; I am going to the city next week, and in the course of a short time, I shall be enabled to come to some decision respecting the state of my own heart. When I am sure of my own feelings, you shall see the gentleman and yourself judge of his merits."

"How shall I know the favorite?" asked Wharton, bitterly.

"I will send you his portrait, that you may recognize him when you meet," said Estelle, with a merry laugh, as she ran out of the room.

A few days afterwards, Estelle left home to pay her promised visit in the city, and she had been but a few days absent, when Clarence Wharton found one morning lying on his desk, in the office, a package directed to him, and marked "Philippine!" He opened it more eagerly than he would have done had there been any witnesses of his actions, and yet there was something of disappointment in his face when he beheld only a delicate work of art. The philippine selected by the fantastic taste of the whimsical Estelle, was an exquisite picture on copper, representing Time sleeping, while Love was mischievously endeavoring to cover him with roses. Nothing could exceed the richness and beauty of the painting, and the curiously carved frame which encircled it in a wreath of ebony roses, every leaf of which was elaborately fashioned, as if wrought out of delicate lace, made the gift one of great price.

For a full hour after he opened the packet, Clarence sat with his head resting on his hands, and his eyes rivetted on the little picture. His brow was troubled with "thick coming fancies." He knew Estelle had a meaning in all such freaks, and he was utterly at a loss to understand her now. At length his cheek flushed and his eye grew bright, but not with pleasure. He fancied he had divined her meaning. Estelle, in the plenitude of her vanity, must have suspected he was falling in love with her, and this allegorical picture was intended as a mocking rebuke to his presumption. But Clarence was not a very demonstrative man in his emotions, so he folded the picture again in its manifold wrappings, and carefully sealing it, put it aside among the papers he designed to take home Then walking up to the dingy little glass which hung in a corner of the office, he scrutinized his own face, as if to detect some reason for this bitter mockery. He saw the incipient crow-feet on his temples; he did not fail to notice a few gray hairs amid his glossy locks, and the word "puppy!" half broke from his lips, as he thought of Estelle's fresh and sparkling beauty.

From that time his visits to his ward became few. He thanked her coldly for the costly present with which she had redeemed her forfeit, and never again alluded to it, notwithstanding her evident desire to learn his opinion of her droll whim. His manner to her became once more formal and cold. He only saw her when business required him to visit her, and Estelle could not but perceive that something had seriously offended him. She was tempted twenty times to ask the reason of this sudden change in him, but she had her own secret to keep—a sense of womanly dignity and wounded pride kept her silent. She went into society more than ever, and was gayer and more frivolous than the gayest of her companions, but no one dreamed that she was hiding a sorrow in her heart. Before the winter was over, the report of her approaching marriage with a certain stray French marquis was widely spread and generally believed.

At length the long-contested lawsuit was brought to a close. On the morning of new year's day she received a letter from Clarence, informing her that the case had been decided in her favor, by the highest of all courts, and she was now the heiress of a large landed estate, worth at least half a million, though the necessary compromises and bargains with its present holders might probably reduce it to a less sum. Why did Estelle drop the letter, and clasp her hands sorrowfully together, while the tears slowly dropped down her cheeks? Did her long sought wealth come too late to buy happiness?

Two hours later in the day, Clarence called in person to offer his new year's congratulations. Pleasure at Estelle's good fortune, pride in his now successful efforts for her benefit, and a manly self-reliance which taught him that an honest love was no subject for a cruel jest, all combined to give dignity to his demeanor, and a noble expression to his fine face. He was no longer shy and doubtful of his own feelings. He knew that he had been in love with Estelle, and he fancied that she had repelled what never yet had been, and now never should be, offered to her acceptance; but he was no longer angry and mortified. He had served her faithfully, he had been worthy of even her love, and he had *not* made himself ridiculous.

"I shall be ready at any time now," said he, "to exhibit the account of my trust, Estelle. Perhaps it is better to settle everything as early as possible."

"I hope you have secured your fee," said Estelle, with an attempt at playfulness.

"I have been already repaid by serving you, and shall ask no further reward."

"You are very proud, Mr. Wharton, but you will find your equal in that respect. I shall insist on your receiving the stipulated fee."

"Just as you please, madam; if such is your resolution, our relative position is hereafter fixed—in future, I am merely your lawyer, paid to attend to your business, but as friends we meet no more"

"What do you mean?"

"If I am your agent, paid to transact your legal business, I understand exactly my position, and shall never again mistake it. The law compels me to remain your guardian for one year longer, unless your marriage in the interval should release me. Is there any probability of such an event occurring within the next few months?"

"Not the slightest," replied Estelle, while the blood mounted to her dark cheek.

"You have not redeemed your promise, Estelle," said Clarence, while his voice unconsciously grew tremulous; "you promised to show me the favored mortal whom you should choose as your future partner."

"And did I not redeem my promise?" exclaimed Estelle, passionately; "did I not forget my womanly pride, my own self-respect, and in the fullness of my confidence in you, did I not do a foolish, girlish thing, which lost me your good opinion, and placed me in the degrading position I now occupy in your heart! O, Clarence Wharton, how much I was mistaken in you! how little you understand me!"

Clarence Wharton was completely bewildered. Estelle's emotion was incomprehensible to him! In vain he racked his brain to discover her meaning; and it was not until, in his bewilderment, he had poured forth his long silent love to the agitated girl, that he was enlightened. Amid tears and blushes, Estelle listened to his confession, and then bade him look at his philippine for her reply.

"That was a cruel jest, sweet Estelle, and it had nearly lost you the truest of lovers," said he.

"A jest, Clarence! What do you mean?"

"What did you mean, Estelle, if not to rebuke the half-uttered love of one who had numbered twice your years?"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Wharton; we are certainly mystifying each other most strangely."

"You sent me a picture of Time sleeping among Love's roses, and I received it as a rebuke to my presumption."

Estelle laughed out merrily as she heard this.

"I promised to send you a picture of the man whom in my heart I preferred, and I did so!"

"When?"

"In that same philippine."

"And how?"

"That philippine shall be my only reply to your present most welcome confession. Go home, Clarence; look carefully at the surface, instead of trusting to your fancy to penetrate the depths of a woman's whim."

Clarence Wharton obeyed the capricious beauty. He did hasten home, and drew forth the fatal philippine which had caused him so much pain. As he turned it over and over in search of the secret he now knew it concealed, his finger touched a spring cunningly concealed in one of the carved roses which composed the frame. To his surprise, the picture instantly sprang back, and disclosed beneath it a tiny mirror, in which he beheld *himself!*

In less than three months the "confirmed bachelor" became the husband of the beautiful heiress, and Estelle never repented her choice of a philippine.

ANTIQUITIES AT ATHENS.

The general superintendent of these excavations says: "Thirteen feet below the level of Hermes Street, near my own house, I discovered the ancient surface of the soil; it is covered with clean gravel or pebbles, done perhaps to prevent dust. Among these pebbles are found the handles of earthen vessels, bearing the name of the manufactory, or of the owner himself of such manufactory; bits of pottery, of superior workmanship, some well preserved, others in fragments. On this ancient surface stand the foundations of buildings that lie in different directions, built of stone laid in lime. In these foundations are blocks of limestone taken from older edifices. These are relics of buildings belonging to the fifth and following centuries, and illustrate the changes wrought during the constant occupancy of the city from the remotest times."

TIME.

Time has laid his hand
Upon my head gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

LONGFELLOW.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY LILLY.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

In the paling light of even,
Near a casement low,
Sat a gentle maiden singing
Songs of long ago.
Now a smile her mood confessing,
Now the tears that flow.

Ah, she thought the charmed caged bird
Heard her lays alone,
Dreaming not a heart was beating
Fondly near her own—
That its prayers for her were gushing
Up to heaven's throne.

Many months from home I wandered,
Sailing o'er the main;
Home returned affection's yearnings
Yet did I restrain;
Love and joy within my bosom
Merged in one sweet pain.

"Lilly," said I, half unconscious,
Nearer towards her drew,
Opening longing arms unto her,
Into them she flew;
And the eyes that wept at parting
Wept at meeting too.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Incidents in the Life of a Physician.

BY NATH'L. F. BURDETT, M. D.

In the summer of 1850 I opened an office in New York and commenced the practice of medicine, after having completed the usual course of professional study and received my diploma from the faculty. Like most young men just entering upon the active duties of life, without influential friends, and poorly provided with worldly possessions, I found considerable difficulty in obtaining a bare subsistence; and at the close of my first year's experience felt very much discouraged, and had serious thoughts of abandoning medicine for some more lucrative pursuit. My *paying* patients were few, and although I experienced great satisfaction in relieving the sufferings of the destitute, whose heartfelt gratitude was the only return they could make for medical assistance, yet the stern necessity of obtaining a livelihood forbade me to devote much time to this unhappy class of sufferers. At last I was obliged to sell my little library, consisting of a score or two of dog-eared volumes which I had picked up at second-hand bookstores, and which had been the solace of my gloomiest hours. The scanty pittance obtained by the sale of these books enabled me to pay a few small bills and provide for the wants of the ensuing fortnight; but at the end of that time I was without a shilling, and knew not where to obtain one.

As I sat in my room, on one rainy night in November, brooding over my hapless fortunes, I racked my brain to devise some plan of extricating myself from my unfortunate position; but the more I pondered, the darker seemed my impending fate. Not only had I struggled hard in obtaining an education, but I had borrowed the necessary funds, at an exorbitant rate, from a villanous Jew pawnbroker, who was the closest of shavers and the most persistent of duns. He was, in truth, "the hard-eyed lender," and I "the pale lendee."

At this time the amount I owed him was about five hundred dollars, and I had previously pledged to him articles really worth more than the sum originally borrowed, together with simple interest; but the crafty fellow had appraised the goods so low, and had taken advantage of my necessities to impose such an enormous rate of interest, that my indebtedness fully reached this amount. My situation was indeed forlorn.

I had no relations in the world to whom I could apply for pecuniary aid. Father and mother died ere I had become of age; and although my uncle was said to have prospered in California, yet I had heard nothing of him for many years, and knew not whether he was alive or dead. The few tried friends who yet remained at my side were themselves so destitute that I could better afford to give to them than they to me. Poor as I was, I would not have taken a shilling of their hard earnings; and if I could have found it in my heart to beg, I should long ago have become a confirmed mendicant.

On that dreary November night I tossed restlessly upon the bed, vainly trying to form plans for the future, or to lose in the forgetfulness of sleep all remembrance of my present sorrows. The pitiless storm beat violently against the window panes, the windows, crazy with age, shook in the furious blast, and the blinds creaked upon their rusty hinges. The clock in the steeple of a neighboring church struck the hour of twelve with a dull, funeral sound, that seemed the knell of my happiness on earth, and the wind sighed through the leafless branches of the old elm that shaded my chamber. It was not a night for man or beast to venture into the street; and even the miserable outcasts who roam the thoroughfares of a great city, friendless and forlorn, homeless among a thousand homes, had doubtless found some shelter from the raging storm, and forgot their troubles in the sleep that fled from my pillow.

While listening to the patter of the rain, I heard the sound of footsteps near the door of my lodging house, and the ringing of the "doctor's bell" warned me that my services were needed. At any other time I should have resolutely refused to venture out in such a blinding storm, unless the case were one of life or death; but I then felt glad to escape from my own depressing thoughts, and would willingly have perilled my own life to render the slightest service to a suffering fellow-creature. Hastily putting on my clothes, I hurried down stairs and opened the street door, when a harsh voice cried out:

"Come on, doctor; here's a rich case for you. Here's Harry Vernon, pinked by a rum cove, and bleeding like an ox; he's good pay, so hurry up!"

The man who spoke in this brutal manner was a rough, burly fellow, whose face was marked with the scars of disease and the impress of sensuality, and whose whole appearance stamped him as one of those degraded characters who haunt the back slums of a metropolis.

As I caught a glimpse of his ill-favored countenance when he stepped upon the threshold, I hesitated to accompany him, but was re assured on reflecting that my purse was too light to be an object of attraction to a robber; and thinking that I might be the means of saving life, I muffled myself in a huge cloak and went out with him. As we walked along, I gathered the principal incidents of the affair, which were as follows:

Harry Vernon, a dissipated young man of 25, belonging to one of the wealthiest families in the city, had been in the habit of frequenting a well-known gambling house down town, where he had repeatedly lost large sums of money. On this very evening he had played deeply, and was at first unusually fortunate. Flushed with success, he staked a large amount and lost. Believing himself cheated, as indeed he was, he boldly charged one of the gamblers with fraud. High words ensued, and in the excitement of the moment, young Vernon dashed a glass of wine full in the fellow's face. The man immediately drew a dirk and stabbed his opponent, but was prevented from repeating the blow by the inmates of the saloon. This was all I could learn from my companion, who seemed disinclined to relate the particulars of the affray.

After walking about half a mile, through narrow and muddy streets, he conducted me up a gloomy staircase in a dingy brick building, and on reaching the top, stopped before a massive door, strongly bound with iron. He knocked twice and gave the password, when the bolts on the inside were pushed back and the door cautiously opened, and as soon as we entered it was quickly closed and securely fastened.

On looking around, I found myself in a brilliantly lighted saloon, handsomely furnished, and provided with all the implements of gambling. At one end of the room was the bar, where the red wine flashed and sparkled in cut glass decanters of exquisite workmanship, and where were ranged rows of musty black bottles, containing the choicest products of the vintage, and every variety of spirituous liquor. The saloon, usually thronged at this hour—it was half past twelve—was now almost deserted; most of the gamblers who were present when the affray took place had left soon after young Vernon was stabbed, fearing a descent of the police; and the ruffian who committed the assault effected his escape at the same time. The keeper of the saloon, a pale, nervous-looking man, cautioned me to keep my counsel, and at the same time slipped a piece of gold into my hand, which I thought it prudent to accept.

I found young Vernon stretched out upon a couch in a small ante-room. He was faint from loss of blood; but on examining the wound, I ascertained that it probably would not endanger his life if proper care were taken of it. I recommended that he should be removed to his father's house on the following morning; but he strongly objected, urging that the other members of the family would be put to much inconvenience, and that they would feel very anxious for his safety. I replied that his absence would occasion great uneasiness to his relations and friends, and that he needed rest and careful attention, which were best obtained at home.

After urgent solicitation I prevailed upon him to return; but he insisted that I should accompany him, and requested me to represent the affair as favorably as possible to his father, and continue my visits at his house, paying a compliment to my disinterestedness too flattering to be repeated.

He passed the night quite comfortably, and on the following morning I rode with him to his father's house. The carriage stopped before an elegant brown stone mansion on Fifth Avenue, and on ringing the bell, the door was opened by an obsequious African, whom I informed of the nature of our errand. The old gentleman was at breakfast when we arrived; but when the servant whispered in his ear that Harry had returned under the doctor's care, he started from his chair, bolted down stairs at a furious rate, and appeared much agitated on seeing his son pale and haggard, and eagerly inquired whether I considered him in any danger. I quieted his apprehensions as well as I could, and assured him that with proper care there could be little doubt of his son's recovery.

After assisting the servants to convey my patient into the house, I remained in the entry for a few moments while father and son were engaged in earnest conversation in an adjoining room. Mr. Vernon soon came out and invited me into the parlor. As I glanced at the splendid apartment into which I was ushered, and looked upon its sumptuous furniture, the articles of *virtu* that adorned its tables, the paintings that hung upon its walls, I could not but contrast these elegant surroundings with the wretched accommodations of my own home, and I secretly envied the owner of so many luxuries. While gazing with undisguised admiration upon the portrait of a young girl which hung upon the opposite wall, and which represented one of the loveliest countenances I ever beheld, Mr. Vernon said to me:

"Well, sir, I am obliged to you for your attention to my son, and will pay you well for your trouble. Harry wishes you to attend him during his illness. I should prefer to have Dr. Rogers, our family physician, who is an older man, but I yield to Harry's wishes. Of course you will be discreet, and say nothing about the cause of his sickness to his sister, if you should should happen to see her. Good morning, sir."

These words were spoken in a decided and somewhat supercilious tone, and grated harshly on my ears. His air of authority vexed me; but I said nothing, bowed and withdrew. He was indeed, as subsequent circumstances plainly showed, a haughty, arrogant man, stiff and unbending to all whose social position was beneath his own, but very courteous to his superiors in wealth and station. Starting in life as a poor boy, and gradually amassing a splendid fortune, but without acquiring either mental or moral cultivation, Mr. Vernon, with his burly figure, his hard face and his well filled pocket, resembled Southey's rich man, who

"Believed no other gods than those of the creed;
Bowed to no idols—but his money-bags;
Swore no false oaths,—except at the custom house;
Kept the Sabbath idle; built a monument
To honor his dead father; did no murder;
Was too old fashioned for adultery;
Never picked pockets; never bore false witness;
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbor's house, nor ox, nor ass!"

But with all his faults, and they were neither few nor small, he had some redeeming traits. He doted on his children—Harry, my patient, and Nelly, a lovely girl of eighteen summers, who was said to be the very image of her departed mother. They were both strikingly handsome, but of different styles of beauty. He was a dark-skinned, black-eyed, dashing fellow, impulsive in temperament, with good intentions, which were not always carried into practice, and the dupe of profligate companions, who had the art to conceal their flagitious designs under the mask of good fellowship. She was a delicate blonde, just in the bloom of opening womanhood. Her form was exquisitely moulded; her face owed its indescribable charm to an undefinable sweetness of expression, rather than to the beauty which consists in faultless regularity of features, and there was a witchery in her manner wholly irresistible.

As I left the drawing-room, after my brief interview with Mr. Vernon, I met her in the entry. She had just come from her brother's chamber, and I started back involuntarily on meeting her, little expecting to see in the sister of Harry Vernon the original of that parlor portrait on which I had been gazing with so deep an interest. I was on the point of apologizing for my seeming rudeness, when she inquired with earnest solicitude after her brother's health. In a voice tremulous with emotion, she asked if I considered him dangerously ill, and on telling her that there was every reason to hope for his recovery, her eyes sparkled with delight, and she bade me good morning with a beaming countenance, which would have done more good to many a suffering patient than a visit of the physician. I went home happier for having seen that lovely creature, but little thinking of the influence she was destined to exert upon my future life. In the afternoon the Jew pawnbroker called to demand payment of the money due to him, and threatened me with imprisonment. Wearied by his importunities, I promised to pay him fifty dollars on the next day, and determined to request young Vernon to lend me this sum.

Just at dusk I sauntered through bright Broadway, now gazing wistfully at the splendid equipages with their liveried footmen, now peering into the windows of the shops, where Cashmere shawls vied with China silks in brilliancy of coloring, where diamonds from Golconda sparkled by the side of Brazilian rubies, and where plates of burnished gold, fit service for the lords of "Ormus or of Ind," dazzled the eyes of the bystanders. As I passed one of these magnificent stores, whose blazing glories eclipsed all the rest, a lady sumptuously dressed swept by in stately pride, her fingers glittering with jewelled rings, and her whole appearance indicating the modish New Yorker, with more relish for vulgar display than true refinement or genuine taste. A poor girl, with a most sorrowful expression of countenance, stepped up to this flaunting dame and solicited alms. Never shall I forget the look of freezing disdain with which her modest request was refused, and the fine lady's sharp reproof, which doubtless grated on her ears as it did on mine. I gave the trembling girl all the change I had, and walked away in a more contented mood than I had experienced for weeks, thinking that if wealth makes one indifferent to human suffering, then poverty is not the worst of evils, and contrasting the comparative happiness of my condition with that of the miserable being whom I had just left.

No reasonable person can doubt that charity is one of the highest duties of life, whether it be regarded as an instinct or a habit, whether we consider the claims of the indigent as founded in the law of nature or as enforced by the teachings of the Gospel; and although indiscriminate alms-giving is pernicious, yet it is better to keep the principle alive by constant exercise than to stifle it by rejecting the demands of all wandering mendicants; and in this view it is sometimes well to bestow alms even upon those who have no merit but their misery. Moreover, the practised eye of the generous giver can generally distinguish at a glance the bare-faced impostor from the meritorious mendicant; and even if the request for pecuniary aid be refused, the denial should be expressed in courteous language, if not coupled with sympathy and encouragement. The inimitable Elia closes his delightful essay on the "Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis" with this advice, which is worthy the attention of costive philanthropists:

"Shut not thy purse strings always against painted distress. Do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture—*give, and ask no questions*. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the 'seven small children,' in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half penny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks and mumbling tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which concerning the poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not."

On returning home in the evening, I found a note from my urgent creditor, saying that he *must* have the money by one o'clock on the following day, and if possible I must get double the sum. Although irritated by his ceaseless im-

portunity, I resolved to obtain fifty dollars from young Vernon; and comforting myself with the pleasing reflection that I should thus put a temporary stop to his harassing demands, I went to bed and slept so soundly that not even the ghost of a bill disturbed my slumber. In the morning I put on my best clothes, consisting of a dark green frock coat, which, in its youthful days, was doubtless glossy, but which, in the lapse of time, had become somewhat threadbare; a pair of corduroy pantaloons, distressingly small at the extremities, but bulging out at the knees; and a faded flowery vest, which I had picked up at a second-hand clothing store. My boots, though sadly the worse for wear, by the application of a little blacking were made tolerably good looking; and altogether I was quite proud of my dilapidated finery.

After an hour's walk through muddy and gloomy streets I reached the avenue, and on arriving in front of the stately mansion of the Vernons, I was considerably agitated. The overbearing manners of the old gentleman made my visit to his house seem like an unwarrantable intrusion, and it was evident that he reluctantly acquiesced in his son's desire to have me as his medical attendant. His daughter left, in our single interview, a deep impression on my heart, and I sighed to think of the great gulf of social position which separated us, and which was apparently impassable. But most of all I was disturbed by my pecuniary difficulties. The pawnbroker *must* be paid, and yet I disliked to ask young Vernon for so large a sum as fifty dollars at the very commencement of my visits. Would he not regard me as a greedy adventurer, anxious to fatten on his fortune, and eager to take advantage of his weakness? Perhaps he might think, from the circumstance of our first meeting at the gambling hell, that I was employed by sharpers to wheedle him out of his gold; to protract my attendance long after convalescence, in order to decoy him into the hands of his former associates.

As I had been kindly received by him, I could not bear that the suspicion of a reproach should rest upon my motives. Should I tell him all, reveal to him the extent of my misery, and rely upon his generosity to relieve it? No, my mind revolted at the thought of obtruding my private griefs even upon the attention of an intimate friend, much more upon a chance acquaintance, on whose kindness I had no claim. I thought, also, that he might attribute my present poverty to extravagance; might misconstrue my previous conduct, and perhaps mention the matter to his father. The bare possibility of this last contingency would have restrained me from making a confidant of young Vernon, for I could not accept pecuniary aid from that frigid old man, who, even if he were willing to confer any favors upon me, would neutralize the value of the gift by his patronizing manner of bestowing it. At last I determined simply to request a loan of fifty dollars, without mentioning the extent of my difficulties, than to unbosom my sorrow to a comparative stranger.

With this determination I rang the bell, and the servant who opened the door showed me to my patient's chamber. He expressed much gratification at seeing me, and appeared quite comfortable. In the course of conversation, I said in an off-hand way that I was somewhat embarrassed, and asked him to lend me fifty dollars. He at once acceded to my request, gave me a check for the amount, and said, with evident sincerity, he should be happy to accommodate me at any time. I thanked him for his kindness, and he spoke freely upon the obstacles in the path of a young physician, and asked me to relate my own experience. Encouraged by his sympathy, I forgot my resolutions, and almost unconsciously described my past trials and present troubles. He seemed deeply interested in my narrative, and while offering to relieve my necessities, expressed the belief that I had been swindled by the pawnbroker, and advised me to refuse to settle with him.

"I will arrange the matter through an official friend," said he, "and that Jewish knave will be glad to resign his claim, and may thank his stars if he escapes imprisonment."

And I afterwards learned that a policeman visited the pawnbroker, who expressed his willingness to withdraw his demands, and that was the last I ever heard of him.

Relieved from this load of debt which had so long weighed upon me, I became more cheerful; my visits to Harry Vernon were constant, and my acquaintance with his sister ripened into affectionate intimacy. She was indeed a rare creation, gentle yet decided in her demeanor, accomplished without vanity, and generous without ostentation. The unceasing devotion to her sick brother, at whose bedside she was a constant attendant, proved the warmth of her affection; and I was not long in finding out that the elevation of her heart had not interfered with the culture of her mind. Her knowledge of general literature and history was extensive and exact, and though she knew "small Latin and less Greek," yet she was familiar with the tongue of Dante and Tasso, with the tongue of Goethe and Lessing, with the tongue of Pascal and Moliere, and in music and painting she had a creditable proficiency. Yet with all these attainments, there was not a touch of pedantry or egotism in her composition, and her modesty was equal to her merit. A good cook, deeply skilled in what Washington Irving calls the great art of making doughnuts, applesauce and pumpkin pies, and an excellent household manager, I soon learned to regard her as the beau ideal of female excellence; or, as the poet expresses it,

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To guide, to comfort and command."

As our intimacy increased, I fancied Mr. Vernon suspected the nature of our attachment, as his demeanor towards me was more discourteous than ever; and when Harry, who was in the secret, informed him of our engagement, his rage was unbounded. That a mere adventurer, without social position, wealth or professional reputation, should aspire to the hand of a Vernon, seemed to him the height of presumption. These views he afterwards expressed to me in a most vehement manner, and not only refused his consent to the marriage, but forbade my visits to his house, and even threatened to disinherit his daughter if she persisted in her disobedience. In vain young Vernon remonstrated with his father—the old man was inexorable. He loved his daughter, and would have made many sacrifices for her sake, but his pride was deeply wounded, and he would not retract the stern decision. Meanwhile, young Vernon recovered from his sickness, and no longer required my professional attendance, and my prospect of an increased practice appeared fainter and fainter. Nelly and I met occasionally; she assured me of her undiminished attachment, and though unwilling to disobey her father by marying me at present, she agreed with me in thinking that time would change his determination, and we resolved to wait patiently for the desired consummation.

At last, seeing no prospect of improving my condition in New York, I thought seriously of trying my fortune in the great West, having heard much about the brilliant opportunities for young men in that part of the country. My expectations were doubtless too sanguine, being based upon the glowing accounts in the daily papers of the rapid rise in the value of property, and the great inducements offered to professional men in the West. I hoped in the course of two or three years to obtain a sufficient sum to enable me to support a family; for I still looked forward to my marriage with Miss Vernon, and I thought a few years' absence might allay her father's resentment, and induce him to give his consent to our union.

About this time I met an old friend who had just returned from St. Louis, where he had resided for several years. He assured me that the chances for an educated and enterprising physician in that city were very promising, and represented the subject in so favorable a light that I consented to return with him. It was no easy matter to reconcile Nelly Vernon to my departure; but at last I succeeded in convincing her of the necessity of this course to our mutual welfare. In a few days I was travelling over the Alleghanies, among the grandest mountain scenery in this country, and across the vast prairies of Illinois, blooming with gorgeous flowers; and before the close of the week I reached St. Louis. Here I remained two years, engaged in medical practice, of which I had a reasonable share, and was much pleased with the frank hospitality of the inhabitants. My correspondence with Nelly Vernon breathed the same affectionate interest which had always marked our intercourse; but I regretted to learn that her father's opposition to the match remained unabated, though he was often heard to say that if I was a man of property he should not object to have me for a son-in-law.

It is the custom in St. Louis to record in the daily papers the names of persons arriving at the principal hotels. While looking over the Daily Republican of October 5th, 1853, I noticed the arrival of James Montgomery, of San Francisco, at the Planter's House. The name at once arrested my attention, for it was that of my uncle, who, I had hitherto supposed, was still in California. I went at once to the Planter's House, found my expectations realized, and grasped the hand of my father's brother, whom I had not seen for more than fifteen years. He had altered greatly during that time, and I was puzzled to recognize in the bearded man of forty-five the delicate youth whom I had known in my boyhood. On telling him my name, he scrutinized me narrowly for several minutes with an incredulous look, until at last his countenance brightened up, and he gave me a hearty shake of the hand which tingled to my fingers' ends.

"I didn't recognize you at first," said he, "but I am satisfied that you have the family features, and am rejoiced to see you."

In answering his numerous inquiries about my condition and prospects, I gave him an exact account of my past life, mentioned my engagement to Miss Vernon, and the circumstances which compelled me to leave New York. He was evidently deeply interested in my narrative, and urged me to return with him to New York, promising to make Mr. Vernon not only willing but anxious to have me marry his daughter. I gladly accepted his invitation, and made preparations to leave St. Louis on the following morning, intending, however, to return, if matters were not satisfactorily arranged. Early next morning we started on our journey, and the monotony of railway travelling was beguiled by my uncle's account of his experience in California.

On his first arrival there he engaged in mercantile pursuits, in which he was unsuccessful. When gold was afterwards discovered, he worked in the mines with tolerable success; but he soon relinquished mining, again embarked in business, and accumulated a handsome property. But the land of gold had no charms for him as a place of residence, and he early resolved to return to his native city as soon as he had obtained a fortune. Accordingly he took passage for New Orleans, ascended the Mississippi to St. Louis, where he had some business to attend to, and was preparing to leave for New York when I met him at the hotel. Being a bachelor, with no surviving relative except myself, he naturally took a deep interest in my welfare.

At last we arrived in New York after a three days' journey, which resembled most railway travelling in being dusty and uncomfortable. Soon after our arrival we called on the Vernons. My uncle had a long interview with the old gentleman, while I had a delightful chat with Nelly, with whom I had kept up a constant correspondence during my absence. She rejoiced with me at the fortunate meeting with my uncle, and the prospect of our speedy marriage, not doubting that her father would consent to it. It soon became evident from the cordiality with which Mr. Vernon received me, contrasting singularly with his demeanor in former times, that my uncle's proposition had been favorably received, and he soon after informed me that his daughter's hand was at my service. I also learned that he had given a handsome dowry to his daughter, and that my uncle had offered to settle a liberal sum upon me. Harry seemed very much pleased with this arrangement, and it was decided that the wedding should take place during the ensuing week.

When, at last, the day came, and I led Nelly, decked in her bridal robes, to the altar, when the marriage service was repeated by the officiating clergyman, and the solemn words, "what God hath joined together let not man put asunder," announced that the holy rite was completed, I felt that existence thenceforth had new charms for me, and that higher responsibilities than I had yet known rested on my life.

After the bridal tour, we settled down in a trim little cottage on the Hudson, where we still reside, having passed many happy hours under its roof. My uncle lives with us, as kind-hearted and open-handed as ever. His chief delight is in the society of children, with whom he is a great favorite, and he idolizes our James, a bright boy of five years, whom we named after him. Mr. Vernon is dead; he grew more genial as he advanced in years, and his last days were his happiest. Harry, no longer the frequenter of gaming-houses, but a steady and honorable merchant, carries on his father's business, and enjoys a high reputation for enterprise and integrity. Here, before sorrows, which sooner or later must come to us, as they come to all, have darkened our domestic circle, let me close my life story.

HISTORY OF SIBERIA.

The government of Western Siberia has just published an official document, giving an account of that country as a penal colony, with a brief sketch of its previous history. From this, it appears that in the sixteenth century Siberia was inhabited by hordes of Tartar origin, and that in 1580 the celebrated Jermak, Hetman of the Cossacks of the Don, invaded it at the head of six thousand men, and succeeded, after several bloody battles, in taking Sibir, the chief [illegible] of the country. The Hetman, finding [illegible] resources were too limited to hold that his country, ceded his con[illegible] so extensive a [illegible] Ivan IV., and Siberia has ever since f[illegible] sian empire. The first [illegible] of the Russ there were Cossacks, Strelitz [illegible] who settled diggers; but after a time selected [illegible] gold [illegible] of exile for Russian State criminals. [illegible] the Great sent his Swedish prisoners there, and Czarina Anne had the inhabitants of whole [illegible] luges transported there for refusing to work for their lords. On the abolition of the punishment of death by Elizabeth, in 1745, Siberia was regularly organized as a penal colony, and transportation thither was the punishment for all sorts of crimes. The exiled nobles were generally sent to Berezove, to work in the crown gold mines there, and the names of the first families in the empire may be seen on tombs in the cemetery of that place. In 1823 an office was established at Tobolsk, where the name of every exile and his residence were registered. In 1842 more perfect rules were laid down, according to which every tribunal in the empire regularly forwards to Tobolsk the names and offences of all persons condemned to exile, and each, on his arrival, was sent to the residence appointed for him. The governor of Western Siberia sends a yearly list to St. Petersburgh of all convicts that have arrived. The last published return comes down to January 1, 1855, according to which the persons who reached Siberia in 1854 were 7530, of whom 5649 were men, and 1134 women, and 747 children. The condition of exiles in Siberia has much improved within the last few years.—*New York Sun.*

DEATH AMONG THE GOLD-FISH.

Wherever you meet with folks who keep gold-fish in the old-fashioned glass globes, you will be sure to hear the melancholy complaint that they will die, in spite of every care taken to preserve them. The water is changed most regularly, the glass kept beautifully clean, the vessel shaded from the sunshine; yet, alas! death is always busy amongst them. Is it internal disease? Is it external fungi? No; the cause is starvation. Every other pet is expected to eat, but these gold carp are expected to subsist on—nothing! "But don't they eat the animalculæ?" Nonsense! Give them a few small earth-worms, or anglers' gentles, twice a week, and to prevent the necessity of frequently changing the water, throw in a handful of Anacharis (water-weed), and instead of floating in succession "on their watery bier," they will get plump and healthy, and grow as rapidly as in their native waters. Some of our gold fish have been in our possession seven years, and have increased in size three times what they were originally.—*Recreative Science.*

THE ASP.—Vaucanson invented for the performance of Marmontel's Cleopatra an asp which fastened itself with a hiss on the bosom of the actress who played the principal character. On the first performance of the tragedy, a jester, more struck by the hissing of the automaton than by the beauty of the tragedienne, exclaimed, "I am of the asp's opinion!"

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

MADAME GUEYMARD LAUTERS,

OF THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PARIS.

The accompanying portrait is an excellent likeness of Madame Gueymard Lauters, of the Imperial Academy of Music, Paris. She is a handsome woman, with a fine and carefully cultivated voice, and is an excellent actress. She distinguished herself recently by her performance of Juliet, in Bellini's opera of Romeo and Juliet, the part of Romeo being assigned to Vestvali, so well remembered here in Boston. The latter made a striking impression on their boards since public. They say that so fine a the beauty of the Grecian type, while Sclavonic. The opera in performers appeared is not a new was played in Italy in 1830. Bellini very young then, and had just left school. He then possessed what he derived from nature the faculty of discovering melodies, tender, delicate, full of unction, of charm, and of supreme elegance. He had not acquired deep thought and energetic expression. In this respect a wide difference separates "Romeo and Juliet" from "Norma." There is also a great difference between the instrumentation of the "Montaques and Capulets" (for that was its original title), and "I Puritani," the only one of his works in which he has shown a certain skill in the art of grouping of instruments. Still the opera contains much agreeable and original music.

MADAME GUEYMARD LAUTERS.

HINDOO MONEY-CHANGER.

In this country we have but a very faint conception of the sharp economy practised by the great mass of the population of India—that is to say, the poorer classes, whose scanty means of subsistence render the question of monetary exchange and expenditure one of the greatest moment. As the value of the rupee is constantly fluctuating, it is necessary, in order to get a satisfactory rate of exchange, to apply to the potedar, or money-changer, whose business is so essentially a distinct trade or caste that the small shopkeepers refuse change on the simple ground that by so doing they would be acting out of their caste or profession (for the terms in most cases are synonymous). The money-changer is, consequently, an important personage in every community, however small. The average value of the rupee is 48 cents, and is first changed into copper, sixty-four pisa (more or less, according to the current tariff) being the result. These pisa are again changed into the small shell or cowry money, each pisa producing sixty-four cowries, and each cowry is convertible to supply some necessity of life. That heap of shells which the poor man has received in exchange for his rupee will be carefully husbanded, for it is destined to supply the wants of its possessor, and perhaps a household, for a month, and, incredible as it may seem, may even afford some degree of luxury besides. A few shells go daily for salt, some for cloves, pepper, cardamoms, a small quantity of ghee (butter), and rice, the last being the important item. This bill of fare never varies; circumstances admit of no choice in the matter; it is the extreme point of economy at which existence can be sustained in any degree of health. Although these remarks refer to the poorest classes, it should be borne in mind that they form the great bulk of the population, and such facts assist us in forming some notion of the difficulty of dealing with the question of taxing a people so poor and driven to the last shift of economy. Our illustration affords a characteristic idea of a Gowan Potedar, or Village Money-Changer; in towns and cities the class is a numerous one, and the trade in rupee-changing brisk and profitable

MESMERISM.

The Union Magnétique, French paper, publishes the following account of the effect of mesmerism on the growth of plants. M. Seydel having planted in a box two rose-trees of the same species and similar size, and each three years old, and having placed them in a window with a southern aspect, he mesmerised one of them every day, and watered it with mesmerised water; the other was not mesmerized, and was watered with ordinary water. At the end of three weeks the mesmerised rose-tree had eighteen fine roses, and greatly exceeded its neighbor in size and vigor; upon the other tree only a few partly-opened buds were to be seen. The same mesmerist made a similar experiment upon two night-shades which had been planted at the same time in the same mould and in a similar aspect to that of the rose-trees. Seeing that one of these appeared drooping and backward, while the other was in vigorous health, he immediately began to mesmerise the sickly plant by means of mesmerised water, as well as directly, while the other plant was watered with common water only. At the end of a fortnight M. Seydel saw with satisfaction that the formerly drooping nightshade had grown to the height of 18 inches, while the other was only 10 inches high; the root of the former was found to be 4 inches long, while that of the latter was only 2 inches. Lastly, the flowers of the nightshade which had not been mesmerised were far from being as numerous, and having as fine a color as those of the plant which had been so treated. Another instance of the effect of mesmerism on plants is that of two geraniums, one of which was withered, and had never more than one single leaf, which was no sooner formed than it faded and fell off, while the other plant was constantly green and vigorous. The withering plant was mesmerised, and after a few days it had several leaves, and, moreover, it produced flowers sooner than the other which had not been sickly.

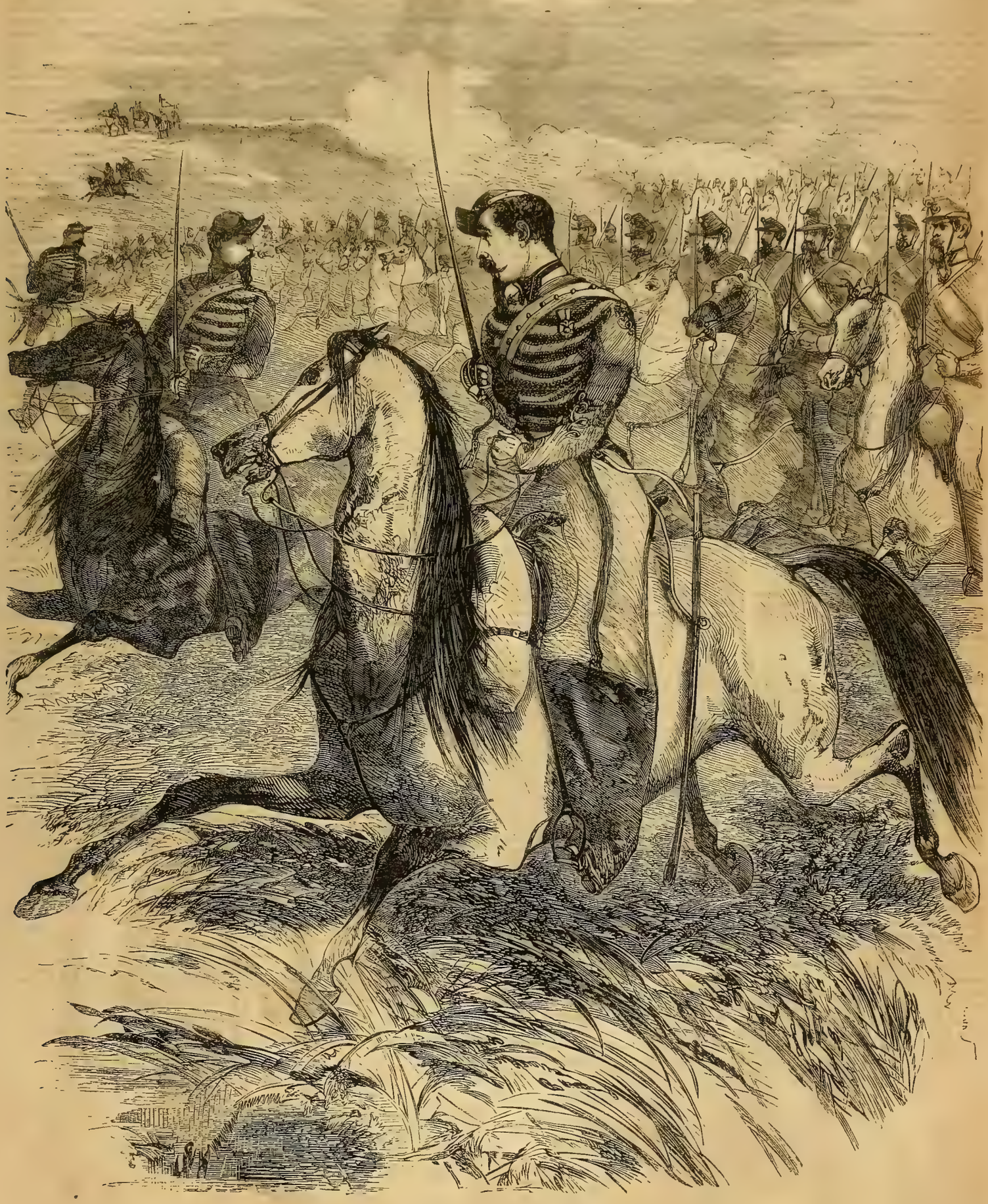
TRAVELLING IN ASIA MINOR.

There is by no means a scarcity of vermin in Asia Minor, and as every town and village, and every particular locality, has its peculiar annoyance the best way is to take a course of lessons in the bearing of them with submission. The noviciate will be divided into a septagon of trials. When you can see unmoved and feel even pleased to watch one or two dozen of lizards running about in your tent, the initial trial is over. When you can bear twenty or thirty mosquito bites upon your proboscis, and not feel afraid of the swelling, and can even appreciate all the time how beautifully their fine hums are drawn out, you are at the end of your second lesson. When you can eat your dinner contentedly, although thousands of ants surround it, and even eat a few occasionally, and when you will not rise up from the table any sooner, although you know that your legs are acting as a mechanical conductor to the swarm, the third item of your diploma is signed. When you can, without a shudder, take up a black centipede or two, and politely throw him out of the doorway with the feelingly pronounced benediction of Uncle Toby in Sterne, you have overcome your fourth trial. When you can see upon your person the hairy, yellow tarantula minus an involuntary scream, and quietly put the three-inched deadly spider under your feet, the fifth corner of your septagon of trials has been rounded off. When you can feel amused even whilst destroying a nest of scorpions, and can dedicate all your presence of mind to sending them satisfactorily Hadesward, item six is overcome. And when you can lie unmoved in the dark of your tent at night, and feel a snake, for the tenth time, gliding over your coverlet, the seven vials are emptied.

THE HINDOO MONEY-CHANGER.

CAPTAIN JEROME BONAPARTE.

The principal figure in the accompanying spirited sketch is Captain Jerome Bonaparte, of the Chasseurs d' Afrique, the most dashing body of cavalry in the French service. They are mounted on Arab horses, are composed of picked men, and have done good service in Africa, in the Crimea, and in Italy. Captain Bonaparte (he has since been breveted major) distinguished himself greatly at Solferino, where he commanded a squadron, and by his skillful manœuvres and gallantry, held the enemy's cavalry, far superior in numbers, in check. This young man is an American, and is the grandson of Jerome, the youngest brother of Napoleon I. Jerome commenced his career in the French army. On a cruise in 1803 he visited New York, and proceeding to Baltimore, became enamored of Miss Elizabeth Patterson and married her. Napoleon, however, who coveted princely alliances for his house, disapproved of this marriage, and declared it null and void. The young wife, who sailed for Europe to rejoin her husband, was not permitted to set foot on French soil. She remained for a time in England, and while there her son was born. Her marriage with Jerome having been dissolved, she returned to the United States, where she has since continued to reside, and where her son married. His son, the Captain Bonaparte of our sketch, was educated at West Point, and served for a time in our army with the rank of lieutenant. Some time before the breaking out of the Crimean war he went to Paris, and met with a warm reception from his cousin, the emperor. Inducements were held out to him to enter the French service, and he accordingly did so. Immediate employment was given him in the East, where he displayed the gallantry and military genius of his race, and was rewarded with the cross of the Legion of Honor. The Italian war gave him other opportunities of distinguishing himself, which he eagerly embraced. He has by no means orgotten the land of his birth, and old American friends who meet him in France have no occasion to complain of coolness and *hauteur* on his part. He may be destined to play a conspicuous part in French history hereafter.



CAPTAIN JEROME BONAPARTE.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ella M., Rochester, N. Y.—To clean gold ornaments—dissolve a little sal ammoniac in spirits of wine, and wash the gold in it; or, try the following method: mix some jeweller's rouge with a little salad oil, and with a tooth brush rub the ornament till perfectly clean. Then wash it in warm soap and water with a clean brush, and dry it with wash leather.

Reader, Gloucester, Mass.—The Duke of Wellington never had a personal interview with Napoleon I.

Amateur.—The mouldings of picture frames are made of plaster of Paris. It is an art to be learnt, and not a process to be accomplished in a moment.

"Tufts."—Queen Victoria's surname is Guelph; that of Prince Albert is Busici.

Miss G. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We have at last succeeded in meeting with the following receipt for preparing tracing-paper: Rub the paper with a mixture of equal parts of oil of turpentine and nut oil, and dry it immediately by rubbing it with wheat flour. Then hang it on a line for twenty-four hours. If washed over with ox-gall, and dried, it will admit of being written on with ink; or water-colors may be used.

B. C.—Never use slang expressions in your compositions. Punch very happily calls slang the "wit of the witless."

N. G., Chelsea.—Both peaches and apricots are natives of Persia; they were brought into Europe by the Romans. They were first introduced into England for cultivation in the year 1524, by Henry the Eighth's gardener.

"Yankee," Bangor, Me.—"Cadet" is a French word, and signifies younger brother, or, in feudal language, one without any means of maintaining himself.

Pupil.—Edward the Sixth died a natural death at the palace of Greenwich. There were suspicions of his having been poisoned, but they had as much foundation as the absurd story of the murder of the princes in the Tower by order of that maligned monarch, Richard III.

C. F.—The Pagodas of China are religious temples and never used as domestic dwellings. They are frequently ornamented with bells at every corner of their numerous roofs, sometimes to the number of a hundred and fifty, which are kept perpetually ringing by every sweep of the wind. They are also decorated with an equal number of the gayest lanterns, shedding a brilliant illumination on the scene.

Subscriber.—The Hotel de Villa was a building originally erected by the Municipality of Paris in 1351, on the site of a mansion belonging to King Philip Augustus. The first stone of the present edifice was laid in 1533. The greater part of the structure was built in the reign of Henry II., and it was finished in the reign of Henry IV. The bronze equestrian statue of Henry IV., which now crowns the central doorway, is of recent date, the statue which originally occupied that place being destroyed during the first revolution.

IMAGINARY INVALIDS.

There are invalids enough in our midst, goodness knows, but if all who are really healthy knew themselves to be so, there would be fewer M. Ds. living in comfortable style, and fewer quacks driving four-in-hand and inhabiting palatial residences. A large portion of the clients of these legitimate and illegitimate practitioners of the healing art, are only victims of a morbid fancy. They take to their beds on the slightest pretext, refuse to be comforted, insist upon being doctored, and perhaps, in the end, get up a very creditable case of acute disease.

The uneasiness of an overloaded stomach which would pass away with abstinence from a single meal, or a brisk walk in the open air, is a sufficient excuse for the sufferer retiring from the world, giving himself up for lost, and surrendering himself to a course of boluses, and pills, and draughts, and all the annoyances of a sick room. In vain the regular practitioner, after feeling the patient's pulse, examining his protruded tongue, poking him in the ribs, and eavesdropping at his breast-pin, declares that nothing serious is the matter with him. Our *malade imaginaire* resents the assertion as an insult. *He* ought to know, surely. The doctor is an ass. He need not repeat his visit. A quack is called. The quack goes through the same manipulations as his predecessor, but instead of smiling, he looks grave. His smiles at the prospect of a prodigious bill extending over the services of many months, from a part of the lining of his coat-sleeve. Externally he is as solemn as a mute at a funeral. Corroborating all the morbid fancies of the hypochondriac, confirming his baseless suppositions, humoring all his fancies, he does the victim exceedingly brown, and happy is it for the latter if the supple administrator of nauseous drugs does not supply the undertaker who drives the hearse with the pair of fast horses, with a profitable job.

One prolific cause of the imaginary illnesses which make such trouble, is the skimming of professional books by non-professional men, cursory readers, not amateur students. We know more than one worthy citizen who has come to grief by taking a medical journal and owning a medical dictionary. A friend of ours is a great dipper into these forbidden mysteries, and as he manipulates his own doses, and is not very familiar with apothecaries' signs and Latin abbreviations, he often makes some fatal mistakes. The other day he informed us confidentially that the left lobe of his lungs was gone, that he had a touch of sciatica, was slightly affected with *tic douloureux*, and enjoyed premonitory symptoms of intermittent fever. Chancing to look into the last number of his favorite medical journal, we found that cases of the above disorders were the theme of learned articles therein, and we were at no loss to perceive the source of the infection.

These unhappy individuals ought to be put under guardianship. There are times when a guardian, armed with authority to make an auto-da fe of forbidden scientific works, might save a victim's life. The moral of our lecture is—never fancy yourself sick, never brood over details of diseases, if you are not qualifying yourself for an M. D., and if you are really sick, send for a regular physician, and "beware of quacks"—a warning, by the way, always used by quacks in their advertisements.

THE LATE BENJAMIN A. GOULD.

Benjamin Apthorp Gould, whose death on the 24th of last month carried sorrow into a wide circle, was the son of a soldier of the Revolution, was born in Newburyport in 1786, and was consequently seventy-three years of age at the time of his decease. While fitting for college, he taught school in Newburyport. He was educated at Harvard and graduated in 1814, President Walker, Samuel D. Bradford, Doctor Greenwood and William H. Prescott, being among his classmates. For many years Mr. Gould was principal of the Public Latin School in this city, and, as one of his pupils, we can testify to his fidelity to his charge. A fine classical scholar, he was a strict disciplinarian, and pupils trained by him were taught habits of accuracy and application never eradicated. His edition of Adam's Latin Grammar was for many years a standard, and his Virgil took high rank. After a long service, he resigned his office as a teacher and engaged in the India trade. During his mercantile life of a quarter of a century, his course was marked by energy, honor and success, maintaining the proverbial high character of a true Boston merchant. In private life he was beloved, and as a citizen, his manliness, directness, benevolence, and other good qualities, earned him an honorable reputation. The deceased was a brother of Miss Hannah F. Gould, the poetess and father of Doctor Gould, so distinguished for his scientific attainments.

HENRY FUSELI.

This singular man, whose name is so honorably associated with British art, was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, probably in 1741. His father was John Caspar Fuessli, and Henry was the second son in a family of eighteen children. He became a splendid scholar and a remarkable linguist, but after pursuing the then ill-paid career of literature in England for a time, he abandoned it for painting. Though his imagination surpassed the powers of his expression, he is still entitled to honorable mention as an artist. He was so fond of wild and terrific subjects that his brethren of the Royal Academy called him "Painter in Ordinary to Satan." His biting wit, like Jerrold's, made him many enemies, and yet, though sarcastic and irritable, he was honest and loyal.

He always spoke frankly what he felt. One day Sir Thomas Lawrence was discoursing on what he called the "historic grandeur" of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and contrasting him with Titian and Raffælle. Fuseli kindled up—"Blasstation! you will drive me mad—Reynolds and Raffælle!—a dwarf and a giant! Why will you waste all your fine words?" With this he rose and left the room, muttering something about a tempest in a pint pot.

As keeper of the Royal Academy, he was liked by the students, in spite of his temper and his sharp hits. A student one day held up his drawing and said:

"Here, sir, I have finished it without using a crumb of bread."

"All the worse for your drawing," said Fuseli. "Buy a two penny loaf and rub it all out."

"What do you see, sir?" he said one day, to a student who, with his pencil in his hand and his drawing before him, was gazing into vacancy.

"Nothing, sir," was the answer.

"Nothing! young man," said the keeper, emphatically. "Then I tell you that you ought to see *something*—you ought to see distinctly the true image of what you are trying to draw. I see the vision of all I paint, and I wish to Heaven I could paint up to what I see."

He loved especially to exercise his wit upon Northcote. He looked on his friend's painting of the Angel meeting Balaam and his Ass. "How do you like it?" asked the painter "Vastly, Northcote," returned Fuseli. "You are not an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel."

He rarely spared any one, and on Nollekens he was frequently merciless; he disliked him for his close and parsimonious nature, and rarely failed to hit him. Once, at the table of Mr. Coutts, the banker, Mrs. Coutts, dressed like Morgiana, came dancing in, presenting her dagger at every breast. As she confronted the sculptor, Fuseli called out, "Strike, strike! there's no danger. Nolly was never known to bleed!"

One day a painter who had been a student under the keepership of Wilton, called and said, "The students, sir, don't draw so well now as they did under Joe Wilton." "Very true," replied Fuseli. "Anybody may draw here, let him draw ever so badly—*you* may draw here if you please." Art-gossip is rich with anecdotes respecting this singular man.

DEATH OF ROBERT STEPHENSON.

Our foreign despatches announce the death of Robert Stephenson, the celebrated engineer. He was born in 1803, and has died at the comparatively early age of 56 years. After receiving his education at Edinburgh, he served a two years' apprenticeship as an engineer under his father, at Newcastle, and then made an expedition to Venezuela to explore the silver mines. On his return to England, in 1828, the subject of railways beginning to receive considerable attention, he won the prize of £500 offered for the best locomotive, which should consume its own smoke, weigh no more than six tons, and draw a train of twenty tons at a rate of ten miles an hour. Subsequently the principal railroads of England and Scotland were built under his superintendence, and he also visited Belgium and Norway, having been sent for to advise as to the best systems of railroad lines in those countries. His principal works are the tubular bridges over the Conway, at the Castle, and the Menai, at the Britannia Rock. He had been a member of parliament, having been returned as a Conservative and a Protectionist.

The Hospitals of Brescia.—It appears from a statistical account published at Brescia, that the thirty-seven hospitals of that town received after the battle of Solferino 32,916 wounded, viz: 17,345 French, 13,959 Italians, and 1612 Austrians; 26,038 have recovered; 1723 have died—that is, about one in eleven. This tends to show that the accounts which had been circulated of the bad management of the hospitals at Brescia are entirely unfounded.

A rare Chance.—Our citizens have now an opportunity to supply themselves with all the choice publications of the day *at cost*, for a period of one month, by calling at No. 13 Winter Street. Mr. A. K. Loring is reducing his elegant and very heavy stock of books previous to removal, and hence an opportunity that may not again occur for years. Every work worthy a place in the library may be found as above.

Old Pensioner.—The oldest pensioner at the Chelsea Hospital, England is in his 105th year. Excepting that he is unable to feed himself, his powers and faculties are remarkable; his sight, hearing, memory, etc, are good, and he is able to walk without the aid of a stick.

Rather Hibernian.—An Irish paper, describing the Talking Fish, on exhibition in London, says, "it is quite a *rara avis*." This bull, Punch thinks is Irish all over—a combination of Fish, Flesh and Fowl.

The Top of his Profession.—If we were asked what physician stood at the top of his profession, we should say it was the gentleman who attended "patients on a monument."

Very Burglarious.—A Rochester burglar recently entered a house in that city, and robbed a lady of her false teeth valued at $120.

Appointment.—The president has appointed his nephew, James Buchanan, a young lawyer of Philadelphia, his private secretary.

Discontent.—There is no banquet but some dislike something in it.

ANECDOTES OF QUIN.

Quin, the great English actor, was as famous for his wit as for his histrionic abilities; but his wit was rarely good-natured. A gentleman of Bath, very diminutive and very dull, was extremely fond of being with Quin, and once, when the latter was going to ride in a carriage, begged to accompany him. "No," said Quin, "you are too dull." But as the little gentleman was importunate—"Well," said the actor, "get in—get in. If any accident happens, you will serve as a *linch-pin*."

Dining one day at a public ordinary, where there was a rude and furious struggle among the guests to get at the dishes, Quin said, "Gentlemen, if ever I dine at an ordinary again, I will have basket-handled knives." On a similar occasion, when one of the company had helped himself to a very large piece of bread, Quin stretched out his hand to get hold of it. The person to whom it belonged prevented him, saying: "Sir, that is my bread." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied Quin, "I took it for the loaf." Another time, at dinner, a gentleman who had helped himself to a large quantity of pudding, said: "Mr. Quin, let me recommend this pudding to you." "With all my heart," said Quin, looking at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish; "but which is the pudding?"

Quin was apt to make too long pauses when he wished to give weight to particular passages. When he was performing Horatio in the "Fair Penitent," and was challenged by Lothario to meet him the following morning "a mile among the rocks," Quin paused so long before he replied, "I'll meet thee there," that a man in the gallery bawled out: "Zounds! don't keep the gentleman waiting. Give him an answer, whether you will or no."

Quin was once annoyed by a very effeminate coxcomb in a coffee-room at Bath, who looked at him steadily, and observing that Quin frowned on him, asked the waiter, in a whisper, "Who is that *man*?" Quin, overhearing him, roared out: "Waiter, what is that *thing*?" "Sir Edward Stanton's son," said the waiter. "It's false, you dog," said Quin, "it's his *daughter*."

Quin was once invited by Mrs. Clive to stay a few days with her at Strawberry Hill. Having walked round her garden, she asked him if he had noticed the pond, a most diminiutive bit of water. "Yes, Kitty," said he, "I saw the wash-bowl—but not a bit of soap."

When Quin was once delivering the speech of Jacques, in "As You Like It," describing the "Seven Ages," an effeminate man who performed Amicus, regardless of the speech, sat upon the very edge of the bench in the banquet-scene, and overturned it, falling himself to the ground. Quin, turning indignantly to the prostrate coxcomb, exclaimed: "Confound it, *madam!* can't you *sit* on your side saddle?"

Precept and Practice.—"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son, one morning. "So I did," said Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye. "Ah! what was it, darling?" and the father's fingers ran through his offspring's curls. "Why, I walloped Jack Edwards till he yelled like blue blazes. You should just have heard him holler, dad." The father looked unhappy while he explained to him that the precept did not apply to an act like that.

Dumas's Method of Composing.—"I generally," says Hans Christian Andersen, "found the jovial Alexander Dumas in bed, even long after midday; here he lay with paper, pen and ink, and wrote his new drama. I found him thus one day; he nodded kindly to me, and said, 'sit down a minute; I have just now a visit from my muse; she will be going directly.' He wrote on, spoke aloud, shouted a *vivat*, sprang out of bed and said, 'the third act is finished.'"

A sure Thing.—It is a proverb in Jefferson county, New York, that snow always falls at Sackett's Harbor on the 19th of October, and an old gentleman in that county wins money annually on a bet to that effect.

Ailanthus Trees.—The mayor of Georgetown has directed the removal of the ailanthus trees from the streets of that town, having been declared a nuisance by the municipal ordinance.

Good Business.—Strawberry raising has come to be vastly profitable in the vicinity of Boston. It is now better understood than ever before.

A FIRE-PROOF DESK.*

It is seldom we venture to give room in our columns for remarks upon any one of the mechanical inventions that are daily springing into existence around us; but we are occasionally tempted to notice an article, which, from its novelty, simplicity and usefulness, we believe our readers would be interested to know of, and with us to wonder that we had not thought of the same thing, "it is so simple." Who ever thought of a Fire-Proof Desk? Who might not have thought of a writing desk in a fire-proof safe? Most certainly *we* did not, simple as it is. And the lucky minds that did think of it are the young and enterprising proprietors of the Marland's Patent Safe, which, coupled with the conveniences of this Desk Safe, most assuredly give this article a clear title to be called the *multum in parvo* in its line.

This Desk Safe is especially designed to accommodate gentlemen's private uses, either for their offices or houses. When for the former, it also accommodates a copying-press on the top, and has abundant room for books, pigeon-holes for files, drawers, etc. When for house use, it can be so arranged as to furnish room for silver ware, forks, spoons, together with space for papers of value, and can be so designed as to match the furniture of a library or other room it may be placed in. For treasurers of corporations, professional gentlemen, and brokers' offices, from its compactness and convenience, it presents the most desirable qualities of any article that has presented itself to us this many a day.

These desks are not limited to any size or form. They can be made so as to furnish as large or as small desk room or surface as any person may wish to have, either for a sit-down or stand-up desk; and its solidity and firmness are as reliable as a writing desk in any form. This notice would be incomplete were we not to mention that the Marland's Patent Fire-Proof Safe, owned and manufactured by Messrs. M. B. Bigelow and Anson Hardy, at 32 School Street, Boston, is the safe of the latest and most valuable patent extant, and has received the scientific and practical tests that demonstrate its superiorities over all others. We advise such of our readers as wish to see or purchase a safe, to examine these safes before they buy elsewhere.

* See our advertising columns for an illustration representing this new invention.

THE TOILET COMPANION—is the name by which Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., at Boston, designate the neat and convenient case in which the famous chemists and perfumers put up their superior preparations for toilet use, viz., "Kalliston," "Cocoaine," "Oriental Tooth Wash," and "Florimel." *Kalliston* is an article the ladies always regard as an indispensable preparation for promoting the healthy condition of the skin and beautifying the complexion. The *Cocoaine*, containing a large proportion of cocoanut oil, imparts to the hair a glossy appearance, invigorates it, and gives it a healthy growth. The *Oriental Tooth Wash* arrests decay of the teeth, cures canker, hardens the gums, and imparts fragrance to the breath. *Florimel* is a delicate and enduring perfume, of exquisite odor, and so pure as not to discolor the lightest fabric. These preparations are not only of approved usefulness, and all that they profess to be, but also remarkable for a delicacy of perfume and healthy purity, very seldom met with in articles which are sold at such moderate prices.—*Louisville Democrat.*

DIX & EVANS.—This firm, who have lately occupied their elegant new store, No. 27 Winter Street, nearly opposite to our office, have the best stock of ladies' and gent's furnishing goods to be found in Boston. Their stock of Hosiery is especially remarkable for its great variety and excellence of manufacture.

"THE DEATH TOUCH."—This is the title of a most vivid and intensely interesting novelette now publishing in *The Flag of our Union.* For sale at all of the periodical depots at *four cents* per copy.

A CONSOLATION.—The Chinese say that there is a well of wisdom at the root of every gray hair. How about the people who die their craniums black? Eh, Mr. Bogle?

GOLD PAVING STONES.—Gold has been found in some of the cobble stones brought from the mining district east of Sacramento to pave the streets of San Francisco.

DON QUIXOTTE.—Wise man, that immense Brown, at Harper's Ferry, who attacked the whole United States with twenty-two men!

NEW OCEAN TELEGRAPH CABLES.

Messrs. Thomas Lewis and J. B. Alexander, M. D., have applied to England for a patent for a new mode of laying sub-marine telegraph cables in deep water. One of the greatest difficulties encountered in laying these cables in very deep water is the strain upon the great length of cable running out of the ship, which operates to produce a fracture or some other important derangement in the progress of the work. The gentlemen who have applied for this patent claim that by the method of attaching hollow tin box floats at certain distances along the cable, it can be laid without strain and without danger of fracture, or any derangement of a cable properly made and tested as a conductor of electricity. The tin boxes have a small aperture in the top for the passage of air, and another in the bottom to let in the water slowly. It is proposed to attach the boxes to the cable by loop lines, at distances of 100 feet, more or less, as may be deemed necessary, and guaged in size so as to adequately support the weight of the cable, allowing it to sink gradually as the boxes fill. In this way it is supposed there will only be the weight of 50 feet of the cable on the ship at any time.

FRENCH FINANCES.

The Paris correspondent of the Traveller informs us that financial people are not altogether satisfied with the present condition of the Paris Bourse, with its 770,000,000f. loans made this *last twelvemonth* (520 for the Italian war, and 250 for railway bonds), with the 400,000,000f. the railways will require the coming twelve-months, while 640,000,000f. in specie are in the vaults of, and 200,000,000 sleep on private account at the Bank of France. And at the same time there have been issued since 1854, 2,000,000,000f. of three per cent. government securities and 2,000,000,000f. shares and bonds of joint stock companies. Many people think that the wind that will a little sooner or a little later blow Louis Napoleon and his throne away, will blow from Place de la Bouse. A whole army of Pretorian Guards will avail nothing against such a tempest. It is as no new secret to you that all this issue of paper rests solely on credit, for France, with all its hoarding, *is poor*, and when the mob comes (he has introduced the mob on change), they will clamor, "Take back yer printed paper and give us our money again!"

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS.—Of course all persons would be very glad to do this, and therefore we recommend them to use, at this trying season of our New England climate, that which we know to be an excellent and efficacious article of medicine. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which will cure coughs, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest that fell destroyer, consumption, does more than our physicians can possibly do by the old modes of treatment. A single bottle, used according to the directions, will convince any one. The genuine has written on the wrapper, "I. Butts," and is sold throughout the country by all respectable druggists.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.—Messrs. Ladd & Webster's Sewing Machine is taking the first premium at the State and county fairs all over the country. This being the endorsement of practical men, and as in distinction to all other sewing machines, is far more significant than any editorial notice can be. But our readers know, as we have told them, that we have one of these favorite machines in our own family, and having tested it thoroughly, and knowing its remarkable excellence, we feel particularly gratified to see that it is so universally appreciated and endorsed.

GENERAL TWIGGS.—Major-General David E. Twiggs, United States Army, has been granted leave of absence for twelve months, with permission to go beyond the United States.

CRINOLINE.—No less than one hundred different patents for crinoline and steel hoops have been registered since this ruinous fashion came into favor, in France alone.

SKATERS.—The Ice King has touched our waters with his rod, and the skaters are on the *qui vive.* Be cautious, now!

BAD.—The supreme court of Rhode Island has eighty-three petitions for divorce before it.

HANDY.—They have a steam carriage that runs on ordinary roads in France.

Wayside Gatherings.

There are seven revolutionary soldiers still living in Maine.

It is said that 300 horses are annually killed in Hanover for consumption by the eaters of horseflesh.

Dr. Benjamin Barrett, of Northampton, has given $1000 towards the erection of the college gymnasium at Amherst.

Table Rock, once so conspicuous at Niagara Falls, has quite disappeared, and the face of Goat Island has also much retreated.

Lord Palmerston, though 74 years of age, handles a billiard cue like a master, and makes excellent shots without the aid of glasses.

Great activity exists among the Erie canal boats in bringing flour and grain from the West. Everything that can float is brought into requisition.

Austin Avery, of Windham, Ct., has a pumpkin vine in his garden 1328 feet in length, which has produced sixty pumpkins, averaging nine inches in diameter.

The receipts of flour in St. Louis this year have been 200,000 barrels less than last, notwithstanding the abundant harvest. The decrease in the receipts of wheat is over 400,000 bushels.

The number of fever patients at Houston, Texas, is so great, that the want of good nurses is severely felt. It is almost impossible to find nurses for the sick, although five dollars a day is freely given for even ordinary ones.

A new order has just been established at Indianapolis, styled the "Independent Order of Exquisites." The regalia consists of a meerschaum pipe, a pair of gold spectacles, yellow kid gloves, and a piece of white satin.

In cutting up a large elephant's tusk in Cincinnati, a few days ago, a bullet was found imbedded in the ivory. From indications understood by ivory workers the lead must have been carried in the tusk for some thirty years.

Paper money was first made by Massachusetts in 1690; by Connecticut, 1709; Pennsylvania, 1723; Maryland, 1740; Rhode Island, 1744—and in 1759 almost every province issued paper currency. It was first issued by Congress in 1775.

Mrs. Tynan, of Cincinnati found a burglar in her house, and attempted to detain him, whereupon he fired a pistol at her and ran into the street. Here he shot Mr. George Ballinger, who tried to arrest him, but he was finally captured.

Legislators make queer mistakes. In creating the new county of Wilcox in Georgia, the Legislature forgot to attach it to some Congressional District, and the inhabitants are therefore without a representative in the national councils.

Two trained elephants, Victoria and Albert, recently escaped from their keeper in Sacramento, and helped themselves to such delicacies as they could find in the saloons and streets. They were eventually rescued by their keeper without doing further harm.

John Seylas, a citizen of Rochester, had a violent quarrel with his wife because of her refusal to sign a mortgage deed. She went out to make inquiries, and soon returned with an intention to comply with his wishes. But in the meantime he had committed suicide.

The message of the Governor of Tennessee shows the receipt of the State Treasury for the year ending October 1, to have been $1,848,094, and the expenditures $1,704,287. Balance now on hand, $180,303. The total indebtedness of the State is $3,844,606.

A few days ago a Meriden gentleman was robbed of his pocket-book in the New Haven depot. He caught the fellow; and his confederate coming up, announced himself as a policeman, and took the thief into custody and walked off with him.

Chickens of a new breed, called "Ecliptendean," have been introduced into this country. Instead of feathers, they are covered with fine hair like that of lap-dogs, very white, soft and beautiful, and have curious red ornaments on their heads.

A full length statue of Washington, clothed in Masonic regalia, is now in New York. It was executed by Hiram Powers, to the order of the Fredericksburg Lodge, Virginia, in which Washington was initiated, passed and raised. Its cost was $6000.

Several hundred postmasters have already notified Lieutenant Ives that they have placed boxes within their offices for the reception of contributions for the completion of the Washington Monument. From some offices returns for the first month have been received. The city of Lynn, Mass., stands at the head of the list, having contributed $46.

Alexander Lang, of Green township, Indiana county, lately had his leg broken by a log, which was being placed upon a heap for burning. The bone was set, and in a few hours afterwards he fell into a deep sleep, from which all efforts to wake him had failed, and in which he continued for three days, at the end of which he died. It was a most singular case.

"A statistical account," says the Patrie, "furnishes the curious and significant fact that during the time that the French troops occupied the Italian peninsula, less than three months, there were more marriages contracted between Frenchmen and Italian women than had taken place between the latter and Austrians during the space of twenty years.

Sands of Gold.

.... Metaphysics are the anatomy of the soul. —*De Boufflers.*

.... Few things are positively true, but only relatively and measurably so.—*Bovee.*

.... A true and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance without the least sense of it.—*Sir Richard Steele.*

.... To show yourself irresolute, is to endow your enemy with confidence. We take courage in beholding a feebleness which is greater than our own.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... The laws of the Swiss are rigid, but they have the pleasure of making them themselves; and he who is hanged for their violation, has the pleasure of seeing his servant in his execution. —*De Boufflers.*

.... What passes for good luck is often rather the present results of previous good sense—the fruition now of past but unobserved labors—the springing up in one season of seed sown in another.—*Bovee.*

.... A conviction of one's own inferiority soon prompts a thorough search into the weaknesses of the superior. There is nothing that the slave sooner learns than the faults of his master.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... What is done from habit is done without reflection and without recollection. This explains why we are so little able to give the reasons for our past career, or revive a remembrance of its incidents.—*Bovee.*

.... My experience makes me an enemy alike to premature marriage and to distant engagements. The first adds to our individual cares the responsibility for the beloved and helpless pledges of our affections, and the last are liable to the most cruel disappointments.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

.... If men could find the fabled mountain that is said to restore youth and health and beauty, with what eagerness they would rush to drink its waters. Yet with scarcely less eagerness do they now rush to drink of waters that bring upon them premature old age and disease, and loathsome ugliness.—*Dewey.*

.... A woman will never acknowledge to a defeat. You may conquer her, you may bring her on her knees—you may wave over her head the very flag of victory—but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten—in the same way that there are Frenchmen who will not admit to the present day that they lost the battle of Waterloo.—*Rochefoucauld.*

Joker's Budget.

The winds are responsible for many an unlucky blow.

A "Taper Waste"—Burning the candle at both ends.

The empire of the French is surrounded with *Paris*-ites.

Creditors and poor relations never call at the right moment.

What is the best to prevent old maids from despairing? Pairing.

A dentist at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

There is but one way to deal with a serpent, that is to kill it or let it slide.

Too much rain is as bad for vegetation as too little; it operates as a check-rain.

La, Mr. Smith, what makes your hair so red? Ma's got some stuff that turns hers such a jolly black.

We like steamboat officers and hate rascals; but we will always thank both alike to give us a "*wide berth.*"

Why do people talk about feeling doubts in their own mind? Where else could they be expected to feel them.

If the alphabet were alive, why would you find it difficult to kill it? Because you couldn't put the letter B out of "Being."

A fat man lost his appetite the other day, and the unlucky finder being a poor man with a large family, it ruined him in less than a fortnight.

There is a man in town so witty that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wiggin?" Mr. Wiggin, hesitatingly, "I really don't know, miss, I never recollect attending one."

If the old maxim is true, that the law takes no account of small matters, it must take precious little account of many who pretend to administer it.

A correspondent, who signs herself "Sophia," says that woman is twice as good as man, and proves it thus by the very orthography—W-o-m-a n—double you, O man!

"I am going to *raise* a pig-sty," said Brown, and he straightway built one up. "I am going to *raze* a pig-sty," said Jenkins, and he straightway knocked one down.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me or you'll set me on fire." "No danger of that," replied the girl, "you are too green to burn!"

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SUPPLICATION.

BY M. T. CALDER.

O, Father! weary with earth's grief and cares,
Stumbling and fainting on my way,
To Thee I come for strength to help me bear
Serenely patient through my day.

O, breathe thy peace into my troubled soul,
Thine arm of strength around me throw,
Thine angel send the heavy stone to roll,
The risen Lord of Life to show.

Close to my Saviour's breast, my weary head
In loving trust would safely lie;
My sinking soul would fain with grace be fed,
With heavenly manna from on high.

Peace, Faith and Trust—for these I lift my prayer—
Send down the messenger divine!
So shall my drooping heart revive, and wear
Joy's fadeless smile through shade or shine!

THE MAIDEN'S LEAP.

One of the most remarkable mountains, both for grandeur of scenery and romantic associations, not only in Germany but in all Europe, is the rocky mountain of Oybin, not far from the town of Zittau. Its sides are shaggy with gray and broken rocks, and shadowed by dark firs, intermingled with the lighter foliage of the birch. Venerable monuments, defaced and crumbling from the effects of time, but majestic in their hoariness, are scattered about the old burial ground on its summit, and the ruins of the Cœlestine convent are still to be seen, as well as of the Robbers' Castle, in old times a terror to all the surrounding country. It is now completely destroyed, if it ever existed; but tales are still told among the people of the occasional apparition of a monk in the ancient mansion in Zittau, where the subterranean passage was said to terminate; and it has been credibly maintained, that sometimes at midnight a procession of monks may be seen upon the mountain moving toward the desolate chapel, where they perform religious service at that silent and mysterious hour.

The traveller will find his imagination sensibly ected by the influence of these singular tradi-ns. He will linger with an interest beyond at of mere curiosity, by the massive chair and bed of state on which Charles IV. is said to have reposed when he came to destroy the terrible Robbers' Castle. He will call up remembrances of those fierce and sanguinary times. But with a feeling of more than ordinary sympathy will his eye rest on the savage ravine, and the spot called "The Maiden's Leap." He will listen with a kindling heart to the story connected with that wild place, which is still treasured in the popular memory.

In an age of darkness and barbarism many centuries back, when force usurped the place of right, and the sword was the common arbiter of differences between man and man, the castle that crowns Mount Oybin stood in its rude magnificence, defying the assaults of invaders, and inhabited by a band of knights, who owned no law but their own will, and, from their almost impregnable fortress, looked with scorn on the rest of the world. Every day the sounds of feasting and revelry might be heard within the walls of the burg. Sometimes the knights descended alone or in companies to the neighboring town; but their visits were always marked by some deed of violence or rapine, perpetrated on the unoffending citizens. The freebooters sought access frequently to the fairest dames and damsels of Zittau. The chronicle does not mention that any of its discreet maidens ever listened to the courtship of these lawless men; but it explicitly records the fact that more beautiful women lived in the city at that time than at any other period since. It is a matter of history, too, that the loveliest damsel in all that region was Agnes, the daughter of an honest burgher of Zittau. Whenever she went to church, attired in her simple and becoming holiday address, her rich brown curls falling gracefully from under her coif, embroidered with silver, the young men who passed stopped to look after her, and not a few were the suitors for the hand of the beautiful maiden.

Agnes had been seen by the knight Hugo von Uwald, one of the freebooters, as she sat spinning by the window of her father's house; and again as he passed her on her way to church. One Sunday afternoon, as she walked towards the place of worship, her eyes fixed modestly upon the matin book in her hand, Hugo stepped boldly in her way; she stopped, regarding him with terror. He took no notice of her alarm, but in a few words declared the passion he had conceived for her, entreating her favor for his suit. His entreaty, however, was uttered in such a tone as revealed too plainly that the knight deemed a refusal impossible. Agnes was more frightened at his words than his looks. She made no reply, but grew pale as death; and at the next instant, darting past him, fled with the speed of an arrow into the church.

The knight stood in blank astonishment, for the idea that his proposals could be unwelcome had never occurred to him. The coyness of the maiden invested her with tenfold charms in his eyes. He made a vow upon his sword to win her, and resolved to leave nothing undone for the accomplishment of his purpose. From that day, however, he saw nothing of the fair Agnes, neither at the window nor in the church. He could not learn if she was in the town or not, for none of her neighbors had seen her.

The truth was, that the girl, like a dutiful and obedient child, had immediately informed her father of her meeting with Hugo, and his strange language. The father was a prudent man, and well acquainted with the character of the knights of Oybin. He dreaded the worst, and immediately placed his daughter in security and concealment.

"She must endure the privation of liberty awhile," said he, "till the knight has forgotten her for some newer face, and that will be soon, I warrant me; then I will marry her to some brave man who will know how to protect her from danger."

Thus weeks and months passed. The beautiful girl was never permitted to go out, and all Hugo's search after her was in vain. At length he guessed the secret of her strange disappearance, and instantly determined to circumvent the poor burgher who had dared oppose his wishes. He came no more to Zittau, and caused it to be rumored that he had gone to Prague, to mingle in the amusements of the court. How joyous was Agnes at this news, and the day of her release came. Her father no longer feared for her safety, and the free air and sunshine were no longer forbidden delights. She left her hiding-place and resumed her spinning at the window, where she could see all that passed in the street. On the next holiday she was allowed to take a walk with some young girls, her companions. The sun shone brightly, the air was fresh and balmy, and the fields were covered with wild flowers, which the merry maidens plucked, wreathing them into garlands, and laughing and jesting with the glee of innocent hearts. Agnes, happy in her recovered freedom, bounded like a fawn over the green meadows, calling over and anon to her companions with a shout of childish delight. Suddenly she let fall her wreath of flowers, and stood motionless, as if rooted to the earth with surprise and terror. Emerging from a thick copse, Hugo von Uwald stood before her. He was accompanied by three followers, one of whom held his horse.

It was a minute's space before the terrified maiden could even shriek for help; but it was of no avail. The iron arm of the savage knight encircled her; he lifted her upon his horse, and springing up himself, drove spurs into the animal's side and galloped in the direction of the Robbers' Castle. The three men followed, but not till one had called out in a rough voice to the other damsels, that if any of them dared mention what they had seen it should cost them their lives.

With weeping and lamentation, the young girls returned to their parents. They did not regard the threats of the knight's attendants, so that in less than an hour the whole town knew of the capture of the unfortunate Agnes. The anguish of the bereaved father may easily be conceived. He besought the assistance of his fellow-burghers for the recovery of his child. After long deliberation, it was determined that a number of stout men, well armed, should be sent to Oybin to demand Agnes back from the knight; and in case of refusal, to offer him battle.

The poor maiden, in the meantime, had been carried, half-swooning, up the rough mountain path to the gates of the castle. She was lifted gently from the steed of the knight and borne into a state apartment luxuriously furnished. Her consciousness gradually returned, and she looked wildly about her. The knight endeavored to soothe her agitation; repeated his assurance of affection, and solicited a return from her. Agnes replied to his importunate wooing only by a gush of bitter tears. At last starting up, she flung herself at the feet of her captor. "You know well, sir," she cried, "that I am too mean to become your wife; nor can I ever love you; but I will be eternally grateful; I will pray daily for the welfare of your soul, if you will take me back to my father!"

Hugo raised the fair suppliant from the ground. "It grieves me, fairest one," said he, "to refuse thee aught; but my love were small indeed, could I fulfil thy wish! Yet, as I would not willingly behold thy tears, I will withdraw for a while. Thou art mistress of this castle, and all the heart can wish shall be thine, but thou canst never see thy father till thy favor is yielded to me without reserve."

So saying, the knight departed. The maiden sank upon her knees, praying for succor in this fearful extremity. All night Agnes continued in prayer. Hope and courage entered her heart. As the gray dawn lightened the apartment, she sought for some way of egress. The door by which she had been brought in led into the great hall, and thence she knew there was no escape. But as she examined the walls in the dim light, feeling along the panels, one of them yielded to the pressure of her hand. A small door flew open, and disclosed a narrow and dark passage. The maiden entered without hesitation, and followed the passage fearlessly, for she fled from a fate more terrible than any peril of life or limb. Ere long she felt the cool morning air upon her cheek; then the light of day was discernible; and presently she stood without the castle walls, upon a mass of rock overlooking the steep descent into the valley.

As the castle was quite inaccessible on this side, its defence was left to the hand of nature. Only a confused jumble of rocks could be seen at a vast distance below, a chaos of blackened boulders thrown together by some convulsion of the mountain; half concealed by rugged trees, and the mists that were reeking from the depths of the ravine. Far beyond, the valley extended smiling in verdure and beauty. As yet all was silent in the burg. Agnes passed timidly on, animated with a vain hope, till she reached the defended side, and came in sight of the great gate of the castle. Alas! it was closed, and she saw the gleam of weapons in the newly-risen sun, as the sentinels passed to and fro on their monotonous round.

Despair filled the heart of the disappointed girl. To go forward was certain recapture. She had nought to do but turn back, and retrace her steps to the apartment she had quitted, awaiting some more favorable opportunity for escape. But even this she was not destined to accomplish. As she once more passed beneath the walls, the knight himself confronted her.

"Ah, sweet truant! dare not to abuse my goodness!" he exclaimed, stretching forth his arms to clasp the wanderer.

The maiden recoiled in horror, and turned to fly. But whither? to the soldiers at the gate, or into the jaws of death? The precipice was before her; a bound, as the knight advanced, and she stood on its utmost verge. He sprang forward to seize his prey; the young girl sprang also towards a jutting rock a few feet distant, but failed to reach it, and sank into the abyss. Hugo started back aghast, and pale with horror at the fate of his victim, and fled into the castle. There, at the morning banquet, he drowned in wine the recollection of the fearful scene.

When the maiden took the fatal plunge, the suddenness of her fall and the influence of mortal terror deprived her instantly of sense. She was aroused from insensibility by a tingling sensation of pain in all her limbs, which gradually grew sharper. The coldness of the air around her also was perceptible. Slowly, as recollection returned, she opened her eyes. Where was she? She could see the blue sky above her; around was the free air. She seemed suspended between heaven and earth. It was so. Her fall had been arrested by the wide-spreading branches of a fir tree, rooted in a projecting portion of the rock. It was not long before the young girl comprehended her situation; and exhausted and overcome with fear as she was, it inspired her with a new hope. Far, far above her stood the burg in which she had so lately been a prisoner. She had escaped the power of her persecutor, for none would dream that she could survive her fall from the precipice. Agnes wept in gratitude to Heaven for her wonderful preservation; then she cautiously changed her position to see if she might not descend into the valley. It was impossible! The descent was steep and perpendicular. A single step would precipitate her upon the wild rocks far below, where instant death would be certain. The very sight, as she cast a glance downward, made her shudder with horror. She uttered a faint cry; the wind swayed the branches of the fir tree, to which she clung convulsively, feeling as if her last hold on life were every instant to be torn away. Was she to be rocked, the sport of the tempest, in this terrific cradle, till the wild eagle should claim her for his prey, or till starvation should waste her strength with slow agonies? Better an instant and speedy release; but at every look into the frightful abyss beneath her, she drew back sick and shuddering.

All at once the faint sound of martial music at a great distance came borne upon the breeze to her ears. She turned towards the sound. The sun was shining on a lovely landscape afar off, and the spires of a town gleamed in the distance. Was it—no! it could not be! and yet—it was her native Zittau! The martial music came nearer; it seemed just at her feet; the air was filled with it; the foliage of the fir tree seemed to quiver in the softened sound. The truth flashed on Agnes's mind; a troop was marching through the valley! With a sudden energy which only the fear of a horrible death could inspire, she shrieked again and again for aid. The cry was echoed from the neighboring cliffs, and by the shrill scream of the startled bird; then it died away in faint wailing murmurs. How, from these remote airy regions, could it reach the dwellers of earth? Another burst of music, loud and triumphant, swept upward, and then the martial notes receded. Agnes felt her cheek fanned by the wings of an eagle, that scared from his eyrie, flew past her resting-place; the next instant the icy sickness of despair seized upon her heart; her eyes closed, and she relapsed into insensibility.

The eagle's flight was her salvation. The soldiers crossing the valley were the men from Zittau, bound on their mission from the burghers to the castle. As their eyes followed the startled mountain-bird, they saw a white garment fluttering in the dark foliage of the fir, and presently the name of "Agnes," in the tones of amazement and terror, was uttered by several voices at once. Loud and tumultuous shouts rent the air; but all unheard by the helpless girl suspended thus in mid-air, and swinging to and fro as the wind surged through the ravine. With breathless haste, the men brought ladders and ropes; several of the most daring climbed the rugged steep. Far in advance of the rest was a youth named Bernhard, who seemed reckless of all danger. He loved the fair girl, and was resolved to yield the honors of her rescue to no one.

Shouts and cries from below encouraged and warned the adventurous young man. Now he clung by a shrub to the face of the cliff, now leaped from point to point of the rock, climbing from one projection to another, regardless of all risk, watched breathlessly by the spectators as he hovered in air, till, by almost superhuman exertions, he gained the fir tree, and clasped in his arms the form of the unconscious maiden.

Fastening his rope securely to the tree, and assisted by his companions, Bernhard succeeded in bearing his lovely burden in safety down. When Agnes opened her eyes, she saw her father's face bent over her with tears of thankfulness, and heard the kind voices of her townsmen and friends praising God for her miraculous deliverance. She was carried in triumph back to her home, and the day was celebrated as a festival by the good-hearted burghers.

It was not long before Agnes became the wife of Bernhard. The rock from which she sprang is called to this day "The Maiden's Leap," and no traveller who visits the mountain of Oybin, forgets to notice it. The legend is current through the whole country, and has furnished a subject for the genius of several poets.

STRUCTURE OF PLANTS.

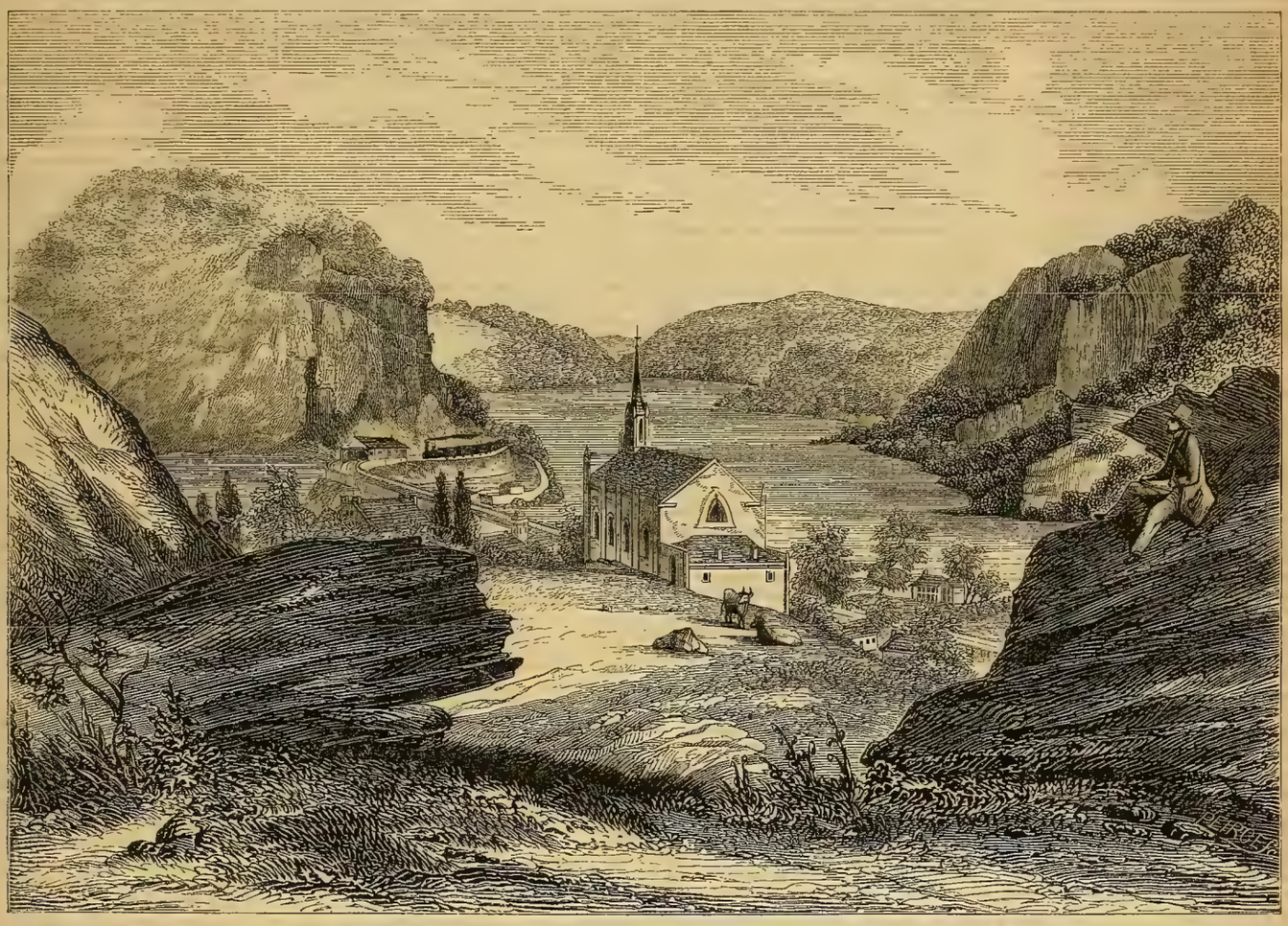
One of the earliest fruits of the application of the convex lens to the examination of minute bodies, was the discovery of the structure of wood fibre, and the arrangement of the minute vessels in which the sap of plants circulates. Anxious to ascertain whether or no these microscopic vessels inter-communicated with each other, Professor Faraday took a stick of considerable length, and having varnished one end, he cut his name through the varnish, and forced a colored injection into the pores of the wood; when, after some time, the name appeared at the other end, nearly in the same relative position as that in which it had entered, thereby proving that the sap vessels are completely separate from one another.—*Botanical Researches.*

VIEW OF HARPER'S FERRY.

The overwhelming interest attaching to the recent bloody tragedy at Harper's Ferry has induced us to publish on this page an accurate view of the scene where it occurred. Hitherto the spot was known chiefly as one of the most romantic landscapes on this side of the Atlantic, and as such was resorted to by innumerable tourists, foreign and American. Henceforth it will have a place in our annals as the locality of a murderous outrage against law and life, fortunately failing in realizing the ultimate purposes of the actors and abettors. It will not be expected of us to enter into the details of this sad affair. They have already been spread broadcast over the land in the news sheets accessible to all readers. The insurrection culminated in the middle of last month. Though Brown numbered but a few white followers, still they were animated by his fanatic spirit, and they had surprising stores of arms. That they were entirely disappointed in their calculations every one knows. The blacks did not rally to their standard, and the few found with them appear to have been forced into their ranks. But the law pronounces upon his guilt and decides its expiation. Painful as this occurrence is, and tragic in its details, it will serve as a warning example to all who with unhallowed hand would assail the majesty of our federal laws and the tranquillity of our sovereign States. Inevitable death awaits all the actors in such attempts, and infamy is the lot of all connected with them as prompters or apologists. Every one is interested in bringing them to justice and to the punishment which they deserve. We now proceed to describe the scene depicted in our engraving. Harper's Ferry is 174 miles from Richmond. This place has risen at the justly celebrated pass of the Potomac River through the Blue Ridge, and is situated immediately at the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers, on the right bank of the Potomac, above the mouth of the Shenandoah. The Shenandoah, after running along the foot of the Blue Ridge in a direction nearly northeast, turns suddenly to the east, and mingles its waters with those of the Potomac, at the point where the latter, after flowing through a deep and well-wooded dell, from northwest to southeast, is entering that singular gap in the Ridge, through which the waters escape. The valleys of both rivers are romantic, and that of the Potomac unites singularity with beauty. The breadth of the Potomac is from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards; that of the Shenandoah, one hundred and fifty. Both rivers are so shallow that the water leaves innumerable rocks bare in every part of the channel, whose sides are worn by thousands of petty rapids, which fret and struggle among the large blocks of granite. The town extends itself in contempt of all order, along both sides of the hills which divides the two rivers, and runs up to the jaws of the picturesque, but no way tremendous pass of the Potomac. At the point of this tongue of land is the armory; on the left and nearly even with the water, the working part of the arsenal; on the right, and overhanging the western bank of the Shenandoah, is Jefferson's Rock. On the opposite banks of the two rivers the cliffs are more bold and striking. That on the Maryland side is supposed to resemble the profile of Washington, an illusion very pleasing to those whose minds are not adapted to relish the beauties of nature. The two cliffs of which we have spoken form a noble entrance to the romantic valley which lies beyond, embosomed amid woods and mountains, and winding among the projections of the latter until its exit is again guarded by immense rocks, where a passage corresponding to that at Harper's Ferry, is broken through the Short Hills—a chain parallel to the Blue Ridge, and connected with it by spurs which enclose on every side this dell that contains so many elements of the picturesque. The mountains, of considerable height, are clothed to their summits by forests of oak and pine, from out the thick shade of which project immense masses of granite, that yet stand the stern witnesses of some tremendous convulsion, the trees of which not even time, that has for thousands of years been scattering their debris daily below, has been able to obliterate. The bases of these mountains present elevated and very rugged cliffs, which, projecting into the valley, break its uniformity, and give a wilder aspect to the river, that spreads itself between them. The western part of Virginia abounds in romantic scenery, but the traveller may toil for hours in its immediate vicinity plunged in a depth of shade, that excludes all idea of the beauty by which he is surrounded; to ascend the mountains is difficult, and adds but little to his chance of gratification; the foliage is nearly as thick there as at their base; but necessary local knowledge would be at the command of all, if those who annually make summer excursions through our country were as ardent admirers of nature as they commonly are of warm springs, or other objects which draw together a number of half sick, half idle people, who lounge away the best part of the year. As an instance, how many Dr. Syntaxes in search of the picturesque, of the company at the springs or the wonders of Weyes's Cave, plunge in the innumerable shades of Brown's Gap, which brings so forcibly to mind the falsehood of Thomson's lines:

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot *bar* me from fair nature's grace,
You cannot shut the *windows of the sky*,
Through which Aurora shows her smiling face."

How many unhappy wights perform this darksome pilgrimage, when they might, a few miles off from Sauks Gap, have seen the sun rise over a landscape, which exhibits the country towards tide-water, spreading out in an extent of forest as boundless and level as the ocean, to the north and south the long chain of the Blue Ridge, to the west the well cultivated valley watered by the Shenandoah, adorned by detached and picturesque mountains, and bounded by the hazy and unbroken line of the North Mountain. The celebrated passage of the Potomac, before alluded to, at this place, is an object truly grand and magnificent. The eye takes in, at a glance, on the north side of the Potomac and Shenandoah, at their junction, an impetuous torrent, foaming and dashing over numerous rocks, which have tumbled from precipices that overhang them; the picturesque tops and sides of the mountains, the gentle and winding current of the river below the ridge, presenting, altogether, a landscape capable of awakening the most delightful and sublime emotions. "This scene," says Mr. Jefferson, "is worth a voyage across the Atlantic."



HARPER'S FERRY, VIRGINIA, FROM JEFFERSON ROCK.

HOW TO NAVIGATE THE AIR.

It cannot be too absolutely stated that balloons are incapable of being directed. They are, and must be, entirely at the mercy of the current of air in which they float. This is a necessary condition of their buoyancy. All the analogies by which inventors have been encouraged in the delusive hope of being able to guide balloons are false analogies. The rudders of ships and the tails of birds have been mis quoted sadly. Ships do not float suspended in one element alone, as balloons float in the air. Birds are not buoyant, nor do they guide themselves by their tails. A ship does not float *in* the water, but *on* it; and another element, on which she does not float, is that in which she mainly moves. A bird does not float at all, either in the air or on it, in the proper sense of the term, that is to say, it is not lighter, as a balloon is, than the element in which it moves, but immensely heavier. The condition of a fish under water is more nearly like the condition of a balloon in the air; but here are also essential differences. We may depend on it, if we are ever designed to navigate the air, it will be by a strict adherence to the principle and to close imitation of the means which have been designed by the Creator for effecting the same purpose in flying animals. The problem of aerial navigation will never be solved until the principles of flight are clearly understood, nor until we recognize precisely what are the obstacles preventing us from acting on them by artificial means. It is, of course, possible these obstacles may prove to be insuperable. I entertain a different impression; but, at all events, they cannot be overcome until they are exactly known. They may be all summed up in one great deficit of our present mechanical knowledge—a light motive power. I have little hope that, until a lighter motive power than steam is discovered, aerial navigation will be accomplished. But even with steam some experiments might be tried which would test the principles of flight, and at least lead the way in a right direction for the progress of discovery. I assume it would be easy to derive from a steam engine the perpendicular action of a bird's wing. In truth, the direct action of a piston would give this movement. This is the simple principle of Nasmyth's steam hammer. Would there be any difficulty in making such a piston work a pair of wings, constructed on some such a model as the wings of a bat? What is the maximum velocity with which such a piston could be made to work at a given velocity? The next step would be to ascertain the lifting power of such action. Perhaps no steam engine can be made so light and powerful as to work wings capable of lifting its own weight. In lack of other means of dealing with it, I would suggest it be balanced by the lifting power of a balloon. Even this modified use of a balloon is open to great objections, because the power exercised over it by the slightest current of air would be very great, and the experiment could only be tried in a tranquil atmosphere; but, in default of any machine capable of lifting the *whole* of its own weight, there seems to be no alternative but to take off part the weight by a balloon. My belief is that such a machine, when it rose from the ground, would be found capable of being directed, and that the direction of its flight would be determined by that in which its wings were set.—*Correspondent London Times.*

THE LAVENDER HARVEST.

The lavender harvest has this year been unusually fine. *Lavendula vera* is a native of Persia, the Canaries, Barbary, and the south of Europe, whence it has been brought to England, and carefully cultivated, so as to yield an essential oil or otto very superior to that produced in its original place of growth. It was long supposed that lavender could only be brought to perfection in the neighborhood of Mitcham, in Surrey; but it has, within the last half century, been found that a soil and climate still more suited to its growth exists near Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, where it is cultivated by Mr. Septimus Piesse, with great success, in open plantations. In October, a large number of slips from the old plants are placed in beds, where they are allowed to remain for twelve months, during which time, they are carefully clipped. When a year old they are planted out (in fine weather) in rows four feet apart, with a space of three feet from plant to plant; but are not allowed to flower—the clipping being still continued, in order to strengthen them, which object is further promoted by a regular supply of short manure to the roots; or super-phosphate of lime greatly improves the appearance of the plant, and causes it also to produce finer flowers. The quantity of lavender grown in England is far beyond ordinary belief. Mr. Piesse says 7000 pounds of essential oil is about his produce at Hitchin; and, as it requires about 100 pounds of flowers to produce each pound of oil, and one acre of land to produce 2600 pounds of lavender-flowers, England spares 270 acres of land for growing this plant, the fragrance of which is finer in Britain than elsewhere. The usual mode of procuring the otto is to put the flowers and stalks into a still with sufficient water, and thus draw off the oil; but very little is produced from the stalks, and that little of inferior quality. Mr. Piesse employs only the flowers, stripped from the stalks previously to the distillation; and, though this is necessarily a more expensive way of proceeding, the aroma of the otto produced by this process is far superior to that of any other.—*Illustrated London News.*

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE AUTUMN SUNSET.—A SONNET.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

'Tis autumn, and the forest trees are decked
In vari-tinted robes. The hill, the quiet vale,
And every woodland glade is golden flecked
With the seared leaves strewn by the morning gale.
The sun is sinking down the western sky,
Deepening in hue and broadening, till now
It seems to blaze the snowy mountain nigh—
The Almighty's dreaded and omniscient brow.
Timorous shadows come and fall again
Toward the east, then wander onward till
The last soft beam of dying day has lain
Down on some fleecy cloud, or on the rill,
Waned into silent, shadowy gloom. So gently fades
The aged christian's life in calm Lethean shades.

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

Still as a moonlight ruin is thy form,
Or meekness of carved marble, that hath prayed
For ages in a tomb; serenely laid,
As some fair vessel that hath braved the storm,
And passed into her haven; when the noise
That cheered her home hath all to silence died,
Her crew hath shoreward parted, and no voice
Troubles her sleeping image in the tide.
Sister and saint, thou art a closed book,
Whose holy printing none may yet reveal;
A few days thou art granted us to look
On thy clasped binding, till that One unseal,
The Lamb alone found worthy, and above
Thou teach sweet lessons to the kings, of love.

ALFORD.

A LONELY GRAVE.

It was a solitary mound,
Which two spears' length of level ground
Did from all other graves divide,
As if in some respect of pride,
Or melancholy's sickly mood,
Still shy of human neighborhood,
Or guilt that humbly would express
A penitential loneliness.—WORDSWORTH.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth,
Though planted in esteem's deep-fixed soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection.—BAILLIE.

THE SKY.

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.—BYRON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— Talking of the weather—and who doesn't?—we venture to predict that the coming winter will be a snowy one, and our beaux and belles will have sleighing to their heart's content. Livery-stable keepers will rejoice; out-of-town landlords will wear blithe faces; and farmers will not break their ploughs, for a season of snow is followed by heavy grass and fruit crops. For our own part we like to see snow on the ground for three or four months of the year. It seems the fitting garniture of nature in her period of repose—the eider-down coverlet to keep her bosom warm, the spotless drapery of her dream-couch. If our prophecy prove untrue, we will take back a large portion of the above remarks, without any extra charge for the paper.....At Baden a great many ladies this year have kept the gentlemen company in their shooting excursions. They are quite keen sportsmen, with sharp eyes and steady hands. One of these ladies lately brought down more game in a single day's tramp than any of her male companions.....One of the best stories illustrative of the cool impudence of Croker is the following: He pretended on one occasion to set the Duke of Wellington right as to some details relating to the battle of Waterloo, when the duke shifted the conversation to the subject of the percussion caps used in the army; upon which Croker again ventured to be learned and contradictory. This upset the duke's patience, and he exclaimed: "Come, Croker; I may not know much about Waterloo, but hang it, I should know something about copper caps!".....Reader, don't you relish good stories of Jack Tars? Of course you do, and so appreciate the following: When the brave Admiral Kempenfeldt, unhappily lost in the Royal George, was coming into port to have his ship paid off, a sailor eyed a gold-laced velvet waistcoat, which his commander wore, with great earnestness, and in his best sea fashion begged to know who made it. The admiral perceiving his drift, gave him the necessary information, and Jack went on shore. He forthwith applied to the admiral's tailor, who went with him to buy the materials, and at last asked, "What will you have the back made of?" "Made of!" said Jack, "the same as the front, to be sure" The tailor remonstrated, but in vain; so the waistcoat was made and put on with an old greasy jacket over it. Shortly after, the admiral met his man in this curious dress, which occasioned him to laugh heartily; and this merry fit was not a little increased when Jack, coming up to him, lifted the hind part of his jacket, showed his gold-lace back, and exclaimed, "See here, my old boy, no false colors—stem and stern alike".....Schamyl having been secured, Russia is about entering upon an exploration of the Caucasus. We believe Schamyl is to be detained in Russia—but away from his native mountains and his wild warrior-life, how long would he exist—vegetate rather? He must soon die of a broken heart.....A letter from Biarritz, France, narrates the following: The king of the Belgians, during the whole of his stay here, was in the habit of walking out incognito, followed at a little distance by a servant out of livery. He talked freely with the inhabitants of the place, and if he met any unfortunate person always relieved him. One day the king fell in, near the lighthouse, with a young man who had lost a leg, and was limping on crutches. It was easy to see that he had been a soldier, and the probability was that he had lost his leg on some field of battle. "Where were you wounded?" asked the king, who saw at a glance who the man was. The soldier, not knowing to whom he spoke, answered, "In Italy, sir." "And now what are you going to do?" "I scarcely know." "Have you a pension?" The question did not appear to altogether please the soldier, and the king, seeing he had touched on a sore point, said that he had always felt great admiration for brave men, and that he only asked questions in the hope of being useful to him. "Well," said the soldier, "get me a pension and you will render me a great service. Do that, and you will be a real good fellow." "I will try," said the king; and he told his attendant to take down the man's address. The next day his majesty obtained from the emperor a pension for the man.....One of the French papers has been terribly sold about the great rope-walker. It contains a long notice of a performance of Blondin on the tipe rope of Niagara, the terrible conclusion of which was a fall into the raging cataract. The sun, it is stated, came out from the clouds when he was half way across his rope, and dazzled, he lost his balance and fell. His body had not been recovered.....The last cockney horror in the way of a hat—a cross between Mambrino's helmet and a mandarin's head-cover—is getting into vogue here. Young America drops the stylish and cavalier slouch, or soft felt hat, and in his round-crown reminds one of a crop eared Cromwellite "The little round button on top" looks like a mushroom sprouting from the mellow soil beneath.....The following is beyond all number, says Punch, the most extraordinary phenomenon we ever read: Six ladies were enjoying themselves over the tea-table at Rotheram, and, by way of amusement, they began confiding to each other in secret how old they were: and it was found that their united ages amounted to one hundred and twenty-five years. The most singular thing, however, is, that the daughters of these six ladies—and each lady had one—were in the next room, trying over the last new polka; and, upon calculating their united ages, the result revealed the astounding fact that, though not yet married, still they were older than their mamas by seven years, eleven months, and fourteen days! The mystery is still unexplained; and yet we should be loth to accuse the young ladies, for the purpose of gaining a victory of no moment whatever, of having made themselves out to be older than they really were.....An angry subscriber, evidently a woman, writes that "it is a burning shame that, so long as there is a Coach-in China, our minister should be sent to Pekin in a box, with no chance for peekin' out of it.".....A letter from Paris says that M. Mario has entered into an engagement with the theatre at Madrid, and that Madame Grisi is going to St Petersburgh.....A good anecdote is told of a man named Bentley, a confirmed drinker, who would never drink with a friend, or in public, and always bitterly denied, when a little too steep, even tasting liquor. One day some bad witnesses had concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him, with his arm crooked, and his mouth open, and holding him fast, asked, with an air of triumph: "Ah, Bently, have we caught you at last? You never drink, ha!" Now one would suppose that Bently would have acknowledged the corn; not he; with the most grave and inexpressible face, he calmly, and in a dignified manner, said: "Gentlemen, my name is not Bentley!".....There are no fewer than twenty theatres open in London, and if to these are added the concert rooms, gardens, exhibitions and entertainments, some idea may be formed of the number of places of amusement that the metropolis contains.....A lady, whose husband had for several Sundays following, been jeeringly telling her that the great motive with women in going to church was merely to display their bonnets, at last lost all patience, and said to him: "Then, sir, I suppose the reason why you gentlemen so rarely come to church is because you cannot show your hats!".....In the year 1793 Daniel Rowell, one of the pioneers of western Virginia, being pursued by Indians, hid his gun under a red oak log to facilitate his escape. Recently one of his descendants found the gun, near the Kanawha, after a lapse of sixty-six years. The barrel was not materially injured, the trigger whole, the springs in the proper place, heavy brass guard, muzzle-piece and thimble, a small box with the words "Liberty or Death" engraved upon it. The muzzle of the gun had grown fast to a dogwood bush, and had been carried up by its growth about six inches from the ground .....The famous geographer, Carl Ritter, has died at Berlin, and has been buried by a concourse of scientific men which was hardly inferior to that by which Humboldt's burial was honored.....An amusing affair happened lately between a coal dealer and a purchaser. The latter was very anxious to see that the former did not cheat him, so he (the purchaser) inspected the weighing of the coal himself, and felt perfectly satisfied that he got his full allowance, without any desire on the part of the coal dealer to "shave" However, while the coal was weighing, the driver of the team could not help laughing, aware at the time that the purchaser was particular about his full weight in coal. The purchaser noticing the driver laughing, asked him, when he received his coal, what it was all about, so the driver told him: "Why," said he, "when your coal was weighing, you was standing on the scales, and was weighed with it." "Is it possible! Why, I weigh nearly two hundred pounds!" "Well, sir," said the driver, "you are sold" "Yes," was the reply, "and I have bought myself, too.".....A canal boat called the Elephant recently passed through Rochester on her way east, with seventeen hundred barrels of flour! This is said to be the largest load of flour ever taken through the canal. A boat went down last year with sixteen hundred and seventy barrels.....The King of Sardinia has sent General Bourbaki and M Erizzo, mayor of Cremona, a splendid stag each, killed with his majesty's own hand in the Park of Monza. He had previously sent one to General Garibaldi.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

The Paris Patrie contradicts the statement that the sultan had ordered the suspension of the work on the Suez Canal, but it is nevertheless asserted that the works had been entirely discontinued.—It is asserted that France will only recall her forces from Rome when the form of government there renders the French no longer necessary.—The Times correspondent regards the reception of Mr. Ward as a most politic stroke of the Pekin Cabinet, but it does not at all remove the treachery to the British minister.—The Friend, of China, says that, as the American treaty gives the United States liberty to tender their good offices in any difficulty with the western powers, Mr. Ward will soon have an opportunity of testing the virtues of this clause —The report that France claims 300,000,000 francs indemnity for the war from Piedmont, is pronounced unfounded; the French government having made advances to Piedmont before and during the war to the extent of 60,000,000 of francs in arms, provisions and money, now claims only a reimbursement of that sum.—The report that Naples had promised military assistance to Rome is discredited, as the King of Naples fears an invasion of his own territory.—The negotiations of the French in Cochin China had made so much progress that the French Admiral had sent reinforcements of troops and gunboats to Canton —The Spanish Cortez had approved the bill for increasing the strength of the army to 100 000, with power to increase the number 60,000 more if necessary —The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that in addition to the five great powers, Sardinia, Spain, Sweden, Portugal Naples and Rome will be represented in the European Congress.—It is reported that the Emperor of Austria will proceed to the frontiers of Prussia and Poland, there to meet the Emperor of Russia —Mr. Ward, the American minister, was courteously received at Pekin.

A Police Case.

A very curious police case is reported in the London papers—an altercation between two gentlemen of fortune, one of them the Marquis of Meath, the other a colonel in the army, named Graham. The colonel had agreed to take the marquis's house, Queen's Gardens, Bayswater, and possession was to be given on a certain day. In the meantime, the colonel sent some furniture, which was placed in the dining room, and the key kept by the marquis. Mrs. Graham, it seems, called at the house, and was not treated as she expected, which so exasperated her husband that the next time he met the marquis he asked him if he considered himself a gentleman. The marquis pleaded age for not knocking down his questioner—he is between seventy and eighty—but he retorted by some sharp words, and an appeal was made to the Marylebone magistrate, Mr. Lewis, who fined Colonel Graham 40s., or a week's imprisonment in the House of Correction, for using language calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

The American Envoy in Pekin.

The Independence Belge states that according to the last news received overland in Russia from Pekin, the minister of the United States was in that capital, where he was not allowed to communicate with any external quarters. The first preliminary ceremonials to his admission were not yet got through. His despatches and credentials had been deposited at the entrance to the imperial palace, in the Temple of the Sun, where they must remain forty days to be purified. It is only on the expiration of that time that they will be laid before the chief of the imperial cabinet, who will confer with his colleagues on their contents, and will bring them, if there appears reason for doing so, to the knowledge of the emperor.

Domestic Tragedy.

Liverpool has been the scene of a frightful tragedy. Two unhappy wretches, husband and wife, named Trotter, had been indulging in excessive drinking, and on their return home a violent quarrel took place. Trotter threatened to murder his wife, and drew a knife to convince her that he meant seriously to carry his threat into execution. The woman, however, had a knife concealed upon her person, and in an instant the weapon was sheathed in her husband's chest. The man was at once conveyed to the hospital, but he expired a few hours afterwards. The woman is in custody.

The French Tenor.

Poor, maimed Roger, the French tenor, it is affirmed, intends to continue his operatic career in spite of the loss of his arm. An ingenious manufacturer has supplied him with an artificial wrist and hand, which are pronounced marvellously "natural." The government, thinking he might be glad of a dignified retirement, lately offered him the post of inspector of singing at the Grand Opera, but the offer was respectfully declined.

Garibaldi.

General Garibaldi has written to the mayor of Cremona, requesting him to announce that he has caused a subscription to be opened for one million of francs to be employed in the purchase of muskets. The general himself has headed the subscription with 5000 francs; and Marquis Trecci, his adjutant, has subscribed 5000 francs.

Vestvali.

A French paper says that Vestvali has pleased the Parisians more by her personal appearance than by any marked excellence of voice. She has, nevertheless, the journalist writes, her devoted "amateurs," and has secured a long and lucrative engagement at the Grand Opera.

The Moors and French.

The Moors have already placed considerable forces *en echelon*, along the French frontiers. As yet they have remained on the defensive, but it is strongly suspected by the French generals that they will shortly depart rom that system.

Mazzini.

A letter by Mazzini, addressed to Victor Emmanuel, privately printed, but freely circulating at Florence, bears date the 16th of September, and seems to confirm the rumor that Mazzini was there at some time or other. In this letter Mazzini emboldens the King of Sardinia to seize on the whole of Italy, and make it one kingdom from the Alps to the sea; bidding defiance to France, Austria, and as many European powers as might dare to say aught against it. He promises the king the support of "us" all—that is, of the whole of his own republican party, though for himself he expresses his readiness to go back into the land of exile, being too far committed to his party, and too strongly wedded to his democratic convictions, to live under the sceptre of even the most liberal and national king.

Frontiers of Morocco.

It appears that the French troops concentrated on the frontiers of Morocco now amount to 20,000 men. They will be commanded by General de Martimprey in person. It is added that the object of the French expedition is the capture of Ouchda. Ouchda is a town in the province of Fez, situate between Malouia and the river Isly, at five leagues from the frontiers of Algeria It is celebrated for its cattle-market This little town, or rather village, of about 600 inhabitants, is the point of meeting of all the pillaging tribes who infest the French frontiers.

Schamyl.

A telegram in the Nord says: "Schamyl and his son were presented to the Emperor Alexander at Tchougunniey on the 27th of September. The emir was much moved by the great kindness of the emperor. After assisting at a military review, he returned on the 28th to the Kharkov to be present at a ball given in his honor."

Death in the Vat.

Mention was lately made of the death of a man at Anse, not far from Bordeaux, owing to the noxious gas arising from grapes in fermentation. At two other places, in the same neighborhood, Sousans and St. Julien, three men have similarly, within a short time, lost their lives.

A Savage Hyena.

A hyena which was exhibited at Warsaw, Poland, lately managed to escape, and killed about twenty persons. It was not until it had held entire supremacy of the surrounding country for six days that the animal was finally overcome by the poor rustics.

Police Library.

The police of France have a library of nearly five hundred volumes, which contains an alphabetical index of all the great rogues in that country for nearly one hundred and fifty years.

The French Imperial Guard.

Napoleon III. is raising up La Garde Imperiale to 600,000 men.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HARVEST OF LOVE. By MINNIE S. DAVIS, author of "Marion Lester." Boston: A. Tompkins, 38 and 40 Cornhill.

This story is earnest and womanly in its tone, with a moral whose tender significance pervades the entire work, giving us pleasant assurance that the kindly, loving spirit of the book is also the real spirit and inspiration of the author. It is a pleasing and profitable book for the fireside circle, and a valuable acquisition to the Sabbath school library.

THE PET OF THE SETTLEMENT. A Story of Prairie Land. By the author of "Home Life." Boston: A. Tompkins, 38 and 40 Cornhill.

In commendation of this captivating story of western life, we need only mention that it is from the graceful pen of our esteemed contributor, Mrs. C. A. Soule. The pleasure and interest connected with its perusal is enhanced by the knowledge that much of its graphic detail is from the actual experience of the author's daily life. The book is bound in a neat and attractive form, uniform with "The Harvest of Love," and, together with this, constitutes part of a very pleasant and valuable series, published by Mr. Tompkins, called the "Home Circle Library."

A HISTORY OF THE WHIG PARTY. By B MCKINLEY ORMSBY. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

We advise all persons interested in politics to read attentively the "History of the Whig Party;" not because it is the history of the whig party, nor even (as it really is) a history of *all* the principal parties that have ever existed in the United States, but because, as a book, statistical, historical, logical, philosophical, and in all respects valuable, it deserves to be read. Talent, research and labor have been liberally expended upon the work. A sufficient guaranty of its worth exists in the publishers' names, and we trust it will be universally read.

PARLOR THEATRICALS: or, Winter Evenings' Entertainment. New York: Dix & Fitzgerald. 18mo. pp. 171.

A very clever book, full of Acting Proverbs, Acting Charades, Musical Burlesques, Tableaux, Vivants, etc., forming an exhaustless supply of amusement for little parties and family gatherings. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 36 Cornhill, Boston.

THE SEA OF ICE: or, The Arctic Adventurers. By PERCY B. ST. JOHN. Boston: Mayhew & Baker. 18mo. pp. 243. 1859.

This very clever story has much of the fascination that renders "Robinson Crusoe" the delight of millions. It is exceedingly well done, and the scenes described, those visited by Parry and Franklin, are drawn with fidelity to nature. The work is beautifully illustrated, and one we can heartily recommend.

THE CORNER CUPBOARD. Illustrated by 1000 Engravings. By the author of "Enquire Within." New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

An excellent compilation, embracing a multitude of "things not generally known," "things that ought to be known," and "things worth knowing," systematically arranged, and indexed so that the reader can find whatever he wants instantly. For sale by G. W. Cottrell, 36 Cornhill.

LIZZIE GLENN, or, The Trials of a Seamstress. By T. S. ARTHUR. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

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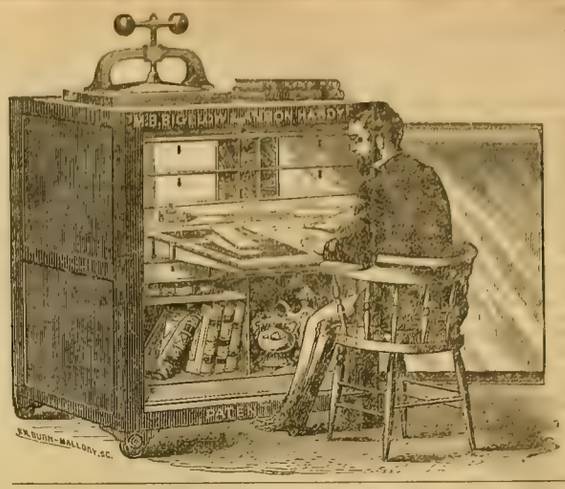

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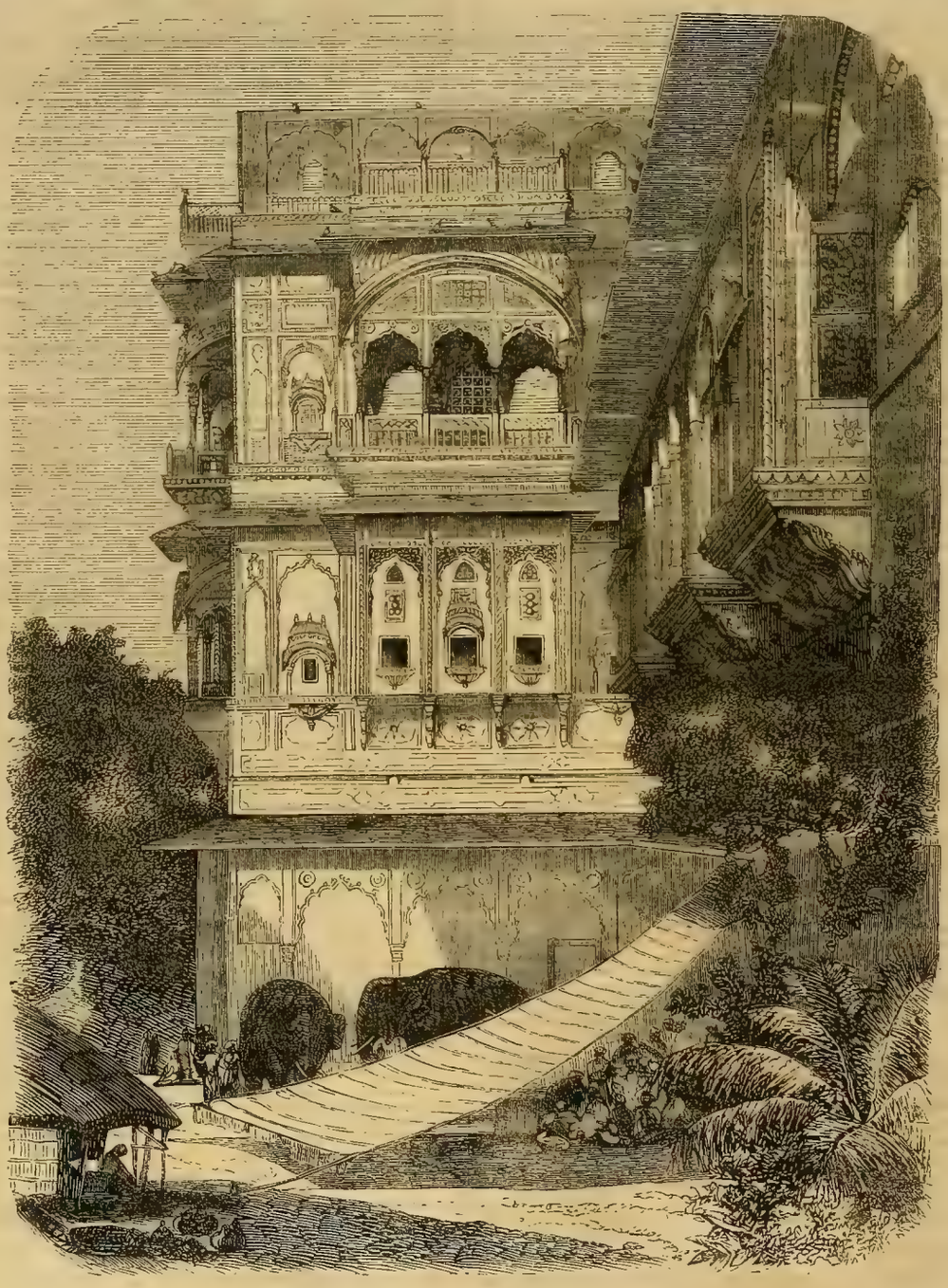
A RICH BANKER'S HOUSE AT ADJIMIR.

Among the cities of India, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, Adjimir, in the vicinity of Benares, holds a prominent place. Built in the midst of a vast and fertile plain, and on the banks of a beautiful lake, it was at one time the capital of a rich and powerful state, and all seemed to conspire to enhance its prosperity and grandeur. Even now, though the province of which it is the chief city has fallen into dissolution and decay, Adjimir yet retains numerous traces of its ancient splendor. The "House of a Rich Banker," which we this week engrave, is a curious specimen of the by-gone magnificence of Adjimir. It would be difficult to find a more imposing combination of richness and elegance than is found in the façade and its ornaments. The banker's house appears to have been built during the latter part of the last century, but on a model of a far remoter date. The construction is in that strange Oriental composite style, the *bizarre* yet graceful mixture of the Hindoo with the Arabic architectural manner which prevails throughout Bengal. Thus the oriel windows, the crenelated ogives, the trellised and arabesqued panel-work, belong essentially to Arabic art, while the pagoda-like roofs which surmount the different stories are purely Hindoo or rather Bhuddist; for architecture and religion are found in intimate alliance in Paganism as in Christianity; and the curved and projecting roofs find their apotheosis in the bell-decorated many-storied pagodas of China. The separate roofs, or rather bulks, of the mansion whose exterior we are endeavoring to describe, are the resort of the sacred pigeons, vast numbers of which interesting birds scatter their varied plumage over the housetops and streets of Adjimir, and are treated with the greatest respect and veneration by the public. Thousands of pigeons are to be found in all the towns of the Rajpootana, imparting to them a most remarkable and characteristic appearance, and everywhere the birds are treated with the same superstitious respect. It is difficult, without inquiry, to discover the germ whence sprang among the Brahmins, the Mahometans, or the Bhuddists of India the tradition which has placed under the ægis of religion the pretty birds which we utilitarians of the West were in the habit, prior to the establishment of electric telegraphs, of employing as message carriers; which we are unsentimental enough to eat and infinitely relish, stewed; and which we esteem as most succulent dainties when baked in a pie dish with half a pound of juicy steak beneath, some hard boiled eggs between, a dozen native oysters on the top, and a flaky crust surmounting all; which we are idle enough to breed with reference to some silly phase of the "fancy," and cruel enough to shoot at with guns from "traps." Pigeons are equally sacred among the Russians. They are terrible annoyances to the rapid droschky drivers of St. Petersburgh and Moscow, flying as they do with jaunty indifference between the legs of of the skittish horses. Their great resort in the capital is the roof of the Kesan Church, where they literally swarm. In the provincial towns they are as numerous; and an orthodox Russian would as soon think of eating a pigeon, as an English agriculturist would dream of killing a robin-red-breast; but the semi-hothouse civilization of St. Petersburgh affords some ground for dark rumors that we have heard to the effect that *compote de pigeons* is a dish not wholly unknown at Dominique's restaurant on the Nevski. It is a long flight even for a carrier pigeon from the Nova and the Neva to the Ganges and the Jumna; yet there are stranger flights, stranger antitheses of time, and space, and style, and manner, to be found in this same Empire of Ind. The mansion of the Hindoo Shroff, with its arabesques, its gilded lattices, its strange grotesque ornaments, its multi-colored cornices, its striped verandahs, its shady courtyards, with tesselated pavements and purling fountains in the midst, its cool dark rooms, where on rich carpets or sweet-smelling mats, the dark-eyed beauties of the zenana sit puffing the fragrant herb to the music of the hookahs' bubbling sound, their plump dusky forms shrouded in airy muslins, their little bare feet peeping from jewelled bangles; the lazy, splendid, effeminate Oriental house, with its hosts of white-clad servants, its elephants at the gate, and its huge savage vegetation growing around, may have for its very next neighbor, a white-washed barrack—where her majesty's fighting 33d are living in an atmosphere of pipe-clay.



HOUSE OF A RICH BANKER AT ADJIMIR, INDIA.

WHAT SHALL I STUDY?

Is a question which is frequently proposed to us by young men who are sensible of their deficiencies in education. The most of those who propound this interrogatory require a practical answer. Their everyday life suggests innumerable questions which in the case of their co-apprentices or in that of young men in their walk of life, appear to be solved with more readiness and skill than they are able to bring to bear. They desire to be guided to as short and direct a path as possible, which can enable them to make their way through the difficulties which beset them.

In endeavoring to answer the interrogatory which we have placed as the caption of this article, let us premise that in this age of books there is too much dissipation which goes under the name of reading and study—we mean that too many people, and especially the young, resort to books as mere matters of amusement, intending therewith to pass a pleasant hour, but with no design of cherishing in the memory the facts presented, and without allowing their judgments to act upon the deductions of the author.

This process invariably enervates the mind, when pursued exclusively, and after awhile it destroys all taste for acquiring solid information, and makes study an impossibility. It is merely dissipation in letters, and, like all other dissipation, it enfeebles him or her who is subject to it. It is not reading, in the true sense of the word, much less is it study. That which is perused is not, properly speaking, read until it is digested, and whoever crams himself with books, the contents of which he has not properly digested, is very much like the man who overloads his stomach with a variety of dishes which the stomach cannot dispose of. In the latter case we may say that the individual becomes diseased, and we call his diseased condition dyspepsia. This is bad enough, but mental dyspepsia is much worse, and much more common than physical. The latter can be remedied by the physician, if he can but moderate the appetite of the patient and confine him to digestible food, but the former is seldom or never cured. The difficulty in the case is, that those who read many things suppose that thereby they acquire learning, whereas the abortive attempts they make to apply what they have acquired, in their everyday life, demonstrate to every observer, and ought to prove to themselves, that they have been pursuing a course of indigestible reading.

Asking those who make the interrogatory with which we commenced, to correct the disease which we have noticed, if they are subject thereto, we proceed to reply to the interrogatory—what shall I study? First, those branches which are immediately connected with the pursuits of your business life. If you are a mechanic do not neglect the mathematical branches which enter into your avocation, and further cultivate your taste by hard study of the beautiful as represented by writers on æsthetics. The progress of the arts demands of every mechanic who aspires to be eminent, that he shall have a quick and keen appreciation of form, size, and color, and as to the last named, that he shall be able to recognize harmony at once. Nature, of course, makes one man more skilful than another in all these; but any one can improve himself much more than he supposes. One thing is particularly demanded, viz., attention, and, at the outset, to the most trivial things. When you have established a habit of quick and comprehensive observation, you may to an extent neglect the details, and then only will you know what details can be safely neglected.

If you are in the mercantile class, you must understand arithmetic and book-keeping, as well as human nature, and the laws of demand and supply. The branches of geography, political economy, exchanges, and the commercial systems of the world will necessarily force themselves upon your attention, and you must study, not merely read, the best authors upon these subjects. We would give you a list of them, but any educated friend in the profession you have chosen, can refer you to such as your present advance would make profitable for you.

Assuming that you have not neglected the branches which we have thus far recommended, we then advise an acquaintance with our general and local history, particularly with the institutions of our country. Not that these are essential to the industrial avocation you have entered, but they are essential to your wellbeing in life and to your reception and welcome in intelligent society. If, besides attending to what we have suggested, you have a natural proclivity toward any one of the sciences, cultivate that, mindful at the same time, not to be so absorbed in it as to interfere with the business or profession upon which you depend for support. This last consideration will guard you against intemperance in reading, which is nearly as bad as any other species of intemperance.—*Newburyport Herald.*

INDIAN CORN.

An intelligent article in the Cincinnati Gazette discusses the question of the nativity of Indian corn, or maize, which was one of the subjects before the American Scientific Association at Springfield. It will be recollected, perhaps, that Dr. J H. Gibbon read a paper in which he contended that maize was not solely a native of America, but was also the product of Asia and Africa. He contended that it was known to the Egyptians, and that the manna which is said to have fallen from heaven for the sustenance of the Israelites, was maize, which did not literally rain down, but which was found along the way. The article in the Gazette contends that maize is a native of America alone, and cites the evidence of Dr Pickering, who says: "Whether the maize was introduced into Egypt from the East or West, I have met with no evidence that the plant existed in the country prior to the discovery of America." The writer also cites the evidence of Livingstone and Barth in proof of the fact that maize was not found in Africa, and contends that it was not known in Europe until 1332. Admitting that maize might have found its way to Japan across the Pacific, the article says: "The points may be considered settled by positive testimony, that maize is a native of America, and that it is not a native of Europe. Our inquiry, therefore, is confined to Asia and Africa. Still it is important to observe that in Asia and Africa were the first settlements of mankind, and of them we have by far the earliest and most authentic testimonies, to say nothing of those memorable monuments on which is inscribed much of the domestic manners and history of the ancients. If then the civilization of Asia and Africa knew anything of Indian corn, or potatoes, or buckwheat, or turkeys, is it possible that no evidence of them should exist in those histories or monuments? Therefore it is that we consider the negative evidence as completely overwhelming. It is made conclusive by being entirely exclusive. Let us turn to the Mosaic account—the ruins of Nineveh and the monuments of Egypt. We find evidence of the existence of barley, and wheat, and beans, and onions, and lentils, but where is there any evidence of maize or potatoes? Indian corn is one of the most remarkable and easily described plants known, and yet all ancient history is silent on its existence. Where is the evidence? Wheat was found among the mummies. The entire absence of any sort of evidence is, to our mind, conclusive of the question.

"But this is not all. The early classic ages of Greece and Rome had intelligent writers on agriculture, and Rome brought from Africa a large portion of her supplies. Now, if Carthage, or Egypt, or Assyria, had ever known or heard of Indian corn, would these writers have been totally silent on so interesting a plant? Nor is this all. De Goguet, a learned French writer on the origin of arts and sciences, has collected all that the ancient writers say, and all that tradition asserted of ancient agriculture, and not one word is there about Indian corn. There is additional significance given to the fact, that wherever Indian corn is introduced, it is an important plant. It is not a thing to be overlooked; and yet all ancient history is silent in regard to it. We conclude, therefore, with Doctor Pickering, that there is no evidence of the existence of this plant prior to the discovery of America."—*Rural New Yorker.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

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THE PET SEALS, AQUARIAL GARDENS.

The picture below, drawn for us by Mr. Alfred Waud, is a correct representation of the two marbled seals which are proving such a great attraction at the Aquarial Gardens, Bromfield Street. These interesting creatures are perfectly domesticated, and seem quite at home and in their element at the exhibition. Indeed they are, literally, in their element, for a large tank is provided for them, one-half of which is constantly supplied with water, while the other half is occupied by a platform, to and from which they ascend at will by means of an inclined plane. Their sleek coats, large bright eyes, intelligent expression and cunning ways, render them especial favorites of the ladies and children among the visitors. They know the attendants and exhibit great affection for them. It is curious, about feeding time, to see them watch every motion of the attendants, peering between the surrounding spectators, and uttering an occasional asthmatic snort by way of a gentle hint that their appetites are as regular as clock-work. "Ned," the young fellow with military proclivities, sits nearly erect upon his tail, and receiving a miniature musket, supports arms with great gravity and precision. They come at the call of the attendants, and take a bath at their suggestion. At feeding time, they behave with the discretion of good children, each taking its portion without seeking to deprive its mate of its share. They are fed with "chunks" of raw fish, and consume several pounds in a day. Their motions out of water are ungainly and waddling, yet they contrive to move with great celerity. In a natural state seals are rather formidable antagonists to a person who tries to cut off their retreat to the water. Our readers will doubtless call to mind the utter discomfiture of Captain Hector McIntyre in his encounter with the phoca (described in the Antiquary), a humiliation aggravated by the presence and sarcasms of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck.

There are many varieties of seal, such as the common seal, the Elephant Seal, so called from its long snout, which resembles the proboscis of the elephant or the tapir, the Sea Leopard, a spotted species, the Harp Seal, so called from a sort of lyre mark on its back, and the Sea Lion. The Elephant Seal is a mass of fat, and yields a great quantity of oil, the principal object of the South Pacific seal fisheries. The common seal is found in the waters of both hemispheres. Its average length is about four or five feet, and it frequently weighs 224 pounds. The specimens at the Aquarial Gardens show how easily it may be tamed, and realize the startling stories we have heard respecting its intelligence and docility. A young seal was tamed by the guard of a small island in the Frith of Forth above Edinburgh. It seemed quite to consider itself one of the party, would accompany their boat across the water, and when the vessel was made fast, it used to take its station inside, and watch until the owners returned. It had the playful manners of a water-dog, and would snatch a stick from its master's hand and dash into the sea with it, where it would toss and tumble about, sometimes approaching close to the shore, and swimming off again when its master attempted to grasp the stick, but it invariably brought back whatever it had taken. It would also bring fish out of the water and give them to its owners. Edmonston, an English writer, gives an amusing account of a seal named Finna, which he kept for about six months. "We had her carried down daily in a hand-barrow to the seaside, where an old excavation admitting the salt water, was abundantly roomy and deep for her recreation and our observation. After sporting and diving for some time, she would come ashore, and seemed perfectly to understand the use of the barrow. Often she tried to waddle from the house to the water, or from the latter to her apartment; but finding this fatiguing, and seeing preparations by her chairman, she would, of her own accord, mount her palanquin and thus be carried as composedly as any Hindoo princess." This animal was finally decoyed away by some wild seals and did not return again. Common hair seals are numerous along our northern coast, and abound in our own harbor. Experienced gunners frequently shoot them, and though it is difficult to get within range with a shot-gun, it is easy enough to approach within rifle-distance. When swimming, they dive at the flash like a dipper-duck, but at half-tide they are fond of lying on the weed-covered rocks, and may then be readily approached by the rifleman. They make a curious snorting noise, which very much resembles the bleating of a calf.

THE LEARNED SEALS, AT THE AQUARIUM, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY BOYHOOD'S TRIALS.

BY G. S. CAMPANA.

"BUT tell me about my father, Aunt Molly. Nobody ever tells me about my father."

"Why, Mas' Johnnie, you knows very well he done died, long ago, afore you done put on your fust breeches."

"I know that; but he lived before he died, didn't he? And if he did, there must be something or other to tell about him."

"De Lord hab mercy on us—what a onpatient chile! Shore and sartain, he done lib'd afore he died, Mas' Johnnie; but dar aint no great things to tell, no how. Marster was a bery good man to his people, and guv us plenty to eat and to wear. And Sister Vi'let, what was your mammy (nurse), he done built de white cabin 'spressly for her and 'Sephus. But, when you was a teeny weeny little bit of a baby, he done fout de *jewel*, you know, wid Mas' Billy Waldron, what was my ole Cater's master, in dem days."

"But what was the duel about, Aunt Molly? Ma never will tell me anything about it, and everybody else says they don't know."

"Well, Mas' Johnnie, 'deed I never knowed myself, rightly, what it was about. But you musn't pester your ma 'bout it."

"And don't Grandaddy Cato know?"

"Well, chile, I s'pose Cater does know more'n anybody else. But I wouldn't ax him about it, ef I was you. It's a thing he doesn't like to talk about, no how. You see, honey, Mas' Billy Waldron he wanted to marry your ma mighty bad, but she wouldn't have him, and when she tuck up wid your pa, dat made Mas' Billy mad, and him and your pa quarled for a long time; and den, at las', dey fout, and purty soon arter dat your pa took sick, and he never got over it."

"Did he kill Mr. Waldron, Aunt Molly?"

"Yes, honey, he done kilt him; and marster never hel' up his head arter dat day. Dat is what made him sick, he tuck it so hard. And dat was what done made you a orphant and your ma a widder. O, dem jewels is turrible! 'Deed dey is!"

This information sobered me considerably, and the few inquiries I made afterwards were in a subdued and somewhat faltering tone; nor did I ever again tease my mother with questions which I now saw must be eminently distasteful to her, and difficult to answer.

When I had the above conversation with Aunt Molly, I must have been nearly ten years of age. I had often been surprised and annoyed at the reserve of every one I talked with about my father, and this information, unsatisfactory as it was, was the fullest I had ever yet received from any one.

My mother's residence was in the interior of Virginia, on an extensive plantation known as "Chincopins," probably because the place abounded in that diminutive esculent. It was about nine miles from "the Court House," as the county-seat is termed in Virginia, whether it be a town, a village, a hamlet, or a mere court-house, and nothing else.

This particular court-house was a village of some eight or nine hundred inhabitants, and was the seat of a flourishing academy, to which I was sent soon after completing my tenth year. This was emphatically the turning over of a new leaf in the volume of my existence. On the hereditary plantation, surrounded by a host of negroes, many of them near my own age, I was greatly in danger of acquiring exaggerated notions of my own importance; and the change, from this to being a small boy in a large school, was as thorough as it was salutary, though it must be confessed that "mama's own, only darling" did not appreciate the advantages of his new position for a long time after he entered upon it.

The novelty of the situation, however, was not without its attractiveness. Among the many new faces I saw about me, was one which made a strong impression upon my imagination, from the very first. It was the oft-quoted, "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell, etc," over again. The owner of this face was a lawyer, and the face itself I saw for the first time in the court-house—the court-house proper, I mean, not the village. I have since seen a play called the Vampire, the hero of which reminded me at once of the man I refer to.

The face, without being emaciated, was as perfectly cadaverous as that of any corpse could be; and this unnatural paleness gave an unnatural brilliancy to a pair of diminutive and sinister-looking black eyes. It was certainly one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw, and one that could not fail to attract the attention of one who saw it for the first time.

I was not old enough, at that time, to note the singular expression of this man's countenance; but there was that in his looks and manner which made an impression upon me never to be effaced. When I first entered the court-room I saw that his eye was upon me. Without ceasing for a moment to observe me, he whispered to some one near him, listened to his reply, and then gave me a look which remains fixed in my memory as if it were yesterday.

I believe I was not more superstitious than other boys, yet I certainly believed that there was something demoniacal about this man. And there was indeed some excuse for such a notion, for if ever there was a fiend incarnate, his scowl must surely have resembled that of Garrit Kerne.

After I had been three weeks at Granville Court-House, I received permission to spend a Saturday and Sunday at home. When Friday evening came, I was all agog with expectation, looking out every minute for the horse which was to be sent in for me. I have said Friday *evening*; but the northern reader must not therefore imagine that I was to ride home in the night. The evening hour I speak of was three o'clock, P. M.

It is an almost universal habit, south of Mason and Dixon's line, to call the whole time between dinner and night, evening, be the dinner when it may. In short, southern people have no afternoon. It is all evening.

About a quarter past two o'clock, then, on the *evening* aforesaid, my dappled-dun pony Tulip was brought up to the door; but instead of the servant whom I expected to see with her, a young fellow of twenty five, there appeared, riding one horse and leading another, a snowy-haired, wrinkled octogenarian.

It was Aunt Molly's husband, who was now the property of Mr. Kerne, and lived at his place near the court-house. Using the appellation which I had insensibly adopted from his scores of grandchildren, I said:

"Granddaddy Cato, what on earth brought you here? What's became of Jeff?"

"Sarvent, Mas' Johnnie; sarvent, sir! Jeff done gone to our house to see his sister. I's gwine out home wid you; and I'll stay dar, wid my ole 'ooman tell Monday, and den I'll come back wid you, and Jeff he can take de hosses home agin."

"All right, granddaddy, if you have asked mother about it, as I suppose you have."

"Bless your heart! yes, Mas' Johnnie. Miss Margit was de very one what tole Jeff to stay, and let me come back in his place. Miss Margit is alluz been mighty good to we all, a givin' us chances to git back'ards and for'ards."

"Miss Margit" was my mother. It is a peculiarity of the southern negro to continue to address his mistress by her maiden name, after her marriage, and indeed till the day of her death. He is the slave of habit as well as of his master; and there is also a sort of respectful familiarity in his intercourse with the whites of the family, which makes it very difficult for him to change "Miss Mary," or "Miss Fanny," to which he has probably been accustomed from childhood, into formal "Mrs. Brown," or stiff "Mrs. Green."

And so with his master and other white gentlemen with whom he is familiar. The "Mas' Tommy," or "Mas' Billy," of his childhood is "Mas' Tommy" or "Mas' Billy" still, when time has frosted the heads of both master and servant.

The negro race is a kindly one, and these little traits corroborate the fact. They are universal, I believe, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and in a great majority of cases they might be considered outward indications of that fidelity and affection which the simple-hearted negro so often exhibits towards those whom he has been accustomed all his life to regard as belonging to the same family with himself.

During our homeward ride, I chatted a great deal with Cato—more than I had ever done before. I had not been in the habit of seeing him more than once or twice a month, and this was perhaps the first time I had ever been alone with him, for more than a few minutes.

Boy as I was, I could not help remarking and wondering at the great interest the old man seemed to take in my affairs. There was even a degree of tenderness in his deportment towards me, which attracted my attention at the time and gave me food for thought afterwards.

There was a small river between the court-house and my mother's residence, which was sometimes swollen by rains so as to be scarcely fordable; and as there had been a good deal of rain the night before, Jeff had been charged by my mother not to return that day, on any account, if he should find the water very high.

When Jeff passed the stream it was about its ordinary height; at least he so reported it to us. But when we reached the ford, we found a very different state of things. It was much swollen, and the current very rapid.

"Why, granddaddy," says I, "Jeff didn't tell the truth about the river. I never saw it so full."

"I spec' he done tole de trufe, Mas' Johnnie. It's been a rainin' mighty hard up 'mong de mountains las' night and dis mornin', and you see it hadn't had time to fill de river down here before Jeff come along. It's been a risin' ever sence."

"And what do you think we had better do, granddaddy? Can we get across?"

"Well, honey, it's risin' every minute, and ef we waits for it to fall agin, we'll have to wait all night. 'Pears to me it's not too high to cross yit, for anybody what knows how to do it; but you mustn't risk it tell arter I done tried it fust. I knows whar de shaller places is, and so I'll jist ride acrost and see whedder it's safe for you or not; and ef it is, I'll take you acrost behind me, on Tulip, and den come back and carry dis horse over."

By "carrying" old Cato meant *leading*. Southern negroes, and many southern white people, invariably say *carry* where a northerner would say *take*.

With some difficulty I was induced to consent to the old man's arrangement, and to allow him to precede me. With a safe horse he would have crossed with difficulty, but Jeff had unfortunately ridden a wild colt, by no means easy to manage on dry land. When Cato had gained the middle of the river, the animal became so restive that it was impossible to keep it in the proper path, and it was soon floundering desperately among deep holes and slippery rocks, and eventually stumbled over one of the latter, and threw poor granddaddy headforemost into the water. The rapid current swept away both man and horse, and they were soon far down the stream.

To see the kind-hearted old man drown before my eyes, without making an effort to save him, was impossible; I therefore galloped down the bank until I reached a favorable spot, some distance below him, and then dashed in after him. It was a boyish act—a rash and foolish one. I was putting my own life into serious jeopardy, without the possibility of being of any service to Cato. As might have been expected, I was very soon in a worse plight than he. At the point where I entered it, the stream was hardly fordable at low water. My pony staggered and stumbled, and fell into deep holes, and was whirled about in resistless eddies, till I became so dizzy and bewildered that I was almost distracted, and found myself struggling in the water, at the mercy of the current, before I knew what had happened.

With the consciousness that I was in the water, came a host of sensations which involved my mental faculties in a perfect chaos, till the whole world seemed but one mighty mass of rolling, eddying, foaming, bubbling, gurgling, seething, rushing water, thundering in my ears, and hurrying me onward to some vast ocean of oblivion into which I plunged headlong—and then all was still, and I heard, thought, felt no more.

How long this state of insensibility lasted I do not know. My first sensations of returning consciousness were acutely painful. I had a faint glimpse before my eyes of sky, and sun, and trees, and water; I tried to think, but the effort overpowered me, and I relapsed into insensibility.

Again I partially recovered the use of my senses. I felt that some one was carrying me, and then I knew that I had been put down upon the ground. A few moments later I felt that I could open my eyes, and I looked up to see who it was that had rescued me. To my great surprise, there was no one to be seen. I was all alone, near the brink of the river, seated, or rather reclining, upon a mossy bank, with my head and shoulders carefully placed so as to rest comfortably in the angle formed by the stump and trunk of a fallen tree. But there was no trace whatever of the individual who had placed me there.

As I was trying to gain an upright position, old Cato made his appearance, alive and well, except that, like myself, he had been considerably bruised, and had been put through a very severe course of hydropathic treatment very much against his will.

Our surprise at seeing each other was mutual, for each one had regarded the other as lost. The old man was unfeignedly rejoiced to see me, and testified his delight in the somewhat extravagant manner common to all his race. He had been saved by coming in contact with a tree which had been blown down so as to fall out into the midst of the stream, while the root remained upon the bank. He had managed to clamber up upon the trunk, and then crawl ashore.

Both the horses had gone down with the current, and we supposed them to be lost. But after I had recovered somewhat, and when we began slowly to make our way homeward, we had advanced but a few rods when we fell in with Tulip, standing quietly hitched to the branch of a tree, and apparently but little the worse for her ducking. Who had rescued her from the torrent and hitched her there? The same person, undoubtedly, who had saved my life. But who was that? Neither Cato nor I had the least idea. The colt was subsequently found, far down the stream, without saddle or bridle, and seriously, though not fatally, injured. The distance we had to go was only about three miles, but it was a tedious journey, for we were both very sore and much exhausted. Still, however, I contrived to conceal from my mother the serious nature of the accident, and my narrow escape from drowning.

One Saturday afternoon, about two months after the occurrences just noticed, I strolled out to Garritburn, as Mr. Kerne's place was called, and paid a visit to old Cato. I found the old man busily engaged in one of the favorite occupations, I might say recreations, of the Virginia negro—I mean broom-making. He put away his work immediately, however, and, in accordance with a promise previously given, accompanied me on an angling expedition. Indeed, this was an occupation which he liked still better than the other, and one that he particularly excelled in.

As we returned to his cabin, just as it was growing dark, I recurred to the subject which was ever uppermost in my thoughts, and asked the old man a number of questions about my parents, particularly about my father; but the answers were no more satisfactory than those I had heretofore received. With a feeling of disappointment and vexation such as I had often before experienced, I exclaimed, just as we reached old Cato's door:

"I do wish I could get somebody to tell me something about my father and mother!"

"*I'll* tell you about them," said a deep-toned voice, close at hand; "your mother is a strumpet, and your father was a murderer!"

A mocking, fiendish laugh accompanied these terrible words. The speaker was Garrit Kerne. He was just turning one of the corners of the cabin, and his sneering features were barely visible in the fast deepening twilight, as his person came into view.

Boy as I was, my blood boiled like molten lava. I had always idolized my mother, whose only child I was, and though I did not then more than half understand the insult offered to her, I knew that it was an insult, and that was enough. Before my design could be suspected, I whirled my hickory fishing-rod (or rather pole) round my head, and struck the lawyer full in the face with the heavy butt end of it.

Kerne was so flustered and bewildered that I might easily have escaped if I had tried; but I was too thoroughly enraged to think of such a thing. All my faculties were absorbed in endeavoring to repeat the blow. In this I only partially succeeded; he caught the rod, just as it reached his head, and turned it aside, but not until after it had hit him, and with considerable force.

With a howl of mingled pain, rage and astonishment, he wrenched the pole from my hands, and sprang upon me, brandishing a bowie-knife, which he had drawn from his bosom. Dark as it now was, I saw murder in the lurid gleam of his eye, and in the demoniacal scowl which settled on his cadaverous brow, and I felt sure that my last hour had come.

The knife had descended more than half way towards my heart, when suddenly I saw an arm and a clenched hand looming up out of the darkness, and the next moment my antagonist fell to

the ground like a slaughtered ox. The instant I assured myself that my enemy was *hors de combat*, I turned to seek the owner of the hand and arm which had rendered me such essential service—but there was nobody there. Nothing could be either seen or heard.

"Where did he go to, granddaddy?" I eagerly asked, as I turned towards the cabin.

Cato did not even know whom I meant. He had gone into his cabin but a few seconds before his master spoke, and appeared at the door again just as I asked him the above question. He had seen nobody. As soon as I explained to him what had happened, he exclaimed, in great agitation:

"Run, Mas' Johnnie!—for de Lord's sake run, and git outen marster's way afore he comes to agin! He'll murder you ef he ketches you, honey; indeed an' 'deed he will. For de love of heaven, keep outen his way—dat's a good chile. And 'member dis, Mas' Johnnie, ef you gits into trouble, or any of your kin, jist come to old Cater, and mebbe de ole nigger kin do sumpin for you."

Partly in consequence of Cato's entreaties, and partly in the hope of overtaking the owner of the mysterious arm which had interposed so effectually in my behalf, I left the place and started at full speed on the road to the court-house, which the object of my search would probably take. I soon met a negro boy, however, and ascertained from him that no one had passed in that direction.

It was now quite dark, and a search in any other quarter would be wholly useless; so that I was obliged to remain in utter ignorance of everything relating to this person, who had become an object of intense interest to me, and who, I felt persuaded, was identical with him who had rescued me from drowning.

Notwithstanding my extreme youth at the time of their occurrence, I can remember these incidents, and others connected with them, as if they had taken place yesterday. This is owing, of course, to the vivid impression which they necessarily made upon my youthful mind, which stamped them on my memory indelibly.

Much to my surprise, the first time I saw Mr. Kerne after the above-mentioned affair, I could not have discovered, from his manner, that he even remembered it. His subtle knavery was far too deep for my unsophisticated mind to fathom, and I actually came to the conclusion that he was not likely to take any farther notice of it. And he might suffer such a thing to slumber for many long years. He was not at all unlikely to do so. But the sun that set to-day is not more certain to rise to morrow, than was that wily villain, sooner or later, to compass his revenge.

In the meantime, what this man had said of my parents had caused me more poignant misery than any physical injury he could possibly have inflicted upon me. I was exceedingly sensitive, and I doubt if I would have felt such a thing more keenly at any subsequent period of my existence. I had not a particle of faith in anything that Kerne had said, but I thought that others might have, and believed that there must be some sort of an appearance of a foundation for these horrible charges. I brooded over this melancholy subject until my thoughts almost drove me distracted.

When I was twelve years old, and the very day before my birthday, I rode home from the court house, alone, on an imperfectly broken horse, which had been sent for me without my mother's knowledge. About five miles from the village was a trough, into which the water was conveyed from a neighboring spring, and was constantly running. In my journeys to and fro, I was in the habit of stopping at this place to procure water for myself and my horse.

On this occasion, I found a man standing near the trough eating chestnuts. He told me he had gathered them from a tree but a little way off, which he pointed out to me, and offered to hold the horse while I went to get some. I foolishly accepted his offer, visited the tree, and staid there long enough to fill my pockets.

When I returned, the stranger was very officious in assisting me to mount, but immediately afterwards sprung into the saddle of his own horse, which he had held by the bridle, and rode rapidly away. I observed also a very fine looking mare hitched near the trough.

To my great astonishment, I had hardly settled myself in my seat, when my horse began to rear and plunge and kick most furiously, and finally took the bit in his teeth, and started off at the very top of his speed, taking an old wagon track, across a common, instead of the high road. I soon lost all control of the animal, which appeared to become more and more frightened, and to run faster and faster every minute. I found it impossible to make him swerve from the course he was pursuing, and I shuddered with apprehension when I remembered what must be its termination. The common, in that direction, was bounded by the river in which I had so nearly been drowned, the bank of which, at that place, was a rocky precipice, with a sheer perpendicular descent of little less than a hundred feet.

My horse was making directly for this fearful precipice, and apparently increasing his frantic speed at every stride. I felt sure that no power on earth could save me, and with an agonized cry to God for mercy, I shut my eyes and awaited the awful plunge into eternity.

It seemed an age of waiting—and yet the dreaded moment came not. Then I began to fancy, though I was still afraid to believe it, that my horse was relaxing his speed. I pulled, with all my strength, at the bridle-rein, and, to my infinite surprise and joy, he stood stock still. I opened my eyes, and there I was, safe and sound, but within less than ten feet of the precipice. I was perfectly astounded. My escape appeared to me to be little short of a miracle. But a negro, who rode by, enabled me to explain the seeming mystery. He had seen the whole affair, from the top of a hill, about a quarter of a mile off. He saw a man on horseback riding after me at a furious rate. Presently he overtook me, did something to my horse which quieted him, and then rode away again at the same headlong speed.

Riding slowly backwards, the way I came, I soon discovered both a confirmation and an explanation of the negro's statement. Lying on the ground was a large bunch of thistles, with a bit of twine string attached to them. Fastened to my horse's crupper was a piece of a similar string, from which the piece attached to the thistles had evidently been severed. It followed, of course, that the thistles had been tied to the crupper, and had no doubt been left dangling down in such a manner as to irritate the horse almost to madness, as soon as he began to move.

This was a sufficiently satisfactory explanation of the strange *escapade* of my half-maddened nag, which had doubtless been relieved of its irritating incumbrance by the person whom the negro saw riding after me. He had evidently come close up behind me, cut the string to which the thistles were tied, and then scampered off again as fast as possible.

But who was he? Where did he come from? What was his motive for getting out of the way with such extraordinary rapidity? And who was the miscreant who had so nearly succeeded in destroying me? These were questions to which there seemed very little hope of obtaining anything like satisfactory answers. I rode quietly home, and contrived to conceal from my mother this affair, as I had done the others which had so nearly proved fatal to me.

To particularize all the trials of my unhappy boyhood would fill a volume. The limits to which I am restricted make it necessary for me to pass over several successive years, and come at once to the catastrophe of my story. These years were not spent at home nor at the court-house. At the age of twelve, my mother removed me, very much against my will, to a distant school, where I remained till I was fifteen, making only one short visit to Chincopins each year. My mother, however, came to see me frequently.

During this time, there was more than one incident which showed that some secret spirit of unsated malevolence was still at work, aiming to torture me with perpetually recurring dangers and difficulties, rather than to crush me outright; and there were also others to indicate the presence of some equally mysterious and indefatigable agency of love and kindness, always hovering over me.

When I was nearly fifteen, I left the preparatory school to enter the University of Virginia, and I was forced to spend a few weeks at home. The third night after my arrival at Chincopins, I was kept awake by the toothache. It was very warm weather, and I sat a long time at the open window of my chamber waiting for the dawn to appear.

Suddenly, in the deep stillness of the night, I heard a creaking of the steps of an outside staircase, which communicated with the rooms in the back part of the house. Then I saw a long shadow thrown upon the moon lit ground, and then followed a tall, stalwart looking man, emerging from the darkness, and gliding swiftly though stealthily away.

I ran rapidly down stairs and into the open air, but the man had disappeared. I returned to my room with the intention of speaking to my mother on the subject as soon as she appeared. In the meantime, as soon as it was light enough, I took up a book to try to while away the time. It was a new novel which I had been reading for two days past. When I opened the volume, a note fell out of it. It was addressed to myself. I snatched it up and read as follows:

"That you may not be ignorant of what every one here knows, except yourself, I take this method of informing you that your mother has been, for a long time, in the habit of receiving into her chamber, by night, a negro man, who comes about midnight, and leaves in the morning before day. He makes his entrance and exit by the little back stairs, and through a secret door, communicating with them, which has been cut in the western wall of your mother's chamber. He came last night, and will probably come again to night."

That was all. There was no signature. I crushed the note in my clenched hand; and O, what would I not have given for the opportunity to crush its vile author in a similar manner! If death, in the most terrific form he ever wore, had approached me at that moment, I am very sure that not even the instinct of self-preservation would have induced me to take one step to avoid him.

A sword, more terrible far than that which Damocles dreaded, had been hanging over me by a single hair, almost ever since my childhood. It had now fallen; and though I was still alive and capable of suffering, I felt that in destroying my happiness forever, it had slain by far the better part of my existence.

The air of the house seemed to suffocate me. I rushed forth, plunged into a pine forest which led to the mountains, and wandered all day, without aim or object, till physical exhaustion induced me to return. It had been dark for several hours, and I stole quietly to my chamber without any one having observed me.

I was greatly fatigued. As far as my body was concerned, the storm of passion had subsided, and an enforced calm was the consequence; but, like the ocean when the first fury of the gale has spent itself, my unhappy soul was still tossing and heaving with undiminished excitement. I waited till about a quarter before twelve, and then, with slippered feet and noiseless tread, I stole quietly to the little room adjoining my mother's chamber, in the wall of which the secret door was said to have been made.

This apartment was used as a lumber-room, and contained various articles of furniture and other matters. The moon shone in at one of the windows, and enabled me, after some searching, to find the door in question. It was hidden behind an old book-case, which, however, ran upon casters, and was readily moved and replaced again.

Having made this discovery, I placed myself behind a pile of old curtains, which had been thrown carelessly across a dilapidated clothes-horse, and remained there silently on the watch. I had not long to wait. In fifteen minutes, perhaps, I heard a stealthy step upon the outside stairs, and then in the adjoining passage, and then the outer door of the room opened and in walked a tall, broad shouldered black man, heavy and muscular.

Faint as were my hopes that my gloomy forebodings might not be realized, this confirmation of my worst fears was a terrible shock. I reeled as if I had received a stunning blow, and my heart throbbed with anguish till I thought it would burst, and but for the relief of a copious flood of tears, it appeared to me that I must have died upon the spot.

The midnight intruder cautiously displaced the book-case, produced a key from his pocket, opened the door, pulled the book-case back into its place again as far as possible, and disappeared within my mother's chamber, leaving the door unfastened. Choking back my tears, and clenching my teeth with a ferocity which I had never known before, I silently followed. A lamp was burning in my mother's room, and by its light I saw her, in her night-dress, sitting on a sofa, the negro's arms around her, and her head reclining on his bosom.

With a howl so unearthly that it seemed to me as if all the wolves of the forest had helped me to utter it, I drew a knife and aimed it at the negro's heart. My mother shrieked and sprang directly in the way of the knife, so that it would inevitably have entered her breast if her companion had not caught my wrist in time to arrest it. Terrified and half senseless she sank upon the sofa, while the black man seized my other arm and advanced with me towards the lamp, till its light fell full and strong upon my face. He then said:

"John, do I look like a negro?"

I gazed at him as if my whole soul was in my eyes. The skin was of the deepest negro tinge, but the voice and features were unquestionably those of a white man.

"In Heaven's name, then," cried I, "who are you?"

"An innocent man, who, for fourteen miserable years, has been proscribed and hunted like a beast of prey, compelled to visit his wife by stealth, in the disguise of a slave, and to remain a stranger to his only child."

The truth flashed upon me like lightning, and I rushed into my *father's* arms!

I saw it all at a glance, and the revulsion of feeling was so great, that for the moment it unmanned me more than anything that had previously happened. Joy filled my heart to bursting. I felt, intuitively, that my father was innocent, and the burden which, almost ever since my infancy, had weighed down my young spirit to the dust, was instantaneously removed, and when the first shock was over, I felt a lightness, a buoyancy, such as I had never even dreamed of before.

The scene which followed I will not dwell upon. I was soon made acquainted with all those things with regard to which I had been so painfully puzzled, and received many explanations which the reader's imagination will enable him to supply. The most important points of this information I would have had, at any rate, in a day or two. Up to this time I had been thought too young to be entrusted with secrets which were matters of life and death. But, before I should leave for college, it was resolved that I should be informed of everything.

William Waldron and my father were rival candidates for my mother's hand, but openly and generously so. Garrit Kerne was the secret rival and bitter enemy of both; and it was afterwards known that he had made a solemn vow to compass their destruction. Supposing at first that Waldron was the favored one, Kerne took an opportunity to attack him, unawares, with deadly weapons; but with a pocket knife he so defended himself that Kerne came out of the fray almost cut to pieces. He lost a great deal of blood, and ever afterwards looked like a corpse.

While Kerne was disabled and in bed, my father and mother were married. As soon as he was able to get about again, he contrived to bring about the unwitnessed duel between Waldron and my father. The latter had intended to fire in the air, but, by a most unlucky mischance, his pistol went off accidentally, and, to his lifelong regret, caused the death of his antagonist. The duel was not really without witnesses, for Kerne contrived to see all that happened, and he swore positively that my father had shot Waldron deliberately and intentionally.

The day after the encounter, sorrow and excitement threw my father into a raging fever, with symptoms of inflammation of the brain, and he lay dangerously ill for many days. His physician, who was also his most intimate friend, learned that he would be arrested and tried for murder as soon as he should sufficiently recover. His conviction was certain, and the physician, who was firmly persuaded of his innocence, concocted a plan for enacting a sham death and funeral. This plan was successfully carried out, and the object of it, who was really but half conscious of what was going on, allowed them to do as they pleased.

The result was that my father was secretly conveyed to a retired spot in the island of Cuba, every one but the physician, one other friend, and my mother, believing him to be dead. He was a man of uncommon strength and energy, both of mind and body, and his family affections were as strong as either his frame or his character. Such a man was not likely to be deterred, even by fear of death, from visiting his wife and child. He stained his skin black, and otherwise effectually disguised himself, and then, travelling principally by night, managed to reach his native county and take up his abode in a cavern in the mountains, known only to himself, and which could never be discovered, unless by accident. In this secret fastness he dwelt, during his frequent visits to the United States, visiting his old

home only by night, but making it his daily business to hover around and protect his son. Making this almost his sole study, he was enabled to detect and defeat many of the machinations of his and my own arch-enemy, Kerne. Finally he became persuaded that the lawyer had begun to suspect his secret, and that he had spies in the house, among my mother's servants. We were to hold a family council the next night, and decide what was best to be done.

The hours of the night flew rapidly away, and we were at length compelled to separate. I descended the outer stairs with my father, and at the bottom saw him step into the arms of a party of constables, headed by Garrit Kerne, by whom he was borne away to the county jail. As soon as I could leave my half-distracted mother, I mounted my horse and rode off to the cabin of Granddaddy Cato. What I hoped to gain by this visit was not very clear, even to myself; but, from the moment of my father's capture, his words had been ringing in my ears: "Ef you gits into trouble, or any of your kin, jist come to ole Cater, and mebbe de ole nigger kin do sumpin for you." And now I was resolved to see him, though I had but a faint hope of any advantage to be derived, in any way, from the interview.

I found the old man at home, and very little altered. He was not much surprised at the news I brought, and I fancied that he had not been without a suspicion of the truth. He told me that he believed his master would kill him if he told what he knew, but he was resolved to do it at all hazards. It was easy to see that he reproached himself for not having done this long before, and that his tenderness towards me resulted from his wish to make some sort of restitution to at least one member of the family.

He said that his former master, William Waldron, had died in his arms, and had with his latest breath, declared his conviction of my father's innocence. Kerne, however, had threatened to kill him if he divulged this secret, and had purchased him solely with the view of securing his silence, by getting him in his power.

I was very glad to hear this statement; but as Cato was not a competent witness in the case, it would not save my father. While I was thinking it over, the old negro produced, from one corner of a shed attached to his cabin, where it had been buried since the day of his late master's death, a small tin box, containing a number of papers, which he exhibited to me, though he was altogether ignorant of their contents. Among them I found a note from my father, from which it was abundantly evident that the proposal to fight without seconds, or witnesses of any sort, came originally from Waldron himself.

Seeing nothing else that interested me, I put the letters, etc., back in the box from which I had withdrawn them. In the act of doing this, a small scrap of paper, with writing on it, fell from my hand and fluttered down to the floor. I picked it up and carelessly glanced over it. The writing was in pencil and hardly legible, but with some difficulty I made out the following words:

"I hereby declare that the mortal wound which I have just received was the result of the *accidental* discharge of a pistol in the hand of my antagonist. Signed, WM. WALDRON."

Poor Cato, who knew nothing of the importance of these lines, thought that I had suddenly become demented, so extravagantly did I behave in the first wild exuberance of my joy. I both hugged and kissed the old negro; I laughed, and wept, and danced, and shouted, like a veritable bedlamite; then mounted my horse and rode to the court-house, with all the speed that whip and spur, most actively employed, were capable of developing.

My father's case never came to trial. It was dismissed by the examining court the moment Waldron's note was exhibited, and the handwriting proved; and it was only by a precipitate flight that Garrit Kerne saved himself from a coat of tar and feathers, if not something worse. Granddaddy Cato was transferred to a comfortable cottage at Chincopins, where he still lives, though more than a hundred years old; and, to this day, nothing can be found to please him better than a good long gossip on the subject of "My Boyhood's Trials."

We sacrifice the present in regretting the past that has already gone, and in tormenting ourselves about the future that has not yet come. It is pretty much the same with a widow. Between the husband she has lost and the husband she is expecting, her days are spent in alternately sighing over what she cannot change and what she cannot command.

THE BANISHED WIFE.

MY son, you have often expressed surprise at the deep and abiding unhappiness that has accompanied me through life. To call it melancholy, would be to give it too soft, too holy a name; for the restless yearning that has driven me from country to country, from city to city, had nothing about it of that tender and brooding frame of mind. From you, Charles, I have had no concealment except upon this subject; nor did this concealment arise from any plan of secrecy, so much as from a shrinking of the heart from the task of laying open its deep and self-inflicted wounds, and the gnawing of the hidden tooth—remorse.

I know that when I am gone, there will not be wanting many to give you different and garbled accounts of that period, that left these disastrous effects upon my life, and deprived you of the companionship and guardianship of an angel—leaving your tortured heart to select its own vision from the many presented. That time is not far distant. I am the victim of a vital disease, that must soon destroy me, and I am not willing that you should judge me when I am no more, as others do, from appearances, even if favorable to me; I would have you know the truth, depending on your affection for forgiveness and even sympathy. I lay before you, with unvarnished veracity, the events that determined the coloring of my whole existence. If only as a warning against the common error of man, I hope this faithful exposition of feelings and of deeds will be of service to you; against that error which inculcated from the cradle, and continued to the tomb—a remnant of barbarity, a fit companion for slavery, which inculcates the inferiority of woman to man; which impresses upon us the idea, that in the marriage ties there is no equality, and that the husband is the master of the wife, instead of her guide and counsellor. It is even believed that this state of things ensures her happiness, and that, spaniel-like, she loves better the hand that oppresses, than that which caresses her. All this is false to nature herself, and if ever true, only rendered so by the degradation of a narrow and artificial education. Where natural resources are developed, responsibility incurred, self-reliances early felt, women often exhibit a pride, a firmness, a perseverance, a high sense of woman, that puts manhood to the blush.

Your mother was of these—years have quenched the enthusiasm of my spirit, and my imagination is feeble, if not extinct; yet, through the long vista of years, and across the wide waste of tombs, I see her still, the most beautiful, the most graceful of beings, as she was the truest, the most noble and dutiful. Nothing of this rare loveliness has fallen on you, my son, unless it be sufficient to temper in your features the repulsive harshness of my own; but there is another, a stranger to you (yet how near!), who has inherited much of her personal beauty. When you see Edward Leonard, you may form some idea of the proud sweetness of her countenance, of her perfect and intellectual features, of her slender and graceful form; yet in this they differ—he is dark and pale; she had a fair and most expressive complexion. The blood seemed never quiet in her cheek; it went, it came, like the flickering of a lamp; and the veins upon her brow and throat reminded one of the most delicate tracery of a flower.

I was an only son. My mother died early, yet not before she had impressed on my mind the bitterness of her own lot. I do not remember her face accurately; to me certainly it was not repulsive; yet she would often bewail the strange plainness of her features and of mine, as a misfortune too bitter for endurance. She would frequently say to me, "Our fate, my son, is never to be loved for ourselves alone. The woman who accepts your hand will be influenced by mercenary motives, or some other equally selfish. Never marry. Close every avenue of your heart against prepossessions of this sort, and turn your mind to fame. Ambition rewards with equal impartiality the ugly and the beautiful." It was a morbid state of feeling with her, caused by her own unhappy union. My father, a handsome and accomplished man, but cold and unfeeling, never loved her, and had sought her in marriage, most probably for the sake of her large fortune; and as she had the misfortune to be passionately attached to him, her doom was the more wretched. I have heard she died of a broken heart. I inherited her gloomy temper, with her personal appearance, and a suspicion, which had been engendered in my mind by what she had told me of her own experience of life.

My father, from the very possession of these personal advantages denied to my mother, set the same false value on externals that she did, in her despair. My homeliness and awkwardness were subjects of mortification to him, and of constant taunts to me; he never loved me, and when half of my mother's estate was taken from his possession at her death, to be placed under guardians for my benefit, the feeling was increased to one of positive dislike. It was a great relief to my mind when my college life separated us, nor did we ever meet again, except once, casually; he went abroad about the time I graduated, and remained there until he died, leaving me without a guide, or friend, save those the law appointed for the safe-keeping of my property. But the desire to lead an honorable life, and to rise to eminence, had been early implanted in my mind by my unhappy mother, nor did her lessons fail now to impress me. The distrust I had always felt with regard to my manners and appearance kept me entirely aloof from woman's society, so that I continued until late in life to have all the diffidence and inexperience of boyhood, nor had I ever dreamed of love until I was nearly thirty years old. At that time I had risen to some eminence in my profession, and had served in many public capacities in my native county.

It was in passing through a village in the south that I first saw your mother. I was on horseback, and, never particular in my dress, it was sadly neglected and travel-worn on that occasion. The weather was warm, though still in early spring—and I was covered with dust, and almost exhausted from thirst, the country through which I had passed that morning being devoid of water. In the suburbs of the small town I was entering, I was attracted by a shaded spring, enclosed by a low fence, and but little removed from the roadside. A group of children were standing near the stone wall built around it, and a young woman was serving them with water in turn, from a small earthern jug. The picture was one of extreme simplicity. I certainly had no reason to suppose my fate was bound up in it, and without any other impulse than that of necessity, I dismounted from my horse and approached the spring.

"I am suffering from thirst," I said. "Will you be good enough to give me a draught of your cool spring water?"

"Certainly," was the frank reply; and descending a flight of stone steps, the young girl to whom I had addressed myself stooped down to dip it up, and returned with a pitcher full of the cool beverage, which I emptied at a draught. She laughed as she received the empty jug from my hand. "You are indeed thirsty," she said; "will you have more?"

I declined; but my eye was riveted on her open and lovely countenance with a strange feeling of delight and admiration. Seeing that I lingered, she attributed it to fatigue, for she said, "Rest here in the shade as long as it is agreeable to you. Come children, it is time we should return to school." And marshalling her little band through the lane that led back from the spring to a low white cottage, surrounded by willow trees, she disappeared in its vine-covered porch.

I gazed long after that vision of youth and beauty, then pursued my way to the village inn, and my first inquiry was of her, the young schoolmistress.

"Her name was Raymond," they told me; "she is a daughter of the late Counsellor Raymond; he died a bankrupt, and it is thus she supports an aged mother and herself. She has refused, it is said, many offers of assistance, and is as good as she is independent and beautiful."

I had an indistinct recollection of having seen Counsellor Raymond, when a child, at my grandfather's house; I had heard him spoken of always as a man eminent in every way, and had listened to his praises with great interest. It seemed a hard and singular fate that the widow and the orphan of such a man should be buried in obscurity, and doomed to toil for bread. A project flashed across my mind. "It may yet be my good fortune," I thought, "to restore them to their former position. I will seek that lovely being as my wife; for already I love her—yes, love at first sight is no fable, as I have hitherto thought it, and I feel already all the monotony of my lonely and selfish existence more keenly than ever." But the suspicion instilled into my heart by my unhappy mother broke harshly on the dream of affection that rose before me. "You will never be loved," rang in my ears; the words "mercenary motives will influence the woman that accepts your hand," recurred to me with melancholy force, and bowing my head on my hands, I sat for a while in cold and crushing humility of spirit—I, upon whom men looked as proud and unbending, wept tears of anguish over my solitary doom.

"This is weak and unmanly," I thought, brightening up; "that prophecy in which I have trusted hitherto with such superstitious faith may after all have been only the utterance of misery. I will no longer be controlled by it; I will conceal my station and my name, and *this once* stake everything on a single die. Then if disappointment must follow, I trust I shall bear it with courage; nor can my life be more dreary and cold *then* than now." The long vacation in the law courts gave me time to carry out my plan, nor was I personally known to any one in the village, whose recognition might baffle my disguise.

It was evening when I entered the low porch of Mrs. Raymond's residence, and introducing myself to the venerable lady before me as Mr. Temple—this name was dearer to me than any other as my mother's, and was indeed *my own*—I stated at once that it was my wish to pass some time in the village, in the pursuit of studies which demanded retirement. I had been struck by the beauty of the cottage, and a wish to become an inmate had taken possession of my fancy. The name of Raymond too, so familiar to my boyhood, had struck me pleasantly in that place of strangers; of Mr. Raymond I had heard so often from William Temple, his old friend, that I could not feel myself wholly unacquainted with his family.

"William Temple!" said Mrs. Raymond. "Are you indeed related to him, as your name would lead me to think?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she said: "Your resemblance to him is strong; you might pass for his grandson;—but this cannot be; he had no son, and his daughter, Mrs. Herbert, I believe, died childless."

"I am related to him," I said, "and as the last of the name, received from him as my inheritance this portrait of himself," at the same time showing her a miniature resemblance of my grandfather, which I always wore. She recognized it a glance, and seemed for a time absorbed by the associations it produced in her memory. I will not dwell upon the hesitation, the doubt with which my offer, though urged under circumstances so favorable, was at first received.

"We have one small quiet room," she said, "which has been vacant for more than two years; but as a link between me and the past, and for the sake of the name you bear, I would gladly receive you, were I not afraid of giving pain to Lucia."

My heart beat high. "You have a daughter?" I asked.

"But one child *now*," she replied, and the deep smothered sigh that accompanied these words spoke but too plainly of anguish and bereavement. I scarce know how it was, but after the probation of a few days, my tongue found eloquence enough to persuade that mournful lady to admit me as a member of her household.

"Lucia long objected," she said, "to the admission of any occupant into Arthur's room," alluding to the son she had lost; "but when she found my heart was rather set on the matter, she yielded without another word. So come to-morrow, Mr. Temple," said she, "and join us at breakfast. You will find our mode of living, I fear, more frugal and humble than you have been accustomed to."

I murmured something of such having long been my habit, through necessity; and there I spoke truly, for I was of a constitution that never permitted me to indulge in sumptuous living; but she attributed the word *necessity* to another source, and remarked: "You will not then feel, as I have done, the bitterness of change."

When I entered the small breakfast-room of Mrs. Raymond on the following morning, Lucia was already seated at the table making the coffee. This was the first time I had seen her since I received the pitcher of water from her hands. She received me without any mark of recognition, coldly, yet with courtesy. She had not observed my face, as I did hers. The very dress she wore on that morning of my first domiciliation under her mother's roof—that simple blue gingham gown, made to the throat, with the white collar turning over it, and confined by a belt of the same material round her slender waist

—the very fashion of her braided hair, wound in dark shining masses around her beautiful head, in a negligent yet graceful style peculiarly her own—I remember still with the same admiration, the same sacred purity, with which they impressed me then. Reserved as she was to me, she was still perfectly at her ease; but I, striving vainly to appear self-possessed, had never before been half so embarrassed—so awkward—so unsuccessful in my absurd attempts to be agreeable. When the meal was over she withdrew to her schoolroom, and I saw but little of her face during the remainder of that day and many succeeding ones. In the course of time a better understanding grew up between us, and she treated me with a good humored frankness, in which, however, there was nothing flattering to my self-love,—nothing on which I could ground a hope. Yet, in spite of hope, I loved her on, more and more passionately, yet with a strange restraint, which checked the avowal ever on my tongue, and forbade me to use even the commonest and most permitted language of compliment.

This state of things could not always continue—the wild tumult of my feelings—my sleepless nights—my days of anxiety and wretchedness at last produced their effect, and I fell ill of a violent and delirious fever. During this period I was nursed with unfaltering devotion by Mrs. Raymond and her daughter, and through their tender ministry I recovered, after my life had been despaired of by the physicians. Unconscious of the indiscretions of my illness, I was surprised and wounded to find on my recovery an icy veil drawn again over Lucia's manner towards me; and at last, in my anxiety to know he cause, I applied to Mrs. Raymond. It was long before I could elicit even from her the secret of her daughter's reserve. At last, she hinted, with the utmost delicacy, at expressions which had escaped my lips in the delirium of fever, avowing sentiments towards Lucia which she knew not whether to consider the mere creations of the fever, or something deeper and more serious.

"Feeling," said Mrs. Raymond, "that she could not reply to these avowals of passion, if earnest, she has thought it best, in consequence of the embarrassing situation they have placed her in, that you should part—at least for the present."

"I will hear this sentence from her own lips," I said; "none other shall seal my fate," and rushing wildly from the apartment, I followed her to the small shaded arbor, where she was in the habit of passing her few hours of evening leisure. I was no longer embarrassed—no longer irresolute; desperation made me bold—I approached her abruptly.

"Lucia, I leave you to-day," I said, "and by your commands, if I understand aright. Speak to me, is it true?"

"It is my wish, Mr. Temple," she replied, with firmness, yet coloring deeply as she spoke.

"You scorn my love, then," I said, in low and broken accents; "you spurn me from you as one unworthy to aspire to your affection. Answer me—tell me the very worst!"

"This is so sudden," she replied, "so strange; I have not thought of this before. I knew not what to think of your expressions in illness. I never considered them serious. I only felt they would render me uncomfortable in your presence, and I thought indeed it was better you should go—better for us both."

I cast myself wildly at her feet, and poured forth my passionate love. I spoke of that first meeting at the spring—of my growing affection from that hour. I promised the devotion of a life's eternal tenderness. I implored her *not* to reject me, by every hope of happiness I possessed. I paused, and looking upon her face, I saw that she wept.

"I thank you," she said; "I appreciate your generosity, and as I well believe, sincere devotion; but, Mr. Temple, I cannot return it *now*, as it ought to be returned. I esteem—I respect you—I admire you—you possess my deepest friendship; but I must not deceive you—I cannot give you more, not now at least—*not now*. I can but repeat, it is better we should part."

"Will you permit me to hope?" I cried; "will you suffer me to return? At what future time shall I seek you again, and offer this deep, unchangeable affection? Those words, 'not now,' forbid me to despair—they give at least a gleam of comfort to my misery—they inspire me with life—they shall teach me patience. Speak to me, Lucia; when shall I return?"

"I cannot name a time," she answered; "I cannot say more—let us part now," she repeated, firmly, "and believe me, I shall never forget you."

She rose, turned aside, yet even as she did so, she stretched forth her hand to me. I took it, and pressing it to my lips, bathed it with tears, then hastened away with an impetuosity foreign to my nature, and bidding a hasty farewell to Mrs. Raymond, departed.

That evening found me on my way home to resume duties now grown odious to me. I found a letter there, announcing to me the death of my father, by which event I became sole possessor of an immense estate. I will pass over an interval of months. Enough, I sought again, led by some irresistible impulse that I could neither comprehend nor withstand, that small village, where centered every hope of my existence, and alighting at the same inclosure, surrounding the crystal spring, I made my way on foot, through the accustomed lane, to the cottage of Mrs. Raymond. Summer, autumn, had departed. Winter has its own dreariness even in the south, and this season now had possession of the scene; the vines and many of the trees were bare, and their long drapery of moss swayed mournfully in the blast as I approached the dwelling of the schoolmistress.

At my summons the old servant appeared, and laying her finger on her lips, motioned me into a small room. I entered. It was dark and solitary—an awful chilling fear shot across my heart. "Stay," I said, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as the woman was gliding away. "Tell me what has occurred. How?—where is Lucia? Is she gone—is she dead?" and I stood wildly before her.

"Mrs. Raymond is very ill, sir," she replied, "and Miss Lucia is greatly grieved."

"Go," I said; "but do not disturb her. Tell her that I am here, and will await her pleasure."

It was not many minutes before Lucia came in, sorrowful, pale, and thin. She approached me with outstretched hands and tearful eyes.

"Mr. Temple, welcome," she said, "even to this house of sorrow."

"Is your mother very ill?" I asked, clasping her hands in mine.

"O, hopelessly, I fear!" replied Lucia. "God alone can save her—but come with me—she insists upon seeing you. Let me caution you to be very guarded—her life hangs on a thread."

I entered the chamber of Mrs. Raymond. A glad, almost unearthly light beamed a moment in her eye as she beheld me, and stretching out her thin arms, she said, "You have come at last. I knew—I *knew* you would return. I felt that you would not forsake us in our extremity."

"Mother, forbear," said Lucia; "be calm, you will exhaust yourself."

"O no—this pleasure has given me a new life," said Mrs. Raymond. "I am strong—indeed I am almost well. The dreadful burden is lifted from my mind—the fear of leaving you alone, my child, in this cold, heartless world. Mr. Temple has returned."

"Mrs. Raymond, will you be my mediator with Lucia?" "Will you join with me in entreaties for her hand?" and as I spoke, I took her icy fingers in mine.

"Mr. Temple," said Lucia, fixing her eyes on me, "this is neither the time nor the place. My mother's health demands my whole attention now; nor is it well to intrude other matters at this period of anxiety and trouble."

But the voice of the dying mother was lifted up in passionate entreaty.

"Lucia, I know your feelings towards Mr. Temple; they are such as warrant you in being his wife."

"Mother, I esteem, I respect, I *love* Mr. Temple," she said, firmly, yet with deep emotion, "but not with the love he nobly lavishes on me. If the feelings of a heart inured to suffering, disappointment and anxiety, suffice his ardent nature, I am willing to be his wife, but I cannot promise more."

"O, Lucia!" I exclaimed, "can you indeed deign to pass your life with one so humble, so homely, so uninteresting as I am!"

"You undervalue yourself," she said. "You are the noblest being I ever knew; the only man living who would act thus towards the afflicted and desolate;" and no longer able to contain her feelings, she wept passionately.

Long afterwards, in a diary faithfully kept from earliest girlhood to the period of our marriage, I found a record of her sensations at this period, which stung me to the soul, together with a faithful account of her previous trials and disappointments, which explained all those mysterious circumstances that so bitterly influenced my fate in after years.

We were married. At the urgent request of that dying mother, who lingered for several weeks, we were united before her death, but not before I had disclosed to both my real name and station, and the strange, suspicious nature that had induced me to seek my wife in the disguise of poverty and obscurity.

Mrs. Raymond's evident pleasure at this disclosure soothed greatly the dread of separation; but Lucia received it with a calmness which (I shame to say) woke in my mind cruel suspicions that the circumstances of my disguise were not strange to her; though she had chosen from motives of her own, to feign ignorance of my wealth and influence. I understood not the simplicity and directness of her nature, long habituated to endurance and privations, and to which, beyond independence and security from suffering, wealth was of no importance. It was, too, in a time of anguish, surmounting every worldly consideration, that she became acquainted with the facts of my position and fortune, and for weeks after her mother's death, she was absorbed in a depth of sorrow that made her insensible to every flattering prospect I held before her.

At the end of the winter we returned to town, where she was received with the greatest consideration, not only as my wife, but as the daughter of Mr. Raymond, so long beloved and revered. I purchased and furnished a splendid house, surrounded her with every attribute of luxury, and was vexed, unreasonably, to behold how little these efforts of mine affected her. She received them more frequently with remonstrances than with gratitude, for the simplicity of her habits made splendor oppressive to her; and she cared little for society, for whose sake alone such magnificence is desirable.

All this should have gratified me, and assured me of the strength and sincerity of her attachment, but I imputed it to pride, insensibility, want of gratitude, everything but the true motive; and so the demon suspicion began to rise up between us. She had frankly avowed to me when she gave me her hand, that she did not love me as I loved her; that her soul, wrung with anguish and inured to sorrow, was incapable of the same freshness of feeling. She had even hinted at some disappointment, which had quenched the enthusiasm of her nature; but although prepared for these differences in the state of our respective feelings, I could not bear, when it came to the proof, the measured duty of her attachment for me.

She was, it is true, wholly devoted to my comfort and interest. She delighted in anticipating every wish of my heart, in serving me in every capacity, but she loved me not as I idolized her. And yet, I was often gloomy, cold, and even harsh in my manner to her, unreasonable in my exactions, and inconsiderate of her comfort and convenience. All this she bore with an undeviating sweetness, a cheerful courage, which I could not understand, and therefore chose to attribute to a want of sensibility, as if that changing cheek, that eye often heavy with tears, which were not suffered to overflow their boundary, those firmly closed lips, fixed in a painful and determined smile, were not enough to betray the sick aching of the heart within! It might be that the birth of a child, early in the second year of her marriage, gave her strength to bear and support what otherwise might have been insupportable. As it was, most nobly did she sustain herself under the sarcastic gloom of my temper, ever striving to fix the cause of its discontent on hers. And all this because she could not return the adoration; for, strangely inconsistent as the term may seem, unless compared with my conduct, such was indeed the feeling of my soul for her.

It was about a year after the birth of my son, the wrist of my right arm was so severely sprained, as to prevent me from closing my fingers on a pen for years, and with the immense pressure of business which came upon me at this time, this was indeed a serious inconvenience. To my great surprise, as well as delight, Lucia insisted on being my amanuensis, and from that hour she passed her whole time amid the dusty papers that lumbered my study. She wrote a bold and flowing hand, and inherited, in a remarkable degree, the legal talents of her father. It was with unfeigned astonishment that I found her capable, in a short time, of comprehending the most abstruse difficulties of the law; of untangling its maze of repetition and paradox, and of pursuing a single indea through the most involved process, the driest and most complicated technicalities I found, indeed, that her brilliant and luminous mind shot far ahead of mine in the quickness of its apprehension; and, I shame to say it, at such times I was irritated by a secret sting of envy against the wife of my bosom. Yet this very feeling arose from the idolatry I gave her Confessing her my superior in every other respect, I could not bear to find that the only ground I had reserved for self-elevation was also pre occupied by her. I feared that such consciousness would abate her respect and deference for me. Not so, however; for she acted from *principle*, and, as her husband, she ceased not, as long as she could endure my control, to bow with meekness and silent submission before it. A time came when Lucia could no longer sit day after day, bending over dull law papers, denying herself exercise, amusement, the society of her child, to serve and assist me in my duties. The duties of maternity were about again to engross her, and it became necessary that I should seek an assistant.

It was not long before several young men presented themselves. Among others appeared a man of about twenty-seven years of age, of interesting and even noble appearance. His name was Leonard. I felt from the first moment prepossessed in his favor; his manners were polished, his voice gentle and low; his smile sweet and winning; his eye alone indicated a high and untamed spirit. Nor did I like him the less for this expression. I have ever detested the mean and cringing soul.

His profession was that of an artist, which he had at that time taken it into his head to abandon for the study of the law. He had been five years abroad, studying his art—in the intervals of time he could spare from close attendance on an invalid uncle, at whose expense and invitation he had gone. This relative had died, and with an ingratitude too often characteristic of invalids, left his whole fortune to another, a man of wealth, who had never paid him the slightest attention. Leonard did not complain of this, but mentioned it more as a matter of regret for the indolence which his uncle's promises of wealth had fostered in him, than the loss of fortune itself.

"But now," he said, "I am resolved to be industrious; and as I cannot afford to wait for fame as an artist, I will at least try to make bread in some other capacity."

The conditions on which he received the appointment were a moderate salary, his board, and permission to use my law library. He presented to me high testimonials of worth and ability, and I unhesitatingly engaged him. After our first interview he passed through the library adjoining my study on his way to the hall. Lucia had seated herself there while we were closeted together to sort and arrange some papers, preparatory to resigning her office, and must have seen Leonard as he passed through the room, though probably unobserved by him, as she sat in the embrasure of a deep window, half concealed by the curtains.

When I passed through the library, a moment after, I found her standing in an attitude of wild surprise. The papers she had been arranging were scattered at her feet; one hand was extended towards the door of the apartment, the the other grasped a chair as if for support; and her eyes were fixed in a vacant and fearful stare, in the direction of her hand. I approached her, touched her, spoke to her in accents of alarm, which recalled her to consciousness. She turned, threw herself into my arms, and fainted. That night she gave birth prematurely to a lifeless child, and lay for many weeks afterwards dangerously ill with a low nervous fever, during which she seemed scarcely conscious of anything, and presented at times the torpid appearance of death itself.

Mr. Leonard had been installed in office during the illness of my wife, and had proved the full value of his services during the time when I was wholly distracted from business.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

LARGE ORGANS.

One of the largest organs in England is that of Christ Church, in Newgate Street, London. It has above 4000 pipes, and above 100 of those can be sounded by touching a single key, or in other words, from a single note. The organ of St. Paul's has 1797 pipes; Westminster Abbey, 1524; St. Sepulchre, in Skinner Street, 2500; Exeter Hall, 2187; Birmingham, nearly 3000; York above 4000. The largest pipe of the organ (producing the lowest C of the scale) is 32 feet long, and of proportionate diameter; and a current of air to produce the sound must rush through such a space with the force of a tempest.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

The autumn wind and withered leaf
Speak to the feeling heart,
In tones more plaintive and more sweet
Than language can impart.

There is music in the sighing gale,
Though saddest notes may breathe
Their requiem o'er the dying year,
Or nature's withering wreath.

Though brief and varied are the joys,
Fast fading from our view,
Like the gorgeous hues of sunset skies,
And the morning's early dew.

They are passing away, and their gentle sigh
The autumn winds may bear,
And their soothing language ever seems
Like the voice of fervent prayer.

Earth's varied flowers, they smile on all,
They grace the lowly cot,
They pass away at a Father's call,—
Why mourn o'er their happy lot?

They rest awhile, and the valley fair,
Once decked in varied green,
Faded and sear, in death they seem,
While lulled in a transient dream.

As the seasons roll in time's rapid flight,
They will spring to earth again,
Arrayed in greater beauty and bloom,
To deck the verdant plain.

Thus life, like the flower, the leaf and wind,
Is passing fast away;
But the pure in heart shall wake to bliss,
In realms of perfect day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SYBIL.

BY MATTHEW F. VINTON.

"Do you realize that in a week's time you are to become my wife, Sybil?"

"It would be strange if, under the circumstances, I did *not* realize the fact most sensibly."

"Under the circumstances! You speak the words with a slow, hard-drawn breath, and a cold sneer, as if you disdained either the sentence you uttered, or the one who heard it. Is it possible that the thought of this marriage makes you unhappy?"

"*Possible*, Mr. Windon!" A little broken laugh, unnatural, yet not harsh, followed the words, and Sybil Rossitur flashed a quick glance into her companion's face, as she spoke. *Such* a glance! It startled his calm pulses into a fleeter race than they had ever run before in all his life. It was like the golden, electric blush of the lightning, and thrilling with its noiseless shock, he waited for the thunderbolt which lurked behind it.

"*Possible!* Your look of incredulous surprise belies the import of your speech. Your eyes have grown so big with the begetting of that stupendous idea, that the rest of your face looks pale and dwarfed beside them. As if *any* woman could rebel against the brilliant destiny of marriage, and more especially myself, when the bridegroom is to be the immaculate Horace Windon, Esq. Preposterous! You wrong yourself by such a supposition."

What bitter, mocking sarcasm ran through the low-spoken sentence, made doubly disdainful by the curl of the speaker's crimson, velvety lip, and the fire of her brilliant violet eyes, whose lifted glance burned upon the face of her companion with a kind of angry, eager scorn.

"Sybil!"

It seemed as if Horace Windon's whole heart, like a bark heavily freighted with love and hope, floated up in one strong, passionate throb, on the tide of that musical name. It seemed, too, as if Sybil, softened by the rich tenderness that gushed through his voice, rose, palpitating and tremulous, to meet it. For an instant the red lips lost their haughty curve, and the roses budding in the white silken soil of her cheeks, broke into full bloom and stained her whole face with the opening of their scarlet petals. For an instant the starry pride that sparkled across the azure of her eyes, disappeared, as though a cloud of unshed tears had drifted over and quenched it. The white, raised eyelids trembled and fell, the proud glance wavered, the soft, slight hands that had been locked together as by the force of some strong passion, relaxed and fell apart. For an instant the queen was lost in the woman.

The transformation was but momentary. Then, with a slow, regal grace, the drooped head was lifted up again, the troubled crimson waves eddied away from her face, and she stood confronting him quietly, pale and grave, and sorrowful. She did not speak, nor was speech needed. Her silence was answer enough to the proud man standing there beside her, his lips still burning with the impassioned utterance of her name. A single word would have lessened the severe spell imposed by her silence, as the first fall of rain breaks the dead sultriness of a rising summer storm.

"You are in a strange mood this morning, Sybil!"

There was no heart-leap in that sentence. The voice, though tender, was sad as those with which dying farewells are uttered. There was no answer.

"A strange mood! I never saw you in such a one before!"

Her lover reached forward and clasped one of her hands as he spoke. She disengaged it coldly, still without speaking. She turned her haughty head from him a trifle—that was all.

"So you hate me, Sybil?"

She threw him a look from her magnificent eyes that, if he had been a vain man, he might have interpreted to his satisfaction. Whatever the flash of light signified, it was not hatred. But he was *not* vain, and so he merely passed his hand across his handsome forehead, like one who had been dazzled, and said, with a smile:

"You have beautiful eyes, Sybil!"

"I heard you say the same of your pet dog yesterday. How thoughtful I ought to be that my intended husband cares enough for me to class my eyes with those of his canine favorite."

Horace Windon, calm and self-possessed as he usually was, had no armor of courteous forbearance thick enough to withstand that fine, arrowy thrust of irony. His dark face grew darker still with the dash of hot, resentful blood which overflowed it.

"I was not aware that I had ever instituted any comparison between yourself and Carlo. I have a pet at home, a raven, to which I should sooner liken you. It is not tame yet, and has a fierce, bright way of snatching at my hand when I offer it food or drink, though it be done ever so gently."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Windon. Am I to infer from it that you think *I* have snatched at your hand?"

"You will drive me mad, Sybil, or Miss Rossitur, if you like the formal appellation better! What has come over you this morning? You *shall* tell me!" And he laid his hand heavily upon her shoulder. She shook it off imperiously.

"*Shall!*" she repeated after him, with a taunting laugh, which brought that bronze-like shadow to his brows again. "You put on your authority as master rather early, do you not? Remember my servitude does not commence until next week. *Then* I hope to wear my chains with becoming submission!"

She made a movement as though she would have slipped past him, but he stayed her flight with the magnetism of his resolute eyes. Had he attempted to restrain her with his hand, she would have slid like a shadow through his grasp. But the subtle thraldom of his gaze held her fast.

"If you have not been contented with this arrangement, why have you never spoken before?"

"Seeing that I could not help myself, where was the use of words? If you put iron fetters about my wrists, would talking unlock them?"

"Certainly not, but it might persuade *me* to."

"I had no wish to do so," was the cold, quick answer. "The promise of a Rossitur is always honorably kept, and I gave you mine months ago. I had no right to claim of you afterward the mercy I had denied myself."

"Then why, after deceiving me so long, until the last moment, as it were, do you taunt me with your unhappiness, as if I were to blame, who knew nothing of it until now?"

"Because you force me to it. You have wrested my words from me against my will, part of them, at least. It was not enough that months ago you bought me of my father, and paid my price down in good hard coin, as you would have paid for a horse, or a dog, or a piece of furniture, but you must gall my pride with such a continual inflow of rich gifts, that I could not, if I would, forget, even for an instant, that I am not your betrothed wife, who loves you and whom you love—but only your last purchase, your most recent speculation. Only a few hours ago you brought me this, to show me for what baubles I had uncrowned myself—for what a meagre price I had sold the royal jewel of my womanhood."

She lifted a little casket as she spoke, poising it disdainfully upon the very tip of one white, slender finger, as if there was contamination in the touch, and then swinging back the lid, revealed on its bed of white velvet, a splendid tiara of diamonds, which flashed and throbbed in the light as though every jewel had been a human pulse, quivering beneath the scorn of her indignant eyes.

"See! Shall I not make a fine ornament for your handsome house? Look! do not turn away your head in that manner, as though you regretted your bargain. Look! I say, and tell me if you are satisfied!"

She wrenched away the little golden comb that confined the purple-black masses of her hair, and let a cloud of heavy silken tresses ripple down across her shoulders and enclasp her waist like a twilight mist. Then she bound the diamond circlet above her white brows with the same haughty grace which characterized all her movements, took a step backward from him, as though to express, through that, some unuttered fear or loathing, then a contradictory, half-eager one forward, as if she would have enfolded him in her embrace if she dared, and then snatching the jewels from her hair and tossing them on the carpet at his feet, she swept him a low courtesy and flashed past him out of the room.

The explanation of this little scene is easily given. It is an old, old story, and will hardly bear my poor pen's repetition. Mr. Rossitur (Sybil's father) had been a wealthy man, but getting involved in reckless speculation, suddenly found the princely fabric of his wealth tottering beneath him. Horace Windon, the son of an old friend, stepped between him and bankruptcy, and when the old man, with broken exclamations of gratitude, begged to know in what way he could express his thankfulness, his young benefactor had proposed for his daughter's hand. Though he had been a frequent visitor at the house, he had never made any professions of love to Sybil, for he was a proud, reserved man, rather lacking in self-confidence and those thousand nameless graces which fastidious women are apt to admire in men. And so, when the matter was mentioned to her by her father, she had no way of knowing that, beating through the cold artery of that formal proposal, the whole strong, warm heart of Horace Windon surged out toward her. She looked upon it as an affair of trade, and her woman's nature rose up in rebellious pride against the mercenary bargain. That he thought her a beautiful piece of mechanism, well fitted to beautify and set off his elegant parlors, was hardly enough to satisfy the yearning of her tender woman heart. She realized, intuitively, what must be the misery of a married life where there was no love to sanctify its cares and duties. Yet partly from a wish to repay her father's debt of gratitude, and partly actuated by a motive which she hardly dared acknowledge to herself, she had consented to become his wife. How she struggled against his chains when they were well-nigh rivetted, we have already seen.

"For you, Miss Rossitur!"

It was an elegantly superscribed little note which Sybil took from the servant's hand that evening, as she sat with her embroidery in the parlor. A glance at the hand-writing told her from whom it came, and a vivid blush overran her face as she broke the seal. But when she finished reading it, the dainty sheet of note-paper was not whiter than the beautiful lips to which she pressed it. It was from Horace Windon, containing a manly, honorable renunciation of her hand—nothing more.

She tore the little missive in pieces angrily and then, as if in atonement, covered the fragments with kisses and hid them in her bosom, holding both her hands hard against them, as though they were a medicine which might cure the stormy throbbings of the heart beneath.

A few moments later she had sent a servant to request an interview with Mr. Windon, and was waiting for his arrival, with as haughty a face as that she had worn during their morning conversation.

She was not obliged to wait long for him. He entered the room unannounced, and stood beside her before she had framed a single excuse for sending for him. She had acted from a momentary impulse, and what to say or do in explanation, she could not think. Mr. Windon, without noticing the confusion into which his abrupt entrance threw her, was the first to speak.

"You sent for me, did you not, Miss Rossitur?"

The calm, coldly-spoken words restored her to herself. She bowed slightly in answer to the question, and then, with a half-repellant wave of her hand, which seemed to signify that he had said all that was necessary, and much more than she would have been glad to hear, she replied:

"Yes. I could not resist the desire to thank you for the delicate way in which you have seen fit to dissolve our engagement. Now that the preparations have gone so far, now that the wedding-day is fixed and the guests invited, this new decision of yours will place me in a very enviable position. To be forsaken by one's affianced husband at the very altar, as it were, will make a woman's name a fruitful subject for gossip, and the shame and humiliation which this step will bring me, will be a rare and manly revenge for the wound I gave your pride. I congratulate you upon the fine, retaliatory spirit which you exhibit, and beg you to accept my thanks for your delicacy and consideration."

"In Heaven's name, what will you have of me, Miss Rossitur?"

Horace Windon's voice was husky with passion, and his dark eyes were all ablaze with the kingly spirit her taunt had aroused. His anger seemed to give her pleasure rather than pain. But she made him no reply. She had awakened the slumbering lion, and she admired the savage majesty of the royal brute; but nevertheless she had evidently no wish to thrust her hand in his mouth. She played with the tangled worsteds in her work-basket without speaking.

"If I have given you back your freedom, it was because I learned this morning a bitter and unpalatable, yet perhaps deserved lesson, and not from the mean, unmanly motive you ascribe to me. I believe you know me well enough to comprehend this, and believing so, I fail to understand why I merit this double chastisement of your contempt. It is enough that you disdain and scoff at my love—"

"I do not," she interrupted, and there was a world of glorious denial in the beautiful face that flashed toward him for a moment, and was then averted. "I am not unwomanly enough to disdain or scoff at any man's *love;* but to be bought and sold like a piece of merchandize—O, Mr. Windon, I wish you could stand in my place a moment, that you might know how every spark of womanliness within me rises up to quarrel with this humiliating thought."

She spoke earnestly, *very* earnestly, and the sweet secret that lay buried under all her pride, trembled and vibrated along the eager words. A new thought seemed born in Horace Windon's mind. He took one quick step forward, as though to read her face, but she turned it from him again into the shadow.

"And if I should tell you that I loved you, would that make any difference, Sybil?"

"You *dare* not say it, for it would not be true."

Now the beautiful eager face was turned full to his gaze, and Sybil's whole soul crowded up into the dilating sapphire irids of her eyes, waiting for his answer.

"I *dare* say it, and it *is* true! I love you with all my heart and soul, and if I have never told you so before, it was because I believed you knew it without the telling. *Will* it make any difference, Sybil?"

"You shall see how much, Horace, *dear* Horace!"

Her warm arms were about his neck, her burning face against his shoulder.

"If I had only known it sooner, these three months of wretchedness would have been the happiest of my life. Tell it to me again, in recompense for what I have suffered."

"I love you! I love you! I love you—my darling—my Sybil—my wife! And these are words I have never spoken to any woman beside my mother! Are you satisfied?"

Her only answer was to reach up her lips for a kiss. Was not that a sweet negative to his question?

Absence is considered the great bane and torment of lovers. Every lover writes to his beloved that, when absent from her, the time lags on leaden wings—minutes are tortured into hours, hours into days, days into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, and years into interminable ages. Existence has become a burden, and he is kept alive only by the sweet hope of meeting the dear object again.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SHADOWS.

BY COOPER.

The sky is clear, but night is near,
  And soon her robe of spangled sable
Will all enfold the wood and wold,
  And, like the heaven's starry fable,
Beneath the hill with warbling trill,
  Meandering 'mong the sleeping daisies,
Will shoot and gleam the restless stream,
  Till lost amid the flowery mazes.

The low night breeze among the trees,
  Makes audible their dreamy motion;
They loneness tell like murmuring shell,
  A far-off song of summer ocean.
The maiden moon will glimmer soon,
  As twilight dies along the meadows,
She'll lend the dews their diamond hues,
  And with them trace the evening shadows.

I love to rove through the sleeping grove,
  Where elfins dance on the rosy vision;
Or idly float in an oarless boat,
  Like youthful dreams through Time's elysian,
The soft winds moan—alone! alone!
  Ah, with one to love and one to love me.
This would I deem life's mimic stream,
  Its main—the heaven that rolls above me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OUR WILLY.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

I THINK you must remember the frightful gale of 1839? It was in December: and it seemed as if the departing year was giving one long, terrible death-howl, as it was about to plunge headlong into eternity. The wind and rain, snow and hail, thunder and lightning, were combined together in one dreadful work; and as crash after crash sounded upon the ear, each seemed more awful than the last.

On land, it was frightful enough; but it was on the ocean that the storm king reigned most triumphantly. Strong, noble vessels went down, like reeds before the wind; while against others, the billows ran mountains high, and played with

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good actions without bustle or parade, appeared down stairs wrapped in a garb obtained no one knew how, and declared his intention of going out to see if any one could be saved.

My mother looked at the slight, fragile boy before her, and her motherly soul rose up to forbid it. He seemed to feel what would be her words, and he came close to her and kissed her cheek.

"Mother, take it home to your own heart! Would you not expect some one to do as much for me if I were perishing for aid this night? I shall be safe, because I shall be doing my duty. I may be lost if I remain here."

What could she say to such an appeal? Quaint and strange as Willy looked in the oilskin suit, my mother could not have looked upon him more reverently if he had been a winged angel. She turned away weeping, it is true, but with a look that said that she could glory in such a son lying dead before her eyes, far more than in one living at ease and caring for none of the suffering. The sound of Willy's last footstep struck terror to all our hearts; but only for a moment. The brave boy had left the presence of his noble courage behind him with us. We rallied and set to work, preparing for what might be.

Fires in every room, blankets and mattresses, hot water, brandy, dry clothes—all these were hastily got together, and our house in less than half an hour would have answered for a very tolerable hospital. My mother would sometimes pause in her work and breathe out Willy's name, with an anguished voice, that sent an answering thrill through my heart.

When all was finished, we were again obliged to listen to the storm. We were so near the sea that the loud, ceaseless roll of the vexed billows rose even above the storm; and the creaking of masts, and the loud voices of those on shore, came to our ears in the short intervals of its fury, and every sound seemed to us to be shrieking out Willy's funeral knell.

The strong red lights which we had placed in our windows, attracted the people to bring in those whom they had rescued; and soon our floors were nearly covered by pale, half-drowned wretches, whose color and almost their life had ebbed away in the deep waters, but who had been snatched from their surface by the strong hands of our hardy and willing neighbors.

But among all these Willy had not come, and although we busied ourselves with the rescued, our hearts were turning sicker every moment. Every one had seen him; he had assisted to bring several of these poor creatures from the waves—but at the last moment they had lost sight of him. We worked on, almost in desperation and despair. Willy was our all—"the only son of his mother, and she a widow"—the only being who called me sister. Wildly I flew to the doors or windows, as often as each patient was duly rubbed, refreshed and covered up; but though the storm had partially lulled, the still dark and murky night showed me no hope.

I looked at my mother. She was passing round among the sufferers, and the sublime composure of her features struck me as being unnatural. "She cannot realize how long he has been absent, or she would not look so serene," thought I.

I was mistaken. That very composure arose from the lack of even the faintest hope. She believed that her Willy was dead—but she remembered his last words, and she kept on in her work of love. When all was still, and two babies were lying warm upon their mothers' breasts, as if no storm had disturbed their rest, and four or five men and lads were sinking to a quiet slumber, we sat down in another room and watched the fading embers, afraid to look into each others' faces, lest we should read despair in each.

Never shall I forget that midnight watch. Our nerves—mine at least—were wrought up to agony. I could hear the minutest sound; and the heavy breathing of the sleepers, in the next room, almost distracted me. My mother, overcome with grief, fatigue, and with the odors of the brandy with which she had bathed the sufferers, and which were not yet dissipated, went into a disturbed sleep, so that I was the only waking one in the house.

Strangely enough I had not thought of Willy's

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I went and untied him. He sprang eagerly to the door. I understood his mute appeal and opened it. One bound, and he was out into the dark night. Then I sat down and cried; why, I did not know; but I believe now it was from some secret springing up of hope that renewed itself in my heart, simply by the dog's action. I had not shed a tear before. Presently, I heard him at the door. I let him in, and he came up to me, taking my skirts between his teeth, and seeming to urge me to go with him. When I took down my heavy cloak from the nail in the hall, he uttered a joyful cry, and pulled me towards the door. I seized a pair of boots that were in the room, and put them on; tied a shawl over my head, and put a bottle of brandy into the pocket of my cloak.

Hector plunged out before me. I gave one look back, to see if my mother were far enough removed from the fire, and then I too plunged out into the snow. It was not deep except in a few places. The dog kept close to me, urging me along, until I reached a little sort of cove, in which my brother and I had often played when children.

Here Hector stopped and would go no further. I turned the little lantern which I had brought with me, towards the entrance of the small recess, and saw something shine like wet sea-weed. Hector evidently did not think *that*. He would never have got up such joyful barks at all the sea-weed in the ocean. No; it was an oiled suit, and, for a moment, I could not look at it. I turned deadly sick, for I felt now that I had been brought here to find Willy's dead body. But was that a movement of the limbs, or was it Hector's frantic efforts to turn the body over? I took courage to move the head, and there was paleness, but no death, upon that face, as it lay under the light of my lantern. Insensible he might be, but I knew he was alive. There was another form beside him; and in that, too, was life and warmth.

And now, dear reader, how can I shock your tender sensibilities, by presenting you with something so different to that which you ought to expect? By the most approved rule in almost all cases made and provided, this should have been the form of a lovely and beautiful young girl, whom Willy has saved, and whom he finally marries; but the unromantic truth is far different. It was that of an aged and infirm lady, who, in her agony, had clung to Willy, after he had saved several others.

He succeeded in bringing her to shore, and hoped to reach the first fisherman's hut with his burden, by the help of another person; but the latter went back to the shore to attempt another rescue, and did not return to them. Willy led the poor lady into this little shelter to wait for their companion, and both, from utter exhaustion, fell asleep. Another hour would have proved fatal to them; but as yet they were only a little lame, and felt that they could now rise and walk. Not one step, however, could the woman take. I dashed across the strip of black soil that lay between two patches of snow, roused up John Carter, the fish pedlar, and made him get out his cart and strew it with hay.

The storm had died away, and the moon had come up; and by its light we succeeded in getting both the poor creatures into the cart, Willy all the time saying that he could walk home very well. Now deep in mud, now floundering in snow banks, and now almost overset in the deep gullies which the rain had made, we at last arrived, Hector trotting on behind as the rear guard. My mother had waked up only a moment before, and had not yet missed me.

"There are more coming to be warmed," I said, as I approached her.

"And Willy has not come!" she said, mournfully. "O, Della, have you any hope left?"

"Every hope in the world, mother. I feel sure that Willy is safe somewhere."

She did not answer me, for Willy's face was on her shoulder, and John Carter and his man were bringing in the old lady—and we all had to stir in her behalf. A warm bed was her best restorative, and we speedily put her into one. She was an English woman, and quite wealthy, she told us next day. Infirm as she had been on

[illegible]

was too ill, and a severe rheumatic fever followed, in which our guest watched over him with the tenderness of a mother.

"I ought, in duty, to have been a fair young damsel, and to have married Willy for preserving me," she would often say.

"No," I would answer, "it is utterly impossible to get up a particle of romance out of the whole affair."

But there was something better than romance—Willy's courage and goodness. These are imperishable. Nineteen years of contact with the world since then, have not spoiled him yet. He is, as then, the best of sons and brothers; beloved by all, and loving the whole human race with a tenderness like that of the good angels. If ever you should come to Sandy Beach, ask for the best and bravest man in the neighborhood, and they will point you to my brother Willy.

THE RIGHTS OF UNWON LOVE.

To seek and sue a woman's yet unwon love, implies the telling her, when won, the whole previous history of her lover, concealing nothing, fair or foul, which does not compromise any other than himself. This confidence she has a right to expect, and the man who withholds it is either a coward in himself, or doubts the woman of his choice, as, should he so doubt his wife, woe to him and to her! To carry into the sanctuary of a true wife's breast some accursed thing which must be forever hidden in his own, has always seemed to me one of the blackest treasons against both honor and love of which a man could be capable.—*A Life for a Life.*

RULES FOR GOOD HABITS.

1. Have a plan laid befo[illegible] 2. Acquire the habit of [illegible] Cultivate perseverance. [illegible] of punctuality. 5. Be an [illegible] the habit of learning som[illegible] with whom you meet. 7 [illegible] on which to think and act. 8. Be simple and neat in your personal habits. 9. Acquire the habit of doing everything well. 10. Make constant efforts to be master of your temper. 11. Cultivate soundness of judgment. 12. Observe a proper treatment of parents, friends and companions.—*Todd.*

CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, BOSTON.

This structure, on Franklin Street, will soon be torn down, and the site occupied by a splendid store. The following account of the estate will interest many readers. The property was purchased in 1719, of Joseph Dudley, Esq., of Roxbury, and John Winthrop, of New London, and others, as appears by Suffolk Records, June 27, 1719. It was bounded easterly on Long Lane (Federal Street) 241 feet, south 200 feet, westerly 255 feet, northerly 202 feet—all of which land was the estate of Colonel Nicholas Paige, Esq., and Anne, his wife, levied on by virtue of several executions, etc. Consideration named for the estate, £383 7s. 6d. On the west line and rear of this land stood the distillery of Andrew Johonnett, on the upper part of Franklin Place; on the east, in "Long Lane," were several wooden stores, and a garden in the rear, where the bishop's house formerly stood. Between these stores and the distillery, where the Catholic church now stands, were the storehouses, well-room, etc., of Mr. Johonnett, and which he occupied till his death. In 1793 the estate was sold to Edward H. Robbins and others, trustees, and the lot was then cut up. Franklin Street was laid out at this time, and was first paved in 1799.

Rev. Mr. Matignon arrived in Boston in 1792, and Bishop Cheverus in 1796. These two gentlemen made applications to the Protestants, who generously contributed to the erection of a church, and a lot was purchased on this estate. In the Centinel of March 19, 1800, we find this record: "On Monday last the workmen began to break ground preparatory to commencing a new Roman Catholic church near the Federal Street Theatre in this town. The Spanish consul assisted at the celebration." The church was consecrated on the 29th of September, 1803. The present length of the church is 115 feet, and its greatest width 72 feet.

A writer of reminiscences in the Daily Advertiser, 1821, says, "where Federal Street Theatre stood was a distillery, and behind was a large pasture extending to Broad Alley, now Hawley Street, and bounded south in estates in Summer Street, and North on Milk Street—this pasture is now Franklin Place—it belonged to a family by the name of Greenleaf, and was sold in 1787 for £300." Another writer says: "The lower part of Franklin Place was all a quagmire, and great difficulty was experienced in filling it up." The church is now the only building that remains in Franklin Street east of Hawley Street, that has stood three years. It will be removed soon after next Christmas.—*Transcript.*

WHAT PERSEVE[illegible]

[illegible]

the amount of work which he could perform. At the whipsaw he was unequalled, and on many occasions he cut down the timber and split out five hundred rails a day. In the palmiest days of his popularity and wealth he never ceased to boast of his achievements as a laborer. He studied law while a laborer, at night by the light of the fire, and when first admitted to the bar, he gave but small promise of attaining the position which he afterwards won.

In the conception of Mohammed's paradise, there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel.

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BEY OF TUNIS.

Sidi Mohammed, Bey of Tunis, lately died after a long and painful malady. He had succeeded his cousin german, Sidi Ahmed, and administered the government but a few years. Still, during his brief reign, he had acquired the unanimous sympathies of his subjects, and of the European colony established at Tunis, by his gentleness and equity as well as the fostering care he bestowed on the manufactures and agriculture of his country. His premature death caused a general mourning throughout the regency. The accession to the throne of his youngest brother, Sidi Sadok, whose portrait, in full uniform, is herewith presented, was accomplished with the greatest tranquillity, and it is hoped, from the firm and resolute character of the new sovereign, that he will follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. His first act was to take oath to the constitution proclaimed by Sidi Mohammed, by virtue of which the inhabitants of the regency enjoy equal rights and privileges, without distinction of race and religion. The most striking proof of the advancement of the world, and the influence of Christianity, is to be found in the liberality of many of the Eastern rulers. The days of unmitigated despotism are fast passing away. Light has penetrated European Turkey and the north of Africa, and though the ignorant people of these countries still preserve many of their old prejudices, their rulers clearly perceive that the old proscriptive systems must be abandoned.

SIDI SADOK-BACHA, BEY OF TUNIS.

CHINESE MOURNING.

The accompanying illustration exhibits the ceremonies of the Chinese in the house of mourning. As this displays but one phase of their manifestations of grief and respect for the dead, our readers will probably peruse with interest the following letter from Hong Kong, giving many particulars: "One of the spiritual wives of a great merchant was buried here last week with all the pomp money could procure. It was the most extensive funeral that has taken place here for many a day. As all the details were thoroughly Chinese, and I never before witnessed the whole process of the funeral ceremonies among the natives, I made a point of attending the wake, and following the coffin to the place of rest. To begin with the wake, it was a Chinese version of the Irish one. Over the door were hung two lanterns with black and blue characters, and white drapery festooned across the entrance. As you entered the door you observed a coffin standing on tressels in the passage; underneath was a light burning, covered with an inverted earthenware vessel, like a flower-pot, only broader. The top of the coffin was covered with a red drapery, on which was placed what appeared to be some hard mud. At one end, and partly underneath, were numerous small cups and bowls containing rice, samshu, and tea, for the special benefit of the devils. The ancestral tablet was also there; likewise another large earthenware pot, containing burning tapers and josssticks; and near this a lamp. Suspended against the wall were two figures of peculiar aspect, having on blue shirts and white trousers. The coffin remained here several days, the body being put in lime, full-dressed, in the best and most costly dress that can be afforded. In one hand is a fan, and in the other a piece of paper with a prayer on it. In the adjoining room were assembled the relations and friends of the deceased, eating, drinking, and smoking; some laughing, others crying, others again hoarse with their lamentations. It was an extraordinary spectacle, and a scene worth witnessing. The brother expatiated on the beauties of the coffin, on the money it cost, and on everything, in fact, except the departed sister. The room was decorated with josses and all kinds of arrangements, but the funniest was a little figure of an English merchant, in wig, cut-away coat and tights, with gold buttons to his chocolate garments. This wonderful little gentleman was under a glass case, near native josses. * * * The third day was the great one. The crackers began going off, and the women, dressed in white loose garments, with a kind of hood over their heads, their shoes and stockings off, and the men and children in sackcloth and white sashes round their waist, those in less mourning merely having a white sash round the head and one round the waist. The coffin being in the street, the chief mourners knelt beside it, knocking their heads on the ground and lamenting in melancholy accents. The females then went through the same ceremony. The band was playing the whole time. Two individuals in mourning were handing them incense-sticks placed in jars. After a good deal of lamenting, kow-towing, etc., the band struck up and the procession proceeded towards its destination. It consisted of two lanterns; then followed the band of musicians, dressed in white; four sedan-chairs, containing cakes, and splendidly carved, the musicians in blue, with a gong, drum, and other noisy instruments; then followed sixteen tables, each carried by two coolies, containing roast pigs, a kid, and every imaginable kind of food acceptable not only to the gods, but to mortals likewise; the chair with the tablet, tapers burning inside, red musicians, large red banner, with a bunch of bamboo on the staff, and the flag written on with gold and white characters, the coffin, mourners, relations and friends. After many prostrations, the burning of numerous josssticks, and the letting off crackers, the procession moved on. We went through the whole town, and arrived at the spot where the body was to remain till a suitable spot of ground should be found. The coffin was laid down, and the mourners then walked round it, the priests in the background, and the musicians in white playing near the coffin. The incense was burning and the crackers exploding; the music of the red and blue divisions rested, while the girls cried and the crowd looked on. Then the music ceased, and the two lanterns approached. The coffin then was borne on men's shoulders, followed by mourners, etc., to the first house and deposited in a room hired for the purpose, the priests standing outside chanting. Here the body was left, the mourners assuming their usual dress. Then, re-forming, they wended homeward, the band playing the same tunes as before."

CHINESE MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND.

MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

This college, at which the sectional meetings of the British Association were held, was founded by George Keith, Earl Marischal, in 1593. The old buildings, which were mostly of the seventeenth century, were neither elegant nor commodious, and had latterly become ruinous. They were taken down and lately rebuilt, partly at the expense of government and partly by subscription. The college forms three sides of a quadrangle, and rises to the height of two lofty stories, presenting unbroken ranges of mullioned windows. From the centre of the building springs a tower, to the height of one hundred feet from the ground. This tower contains the principal entry and the staircase leading to the hall, library, and museum. Each of these rooms is seventy-four feet long by thirty-four feet wide, and upwards of thirty feet in height. There are, besides, a common hall and sixteen class-rooms, to each of which is attached a private room for the professor. The total expense of the building is estimated at about £30,000. Marischal College contains the usual professorships, and the session commences in the first week in November and ends in the first week of April. The curriculum of arts extends over four sessions, and a student's expenses during each session may be from $75 to $200. There are numerous bursaries connected with this college. Among its alumni are many who have distinguished themselves in every branch of science and literature. The name of the college is pleasantly familiar to the readers of Scott, as the place where Dugald Dalgetty received his education, and where he laid the foundation for that pedantry so amusingly displayed in his long-winded discourses.

LONG-EARED RABBITS.

The accompanying sketch offers portraits of a pair of fancy long-eared rabbits lately exhibited at the recent Great English Poultry, Pigeon and Rabbit Show at the Crystal Palace. The ears of these curious and pretty creatures are the largest ever known, that of the black and white in the foreground, the property of Mr. Angus, measuring 22 1 2 inches in length, and 4 1-2 in breadth; and that of Mr. Durham's second prize fawn, being 21 3-4 inches in length and 4 1-2 in breadth. Very high prices are given in England for fancy rabbits; $150 being often paid for a peculiarly fine one. The rabbit and hare are animals of much interest in England. Even the common rabbit is bred with much care there. It is a very prolific animal, producing its young seven times a year, their litter being usually eight in number. It is said to have been originally introduced from Spain into the various countries of Europe in which it is now found. In its wild state, the color of its fur is brown, its tail black above and white beneath, but when domesticated the colors vary much, being white, pied, ash-colored and black. The fur is much used in manufacturing hats, and its flesh is more juicy than the hare. In England, it is reared either in warrens or in hutches, which require to be kept clean.

LONG-EARED RABBITS.

JACK PETERSON.

John Peterson, a colored man, who died lately at his residence in Peekskill, N. Y., aged 103 years, was brought up in the family of Job Sherwood, whose son, Isaac Sherwood, entered the continental army as a first lieutenant in the regiment commanded by Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt, at the commencement of the war of the Revolution; and Peterson, who was about the same age as the lieutenant, having become devotedly attached to him, begged the privilege of accompanying him into the service, which request was granted by the lieutenant, and Peterson enlisted as a private in the same regiment to which he was attached. This regiment was in the memorable battle of Stillwater, in [illegible] County, at the time General Burgoyne surrendered his army to the American forces under the command of General Gates. Lieutenant Sherwood, who always sought the post of danger, received in the action, a mortal wound, and fell into the arms of Peterson, for he always made it a point to be near the lieutenant in the hour of danger. Peterson watched over this brave officer with untiring perseverance, night and day, until he expired, and after his death he followed his remains to the public burying ground in the city of Albany, where he was interred with military honors. The devoted attachment of Peterson to the gallant lieutenant, was observed by Colonel Van Cortlandt, who, without solicitation, gave him his discharge from the service to enable him to return to his home, with the effects which belonged to the lieutenant.

On his return, the lines between the American and British forces had been removed from Tarrytown to the north side of the Croton river, and the headquarters of the American army was established on the farm now owned by John Cocks, Esq., near which place the father and family of the lieutenant took up their residence as a place of security from the enemy. On the morning of September 21st, 1780, Moses Sherwood and Peterson were engaged in making cider at Barrett's farm in Cortlandt town; they had taken their arms with them, for in those days of peril, all were obliged to go armed; even the farmer and laborers carried arms while engaged in agricultural pursuits. On that day the Vulture sloop-of-war came to anchor a short distance off the western extremity of Teller's Point, having brought up Andre for the purpose of holding an interview with the traitor Arnold, which took place the night before, at the Long Cove in Rockland County, about six miles below the military posts of Stony and Verplanck's Points. Moses Sherwood, while at the cider mill, situated at the west side of the road, saw a barge filled with armed men from the Vulture, in company with a gun-boat, approaching the shore, at the point of land where he and Peterson were at work, and seizing their guns, ran for the shore, resolved that the enemy should not land without opposition. For this purpose they concealed themselves behind some rocks, and as the barge came sweeping along towards the place where they were lying, Peterson fired. His aim had been well directed, for an oar was seen to fall from the hands of one of the men on board, and much confusion was observed among them. A second shot from Sherwood, compelled them to return to the Vulture; which they did under cover of canister and grape shot from the gunboat, directed towards the point where Sherwood and Peterson were concealed. The cannonade drew the attention of the people of Cortlandt-town to the scene. The Vulture was lying in a position to be distinctly seen from Verplanck's Point, and the whole district of country between it and Teller's Point on the Westchester shore and also from Stony Point to the Long Clove in Rockland County. The grounds on both sides of the river, for many miles in extent, sloping gradually toward the river, gave the inhabitants a full view of the scene. The inhabitants on the Westchester side had been on the lookout, for they apprehended an attack; but there were none, however, who entertained an opinion that it would be brought on before long, until Peterson and Sherwood commenced their fire. Many of them now hastened to the end of Teller's Point with a field-piece, which they had obtained from Colonel Livingston, who was in command at Verplanck's Point. They erected a small redoubt and opened a well-directed fire upon the Vulture, and she fired, in return, several broadsides directed towards the redoubt. Andre, who had been conducted from the Long Clove to Smith's house, situated on the high grounds in Haverstraw, heard the firing and saw from his window the Vulture slip her cable and make sail for New York. This circumstance prevented his returning to the city by water, for he intended to have been put on board the Vulture that morning, where he was expected by the officer in command, and as he did not arrive at the time appointed, a barge had been directed to skim along the shore, under the expectation that he had been set over to the east side of the river, and that they would be enabled to carry him to the Vulture. Andre being disappointed in reaching the Vulture, was compelled to return by land, through the towns of Cortlandt, Yorktown, and Mount Pleasant, which led to his capture at Tarrytown. But for the firing of Peterson and Sherwood upon the barge, it is more than probable that he would have returned to the Vulture in safety. Peterson received during life a pension from the United States for his military services, and General Philip Van Cortlandt, in consideration of the high regard he entertained for his military services, put him in possession of a house and lot in Cortlandt-town, where he lived until he moved to Peekskill. He maintained through a long life the character of an honest man and a faithful soldier, and was much esteemed by all who knew him. In the calm serenity of a patriarchal age, the old man has passed away from among the living, leaving only pleasant memories.—*Westchester (N. Y.) Herald.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"FILE-LEADER."—The first muster ever held in Massachusetts was in the year 1622. The Narragansett tribe threatened to make war upon the colonists, and as Plymouth was illy prepared for the attack, Captain Standish had four bulwarks or "jetties" made outside of the temporary palings of the town. He divided his forces into four companies, and ordered a general training, when the men and officers were taught their places, in cases of attack.

V. C.—The founder of animal magnetism was Anthony Mesmer, born at Marsburg, in Swabia, in 1734.

BIBLIOGRAPHER.—Many words in common use may be traced to the names of places where they originated, or of persons who have invented or discovered the art or article they designate; as gingham from Guincamp, bayonet from Bayonne, cambric from Cambray, muslin from Mosul, diaper from d'Ypres, and martinet from a French officer, who was a strict disciplinarian.

INQUIRER.—Boiling to death was made a capital punishment in the time of the Tudor Henry the Eighth of England

INVALID.—The sirocco is not unfrequent in many parts of Italy; but it visits Naples with more severity than any other part of that country. Its influence on the human system is most paralyzing, rendering persons incapable of either mental or bodily exertion during its continuance.

"F. SHARP."—The thearbo is made like a large lute, except that it has two necks, or jugs, the second and longer of which sustains the four last rows of chords, which produce the deepest sounds. The thearbo has eight bass, or thick strings, twice the length of those of the lute. This excess renders the sound exceedingly sweet, and sustains it for a length of time.

"TODGERS."—To address a young lady in conversation as "Miss," is a vulgarity.

L. G.—To polish furniture, take as much resin as will cover a shilling, powder it very fine, and then sift through muslin; scrape one pennyworth of beeswax very fine; bruise a small piece of alkanet root; put the whole of the above into a gill of turpentine, and let the pot stand for a day. The polish will then be fit for use.

BUILDER.—The first vessel built here was launched July 4, 1631, and was a bark of thirty tons, owned by Governor Winthrop, and named, felicitously, as we think, the "Blessing of the Bay." We believe a portion of the "ways" is still extant on the late Col. Jacques's estate, the "Ten Hills Farm."

SCIENCE AND JUSTICE.

A look through an excellent telescope on a clear morning, the other day, brought to mind a story we recently met with, apparently put forth in good faith. At any rate, "we tell the tale as told to us." [illegible] 1680, the French court being at the chateau of Marly, Louis XIV. was compelled to give up a hunting party he had projected, on account of the excessive heat of the weather. To compensate his disappointment, Madame de Maintenon sent for a fine telescope which had belonged to Cassini, the [illegible] and the king amused himself for a long time by looking through it on the surrounding country. The instrument was so fine that he could distinguish the features of peasants ten miles off. Suddenly he turned deadly pale, and after gazing through the glass with intense excitement, dropped it, summoned the Count de Guiche, and ordered him to have horses saddled and to draw out ten files, of which he would take command himself.

Immediately afterwards, the king was in the saddle, riding furiously along the banks of the Seine. At the entrance of a little village three young men were coming out of the village and occupying the whole of the road. They were plainly-dressed country people, and appeared a little excited as they saw the squad of royal cavalry riding up to them. The king commanded a halt and addressed himself to three foot passengers.

"An hour since you were at the village of Maisons and bathed in the river Seine?"

The three men, whose ages ranged from twenty-five to thirty, bowed assent.

"Sir," said the king, "addressing the Count de Guichi, "arrest these men."

The order was obeyed and the king, followed by the horse and the prisoners, returned to Marly. Great was the astonishment caused by this affair. It was rumored that the king had discovered a conspiracy against his person, and had chosen to arrest the culprits himself. But this was not the case.

The prisoners were three brothers, Simon, John and Francis, sons of Bernard Lerchet, of the Rue St. Denis. They had a younger brother named Sebastian Lerchet, their father's son by a second marriage, and his favorite. Jealousy and cupidity inflaming their minds to hatred, they resolved to make way with him, and for the accomplishment of their purpose, took him out into the Seine on pretext of bathing, and there drowned him. The terrible work was briefly done. Having accomplished it, they swam on shore, dressed themselves, hid their brother's clothes, and were walking along the road in perfect security when they were arrested by the King of France. It was the sight of this deed through Cassini's telescope, which had blanched his cheek and caused the summary action we have described. Confronted by the royal testimony, the three criminals made a full confession, were sentenced to be hung, and were executed without delay. If this story is a reliable one, it shows by what unforeseen means the ends of justice are attained.

"Murder will out—foul deeds will rise
Though all the earth o'erwhelms them, to men's eyes."

A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

It is curious, now that Louis Napoleon is at the zenith of his power, to trace the beginnings of his ambitious career. Turning over a file of papers of the year 1840, we met with the following letter from the correspondent of the London Times, giving an account of Louis Napoleon's abortive attempt at Boulogne:

"BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, August 7.

"This morning one of those mad attempts at revolution which have characterized the French since the days of the first and of memorable July, disturbed the inhabitants of this peaceful town from its slumbers. The facts, as I have collected them, are as follows: The City of Edinburgh steamer, belonging to the Commercial Steam Navigation Company, was hired by Prince Louis Napoleon, ostensibly for an excursion of pleasure along the British coast, for fourteen days. In this he embarked with fifty-six followers, eight horses, and two carriages in the Thames on Wednesday last; this morning, about two o'clock, they reached the coast of France, off Wimiroux, about three miles from Boulogne. The surprise of captain and crew may be imagined to see the whole of his passengers come on deck, not in the peaceful garb of citizens, but *en militaire*, some as general officers, some as private soldiers, with an oil-skin covering on their hats, with the number 40 painted in front, that being the regiment which at Strasburg had formerly identified itself so seriously in the cause of Louis Napoleon.

"Their object was soon made evident. The ship's boat was lowered, and the whole company landed in three trips. Before the prince left vessel he ordered the captain to cruise off the coast, but to keep close in to Boulogne, and have a boat ready manned to come off for them should they signalize to that effect. Among those landed I have been able to collect the names of the General Montholon, Colonel Vaudrey, Colonel Parquin, and Colonel Delaborde.

"When all had landed, they marched into the town by the Place Navarin, Rue des Carreaux, Rue Sommeau into the Grande Rue, shouting 'Vive l'Empereur,' the prince carrying his hat on the point of his sword and waving it in the air; from the Grande Rue they made their way by the Rue de la Lampe to the Caserne, and roused the small body of troops of the line (I believe only one company) that perform duty here. The soldiers, awakened, and seeing themselves surrounded by general officers, knew not what to make of the scene. They were, however, soon made to comprehend that a revolution was on foot, that Louis Philippe was dethroned, that all France was roused in favor of their emperor, Louis Napoleon, and that they must arm to march forthwith upon Paris. As some were preparing to obey, their captain, who had been awakened by the noise, rushed in among them, and restored their wavering loyalty by shouting 'Vive le Roi.' High words and a scuffle ensued between him and Prince Louis, when the latter drew a pistol and fired; unfortunately the ball shattered the under jaw of a poor soldier who was endeavoring to separate them, and the whole party, finding that the soldiers were lukewarm, that the officers were faithful, that nothing was to be done, precipitately quitted the Caserne and retired to the port.

"By this time the town was roused, the authorities were on foot, the drums were beating to arms, and the National Guards pouring out in all directions. The proclamations, one of which I enclose, with a decree, had been lavishly distributed along every street through which they passed, and money given to those who had followed them. These soon declared what the object was, and the necessary directions were given by the Sous-Prefet to attack the disturbers of the peace. Within two hours the greater part were either prisoners in the citadel, shot or dispersed. They made no stand after leaving the Caserne. Some made their way with the eagle to the Napoleon column, some with the prince hastened to the seaside and signalled for a boat from the steamer. Unfortunately for them, too many had got into it, and it upset. The prince, with three or four others, swam for the steamer, and had a narrow escape of being drowned.

"During their absence, however, affairs had changed on board the steamer. M. Poliet, the harbor-master, by order of the mayor, had proceeded with a dozen custom-house officers in a boat and taken possession of it; it was fortunate for the prince they did so, for in returning into the harbor they found him exhausted, clinging to the buoy, about an eighth of a mile from the shore. He was taken on board, and with him Colonel Vaudrey. In escaping from the shore they narrowly avoided being shot; several balls passed close to the prince, and several of his followers were wounded, and sank to rise no more. The report is, that six have been found; one poor doctor, who surrendered, was shot by a National Guard."

"BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, August 8, 7 P. M.

"This morning this *wild adventurer* was quietly removed from the castle in the upper town. It is supposed his destination is Ham."

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Humboldt, who visited Mexico in 1803, thus describes it: "The capital, reconstructed by the Spaniards, exhibits, perhaps, a less vivid, though a more august and majestic appearance than the ancient Tenochtitlan. Mexico is undoubtedly one of the finest cities ever built by Europeans in either hemisphere. With the exception of Petersburgh, Berlin, Philadelphia, and some quarters of Westminster, there does not exist a city of the same extent which can be compared to the capital of New Spain for the uniform level of the ground on which it stands, for the regularity and breadth of the streets, and the extent of the public places. The architecture is generally of a pure style, and there are even edifices of a very beautiful structure. The exterior of the houses is not loaded with ornaments. Two sorts of hewn stone, the porous amygdaloid, called *tetzontli*, and especially a porphyry of vitreous feld spath, without any quartz, give to the Mexican buildings an air of solidity, and sometimes even magnificence. There are none of those wooden balconies and galleries to be seen which disfigure so much all the European cities in both the Indies. The balustrades and gates are all of Biscay iron, ornamented with bronze, and the houses, instead of roofs, have terraces, like those in Italy and other Southern countries."

A CURIOSITY.—John J. Dyer & Co., No. 35 School Street, Boston, have just published a most novel "ILLUSTRATED SCRAP BOOK." It is in large quarto form, and contains Five Hundred Pictures, upon every conceivable subject of everyday life, wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, famous architecture, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes, and in short an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young. It is the first book of the kind, and the cheapest we have ever seen. Any person enclosing twenty-five cents to the publisher, in letter stamps or silver, will receive a copy, *post paid*, by return of mail. Here is something to amuse the family circle the coming long evenings.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—Photographs of the original drawings by Raffaelle, in the Royal Library at Windsor, have been taken at the expense of Prince Albert. The negatives of these impressions have been presented to the Science and Art Department of the Committee on Education; from which copies will be supplied to schools of Art and the public generally, at the mere cost of paper and printing.

FAINTING AT APPLAUSE.—At Brussels, recently, says the New York Musical Review, the frequenters of the beautiful Theatre de la Monnaie were "demonstrative," and so perplexed and harassed a poor lady, brought out on approval, that she fainted on the stage.

LOUISIANA SUGAR CROP.—A gentleman residing in Parish St. Mary, La., and who claims to be well posted as to the sugar crop of that State the present season, estimates the entire crop of the State at 250,000 hogsheads.

BOOKS.—Mr. Choate's library, lately sold in this city, netted about $15,000. Many books brought over the first cost!

A GOOD STORY.

The Post tells a good story of Judge Harrington, an old-time member of the Vermont judiciary, and very famous in the traditions of the bar of that State, for shrewd sayings and eccentric doings, not less than for sterling honesty and excellent practical sense. Among the judge's acquaintance was one Squire H., a man of wealth and influence, but esteemed a close-fisted fellow, and notoriously a hard master in his payment and general treatment of his hired men, a fact which did not particularly commend the squire to the good opinion of the judge. It happened, one day, in the time of the good old imprisonment-for-debt laws, and while the judge was an *ex-officio* jail commissioner, that a debtor came before the judge on an application to take "the poor debtor's oath," a legal provision by which any debtor, after a brief period of incarceration, might make a sworn statement of his finances before the commissioner, and if it satisfactorily appeared that the debtor was worth less than $20, he was at once discharged from imprisonment. It was the practice, in these cases, to subject the applicant to a series of interrogatories touching the nature and extent of his property, in order to avoid any fraudulent concealment of his effects. In this case, the questioning process had barely commenced, when a sudden thought struck the judge. "Who have you been working for the past year?" inquired his honor. "Squire H——," replied the debtor. "Then, Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "you may administer the poor debtor's oath. *No man who has worked for Squire H—— was ever able to save $20 out of a year's labor!* The debtor is discharged."

ONE DOLLAR.—Now is the time to subscribe for *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, as volume *Eleven* is just about to commence. Five years have now elapsed since this magazine was first issued, each year adding to its beauty and intrinsic excellence, until it is admitted to be by far the cheapest publication in the world! No such work could be offered for *one dollar* a year, were it not for the immense edition printed. Each number contains over one hundred pages of *original* matter, besides many fine illustrations, and a series of laugh-provoking illustrations at the close of each monthly issue. The whole forms two illustrated volumes a year, of *six hundred* pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages per annum for *one dollar!* Enclose us the money, and receive a copy by return of mail, and for a whole year.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.—Centrally situated, admirably conducted, and just the proper size to see and hear everything that one goes to the theatre to see and hear, we do not wonder at the steady and growing popularity of this establishment. Mr. Davenport has, in re-fitting and adorning it generally, exhibited more good taste than we have ever observed within its walls at any previous time. Add to all this the class of star performers who have rapidly followed each other, and we have reason to praise heartily the liberal and sound management of the Howard this fall and winter. It is in all respects certainly the most comfortable and agreeable place of public entertainment in Boston.

ST. HELENA.—Napoleon III. is mindful of his uncle's former habitation on St. Helena, having recently ordered the appropriation of $28,000 for the thorough repair of Longwood House and the emperor's tomb, as well as the domain called the Vale of Napoleon. Since this territory was ceded by the British government, the French have had at Longwood a resident commandant at a salary of $2400 a year.

YOUNG ERNST.—The young Hanoverian, Ernst, arrested in Hanover and made to perform military duty, but who claimed exemption as an American citizen (the United States government supporting his pretensions), has just been by the Hanoverian cabinet set at liberty.

MEMBERS OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.—Bishop Soule, of the M. E. Church, South, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and the Rev. Dr. Briggs, of Cincinnati, are the only survivors of the founders of the American Bible Society in 1816.

MURDER.—A man in Chillicothe, Ohio, recently stabbed his wife to the heart with a sharp poker, after which she ran some thirty feet and fell dead.

SOMETHING ABOUT KITES.

"Kite flying" is not confined to boys. Full-grown people have their kites. In fact, the social atmosphere is full of them all the year round. They are of all sizes, shapes, and, like the paper toys of the juveniles, are continually going up and coming down. Some of them, it is true, are so strong and steady of wing, that they pull their owners pleasantly and safely along the stream of life, as Franklin's kite bore him, when a boy, along the surface of ponds and rivers. Others, like the "electrical" kite used by the philosopher in after years, are somewhat apt to numb the fingers that hold the strings. The lover's "kite" is his mistress—frame of whalebone, cover of silks, strings of moonshine—and what a chase the beautiful bauble leads him! Ten to one but he loses it at last. The speculator's "kite" is a miracle of unsteadiness. It soars, darts, ricochets, plunges, whirls, and generally collapses in the end, leaving the unfortunate flyer with mouth agape and mind distraught, a pitiful spectacle to gods and men. For further particulars inquire in the city where every variety of this "fancy article" is flown every day. The poet's "kite" is a brilliant skimmer of the skies, sent heavenward from a garret, for the admiration of posterity. The "kite" of intelligent enterprise is the stoutest and steadiest of all. Its flight, like the eagle's, is "onward and upward, and true to the time." It is well balanced, never gets too much string, and, instead of being chance-driven by every breeze, raises the wind for itself as it moves along.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

"Spiridion" writes to the Traveller: M. About is writing a preface for the second edition of his work on Rome, which is said to be piquant enough; he and his friends are making strenuous exertions to dissolve the government injunction which enjoins its sale in France. I see the editor of the American translation hints M. About is merely Louis Napoleon's mouth-piece, and that this book was revised by Louis Napoleon. This is a mistake. The government sent M. About to Rome just as it sent M. Maquet [illegible] simply to put money in his pocket. [illegible] did last year when M. Proudhon's book against the Romish church appeared.

A Lady's Retort.—A lady who makes but a modest spread of crinoline, was passing along the street in Richmond the other day, when she was met by a young man full of bad whiskey, who in staggering past stepped on her dress. Turning to the lady, he remarked apologetically, "Hoops take up too much room," to which the lady quiety replied, "Not so much as whiskey, sir," and passed on.

St. Louis Railroads.—The city railroads in St. Louis are laid on macadamized streets—the consequence is, that stones are continually getting upon the rails and throwing the cars off the track. The St. Louis Express thinks the city ought to compel the railroad company to pave the streets on which they run with stone.

Sunday Pickpockets.—A New York paper states that Sunday is the busiest day with the pickpockets there. One pious lady had her pocket picked of $20 as she entered a church door.

St. Louis.—The tax levy of the county of St. Louis for 1859, gives a total of $95,000,000, an increase of $8,000,000 on the previous year, showing how rapidly the flourishing city of St. Louis is increasing in wealth.

New Books.—The book publishers are very busy this fall. A new book is announced every day by some house.

"The Death Touch!"—Read this vivid and startling novelette in the *Flag of our Union*. For sale everywhere for *four cents* per copy.

Sad.—The man that run the fork of a road into his eye, has since died.

FATAL FLATTERY.

All fashionable portrait-painters are in the habit of flattering their sitters, and "false as a portrait" deserves to be as proverbial an expression as "false as a bulletin." There is one case where the "trick of the trade" was attended by tragical consequences. Holbein was despatched by Cromwell, Henry VIII.'s minister, to paint the Lady Anne of Cleves, and by practising the common flattery of his profession, "he was," says Walpole, "the immediate cause of the destruction of that great subject, and of the disgrace which fell upon that princess herself. He drew so favorable a likeness, that Henry was content to wed her; but when he found her so inferior to the miniature, the storm which really should have been directed at the painter, burst on the minister, and Cromwell lost his head because Anne was a 'Flanders mare,' and not a Venus, as Holbein had represented her." Henry came near marrying the Duchess Dowager of Milan for his fourth wife, and Sir Thomas Wyatt congratulated him on his "narrow escape" but Walpole thought, considering Henry's temper, that the "duchess had the greater escape."

THE FISH TRADE.

Lake Michigan is quite celebrated for the excellent quality of the fish caught in its waters. One village—that of St. Josephs, Michigan—has thirteen fishing smacks, and the product this season has been an aggregate, according to the Chicago Democrat, of 20,190 half barrels of fish, netting the round sum of $100,800, or nearly $8000 to each boat. "At New Buffalo, in the same county, about 4000 half barrels have been caught the present season, making $170,000 as the value of the fishing interest of two villages alone for a single season." The principal portion of the fish are white, though many are trout, and other excellent varieties. Nearly ever city and village bordering on the lake has its fishermen, and, could the statistics of the fish trade of Michigan be collected, we have reason to think that they would make an exhibit somewhere in the vicinity of fifteen hundred thousand dollars.

Dyspepsia and Consumption.—It is diffi- [illegible] disease, where a quick and permanent cure is effected by this pleasant and thoroughly-established specific for dyspepsia. It is now many years since its first introduction, and it has stood the test of millions of trials by the suffering, of both sexes and of all ages.

"The Shadow on the Pillow."—This is the title of a book just about to be published, from the pen of Mrs. Sarah A. Nowell, a lady who is well known as a contributor to these columns. Mrs. Nowell is a writer of great force and beauty. We hope her book will find a large sale.

Mixed Fight.—A California paper tells of "a mixed fight" at Michigan Bar, near Sacramento. Irishmen, Chinese and Americans participated. Hatchets and knives were used, and the Chinamen were badly "cut up." The fight grew out of a dispute about a "claim."

A good Answer.—An infidel, who had been attempting to prove that men have no souls, asked a lady, with an air of triumph, what she thought of his philosophy. "It appears to me," she replied, "that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast."

Noble Institution.—The Astor Library, New York, now contains one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, forming a noble monument to its founder's memory.

The Ravels.—These attractive pantomimists are doing a fine business at our Boston Theatre. Juvenile Boston is on the *qui vive*.

Personal.—Theodore Parker is passing the winter in Rome. He will probably never speak again in public, his lungs being so diseased.

Dime Savings Bank.—They have one of these institutions in Brooklyn, N. Y. Candy shops in the neighborhood suffer some!

Wayside Gatherings.

The school taxes in New York city amount to $398,417.

Madame Steffanone, well known to the musical public of Boston, is now singing at Naples.

The famous stallion Columbus died at Stillwater, Vt., a short time ago, aged 32 years.

The splendid race horse Red Oak was ruined for life by an accident in Kentucky a few days ago.

The owners of the Albany Northern Railroad have shut the road up for the present, as being unsafe.

There have been more vivid and beautiful displays of the Aurora Borealis this season than for many years.

A fatal disease, known as the malignant sore throat or black tongue, is raging in the vicinity of Canterbury, Ct.

The Georgia State Railroad has paid into the State treasury for the year ending September, the sum of $402,000 over and above expenses.

The State of Kentucky claims the north bank of the Ohio River, below high-water marks, and suits have been brought to recover the landings in front of the city of Cincinnati.

The New York Spirit of the Times says: "Phelan has just completed a splendid billiard table for the residence of one of our most popular and highly-esteemed bishops."

The remaining Scaticook tribe of Indians in Kent, Ct., numbering 34 persons, have a fund of $4864 invested for their support, and 300 acres of land; on which are six dwelling-houses.

A gentleman in Mississippi offers a silver cup, saucer and spoon, worth $50, as a prize for the best shirt made by any native young lady in that State, and exhibited at the next State Fair.

Luther Preston, late postmaster at Fillmore, Minnesota, has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in the penitentiary at Stillwater, by the United States court, for robbing the mails.

The numerous friends of Mr. Frederick Saunders, author of "Salad for the Solitary," "Mosaics," etc., will be glad to hear that he has been appointed an attaché of the Astor Library in New York.

A volume entitled "Edgar A. Poe and his Critics," will shortly be published by Rudd & Carleton, of New York. It is written by a lady whose prospective relation with the poet was interrupted by death.

The Emperor of Brazil has granted to an American the exclusive right of mining and [illegible] Street, Newburyport, claims the original [illegible] LeBreton pear tree, from which was gathered this year no less than *seven barrels* of the finest-looking and the best winter pears ever seen. This fruit is in its most mature state in February.

Mary Jane Walker, wife of David L. Walker, of Newark, N. J., committed suicide by taking arsenic. The act was committed while laboring under a partial derangement, which induced the belief that she was of no use to herself or family. She leaves two children.

There is in the family of Mr. John H. Nolle, Brandywine Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia, a tom-cat of enormous size. He weighs thirty-one pounds, and measures thirty-seven inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, and twenty-eight inches around the girth.

The British government is drawing largely on the white oak forests of Virginia. Over three hundred men are now employed in getting timber in the mountains near Rowlesburg, on the Cheat River, which is to be used for gun-carriages. The contractor has orders which it will take two years to fill.

Two hundred men are constantly employed to attend to the grounds of Greenwood Cemetery (in the vicinity of Brooklyn, N. Y.), which consists of 800 to 1000 acres. Many of the dwellings of the dead there are amazingly expensive, costing from $5000 to $20,000. The grounds were laid out in 1840.

Mr. Calvin Adams, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has recently discovered that an important electrical change takes place when molten iron solidifies in cooling. By insulating the mould, and the workman who pours in the liquid metal, the castings from common iron comes out as white as silver and as hard as steel.

An iron bridge has been constructed by a New York firm, for the Southern Railroad in Chili. The bridge is twelve hundred feet in length, and is divided into eleven spans. When completed, the bridge was tested by a railroad train weighing two hundred and twenty-four tons, which did not appear to affect it in the least.

It has generally been supposed that the larger portions of the Germans in this country are in favor of making the Sabbath a holiday, but Prof. Schaff, one of the most eminent and influential Germans in the country, stated at a meeting in New York, a short time since, that more than half of his fellow-countrymen in America favor the observance of the Sabbath.

Sands of Gold.

.... Faith is the flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven.—*J. W. Alexander.*

.... He who adopts a just thought, participates in the merit that originated it.—*Bovee.*

.... Now-a-days it is easier to believe in ghosts than in delicate feelings.—*De Boufflers.*

.... True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.—*Humphreys.*

.... Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

.... Destitution is better than dependence, since it is perhaps, easier to endure the cold than to find one's patron so.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... A prose translation, however correct, beautiful and elegant, can be nothing but drawing after a painting.—*De Boufflers.*

.... The love that has naught but beauty to keep it in good condition, is short-lived, and subject to shivering fits.—*Erasmus.*

.... Nature is a book of sweet and glowing purity, and on every illuminated page the excellence and goodness of God are divinely portrayed.—*Miller.*

.... The heart of women is their destiny, for it is rarely that it is not their guide; but it is a guide that should be enlightened by reason.—*De Boufflers.*

.... It is, after all, the person who stakes the least, who loses most. In the affections this is wholly true. He who risks nothing, loses everything.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... Never write on a subject, without having first read yourself full on it; and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.—*Richter.*

.... Every ship is a romantic object, except that we sail in. Embark, and the romance quits our vessel, and hangs on every other sail in the horizon.—*Emerson.*

.... Successful poets have a great authority over the language of their country. Cowley's happy expression of "the great vulgar," is become a part of the English phraseology.—*Hurd.*

.... His faith is exceedingly limited who has no idea of any other miracles than those recorded in the Scriptures—who has no eye for the miracles that are continually going on within and around him.—*Bovee.*

.... Christian graces are like perfumes; the more they are pressed the sweeter they smell; like stars that shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken the deeper root [illegible]

[illegible] at Ramsgate? A Pike?—Diving bell[illegible]

Sheridan, having been asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

A gentleman having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the *piano* was her *forte*.

"I presume you wont charge anything for just *re-membering* me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

At a town meeting in Ireland, it was recently voted "that all persons in the town owning dogs shall be muzzled."

Why are pimples on a drunkard's face like the cuts in a witty contemporary?—Because they are illustrations of Punch.

The man who read a newspaper to the entire satisfaction of another who was waiting for it, talks of going on to the stage.

"I don't think, husband, that you are very smart."—"No, indeed, wife, but everybody knows that I am awfully *shrewed*."

Noah is thought to have had on board a supply of "Exterminator," from the fact that for nearly six weeks he did not see aryrat.

Fashionable circles were never so numerous as they are now. Almost every lady that appears in the streets is the centre of one.

Two glances make one bow—two bows how d'ye do—six how d'ye do's one conversation—four conversations one acquaintance.

It's very pleasant to take a lady to a theatre, and to find on reaching the door that you have left your purse in your other pocket.

These are not only the times of "spirits," but of "Spirits of the Times." There is the "Old Spirit," "Porter's Spirit," and "Wilkes' Spirit."

Why is it impossible for a watch that indicates the smaller divisions of time ever to be new? Because it must always be a second hand one.

It's very pleasant to ride in an omnibus opposite a baby who is sucking sugar candy, and playfully wipes his dear little hands on your best black kerseymeres.

A gentleman just married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his dear wife; "She is truly your *dear* wife," replied the wit.

FIVE YEARS:

—OR, THE—

STORY OF LINDEN LODGE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

FIVE years ago a happy family was gathered beneath the roof of Linden Lodge, a pleasant farm-house in one of the rural counties of Massachusetts, which derived its name from a beautiful grove of linden or lime trees, which, stretching along the road, raised a verdurous wall that marked the eastern boundary of a small estate. There were other trees about the place, the feathered aspen, the graceful maple, and the hardy oak, but it was the linden grove which first attracted the eye of the visitor, and was the last to leave his memory. Five years ago not a shadow of care disturbed the repose of the tenants of Linden Lodge. Old Paul Melton, the proprietor of the estate, cultivated his paternal estate, content with his lot, and proud of his still handsome wife, his young son who bore his name, and the sprightliness and charms of his daughter May, a girl of sixteen, graceful as a fawn, and fresh and radiant as a spring morning. The old gentleman and his wife had both been well educated, and the former had, in his early days, occupied a high position in the neighboring metropolis, but pecuniary misfortunes had stripped him of most of his worldly possessions, and he retired to the little farm, which, with a wise forecast, he had secured inalienably to his family. Here they lived comfortably, having books and music, fruit and flowers, and a few friends, who dropped in occasionally to enliven their little circle.

It was amid the happiest and most healthful influences that May Melton grew up to womanhood. Her education was domestic, and conducted under the superintendence of her father, who found in it a relaxation from the manual toil exacted by his farm. In her idler hours she ranged the woods and fields with the freedom of a bird, pausing now and then to gather a wild-wood flower, or to sketch some pleasing feature of the landscape. But her favorite art was music, for which she had an undoubted talent. She played well on the piano, but used that instrument chiefly as an accompaniment to her voice. She saluted the morning with a song—she "warbled her native wood-notes wild" in the heart of the forest, and by the deep streams, and on the hill-tops, wherever her free spirit impelled her roving steps. Her voice was the charm of the fireside in the winter, and on Sabbath evenings in summer, the traveller has often paused by the garden-gate to listen to the choral hymns of Linden Lodge, in which the voice of May rose clear as the song of a bird upon the evening air. This was five years ago.

May was strolling one day in the woods, warbling as usual to herself, when she was suddenly accosted by a gentleman, a stranger, whom she encountered at a turn of the woodland path. He was a man of middle life, tall and elegantly formed, dressed in a sort of hunting costume, but carrying in his hand one of those sketching-portfolios employed by itinerant artists. His dark complexion and moustache proclaimed him a foreigner—probably a Spaniard or Italian. He raised his cap gracefully, and saluted with respect the young lady, who had suddenly paused in her song.

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle," he said, with a slight foreign accent, "but I have lost my way, and I presume you can direct me to W——."

"You have indeed wandered from the road," replied May, "but you are not far from it, and, as I cannot describe it distinctly, if you will accompany me, I will show it to you with pleasure."

"I fear I have been trespassing upon some gentleman's ground," said the stranger.

"This is a part of my father's estate—but in America, sir, the woods are common property, so far, at least, as rambling in them is concerned."

The gentleman soon found himself in Melton's garden, where the owner was at work. May explained to him the cause of the intrusion, and her father invited the stranger to enter the house and rest himself. The invitation proved acceptable. The stranger offered his sketch-book for examination, and the Meltons found great pleasure in examining the faithful transcripts of scenes with which they were familiar. In turn, May's drawings were produced, and elicited warm commendation from the visitor.

"You have a piano," he remarked, "will you permit me to touch it? I am something of a musician, and love a fine instrument."

He sat dawn to the piano, and ran his fingers rapidly over the keys. He was no mere amateur—his performance was that of an *artiste*. But when he sang, it was evident that vocal music was his *forte*. His songs, so unexpected and so welcome, were rapturously applauded by the little circle who listened to him, all of whom were musical amateurs. After he had concluded, he begged May to replace him at the piano, and though she fain would have excused herself, her father insisted on her compliance with the wishes of the stranger. She sang one or two of her favorite ballads. The stranger listened in wrapt admiration, tears gushed freely from his eyes, and when she had concluded her performance, he thanked her with a fervor that attested his sincerity.

"Believe me," he said to Mr. Melton, "talents like your daughter's are indeed rare—and my opinion may possess some weight, when I tell you I am a professional singer. My name is Montaldi."

Paul had seen notices of this man in the New York papers, in connection with the Italian Opera company of that city; but though flattered by his encomiums of his daughter's talent, he was not much pleased at discovering that he was a professional artist, for he had that prejudice against the stage so common in America. Montaldi rose to take leave, and was not pressed to prolong his visit or repeat it.

"I am staying for a few days," said the *artiste*, "at the hotel in W——, rusticating, and I shall indeed be most happy, if I can be permitted to return again to a place where a chance call has been rendered so agreeable."

Mr. Melton merely bowed, but the sparkling eyes of May atoned for the coldness of her father.

And he came again—often. To make a long story short, while the parents permitted his visits, he won the heart of the daughter. His talents and accomplishments, his manly beauty, his grace, his gentleness, the interest he imparted to his travel's history, the resemblance he bore to her heroes of romance, excited a sway over the susceptible imagination of May, which she did not struggle to withstand. Henceforth, the flowers, the woodlands, the streams, the stars, her familiar objects of delight from infancy, failed of their attraction in her eyes—one image reigned supreme in her heart.

Her parents frowned upon her attachment, and repulsed Montaldi. They knew nothing of him save that he was a foreigner, a stage-singer, treading a dizzy and doubtful path, and to such keeping they could not commit the fair flower they had reared with so much tenderness. Finally they forbade him the house.

It was a dark and moonless night—five years ago—there was not a breath of air stirring, and the leaves of the linden, and even the aspen, that ever trembles at the kiss of the softest zephyr, hung pendulous and stirless. There was no noise abroad on the midnight air, save the ever-during hum of insects, never silent in their brief holiday existence. A faint note, like that of a bird startled in its leafy nest, was heard by one ear alone—hers for whom it was designed. A door opened cautiously. A light female form brushed past the garden shrubbery, and was soon clasped in the arms of one who was waiting impatiently its coming.

"*Mia bella!*" said a musical voice. "Lean, dearest, on my arm."

"Farewell, Linden Lodge! Farewell, peaceful haunts of happiness and joy! Farewell, father and mother! Farewell, young brother—brave, kind and loving."

May Melton did not dare to utter this prayer, fervent as it was. It was formed in her heart, though it never passed her trembling lips. Tears gushed from her eyes, as she sprang into a light carriage, and Montaldi drove her rapidly away.

Next morning, father, mother and brother were seated at the breakfast-table, but the best-loved of all, the darling of the family, was not there. They went to her room—it was empty—the little bed was undisturbed. There were her flowers, lately gathered, the familiar articles of her attire, her favorite books, a crowd of objects that recalled her image by association, but the darling, whose presence was the light and life of all, was gone. The distracted father flew to the village. Montaldi had left his hotel two days before—he returned home heart stricken and despairing.

Meanwhile May had been driven rapidly across the country. The abductor stopped at length at the principal public house of a small town on the Providence Railroad, where they passed the night—to May a wretched one indeed! On the morning of the following day they took the cars for Providence. On the afternoon of the same day they embarked on board a steamboat for New York. It was only as they were, towards sunset, gliding down Narragansett Bay, that May could listen composedly to her lover, whose tenderness and blandishments at length produced their usual effect. He told her of the happiness that was in store for them—of the storied lands they were about to visit—of the triumphs that awaited her when, crowned as the queen of song, princes and peers should welcome with applause and flowers the efforts of the young American. The next morning May opened her eyes upon the forest of masts that gird the empire city, and catch, upon their gilded vanes, the first red beams of morning. From the quay at which May Melton and her lover landed, they were transferred to the deck of a noble ship, crowded with passengers, and just on the eve of spreading her broad wings and daring the surges of the vast Atlantic. There was a great bustle on board—friends taking leave of friends, parents parting from their children, merchants giving final directions to their agents—but of all this motley crowd, May knew but one being; yet he indeed was now her all in life.

At last the bustle subsided, the visitors took their departure, captain, crew and passengers alone remained. A little wheezing, coughing steamer was made fast alongside, and the noble ship, obeying the power communicated by the smaller craft, began to move out from the midst of a mass of shipping, and turned her prow to the Narrows. Slowly they glided along past the spires of Brooklyn and the white buildings of the quarantine ground at Staten Island, the red walls at Fort Diamond, and the frowning batteries of Fort Hamilton, and then, as the breeze had sprung up fresh and strong, the ship was abandoned to her own resources. One by one she unfolded her huge wings, the stars and stripes of the flag of our Union flaunted from her mizzen peak, and her signal guns roared a farewell to the shores of America.

May gazed through her tears at the shores of her country till they sank into a strip of dark blue cloud dividing the sea and sky at the horizon.

"Dearest May," said Montaldi, pressing her hand, "we shall pass our bridal-moon upon the Atlantic."

"We are not married yet, Montaldi," answered May, smiling faintly through her blushes.

"We are united in the eyes of Heaven," answered the Italian. "In my hurry I had forgotten that there was no clergymen on board. But you are here as my wife—the captain believes you such—we are to share the same apartment—we will be married, dearest, as soon as we touch the soil of France."

May recoiled in horror from his side. Her purity had taken the alarm. Were these Montaldi's ideas of the holiest relation of life? Had her affection been misplaced? Had this man—for whom she had forsaken parents, brother, home, and all she held most dear—been coldly and systematically deceiving her? She shuddered, and shrunk in horror from the idea—but mastering her feelings, she reproached him with the deception he had practised, and told him that until their union had been solemnized, she should rely upon his honor and count on his respect. More she could not say in the position in which he had placed her. Montaldi heard her declaration with ill grace, but soon found that her principles were inflexible.

The voyage was a rapid one, and in less than a month after leaving New York they debarked at Havre. Hence Montaldi took his affianced bride by post to Paris. The novelty of everything she saw revived the spirits and the buoyant hopes of May, and when the columns of the Place Vendome first met her eyes, she realized with joy that she was indeed entering that gay capital of which she had read and dreamed so much.

She was installed in handsome apartments in the Boulevard Italien, and there Montaldi left her, to prepare, as he said, for their approaching nuptials. But she did not see him for two days. It was on the second day of her arrival in Paris that Montaldi came. It was evening, and the lamps had long been lit in the metropolis. He was shown up by the *garcon*; and entered with a gay and nonchalant air, humming an opera tune.

"My dear girl," said he, "I have been a sad truant, but business, that curse of life, has kept me away from you. Thank heaven, I have a *congé* for to-night, and that is due to you."

May begged him to be seated, but had learned to look on him with distrust—his conduct was strange and inexplicable.

"May," said he, "I have a confession to make. Though I love you dearer than life itself, I cannot fulfil my promises to you—I am a married man!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the room, the poor girl could not have been more astounded. She gazed upon the speaker for a moment in bewilderment, and then bursting into a flood of tears, sank upon her knees, and clasped her hands upon her breast.

Montaldi raised her. "Cheer up, *ma mignonne*," said he, "things are not so bad. I will be to you all I promised, save in name. The bonds of love are light in Paris—"

"Silence!" cried May, indignantly. "I will not listen to you, villain. You have all but ruined me, but my soul is stainless, and though you once possessed my heart, it now revolts against you."

"Remember," said Montaldi, "you are in my power—a stranger in a strange land—penniless. You *must* accept my protection, or starve."

"Then I will starve," said May.

Montaldi advanced towards her.

"Keep back, sir," said the indignant girl, "or I will alarm the house, and you will be eternally disgraced."

"Well, then," replied Montaldi, "I will leave you, but remember that, sooner or later, you will fall into my clutches."

He left the apartment and went down stairs, where he inquired for the master of the house. "Madame," said he to the latter, mentioning May's name, "is no longer under my protection and I am not answerable for her debts. You had better present your bill to her at once."

The terrified landlord adopted the advice on the instant. Poor May was without the means of satisfying him. But she had some trinkets of trifling value, and though most of them were keepsakes, she did not hesitate about parting with them for a moment. Fortunately, she spoke French, and the landlord, though a hard man, was not a swindler, and readily directed her to the *Mont de Pieté*, where she realized a trifling sum on her deposit. With this she paid her bill, and then sought a humble lodgings, a *mansarde*, in an obscure quarter of the city. This accomplished, she looked out for some employment by which she could subsist. A poor *grisette*, who lived upon the same floor, enabled her to get some needlework, and by this means she contrived for a few weeks to keep soul and body together. Sometimes she thought of writing home to her parents for aid—but would they not turn a deaf ear to her entreaties? Would they believe her strange story; her innocence in the midst of peril and temptation? Sadly she turned from this idea, and resolved to rely upon her own resources. It would be sad and tedious to pursue her mournful and monotonous career in that city of Paris which seemed a gay world to all but herself. Montaldi she saw no more, but she learned that he had gone to Italy. Her only consolation, in the midst of her troubles and toils, was in repeating sometimes the songs with which she had enlivened her former home. But even this was a sad consolation. One day, however, when she was singing rather louder than usual, and had left her door ajar, she was surprised by the visit of an old music-master, who, with his family, lived upon the floor below. Delighted with her voice, he offered to give her instruction gratuitously. She embraced the offer eagerly, in the hope of its opening some way of escape from her present painful position. She made rapid progress under the tuition of her old friend, in the *science* of music. One day he begged permission to bring a friend to listen to her performance. The stranger was a man of commanding appearance, and gentlemanly in his manners.

"Well, *maestro*, what do you think of that?" asked the old music-master.

"Wonderful!" was the reply. "Mademoiselle, answer me one question," he continued, "would you have the courage to sing in public?"

"I dare do anything honorable to gain my bread," was the reply.

"Then, mademoiselle, you will hear from me again."

He handed her a card, and took his leave. When the visitors were gone, May glanced at the card, and read, with astonishment, the name of ROSSINI.

An immense crowd was assembled at the Italian Opera house, to witness the *debut* of a new singer in the part of Amina in La Sonnambula. A lovely creature, dressed in white, and paler than her robes, advanced to the foot-lights, the focus of a thousand opera-glasses. It was not without some trepidation that she uttered her first notes, but at the very first pause in her vocalization, the house rang with *bravo* The critical and excitable Parisian public was taken by storm. It was reserved for an American *prima donna* to triumph on the boards that had been trodden by Pasta and Grisi. When the *directeur* announced that she had been engaged for nine nights, a perfect thunder-storm of applause ratified his action. May Melton had realized the predictions of Montaldi.

On a summer evening, as the tenants of Linden Lodge were preparing to retire, a light knock at the front door arrested their attention. Mr. Melton opened it, and a lady rushed into the sitting-room. A tall youth of fourteen started up, and gazed upon her face.

"Mother—father!" he exclaimed, "this is our own dear May come back to us!"

And so it was. Five years had passed, and there she was again, as pure, as lovely, as lovable as ever. The light shone as clearly as ever from her dark eyes, her lips were as innocent, as sunny her smile. And back she was taken to their home and hearts, her error forgiven, her sufferings received as expiation for that single false step which entailed such serious consequences. And they could hardly realize, as they sat together, that she had ever left them, that she had crossed the ocean, that she had toiled and suffered and triumphed, that she had been for ten days the wonder and rage of Paris, and that then, with the proceeds of a single benefit, she had renounced the brilliant career opened before her, and come back plain, or rather pretty May Melton, to end her days where she had passed her happiest hours, in Linden Lodge.

FACE-SLAPPING IN CHINA.

FACE-SLAPPING IN CHINA.

Among the various punishments inflicted among the Celestials, that represented in the engraving on this page forms one. It is certainly barbarous enough to satisfy any half-civilized being. The poor culprit is held by his pigtail, with his hand confined behind, while the executioner of the punishment [illegible] stands [illegible] would seem to imply.

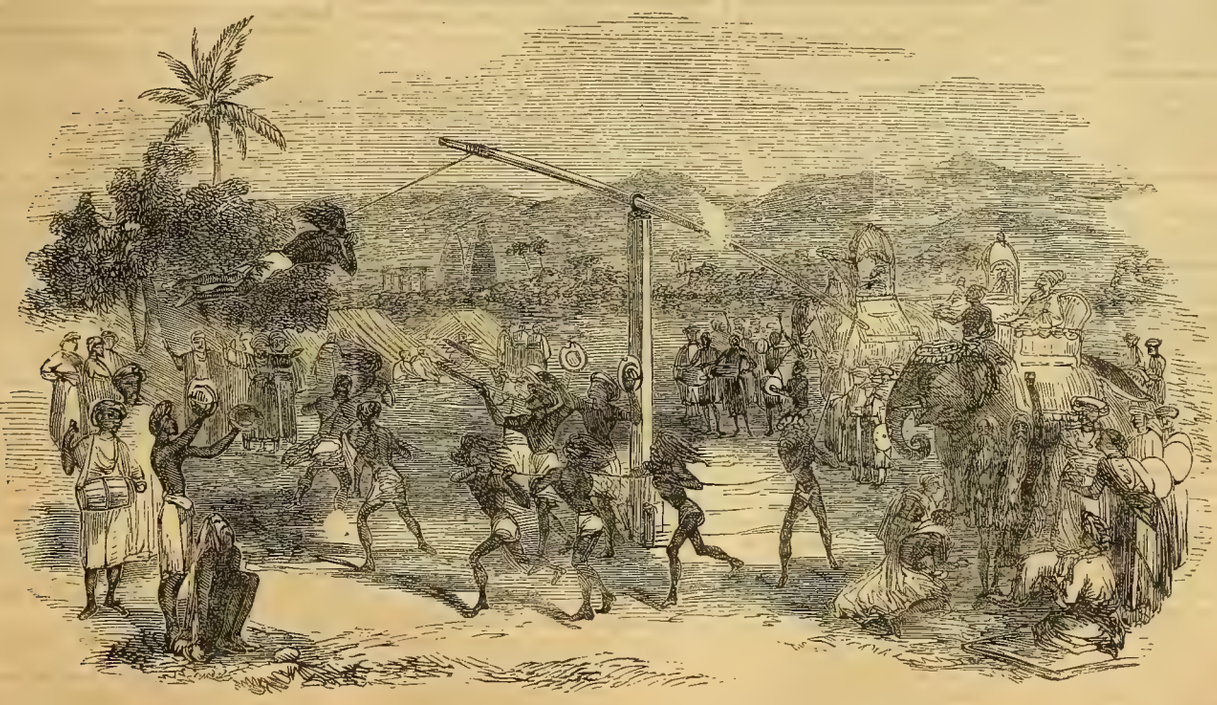
THE FAKEERS OF INDIA.

Amongst the religious practices by which the Hindoos expect to obtain the favor of Heaven, bodily mortification, or self-inflicted torture, holds a high position The class of devotees who make this horrible custom their peculiar profession, are termed fakirs, or fakeers. These repulsive fanatics signalize their piety by enduring the severest tortures, and with a constancy worthy of a better cause. The tortures often exceed all belief. A penitent, who went through the ceremony of sitting between five fires, is described by Fraser, who witnessed the penance at a public festival. Being seated on a quadrangular stage, after the sun began to have considerable power, he stood on one leg, gazing steadfastly at the scorching beams, whilst fires, large enough to roast an ox, were burning around him, the penitent counting his beads, and occasionally adding fuel to the flames. He stood upright on his head in the midst of these fires for three hours; and then seating himself [illegible] aloft and whirled round in the air. On a motion being made to take him down, he made a sign for them to proceed, a mark of constancy received with shouts of applause by the admiring multitude.

Bernier, another traveller, thus describes these fanatics: "Amongst that vast number and great variety of fakeers, derviches, or religious heathens of the Indies, there is abundance of them that have convents, in which there are superiors, and wherein they make certain vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, leading so odd a life that I doubt whether you can give credit to it. These are commonly called faquirs, as if you should say, 'united to God.' You shall see many of them sit stark naked, or lie days and nights upon ashes, and, commonly enough, under some of those trees that are on the sides of the talabs or ponds, or else in those galleries that are about their Deuras, or idol-temples. Some of them have their hair hanging down to the middle of their legs, and that wreathed into several parcels, as the large mane of our barbes, or rather as the hair of those who [illegible] take anything with them, either meat or drink, [illegible] because the nerves were relaxed, and the joints were filled and dried up; wherefore, also, they have young novices, that serve them as holy men with great respect."

The Hindoo fakeers go entirely naked, carrying on their shoulders a thick club, the end of which is wound around with rags of cloth of all colors. They strew their hair, which hangs half way down their backs, with ashes, with which they sometimes besmear their whole bodies. Stavorinus says they generally take up their abode in shady places, either in the open air or in old and ruinous buildings, without using anything to repose on, or cover themselves. All classes of these mendicants endeavor to gain the veneration and admiration of the people by the infliction of absurd and cruel penances and tortures. Stavorinus says he met with some who, by holding an arm raised in one position for many years, had lost the power of lowering it again. Others had bent their bodies forward till they had grown so crooked that they formed a right angle. Some, by continually bending the head [illegible] [illegible] or ten days, without tasting food or drink.

A more recent traveller in India states that he saw a Fakeer who was [illegible] "[illegible]" to eat at all. He carried a small black stone about him, which had been presented to his mother by a holy man. He pretended by sucking this stone, and without any sort of nutriment, he had arrived at the mature age of forty, in a state of obesity which did great credit to the fattening powers of the black stone. Oddly enough, his business was to solicit offerings of rice, milk, fish and ghee, for the benefit of his patron, Devi. These offerings were nightly laid upon the altar, before leaving the fragments to be distributed among the poor of the parish. Sometimes, this writer adds, a fakeer will take it into his head to trundle himself along like a cart-wheel for a couple of hundred miles or so. He ties his wrists to his ankles, gets a *tire*—a compound of chopped straw and cow dung—laid along the ridge of his backbone, a bamboo staff passed through the angle formed by his knees and elbows, by way of axle, and off he goes. A brazen cup and a *hubble bubble* hang like tassels at the two extremities of the axle. Thus accoutred, he often starts on a journey which will occupy him for several years. On arriving in the vicinity of a village, the whole population turn out to escort him with due honors to the public well, where he unbends and washes off the dirt acquired by perambulating many miles of dusty road. After ascertaining the state of the larders of the assembled villagers, he takes up his quarters with the man who is best able to entertain him. When the supplies begin to fail, he ties his hands to his heels again, gets a fresh tire put on, and is escorted out of the village with the same formalities as accompanied his entrance. These men go naked, and, with their black skin, long hair, and crooked nails, are terribly repulsive objects to behold.



THE FAKEERS OF INDIA.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WILLIE'S CHRISTENING.

By M. T. Calder.

O, Father in heaven, to thee have we come,
In meekness of heart, with the light of our home,
And offer to thee, on thy great throne above,
The stainless and sinless—this bud of our love!

The life that hath now neither shadow nor sin,
The page that is spotless from tracings within,
To Thee we would dedicate now, evermore,
To guide and to guard on life's perilous shore.

The waters baptismal are laid on his brow,
O, keep it, our Father, as stainless as now!
To truth and the Master, his life may it be
Devoted henceforward—kept sacred to thee!

In pastures of thine let these tender feet stray,
By streams that are living, in light that is day.
A lamb of thy flock, may he dwell on the earth,
Re-christened at last with a heavenly birth.

THE IMPERFECT WILL.

God and the world we worship still together;
Draw not our laws to him, but his to ours;
Untrue to both, so prosperous in neither,
The imperfect will brings forth but barren flowers!
Unwise, as all distracted interests be,
Strangers to God, fools in humanity;
Too good for great things, and too great for good,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would."

Coleridge.

STARS.

Jewels five words long.
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever.—Tennyson.

THE SABBATH.

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!

O. W. Holmes.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—The return of the Ravels to the Boston Theatre, after an absence of many months, has caused rejoicing among young and old. Of course the latter are only delighted "on account of the young folks," and go to the theatre, not to witness the performances on the stage, but to note the enthusiasm of the miniature men and women in the parquette and boxes. For our own part, let us own frankly that we like these people. They amuse us—they carry us out of ourselves, they provoke that genuine laughter which is as essential to well-being as meat and drink.....From Ravels to rope-walking is a legitimate transition. We were much amused the other day by reading in a Paris journal an account of—what do you think, reader?—the funeral of Blondin. The Frenchman stated that he fell off the rope at Niagara, that his body was recovered, and that his funeral took place in New York city, on the 12th of September, "in a style worthy of a great, free and powerful nation. Business was suspended on that day, and three hundred thousand persons, among whom were the firemen, the militia, the boxers, and the most distinguished persons of the imperial city, made it a duty to accompany to Greenwood Cemetery the mortal remains of the *victor of Niagara*. The head of the procession had reached the Battery before the rear had left the house of the dead at the corner of 45th Street and 3d Avenue. Salvos of artillery saluted the coffin on its way from Union Park to the Battery!" We can assure our Parisian contemporary that we were not "sweer," as Mrs. Sairy Gamp says, of any such event.....Among the celebrities of the "Old Salt House," we omitted to mention in our notice of it one of its most brilliant illustrations T K Battelle, Esq., the "Corinthian Tom" of the N. Y. Spirit. May "Acorn" and the shade of Porter pardon us!.....Among recorded suicides is one of an English girl of sixteen, who hung herself by her sash in a school near London, in 1834 The cause was assigned in these words: "The horrid deed will have been done when this paper is found. I have been driven to it by a consciousness of not having made sufficient progress in my studies." We commend this case to the forcing-schools kept by Herods in pantaloons and crinolines.....The inventive resources of Yankees are inexhaustible. Mr. John W. Kingman of New Hampshire, and Mr. Samuel W. Lowe, of Pennsylvania, have each patented "Machines for Milking Cows." Flexible tubes are slipped over the teats of each cow, and terminate in a main pipe, to which is attached a pump. In their operation, the air is exhausted, when it is alleged that the milk will flow from all the udders, through the main pipe to a suitable receptacle; thus milking fifty or a hundred cows in less time than one by the hand process .....The people of the United States show a strong predilection for a light and fictitious literature. Of two thousand old and new volumes issued in this country in a recent year, about one half were works of fiction or imagination. In France only about one ninth are works of the same class, and in England works of fancy constitute one-seventh of the whole number published.....At the New York Corn Exchange there were recently exhibited a lot of large ears of yellow corn raised by Captain Ezra Nye, in New Jersey, some of which were 17 1 4 inches long, with upwards of 700 grains on each ear, and in every respect perfect The average length of the lot was 15 inches.....Give your children plenty of fresh air. Let them snuff it until it sends the rosy current of life dancing joyfully to their temples. Air is so cheap, and so good, and so necessary with all, that every child should have free access to it Horace Mann beautifully says: "To put children on a short allowance of fresh air, is as foolish as it would have been for Noah, during the deluge, to have put his family on a short allowance of water. Since God has poured out an atmosphere of fifty miles deep, it is enough to make a miser weep to see our children stinted in breath.".....The Zion's Herald contains a letter from Rev. Edwin W. Parker, who sailed from this port in the ship Boston, to reinforce Mr. Butler in his interesting and promising missionary labors in India. Mr. Parker and his companions had arrived safely and were most cordially welcomed by Mr Butler, and were encouraged by the present prospects of the mission. Two more very promising stations had been established.....The principal mouth of the Rhine, during the Roman sway, is all but obliterated, and a fortress of hewn stone, which commanded the entrance to the river, is now buried under the waves. more than a mile from the present shore. The whole coast of Holland has greatly receded from its earlier tide-marks. In 1421, there was a great submersion in the southeast of Holland, when the waters of the Meuse and Waal suddenly overwhelmed seventy-two villages, and destroyed 100,000 human beings; and the sub-soil must have sunk at the same time, since the whole region has remained beneath the surface.....A turnip, of an English variety, was raised the past summer on the farm of E. G. Tyrrell, of Fox Lake, Wisconsin, which measures 25 inches round and weighs 18 pounds.....A green, good-natured, money-making, up-country fellow, who said everything drily, "got things fixed," and struck up a bargain for matrimony. Having no particular regard for appearances, the parties agreed to employ a not over-wise country justice to put on the tackling. He commenced the ceremonies by remarking that "it was customary on such occasions to commence with a prayer, but he believed he would omit that." After tying the knot, he said "it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he believed he would omit that It was customary, too, to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that, also." The ceremony being ended, the bridegroom took the justice by the buttonhole, and clapping his finger on his nose, said: "Squire, it's customary to give the magistrate five dollars—but I believe I'll omit that!".....Chicago is to have additional railway communication with southern Illinois. The Toniac and Petersburg Railway Company was incorporated two years ago. The line is to run from Jacksonville to Toniac on the Illinois Central Railroad, with the branches thence to Ottowa and Morris, on the Chicago and Rock Island road At Jacksonville it connects with the Jacksonville and St. Louis Railroad.....In Egypt, mummies feed the fires that propel the iron horses on the railroads. These dried-up human bodies, once the tenements of immortal souls, are said to make very hot fire. Their supply is almost inexhaustible.....Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment of knowledge always pays the best interest.".....An amateur violoncellist had the honor of playing before Rossini. "The great maestro," said our man, some ten years after, "was so enchanted with my playing, that, interrupting me in the middle of a cantabile, he gave me a kiss upon the forehead. From that time, in order to preserve the illustrious imprint, I have never washed the spot!".....The New Bedford Mercury, in speaking of a terrapin weighing 100 pounds, which was brought there in a whaleship from Charles Island, one of the Gallapagos group, calls it the largest ever seen in that city. The Standard, however, refers to some much larger, one of which was twice as heavy. It says that Captain Wyer, late master of the barque Atlantic of that port, brought home several larger than the above, one of which he kept at Nantucket until about three weeks ago, when he sent it to New York, via. that city, and that it weighed 339 pounds when delivered in New York.....A country journal having had what it calls "unhandsome remarks" made concerning it by a contemporary, makes no reply, but says. "our friends will please understand our silence is what our assailant most dislikes, and that we are determined he shall have as much of it as he can use.".....It is stated to be a well known fact in England that Lady Franklin has expended nearly every shilling she possessed, to the amount of £30,000, in her various endeavors to ascertain her husband's fate, and that she appears destined to spend the remainder of her life in penury. It has been suggested that the women of England and America, who appreciate the unwavering heroism and constancy which have marked her search for records of her husband's fate, should unite in a subscription to raise a fund for her future support. Why is not the idea a good one? The ladies of Boston, we are sure, would contribute liberally to such an object.....A wealthy and benevolent farmer visiting Albany recently, fell in with two fast young men, to whom he offered to give all the potatoes they could dig in a day on a farm. The young men, although not celebrated for their devotion to steady hard labor, accepted the proposition, hired a lumber wagon and proceeded to the farm, where they worked a whole day, and returned home with a full load of mealy-mouthed potatoes....Mrs. Richards, wife of Addison Richards, the artist and magazine writer, has entered the field of authorship. A story, entitled "Jessie Allison," is announced from her pen.....The Ballston, (New York) Journal says: "Mr. Alfred Hamilton of this town was brought before the Court of Sessions, held in this village last week, for forgery, and plead guilty. He was sentenced to Clinton Prison for two years." As the Journal observes, this is a hard case. Some few years since Mr. Hamilton was the owner of a good farm in the town of Ballston, and the possessor of $40,000 or $50,000 besides; but, like hundreds of other young men placed in similar circumstances, he became the victim of strong drink, and squandered all. and has finally closed his brief career in the State's prison.....An infidel seeks to make proselytes on the same principle which causes little children to cry at night for a bedfellow—he is afraid of being left alone in the dark.....A man cannot write himself into a poet any more than he can think himself into thought. Polish a pebble as you will, you can never make anybody believe it is a crown jewel. Most things may be considered charitably—poetry never. If you cannot get bread, you may be thankful for potatoes; you may make the old coat "do" if it is rusty; but the verses that will only "do" will certainly prove their maker's undoing. We may pity a lame beggar; but a limping line, albeit it halts on satin, we condemn.....There is mourning in the Spanish bull-ring. Cachaus, the first matador of the day, renowned for his many victories throughout the whole of Spain, in a bull fight at Alicante, has been so dangerously wounded as to preclude the possibility of his ever entering the circus again.....Boston is to have another mechanical bakery, and this time the building will be fire-proof. Over $100,000 have been subscribed by some of our leading citizens for the erection of such a bakery, and the enterprise will be at once carried out. We shall be glad to see the experiment fairly tested.....A pension of £70 a year, for literary services, has been awarded by the British government to Mr. Charles Duke Yonge, author of several Greek and Latin school books, among others of the "English-Greek Lexicon," and the "Phraseological English-Latin Dictionary.".....Library editions of the works of living authors are undoubtedly in fashion. Mr. Dickens has just completed his library edition, in twenty-two octavo volumes; and now we are to have a library edition of the works of Sir Bulwer Lytton, in forty-three octavo volumes.....The words of Talma to John Howard Payne are worth being borne in mind by all actors: "The first rule is to be deeply impressed. Impregnated with the character and the situation of your personage, let your imagination be exalted, your nerves be agitated—the rest will follow; your arms and legs will properly do their business. The graces of the dancer are not requisite to tragedy. Choose rather to have a noble elegance in your gait, and something historical in your demeanor.".....Nothing definite is known of the second volume of Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization." It was announced during the spring as "nearly ready," and as containing the history of civilization in Spain and Scotland. The announcement, however, is not continued in the autumn list of the English publishers. The New York Tribune says: "It is understood that Mr. Buckle is displeased with the fact, or the manner, of the reproduction of his book in this country, and is indisposed to grant any of the usual facilities afforded by early sheets of the forthcoming volume; so that no priority of publication here is to be looked for."

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

London advices inform us that the greatest distress prevails among the families of the builders who have been so long on the strike. Recent returns show excessive mortality among the wives and families of operatives in the building trade, and there was reason to fear that scores of innocent persons and young children were perishing from sheer want.—The impression gains ground that a rupture between France and England was imminent, and provincial journals published simultaneously violent articles against England, which is known to have been supplied by government officials. England is warned that the hour of trial approaches, which may put an end to her greatness forever — The Paris Constitutionnel, in an article signed by the principal editor, in reply to the assertion of the English press that the policy of the emperor had left a state of political uncertitude in Europe, states the aim proposed by the emperor in the beginning of the war, and compares it with the advantages gained, and accuses the English journals of inconstancy.—The London Times is of opinion that any danger to Europe or British possessions of Gibraltar, from the Spanish enterprise against Morocco, is absurd; but an attack by France on the independence of Morocco, and an attempt to add its territory to Algeria, would justify the strongest remonstrance on behalf of Europe.—The difficulty between Spain and Morocco had reached a crisis, the Spanish government having formally announced its intention to commence hostilities. It was expected that the Spanish force would make an attack both by sea and land, and afterwards occupy Tetuan and Tangier.

The Jaffa Murderers.

An American frigate has arrived at Jaffa, demanding the extradition of the originators of the murder committed there three years ago. It is about time the Turkish government was made to do something in the Jaffa matter, or else that our government abandon its efforts to have punished the Arabs who murdered an American (a Massachusetts man), near Jaffa. The Arabs, it will be recollected, were taken as prisoners to Beirut, but the Turkish government, as yet, refrains from punishing them. Safety for American life in Palestine demands the punishment of these murderers.

Garibaldi.

General Garibaldi has issued the following address: "Army of Italy, 11th division —Soldiers,—The hour of a new struggle approaches. The enemy is threatening, and will, perhaps, attack us before many days are over. In addressing my old companions of Lombardy, I know I am not speaking to deaf men, and that it is enough to tell them that we are going to fight the enemies of Italy. I shall look to see you, then, firm in your ranks."

Tunis.

Some fanaticism was enacted on the recent occasion of the obsequies of the Bey of Tunis. The Moors assailed and stoned the Jews, mortally wounding many of them. Some chieftains were also wounded. A minister of the new bey came to the rescue, and caused thirty of the Mussulmans to be arrested.

New Churches.

The Municipal Council of Paris have decided on the building of ten new churches. One will be erected on the Boulevard des Invalides, another on the Place Laborde, and a third in the Avenue Parmentier.

Railways.

In railway travelling in France the loss of life by accident is 1 in 1,955,555 passengers, and wounded 1 in 496,531. By diligence the proportion was 1 killed in 355,463, and 1 wounded in 29,871.

The lost Arctic Navigators.

Captain Snow, who commanded the Prince Albert on a voyage to the Arctic region in 1850, in a recent lecture declared himself strongly of opinion that some of the Franklin party were still living, probably in captivity, among the Esquimaux. He supported this opinion by citing several instances of Englishmen living with barbarous tribes for many years; also by the fact elicited through Captain M'Clintock's interpreter—that when the Esquimaux meet with strangers who can be of no use to them, they give them food and desire them to go away, but if the men were mechanics, and useful, as many o the Franklin party were, the natives retain them, an will not let them go. He also thought that further attempts should be made to discover the missing navigators.

A Veteran at Work.

Lord Brougham, though eighty-one years of age, has recently undergone an amount of work in one week which would have severely taxed the energies of a man in middle life. His address at the meeting of the Social Science Association at Bradford on the 11th ult. was a marvel of length and ability; on the night of the 12th he took part in the anniversary proceedings of the Bradford Mechanics' Institute; on the 13th he paid Sheffield a visit, and delivered speeches marked by his wonted fire and vigor; and the same night he was one of the speakers at a working-men's meeting at Bradford.

Cause and Effect.

A letter from Turin states that Louis Napoleon planned, plotted and intrigued to secure the presence of the pope at his coronation, but the project was resisted by Antonelli and the Austrian party at Rome, and to that resistance and that defeat are to be traced all the alleged grievances France imputed to Austrian rule in Lombardy—the insolent reproof administered to M. Hubner on the New Year's Day reception at the Tuileries, the campaign of Italy, and the reverse of Solferino.

General Guyon and the Pope.

A letter from Paris reports a rumor to the effect that General Guyon, commander of the French troops in Rome, tried to dissuade the pope from his projected tour to Castel Gondolfo, telling him with military frankness that if he quitted Rome he ran a great risk of never reentering it. Nevertheless, Pius IX departed for his chateau, escorted by the general. From Castel Gondolfo the pope goes to Porto d'Anzio, to meet the King of Naples.

Novel Policy.

The Duke of Nassau receives yearly the sum of 43,000 florins for the license of the gambling saloons of Wiesbaden, but at the same time prohibits by very severe penalties any of his subjects from betting at the banking games of Wiesbaden. He invites all foreigners to come and bet and spend their money freely, but will not permit his own people to do the same.

Another Arctic Expedition.

The English public, it would seem, are not yet satisfied that everything that ought to be done has been in Arctic research; and one journal, the Medical Times, intimates that another expedition should be sent out in search of any possible survivors of the Franklin party.

The Amoor.

The Russian government has put a sudden check to the trade with the Amoor River by forbidding American vessels to sail more than 200 miles up the stream.

English Methodists.

In one of the Methodist churches at Newcastle upon Tyne, in England, upward of nine hundred persons have been admitted into the church.

Syrian Omnibuses.

Omnibuses, the first seen in Syria, have begun running at Beirut. Crowds of natives stand gazing at them for hours with wonder and admiration.

Schamyl.

Schamyl is in clover. The czar has given him a palace to live in, allows him $8000 a year and three Caucasian wives.

Locusts.

The locusts which lately visited Turkey and the districts near the Black Sea have invaded part of Russia.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Gold Foil, Hammered from Popular Proverbs. By Timothy Titcomb New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 358. 1859.

The author of this volume has an observing and reflecting mind, great originality, great boldness, great command of language. In this work he has taken certain proverbs ("the daughters of daily experience") for his text and commented on them in a series of essays. He is an interesting and instructive teacher, but not, of course, infallible. We dissent from many of his opinions, while, on the whole, we like his book much. For sale by Brown, Taggard & Chase.

Leaves from an Actor's Note-Book, etc. By George Vandenhoff New York: D Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 347 1860

An educated man, the son of an eminent tragedian, a star actor and popular lecturer in England and America, the author of the work before us could not fail to prepare a dish of gossip and chit chat exceedingly acceptable to readers on both sides of the Atlantic. We have read the book with pleasure, and we have no doubt that it will meet with an extensive sale. For sale at Burnham's, 143 Washington Street.

The Family Circle Glee Book. Volume II. Compiled by Elias Howe. Boston: Russell & Tolman, 291 Washington Street.

This valuable work, a large and handsome quarto, contains 200 songs, glees, choruses, including many of the most popular pieces of the day, arranged and harmonized for four voices, with full accompaniments for the piano, seraphine and melodeon.

The same publishers have issued "Rosalie the Prairie Flower Melodist," a little pocket pamphlet, full of popular songs, with the music of the airs.

The Home Circle. A collection of piano forte music. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

This handsome quarto volume contains an admirable collection of the most favorite marches, waltzes, polkas, redowas, schottisches, galopes, mazurkas, quadrilles, etc. It should be on every music stand.

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From the Nashua Gazette, Sept. 22, 1859.

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EXILED HEBREWS.

The fine engraving on this page is from a masterly drawing, the group of figures being suggested by the sufferings and lamentations of the captive Hebrews so pathetically recorded in Scripture. The group is admirably drawn and managed. Age, youth, womanhood, maternity and maidenhood are here typified and illustrated. In the figure of the aged man who forms the centre of the group we have a perfect image of woe. The chain visible depending from his wrist typifies the captivity. The harp of the young girl who bows her head upon his knee has fallen—is mute; its chords no longer respond to the touch except in the jarring notes of agony. Overwhelmed and stricken sit the other figures of this mournful and lamenting family. "By the rivers of Babylon" they are weeping the bitter tears of exile and captivity. Far distant seems the day when their chains will be rent asunder. No one, but those who have experienced its pangs, can measure the depths of sorrow attendant upon involuntary exile. Even the voluntary exile sometimes suffers from an agonizing yearning for his native land. Memory, ever tender, paints only its joys and glories—its sorrows, its defects, are lost in the mirage of distance. Even from scenes of pleasurable excitement the spirit flies back towards home; the soul grieves for the wings of the morning to transplant the body thither. But when this separation is a thing fixed and enduring, the decree of Providence, then it is that the soul sinks, and the eyes are dimmed with tears, and the echoes that home voices awaken in the chambers of the soul are fraught with the bitterest agony.

FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION AND FATE.

The following brief outline of this bold and fatal expedition we have compiled, as a matter of record, from the more extended accounts which are passing through the papers:

On the 19th of May, 1845, Sir John Franklin, in command of the Erebus and Terror, and with a picked crew, numbering in all one hundred and thirty-eight, sailed from England in search of a northwest passage. They were seen by the whaler Prince of Wales on the 26th of July, moored to an iceberg, waiting for an opening through the ice which fills Baffin's Bay, after which no direct tidings were received from them. The gloom of the Arctic region settled down upon them, and it is only recently, after a series of expeditions which have been marked by courage, resolution, fortitude and desperate energy and determination, that the mystery which surrounds their fate has been partially penetrated. No special anxiety was entertained respecting them until the beginning of 1848, for the commander had intimated that the voyage would probably continue three years. But as month after month passed away without any tidings, an anxious and painful sympathy sprung up in the public mind, and the British government took measures to prosecute a search for the missing navigators. The several expeditions which have since been sent out, number in all no less than eighteen, with thirty-three vessels. We will now endeavor to sum up the principal facts which are known with regard to the fate of the expedition of Sir John Franklin, as developed by these expeditions.

It now appears that Sir John Franklin passed through Barrow's Straits in the summer of 1845, but failing to penetrate to the south and west, according to his instructions, he turned north into Wellington Channel, and rounding the northern extremity of Cornwallis Island, returned down the western side of that island, which had never been explored, and wintered at Beechey Island. In the spring of 1846 the two ships again started for the westward, Sir John a second time attempting to carry out his instructions, which were to push westward in the latitude of 74 1-4 to the longitude of Cape Walker, or about 98° west, and then endeavor to penetrate to the southward and westward in a course as direct as possible to Behring's Straits. They probably succeeded in getting into what is sometimes called Melville Island, west of Cape Walker, and then turned south, exploring the west coast of Prince of Wales's Land. It is possible, however, that they may have gone through Peel Sound on the east side of this island. On the 26th of September they were beset by the ice, in latitude 70 05 north, longitude 78 23 west, and remained frozen up during that winter and the whole of 1847. While they were thus frozen in, Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. In this icy embrace the unfortunate adventurers remained through the dismal winter of 1847, when in the spring of 1848 they abandoned their vessels. It is probable, from the accounts of the natives, that one of the vessels had previously been crushed by the ice, and that the other was forced ashore, after it was abandoned, in the fall of the same year. The adventurers, judging from the articles which they carried with them, made deliberate preparations for their departure. They were undoubtedly short of provisions, the ships having been provisioned for a three years' voyage only. They must also have been much reduced in health and strength by their long confinement in the ice.

The ships were abandoned off the northern coast of King William's Land, down the western side of which the adventurers made their way to the mouth of the Great Fish River. But some of them perished on the way, from fatigue and possibly for want of food. In the boat in which were the skeletons of two of the men, there was no food except a little chocolate. It is inferred that this boat was on its way back to the ship, because it was headed in that direction, but it is improbable that any of the adventurers would revisit the ships except to obtain food. But upon this errand they would not have carried so miscellaneous a load as books, knives, carpenter's tools, silver plate, medicine chest, spectacles, leather goggles, watches, and other articles too numerous to mention. The boat was probably going from the ship, when its crew became exhausted and perished, and the circumstance of its being headed in a different direction was most probably accidental. A large portion of the party appear to have reached the mouth of the Great Fish River, and there died of starvation.

The first intimation of this termination of the expedition was gathered by Dr. Rae, from the natives, and published on his return to England in 1854. The statements of the natives, as to the fate of the missing navigators are singularly confirmed by the more recent discoveries, reported by the recent return of the last expedition fitted out by Lady Franklin and her friends, the screw steamer Fox, Captain M'Clintock.

Five of the vessels engaged in these expeditions were abandoned in the ice, having become so involved that they could not be extricated. The majority of these expeditions have been directed to the right quarter, and those engaged in them have done all that human energy and endurance could achieve to rescue survivors of the expedition.

We are not to consider the money which these expeditions have cost, as thrown away, nor the hardships and severe suffering with which they have been attended, as profitless. They have enriched the archives of science, and greatly enlarged our knowledge of the northern portion of the American continent. They have settled a problem which has engaged the attention of navigators ever since this continent was discovered, and which the restless activity of the Anglo Saxon mind would never have left unsolved.

Another thing should not be forgotten—above all, they have developed some of the brightest traits of individual and national character. There could be nothing more creditable to our common humanity than the eagerness with which individuals have volunteered for the forlorn hope of the Arctic search, and the promptness and ready sympathy with which three great nations—Russia, America, and England—have united in the effort to rescue the missing navigators from the chilling embrace of the dreary regions of perpetual ice. The record of Arctic explorations is now closed, as many suppose, forever, but we much mistake the spirit of adventure which is inherent in our race, if, at no distant day, the sufferings of the past are not forgotten in the perhaps profitless wish to penetrate to the open Polar Sea, the existence of which was verified by Dr. Kane.

EXILED HEBREWS.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT AS A SPEAKER.

A recent English writer says of this statesman: There can be no doubt of the immense impression which Mr. Bright's speech made on the House on the occasion. No one can form any idea of the effect of this gentleman's addresses from the written reports of them. There is only an outline of their power to be traced in the newspapers. It is curious to note with a certain monotony of tone of voice, and an almost entire absence of gesture, what wonderful variety Mr. Bright contrives to throw into his speeches. They are triumphs of mere earnestness, and catch all their power and all their effect from their being so palpably and unexceptionably the immediate issue of his thoughts and mind at the moment of utterance. They are spoken impulses, and so necessarily go direct to the more excitable tendencies of his hearers. They are powers in the House of Commons—no wonder that on platforms they are something akin to omnipotence.

MIMIC FIRE.

Those of our readers who are acquainted with the mechanism of a theatre will readily understand that the last wonderful exhibition in Sardanapalus was produced more by artificial means than through the agency of real fire—an element too dangerous to employ to any extent. Many of the audience, however, sat in mingled admiration and terror. On the first night an old half-pay colonel, in the stalls, was overheard by some of his neighbors saying to himself, "O, hang it! this is too much. Kean is going beyond the mark this time. He will certainly burn the theatre down." He then looked round to observe the effect on the assembled house, and continued, "There will be a rush to the door in a moment, and lives may be lost; but I shall keep my seat, come what may, until they are all out." The insurance companies took the alarm, and sent their officers to make a strict investigation. The mystery was explained to them, and on the next night they were posted in a convenient corner of the stage, from whence they could witness the entire operation. But when the flames burst forth, the pile began to sink, and what appeared to be blazing rafters and showers of fire descended from the roof of the palace, they made a precipitate retreat, exclaiming that they were perfectly satisfied.—*Cole's Life of Charles Kean.*

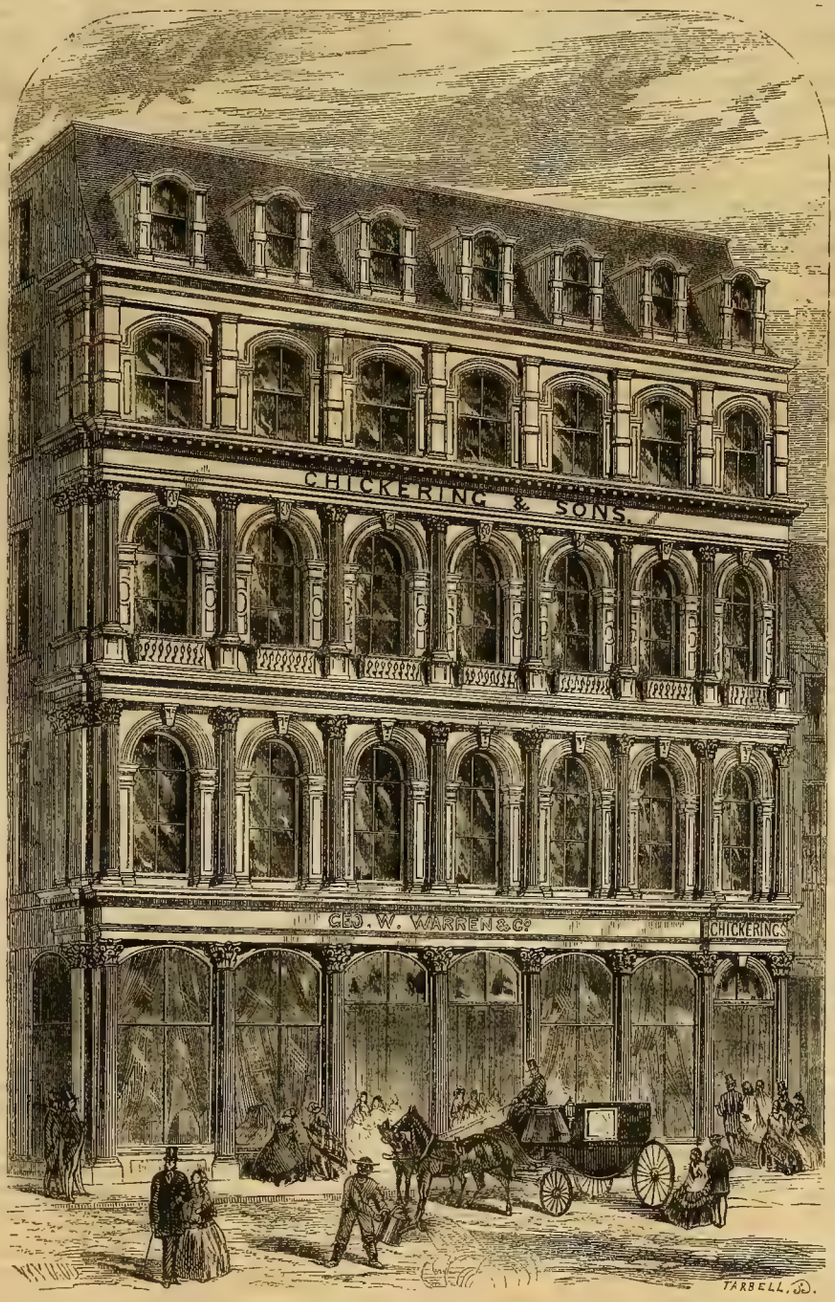
BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1859. 5 CENTS SINGLE. $2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVII., No. 22...WHOLE No. 440.

NEW BUILDING ON WASHINGTON STREET.

The new building on the Andrews estate, on Washington Street, south corner of Central Court, of which we present a fine representation, drawn expressly for us by William Waud, and engraved by Tarbell, was commenced on the first of March last. Over one hundred men have been constantly employed on it, and it will be completed by the first of February next. The site of the building was formerly occupied by four stores and six dwelling houses, including yards, sheds, etc. The façade on Washington Street, of 60 feet 8 inches, is to be extended 20 feet, as soon as the lease on the adjoining estate expires, which will be in two years. The lower story is of iron, and consists of eight Corinthian columns, between the caps of which are segmental arches, so as to form the window and door-heads, except to the entrance door above, which has a semi-circular arch, and the entablature over the same projects two inches, so as to give prominence to this entrance. The entablature is of the Corinthian order, and richly ornamented; the lower portion is of granite, so as to have no question in regard to the strength, and is painted to imitate the freestone above. On this entablature are cut in raised letters of two inches, "Geo. W. Warren & Co.," and over the doorway, "Chickerings." The rest of the front is of Belleville, New Jersey, freestone, which has a beautiful tint, and is the hardest freestone known, being nearly as hard as Concord granite. The second and third stories are in the Grecian Corinthian colonnaded order, and very elaborately ornamented. The key-stones to the second story windows are ornamented with heads, which were executed by P. Stephenson, sculptor, and represent as follows: No. 1, on the corner of Central Court, is a fancy head of Science; No. 2, Minerva; No. 3, Jason; No. 4, Ulysses, No. 5, Plato; No. 6, Penelope, and No. 7, Hercules. The key-stones for the third story are ornamented with the pilgrim shell; the entablature for this story, which is in the full Corinthian order, has "Chickering & Sons" cut in raised letters. The fourth story is of banded pilasters, with segmental arch window-heads. The dormer windows of the attic are of stone, and made to conform with the story below; the whole having a rich and massive appearance. The freestone work was executed by Edward F. Meany, and is considered one of the best pieces of work of the kind in the city. The plan of the building is the letter L, and measures 60 feet 8 inches on Washington Street, 146 feet on the north side, 135 feet on the east, and 48 feet on Avon Place, giving a total frontage of over 389 feet. The basement, first story, and the Avon Place part of the building, 48 feet by 70, from basement to roof, will be occupied by Geo. W. Warren & Co., who have leased the same for a number of years. The basement is divided into a retail housekeeping goods department, 60 by 73 feet; hat and coat room, 31 feet by 12, to accommodate 150 clerks; bundle room, 16 feet by 15; packing and unpacking room, 70 feet by 48; also large rooms for storage, wash rooms, water closets, etc. The first story, 60 feet by 146, is to be occupied for the retail business, and 48 feet by 70 for the wholesale business. There is also, on the right hand side as you enter, about 70 feet from the front, a ladies' waiting-room, and adjoining the same an evening silk room, to show silks by gaslight. The store is lighted in the day by the front windows, one skylight, and twenty-three windows over the shelving, 5 feet 6 inches by 6 feet each, and by night by thirty chandeliers, and 150 gas-jets on the cornice of the shelving. The second story of the Washington Street part, which measures 146 feet by 60, is leased for a number of years by the well-known firm of Chickering & Sons, and is accessible by two eight-feet staircases, one from Washington Street, and the other from Avon Place; these staircases connect with the main staircase to the rooms above by corridors eight feet wide, with groined ceilings and marble floors. This floor consists of two warerooms, 24 feet by 50 each, one 24 feet by 30, all connected by folding doors; a private office, 8 feet by 16, one ditto, 8 feet by 12; a counting-room, 16 feet by 21, one ditto, 8 feet by 16; ante-room, 10 feet by 24, connected with the hall, large closets, wash-rooms, etc., also a large hall for chamber concerts, 40 feet by 60, and 25 feet high, finished in the Corinthian style, and lighted by five large circular-headed windows. The stories above are laid out for the use of bachelors, and consist of twenty-eight parlors and bed-rooms attached, parlors, 14 feet by 18, bed-rooms, 10 feet by 13, with closets. The building is also supplied with ample wash-rooms, bathing rooms, and other conveniences. These apartments are approached by a grand circular staircase, which is placed in the staircase hall, 18 feet by 24, in the second story, and runs to the attic floor, leaving a well-room of nine feet diameter; the whole is surmounted by a skylight fifteen feet square. The passages and corridors are lighted, in addition to this skylight, by fourteen windows, also by lights over the parlor doors.

The building is heated by steam throughout, the boiler being placed under the cartway of Central Court, in the rear; there is also an engine room and fuel room under the court, the whole arrangement of the work being carried out by Messrs. Walworth & Nason, of this city. The building has been constructed in the most thorough manner throughout; the basement walls are all laid in cement, and are from two to three feet thick; the first story walls are also laid in cement, twenty inches thick, and above sixteen inches. The floor between the first and second stories is composed of iron beams and brick arches in cement, and concreted over, so that no fire could possibly communicate between the stories. The staircase from Washington Street to the second story is of Concord granite. Over 1,500,000 bricks were used in the construction of the building. The mason work has been done by Messrs Standish & Woodbury; the carpenters work by Joseph F. Paul and Messrs. Cummings & Carlisle; the iron work by Messrs. Smith & Lovett; the plastering by Samuel P. Tolman; painting and glazing by Samuel Hastings; plumbing by Groves & Downey; gas work by N. W. Turner. The building on Washington Street is owned by William T. Andrews, Esq., and has been known as the Andrews Estate for nearly sixty years; the Avon Place Estate is owned by his son, Frank W. Andrews, Esq. The entire building has been erected under the direction of Nathaniel J. Bradlee, architect, of this city, and will be a monument of his skill and professional knowledge.



CHICKERINGS' PIANO-FORTE WARE-ROOMS, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

SCHAMYL.

Schamyl, the prophet-warrior of the Caucasus, is now sixty-two years of age, and still a vigorous man. He is of middle stature, has fair hair, gray eyes overshadowed by thick, well-marked eyebrows, a regular, well-formed nose, and a small mouth. His skin is fair and delicate, and his hands and feet are well-shaped. His manner is noble and dignified. He has been as remarkable as a legislator as a soldier. He continued and consolidated the work of the first Murids, which consisted of forming a united nation of the various tribes dispersed through the Caucasus, and he organized a permanent army. The country he ruled was divided into twenty provinces of which each was governed by a naib. In each province there was, besides the naib, an ancient, who performed the functions of judge, and who transmitted the orders and manifestoes of Schamyl to the people. In order to form the army, each naib was bound to supply 300 horsemen. The following anecdote will give a just idea of the religious character of Schamyl. Some tribes, which suffered more than others from the Russians, desired to make their submission, and sent a deputation to Schamyl to obtain his consent. The deputation found only Schamyl's mother, whom they succeeded in interesting in their favor. She communicated to her son on his return the propositions of the tribes. The next day the chief of the deputation came to demand an answer. He found the mother bathed in tears; she said that Schamyl could not take it upon himself to decide upon so serious a subject, and that he had shut himself up in a mosque, to await in prayer and fasting the revelation of the prophet. Schamyl had previously commanded all the inhabitants to proceed to the holy place, and to pray outside till he should come out. The inhabitants remained for three days in prayer, and some fainted from exhaustion, when Schamyl, pale, and with features distorted, came forth and commanded a murid to bring his mother into his presence. He then addressed the people, telling them that the Tchetches had formed the infamous plan of submitting to the Giaours, and to succeed they had not hesitated to submit their horrible demand through his mother, who, being weak, had not the courage to resist. "I have interrogated Mahomet," added he, "and his reply is that one hundred stripes are to be given to the person who first transmitted that hateful proposition, and that person is my mother." When the unfortunate woman heard this sentence from the lips of her son, she screamed frightfully. Schamyl, inflexible, commanded two murids to seize her and tie her hands; he himself, armed with a whip, began to inflict the punishment. At the fifth blow the woman fainted. Schamyl stopped, threw away the whip, and fell at the feet of his mother. The crowd craved pardon for the victim. Schamyl rose, his countenance composed, and announced to the expecting crowd that the prophet had granted his prayer, and had permitted him to receive the remainder of the stripes to which his mother was condemned. Then, stripping off his scarlet mantle, he presented large whips to two murids, and commanded them to strike ninety-five blows on his bare back, threatening them with death if they did not obey. This was inflicted without a sign of pain from Schamyl. Resuming his clothes, and descending from the mosque, he commanded the deputies to approach. All expected he would order them to be put to death, but he said: "Return to your homes, and in reply to your people's ill advised demand, tell them what you have seen and heard."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

UGLY.

BY F. F. SUMNER, JR.

"How-de dew, sir—how-de-*dew?*"

"How *air* you?"

"Pretty well, thankee. Want anything in the tine-ware line, to-day?"

"I reckon not, sir."

"O, guess you *dew* now. I've got een-a'most anything anybody can call for, in this here vehickel."

"I ha'n't no use for nothin' of the kind; bein' as how I ha'n't got no family of my own."

"Be you an overseer?"

"Yes."

"And where do you live?"

"I live at Warleigh, sir."

"Warleigh? Warleigh? I ha'n't heerd tell o' no sich town as Warleigh, in these parts."

"No, I reckon not. It a'n't no town."

"I guess it's a village, then."

"No, no; 'ta'n't no village eyther. 'Ta'n't got but one large house, some smaller ones. It's a plantation."

"Is it any great ways from here?"

"You see that big house on the river bank? That's it."

"And does this land belong to it?"

"Yes; all between this and the great house belongs to it."

"*Dew* tell? And is the owner's name Warleigh?"

"No, sir; his name is Stone—*Major* Stone. He owns Warleigh, and two other plantations on the river."

"I want to know!"

"You want to know? Well, a'n't I a-tellin' you, as fast as ever I can?"

"Yes, yes; but you don't understand me. Seems to me that you don't understand your own mother tongue."

"Well, the fact is, stranger, I don't like to say anything oncivil; but it is a rale fact, and no mistake; you talk sich a quare, outlandish fashion that I can't make out a good deal of what you say."

"*Me?* *Me* talk queer and outlandish? Wal, that *is* a good one, I swow! Why, there's never been a single day since I got this side o' York State, that I ha'n't heerd somebody say somethin' that was so tarnally twisted up that I couldn't make out either head or tail of it. You are a *pesky* set o' talkers, you folks in Virginny—that you must allow yourself, cap'n."

"No, I wont allow no sich a thing, tell I know what '*pesky*' means."

"*Dew* tell, now! You don't raly mean to say that you don't know what *pesky* means?"

"I raly do. I never heerd tell of any sich a thing, afore, in all my born days."

"Wal, now; I do want to know! Never heerd tell of sich a word as *pesky!* Where was you edicated. It's jest as I said: you can't understand your own mother tongue."

"I can't talk Yankee, that's a fact; ef that's what you mean by mother tongue. You did come from the Yankee country, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir-ee. I'm one of the rale Yankee Doodles, what couldn't see the town for the houses. I'm of the ginowine Connecticut breed, and they dates back t'other side o' Plymouth Rock, a long ways."

"And what's Plymouth Rock?"

"Wal, now, old Virginny, you ha'n't surprised me so very much, up to this present moment; but now you raly have scar't me now, the very worst kind! I wouldn't a-believed it, that any human crittur, 'less it might be a Chinee, or a Mormon, or some sich heathen, could be found on the face of the globe, that didn't know what Plymouth Rock was."

"I never heerd of it, afore; that's sartain."

"Why, man alive, Plymouth Rock is the very bung-hole of the beer-barrel of all creation. The pilgrim father seed was sowed there, and sprung up at Bunker Hill, and Yorktown, and all along shore there. But that a'n't a primin' to Connecticut River. The folks thereabouts was a-makin' wooden clocks and peddlin' tin-ware, long before the Mayflower ever was heerd on! That's so, Old Virginny."

"Them times must have reached back afore the Flood, I take it, for thar's been Mayflowers ever since the days of Noah, shorely."

"I don't want to hurt your feelins, Virginny, but I must say that your ignorance is gigantic. Can it be possible that you've never heerd of the Mayflower, the little Baltimore clipper that druv ashore in a hurricane and spilt the pilgrim fathers at Plymouth?"

"Never."

"*Dew* tell! Wal, that beats all natur'! I guess I'll have to set up a school in these parts, and teach you all the geniology of the State of Massachusetts, from the pilgrims; and Rhode Island, from Roger Williams, the Methodist preacher; and Connecticut, from Tubal-Cain. And that makes me think of tin-ware. You'd better have something—this nice tin bucket and dipper, for instance. So handy to take out into the lots. You'd better take it."

"Well, I don't go into no lots, as I knows of."

"Well, fields, then. It's all the same. Pretty sizable field, this, too. How big might it be, do you think?"

"Well, I reckon it mought be most any size, from a checker board to a county; but I believe they call it a hundred and eighteen acres, with the meadows and all, down to the *branch*."

"Branch of a tree?"

"Branch of a tree for the bound'ry of a field? Well, that is a wise idear. I shouldn't never have thought o' that, I must say."

"Wal, Virginny, my eyesight is pretty good, and yet consarn the bit of a branch can I see there, except it is branches of trees and shrubs."

"Well, it don't need no spectacles for me to see a branch, runnin' between them two hills, windin' round back o' them willers, and then emptying into the river, though we can't see the place from here, on account of the bank between it and us."

"And so you call that a *branch!* Wal, we must all live and larn, I suppose. But what a whopper of a field that is! Big enough for a *hull* farm, if it was only good enough."

"A *hull* farm! We ha'n't got no sich farms in these parts. I never heerd tell o' one. Is it a farm to raise walnut-hulls, to dye with?"

"Bless my soul, and body, and bread-basket! Ha! ha! ha! ha! A walnut-hull farm! Ha! ha! ha! You'll split me afore all's over."

"Well, I'm shore I can't imagine what other sort o' hulls you can mean, ef t'a'nt walnuts."

"Did you never hear tell of sich a word, in all your travels, as *w, h, o, l, e, hull?*"

"Never. *W, h, o, l, e,* spells *whole.*"

"How you southern people do drawl out your words! We like to do 'em up quick."

"Well, now, Old Connecticut, you and me differs about that thar. I think it's *you* that drawls."

"*Dew* tell! What is a comin' next, I wonder! Why, Virginny, you're jest as slow at talkin', you folks down here, as you are at everything else. I'd like to know what word it is that I drawl."

"Why, pretty nigh one-half of 'em; and t'other half you do chop off short, as you say. Instead of *down*, jist now, you drawled it out through your nose: '*daoun*,' and instead of '*like* to know,' you snapped it off short—'*lik* to know.'"

"You're too petick'lar, Virginny. But see here—what was we a-talkin' about?"

"You were talkin' about the size of this here field."

"O, yes—to be sure. It must take a sight o' work!"

"You'd better believe it. A field like that is not quite as handy to work as one o' them little patches you have up north, thar, about as big as a good-sized *cuppen*."

"A good-sized *what?*"

"Cuppen."

"And what the tarnal tarnation is a *cuppen?*"

"Well, it seems I'm not the only one that don't understand their own mother tongue, Connecticut."

"Pooh! There a'n't no sich word as *cuppen*, in no tongue."

"It's as much of a word as *pesky*, I reckon."

"But what on airth is it, anyhow?"

"Do you see that place fenced in, on the top o' that thar hill, jist back of the river bank?"

"So that's a *cuppen*, is it? A pen to keep *kyows* in, is it? Why the mischief don't you call it a *kyow-pen?*"

"Because it's a *cuppen*."

"Wal, I thought them Pennsylvany fellers was the curiousest talkers I ever did hear, but I begin to think that you Virginians takes the rag off the bush, in that line, after all. You *hadn't oughter* be so uncivilized—indeed you *hadn't oughter*."

"Hadn't what?"

"Hadn't *oughter*, I said."

"Hadn't *otter!* Well, s'pose we hadn't otter; what's the harm? Otters has very nice fur, but they don't help people to talk any better, that I knows of."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! Wal, now, that does beat the Dutch! Otters! Ha! ha! ha! That is rich! I tell you what, Virginny, you had ought to give up overseein' and go back to school again. Indeed you'd oughter."

"*Otter* agin! I do think you must be a little wrong in the upper story, my friend. If there is anything to laugh at, it's yourself. The otters is yours, not mine."

"Wrong in the upper story, eh? Wal, now, do you know that's the very identikil idee I had about you. Ha! ha! ha! ha! But what is them boys a-doin', over there?"

"The little one's tryin' to climb that 'simmon-tree, but he wont make much headway unless the other one helps."

"Hillo, my little man! *Boost* him! *Boost* him, I say! Why the mischief—why don't you *boost* him?"

"Sir?"

"*Boost* him, I say! Why don't you *boost* him?"

"*Boost!* I don't know what that is. I can't talk Dutch."

"Dutch! Well, I'll be tetotally consarned! You can't talk English—that's what you mean."

"Johnny! Johnny! Johnny Stone! You'd better git down from that thar tree. You'll *tar* your breeches."

"Tar his breeches? Why persimmon trees don't have tar or turpentine on them, do they?"

"No, sir. I didn't say nothing about tar."

"Why yes you did; you said he'd tar his breeches."

"And wouldn't he *tar* his breeches as well on one tree as another, ef it was rough enough?"

"Wal, see here now, Virginny. Could you grease your trousers where there wasn't no grease?"

"No, sir; of course I couldn't."

"Wal, how the blue blazes then could you tar 'em where there wasn't no tar?"

"Mr. Blewer! Mr. Blewer! Ho, Mr. Blewer! Johnny's done tore'd his breeches a'ready."

"Thar, now, you little imp! I knowed you'd tar 'em! Your ma'll whip you for that, sir."

"Oho! I smell a rat. *Tar* means *tear*, does it?"

"Well, now you know that much, maybe you'll tell me what *otter* means, in the Connecticut language."

"I didn't say *otter*, I said *oughter—hadn't oughter.*"

"Well, ef I can see any sense at all in *hadn't otter*, I hope I may be hanged!"

"Wal, wal; let's drop the subject. T'a'n't no matter o' life and death, I calkilate. But, tell me—how am I to get across this 'branch,' as you call it?"

"Well, thar's a sort of a little bridge, just down the hollow thar; but I don't reckon you can carry your hos and cart acrost thar now."

"Virginny, do I look like a Samson?"

"No, not the least bit."

"Then, in the name of Nebuchadnezzar and all the apostles, how do you suppose I'm a going to shoulder a horse and cart, and *carry* them across a bridge?"

"Shoh! You're a-talkin' nonsense."

"No, I'm a-talkin' sense, Old Virginny—the hardest kind o'sense. I see I'll have to stop down here a spell, and larn you folks how to speak English. But I must have a confab with the owner of this here place. You said his name was Stun, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't."

"You didn't tell me his name was Stun?"

"I most certainly did not."

"Why, Virginny, don't you know the bad man will git you if you tell sich fibs as that? It's awful! Didn't you call one o' them boys Johnny Stun?"

"No, sir; I did not."

"Wel, I want to know! That beats the British! What in all natur', then, did you call him?"

"I called him Stone."

"You called him Stun."

"No, I tell you; I called him *Stone.*"

"You called him Stun, and you *didn't* call him Stun! I'll be tetotaciously contwisted if I don't believe your're losin your *non compos*, old fellow!"

"That's jist ezakly what I think of you."

"Wal, that looks strange, now, do'sn't it? But can you tell me if the major will be *to hum* this evenin'?"

"To *hum*? Hum what? Hum a tune, do you mean? I never heerd him. I don't believe he can."

"Je-whillikin-Cæsar! You'll drive me out of *my non compos*, directly! I mean is he *to hum*—to his own house—to Warleigh?"

"Major *Stone* is *at home*, I reckon, ef that's what you want to know. He's been out here sence dinner, and lef' here jist afore you come up."

"Wal, lookee here, Virginny. This low-lyin' field, along the river here, a'n't worth much, is it?"

"Some of these river bottoms is the very finest kind o' land; but this piece a'n't much 'count—it's too wet."

"I guess the major don't care no great deal about it—do's he?"

"To tell the truth, I don't think he does. I think he'd be glad to git *shut* of it, at almos' any price."

"To git *what?*"

"To git *shut* of it."

"Git *shut* of it? Git shut *out* of it—is that what you're a tryin' to say?"

"No; I mean jist what I say—git *shut* of it."

"Mesopotamy and Melchisidec! Jeroboam and Jehoshaphat! What *does* the man mean?"

"I mean git *shut* of it—git it offen his hands!"

"Git it *off on* his hands. Wal, that's a little bit clearer, but it's not quite as clear as mud yit. But we'll let that go. You think he'd sell it cheap?"

"I think so. Thar's mighty little to be made outen it."

"Little made *on't*—I guess that's what you mean."

"Yes—*on* it or *outen* it, either."

"Wal, Virginny, you are a hull team to talk—that's a fact. But, tell me; do's that mulatto boy over there belong to the major?"

"Yes—that's a dinin'-room waiter."

"I tell you what, he's a spry lookin' chap. He'd be amazin' handy about a house to do up the little chores."

"The little *what?*"

"The little *chores*, I said."

"And what on the face of the yearth is a *chore?*"

"You surely don't mean to say that there's a citizen of this free and enlightened republic that don't know what *chores* is?"

"I mean to say that *I* don't. I never heard the word before—never in all my life. I couldn't tell you whether it was somethin' to eat, or somethin' to drink, or somethin' to wear."

"Wal, Virginny, you must excuse me for sayin' on't; but your ignorance raly is perdigious. Though you're no worse off, I guess, than your neighbors. I sartainly must try to civilize you."

"You're mighty kind, I declar'."

"Is them niggers rakin' rowen over there?"

"*Rowin'?* No. It's the second crop o' clover."

"Exac'ly. I thought it was rowen."

"*Rowin'?* What the thunder is *rowin'* got to do with it? It's clover hay, I tell you."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! Wal, you are a queer one, old Virginny; that's a fact. But I must be a-goin' now. I'll see you again, I guess. Good-by!"

"Good-by, sir."

The Connecticut man whipped up his ponies, and soon found himself in front of Warleigh—a very old but still comfortable-looking country-house. It was, in fact, an ante-revolutionary tenement, of an antiquity found more frequently, perhaps, in Virginia, than in any other State. The major was smoking in his back porch.

"How-de-*dew*, sir?" said the Yankee, "how-de-*dew?*"

"How do you do, sir?"

"Purty well, thankee. Uncommon fine evenin'."

"Very fine, indeed."

"You don't want no tin-ware, nor nothin' o' that sort, do you, major?"

"I can't say, indeed. You'll have to ask my wife. She's boss of the kitchen department."

Some people were of the opinion that Polly Stone was boss of all departments at Warleigh, but that is "neither here nor there." She soon came out, and commenced a lively commercial conversation with the New Englander, who afterwards affirmed that she was the "'cutest hand at a bargain" that he had met with on the southern side of Mason and Dixon's line. He was anxious to sell, however, and the upshot of it was a very material reduction in the load with which the ponies left Warleigh the next morning.

When the trade was over, the Connecticut

man returned to the porch where the major was sitting, and, after an interview of about half an hour, concluded a bargain for the purchase of the field of one hundred and eighteen acres, in which he had found the overseer. He remained at the major's that night, and the next day sold what remained of his tin-ware to a neighboring store-keeper, and then went immediately to work at the erection of a log-house upon his new purchase.

This purchase, by the way, soon became the cause of no small amount of merriment among the agricultural population in that vicinity. That particular field had long been noted as the most incorrigibly worthless, perhaps, in all that region. A small patch of clover had been recently coaxed to grow, at the extreme upper end of it, but the greater part of it was a meadow, still in a state of nature, yielding nothing but a little coarse grass, and very little of that.

Mr. Blewer, the overseer, was so much tickled with the bargain, that he could not refrain from twitting the Yankee with it every time they met. Connecticut took it all very quietly and good-humoredly. "It's a tarnal mean lookin' piece of ground, to be sure," he would say. "But when a feller's poor, you know, he must put up with poor land, or go without altogether. I guess I can make the interest of what I give for it."

The merriment of Mr. Blewer and the neighbors generally, was raised to the very highest pitch when they found that the Yankee had hired ever so many men, who were cutting ditches in every direction through the new purchase. The idea of attempting to drain this boggy flat, by any number of ditches, seemed to these men one of the very best jokes they had ever heard of, and when they ascertained the amount which had been spent in the operation, they set the Yankee down as an unmitigated ass, and a fit candidate for bedlam. Of such a thing as "*under-draining*," nine-tenths of these people had never heard.

Our pedler had seen wet lands renovated before, and he was sagacious enough to perceive that this tract, when thoroughly under-dressed, would be one of extraordinary fertility; he therefore went ahead, regardless of expense, and in a few short years exhibited to the scoffers the finest crops that had ever been raised in Winfield County. The laugh was now on the other side, and the Yankee became a rural hero.

Shearjashub Sharp was, to all intents and purposes, a self-made man. His education was exceedingly limited, so far as books were concerned, but the world and its rough experiences had taught him much. He had come south, like many of his race, to seek his fortune, and he believed he had found it at Warleigh.

Such a man must, of course, have many prejudices, and in Blewer, the overseer, he met one who was by no means his inferior in that particular. Shearjashub had been only two or three days in Virginia, and Blewer had never exchanged half-a-dozen words with a New Englander in all his life before.

The natural result, therefore, of the meeting between them, was the succession of *quiproquos* and *double-entendres* which we have recorded. Blewer supposed that the Yankee was lounging about there merely from curiosity and a desire to cheat. But in reality his shrewd eye was all the time running over the field, scanning its capabilities, and determining within himself how much he ought to offer for it.

It was not long before Shearjashub began to be esteemed a man of consequence in the neighborhood. Increase of wealth rarely fails to bring with it an increase of importance, and his energetic spirit and familiarity with northern improvements, were important adjuncts in bringing him into notice.

Another favorable circumstance was the death of Major Stone, the prominent man of the neighborhood, which took place about six months after the transfer of the oozing meadow. This gave the new proprietor many advantages, which he was not slow to profit by.

Mrs. Stone was of comparatively humble origin, and had been chosen by the major in opposition to the wishes of most of his relatives. He married her for her beauty, though he found her possessed of many more enduring good qualities. She was a clear-headed, active, enterprising, managing woman, and in many respects a real treasure of a wife. In fact, she had but one defect of any magnitude, though that was, to be sure, one of great magnitude—she had a most tremendous temper.

She was perfectly honest about it—acknowledged that she was a real Xantippe, and was never angry at being told so. There was, however, another failing, of inferior magnitude, about which she was far more sensitive. She was losing her beauty; and that she could not bear to be told of. Since the commencement of her widowhood, the subject had become a particularly sore one, and her maid, Rosalie, had stated confidentially to a friend that she very much feared that her mistress would have the failure of her soul's salvation to answer for, so many lies was she forced to tell her.

Before he had been two years in the State, Shearjashub conceived the bold idea of making himself master of Warleigh, by securing the proprietorship of its mistress. He knew that she held, in fee simple, entire and unencumbered, that magnificent estate, and one of the most valuable in Virginia, besides other possessions, including a large number of negroes, of whom he felt he could become the owner, without doing any violence whatever to his conscience. True, he had been a violent anti-slavery man once, but his circumstances were different now, and circumstances alter cases.

Mrs. Stone had two children, but they were both amply provided for, independently of Warleigh. She was a high prize in the matrimonial lottery, and he resolved to win her, if skill and perseverance could do it.

In the main, he played his part well, and convinced Mrs. Stone, by degrees, that he was "up to cenamost anything in all creation," and the very man to manage Warleigh as it should be managed. So, in spite of much opposition from her relatives and those of her late husband, the widow was won.

At length the wedding-day arrived. It was the crowning triumph of Shearjashub's life, and seldom did a prouder or a more thoroughly self-satisfied man seek his bride's dwelling on his wedding-day. He had with him one friend and companion of his boyhood. If the whole population of his native town had been there, his triumph would have been perfect.

But he had committed one oversight—a thing he would hardly have suffered to occur if he had been a Virginian, and "to the manor born." Ignorant or forgetful of the powerful influence exerted by favorite servants in southern families, he had neglected to conciliate Mrs. Stone's maid, Rosalie, a pretty quadroon, some ten years younger than her mistress, and a very important personage.

He had done rather worse than that, indeed, for he had absolutely offended the aforesaid *femme de chambre*, and produced upon her mind the impression that she was likely to find in him a very rough and imperious master. This idea had been the cause of much bitterness of feeling on her part, which had on the wedding-day reached its highest development.

While Sharp was on his way to the house, Rosalie was engaged in putting the finishing touch to her mistress's toilette, a lively conversation being kept up in the meantime.

"Why, Rosalie," observed Mrs. Stone, just as the smiling bridegroom reached the door, "what an obstinate creature you are! I do believe you would break off the match this moment, if you could."

"Thar you've jist hit it, mistiss—that's the very thing I would do, if I had my way 'bout it."

"Why, what on earth can have gotten into the girl! I'm sure I think you are mighty unreasonable. I don't see but what Mr. Sharp treats you well enough, and likes you well enough."

"But that's not the p'int, mistiss. The thing to know is whether he likes *you* or not."

"Whether he likes *me* or not? Can it be possible that you have any doubts about that, Rosalie?"

"Indeed an' deed I has, and mon's'ous big ones, too."

"Why, Rosy, what *do* you mean?"

"Well, mistiss, marm, I can't keep it in no longer. I did think I wouldn't open my lips about it, never; but I can't keep my mouth shet, no how. I must speak now, ef I die for it."

"Why, girl, you frighten me out of my wits! Tell me all about it, this minute!"

"Well, marm, you 'members yistiddy was a week, when Mr. Sharp come, 'long o' that other north gentleman, Mr. Tuttle, and you and Mr. Sharp had sich a high time in the garden, 'bout the right way to plant and cut sparrowgrass?"

"Yes, yes—I was awful mad, that day, to be shore, and I said some very hard things to Mr. Sharp, but it was all made up on the spot."

"Yes, mistiss. But then, you see, you didn't know everything. Jist arter you done went into the house, Mr. Sharp and Mr. Tuttle walked on towards the lower end of the garden, among the bushes, pickin' gooseberries; but they couldn't see me. Jist as they done come opposite to me, Mr. Sharp said: 'Yes, Tuttle, she is *as ugly as the devil*, that's a fact.' Mr. Tuttle he done laughed out loud, and before he was done they'd gotten so fur I couldn't hear nothing more."

Upon no human being, as a general rule, did Mrs. Stone's fits of rage make less impression than upon Rosalie; but even she was appalled at the effect produced by this statement. Usually her mistress's tempests of wrath expended themselves chiefly in words, but this one seemed altogether too tremendous to find vent in that way. Her face became as dark as a thunder cloud, and her features worked fearfully, but she merely said:

"Rosalie, is this true?"

"Ef it a'n't as true as the Bible, I hope the Lord may strike me dead this very minute."

"Go tell him I want to see him."

In three minutes, Rosalie returned with the unsuspecting culprit, bowing and grimacing, all "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles."

"Mr. Sharp," said the lady, almost in a whisper, but a whisper of most ominous import, "did you dare to say that I was '*as ugly as the devil?*'"

It would be a difficult task to find a man less prone to embarrassment than Shearjashub Sharp, but now, for the first time in his life perhaps, he was fairly *non-plussed*.

"Wh—wh—why yes, madam, I did; but—"

"That is enough, sir. Leave the house, this instant; and if you ever dare to show your face here again, I'll have you horse-whipped within an inch of your life!"

"But, my dear Mrs. Stone, if you—"

"BEGONE, sir!!" and she stamped her foot till the old house shook from the cellar to the garret.

Sharp stole a single glance at her face, and saw that an immediate retreat was inevitable. She looked as if she could have slain him on the spot. He therefore evacuated the premises with all possible despatch, and though parson, and guests, and wedding feast, were all ready, there was nevertheless no wedding that day.

Letter after letter, message after message, passed from Sharp to the incensed widow, begging her to afford him an opportunity for explanation—but all in vain. She refused to listen to one word of the messages, and the letters were returned unopened. The simple mention of his name invariably threw her into a paroxysm of rage.

Things remained in this unsatisfactory condition for several weeks, and it was set down as a fixed fact that the indomitable Yankee had for once been foiled. Such was the state of affairs, when, one evening, while passing along the bank of the river, he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Stone in a sweet-potato-patch, at the foot of her garden.

In three seconds he had leaped the fence, and in two more, he stood by her side, humbly but earnestly beseeching her to hear him. She turned disdainfully away, but he caught her hands and begged, prayed, and entreated, that she would listen to him, for five minutes only. Only five minutes—it was all he asked. At last she ceased struggling and stood still. He took advantage of it at once, and began to speak, very rapidly, as follows:

"I will not attempt to exculpate myself, for, say what I may, you will not believe me. But, listen, I pray you. Your Cousin Annie, who married the railroad contractor, Atwater, now lives in Massachusetts. Write to her, tell her what I said about you, and ask her what she thinks I meant by it. That is all I ask. Will you do it?"

After a moment's thought, the widow bowed assentingly. Sharp bowed respectfully in return, and retired. The letter to "Cousin Annie" was written and an answer received, in due time, from which we make the following extract:

"You altogether mistook Mr. Sharp's meaning, you may depend upon it. The people here, and everywhere in New England, use the word *ugly* in a sense that nobody in Virginia, or even in the Middle States, ever heard of. They apply it to the temper and disposition, as well as to the personal appearance, and I don't suppose it would be anything out of the way here to say: 'She is a beautiful woman, but *ugly* as the devil.' From your statement, I have no doubt that Mr. Sharp actually meant to say that you have a very ticklish temper of your own, and I really don't think you ought to be very hard with him for merely saying what I have heard you say of yourself, twenty times over."

This explanation put altogether a new face upon the matter, and was the means of bringing about a speedy reconciliation. Taught by experience, Sharp took care to mollify the maid as well as the mistress, and soon had the satisfaction of reading on the backs of his letters, "Shearjashub Sharp, Esquire, Warleigh."

MUSICAL FISH.

On the occasion of a visit I made to Batticaloa, in September, 1848, I made some inquiries relative to a story which I heard of musical sounds, said to be heard issuing from the bottom of the lake, at several places, both above and below the old Dutch Fort; and which the natives suppose to proceed from some fish peculiar to the locality. The report was confirmed to me in all its particulars, and one of the spots whence the sounds proceed was pointed out between the pier and a rock which intersects the channel, two or three hundred yards to the eastward. They were said to be heard at night, and most distinctly when the moon was nearest the full, and they were described as resembling the faint sweet notes of an Æolian harp. I sent for some of the fishermen, who said they were perfectly aware of the fact, and that their fathers had always known of the existence of the musical sounds heard, they said, at the spot alluded to, but only during the dry season, and they cease when the lake is swollen by the freshets after the rain. They believed them to proceed from a shell, which is known by the Tamil name of (*oorie cooloorce cradoe*, or) the "crying shell," a name in which the sound seems to have been adopted as an echo of the sense. I sent them in search of the shell, and they returned bringing me some living specimens of different shells, chiefly *littorina* and *cerithium*. In the evening, when the moon had risen, I took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to the spot. We rowed about two hundred yards northeast of the jetty by the fort gate; there was not a breath of wind nor a ripple, except that caused by the dip of our oars; and on coming to the point mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the wood-work of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume by conduction. The sounds varied considerably at different points, as we moved across the lake, as if the number of the animals from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until on returning to the original locality the sounds were at once renewed.—*Tennent's "Ceylon."*

GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH.

That this proverb alludes to the bush which was usually hung out at vintners' doors, is well known; but it is not so well known that the bush should be ivy, according to classic propriety, that plant being sacred to Bacchus; and our old writers specially name the ivy bush; whereas at public houses and beer-shops they hang out a branch of elm, hazel, or any other inappropriate tree. —*Timbs's Things not Generally Known.*

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THE BANISHED WIFE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Lucia recovered, and, after two months' absence from her table, resumed at last her long vacant seat at her own board, where, for the first time, a stranger was domesticated. What was my astonishment when, on her appearance, I beheld the face of Leonard wildly agitated! A half-formed expression died on his lips—his hands were clasped together—his whole appearance strange and distracted. She, on the contrary, was calm and perfectly self-possessed; approaching him at once with a frank smile, she extended her hand.

"Mr. Leonard," she said, "we are old acquaintances, yet you appear not to recognize me. Do you not remember Lucia Raymond?"

The extended hand was mutely taken. We seated ourselves; and gradually a degree of composure stole over Leonard, and he was enabled to speak some commonplace words of congratulation on her recovery, and pleasure at the unexpected meeting.

"Unexpected, indeed!" I thought, to him at least. *She* is prepared—this accounts for her calmness. That long, wild stare—that death-like swoon—that fearful illness—the scene in the library and its consequences—were all accounted for now; and had the lightning blasted me I could not have felt more stricken, more powerless than during this rapid summary of feeling and thought, all tending to one fatal conclusion—she loved me not—she had deceived me—she loved another!

How that meal passed over I scarcely know; how I retained my seat, my faculties, could still smile, talk, offer the viands before me, are matters of mystery to me. One sensation I remember—my voice sounded to me when I spoke like that of another person; and the words I used, from habit, strange, as though another mind had combined them. I felt like one in a dream; and several times the idea that all around me was shadowy suggested itself to me—so that I clenched the glass before me to realize its solidity. This feeling has at intervals returned to me ever since, like a terrible incubus; nor do I believe that I have ever been since that day the man I was before.

My conduct during the ensuing months, certainly to impartial retrospection, does, in some measure, seem to partake of mania. Miserable weeks and months dragged on. I became absent, inattentive to business, engrossed in one fearful and increasing thought. In secrecy, in silence, the dwarf suspicion became a giant; and I distorted every word and look of Lucia's into confirmation of what I still dreaded to believe. Yet it was difficult, even for mental obliquity like mine, to see any error in her pure and perfect ways. Still the same gentle, self-sacrificing, considerate being, she manifested towards me all her former devotion and forbearance; and her manner with Leonard was simple, unembarrassed, matronly, all that it should have been.

In him it is true I still traced a restraint, a nervous agitation in his intercourse with her, which I was not wrong in attributing to his powerful interest. It was my duty then to have replaced him in his office, and to have saved Lucia the painful trial she was destined to encounter. There was something of insanity in the malignant pleasure with which I gloated on every new evidence of suppressed feeling on his part, and looked forward to the crisis of her fate and mine. During this time of anxiety and probation—during which no whisper of the cause of my anguish escaped my lips—my temper vented its whole fearful strength on the enduring and noble being I called my wife. Could she have disarmed my suspicion, and lulled it by a frank avowal of the past—could I have driven her to utter humiliation and despair—could I have wrung harsh upbraiding from her lips, or gushing tears from her eyes, the tempest would have burst at once that I nurtured in my heart, and a reaction would have occurred of all my better feelings. I should have entreated her pardon, and wooed her once more to my distracted bosom, and we might again have been happy!

But I wished to make her suffer as I suffered, and felt that until all my pain was hers, we could not stand on equal ground. I scarcely recognized myself in the meanness, the violence of my proceedings. I took from her side her favorite servants, and replaced them with minions of my own, instructed to watch every look and deed, and it surely must have been something in her favor that even *these* could find nothing to allege against her! When she remonstrated with me most gently on the injustice of this proceeding, I coarsely reminded her that the time had been when her own hands had served her, and told her that, if discontented with the domestics of my choice, they might do so again. Even to this harsh taunt there was only the gentle reply: "You do well to remind me perhaps of past trials; yet, Charles, you are changed, or such words could never pass your lips." Then, with a sad and sorrowful face, she turned away, and sought her chamber.

It was my pleasure to manifest my ill-humor towards her before Leonard. I secretly enjoyed his flushing cheek, his trembling hand, his flashing eye, at such times. I was in hopes thus to arouse his feelings until they burst from his lips; but for *her sake* he endured a state of things little less than torture to him.

"I must leave you, Mr. Herbert," he said to me one day, abruptly. "I wish, however, to arrange the papers in the case of Deans, before I go. Does it suit your convenience to look over them with me?"

A bright thought flashed across my brain. "I am engaged to-day, Mr. Leonard," I replied; "but Mrs. Herbert transcribed all those papers, and knows them as thoroughly as I do. *She* will direct your labors."

On the following morning Lucia, with an unfeigned reluctance, undertook the task, in obedience to my *command* (for of such a nature was my *request*), and I withdrew, pleading an engagement in the city. I knew full well that the overburdened heart of Leonard would that day relieve itself. I had guessed the moment of that outburst of feeling almost with the accuracy with which the flower-fancier forebodes the opening of the night-blooming Ceres. The time came; one of my minions informed me that from her place of concealment she had heard *my name mentioned*. I had determined to *listen privately*—ay, Charles, so debased does the mind become that indulges its evil passions—to their conversation; but when I reached the door, I found I had reckoned falsely on my own unworthiness. *I could not play the eaves-dropper*, so I entered the open door, and stood with folded arms, where either could have seen me had not the subject of conversation wholly engrossed their attention.

"Mr. Leonard, you are wrong," said Lucia; "your duties here are fixed, and you transgress those duties by making matters of this sort subjects of speculation. You do not understand Mr. Herbert, nor can I suffer you to speak thus of him."

"Our intimacy from childhood," he said—"the stronger ties of our youth—my fervent interest in you still—these surely give me the privilege of offering you my sympathy at least."

"Such sympathy is not needed in my case," said Lucia. "It is strangely pertinacious in you to insist on believing me unhappy when I assure you of your error."

"I have seen you when you *were happy*, Lucia," said he; "I behold you now, and it needs no more than the comparing of the past and present to convince me I am right. Seven years ago, you moved through your father's house a creature all life and gaiety. It was thus I left you; and after a long interval of silence on your part, and utter ignorance on mine of any change in the fortunes of your family, I return to find you the slave of a wealthy tyrant—you who ever seemed to me the very embodiment of freedom and independence."

"Again, Mr. Leonard, I entreat—I command you, to forbear," said Lucia. "I am glad, at all events, to find you were not the time-server I had believed you."

"Did you indeed believe this of me?" he asked, with eagerness. "Were not my letters received?"

"Never," she replied.

"Can it be that Mr. Frazer, to whose care after your father's death I directed them, was false to his trust?"

"Alas!" said Lucia, "Mr. Frazer died shortly after my father, and with him expired our last hope of retrieving something from the wreck of the estate."

"And it was for this that you forsook me, Lucia?"

"Surely! looking upon this silence in the light I did, it was enough," she replied. "In contrast to this strange negligence, the noble, the disinterested conduct of Mr. Herbert shone with additional lustre. And can I now, because a gloom has fallen over his mind and temper, justify myself in listening to unkind words of him, my benefactor as well as my husband? No; darker and heavier still must the clouds be, more harsh, more unjustifiable far his conduct, before the ties of gratitude and affection that bind me to him can be broken."

Leonard leaned his head moodily on his hands, and spoke in a low, melancholy voice.

"When I heard you had married Mr. Temple," he said, "a man of worth, and devotedly attached to you, I felt, bitter as was my own disappointment, that I could yet bear it for your happiness. I dreamed not of seeing you here when I became the amanuensis of Mr. Herbert; nor can I yet understand how my informant, one who had lived in the village you dwelt in until within a few days of your marriage, could so mistake the name and position of your husband. I have continued here, contrary to my first intention, on discovering you were the wife of Mr. Herbert, from a deep interest in and pity for your fate. I had hoped daily to see some brightness come out of the gloom that surrounds you—some change occur in the cruel harshness of him you call by the sacred name of husband, or else (I will not conceal it) that the storm might burst over you in my presence. Then I might at least have secured the poor satisfaction of defending you. But the nature of your misery appears fixed—my presence cannot benefit you here, and I have witnessed long enough a state of things that I cannot amend, and which makes me wretched. It is more than I can bear to see you wither away beneath the frown of a despot. I am about to leave this house of sorrow and oppression; yet before I go, let me entreat you to call on me as a brother devoted to your service, whenever the dark hour of need arrives."

"Enough, Mr. Leonard," said Lucia. "Nothing but the associations of our early lives has induced me to listen thus long. Our task is ended—the papers are arranged. Now, farewell!"—she rose with a cold dignity—"and receive as my last words the assurance that you are utterly mistaken in the position of my affairs. Mr. Herbert—"

"Is before you," I said, without moving from my position, and speaking in a voice of thunder.

She started slightly, and Leonard rose to his feet with the glaring eye of one who thirsts to grapple with his enemy.

But Lucia, turning upon me her pale, grave countenance, said: "I am almost glad to see you there, Mr. Herbert; and that you may labor under no misapprehension of this scene, sit down, and I will repeat to you every word that has been spoken. It is better, too, perhaps, that I should inform you of the early ties between Mr. Leonard and myself, which I have hitherto deemed it unimportant to mention. The interest he still feels in my fate (though of a mistaken nature) may thus be satisfactorily explained to you."

"I desire no recapitulation of your words, Lucia—no explanation of the past," I cried, in a voice hoarse with passion. "I know enough—I will hear no more. Go, insidious wretch!" I said, turning to Leonard; "leave my house immediately. Receive your miserable earnings, infamous spy," and I cast towards him a purse of gold, "and let me see your face no more!"

"I intend to leave this house of oppression," he said, struggling fiercely to retain himself. "Your gold I will *not* receive to gloss your insults. But for *these*, no brave man need care. The oppressor of a woman is ever a coward. Farewell, poor injured lady," he said, turning to Lucia. "May God bless and lend you strength to bear all. Again I repeat to you, when the dark hour comes—and come it must—call on me, Lucia Raymond, and I will leave everything to obey your summons. With my blood I will defend you from the injustice and violence of this unworthy man."

He advanced towards me firmly and calmly—he passed me where I stood rooted to the floor, in a miserable dream of self-contempt and despair. Heaven knows it was not cowardice, my son, that restrained my arm from striking down that bold man. There still remained a sentiment of justice and honor about me that taught me to look with admiration, even in that hour of passion, on the fearless advocate of innocence. The voice of truth stung me to the quick, and I stood confounded by my own conscience.

It was not long before that spell passed away; and left me again the victim of bitter feelings. Lucia calmly bound the papers already assorted, and laying them on the table, said: "The papers are completed, Mr. Herbert; you will find them all here;" then turned, as if to withdraw.

"Stay!" I cried, "I have yet something to say to you, madam. Sit down again, I pray you."

She did so, and seating myself beside her, I said, in a sneering and bitter manner:

"It gives me satisfaction to assure you that I have not been so thoroughly blinded as you have chosen to believe. The scene in the library was understood by me from the hour I witnessed Mr. Leonard's agitation at your meeting."

"It is true; I *was* greatly agitated at beholding one whom I never expected to see again," she said. "Mr. Leonard was as one dead to me until that day, and old associations, for a moment, asserted their power. But as for anything more—"

"Ungrateful viper—be still!" I exclaimed. "You have already said too much."

"I do not deserve this title," she replied; "I reject it: it does not belong to me."

In speaking these words, her face assumed a stern haughtiness I had never seen it wear before.

"I had supposed your mood the result of ill health, pecuniary involvement, or dissatisfaction with men," she continued. "Had I dreamed that it rested on a foundation like this, I would not have borne your crushing humor as I have done. Yet hear me. For your happiness—in spite of harshness, injustice, abuse—I am willing still to explain every detail, every circumstance of my intercourse with Mr. Leonard from first to last; to lay bare every feeling of my soul. I offer this explanation frankly. If rejected now, tortures shall never wring another word on the subject from my lips."

What demon impelled my answer? "I will not hear your explanation," I said. "I have drawn my own conclusions; these you cannot remove. Besides, what guarantee have I that you would speak the truth?"

She turned upon me her large dilating eyes, then glided away from my presence like a dream. I heard long afterwards, that on seeking her chamber she had an hemorrhage of the lungs: the first symptoms of the disease that, years afterwards, destroyed her. I lay all night revolving schemes of revenge—torture. Nor was it easy for me to find any new mode of inflicting these on that much-enduring being. At last a project entered my brain that seemed to combine every necessary qualification for giving pain.

Lucia had taken an unusual dislike to an adventuring Frenchwoman, who had frequently called on her in consequence of a letter of dubious recommendation, which her importunity had wrung from some distant acquaintance. She desired to become domesticated in some wealthy family as governess, her only qualifications being the voluble language of her native land. This woman I introduced into my household as housekeeper and instructress of my son, then three years old, whose education I pretended I wished to commence and continue in French. Madame La Maude was in truth as odious to me as to my wife; yet, as a humiliation to Lucia, I tolerated, and even affected to admire her; placing in her hands the keys and superintendence of the servants, on the pretence that Lucia was delicate, and encouraging the boy in every way to attach himself to her.

All this was borne by Lucia with that calm and frozen mien, which I desired to torture into humility and sorrow. All I desired was to prostrate her pride, and then to grovel in the very dust before her feet. Never had she appeared to me so noble, so beautiful, as during the stay of that odious woman beneath our roof. Never had I so cursed my own behaviour; yet, in very madness, I persevered.

One day I entered the room with Madame La Maude. I had joined her at the door to impress Lucia with the idea that I had been walking with her (for she wore her bonnet); though, in truth, I would not be seen walking with her through the streets. I found the child seated on his mother's knee. She had been weeping. I called the child to me; he refused to come.

"Go then to Madame La Maude," I said, seeing that Lucia did not send him to me, as I thought she would have done; "she will teach you obedience at least."

"Come to your mama La Maude," said the French woman, in her soft, insidious way. "Am I not your own mama La Maude?"

I saw Lucia shake from head to foot. "That title, madam," she said, with choking emotion, "I beg you will not yet adopt. It is one the Almighty conferred on me, nor until recalled by him will I yield it to any one. My child is well

with me—I request that you will not interfere with him."

There had been a great deal of impertinence in the manner of this woman to Lucia before, for which I would gladly have throttled her had she not been a mere scourge in my hand. But I only laughed when the half-bred French woman turned on her heel, with a contemptuous courtesy to Lucia, and a shrug of her shoulders to me, and left the apartment.

"This woman must leave your house to-morrow, Mr. Herbert," said Lucia, rising and gazing steadfastly on me, "or I shall leave it myself, and forever. My resolution is taken. I cannot submit to insult like this."

That evening madam was dismissed.

Revolving the course I had taken in my mind during that sleepless night, I came to the conclusion that, in sending her away I had yielded too promptly and too far; and had thus given Lucia a great advantage over me. I determined to retrieve this step by one of almost unparalleled cruelty. As soon as our boy left his mother's room in the morning, he ran, as was his custom, to my chamber and embraced me. Calling my confidential servant, I desired him to convey the child to my country-seat, and keep him there until I sent for him, without mentioning to any one the place of his destination.

Lucia did not appear at the breakfast table; but on hearing that Madame La Maude was gone, she presided at dinner as usual. As soon as I entered the room she said: "On inquiring for Charles directly after breakfast, I was told that you had sent him away with William. He has not yet returned. I am anxious about him. Pray tell me where you sent him?"

"He has gone to live with Madame La Maude," I replied," in an indifferent tone.

"What you say cannot be true!" she said, bending upon me a gaze that haunts me yet. It was so earnest, so wild, so amazed. Her eyes looked indeed like sparkling ice, such was the cold brilliancy of their gleam.

"I have done everything for the best," I replied, concealing the emotion she inspired me with. "It is not fitting that he should grow up in this atmosphere of strife and indifference. Besides, I want him taught obedience. As you insisted on dismissing his governess, I thought it best that he should go too."

She groaned; she leaned back in her chair. The untasted food was put aside, and rising abruptly, she withdrew. My first impulse was to follow her—but I dared not. Ringing the bell, I desired a servant to go instantly on my swiftest horse for William and the child. He departed immediately. I now believed what I had never done before—that man may offend his Maker beyond redemption; for even in the sight of one of my fellow-beings I felt it was almost too late to cry for mercy.

"Angel, canst thou forgive?" I wildly cried, as wringing my hands, I paced the apartment to and fro. "O, merciful Father!—if the pleading of our child avails not, I am lost indeed!"

And she—how had she offended me? Had she in any way violated her duty as a wife, a mother? What right had I to question the feelings and ties of her maidenhood? Pure as she ever was—pure as the snows of heaven, I well believed. Shame, deep shame, gnawed my very vitals, and so passed two wretched hours, for I dared not seek her presence without my innocent mediator. He came—our boy came, and taking his little hand, I led him to the apartment of his mother. I knocked—no answer was returned. Again—again I knocked rapidly, loudly—all was silence! A fearful, suffocating dread possessed me. I flung open the door and entered. She was not there! A lamp burned on her toilet, lighting the costly pile of jewels heaped around it. They had evidently been placed there to attract attention to the folded scrap of paper lying on them. These words were written there:

"Bring our boy home. I will not be the innocent cause of his exile from his father's roof. Take him from the polluted hands of Madame La Maude, and be to him guardian, instructor, mother—all. After what has passed, you and I can meet no more. Farewell. LUCIA."

I stood for a while like one stunned—at length, snatching my hat, I rushed from the house. I explored the town; I went to every hotel, every station, and every quay, to seek some clue to her disappearance. Indifferent about appearances, in my extreme anguish I asked every one I knew, "Where is my wife? Have you seen Lucia?"

I received no information of her fate, and now the horrible dread that had shot across my mind in the first instance, became almost confirmed. The thought that she had ended her own life took possession of me, and reduced me to despair.

I returned home towards morning, and throwing myself wildly on the floor, I remained there, uttering hoarse cries of agony. You, Charles, for it was you who were the innocent instrument of my punishment, lay beside me, rendering moan for moan. "To-morrow," I thought, "the river will give up its dead, and I shall see her again! O, what a change will be written on that beautiful face when the shore receives it from the bosom of the waters!" A long and singular lethargy succeeded these exhausting paroxysms. I slept, as under the effect of opium, twelve hours without stirring. When I awoke, several friends were sitting around my bed.

"Where is Leonard?" I cried. "He perhaps can tell me something of her fate."

"He sailed for Europe yesterday," replied one, after they had interchanged glances. "A codicil to his uncle's will has been found, which bequeathed to him a small independence. On receiving this he took ship for Naples."

Leaping wildly from the bed, I seized my informant by the throat. "You lie, I cried—confess that you lie, or I will destroy you—say that she did not go with Leonard."

"He is mad," said Doctor Clarkson, disengaging his friend with difficulty from my hold—and it was some time before I could persuade them that I spoke and acted upon a momentary delusion, continued from my sleep.

But the hint I had dropped circulated rapidly through the town, and became the current belief of a majority of the inhabitants. It was indeed my own for the space of a few hours, when with anguish for having entertained it, I surrendered all suspicion of the kind. On investigation, I found the ship Valiant, in which Leonard took passage, sailed at noon, and many friends attested that he went in her. It was after three when Lucia left her table; nor was this all, the old and faithful servant of Mrs. Raymond, who resided in the town, supported by Lucia, came to me on hearing of my distress, and informed me, that at six o'clock on the evening of her disappearance, Lucia sought her dwelling, and desired her to accompany her in a boat down the river to a small pier, where she went on shore, and, bidding her farewell, she disappeared. "I think I saw Miss Lucia by torchlight going on a steamboat," she said; "I am sure, master, I saw her sweet face in the red light, all tearful—mercy save us, what has happened?"

In my utter humiliation I could but groan and lie motionless; nor was any other clue than that given by this humble woman afforded me as to her mysterious absence, during many long years. In this time my investigation was most patient, most continuous, and conducted personally without regard to business, convenience, or health. You were the companion of all my wanderings, and once during their continuance beheld your mother!

In a town where we sojourned for a few days, a lady entered the parlor in which you were playing with your nurse, and, catching you in her arms, bore you to her own apartment. There she held you to her bosom for two long hours, weeping almost continually, blessing you, and gazing on your face with passionate tenderness. All this I heard when I returned; she was then gone, she had sailed for New Orleans, I was told, but the folded paper she left behind revealed her identity.

"My son, pray for your mother, do not forget me—we shall meet again."

These tear-blotted words were written in large characters, suitable for a child's perusal; she had inclosed them in a gold locket, which I recognized as one that had contained her mother's miniature; this she hung around your neck, making you promise to wear it for her sake.

In answer to my eager inquiries, I learned that she was not alone. An old and stately lady, and a family of children were her companions, and judging from the retinue of servants and carriages, these must have been persons of consideration. I sailed for New Orleans on the same evening, with the most sanguine expectations of finding her at last; but days spent in active search and inquiry ended as all others so passed had done, in blank disappointment. I could hear nothing of her or of any one bearing her name and appearance, and, heart-sick and disappointed, was forced to relinquish my fruitless efforts to trace her steps.

This was in the autumn; my health gradually declined in the ensuing winter, during which I resided at Charleston, and when summer came again, I was warned that an active course of treatment could alone save my life. By the advice of my physician, I went to the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, and as you were now progressing rapidly at school, and in vigorous health, I thought it best to leave you behind. I was recalled in a month by the information that you were dead—O, very grievously did this stroke fall on me, and when I reached home, almost as fearful in its effects was my incredulous joy on meeting you at the threshold of the dwelling. A strange trance had fallen over you, succeeding a short and violent attack of fever; you had lain two days in breathless torpor, apparently quite dead. A notice of the sad event had been inserted in the papers, circulating the mournful intelligence, and a letter was promptly despatched to me. Suddenly, as they were about to close the coffin, you gave signs of life. The horror of the moment had broken the spell that chained vitality, and you revived. The report of your death reached the remote residence of your mother; the refutation she never saw, and in consequence of this error, I received the first communication from her that had reached me since she left my roof. Its contents only served to render my misery more profound, and life more blank than before.

It was early in the winter that a servant apprised me of the presence of a stranger in my parlor, on urgent business. On entering the apartment, he introduced himself to me as Mr. Talbot, a solicitor from Louisiana. I had heard of him before, and knew well his character for rectitude and ability. He seemed very much embarrassed, and at last, summoning resolution, placed the letter he held, in my hand, adding: "My business here is a painful one, and the sooner we close it the better."

I read, with irrepressible emotion, this letter from Lucia:

"MR. HERBERT,—Three months have elapsed since the sad tidings of my son's death reached me. I have since then been bowed to dust, too heavily to attend to the most ordinary duties. But God has strengthened me again to raise my head from the earth, to feel and act. I had lived in a sweet and beautiful dream of winning my child's affections, of claiming his protection, when he should be of an age to hear the voice of truth. I had not intended to give up my child forever, though, to continue near him, I was not willing to be your slave. I could not have hoped to win his respect, confidence, love, situated as I was, and as you deemed me unworthy to be the guide of the child God had given me, I felt that I could not serve him better than to withdraw. But the hope of re-union has hitherto led me cheerfully along through the dull monotony of my life, and nerved me to the performance of my arduous duties. That hope is over, and I awake to the crushing reality of my fate—I am alone. As long as he lived I was content to hide myself in the shadows, to avoid your persecution, content to bear your name because it was also his. But now my fetters gall me, and I ask to have them removed. In my sorrow, my sickness of mind and body, I dread the possibility of your oppression, veiled under the title of just claims. I ask of you, in atonement for all you have deprived me of—home, happiness, child, friends, fame (for even this have you wrenched from me)—the only gift I would accept from your hands, the restitution of my father's name and my freedom. My love for you was tender, deep and reverential. My happiness was for a time too perfect. I mention these things that I may contrast them with my present feelings. I do not hate you, Mr. Herbert; my creed forbids such a treatment, but I regard you with a cold and fixed aversion, that nothing can remove. You have dealt hardly by me, have blighted all the years of my youth, and banished me from my idol; yet these things I solemnly forgive, in consideration of this last act of justice. Mr. Talbot is authorized to confer with you on the subject of a divorce."

The letter fell from my hands, and I stood for awhile in speechless sorrow. Charles, until that moment I had almost unconsciously cherished an insane hope that we might again be reconciled, and that years of devotion and penitence on my part might atone for the past. The cold scorn of her words admitted of no misunderstanding; I felt that the decree was irrevocable, that she was lost to me forever. I turned to Mr. Talbot.

"Go," I said, "do whatever she requires. The court will readily grant her plea of cruelty as just, urged without opposition from me. Say to her, that the freedom she so ardently desires is hers, together with one third of my estate. But for our son, it should be half."

"Your son, does he yet live?" he asked, with unfeigned surprise.

"He lives," I replied; "yet let not this knowledge affect your proceedings in any way. Under any circumstances she will be happier as the mistress of her own fate; and her son—tell her he shall be all to her she hopes and wishes in a few years. As soon as his education is complete, his life shall be devoted to her service. Speak also of these," I said, lifting my hand to my whitened hairs. "Tell her she is avenged."

I could not say more; tears choked my utterance. Mr. Talbot departed, pressing my hand, ere he did so, in token of sympathy. After the divorce was concluded, and all papers signed and sealed, in answer to my earnest inquiry, he revealed to me the retirement of Lucia. She had taught as an humble governess, in the family of Mrs. Le Compte, an old friend of her father's, during the six years of our separation. She had withdrawn even from the limited society of the neighborhood (the plantation was situated in an obscure portion of Louisiana), and assuming the name of Raymond, preserved the secret of her identity from all save Madame Le Compte. Through the connections of this lady, frequent information had been conveyed to her of the welfare of her son; but these relatives having recently moved from this place to some other part of the United States, she had been left in ignorance of his fate for more than a year, when the news of his death reached her. As I have said, she had not heard the refutation of this report at the time Mr. Talbot left her, and owing to circumstances which I shall mention presently, it did not reach her ear for a long time after.

On his journey home the excellent man she had entrusted with her affairs perished miserably on the steamboat Clarence, which was destroyed by fire between Natchez and New Orleans. His effects of course were destroyed, and among these letters containing the offer of fortune I have mentioned, which, from the first, Mr. Talbot had assured me would be rejected, and the information that her son lived. Yet more—the bitter and fervent outpourings of my penitent and contrite heart.

I left for Europe a few days after the departure of the lawyer; nor did I know until my return, five years later, of his dreadful fate, and naturally conceived it only a greater evidence of contempt and aversion on the part of your mother that my letters were unnoticed. The divorce being a public and recorded document, she, of course, was made acquainted with it through an official notice forwarded to her in due form.

It was in packing my library previously to leaving Charleston that I found, on an obscure shelf, the MS. diary I have before spoken of. Had I opened the leaves of a violet, to gaze upon the nestling flower, I could have found nothing more sweet, more pure, than this record of her maiden feelings. This much I gathered from its pages. She had engaged herself during her father's life, at the early age of fifteen, to Eustace Leonard, a man of good family and education, but poor, and commencing life as a struggling artist. Mr. Raymond had not disapproved of their ultimate union, but deemed it best, as did Leonard himself, that he should accept the offer of a wealthy uncle to accompany him to Europe, and perfect himself in his art. His stay there was prolonged by the failing health of this relative, whom he was unwilling to leave in a land of strangers. After the death of Mr. Raymond, when adversity gathered over the abode of the widow and the orphan, and they were forced to go into a strange place in search of bread, he ceased to write, or appeared to cease, though, in reality (as it has been seen), he was not aware of their change of fortune or abode, and continued to address letters to the care of one long dead. The gradual and bitter alienation of Lucia's heart from her early lover, was traced in these pages in all its phases. She pictured him as rich, happy, successful, and contrasting her desolate situation with his own, she accused him of perfidy, time-serving, and ingratitude. In opposition to this, I found my character drawn in characters of light. Her deep incessant yearnings to see me during her mother's illness, her respect, her affection for, her confidence in me, were all portrayed in colors that only served to increase my anguish. The diary ceased with our marriage. Charles, that volume must lie with me in the tomb. You went with me to Europe. We wandered over that wondrous region aimless, objectless—impelled by a restless, goading spirit, which found no relief from change—nothing new in novelty itself. In the Florentine Gallery I passed Leonard.

"There is a distinguished artist," said a companion to me. "Do you not know him? He has obtained a celebrity even in this land of painters. He returns to America in a few days,

laden with laurels. His picture of the Death of Clitus has been purchased at an enormous price by Cardinal Marcini."

A year later, on my return to France, I took up an American paper, and read an account of the marriage of Eustace Leonard, Esq., to Lucia, daughter of the late Mr. Raymond, at the residence of Madame Le Compte, Louisiana.

I led you forth, my boy, that evening through the streets of Paris, in compliance with your eager entreaty; for a grand illumination made the city glorious, and the people were passing through its boulevards and gardens, in honor of some great national occasion! What mockery to me was all that glare and confusion! I felt as if a dream encompassed me and the memory of that evening—that city—yet returns with a strange horror to my brain. But you knew nothing of my despair, nor can you ever imagine half the desolation, the suffering of my soul. Charles, believe me, when I tell you hers was the only face of woman I ever thought beautiful. Indeed, I never perused any other long enough to know its features or judge its expression. The garments that she wore—the very fashion of her hair, had something of sacredness in my sight; and the touch of her slender and most beautiful hands, which often soothed me in pain, and ministered to me at all seasons, seems still to linger on my forehead when I awake from sleep; and at such times starting in agony from dreams of her and my lost happiness, I cannot realize that she lies cold in the grave, a part of the sod of the valley, or that years, long years of coldness and of sorrow, have passed since those fond hands rested on my brow. Let me proceed.

After a lapse of years I returned to the United States, leaving you in Gottingen to complete your education. I fixed my residence in New York; the associations connected with Charleston were of too bitter a nature to permit me to return there. I found, in a few weeks, that the studio of Leonard was in the same city, and that fate had thrown me at last in the vicinity of Lucia. Charles, it was natural to suppose that I should have fled the place; and such, indeed, was my first intention on learning that your mother dwelt so near me; but something seemed to chain me to the spot—a weak, a wild desire to breathe the same air she breathed—to tread the same earth she trod—withheld me from departing.

I seldom saw Leonard, and when we met it was to hurry past each other without speaking. In that great city it is easy for men to avoid each other, especially when their walks of life are different. The residence of Leonard was in Brooklyn. An insatiable and burning desire to stand beneath its walls, to behold its inhabitants in their domestic relations, took possession of my heart. Such a feeling as might possess a lost and sorrowful spirit to gaze upon the happy and beloved in heaven, though irrevocably separated by an impassable gulf. It was a dark and sultry summer evening when, taking a boat, I crossed the river, and found, without difficulty, the residence of Leonard. The artist's home was lowly, and without pretensions; but its white walls rose amid gardens of uncommon beauty; and its situation, retired and lofty, was one of peculiar loveliness. I entered the garden gate and stood beneath the windows of an apartment which reached the ground, and through the half-closed shutters of which I could discern, by the mild radiance of a lamp, the scene within. It was the family sitting-room. Seated on a low chair, while an infant slumbered on her knees—and the serious gaze of her upturned face was riveted on that of her husband—I beheld Lucia! Leonard was reading aloud a new poem, and, as in other days, her changing cheeks proclaimed her deep attention and emotion. A child of three years old lay on the sofa, wrapped in deep slumber. Young Edward's face was turned directly towards me, and, as I have elsewhere told you, his lineaments were hers.

It was not without the deepest emotion I beheld this scene. I clung to a tree for support as I gazed on the Eden I had lost—with no bitterness of feeling; for remorse, shame and sorrow had obliterated all hate and envy. When the perusal of the poem was over, I turned away—and not without blessings on the head of him who had restored the happiness of that benighted heart. It was not for me to listen to the private communing of the married pair; I only came to gaze; and gaze I did, long and insatiably. Then, turning away, I plunged into the outer darkness; yet there was comfort in that visit. She was redeemed from misery.

Again I beheld her. I stood in New York, at the door of a spacious hotel surrounded by friends, who listened earnestly to me. When she passed, leading her little son by the hand, my words died on my lips. Cold dew arose to my forehead, and I gazed upon her so fixedly, that the attention of others was attracted towards her. And much they wondered at my deep and too evident emotion, though her mien, her beauty, her very dress, and the loveliness of the boy she led, were all made themes of admiration by them. They knew it could not be a feeling like their own that agitated me, even to faintness. But not one among the crowd knew the history of my misery, and I left them, with some faint apology about the overpowering heat of the weather, to form their own conjectures.

I saw her again. She lay in a deep and placid slumber; her hands folded on her breast—those hands, whose slender and delicate proportions I have elsewhere mentioned; and she was paler than marble, and even more icy cold. No change then of the ever-varying cheek, so distinctive once of beauty; but a sweet and serene smile seemed to linger over her features, and the dark braids of hair lay in heavy and slumberous masses on her brow. The room in which she reposed was dim and odorous with flowers. I had penetrated into that sanctuary uninvited, unwelcomed, unnoticed—to behold her once more ere the coffin lid was closed over all that remained of the noblest, the loveliest, the most deeply injured of beings.

But I have anticipated here in recording this last interview, if such might be called the meeting of the repentant living and the unconscious dead. A letter, in the handwriting of Leonard, reached me nearly two months before. It stated:

"I had thought never to address you more, but at the request of one you once loved, yet deeply injured, I take a step painful and repugnant to my feelings. Lucia has heard that her son lives—that he is in Germany, pursuing his education. Since this rumor—at first discredited by us—became certainty, she has known no rest, no peace. She is ill. Consumption has fastened its fangs upon her; and the fearful knowledge has burst upon me at last that she is doomed. Consumed by fever, exhausted by disease, she is possessed by one idea, one yearning desire alone—that of beholding, of clasping her son in her arms. Her situation is rendered more dangerous from the constant agitation of her mind on this subject. She entertains an idea that you will not permit him to see her—that your design is to separate them eternally. For the honor of mankind I trust it is not thus. If there remains one spark of generosity in your bosom you will not refuse the prayer of, I fear, a dying mother. Recall your son, I entreat you, Mr. Herbert; and let me convey to her the comforting intelligence that you have done so. She never sleeps without murmuring his name. By the advice of physicians, as well as her own earnest entreaties, I address you on this subject."

I did not hesitate for a moment to recall you, and to write an earnest and sympathizing letter to Leonard. Charles, you arrived just one week too late. The infant Lucia lay in her mother's grave, cradled in death on the breast that gave her life. In less than a year (during which he had thrown aside every employment, and permitted his affairs to become inextricably involved), Leonard died—of despair, I well believe—leaving his son utterly destitute, on the charity of a cold and merciless world.

Most thankfully did I embrace the opportunity now afforded me to aid the child of Lucia. Through a faithful agent I have caused her son to receive every advantage of education, every indulgence proper to his age and happiness. Nor was it a part of my plan that he should know aught of the source of the benefits he received, lest, in maturer years, he might curse the hand that aided him. I have watched him from a distance, and perceived with joy that he is animated by his mother's noble spirit; that he is proud and industrious, upright and intelligent.

Charles, never forget that Edward Leonard is your brother—the son of your much injured mother. Finish the partial atonement I have begun. Watch over him—treat him with care and affection, and when the proper time arrives (and this I leave to your own judgment) make known to him your relationship.

I need not say to you, use your abundant fortune liberally in his behalf, but not until he has been thrown sufficiently on his own resources to prove his worth and ability. May you, my son, be preserved from the errors of your father!

THE WEDDING TOUR.—Perhaps, after all, there is some sense in wedding tours. At first, the attention is drawn away from each other by the change of scene, and afterwards by the duties of life. It lets them down easily. It is a dissolving view that imperceptibly discloses a stern reality!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

REST.

BY SYBIL PARK.

Now the hands are folded up,
That gathered golden sheaves,
When the morning sunlight shone
On the dewy leaves.
In the pleasant harvest time,
When the fields were brown,
And the earth was bright and warm,
Then we laid thee down.
Noble brother, life is won,
All thy summer's toil is done.

We are waiting for thee yet—
Waiting all in vain;
And our tears are dropping fast,
Like the summer rain.
Often, when the twilight comes,
When our hearts are still,
Do we hear thy well-known step
Echo on the sill,
And we fondly call thy name,
Deeming thou art come again.

Rest thee, sleeper, calmly rest,
Where the green boughs wave,
And the holy stars will keep
Vigils o'er thy grave.
Never more shall thought of care
Dim that quiet brow—
Never more shall grief or sin
Break thy slumber now.
Sleep, our brother, softly sleep,
Where the pearly night-dews weep.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY COUSIN MADELINE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

I WAS sitting in my cousin's boudoir one winter afternoon, enjoying the comfort of her bright Leigh fire, and admiring the taste with which she had fitted up the small but pretty room, to which she admitted none but her most intimate friends. I, being a cousin, was of course a privileged character, and made my *entree* whenever I pleased. On that afternoon my mind was not in the calmest mood imaginable. I had just been subject to the most heartless treatment, from one of the most finished coquettes in our set. I had been warned again and again to avoid Blanche Forrest and her treacherous arts; but, to use a well-worn simile, I fluttered round her as doth a moth round a candle, and experienced the same disastrous end.

It was on this afternoon, therefore, that I brought my scorched wings and bleeding heart, to extort from my cousin Madeline the sympathy and healing which she had already extended to me when groaning under the weight of five successive and similar troubles. Yes, no less than five times had the coquettes of Tanglewood lacerated my poor heart by their selfish cruelty; and each time had I come to show my wounds to Madeline, and ask from her the measureless sympathy which she alone could give me.

I would as soon think of putting my head into a lion's mouth as of asking the commiseration of my two sisters, Kate and Annie; but Madeline Conant was a being of another order from my volatile sisters—she was mild, equable and gentle, and had a tear for every sorrow.

Madeline was not in, but the girl who admitted me said she would be at home in half an hour; and I preferred waiting for her. As I said, notwithstanding the sorrow I was experiencing, I could not help admiring the evidences of my cousin's taste which were scattered profusely around. Books of the rarest binding, in carved book-cases, lined one entire side of the room; birds, in gilded cages, were half-concealed by the forest of leaves and roses in which they were nestled. A few good pictures hung upon the walls, while the furniture had that indescribable fitness which only persons of rare taste can select and arrange.

I sat down to my cousin's polished writing-desk, and tried to give vent to my feelings in words of fire. Dash—dash—dash went my pen, as I threw off sentence after sentence of very wild, and I fancied of very unintelligible import; at any rate, no mortal but myself could know the significance of my impassioned poetry.

While I wrote Madeline entered. She looked over my shoulder and saw what I had written. She had heard the news while out, and it seems that she was prepared for my presence, and, of course, for my demand upon her sympathy.

"Cousin Philip," said Madeline; "for shame! Do not give way to thoughts like these—you fill me with affright. How wildly, recklessly, you write."

"Well, Madeline, it is not in the nature of man to have suffered as I have, and not make an expression of it. All my life long, dear Madeline, I have been made miserable by those whom I love best. All the heart-aches, all the long, miserable hours that have fallen to my lot, all the anguish that has followed upon any error of my life, and all the reproaches that I have ever endured, have come, not from enemies, for those I have strength and courage to withstand, but from those I have loved; and now that my life is drawing on towards the sere and yellow leaf, there is more and deeper significance in these trials than when they came upon me in early youth." I was running on thus wildly, when Madeline's gentle voice stopped me.

"Well, Philip, why do you care for those who deceive you? Are they worth all the fire and passion that you have thrown off in these terrible lines?—lines that make me shudder to think of your writing. Show them that, although they have power to make your mind miserable, yet that God also hath power to give you peace. Leave them to their own misery—it will surely come. No person ever yet sinned, Cousin Philip—and tampering with human hearts and affections is sin—that did not have the punishment in their own conscience. It is not for you nor me to point out how much punishment this or that sin demands, or how much has been decreed for it. All who have ever sinned may know the significance and weight of punishment far better than any other can determine its strength or duration. It was not Blanche Forrest that you loved, Philip; it was an ideal woman, which your own good heart set up for an idol, and you baptized it with her name."

"Madeline!" I exclaimed, "you never talked thus to me before. Who or what taught you all this? It sounds strangely enough to my ears, coming from you. Why, you are a mere *child!* and you talk of sin and punishment as if they were things that you had known and experienced."

"Do not seek, Philip, to know the way in which I received my knowledge of good and evil. I shall not give you the particulars of my experience. It is enough that as far as I erred, it was voluntary, deliberate error; as far as I was punished, it was—well, it may be lifelong. You call me a child, Philip, and yet I am but a few years younger than yourself. You have called me little Madeline so long, that I too am falling, as you say of yourself, into the sere and yellow leaf."

I assured her that I had not forgotten the many hours in which she had soothed me when sad, and rejoiced with me when happy; and that I should not soon forget how even now her words had instilled a strange sort of inward peace into my soul. I made a movement as if to destroy my writing.

"No, indeed, Philip," said Madeline, "keep them, or let me keep them rather, and some day when Blanche Forrest is forgotten; when the angel of peace has breathed kindly upon your wounded soul; when you have lost the memory of all these wild words here, then you shall write again, and compare what you write then with what you have written now." And Madeline took the paper and locked it in a secret drawer of her desk.

I would have given worlds to know in what my cousin Madeline's error and punishment consisted—and I told her so, even after her prohibition. She looked at me mournfully for a few minutes, without speaking; at length she said:

"I too have tampered with a heart that loved me; I too loved him who kept that faithful heart for me alone. I recklessly threw it from me, believing that he would return and lay it again at my feet. He never came again! and in these words you may read the solution of my punishment."

I had long been desiring to go abroad. My recent disappointment had only sharpened this desire. I was not rich enough, however, to indulge this mood; but as fate willed it, Madeline's father gave me an opportunity of transacting some business with his French agent, who, strangely enough, had ceased to make any returns of the manner in which he had executed his trust. I accepted the commission eagerly. Mr. Conant gave me a *carte blanche*, to draw upon his banker for my expenses.

I was a novice at voyaging, as well as at travelling, but I managed to get through both without my inexperience being detected. I believe that I soon lost the pensive cast of countenance, which, as a discarded lover, I had worn for some weeks, and when I shook hands with Cousin

Madeline at parting, it was with almost my old cheerfulness.

We promised to write to each other frequently, and her letters were eagerly looked for, and promptly answered. Occasionally there was a word of Blanche Forrest. She was as gay and careless as ever; and yet Madeline thought she could sometimes detect a shade of passing sorrow under the seeming recklessness of manner. I believe that I was coxcomb enough at that time to think I could marry almost any one I chose. I sometimes thought that I would go home and marry my cousin Madeline; as if she, pensive and dignified in her own private sorrow, would deign to marry one whose heart had been pierced so often as my own.

While absent, I formed an acquaintance with a young man who had come out with the intention of perfecting himself as an artist. We became so intimate, in fact, that we shared the same room, the same table, and were always together, except in those hours in which I attended to my uncle's business, and he to his profession. One day I chanced to mention Tanglewood, and was surprised to see that his usually pale face was instantly lighted by a deep and painful flush. He listened eagerly as I spoke, musing apparently upon each sentence which I uttered, and seeming to watch for some familiar name.

I mentioned only a few, however, and those to whom I was almost wholly indifferent, for I dislike talking of those who are dear to me in the presence of strangers. He looked disappointed when I ceased to talk of Tanglewood, and often tried to lead back the conversation. I surprised him one day with a miniature in his hand, which his trembling fingers vainly tried to replace in his bosom. He was so agitated at last, that he ceased his attempts at secreting it, and at length he passed it over to my side of the table.

"There," said he, trying feebly to smile, "did you ever see a face in Tanglewood like that?"

I looked at it long and earnestly, without speaking, but at the first stolen glance I had already seen that it was my cousin Madeline.

"It was a breach of trust in him," he said, "to show it. It was not given him by the lady herself, but painted from his memory." And yet no picture could be more truthful, or more striking in its resemblance.

It was Madeline in one of her brightest moods; her full lips parted with an almost disdainful look, and her soft brown hair curling, as was its wont, over her shoulders. It was this mode of wearing her hair, united with the smallness of her statue, which gave Madeline a look so childlike, for in truth she was not young. She was right when she said we both were falling into the sere and yellow leaf.

I saw instantly, as upon a map, all the past life of my cousin Madeline. Here was the solution of her unhappiness, so strangely opened to me, without seeking. I found here at once the sin of which she believed herself guilty, and the punishment which she fancied would last her through life.

For the first time in my life I blamed my cousin Madeline. She had indeed been tampering with a noble and generous heart. Had William Linscott been rich, I should not have felt so deeply; but I knew how sensitively he felt his poverty, and that any slight to him would be doubly cruel. Added to this, I felt that he was one well suited to Madeline Conant. Their habits, tastes and opinions had just that delicate shade of difference which promises harmony better than when all the tones are on one key.

I made a firm resolve in my own mind that these two natures should not long be disunited. This was almost heroic on my part, for since I parted from my cousin Madeline, I had almost determined to ask her to marry me on my return. But I had begun to love William Linscott as a brother, and I determined to ensure both his happiness and that of my cousin Madeline.

When next I wrote her, I described my friend in the most glowing colors, without hinting that I knew of her former acquaintance with him—which I could well do, because during all that period I had been absent from Tanglewood, for several years, and consequently had never heard of William Linscott.

Madeline's answer came. It was evidently written under strong emotion. Thus she wrote: "I may now tell you, Cousin Philip, what I partially told you on the day of your disappointment in Blanche Forrest. I may now tell you, for I know that you will not betray me, that the true heart which I cast away was that of William Linscott's. I have had had my punishment, Philip. Deeply as I have erred, the punishment has been deeper still."

When I wrote again, I ventured to tell her of the miniature. I felt that it would assure her of Linscott's continued affection; and I entreated her to allow me to give him some token to show that she had not forgotten him.

Her next letter ran thus: "Do as you think right, Philip. I lay down all my pride, all my haughtiness—nay, even my sense of worldly propriety, at your feet, certain that you will not compromise one who has been to you as a sister."

I hardly knew how to break this to Linscott. Hitherto I had not named Madeline; but now I began to talk of Tanglewood, and, as if incidentally, I spoke of my uncle Conant. The same bright flush came upon Linscott's pale face, as he gasped out, "Then you knew that miniature! Why did you not tell me?"

"Because," said I, "I wished first to ascertain Madeline's real feelings towards you."

He looked up quickly. "And have you ascertained?" he asked.

"I have," I answered, "and they are such as to justify you in returning with me to Tanglewood. I have no further duty to perform here, and shall be ready to sail next week."

It was almost painful to see the impatient eagerness with which Linscott closed with my proposal. His long, thin fingers quivered with excitement, as, unknowing what he did, he attempted at once to pack up his artist's materials.

"Not quite so fast, Linscott," I said. "You will have abundant time, between now and next Wednesday, to arrange all your 'belongings.'"

He smiled at his own absurdity, but in a moment an expression of pain came over his features.

"She has deceived me once," he exclaimed—"me who trusted in her as man never trusted before, and how do I know she will not again repeat the same humiliating offence against me?"

"You do Madeline great wrong," I said. "Do you think a woman would humble herself as she has done, in almost winning you back through me, unless she has sincerely and truly repented of the wrong she has committed? Believe me, she has suffered much on your account; for, although she never spoke your name, she related, with tears, what she called her error and her punishment."

Linscott was convinced; and long before the appointed day was eager and impatient to begin the voyage. When, at last, we were safely on board, his contented and almost happy face gave me great joy. During the voyage he would sometimes fall into despondency, and begin to calculate the chances for his happiness; at such times I threatened to marry my cousin Madeline as soon as we returned.

I soon left Linscott, however, to his own meditations upon his absent love. A new object had attracted my attention and my curiosity. For three or four successive days a litter, covered with net-work, had been brought on deck and placed under an awning. Of course all around this was held to be enchanted ground, and no foot of passenger must dare to tread within the mystic circle.

But when those few days had gone by, the network was gradually removed, and a pale but beautiful face peered from beneath its ample folds. It must have been a slight figure which could have found room within that small litter; and the lightness of its weight was fully tested by the ease with which the two seamen brought it on deck.

Some days afterwards the same figure was seated in a large arm-chair, almost lost in its capacious resting-place. Nothing could be seen except the white face and hands, and a wealth of muslin drapery. On this day, which was exceedingly calm, Linscott had ventured to take his drawing materials on deck, and was re-producing my cousin Madeline's head, with the hair arranged in various ways. The sick girl caught sight of his employment, and sent the cabin boy, who was lingering near her, awaiting her orders, to beg that he would allow her to look at some of his drawings.

It was the first time that Linscott had noticed her. He had been so absorbed in his own thoughts, that he had not even seen the vision which had haunted me for so many successive days. He scarcely comprehended the boy's message; and when he did, he was too bashful to comply with the request. He handed me his portfolio, and begged me to take it to her myself. It was the very thing I wanted to do, and I eagerly availed myself of his wish. I trod softly towards the enchanted circle, and dropping on a low seat which had been occupied by the boy, at her feet, I took out the drawings for her inspection. While she was delightedly gazing upon the beautiful creations of Linscott, I was still more delightedly gazing upon the face above me. It was very pale—not habitually, I should judge, but only from recent sickness.

Among the drawings was a head of Madeline, which Linscott had undoubtedly forgotten to take out for he was exceedingly sensitive upon such points. On his account, therefore, I made a motion to withdraw it. I saw a smile steal over the pale face, and the slender fingers grasp the drawing still tighter.

"It is very beautiful," she said.

I explained to her whose it was, and why the artist was unwilling to have it seen among his drawings, and moreover that the original was my cousin. She released it immediately, and I replaced it in the most secret folds of the folio.

From that day, without knowing each other's name, we were together a great portion of the time. Every morning I watched that pale face when it appeared above the stairs leading to the deck, and releasing her from the sailors who brought her thus far, I bore her in my arms to her resting-place under the awning.

Poor Linscott! I was forsaking him entirely; but I satisfied my conscience that I had given him my cousin, and that was all he could reasonably require. I continued, therefore, to devote myself to the unknown beauty. Soon she began to venture to the side of the ship, to which I guided her weak and uncertain steps. She loved to sit there at sunset, and watch the last bright clouds as they reflected in the ocean, and would unwillingly leave her seat, when the twilight hour was deepening into dusk.

I had left her for a moment, one night as she was seated thus, admiring the last rays of sunset, and returned with a heavy shawl, in which I designed to wrap her little figure, in order to protect her from the evening damps. While coming up on deck, my eye was attracted by a label to the shawl. On it was the name, "Grace Walsingham." This, then, undoubtedly, was her name, and I stood for a moment admiring the delicate writing on the bit of white ribbon which was sewed upon the shawl.

As I approached, she beckoned me with her hand. "An enormous fish," she said, "had been floating around the ship during my absence." From her description, I judged it to be a shark, as only a few days before I had heard the captain speak of seeing one at a distance. I pointed out to her the name which I had discovered.

"We are fairly introduced, then," she said, "for I learned your name this morning from the captain. I wished much to know to whom I am indebted for so many attentions."

At this moment she stood up for me to place the shawl upon her person. I do not to this day know how it was; but partly, I suppose, from her own weakness, and partly from my awkwardness in folding the shawl, her slender figure swayed forward, and in an instant she was disappearing over the side of the ship. It was the work of a moment to throw off my heavy coat and plunge after her; but in that moment the agony of years seemed compressed, for I thought at once of the monster she had described.

I saw her long hair floating on the waves, the pale face upturned, and her white drapery tinged by the setting sun. What passed for a few minutes longer, or how I reached her, I am unable to say; but my first consciousness was of holding her in my arms, clasping her closely yet tenderly, holding her streaming locks above the water, and murmuring words of endearment and encouragement. She heard them, and what was still more, she returned them. Even while struggling with the waves, I heard her sweet voice murmur, "Philip," and again, "*dear* Philip!"

I think I could have died joyfully then. I believe then, most truly, that I could have gone down to that watery grave without a murmur, bearing as I did, that now beloved form in my arms. Other eyes had witnessed her fall and my plunge; and other brave hearts had prompted willing limbs to come to our rescue. I heard the brave sailors drop, one by one, into the waves. I heard their cheering voices, as they came on, shouting to us to bear up. I knew no more until I found myself lying on a couch, close by the litter which held the dripping form of her who had been saved from destruction. They were pouring wine between her pale lips, and Linscott was standing beside me with a glass in his hand.

"She is safe," he said; but that I knew before. My first glance assured me that she was living, and moreover I heard her voice faintly yet sweetly inquiring for me; and when I ascertained that the brave seamen who rescued us were all safe, it seemed that life had no greater happiness in store for me. Half an hour later I was seated beside her, her hand clasped in mine, listening to her gentle thanks.

"My father will thank you, Mr. Annesley," said she. "He would deem no sacrifice too great for the preserver of his child."

It occurred to me now, for the first time, that I had never wondered why Grace was here without a protector. Perhaps she read my looks as I thought this, for she added immediately, that she was going to meet her father, who from some cause was prevented from going for her.

She had been at some school near Paris, and the gentleman to whose care her father had consigned her, had unfortunately died only a few days before the ship was to sail, and she had preferred to adopt her father's plan of going home in this ship, rather than remain until he could send for her. All this she told me, not continuously, as I have written it, but in broken sentences, and at long intervals.

I took her in my arms and carried her below, to have her wet blankets removed, and her garments exchanged. It was now late in the evening, and I saw her no more that night. I retired to my state-room, and slept from weariness and exhaustion; but in my dreams I again felt those clinging arms, and heard her voice murmuring again, in delicious tones, "dear Philip!" I had been so selfishly engaged with my own interests, that I had forgotten poor Linscott. But I now devoted every hour in which Grace slept to repair my neglect of him. He had not heeded it at all, apparently, for he was deep in his own rose-colored dreams.

Well, our voyage ended, as all things must, and we arrived in the very midst of bright summer weather. Grace was impatient to go to her father, and I took it upon me to convey her to his residence; but as fortune would have it, a severe thunder shower drove us to take shelter at Tanglewood, which lay between the city and Mr. Walsingham's home. We stopped at Tanglewood House—for so was the hotel named—and as we drew up beside its door, there stood my uncle's carriage, and in the parlor my cousin Madeline.

I pass over the meeting with Linscott and Madeline. It is enough to say that he was not dissatisfied with his reception. I cannot express the delight with which Madeline regarded the little fairy whom I had brought with me, nor the eagerness with which she urged her to stay at Tanglewood. But the father's claims admitted of no delay, and Grace urged me to set off immediately when the shower abated.

As we entered the carriage, the sun shone out with golden splendor, and seemed to augur a bright future for us both. We reached Mr. Walsingham's residence, and I restored Grace to the arms of the fine, noble-looking gentleman who met us on the piazza, and whom it needed no introduction to assure me that it was her father. And Grace—

"What are you writing about me, father?" asked Grace the younger, as she laid her little hand upon my shoulder.

I have been married now ten years, reader, and Linscott and Madeline live close beside us; our children play constantly together, and I do not think that in all Tanglewood—nay, not even in all Christendom—there are two happier families than ours. Some shadows have indeed passed over us, but they were light, and their memory only tempers our otherwise exuberant happiness.

"Tell me what you are writing of me, father," said Grace, again.

I was ashamed to tell my little girl that I was writing a love story, especially as her father and mother were among the heroes and heroines, so I bade her go to play with her little brother and sister on the lawn, while I read what I had written to Grace the elder, whose rosy cheeks and matronly figure would scarcely recall the pale face and slender form that lay upon the deck on that terrible evening.

Madeline stepped softly in when I began to read; she too is changed, but, although older than Grace, she is hardly less handsome, and is still the same noble-hearted woman as of old—still our beloved COUSIN MADELINE.

LATE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

We present our readers on this page with a portrait of Abd-er-Rhaman, the late Emperor of Morocco, who died a short time ago. His reign is likely to be memorable as the last of those Moorish potentates who enjoyed to the full the sway of their race and their faith untroubled by European influences. Even he was now and then disturbed in his dominions by his Christian neighbors. France herself went to war with him while the Algerian struggle was going on, but the quarrel was soon made up, and he was again left in peace. A different fate awaits his successor. Hardly had he succeeded to the throne when the Spanish government—which, by the way, is beginning again to raise the head of that kingdom among the nations of Europe—made a demand upon him for compensation for injuries done to her subjects in the neighboring town of Ceuta. The demand was backed by the display of a strong military force; and but for the mediation of England, war would before this time have broken out. The new emperor has, however, shown himself tractable; the immediate danger is overblown, but it is clear that he can only keep his position by abandoning his old barbarian habits, and coming within the circle of civilization. How much need for reform, at least in the eyes of Europeans, there is, will be apparent when we state that he, by common and undisputed consent, bears the title of Emir of the true Believers and Vicar of God; he claims supremacy over the whole Arab race, and pretends that the Ottoman sultans have usurped the caliphate. The emperor's power is unlimited and direct; he does not govern by means of a vizir and ministers, nor has he any council of ulemas to consult. He sometimes convokes the chief dignitaries of the empire to ask their advice, but can act without it, if he pleases. The emperor gives public audiences either in the palace or on horseback under his parasol, which is the emblem of authority, and is always borne by a caid. Neither native nor foreigner must approach him without a present, as a letter of introduction. The emperor resides alternately at his two capitals, Fez and Morocco, and occasionally visits other cities of his empire. In whatever town he appears, he exercises his chief attribution of administering justice and judging in last resort. Where he may be, all authority is, for the time of his stay, vested in his person. In his absence the provinces are governed by caids, califas, and cadis, which last also perform the religious service in the mosques.

ABD-ER-RHAMAN, THE LATE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

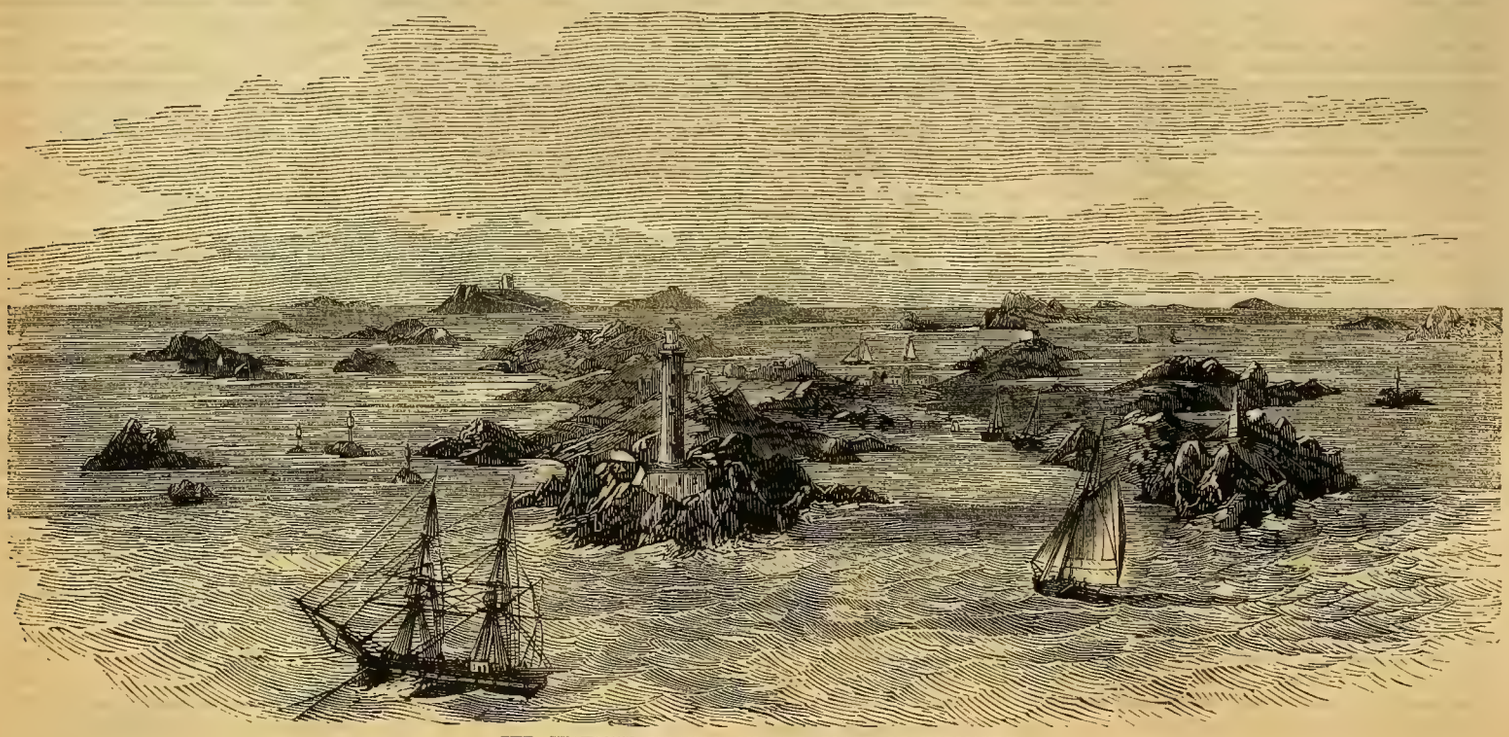
THE CHAUSSEY ISLANDS.

We give an engraving depicting the position of the islands of Chaussey, situated off the coast of Normandy, one of the most beautiful and fertile ports of France, and resembling in its general aspect some of the finest parts of England. Its harbors secure for it a large portion of the commerce of the kingdom. Its chief ports are Havre de Grace, Dieppe, Cherbourg and Caen; and its principal towns Rouen, Evreux, Bayeux and Coutances. It takes its name from the Norman (Scandinavians) settlers under Duke Rollo, in the tenth century, to whom it was ceded as a fief, by Charles IV. William, the seventh duke, was the conqueror of England; and Normandy continued to be a province of England till it was lost in the reign of John, and re-united to France, from which it had been severed about three centuries. The islands of Chaussey, off the coast, forming a group, are about four leagues in circumference. The most important of them are known as the Great Isle, the Ensign, the Huguenoms, the Isle of Birds, and Corbiere, the last of which is represented to the right of our engraving; the large group to the right represents Port Maria. The islands are picturesquely situated, and from their position would be most serviceable during an invasion.

REFINING EXPERIENCES OF SICKNESS.

There is a class of persons to whom sickness has a delicate and refined ministry. It is those in whom the religious character has been cultivated and developed. The contemplations of a sick room to a person of religious habits, are certainly among the most refined and spiritual experiences of life. Nowhere else in life does the soul so clearly vindicate its superiority to everything. From the sick man's window the whole prospect has a spiritual hue. All things take their places in a new and higher order. Beauty, hitherto unappreciated, seems concealed in everything. Intellectual and moral qualities seem to invest the commonest objects. The delicacies which delight his tender senses are miracles of goodness; and he wonders how he could have ever lived, and not seen it before. The scale of being seems to be pitched higher, and more delicately balanced. It is one of the most remarkable qualities of the sick room experiences of a religious mind, to weave everything into the plan of goodness. And it is good; it is not an effort of a half-consenting mind, trying to think that it is so; so clearly is the quality discerned, and so completely does it transcend everything else, through its high affinities, that it *is good*. I have never known of such an one as I refer to now, who did not discern that goodness prevailed; that it was the ascendant in everything; and that the mingling of relations in which the eye of sense sees so much that it calls evil, is in reality good. One who has now passed from mortal sight said to me, a few days before her death, as from her bed she looked out upon the few objects that could be seen from her window, "Everything is beautiful. I wonder how it is. These flowers (turning her eye to a bouquet upon the table) fill me with delight. And," said she, just lifting her finger from the pillow and pointing to the window, with a smile, "there is that old dead tree; it seems to me the most beautiful thing in the world. I lie here hour after hour, and look at it, and think of God's goodness and love in putting it there; and then I think of the goodness of those who bring me these flowers. Everything and everybody seems good to me. I never know there was so much goodness in the world before." Now, where arises this quick affinity with all that is kind and beautiful and benevolent? Why do the little kindnesses which the common sympathies of our nature prompt, enlarge into great acts of love? Why does nature, in her very desolation, put on garments of beauty and glory, filling the weary spirit with ever new delight? The sick room contemplations of a religious mind weave all life's meaning and mystery into the fabric of goodness and love. Sickness, as we commonly esteem it, is a calamity. It *is* a calamity, according to our measure of evil. No one in his right mind would pray to be laid prostrate with disease. But there are many, who, from the depths of a blessed experience, can thank God that they have been. You may talk about health as much as you please; you may extol it as the richest blessing which descends upon our mortal lot, and justly. But I ask any one who has ever had a profound experience of sickness, of sickness exalted by the holy influences of religion, if he would exchange those experiences for the health which they cost him.—*Rev. Horatio Stebbins.*

The records of life run thus: Man creeps into childhood — bounds into youth — sobers into manhood—softens into age—totters into second childhood, and slumbers into the cradle prepared for him.



THE CHAUSSEY ISLANDS, ON THE COAST OF NORMANDY.

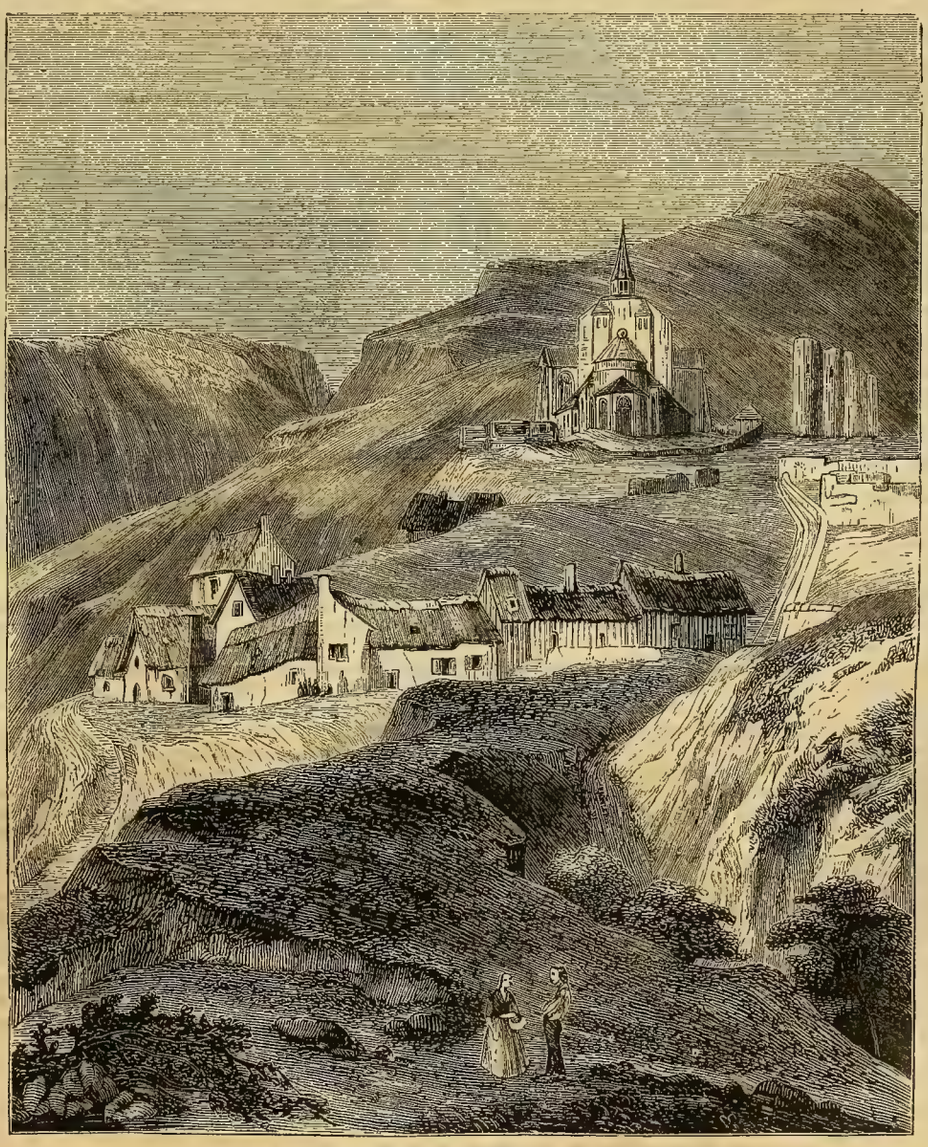
GREAT ISAACS LIGHTHOUSE, BAHAMA BANKS.

THE GREAT ISAACS LIGHTHOUSE.

The lighthouse depicted in our engraving, is one recently erected, and which has only been in operation a few months, in the Bahama Islands. The Great Isaacs, on which the lighthouse is erected, is a barren rock, situated at the northern extremity of the Great Bahama Bank, and any one acquainted with the small rocks and shoals in its vicinity will be convinced that a more appropriate spot could scarcely have been selected. The tower is circular, and formed of 255 cast-iron plates, varying in weight from three tons to thirty cwt. The extreme height from the ground to the top of the vane is 144 feet, and at the level of the floor of the lantern, where it has a diameter of twelve feet and a half, it is surrounded by a gallery guarded by a strong iron railing and supported on ornamental brackets, forming, as it were, the capital of the column. In the centre of the tower is a large cast-iron pipe, two feet in diameter and one inch in thickness, extending from the base to the summit, assisting to support the floors of the different rooms together with the frame for the catoptric reflectors, and serving as a case for the clockweight to work in, a door being placed at the foot to admit of repairs in case of accident. The tower is ascended by means of a spiral staircase, which runs round the exterior of the base to the height of twenty-four feet, at which level the entrance-door opens into the first floor (the space below being filled up with substantial masonry and concrete, to add weight to the building), from which point it is carried up on the inside as far as the lantern. The lantern, having sixteen faces or sides, is placed on the summit of the centre column or pipe. Its base is of cast-iron, from which rise the uprights and sashbars, made of gun metal, and forming a frame for forty-eight large panes of plate glass, each half an inch in thickness, the whole being covered in by a roof consisting of a gun-metal frame on which are screwed or riveted thick sheet copper plates, lined with corrugated sheet iron. Above this is placed the cowl, which is supported by the framework of the roof, and is in its turn surmounted by a vane of large dimensions in form of an arrow. The cowl is a hollow ball formed of sheet copper, open beneath to admit the chimney of Professor Faraday's ventilating apparatus, and pierced by round holes on the side under the feather of the arrow, to allow the smoke and heat to pass into the partial vacuum formed by the wind behind the ball, by which means a down draught and its bad effects are obviated. The lighting apparatus, which is of the catoptric order and revolving, is composed of three wrought-iron triangular frames supporting twenty-one parabolic silver-plated reflectors, which reflect the light from an equal number of improved Argand lamps for burning colza or rapeseed oil. This frame is put in motion by clockwork, made of gun metal and steel, inclosed in a copper case; the weight is suspended by a strong catgut line winding round a barrel, the velocity of the revolution being regulated by a governor. On the inside of the lantern, on a level with the lower part of the glass, there is a light cast-iron gallery for the purpose of enabling the keepers to clean the windows and higher parts of the lighting apparatus, by which means the use of steps or ladders is entirely avoided. This lighthouse being the first erected in the Bahamas since the accession of the present sovereign of Great Britain, the light has been named the Victoria Light. These operations have been carried on by Mr. C. W. Scott, the resident engineer, for Mr. Alexander Gordon, by whom the lighthouse was designed. The following inscription has been placed over the entrance door: "Erected A. D. 1856. This tower was constructed for the Lords of the Admiralty, under the instruction of the department of the Director of Works, by H. and M. D. Grissell, Regent's Canal Ironworks, London."

ST. NECTAIRE, PUY-DE-DOME, FRANCE.

We publish the accompanying engraving as a striking illustration of the sterner features of the country so often spoken of as "sunny France," and associated in our minds with level plains, broad and brimming rivers, vineyards and fruit-gardens. Certainly a large portion of the empire is of this character; yet it has mountain regions of singular and romantic character. The village of St. Nectaire, in the department of Puy-de-Dome, is perched in an amphitheatre of granite. Its old church, which dates from the 9th or 10th century, seems suspended over a precipice. In the environs are valuable springs of mineral water. A small river which flows to the south of the houses crosses at a short distance a volcanic ridge when it falls in a dashing cascade. Among other curiosities pointed out to strangers by guides, is the old castle of St. Nectaire, to which some historical souvenirs are attached. In the 16th century, the widow of Guy-Excupery, one of its possessors, was a sort of heroine, made war after the fashion of her ancestors, and scoured the country on horseback at the head of her gentlemen and men-at-arms. Among other deeds which signalized her intrepidity, was an attack which she led against the troops of the Lord of Londi, who was besieging the castle of Miremont. She fought valiantly on this occasion, and mortally wounded the bailiff of Auvergne by a pistol shot. Fortunately, this race of Amazonian *chatellaines* has died out.



VILLAGE OF ST. NECTAIRE, DEPARTMENT OF PUY-DE-DOME, FRANCE.

PURSE PRIDE.

It is to be lamented that the national character of the English is pride, and the meanest of all pride—purse pride. Even a poor lord is despised, and to increase his fortune, will even marry into a rich citizen's family. An overweening affection for money, an idolatrous worship of gain, have absolutely confounded the general intellect, and warped the judgment of many to that excess, that in estimating men or things, they refer always to "What is he worth?" or "What will he fetch?" Were we to point out a person as he passes, and say, "There goes a good man, one who has not a vice," he would scarcely be noticed; but exclaim, "That man is worth $500,000," and he will be stared at till out of sight. This sordid habit of thinking was finely hit off by a keen fellow of a neighboring nation, who had carried on business in London and failed. Sitting in a coffee house one day, where a few wealthy citizens were discussing some money concerns, and observing him very attentive, one person turned aside to him, and said, "What's your opinion, sir, of the matter?" "S'blood, sir," returned he, peevishly, "what opinion can a man have in this country who has not a guinea in his pocket?" This makes good what Mr. Burke says, "that a merchant has no faith but in his banker; his ledger is his Bible; the exchange is his church; the desk is his altar; and his money his god."—*London Globe.*

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SOUTH STREET."—The number of eruptions of Mount Hecla are stated to be only twenty-three within the period of eight hundred years up to the date of 1766. At that time a most violent one took place, which covered the surface of the surrounding earth, for a circuit of one hundred and fifty miles, with a layer of sand four inches deep.

"F. SHARP."—The largest gathering of youthful choristers that ever took place, was at Birmingham, England, in 1858, when forty-seven thousand Sunday school children sang a hymn in presence of Queen Victoria.

C. C.—To make caoutchouc varnish: Take sixteen ounces of caoutchouc, or elastic resin, sixteen ounces of boiled linseed oil, and sixteen ounces of essence of turpentine. Cut the caoutchouc into thin slips, and put them in a mattress placed in a very hot sand-bath. When the matter is liquified, add the linseed oil in a state of ebullition, and then the essence warm. When the varnish has lost a great part of its heat, strain it through a piece of linen, and preserve it in a wide-mouthed bottle.

STUDENT, Norwich, Ct.—Lord Brougham has no surviving children. His only daughter died at the age of eighteen, after suffering for the period of thirteen years from a complaint of the heart.

E. C.—The cultivation of tobacco in England is prohibited by law.

ART-STUDENT.—The historical painter should know everything, if that were possible to man. He should not only study nature, but he should be conversant with manners, modes, arts, and sciences, as they have graduated through successive ages. He must not only be able to paint a passion, but he must surround its subject with all the auxiliaries which belonged to his age, his circumstances, and his country.

"UNUS."—The incombustible nature of asbestos has long been known. It is a mineral, procured from Asiatic Turkey and Greece, where, in many parts, cloth is made of it.

G. S.—Mora is an Italian game. One of the players lifts his hand with so many fingers open and so many closed, and his fellow player is required to make a corresponding counterpart movement, instantaneously assuming the same with his own hands, and continuing to change as often as his partner or antagonist may set the example.

ROWDYISM.

There is no more dangerous ruffian on the face of the earth than the American rowdy. It is the fortune of this country, the result of its largest liberty of self-development, to present the extremest types of character; at once examples of the purest morals and of the foulest depravation. No character in national history loftier than Washington, none lower than Benedict Arnold. As in the world at large, so in our princely portion of it, the good predominates; the tendency of society is higher and higher. But in the broad, bright picture there are dark shadows—shadows so intensely dark that they fill the eye, and will not and must not be winked out of sight. The blackest shadow in our social picture is the increase of rowdyism in our great cities.

There is a mild type of the rowdy, who injures himself more than society, who hurries himself towards the grave by intemperance, who is quarrelsome in his cups, but who uses in his gusty warfare only the weapons that nature gave him. But it is the virulent type that claims our attention; the full-fledged, sanguinary ruffian, who dreams of blood and outrage, and wakes to realize his dreams; who alternates between sensual enjoyment and murderous warfare, who has less sense of religion than a Pagan, more ferocity than a Camanche, more rapacity than an Arab, and less courtesy than a Fejee islander. He it is who walks by day and night in the midst of peaceful communities with weapons of death concealed in his bosom, to whose hand the bowie-knife and revolver come as familiar as the foreplane and mallet to the hand of the honest mechanic. Hordes of these miscreants infest our largest cities; every now and then they surge up to the surface in New York, manifest their strength in Philadelphia, darken the streets of New Orleans, or sweep in triumph through those of Baltimore. Their outrages in some cities have led to the dangerous thought of forming vigilance committees, after the example of San Francisco in her darkest days of trial. But this is a revolutionary expedient, the last resort when every other means has failed.

Rowdyism, where it has been most fully triumphant, owes its strength to a generous weakness on the part of the law-and-order-loving majority. The opportunities of crushing it have been neglected from a mistaken sense of kindness and hopefulness. Mobs have been too often handled with a forbearance which no mob is ever entitled to. A mob is a raging monster, utterly insensible to reason, and only submissive to bayonet and bullet. When the occasion arises of a mob demonstration against law and order, then is the time for a citizen soldiery to show its worth. One relentless volley of ball cartridges poured into the ranks of the rioters is worth more than all the pleadings and exhortations and arguments that ever fell from the most eloquent lips of all the world.

When the curse of rowdyism is fairly fixed on any city, the only means of throwing off the yoke is totally to ignore politics in the choice of all the officials. Select for the municipal offices the ablest and most honest men, and support them through thick and thin. Let the local interests of a community, its peace, prosperity and fair fame be paramount to all other considerations, and let all good citizens understand that it is their highest duty to place authority in the hands of their best men, and to sustain them bravely and fearlessly in the discharge of their duties. Much self-denial, much philosophy, is requisite to act in this manner; but when a wretched minority of bloodthirsty villains obtains the control of a great city, the imperative necessity of such action becomes obvious to the meanest capacity. The disgraceful fact of this impunity of rowdyism in the heart of some of our noblest communities must cease to exist.

THE EMPIRE OF CHINA.

The Chinese empire is one of the mysteries of the earth, and everything known respecting it cannot fail to be interesting. In its physical aspect it presents to our contemplation a vast area of seven millions of square miles, being somewhat less than a tenth part of the habitable globe, governed by one man, of foreign race, and containing a dense population, with a peculiar civilization, yet carefully secluded from all other nations, and by their peculiar language and literature, their physical characteristics, and national customs, distinguished from every other race. It is not surprising that a people thus circumstanced should be an object of intense curiosity, or that the mystery which hangs over them and their country should have led to an exaggerated idea of their antiquity and attainments.

In the thirteenth century Marco Polo penetrated to Calkay from Turkestan, but in the fifteenth, China still remained unknown to Europeans, the accounts of the early travellers being regarded with suspicion. It was from the Portuguese navigators who succeeded Vasco de Gama, and who reached that country across the Indian seas, that Europe first received any certain information of the situation, extent, and resources of China. Since then our knowledge has been largely increased, but its proportions are scanty, owing to the Chinese jealousy and hatred of foreigners. The Portuguese managed early to get settled in the island of Macao; but it was long afterwards before England obtained permission to build a factory at Canton. English diplomacy in that distant region seems to have been a miserable failure. The first attempt to open an amicable intercourse was made by Lord Macartney, and failed, although a gracious audience was vouchsafed.

Lord Amherst was the next ambassador, and returned as he went; and really all our information of the state of China in the interior has been obtained from the works of Christian missionaries. It is essentially an agricultural country, although its commerce is considerable; but at present the character of the people invites more attention. Malte Brun describes it as a nation of subjugated and well disciplined barbarians. A most absolute despotism has either acquired, or preserved for China, the forms of patriarchal government; but since the country fell under the yoke of the Mantchoos, the whip of the Tartar has been conjoined with the paternal rod by which China was previously governed. The emperor is styled the Sacred Sun of Heaven, sole ruler of the earth, the father of his people. Offerings are made to his image and his throne; his person is adored; his people prostrate themselves in his presence; the noblemen of his court, when addressed by him, and receiving his orders, must bend the knee. When this demi-god goes abroad all the Chinese take care to shut themselves up in their houses. Whoever is found in his way is exposed to instant death, unless he turns his back or lies flat with his face to the ground. All the shops by which the emperor is to pass must be shut; and this prince never goes out without being preceded by two thousand lictors, carrying chains, axes, and various other instruments, characteristic of Eastern despotism. The power of the mandarin is fully as absolute as that of the sovereign, from whom he derives his authority. An officer of this description, on entering a city, can order any person whom he chooses to be arrested, and to die under his hand, and no one can venture to undertake his defence. He is preceded by a hundred executioners, who, with a sort of yell, announce his approach. The mandarin himself, however, is at the mercy of the emperor. For the slightest provocation the emperor will order the bastinado. In short, all the notions of a Chinese from his infancy are directed to a single point—obedience. The sacred nature of social rank is perpetually impressed on his mind by innumerable ceremonies. At every step he makes a bow; every phrase that he utters must be a compliment; not a word can he address to a superior without calling to mind his own utter insignificance. In a word, the Chinese are the most cringing, abject and servile people in the world; and when it is borne in mind that their religion is a gross materialism, can it be wondered that they are base, brutal and barbarous, prone to lying and deception, indifferent to human life, and utterly ferocious in their hatred of strangers?

MUNICIPAL CIVILITIES.

We have often pitied a "distinguished furriner" when getting "put through" the routine of civilities which our hospitable American magistrates are fond of extending to their guests, and we find that the New York Times also sympathizes with the sufferers. That journal says: "Our city government seems to be constantly on the look-out for celebrities, small or great, for the purpose of 'extending to them the hospitalities of the city.' What is the precise nature of the infliction called 'the hospitalities of the city,' we do not exactly know, but judging from the treatment experienced by the Turk, and other strangers whom we have seen writhing in the hands of the corporation, we presume it to be a series of embraces by the leading rowdies, roughs and 'fancy men' of the metropolis, a hurried visit to the jails, alms-houses, hospitals, lunatic asylums, dog-pounds and cesspools, and every other disgusting or disagreeable spot belonging to the municipality, in company with a tribe of spitting, drinking, blaspheming aldermen and common councilmen. A dirtier and more repulsive ordeal for any stranger, whether illustrious or obscure, to go through, it would be hard to conceive of. Some of the eminent men who have gone through it—particularly the unhappy Turk, whom we fed on hog—will remember our welcome as long as they live."

OUR ORIGINAL NOVELETTES.—By referring to our published list of books in another column, it will be seen that we offer a large variety of entertaining stories from able pens. Every one of these romances was written expressly for us, and is gotten up in the neatest and most agreeable form. We send any *six* of them that may be selected to one address, for *one dollar*. Enclose the money to this office, enumerating those that are desired, and the books will be sent by return of mail, the postage we pay in full.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.—One hundred and sixty-eight miles of the Pacific Railroad in Missouri have been completed, at an aggregate outlay of nearly $12,000,000. There are yet one hundred and fourteen miles to build in order to complete the road to Kansas City. This is to cost $7,000,000 more.

AN OPERATIC ROW.—Potatoes were thrown at Grisi and Mario in the Madrid opera-house. Grisi left the stage bathed in tears, and fainted in the green-room. Mario attempted to brave the murphies, but soon retired.

SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES.—There are four million scholars and one hundred and fifty thousand teachers in the public schools of this country. There is one scholar for every five free persons.

A JEWISH CONSISTORY.—The Jews of New York are advocating the formation of a consistory of delegates from each congregation in the United States.

MR. WARD.—Our minister to the Celestial Empire is studying the language, and expects soon to be able to talk broken China.

TURKEY.—The late conspiracy at Constantinople has rather shaken the sultan. He came near being a used-up Ottoman.

ITALY.

It will be a very long time, we fear, before the brave spirits of the "sunny land of arts" can sing.

> "The wars are all over,
> Our swords are all idle,
> Our steeds bite the bridle."

Garibaldi, Fanti and Farini have work before them, and they know it too. The treaty of Zurich is far from satisfactory, inasmuch as it is but an extension and ratification of the truce of Villafranca. Something is gained for Italy, on the whole, to be sure; but the people of Modena, Tuscany, Parma and the Romagnese have just reason for bitter disappointment. If it is true that an attempt will be made to restore the hated rulers of the first-named duchies, most assuredly will the attempt result in terrible scenes of bloodshed and disaster. Nor will the Romagnese be likely to be satisfied with the substitution of the *suzerainty* for the *sovereignty*. They may find it "a distinction without a difference." The Napoleonists count on the submission of the smaller States, as a consequence of weakness and division of opinion, but we think they are reckoning without their host. They say "Fanti and Garibaldi are organizing the Italian league; but their patriotic efforts are not constantly seconded by the people. They lack money, the sinews of war. The attempts at a loan made in England by the Tuscan government, have failed. The English deal more readily in encouraging words than in money. Bad passions begin to ferment in minds disturbed, discouraged and operated on by opposing parties. In the legations, the authorities are obliged to watch the movements of the Mazzinians, and to take great precautions to prevent the revolutionary spirit from penetrating the army, etc." But we know, by our own historical experience, what a brave people can accomplish in the sacred cause of independence, however distressed and harassed and impoverished, and the people of Italy certainly have demonstrated a spirit worthy of our own heroic days. Their late struggle has been disgraced by but a single atrocity, the murder of Colonel Anviti, of Parma, and that, while repudiated by the leaders, was even not without palliation. Thus, while we anticipate more and bloody fighting in Italy, we believe in the enfranchisement of the Italians. Let but their leaders be true—and they have shown themselves worthy of trust—and the good cause will triumph, in spite of conferences and congresses and diplomatic subtleties.

CURIOUS RUSSIAN CUSTOMS.

It is a curious thing that, among the Russians, the father and mother of an infant not only cannot stand as sponsors to it, but they are not allowed to be present at its baptism. The godfather and godmother, by answering for the child, become related to it, and to each other; and a lady and gentleman who have stood as sponsors to the same child, are not allowed to marry each other. In christening, the priest takes the child, which is quite naked, and holding it by the head, so that his thumb and finger stop the orifices of the ear, he dips it thrice into the water; he cuts off a small portion of the hair, which he twists up with a little wax from the tapers, and throws into the font; then, anointing the baby's breast, hands and feet with the holy oil, and making the sign of the cross with the same on the forehead, he concludes by a prayer and benediction.

RELIGIOUS INSANITY.—A widow woman in Roslin, Canada, aged 62, recently starved herself to death, under the superstitious belief that God had ordered her so to do, to save her soul. She lived thirty days without food.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—Amidst conflicting assertions, we wish somebody would tell us whether or not this great steamer is a great failure.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.—What is it probable that sausages are made of, when a cat, at the smell of them, spits and gets her back up?

PRIDE'S LAST DISH.—Pies and puddings generally come the last. The last thing that pride eats is humble pie.

TOBACCO.—The use of chewing-tobacco by boys is becoming disgustingly prevalent.

LADY FRANKLIN.—This noble woman expended $150,000 in the search for her husband.

FOREIGN INVESTMENTS IN THIS COUNTRY.

The books of the United States Sub-Treasury in New York, according to a recent writer, are a curious study. Many of the names they contain are household words. Some of the names are Europeans; others of West Indians, and even Asiatics. Barely a third of the public debt is held in this country. The bulk of it, we imagine, is held in continental Europe. One is not surprised to find the name of John J. Astor, William B. Astor, Jacob Little, George Peabody, and such men, in the list of the creditors of the United States, but they and their countrymen are in a minority.

The heaviest foreign creditor we noticed is Lord Overstone (the famous John Lloyd), who has sent to this country no less than $350,000. A Spanish lady, Marced de Laseca, is our creditor to the tune of $200,000, and a noble friend of hers, the Count Casa Montlovoy Castillo, draws six per cent. on $100,000. Several persons connected with the royal families of Europe are creditors of ours. The brother of the King of Naples took $50,000 some years ago, and instructed his agent to invest the dividends as they accrued in the same security. He now owns over $75,000. His niece, the daughter of Bomba, is registered as a creditor for over $50,000. These wise people have been looking out for a rainy day. Another noble personage, the late Duchess of Orleans, has enough in United States sixes to save the Count of Paris from being compelled to follow his grandfather's example and keep school. Several of the Saxe Coburg Gothas have also invested in this country.

The Count Rossi saw enough of this country while he was here, to invest a few thousands in the famous name of Sontag; and little Paul Julien has a trifle—enough to keep him when his violin fails. One can readily account for the appearance of the name of the Rothschilds, both of London and Paris; but it is curious that the famous publisher Panckonke, of Paris, is a creditor of the United States; and that the dramatic author Scribe has also invested enough to give him nearly 10,000 francs a year. A careful study of democracy in America, appears to have persuaded Monsieur Tocqueville to lodge some of his savings in the hands of our government; and Lord Macaulay, who began with a bagatelle of $5000, has since increased his venture to nearly $20,000. Lord Elgin saw enough of us to leave $17,000 of his savings in our six per cents; and the famous Russian, Alexandre Herzen, has a bagatelle of $80,000 in the same security. There is another creditor whose name is a curiosity. It runs thus:—Baron Louis Numa Epaminondas Justinian Aristides Decius Salas Haldenstein Lichensten Gortenstein. Fancy a man with such a name drawing twenty-six dollars and fifty cents from the United States.

CONSUMPTION.—"Their name is Legion," may be applied to those persons who die annually of consumption in this country. Science has of late years sensibly diminished the number, and it is gratifying to know that Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry has exerted a potent influence throughout the length and breadth of the land in producing this result. In procuring this well-known specific, buy none unless it has the written signature of "I. Butts" on the wrapper, and then you are sure of procuring the genuine article. It may be found at all respectable druggists throughout the United States.

WOMAN'S WIT.—"I do not think, madam, that any man of the least sense would approve your conduct," said an indignant husband. "Sir," retorted his better-half, "how can *you* judge what any man of the least sense would do?"

NAVAL.—The aggregate area of all the dockyards in England is only five hundred and eighty-two acres, while those of France extend over eight hundred and sixty-five acres.

A BOLD FACE.—When a man is hideously ugly, the only safety is in glorying in it. Let him boldly claim it as a distinction.

DESCRIPTION.—A lady, describing an ill-natured man, says, "he never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

INCREASE.—The Philadelphia census shows a population of 680,000, an increase of 271,238 since 1850.

TO TRAVELLERS.—The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

FIRST INTERMENT AT MOUNT AUBURN.

The Mount Auburn Memorial states the following facts in regard to a point upon which an erroneous impression prevails in the community. The monument erected to Hannah Adams has the words, "First tenant of Mount Auburn" inscribed thereon. The Memorial says: "This is not the *exact* truth. The records of the corporation show that the *first* burial in Mount Auburn was of a child of James Boyd, July 6, 1832, in lot No. 182, on Mountain Avenue. The second burial was that of Mrs. Hastings, wife of Thomas Hastings, of East Cambridge, July 12, 1832, in lot No. 301, on the same avenue. Mrs. Hastings was, therefore, although she died many years previously, the first adult buried in Mount Auburn, as the monument on the Hastings lot declares. There was, doubtless, no misstatement intended, in relation to Miss Adams, by the writer of the inscription. She died in December, 1831, only about three months after the cemetery was consecrated. It was impossible to place her body in Mount Auburn at that season of the year; and it was in all probability placed in some temporary place of deposit in Boston, with the intention of removing it as soon as the weather would permit. It may have been that the placing a body in a receiving tomb in Boston was considered the same as a burial at Mount Auburn to all intents and purposes; or it may have been that the monument was prepared in anticipation of the removal of the body to Mount Auburn, but that some delay occurred, and it was not deemed necessary to be at the expense of altering the inscription. However this may be, Miss Adams was not the 'first tenant of Mount Auburn,' but the ninth, her remains having been placed in the cemetery, November 12, 1832."

THE SNAIL MANIA IN PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller says: "Snails are crawling down more and more throats here annually. Ten years ago nobody but apothecaries and herb doctors' shops, and a little dirty, dingy restaurant in the Rue Saint Honore kept them, and now they have a place of their own at the great markets, and the restaurateur that does not keep them is considered decidedly 'slow.' A million and a half snails crawl down our throats every season; at Dijon alone they bring 1f. 50c. per hundred, and 6000f. worth are sold, which every Frenchman vows, by their Cocker and other reckoners, are equal in aliment to one hundred and fifty ordinary calves—don't ask me, please, for the equation."

LEGAL FRAUD.—The English papers report that another solicitor has disgraced the profession, not merely by a gigantic failure, but by a gigantic fraud. Mr. Buller, a member of a firm in Lincoln's Inn-fields, largely engaged in conveyancing and mortgage loans, has, it is said, taken flight, leaving debts to the amount of $500,000, much of it money entrusted to him by clients, many of whom are consigned to absolute poverty. One case was stated of a lady whom he had induced to call in a mortgage of $50,000, on the pretence that he had procured another paying one per cent. more of interest. He received the money and spent the whole of it.

AN UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., a gentleman whose house has been robbed by burglars four times this season, complains that each time the matter is duly chronicled by the police and placed on record, with the statement that property left behind is to the value of several thousand dollars—a fact duly copied by the reporters. The unfortunate gentleman protests against this; stating that the police, though of little use as a protection, are excellent at statistics. He expects another burglarious descent before many days.

GRAPE-CULTURE.—On the Ohio River, between Rural and Maysville, there are 338 acres of land devoted to vineyards and the manufacture of wine. The product of those vineyards amounts to 154,550 gallons of wine.

WHAT AN ARMY!—The Scientific American states that there are in the city of New York about 200,000 smokers, each using two cigars daily.

STYLISH.—D. H. Craig, agent of the associated press, has just purchased an elegant country seat near Peekskill, N. Y., for $20,000.

Wayside Gatherings.

Official inspections have proved that the wheat crop of 1859 is the largest in Virginia that that State has ever produced.

It is said that the receipts from the new oyster bed at Norwalk are beginning to fall off. Only some 200 vessels are still engaged in the harvest.

The Journal of Commerce learns that ex-President Martin Van Buren is engaged on a political history of the country down to the close of his administration.

Mr. H. Poole, who was sent by the English Foreign Office to the Dead Sea, to search for nitre, which was reported to occur there, has returned without success.

Mrs. Winslow, of Brewster, Mass., has gathered this fall, from about three acres of land, two hundred and thirteen barrels of cranberries, for which she received $2333.

A traveller in Texas writes: A creek near San Marcos, that you cross three times in going that number of miles, has an ominous name. It is called "Purgatory Creek."

Workmen engaged in excavating a cellar in South Water Street, Chicago, exhumed five coffins, supposed to contain the remains of the soldiers of General Scott, buried in 1832, during the Black Hawk war.

The Albany Northern Railroad, made notorious by the late Schagticoke disaster, has been closed from public travel until its northern division can be thoroughly repaired, a work which is now going on.

Miss Delia Bacon, who startled the world a few years since with the theory that Shakspeare was a myth, and his plays the work of other hands, died in the Insane Asylum, at Hartford, a few days since.

Messrs. Winans, of Baltimore, satisfied that their experimental cigar steamer is a success, are preparing the necessary moulds for a much larger one of the same kind, with all the improvements suggested by their recent trials.

An iron safe in the city of Hartford was lately discovered to be on fire, and an examination of the materials used for filling, showed it to be a mixture of sawdust and shavings, which had ignited by the heat from a stove in the vicinity. An unsafe safe, that!

A late Utah city paper mentions the arrival of a company of European saints, who came in 56 wagons, and numbered about 400 souls, mostly from Scandinavia. There were six deaths and three births on their journey of three months through the country.

An Iowa paper states that some German tanners are paying $15 a ton for a plant very common in this country, and generally known as "dog fennel." It is said to be a good substitute for oak bark, and can be extensively grown where that cannot be obtained.

By a law enacted by the last Legislature of New Hampshire, a jury must be empanneled especial for each cause, civil or criminal, by drawing out from the whole number of jurors in attendance; and either party is entitled to two peremptory challenges, besides challenges for cause.

Four horses, five span of mules, eight sets of harness, a McCormick reaper, a new wagon, a large lot of farming implements, and a large quantity of hay and grain, were totally destroyed by fire near Havana, Illinois, a few days since. Loss estimated at from $15,000 to $16,000. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

A correspondent of the Builder suggests that the agates and other similar stones, found upon the sea beach and in gravel, might, by the aid of steam, be cut and polished at an expense small enough to admit of their being used, set in cements after the manner of mosaics, as a facing either for walls or entablature.

The clerk of the Cincinnati Probate Court, the other day, issued a marriage license for the union of an old man of sixty with a buxom damsel of sixteen. The old man, a rickety old chap, said the disparity in their ages was more than counterbalanced by what he called the "unusual amount of affection" that existed between them.

The cranberry crop in Barnstable county has been an average one. In the town of Barnstable about one thousand bushels have been produced, which are worth $4 a bushel. In Brewster, one farm produced 265 barrels, which sold for $13 12 1-2 per barrel, or $3478; another person raised 214 barrels on three acres, another 53 barrels on one acre.

A letter from California, noticing General Sutter and the old pioneer's financial carelessness, said he had once given a note for $9000, with interest at ten per cent. a month, to be compounded at the end of each month. At these liberal and reasonable terms the note was not long in reaching the sum of $85,000, for which amount the creditor took judgment, and levied upon his estate.

A letter from Gonaives, Hayti, says: "Out in the suburbs of the town I saw an unique and characteristic costume. It was worn by a boy of ten years of age. It consisted of an old battered up tin can, suspended around his neck by a piece of native rope, which was made out of a cocoa tree bark, or some similar material. His only other garment consisted of a stick, which he held in his hand, and with which, from time to time, he beat his novel substitute for a drum and wardrobe."

Sands of Gold.

.... Morality should be the polar star of science. —*De Boufflers.*

.... Love moderately! long love doth so.—*Shakspeare.*

Times of ignorance are favorable to impostors as darkness is to assassins.—*De Boufflers.*

.... It is one satisfaction, failing to find preferment, to feel that we are at least free from all indebtedness.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... Nature disposes of time as she needs it, and may employ in her task the entire life of the universe.—*De Boufflers.*

.... It is the form in which a thing is said or done, quite as much as the thing itself, that gives offence, or imparts pleasure.—*Bovee.*

.... In apportioning the amounts of human knowledge, we should seek what each one needs, and try to give all a share.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Some men, when attacked, resemble ducks, that have the art of diving when shot at, and of coming up again beyond the longest range. *Bovee.*

.... Many who find the day too long think life too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.—*Colton.*

.... The most influential man, in a free country, at least, is the man who has ability, as well as the courage, to speak what he thinks when occasion may require it.—*Duncan.*

.... Half the logic of misgovernment lies in this one sophistical dilemma: If the people are turbulent, they are unfit for liberty; if they are quiet, they are unfit for liberty.—*Macaulay.*

.... There is no man so great as not to have some littleness more predominant than all his greatness. Our virtues are the dupes, and often only the playthings of our follies.—*Ellis.*

.... There are a good many pious people who are as careful of their religion as of their best service of china, only using it on holy occasions, for fear it should get chipped or flawed in working-day wear.—*Jerrold.*

.... The different degrees of success that attend men is not so much owing to original differences in their capacities, as to the measure of discretion and good fortune that mingle with and determine the *direction* of their abilities.—*Bovee.*

.... In a dispute between father and son, I have almost always sided with the father. The son's extravagance is generally the cause; and it is hard that the father should suffer for the folly of two youths—his son's and his own.—*Horne Tooke.*

Joker's Budget.

When is a chair like a lady's dress? When it is *sat-in.*

Which is the heaviest horse on the road. A *led* horse.

What is the only whig a barber cannot make? An *ear*-wig.

Why is an Englishman like nineteen shillings? Because he is under a *sovereign.*

When your hair gets into disorder, what heathen deity should it name? *Comus.*

Those sheets devoted to "spiritual rappings" are now termed "wrapping-papers."

There is a firm in New York under the mild and soothing title of "*Snapp and Byte.*"

Universal sympathy—When a crew of whalemen cry because they see whale's *blubber.*

Why are shepherds and fishermen like beggars? Because they live by *hook* and by *crook.*

A "Down East" debating society is discussing the difference between *led pigs* and *pigs of lead.*

Why did the lady who purchased the dumb-waiter return it next day? Because it would not *answer.*

A bookseller once informed the public that all the scarce books, *out of print,* might be had by applying at his store.

Bakers, generally speaking, are a set of *loafers,* but however *knead*-y they may be, they are always well *bread.*

An Irishman, trying to put out a gaslight with his fingers, cried out, "Och, murder, the divil a wick's in it."

"Mr. Smith, the hogs are getting into your corn-field." "Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy. Corn wont hurt 'em."

An Irishman once observed that mile-stones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

Whenever a person is afflicted with a cold, he generally assures you it is a bad one. Did any person ever hear of a good cold? Eh?

Why is a man not allowed to marry the second cousin of his own widow. Because, when a man has a *widow.* his marrying days are over.

When a man attempts to tie his cravat around a lamp-post, you may presume he has been imbibing something, or inhaling chloroform.

Soon after the battle of Leipsic, a wit observed: "Bonaparte must now be in funds, for he has received a check on the banks of the Elbe."

A gentleman bragging of having killed a young panther whose tail was "three feet long." Brown observed that the animal died seasonable, as the *tail* was long enough not "to be continued." Brown is a sly joker.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES.

Suggested by reading a poem entitled "Catawba Wine."

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

The song I sing
Shall be of a spring,
Where shade-trees afford a slight awning,
Where the music of birds,
And the lowing of herds,
Enliven the first beams of morning.

From a Hippocrene fount,
At the Helicon mount,
Most sacred and dear to the muses,
Their the Nereides play,
Through each long summer day,
And Apollo his favors diffuses.

I sing of cold water,
That Hygeian daughter,
Encompassed by valley and mountain;
O, sinless and pure,
Through time will endure,
Cold water that flows from the fountain.

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH PEASANTRY.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

In a small town in Norman France, lying between Havre and Rouen, there dwelt, long since, an honest vine-dresser, named Frederick Leablue. Himself and wife were an humble couple, but content and happiness smiled within their little cottage, and the vine-dresser counted himself a fortunate man. A son and daughter had blessed the union of Leablue with his peasant wife, creating additional pleasures, with mutual cares and joys, around the domestic hearth. But to encounter reverses is the lot of all, and permanent happiness is not to be enjoyed upon earth. Thus thought the honest vine-dresser, when a sudden fever deprived his beloved companion of life, and left his widowed heart bereft of every tie that had bound it to happiness. The children, yet too young to realize the extent of their bereavement, now looked to the unhappy father for constant care and protection.

At this period, when Leablue was saddened to the deepest intensity of grief, and when he felt a reckless disregard of life and all its ties, save for his children's sake, the announcement reached his village that soldiers were wanted for the grand army, and in less than a week after he found himself drafted by the authorities, and under marching orders to the frontier. To resist was useless, and a fresh wound was inflicted upon his heart in parting from his little children, whom he confided to one that he hoped and believed would prove a faithful protector. Pressing them to his heart he bade them farewell, and marched off, to the gay notes of martial music, to form one of the grand army that was to cross the Alps under Napoleon. Time courses quickly, most quickly in childhood, and two years had passed rapidly, making the brother and sister, the first six and the latter five years of age, when the gazettes that announced the result of the battle of Lodi, contained the name of Frederic Leablue among the killed!

Up to this period the children had been protected with ordinary care by him who was trusted with their keeping, but now that the probability of future recompense was cut off, his interest in them ceased, and the little ones were treated with a harshness that made them miserable.

To escape the ill-treatment he now constantly received, the boy one day wandered from home, either to perish or seek shelter elsewhere, for no search could ever discover him: the good-natured villagers having been induced to seek him, if for no other reason, to satisfy their curiosity concerning him. With the example of her brother before her, and the constant ill-treatment of those with whom she lived goading her to the act, the soldier's little daughter stole away one dark night, and walked many weary miles to the small town of Nemore, begging at the first door she approached, for shelter and protection. It was at an honest farmer's house that the little orphan had applied, nor could fortune have better directed her steps. They heard her touching story, and befriended her at once. They had themselves but just buried a little daughter, near her own age, and the good wife pressed the orphan child to her bosom, saying that she was sent by Heaven to fill the place made desolate by the loss of the dear Amele, while their remaining child, Louval, a boy of seven years, overjoyed at a new companion, fondly kissed and caressed the little wanderer.

The soldier's child, long a stranger to such kindness, wept tears of joy, and asked in her simplicity, if she might love them with *all* her heart! The affectionate spirit evinced by the child cemented at once the resolution of the farmer and his wife, and she was soon adopted, and called by the name of the child they had lost, Amele. Noel Lorain was the good farmer's name. He was a man in comfortable circumstances, though humble in influence and attainments; but his heart beat as warmly as the proudest noble in the land, and the poor never turned unrelieved from his door. Amele and Louval were sent to school together, and no brother and sister were ever more dear to each other than were these two children. In the fields, or beside the peaceful hearth, they were ever companions, read their juvenile stories to each other, divided the task of mastering each other's lessons, and became daily and hourly endeared to one another. Each seemed to vie with the other in their duty and service to the kind farmer and his wife; and had the lovely Amele really been their child, it is doubtful if they could have loved her more tenderly.

At the May-day festivals Amele was generally queen of the dance; and her young form ripened with each returning spring into sweet and captivating womanhood. Finding in each other a congenial spirit, Amele and Louval grew up like two gentle flowers on the same stem: while the old farmer and his wife looked upon them with pride and affection. With pride at the manly bearing, noble brow and intellectual attainments of Louval, and with unutterable fondness at the sweet and affectionate child of their adoption.

Eleven years had thus worn away, making Amele sixteen, when one day a stranger stopped at the little post-house of Nemore. It was May-day, and the villagers were clothed in their gala dresses, while Amele presided as queen of the festival. The stranger was a man of some twenty years: and while his meal was preparing, strolled out to see the ceremony of crowning the queen of the day. He lingered long, gazing with admiration upon the beauty and native grace of the peerless floral queen; and when his conveyance was announced, declared that he had made up his mind to tarry until the following day, in order to obtain required rest, but secretly resolving to endeavor to make the acquaintance of the beautiful girl whose appearance had so much interested him. Hospitality ensured any stranger a welcome in the little town of Nemore, and the traveller, seemingly by accident, knocked at the door of farmer Lorain.

That night, with legends of adventure and pictures of life in foreign lands he amused the humble circle till a late hour, and when he pressed the hands of each at parting, he saw that he had created a friendly interest in the breast of Amele, that awakened a response in his own bosom in the shape of a passion that was as novel as it was intense. He dreamed of the beautiful girl all night, and found on the morrow that he was far from desiring to continue his journey, and declared his resolve to tarry here, for a few days at least, and enjoy a period of rest that continued travel and fatigue rendered peculiarly grateful. His days were multiplied to weeks, and after once visiting Havre on some business, he again returned to Nemore. In the meantime his attention to Amele was too evident and partial to admit of question, as it regarded his affection for her, and Louval saw his long-loved companion daily growing more intimate with her new friend, Herbert Fontenel. His own cherished love for her had never been told, but it was none the less sincere and devoted, and now he felt the wretchedness of disappointed love at his heart.

"She is pleased with the newness and novelty of this Herbert Fontenel's regard—she has known me so long," thought he, "that a change is agreeable. But can he love as I have done, as I now do? It is impossible! He has seen the world, he is fluent in speech, gay and humorous in wit, and he outshines me, it is true. But knowing Amele's heart as I do, I cannot believe that he inspires that sincerity of affection that would alone make me happy. I have never told Amele that I loved her, but, ah! could she not read my love in every word, every look, every act of mine, for these many years? I could not speak to her now, upon such a subject; now, at a time when I see her so intimate with him. Ah, no! I must look on in silence and see my own misery consummated." Thus reasoned Louval.

Amele all unwittingly found herself day by day becoming more and more engaged by the pleasant and fascinating society of Herbert, though if she could have paused, and analyzed the feelings that actuated her, she would have perceived that he did not engender in her bosom those soft and glowing pictures of ideal loveliness that the conversation and intercourse of Louval was wont to do, but the lack of this was made up, at least for the time being, by the novelty of Herbert's constant attention. Amele was in reality unchanged at heart towards Louval, but a quick succession of circumstances had seemed to give her best regard to Herbert, with the power and certainty of fatality itself. Had her adopted brother spoken—had he declared his regard for her, even now, perhaps, it would have led her to look into her own heart, and to steel it in season against any other passion; but Louval was too generous, too proud in spirit, to refer to the subject now.

Thus there was no counter-current for Amele to overcome, and she seemed to glide on into an affection for Herbert without any circumstances occurring to create even a transient pause that might give birth to reflection. Perhaps the more practised eye and judgment of Herbert enabled him to read the feelings of Louval, but he reasoned that all was fair in love, as in war, and it was not his part to allude in any way to a subject that might prejudice his own position and hopes with the beautiful girl that he loved. The old couple were too simple and honest to canvass the matter at all, and were singularly blind and silent as to the regard of Amele's new and ardent young friend. Indeed, he had shrewdly managed to gain their good will and regard at the outset of his acquaintance.

The misery of Louval now seemed complete. The day for the union of Amele and Herbert had been fixed, and yet his proud and loving heart was too stubborn to speak and reveal his disappointment, even to her he loved. He had resolved to see Amele married, and then, bidding farewell to the scenes of his childhood, endeared to his heart by the memory of Amele and their younger days together, and to seek in some distant land for forgetfulness. Well he knew that his home would no longer be tolerable to him, bereft of the idol that had for so many years rendered it a paradise of contentment.

The arrangements were in progress for the bridal, when one summer's day an old man, careworn and weary, paused in the village for refreshment and rest. His browned visage showed him to have been exposed to the elements, and hard service had bent his manly form. Farmer Lorain, ever rejoiced at an opportunity to relieve the needy, was the first to spy him out, and to proffer the hospitality that was characteristic of his nature. The old traveller entered his doors and told his story. He was returning to his native land, after long absence from his home, having escaped from a foreign prison, and long sickness in a distant clime, whither the chances of war had carried him. He sees Herbert and Amele together, and exclaiming with the greatest excitement, asks who the young people are.

"This is my daughter Amele," replied farmer Lorain; "the gentleman is her betrothed, Herbert Fontenel."

"Is she your daughter? Ah! how very like, how very like—" murmured the old soldier, gazing at her.

"I mean my adopted daughter," continued the farmer; "but, indeed, she has always seemed like our own child."

"*Adopted*, did you say?" eagerly inquired the old man.

"Yes, Amele was an orphan. Her father died at the battle of Lodi."

"The battle of Lodi?" said the old man, earnestly, "and what was her name?"

"Cecile Leablue," replied Amele, gazing in wonder at the old man.

"O God! it is my child!" exclaimed the soldier, staggering to a table for support. "Cecile, Cecile, I am Frederic Leblue, thy long, long-lost father!"

"Leablue—Frederic Leablue!" exclaimed Herbert Fontenel, trembling in every limb. "Amele, you never told me that this was your name. Frederic Leablue—as there is a God in heaven, that is the name I once bore!"

"I knew it," exclaimed the old soldier, folding both to his breast, "when first I saw you there together. You are both my children. God be praised—God be praised!"

"God be praised, indeed!" said Herbert, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow, "that this timely discovery has been made. Father, for our father you must be, we were about to be married!"

"An especial providence has brought this about," sobbed Amele. "Ah, *brother*, you will love me none the less."

"I love you, if possible, the more, dear sister; and hard must be the heart of either that is not resigned to such a result, bringing back all the early ties of our childhood's home, and restoring our beloved father."

"But how bear you the name of Herbert Fontenel?" asked the farmer.

"I will tell you. When hard treatment, and even blows, drove me to leave my sister, and the brutes that abused us both, I wended my way to Havre, where, fearing to give my true name, I shipped by that which I remembered to have read in some book, and was registered upon the roll as Herbert Fontenel. Gradually I rose to a lieutenantcy, and am now the possessor of a commission in the royal navy."

Need we explain in detail how easily every proof was adduced, and how completely all were satisfied? How Frederic Leablue was taken a prisoner at Lodi, and not killed, and of his long imprisonment? We think not. The reader will supply all these; but we must complete the story, by referring once more to Amele and Louval.

Amele retired to bed that night to weep over the contending emotions of her heart. Louval had written her a note that very day, against the resolve he had made to the contrary, telling her of his love, and reverting to the past in so tender and kind a manner, and picturing all the joys and the long hope of his life so vividly before her, that for the first time, she had that morning paused and looked back upon the past; and while she saw that she must go on, she trembled in secret at the abyss that now seemed to threaten her future.

"Ah! why did he never tell me this before?" she sighed, to herself, "then I should not have been liable to have regarded another with the tender interest that I experience for Herbert."

This was the exact position of affairs when the old, care-worn soldier appeared and discovered his children.

The next morning Amele met Louval. She had wept all night; her eyes were bent upon the floor, her lovely form was agitated by contending emotions, and her bosom heaved with quickened force, as the eyes of her adopted brother bent upon her.

"Amele," he murmured, in a tone so low that it could hardly have been heard by any one else, "will you not take my hand, and assure me that we are still friends?"

"Louval," said she, struggling for power to speak; her heart was full—she could not utter a word, but raising her soft, blue eyes, they met his own, and she was at once locked in his arms.

The bridal ceremony that had been fixed for the following day, was not postponed, after all: there was only a change in the bridegrooms. And happy was Herbert, now Frederic Leablue, for he had found a dear sister, in search of whom he was engaged, when chance threw him in the way of Amele. Joyful and happy was the marriage that was consecrated in the little chapel of Nemore.

IN LUCK, FOR ONCE.

When the Emperor Joseph the Second was in Paris, in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, he was in the habit of walking about the city incognito. One morning he went into an elegant coffee house and asked for a cup of chocolate. He was plainly dressed, and the waiters insolently refused it, saying it was too early. Without making any reply, he walked out, and went into a little coffee-house, nick-named the "Piercing Eye." He asked for a cup of chocolate, and the landlord politely answered that it should be ready in a moment. While he waited for it, as the coffee house was empty, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the landlord's daughter, a very pretty girl, made her appearance. The emperor wished her a good day, according to the French mode; and observed to the father, that it was high time a flower in full bloom should marry before it faded. "Ah!" replied the honest old man, "if I had but a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a fine young man who is very fond of her; but sir, the chocolate is ready." The emperor called for a pen, ink and paper; the girl ran to fetch them, and he gave her an order on his banker for five thousand livres.

LOVE.

Come near, my beautiful, and let me gaze
My soul all out into those beaming eyes,
Until I lose my being all in thee.
For is not love a losing of one's self
In that which is beloved? Love feels no self;
For though it spring in self, yet, like a flower,
It lives not for the soil, but yields up all
Its breathing essence to the wooed air.

THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, AT CHELSEA, ENGLAND.

NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, CHELSEA, ENGLAND.

The first engraving on this page, represents the elegant structure which has recently been erected, and which connects Chelsea and Battersea. At the point where it crosses the river the Thames is 737 feet in width. The river is spanned by three spaces, the central one being 352 feet between the piers, and the side ones 173 feet six inches each; the two piers in the river are 19 feet wide each, by a length of 86 feet 6 inches. The height of the caissons of the piers, above what is called Trinity high water, is seven feet six inches. Above the level of the top of the caissons the piers are surmounted by towers, which are constructed of iron. They diminish in plan to nine feet eight inches by four feet two inches at top, the whole being surrounded by a cradle-work of cast iron, upon which the rollers of the saddle work that carry the suspensory chains. Below the caissons the iron-work spreads out at the bottom on what are technically called "bed plates," that rest upon York stone landings, twelve inches in thickness, below which are piles and concrete constructed in the ordinary manner, that support the whole of the superincumbent weight. Externally the whole of the piers are covered with an ornamental casting of iron-work. The point of contact of the suspensory chains on the towers is at an altitude of 51 feet eight inches above high-water mark; and the top of the finials, that terminate the towers, is 87 feet six inches from the same level. The abutments of the bridge, both on the Chelsea and Battersea sides of the river, have each what is called a "relieving arch" in the centre, which serves the purpose of distributing the weight uniformly, the space between the arch and abutment being filled with concrete. The abutments, as well as the piers, rest firmly upon piles, which have been driven 20 feet beyond the low-water mark. There are also piles driven at an angle in front of the mooring-chambers as an extra security. The roadway of the bridge is 32 feet in width, and the overhanging footways on each side are 7 feet six inches wide. These are of somewhat peculiar construction, the former being composed of oaken blocks, 6 inches long by 2 inches wide and 4 inches deep, embedded in asphalte on a ground or foundation of cork and bitumen asphalte; the latter is constructed in a similar manner, the only difference being that the blocks are of smaller dimensions. A very large amount of additional strength is obtained over the ordinary mode of construction that has hitherto been adopted in the formation of suspension bridges, by the introduction of two longitudinal lattice girders of wrought iron, one of which is inserted on each side, and separate the roadway from the foot-paths. At each end of the bridge characteristic and highly picturesque-looking lodges have been erected. These lodges have basements 16 feet square, upon which rise superstructures that are octangular in plan, the roofs of which are covered with Portland cement, and their angles and summits adorned with appropriate terminations in terra-cotta. Some of the terminations fixed at the angles of these small buildings are noteworthy as being both ornamental and useful, being perforated, and serve as chimney-tops. The four towers that rise over the caissons and piers in the river are highly picturesque in form, and are entirely constructed of iron, except 18 feet of their upper portions at top, which are of moulded copper, which is, in fact, gilded and painted to resemble light colored bronze. The summits of the towers are crowned with large globular lamps, which, when in operation, will diffuse a large body of light around the structure. Taken as a whole, this bridge, of its peculiar class, whether as regards its constructive properties or its æsthetic beauty, may safely be classed amongst the most successful efforts of the kind that have been produced in modern times. It makes a very fine appearance, with its towers, and is a good specimen of British skill and beautiful effect.

VIEW OF ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

The interest attaching to this locality, as the place where the last treaty of peace between France and Austria has been concluded after tedious negotiations, has induced us to publish the accompanying excellent engraving. Zurich is the capital of a Swiss canton of that name, and is situated on the Limmat as it issues from the northwesterly extremity of the lake of Zurich. The inhabitants, who number about 17,000, are nearly all Protestants. The Limmat divides the town into two parts, and is spanned by three fine bridges. It is surrounded by old walls, and has an arsenal with a fine collection of ancient armor. The chief public buildings are the cathedral, St. Peter's Church, of which Lavater, the physiognomist, was minister for twenty-three years, a town-house, post-office, orphan asylum, and the tower of Waltenberg. It has a university, established in 1832, and which, in 1834, had 209 students, and a library of 3000 volumes, a cantonnal school, and many other polytechnic schools, a public library of 50,000 volumes, a cabinet of medals and natural history, a botanic garden and many learned societies. It has important manufactures of silks, cotton fabrics and ribbons, dye works and tanneries. Zurich is the birth-place of Gessner, Zimmerman, Lavater and Pestalozzi. Near it, the Swiss defeated the Austrians July 22, 1443, and the French defeated the Russians and Austrians August 26, 1799.

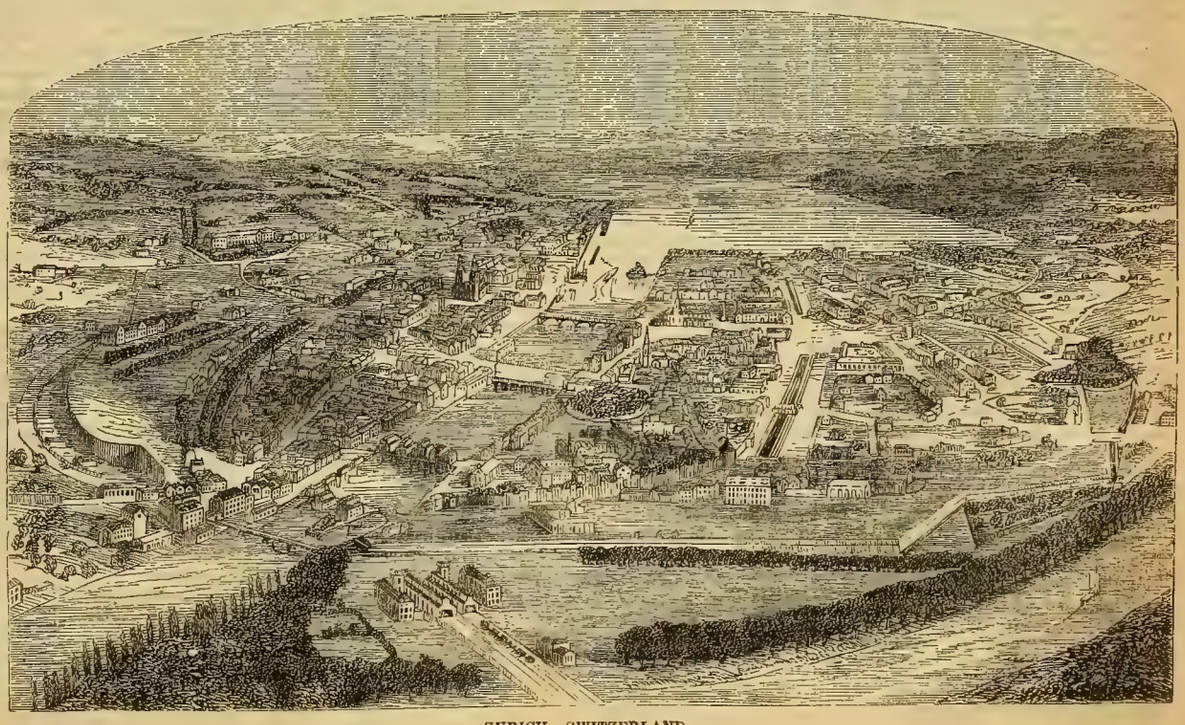
The Lake of Zurich, celebrated for its picturesque beauty, is enclosed at the east end by the cantons Schwyz and St. Gall. Its length is twenty-three miles, with a breadth varying from half to two and a half miles. Its chief affluent is the Linth, which it receives from Lake Wallenstadt. It is divided into the upper lake, extending from Schemirkau to Rapperschwyl, and the lower lake, about three times its extent from Rapperschwyl to Zurich. At its narrowest point it is crossed by a wooden bridge nearly half a mile long. The upper lake is frozen over about every winter, but this is seldom the case with the lower lake. In summer its water is sometimes raised very high by the melting of snow.

MR. CHARLES KEAN'S MARRIAGE.

On the 29th of January, 1842, occurred the most auspicious event in his life—the wisest step he had ever taken—and the surest guarantee of his future prosperity. He was married at the church of St. Thomas, in Dublin, to Miss Ellen Tree; a mutual attachment of long standing, and in every respect "a well-assorted union." By this, Charles Kean not only secured his domestic happiness, but obtained a large addition to his worldly means, and an invaluable co-operator in his theatrical career. By a rare combination of private and professional excellence, Miss Ellen Tree had already acquired a handsome independence, and had placed herself in the foremost rank of the distinguished females whose names shed lustre on the history of the British drama. Miss Ellen Tree is one of four sisters, who all evinced a predilection for the drama at very early years. Their father held a situation in the East India House. The mother still lives, happy in "a green old age," in the full possession of her faculties, a remarkable instance of health and longevity. Before Ellen appeared on the boards, the name of Tree had already become celebrated by the performance of the elder sister, Maria, an acting vocalist of superior ability, who will long be remembered, in conjunction with Miss Stephens and Miss Paton, as upholding the charms of pure English song, with combined though varied excellence, at the same theatre (Covent Garden), during several brilliant seasons. Miss Maria Tree, in 1825, married Mr. Bradshaw, a gentleman of fashion and fortune, some time member of Canterbury, and retired from professional life, too soon for the public, although infinitely to her own happiness and advantage. Miss Ellen Tree first appeared in Edinburgh when little more than seventeen, and after a period of successful study and practice in Bath, obtained an engagement at Drury Lane, her opening part being *Violante*, in the "Wonder;" on which occasion one of her most eminent predecessors in that arduous character, Mrs. Davison, supported the young *debutante* by assuming the subordinate duties of *Flora*. The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean took place on the last day of their Dublin engagement, and on that same evening, by an odd but accidental coincidence, they performed together in the "Honeymoon." For private and professional reasons of their own, the union was not immediately made public. Their first appearance in the acknowledged characters of man and wife occurred at Glasgow, on the 27th of the following February, the combined attraction producing, in five performances, included in one week, the sum of £1000.—*Life and Times of Charles Kean.*

PHYSIOGNOMY OF GOOD LIVERS.

Gourmands, by predestination, are generally of the middle height; they have round or square faces (*carré*), sparkling eyes, small forehead, short nose, full lips and round chins. The women are dimpled, pretty, rather than handsome, with an inclination to *embonpoint*. Those who are especially addicted to good eating have finer features, a more refined appearance; they are more *mignonnes*, and are distinguished by a peculiar manner of their own in swallowing. Under this exterior the most amiable dinner companions are to be found; they partake of every dish handed to them, eat slowly, and taste with reflection. They are in no hurry to leave the spot where they have been well entertained, and you have them for the rest of the evening, because they are aware what games and amusements are to follow the ordinary accessories of a gastronomic meeting. Those, on the contrary, to whom nature has denied an aptitude for the enjoyment of tastes, have long faces, long noses, and long eyes; no matter what their stature, their is something longitudinal about them. They have sleek hair, and are thin and lanky; it is they who invented trousers. Women, whom nature has similarly afflicted, are angulous, yawn at dinner, and live upon whist and scandal. The inclination of the fair sex for good living is a natural instinct, because it is favorable to their good looks. A series of observation has convinced me that ladies who live well remain younger much longer than others. It gives more brilliancy to the eye, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and, as physiology has proved that the depression of the muscles causes wrinkles, those dreaded enemies of beauty, it is also true, that the ladies are, comparatively, ten years younger than those who are ignorant on the subject.—*Brillat Savarin's Art of Dining.*



ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MUSIC ON THE WAVE.—A SONNET.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

O, lovely 'tis to hear the dreamy voice
Of music on the moonlit wave. So fine, so soft,
'Tis like the choral hymn or wierd rejoice
Of angels in their starry home. Aloft
Each echo seems to float, then falls again,
Linked with the pearly dews of evening.
And now the notes steal through the quiet glen,
Borne thither on the zephyr's silken wing.
Such sounds are far too beautiful for earth,
And in this holy hour transport my soul
Above the things of evanescent birth,
Where vestal fires their flames of glory roll.
O, I could wander like a spectre round the shore,
To muse in silence when those symphonies are o'er.

THE VIOLET.

The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen or copse or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the sun be past its morrow;—
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NATURE'S CHARMS.

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—WORDSWORTH.

RAINBOW.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!—BYRON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— Is there anything new under the sun? It is commonly supposed that the swindlers' trick of leaving a trunk full of paving stones in the hands of a too confiding landlord as pledge for the payment of a heavy boarding-bill was an invention of this enlightened 19th century. Not a bit of it; it was first practised by that mirror of Spanish chivalry, the Cid, Don Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar. This gentleman, being "hard up" at the time of his banishment by King Alphonso, sent Don Martin Antonilez to two Jews, Rachel and Vidas, proposing to them to advance a certain amount of "tin" on the deposit of two chests, which he averred to contain treasures captured from the Moors. "Meantime," says the chronicler, "the Cid had taken two chests which were covered with leather of red and gold, and the nails which fastened down the leather were well gilt; they were ribbed with bands of iron, and each fastened with three locks; they were heavy, and he filled them with sand. And when Rachel and Vidas entered his tent with Martin Antonilez, they kissed his hand; and the Cid smiled and said to them: 'Ye see that I am going out of the land, because of the king's displeasure; but I shall leave something with ye.' And they made answer, 'Martin Antonilez has covenanted with us, that we shall give ye six hundred marks upon those chests, and keep them a full year, swearing not to open them till that time be expired, else shall we be perjured.' 'Take the chests,' said Martin Antonilez. 'I will go with you, and bring back the marks, for my Cid must move before cock-crow.' So they took the chests, and though they were both strong men they could not lift them from the ground; and they were full glad of the bargain they had made."......The following story gives a lively idea of how the Russians govern Poland. A Jew met a Cossack in the forest, and the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to the town, he lodged a complaint with the major in command, who was (with what truth we shall see) reported to be a most rigorous disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, the robber was pointed out, when with the utmost effrontery, he remarked that he had *found* the horse. "How!" replied the Jew. "I was upon his back!" "Yes," retorted the Cossack, "I found you too; but having no use for a Jew, I did not keep you!" The excuse was admitted, and the poor Israelite was dismissed, *minus* his steed ......Quite an interesting operation was successfully completed lately in Port Dundas, Scotland, for the restoration of a chimney which had settled out of the perpendicular. This was accomplished by sawing several of the mortar beds between the courses on the side from which the chimney leaned, thereby allowing it to come back by its own weight, without the application of any external force. Only one draft was cut at a time, to guard against any shock which might have endangered the stability of the building, and by keeping the saws wet, a bed of mortar was prepared for the superincumbent weight to settle down upon. Twelve cuts were made in this manner, on different parts of the structure, which generally set before the saws had passed through half of the circumference, particularly in those made nearest the ground, where the weight was greatest. The principal dimensions of the chimney are—Total height, 468 feet; from surface to top of cope, 454 feet; outside diameter at foundation, 50 feet; at surface, 34 feet; at cope, 14 feet......"I don't dread the enemy," said an old soldier, "half as much as our brave volunteers, who carry their rifles in so dangerous a manner."......The following capital story appeared in a late number of that clever paper, the New York Saturday Press: At a trial in a Vermont court, several years ago, a French lady had been subpœnaed as a witness, and was called upon to give her testimony. She was a stranger in the place, and "the Court" felt itself bound to address her in her native tongue. But "the Court's" education in the parlez-vous line had been sadly neglected, and how to administer the oath in an intelligent form to the silent lady before him was for some moments a puzzling question. What was to be done? The judge called upon several of the lawyers near him, but they all avowed their ignorance of the language then so supposedly necessary. Finally the counsel for the defendant, a clever Yankee, feeling himself equal to the occasion, volunteered to extricate "the Court" from its embarrassment. He accordingly rose and addressed the lady witness in these terms: "Vous jurez zat wat you here testify shall be ze truse, ze whole truse, and nossing but ze truse, so help you mon Dieu?" The lady looked for a moment at the manufacturer of this hybrid sentence in silent astonishment, then turning to "the Court," said in perfectly good English, though with a slightly foreign accent: "What does the gentleman say?" The effect was electrical. Such a laugh went up to the roof of that country court room that the counsel for defendant has not heard the last of it to this day......The Albion American tells the following of Comptroller Church: "He was a delegate to the democratic national convention which nominated James K. Polk for president in 1844. Before leaving home he deposited a one hundred dollar bank bill in his wallet on the Bank of Orleans. Mr. Church having no use for the bill forgot all about it, and there it lay among some old papers until a few weeks since, when it was discovered by Mr. Church while looking over the papers. Fifteen years had that bill remained idle. The bank failed about two years since......It is mentioned as a discovery, that the secretary of Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Charles Bailey, is buried in a small cemetery at La Hulpe, near Brussels. He was born in the same year as the queen, whose execution he witnessed, and had reached the advanced age of eighty-four when he died......A number of interesting drawings and manuscripts by Michael Angelo have just been discovered in that house at Florence which all Italian tourists will remember in the Via Ghibellina. The house has been changing hands lately, in consequence of some law proceedings, and has now become the property of the government. A letter from Florence says: "The government has appointed a commission to arrange all the memorials; and I have been assured by one of the members of the commission that there have been found in the family archives many drawings of Michael Angelo hitherto unknown, and writings of the highest value, both original prose and poetical composition, from his pen; letters, not only unedited but quite unknown, from the most illustrious men of his times addressed to the artist, and tending to throw a new light on the events of his life. Let us trust that the students of art may rightly avail themselves of these treasures, and may finally write a complete story of Michael Angelo's life and times. The commission is already engaged in preparing the materials for a complete and correct edition of his writings."......Some gentlemen have organized in Douglas county, Wisconsin, the "Lake Superior Agricultural Society," and have awarded a dollar a pound for the best, and fifty cents a pound for the second best butter made in the county, and $10 for the best barrel of flour from wheat grown there......At Breslau, on the occasion of a recent visit of the Prince and Princess Frederick William, there was an illumination, but the statue of Blucher was not lighted up, and the populace began to collect money towards the illuminating materials. This occasioned a disturbance and a collision with the troops, during which two persons were killed and several wounded......A distinguished statesman of Central America, being asked how his country was getting on, replied, "O, very well, very well: *a mild anarchy.*"......A very handsome shaft of red Peterhead granite has just been completed at Aberdeen, Scotland, which is intended for the Westminster column, about to be erected near Westminster Abbey, to the memory of Lord Raglan and the other "Old Westminsters" who fell in the Crimea. The column is to be surmounted by a figure of St. George and the Dragon, and below, in niches, are to be placed the figures of Henry III., Edward I., Queens Elizabeth and Victoria, this part of the monument to be of Portland stone. The total height of the column is sixty-two feet. The height of the base is fourteen feet three inches, and its width ten feet......A new Concord coach, the first stage seen at Downieville, California, arrived there a few weeks since. The citizens met the stage in a body, escorted it to the centre of the town, and wound up the festivities with a ball in the evening......The vice of gambling is gangrening the whole of French society, from the highest to the lowest, down even to the poorest laborers in the most solitary country villages. There has just taken place at Tours, a trial in which two agricultural laborers, in connivance with the keeper of a cafe, have been convicted of keeping a clandestine gaming table, where sums to the amount of a thousand and fifteen hundred francs were nightly won and lost. The gamblers entirely consisted of laborers and workmen, some of whom had lost everything they possessed. The culprits were condemned to a short imprisonment (the highest being two months and the lowest a week) and a slight fine......A Cincinnati critic says of Mrs. James: "Her notes are so ravishingly sweet, that when we see her occasionally lick her lips, we are led to the conceit that they have left a delicious flavor on those cherry portals."......We know a poor fellow who takes the palm in all his quarrels with his wife. She slaps his face......It is stated that nothwithstanding the capture of Schamyl, the Caucasus is far from being entirely subdued. The Invalide Russe says that the mountaineers have another chief not less intrepid and fanatical, and who may still resist for one or two winters. The Russian army in the Caucasus consists of 60,000 men......It is stated that another highly important discovery has just been made near Frederickton, Mo., being a vein, or rather a formation, some forty or fifty feet wide, containing platinum and gold. Messrs. Kraut and Weiss and Dr. Kock, of St. Louis, visited the place recently, and declared themselves both surprised and gratified to find such an immense deposit of mineral wealth in Missouri. The Arcadia Prospect says: We have not as yet heard about the richness of this ore, but presume it is the same as that formerly discovered, some of which, we understand, contains about three per cent. of platinum.... At Memphis, Tenn., recently, a policeman shot a disorderly character who resisted arrest and attempted to stab the officer. The wounded man died the next day......An avaricious fellow in Brussels gave a large dinner recently. Just as the guests sat down, a piercing shriek was heard in the courtyard. The host hurried out, and returned pale, affrighted, and his hands covered with blood. "What is it?" was the inquiry. "Alas!" he said, "a poor workman, father of a large family, has met with a terrible accident. He was knocked down by a cart and grievously wounded. Let us aid him. A collection was taken up, and the guests contributed 1200 francs. Generous souls! It was the miser's ruse to make them pay for their dinner......The ruins of the old Palais de Thermes, in Paris, built by Augustus Cæsar, and which by the recent alterations face the new Boulevard de Sebastopol, have been tastefully arranged, a formal garden has been planted around them, and some pieces of ancient sculpture and fragments of architecture decorate and give a character to the spot......The British consul at Honolulu is raising subscriptions for the erection of a monument to Captain Cook at Kealakeakua Bay, on the spot where he fell. After a local subscription has provided for a granite obelisk, he suggests an appeal for subscriptions "throughout the world" to erect on Diamond Head, or elsewhere, a memorial in some degree more commensurate with Cook's fame.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

A letter of Louis Napoleon to the King of Sardinia, generally believed to be authentic, is causing great excitement in Europe. The emperor demands that the Duchess of Parma shall be allied to Modena—Parma is to be united to Piedmont—Tuscany, augmented, perhaps, by a portion of territory, to be restored to the Grand Duke Ferdinand, and a system of moderate liberty shall be adopted in all the States of Italy. The emperor traces the plan of Italian Confederation with the pope as honorary president, as this increase of his moral influence will enable him to make concessions in conformity with the legitimate wishes of the populations.—Garibaldi arrived at Turin on the 28th of September, in compliance with a summons from the king. In addressing the multitude at Tegheri, he is stated to have said: "With a king like Victor Emmanuel, with arms like ours, and with people like you, Italy should not stop until she has freed the last inch of her soil from the heel of the foreigner."—The Spanish government has chartered all the steam packets which run between its ports and Marseilles, for the conveyance of the expedition against Morocco. The queen has offered to contribute a part of her civil list and all her jewels for the expenses of the war.—The Great Eastern will go to Liverpool in the spring.

The Prince Imperial.

A Paris correspondent writes: I saw the little prince the other day. He is a fine, pretty boy, full of spirits. He has, it is said, an irresistible desire to fight all his playfellows. His father's well known expression, "*L'Empire c'est la paix*," has, it appears, but little effect on the young monseigneur. Young Master Conneau, son of the emperor's favorite physician, is the recipient of the prince's pugilistic essays. The question in dispute between them is, which shall be the other's groom; and, as neither is inclined to yield, battles ensue forthwith. Youth does not bow to rank, and the consequence is that his imperial highness is not always victorious.

Florence.

M. Ridolfi, minister of public institutions, has been seized with a perfect artistic mania. He has ordered, at the expense of the State, a complete edition of the works of Machiavelli, two bronze statues of Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon III., three statues representing Francis Barlamachi, the first martyr of Italian unity at Lucca, Sallust Bandini and Leonardo Jibonaci, four historical paintings on ancient and modern subjects, four pictures of battles of the last war, and portraits of Gioberti, Balbo, Troza, Berchet, Pellico and Giustic.

M. Jullien.

This gentleman has been released from his pecuniary embarrassments in Paris. During the twenty years that Jullien reigned monarch of the famed popular concerts he acknowledges to have received the enormous sum of $1,000,000 in England and America He is busily engaged in writing his "Life and Times among the English."

Copenhagen.

The Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, was recently crowded on the occasion of the return to the stage of Denmark's greatest actress, Madlle. Heilberg, who for the last two years had retired into private life. The part selected for her *rentree* was Lady Teazle, in Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

The Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the colonial secretary and other distinguished personages, will visit Canada in the end of May or the beginning of June next. The formal opening of the Victoria Bridge will then take place.

Paper in Spain.

Ordinary paper is so scarce in Madrid, Spain, that several printing offices have to suspend operations, and the journals press the government to allow foreign paper to be imported free, or at least at a greatly reduced duty.

A Chinese Marvel.

An ingenious Parisian stationer who for some years past has taken up his abode at Shanghai, has returned to Paris, bringing with him a curious Chinese invention. This extraordinary discovery consists in the composition of a paper which can be made to last as long as one wishes, by the use of a water or *eau magique*. The paper must be beforehand prepared by some means known only to the buyer and seller, and is then saturated with the water, which is colorless, tasteless, and scentless. The length of time that one desires the paper to last is regulated by the introduction of pure water to weaken the effect. For instance, if the paper is to be decomposed within six days, the *eau magique* is put on without adulteration; if a month, a certain quantity of pure water is to be used. With this paper, then, the wily Chinese write their billets doux, taking care, however, that the corrosive water and their passion shall be of the same weight. The water is called "Divine Ink," and the paper "Exquisite Prudence."

Novel Duel.

An apothecary lately refused to resign his seat at a theatre in Vienna to an officer, who feeling himself insulted, sent him a challenge. The apothecary was punctual at the meeting, but observed he had to propose a new way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a pill-box, and taking therefrom two pills, thus addressed his antagonist: "As a man of honor, sir, you would not wish me to fight on unequal terms. Here are, therefore, two pills, one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless. We are, therefore, on equal ground if we each swallow one; you shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take that which you leave." It is needless to add that the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

Suicide at Homburg.

Recently, at the famous German bathing and gambling place, Homburg, a Frenchman, who had been playing for some time with the usual luck of all gamesters, put down his last napoleon, and lost it like the rest. He drew a pistol out of his pocket, and blew his brains out while sitting at the fatal *trente et quarante* table. The people who are generally in attendance threw a cloth over his face, carried the wretched man out, life being quite extinct, and the game proceeded as if nothing had occurred.

Temperance Movement in England.

The advocates of total abstinence have commenced a new agitation, and are attempting, by a little gentle coercion, to compel the clergymen of the Established Church to act on their principles. A circular, signed by several clergymen, at the head of whom is Dean Close, of Carlisle, has been extensively circulated, with a view to persuade their clerical brethren that their personal health and their professional objects are alike hindered by an indulgence in even the temperate use of intoxicating drinks.

A Million Muskets.

Garibaldi has probably by this time obtained the means of purchasing the million muskets he has called for. He has addressed the syndics of all the Italian towns of the central peninsula, of Sardinia and Lombardy. Subscription papers were opened in all the newspaper offices.

Louis Napoleon.

A Paris correspondent says the Emperor Napoleon, since his return from Biarritz, looks ill and careworn, considerably aged since his departure, and so much stouter in figure that his head seems fast sinking into his shoulders, like people suffering from weakness.

Lucien Bonaparte.

We learn from Rome that Prince Lucien Bonaparte has obtained the archbishopric of Vienna, vacated by the death of Monsignor Falconieri, which puts him in the way of getting a cardinal's hat.

Sentence of an Engineer.

A civil engineer, a native of Venetia, has been sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment in a fortress, for having furnished a plan of the fortifications of Venice to the enemy during the late war.

Egyptian Relics.

Mariette, the celebrated French archæologist, has engaged 3000 persons to work at excavations in the principal historical sites of Upper Egypt.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OLD STONE MANSION. By CHARLES J. PETERSON. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother.

Mr. Peterson is a very popular writer, and this work will prove one of the most popular of his productions. It is full of incident and character, and is vital with energy from beginning to end. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

HARD MAPLE By the author of "Dollars and Cents," etc Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown. 18mo. pp. 255.

One of the prettiest stories for young people we have read for many a long day. It is admirably managed throughout, and exquisitely wound up.

TWELVE YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN INDIA. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 444 1860.

This most readable book is made up from the letters of the late Major W. S. R. Hodson, R. A., of the 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, and of Hodson's Horse, and is as full of incident as any romance of war and chivalry. Hodson was the type of a soldier, gallant, chivalrous, prudent His capture of the King of Delhi was an exploit the doing of which was only justified by the importance of the object aimed at. The work is well edited by the major's brother, Rev. George H. Hodson, M. A., Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

The same publishers are issuing in monthly parts a capital book with the above title, by Thomas Hughes, author of "School Days at Rugby," the "Scouring of the White Horse." etc.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, have published "We Meet Again," song and chorus; "Highland Fling," with variations for the piano, by Emanuel Marquis; "Sfolgoro Divino Raggio," cavatina from I Martiri and Gertrude Mazurka, for the piano, by R. S. Ambrose.

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FLORAL INDICES OF THE HOURS.

This periodicity of plants in opening and closing their blossoms has enabled many ingenious botanists, including Linnæus, to form floral dials or clocks, by means of which the different hours of the day may be ascertained. Commencing at three o'clock in the morning (for no flower wakes up before the lark), the goat's-beard blossom forms one of the best floral indices of the hours of the day, opening at sunrise and closing at noon. This plant, while flowering, is easily recognized by its sea-green stem, two feet high, and by its green leaves, almost as slender as young wheat, which distinguish it at once from the other species of compound flowers, with their variously-cut foliage. After blossoming, the plant may be known by its round, downy ball of light brown seeds, to which the plant owes its rustic name of goat's-beard. It is also called noonday flower, jack-go-to-bed-at-noon, and star of Jerusalem. The daisies sprinkling our meadows, received their pretty name from their opening only to the morning light.

The common centaury (Erythraea centaurium) is another plant which wakes up with the sun. It is a frequent flower on heaths, and on cliffs by the sea, from June to September; but, in cloudy weather, the beautiful rose and golden colored blossoms are all closed up, nor are they ever to be seen in full beauty after three o'clock.

At about four o'clock the dandelion (Taraxacum dens leonis) spreads its golden blossoms to the rising sun; and five o'clock is announced by the flowering of the smooth hawk's-beard (Crepis teetorum) growing upon the walls. Towards six o'clock the viper's grass (Scarzonera) blossoms; while from six to seven the flowers of various kinds of sow's thistle (Sonchus) and hawkweed (Hieracium) make their appearance. Precisely at seven o'clock the flowers of the common lettuce (Lactuea sativa) burst forth into bloom; and, between seven and eight, Venus's looking-glass (Specularie speculum) begins to show its pretty self, from which perhaps it may be inferred that the goddess is not a very early riser. At eight o'clock, if the sky be neither cloudy nor rainy, the scarlet pimpernel (Anagallis arvenis) unfolds its blossoms. Nine o'clock is marked by the flowering of the creeping mouse-ear hawkweed (Hieracium lubium). From nine to ten of a summer's morning the red sandwort (Arenaria rubra), with its starry blossoms like silver pennies, varying in color from a deep purple to a delicate lilac or white, may be seen spangling the grass in their full loveliness; but, by four o'clock, each blossom is closed up from the dews which twilight brings. At ten, a poisonous sort of juniper, the purple savin (Juniperas sabina), opens its flower leaves. Punctually at eleven, the common star of Bethlehem (Ornithogelum umbellatum) expands its star-like white and green blossoms, flowering during two or three weeks, but never unfolding except in bright sunshine, and even then not before eleven; hence gardeners often call it eleven-o'clock-lady, and the French term it la belle d'onze heures. The Alpine single-flowered hawkweed (Hieracium elpinum) come out at the same time. No plant by its flowering distinctly marks mid-day, although many varieties of fig-trees blossom about that time.

Commencing at one o'clock, there is the succory (Chicorium), and, at two, the squill hyacinth (Scilla pomerdiana). The common marigold (Calcutula arvensis) is put down in the calendar for three o'clock; but this is found to be uncertain. By four o'clock, the four o'clock flower (Mirabilis lichotome) blooms; and, at five o'clock, the flower of the wall, hawkweed (Hieracium murarum) makes its appearance.

From five to six, the pale rose-colored petals of the sweet-scented night-flowering catchfly (Silence noctiflora) disclose themselves. And, on portions of the sides of those towering and majestic cliffs which border the shore for several miles along the coast of Dover, thousands of these starry blossoms are seen in their full glory about eight o'clock in the evening, growing on stems about a foot high, and exhaling a powerful perfume resembling prussic acid. When, however, this odor is borne upon the sea breeze, it is said to be delicious. The flowers retain their peculiarity of opening only in the evening, even after they are gathered; and their scent is then almost too powerful to be borne in a room.

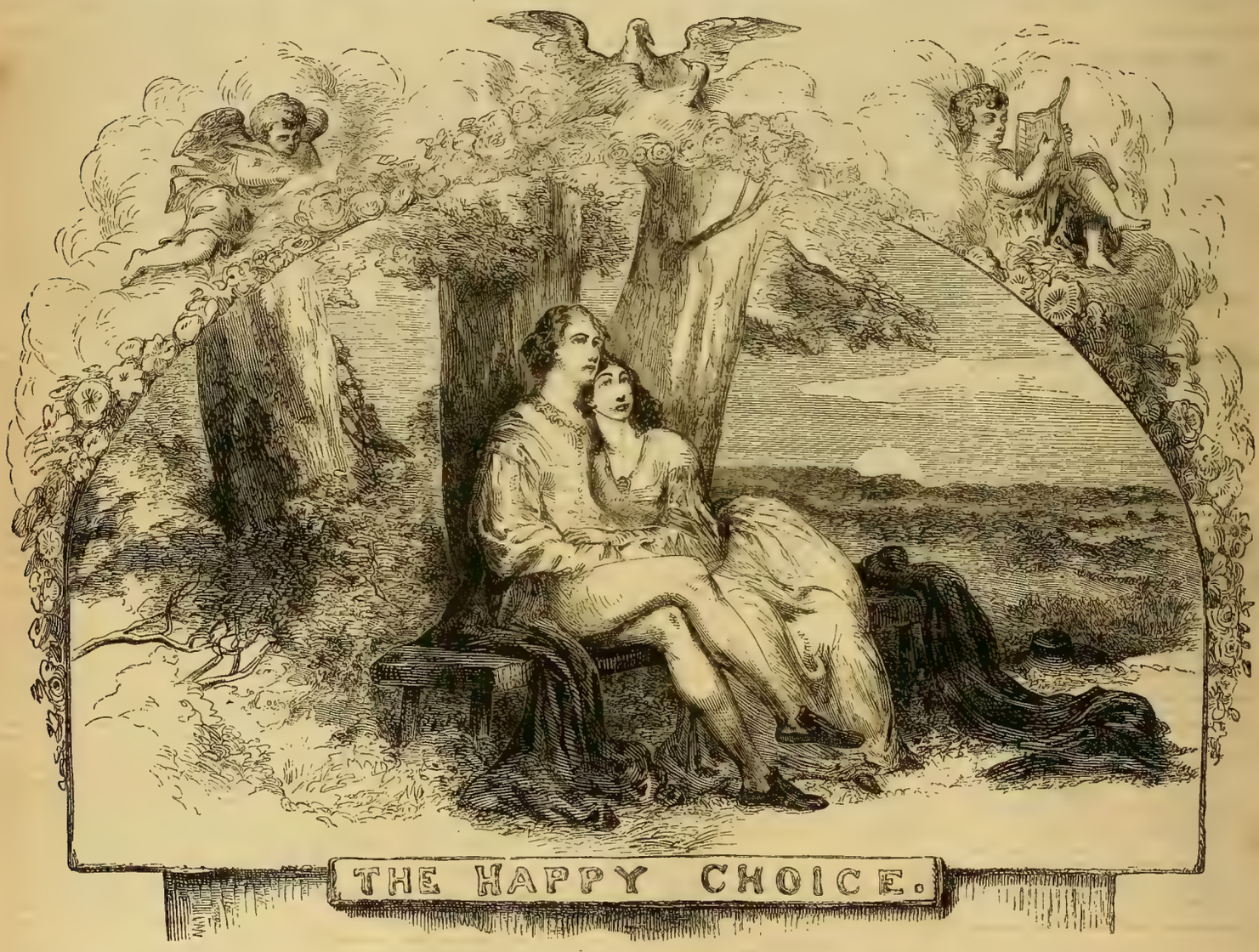
At six o'clock, the evening primrose (Anothera brinnis) opens its large primrose-colored, somewhat fragrant blossoms, just when the summer twilight is on its way. Its mode of expanding is curious; the petals being held together at the summit by the hockered ends of the calyx, the segments of the flower-cup at first separate at the base, and the yellow petals peep through these openings a long time before the flower is fully blown. The expansion is very gradual until the blossom is free from the hooks at the top; but, when this is effected, it unfolds very quickly for a minute or two, and then stops; after which it opens slowly, spreading itself out quite flat. The whole of this process sometimes occupies half an hour, and often a little sudden noise is made as it jerks the topmost hooks asunder. The flowers hang next day discolored and flaccid, so that the plant has little beauty until evening. Occasionally, however, a blossom or two may be seen fully open even at noonday.

The night-flowering stock (Matthiola tristis) is all day withered, needing the air of night to freshen it into vigor and sweetness. Between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, during the summer, the queen of night flowers, the magnificent night-flowering cerens (Cerens noctiflora) begins to open its blossoms; and, by eleven o'clock, these are in full blow. The calyx of the flower, when open, is nearly a foot in diameter. The inside is of a splendid yellow color, appearing like the rays of a bright star, while the outside is of a dark brown. The petals, being purely white, add considerably to the lustre of the golden star; and while they are in bloom, these flowers are certainly unsurpassed for beauty and fragrance. Another cerens (Cerens myticalus) is also night-flowering, beginning to open between seven and eight, and being fully expanded by ten o'clock.

At eight o'clock, in hot weather, the beautiful flowers of the marvel of Peru (Mirabillis jalapa) unfold themselves, but it sometimes happens if the weather is cool, or the sun is obscured, they open in the daytime. The nine o'clock flower, the latest, is called the mournful geranium (Geranium triste).—*All the Year Round.*

COLOR OF ARAB HORSES.

A writer in Blackwood, speaking of horse-dealing in Syria, and the color of Arab horses, says: Gray of various shades, bay, chestnut and brown, are the ordinary, and it may almost be said the only colors of an Arab horse. The commonest of all colors is one which I recollect as being very frequent amongst the Arabs met with in India, a dark, uniform, nutmeg gray. Light gray, verging upon white, is neither rare nor peculiar to old horses. Next to gray in frequency comes bay and chestnut, both fine and rich in quality, and the latter so prized above all colors by the Arabs, that they have a saying that, if you ever hear of a horse performing any remarkable feat, you will be sure to find upon inquiry that he is a chestnut. Brown is not unfrequent, and in my register of horses brought from Anazeh, I find one black. But so rare is that color, that if I had merely trusted to my recollection, I should have said I never saw a black horse in the desert. Of other colors I saw none, except in the solitary instance of a skewbald; and I cannot at this moment, undertake to say that he was an Anazeh, or belonged to some of the tribes where the purity of the breed can less be depended on.



CONNEMARA PEASANTRY.

The Englishman who desires a new sensation should pay a visit to the Claddah. When we arrived, the men were at sea; but the women, in their bright red petticoats, descending half-way down the uncovered leg, their cloaks worn like the Spanish mantilla, and of divers colors, their headkerchiefs and hoods, were grouped among the old gray ruins where the fish market is held, and formed a tableau not to be forgotten. Though their garments are torn, and patched, and discolored, there is a graceful, simple dignity about them, which might teach a lesson to Parisian milliners; and to my fancy the most becoming dress in all the world is that of a peasant girl of Connemara. No, whatever may be the wrongs of Ireland, no lover of the picturesque and beautiful would wish to see her *redressed* (so far as the ladies are concerned—the gentlemen might be improved); no one would desire to see her peasant girls in the tawdry bonnets and brass-eyed boots, which stultify the faces and cripple the feet of the daughters of our English laborers.—*A Little Tour in Ireland.*

THE HAPPY CHOICE.

Two youthful lovers, who have just exchanged mutual vows, are seated on a flowery bank beneath umbrageous foliage, while the moon is lifting her silver shield above the distant horizon to complete the charm of a midsummer night. Our artist has permitted us to glance at this picture of felicity—this drama of the heart in which but two actors are concerned. What dreams are theirs! how they are all in all to each other—how dead to the world beside! The period of courtship, when no envious clouds and tempests mar its sunshine, is perhaps the very happiest in the life of man. Into its too brief days and hours are poured all the romance and poetry of his nature. Under such circumstances the most prosaic becomes rapt and inspired. One would think that every happy lover would be a poet, for only song can express his rapture. But there is amidst this joy an uncommunicative selfishness which spares the public a world of sorry rhyme. That heart must be cold indeed which cannot interest itself in the pure affections of a plighted pair. Who would not wish the power to cast their horoscope and weave a fortune for them out of glittering stars? That fair young girl will be dear as a bride and dearer yet as a wife, and as time sweeps on it will bring a change in the character of their attachment, but no diminution of its sanctity and truth.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

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ADVENTURES WITH LIONS.

Moffat, the daring agent of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, who for twenty-three years was exposed to all the perils of general resident, and travelling supervision of the society's operations in that wild region, has given many striking and memorable anecdotes of the lion. We quote one, in his own language: "The old lion when in company with his children, as the natives call them, though they are nearly as big as himself; or, when numbers together happen to come upon game, the oldest or ablest creeps to the object, while the others crouch on the grass; if he be successful, which he generally is, he retires from his victim, and lies down to breathe and rest, for perhaps a quarter of an hour; in the meantime, the others draw around, and lie down at a respectful distance. When the chief one has got his rest, he commences at the abdomen and breast, and after making havoc with the tit-bits of the carcase, he will take a second rest, none of the others presuming to move. Having made a second gorge, he retires; the others watching his motions, rush on the remainder, and it is soon devoured. At other times, if a young lion seizes the prey, and an old one happens to come up, the younger retires till the elder has dined. The following fact will show the fearful dangers to which solitary travellers are sometimes exposed: A man who was returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn-bushes. Being a little tired, he fell asleep. In a short time the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within a little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he recovered his presence of mind, then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised his head and gave a tremendous roar; he made another, and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as it went, lest the man should move, and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage. He withdrew his hand and the animal then went to the water, drank, and returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there, he listened to some noise, apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water, and drank; but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his 'toes roasted,' and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments, expecting the lion's return, when he was resolved to send the contents of the gun through its head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. Providentially, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes and was a cripple for life. 'A Bushman,' says Mr. James Backhouse, a missionary of South Africa, 'residing near the Orange River, in the direction of Hardcastle Kloof, was hunting with some companions, and observing a considerable number of vultures soaring in the air, he concluded that some animal had been accidentally killed, of which he might possibly obtain a share; he, therefore, left his companions and repaired to the spot, where he found a hartebeest lying. While he was engaged in driving off the birds, a lion which he supposed had killed the hartebeest and satisfied his hunger, came from behind a neighboring bush and growled at him. Petrified with fear, the Bushman stood perfectly still. The lion walked around him so close as to brush him with his tail, uttering at the same time a low growl; it went to a short distance and sat down, looking at the Bushman, who kept his eye upon it, and drew back a few paces; but when he drew back the lion advanced; he, therefore, stood quite still till the lion retired a little and lay down. The Bushman seized the opportunity, picked up a few straws of dried grass and began to try to strike a light, but as soon as the lion heard the tappings of the flint and steel, it rose again and walked around the Bushman, brushing him as before; again the Bushman was still, and again the lion retired. The Bushman once more plied his flint and steel, and again the lion advanced from his retreat. At this moment the Bushman succeeded in obtaining a light. The lion made a stand when he saw the flame, and as this increased when the burning grass was dropped into a dry bush, the lion fled, and the Bushman made good his retreat.'"

A PORTRAIT OF RACHEL.

A writer in the Constitutional Press gives the following description of a visit to Rachel, the late French tragic actress: "The only evening I had the pleasure of passing in her company, was, I think, in 1845, when she was still in health and spirits. I had looked in upon M Charpentier, the portrait painter, whose full-length portrait of Rachel was then hanging in his *atelier*, beside the companion-portrait of George Sand; and, as I expressed a desire to see Rachel in private, M. Charpentier said: 'I am going to her presently; come with me.' It was not an order to be rejected, and I sacrificed a stall at the theatre without hesitation. When we arrived there, we found Rachel alone. Immediately that the first civilities were over, she jumped up and told Charpentier he must give her his opinion on a bonnet she had just bought, and, with a charming '*vous permettez n'est ce pas?*' to me, she vanished, and returned with the bonnet on her head. I thought I never saw a more fascinating woman, as she held the strings under her chin, and held her little head up to be criticised. For some time her talk was millinery, and nothing else. On this subject she was voluble and very earnest. I remember feeling that I cut a very poor figure all this while; for, not being a Frenchman, I had neither knowledge of details nor opinion respecting *ensembles*, so was forced to play dummy—which is not an exhilarating part, especially when you have been introduced to a charming woman as a *littérateur distingué* (one is always *distingué* unless *célèbre*), and desire to produce a favorable impression. She perceived at a glance that I knew nothing of such matters, and took no notice of me as long as they 'talked *chiffons*.' I repaid myself by noticing her. It was singular how a face so very common in its elements, such a mere little Jewish physiognomy, if you considered the details, became positively beautiful when animated. Still more singular was it that a girl, picked up from the streets, so to speak, should at once have acquired the utmost drawing-room elegance. If the reader has seen her play Lady Tartuffe, the only modern part she played, he will probably remember the drawing-room grace of her manner. It was this, reduced to drawing-room proportions, of course, which I remarked when, quitting the millinery, she sat down, and began to talk of England, the theatre, Jules Janin, and the Exposition. When I took leave, she begged me to come and see her again before returning to England; but I never did, for I felt that I should see nothing more. The impression she made on me was that of a woman with a wonderful temperament, very little intelligence, very little sympathy, and irresistibly fascinating manners."

HON. JOHN F. POTTER, OF WISCONSIN.

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OF WISCONSIN.

The portrait on this page, drawn expressly for us by Mr Homer, is pronounced an excellent likeness of Mr. Potter, one of the representatives from Wisconsin in the present Congress. He is a member of the Republican party, and is highly esteemed by his associates and constituents for his consistency, energy, intelligence and straight-forwardness. He has fitted himself for his present position by intense study. While laying no claims to oratorical distinction, he is a fair speaker, and is always listened to with attention. We were disappointed in not receiving from an editorial friend an extended biographical notice of this gentleman, but having promised the publication of the portrait in this number, we have redeemed our pledge, reserving the biography for a future number.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MOLL PITCHER,

— THE —

NEW ENGLAND FORTUNE-TELLER.

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

"I AM almost ready to believe, Aunt Lizzie, that old Madge, the fortune-teller, really possesses the gift of second sight, for she yesterday told Kate Ellery so much truth of the past, and so confidently predicted the events of the future—"

"Which have yet to be fulfilled, however, before the verity of the oracle can be established, my dear Bella," interrupted Mrs. Randolph, looking up from her book with a quiet smile.

"True," said the young lady, "yet if she spoke correctly of the past, whose events are as closely shrouded from her knowledge as can be those of the future, is it not enough to startle one into the conviction that she actually does possess that mysterious power by which seers and prophets of the olden time penetrated the dense veil of futurity, and saw with unclouded vision, things yet hidden from the ken of other mortals?"

"To no human mind, Bella, since the age of miracles, has God granted such power. There may be persons who impiously profess to have received it, but rest assured, they are miserable charlatans who, by numberless cunning arts, obtain their knowledge of individual histories, conjecturing what they do not know, or extracting it in a subtle manner from those who have the weakness to consult them."

"It may be so—probably it is in most instances. Yet you believe, dear aunt, and so do I, that the soul possesses faculties of wonderful and unknown power, which are to be developed in a brighter state of being; why, then, should it seem incredible that solitary cases exist in which those powers and faculties may be permitted, for some wise purpose, to expand and find employment even before death has purged away the mists that darken our spiritual vision?"

"Dearest Bella, do not nurture your natural credulity by such casuistry. In this age of the world, God does not violate fixed laws in order to accomplish his purposes, and could you know half the misery resulting from a blind faith in these pretended soothsayers, you would deprecate their assumption of superior wisdom, and warn the foolish girl whom you saw trusting in them, to beware how she rested her faith on their vain predictions."

"You speak of violating fixed laws, dear aunty, but I do not believe they ever are, or can be violated. God's first law, is order, and by it he immutably abides. And so I think that all seeming mysteries would appear to us simple and natural, had we higher faculties to know and comprehend their cause. For instance, we neither of us doubt the truth of animal magnetism, and yet we are unable to understand and explain its phenomena. Nevertheless, we believe that it is the result of eternal, unchanging laws, which this age of progress and high inquiry promises ere long to reveal to us."

"True, Bella—yet all this has very little to do with the assumption of supernatural knowledge, which prompted old Madge, in her ignorance and cunning, to impose upon the timid and credulous with pretended prophecies regarding their future destiny, of which there is no possible reason for supposing her to have any knowledge of. I am especially opposed to the vocation of these would-be wise women, from having known in my early youth, a melancholy instance of the effect produced on the destiny of a young girl whose cloudless prospects were forever darkened by the false and evil influence of a witch, who was celebrated far and near for her great and superhuman wisdom."

"Ah! you mean Moll Pitcher, Aunt Lizzie, of whom I have heard and read such wonderful things, that were I a believer in the transmigration of souls, I could almost fancy the wierd spirit of the Witch of Endor had condescended to animate the body of this veritable Moll, of fortune-telling renown, and so prompted her marvellous deeds and revelations."

"You might well have thought so, Bella, had you seen the deference rendered to her oracular pretensions by all ranks and classes of the community at the period when I knew her, for it was then that her reputation as a prophetess was at its climax. And great indeed it was, and wide-spread throughout the land—nor do I believe the startling exploits of the terrible Rob Roy were more famed among the deep glades and heathery hills of Scotland, nor his name as a household word, repeated with greater fear and awe in its cottage shielings, than were those of the marvel-telling, wonder-enacting Moll Pitcher, some scores of years since in the green valleys and peaceful dwellings of New England."

"You have seen her, then, with your own eyes, dear aunt, and perhaps, too, you have heard the sybil utter her strange oracles."

"Yes, I have done both, and I can never forget, though a mere child at the time, the impression which her wierd and witch-like appearance made upon me, nor the awe with which I learned to regard her, by observing those of riper years and experience, rendering implicit faith to her claim of supernatural wisdom. My position, at that early period of my life, placed me where her movements came daily beneath my notice, and as her strange arts were the constant subject of wonder and discussion in the village, my reverence for her miraculous pretensions deepened, and my faith in her infallibility grew firm as a rock, till after years matured my judgment and enabled me to detect the charlatanry which had passed with me for superhuman wisdom. But I wish now, my dear Bella, both as a lesson and a warning to your youth and credulity, to speak of the unhappy influence which this woman exercised over the destiny of a beautiful girl who was my schoolmate."

"Was it not about this very incident in your school life, aunty, that Cousin William was inquiring when we passed through Lynn on our way to Nahant last summer? I was so intent upon looking at the old academy where you said you received the early rudiments of your education, that I scarcely gave any heed to the conversation."

"I recollect it, and how interested you were in noting all the spots which I pointed out as having been familiar to my childhood. I had just reached my twelfth year, when I was placed by my parents at the school, or academy, as it was called, which had then some celebrity in Lynn, the well-known village which was the dwelling-place of Moll Pitcher, the New England witch. I was a half spoiled, self-willed child, and though just entering my teens, was uninitiated save in the very rudiments of knowledge, for not then had the wonderful properties of steam been applied to make the world of matter and of mind progress at railroad speed, consequently the children of those days escaped having their brains overwrought and excited in the endeavor to grasp a dozen different theories at once, to unravel the abstruse mysteries of algebra and logic, and then as a salubrious change from the close and heated school-room, to sit chained for hours in one position at the piano, conning semi-breves and quavers till the very sight of the music-book was an abomination to them.

"But if, instead of the multitudinous branches which perplex the youth of the present generation, those of that primitive time could say by heart, word for word, and line for line, the whole of the 'Young Lady's Accidence,' that wonderful companion of grammar, or could read with tolerable fluency the pages of the 'Columbian Orator,' or the 'American Preceptor,' the progress of the scholar was regarded as quite satisfactory, and as giving no ordinary promise for the future. Such, and not beyond this, dear Bella, were my attainments when I first became an inmate of the neat white house which you remember I pointed out to you, standing upon one side of the broad and sandy Lynn common. In it lived the preceptress, to whose care I was consigned. A stately, aristocratic looking woman she was, who presided like a queen over the female department of the academy, which I suppose still flourishes in the town of St. Crispin, but has, I trust, before this, had some portion of the spirit of the age infused into its stagnant life.

"Why I was sent to this particular seat of learning, I could never clearly divine, except it was, as I sometimes suspected, that I might be under the surveillance of the parish minister, an old college friend of my father's, and of whom, for his amiable and easy temper, he retained kind and pleasant recollections. But as their paths through life, though both had embraced the same holy calling, were widely diverse, my father, for several years, had known little of his early friend, except through a brief call, when on his annual summer visit to Nahant, or from an infrequent letter, that, breathing as of old, the spirit of kindness and affection, served to keep bright the links of their college friendship. But he could not know how small a portion of true and manly dignity marked the deportment of his clerical brother, how little of that wisdom which is from above, imbrued his character, nor what light regard he paid to the injunction of the apostle, to think of whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report.

"At that time my father's heart was saddened by the loss of a first-born and cherished son, many years my senior, who, on a voyage to Smyrna, fell overboard and was drowned, and had it been in his nature ever to have judged another harshly, he could not have done so under the softening influence of that great sorrow. He remembered only the pleasant hours of early companionship with his friend, and possessing in a large degree, that divine charity which forms the key-stone to the arch of Christian virtues, he had that faith in his goodness, which begets confidence, and so he asked his care and counsel for his child when she should be without the watchful guidance of parental love. This clergyman had a daughter, about my own age, who soothed my first weary days of homesickness by revealing to me the treasures of the village library, kept under her father's care, and amid its unexplored novelties I revelled for the first time in regions of fiction, which opened to me an ideal life that made my real one appear dull and prosaic enough. I recollect, my favorite book was 'The Fool of Quality,' which I have never seen since, but which I am certain would now appear to me a marvellous tissue of nonsense. With all my admiration for its pages, the peroration with which the fourth volume wound up, rather shocked my feelings of reverence, as it seemed to me, child as I was, little short of impiety to compare the splendor of an earthly bridal to the glories of the New Jerusalem, and I remember that in reading it aloud my face grew scarlet with shame, and throwing down the book I rushed hastily from the room.

"But these details, my dear Bella, are quite foreign to our subject, and I know not how I have been beguiled to dwell on them so long. But there is a charm connected with childhood's sunny days that never loses its witching power, and thus even at this distance of time, I love to look back to those hours of innocent enjoyment, when no shadow fell across the morning path of life, and recall every circumstance and object connected with that happy period. The dull routine of my school hours, unmarked by interest or progress in my ill-directed studies, the stately figure of the preceptress, teaching, or rather pretending to teach, with such an air of dignified condescension, the stiff, precise, but really worthy preceptor, the short, rotund figure and comical face of my father's clerical friend, the persons of my schoolmates, and the euphonious appellations which some of them bore, such as Sally Tarbox, Love Ramsdale, Patty Tower, and last, but not least, Polly Brimblecorn,* names so extraordinary that they stamped themselves indelibly upon my memory; and which, with their formidable array of ugliness, are, in my opinion, quite sufficient to disprove the assertion sometimes made, that Americans have a particular fancy for fine names.

"Nor must I forget to mention the old meeting-house, where we once a week assembled for public worship, a low, misshapen building, standing at the far end of the broad common—roomy and bare as a barn was it, with its pulpit draperies of faded green moreen, and its high old-fashioned sounding-board, heavy and seemingly unsupported, which always exercised my imagination with the thought of its possible fall, and the consequences of such a catastrophe. And then those services! what senseless and barren formularies they were! embodying the letter of the gospel, but alas! how little of that spirit which alone giveth life.

"The scenery of the place lies unrolled before me, like a landscape seen at the end of a long green vista. Even the small yellow and purple flowers that grew, like heather, close to the ground, on the faded and sunburnt common that I crossed and re-crossed in my progress to and from the academy, and which I used to gather by the handsfull, wondering that none admired their beauty but myself—their tiny blossoms still glow in my memory with the same bright hues as then delighted me. The aspect of the neat white house, too, is unforgotten, and the low shoe-shop, indicating the staple merchandize of the place, which adjoined almost every dwelling, and within which the minister, forgetting his high calling, loved to idle and gossip with the workmen.

* Real Lynn names

"But these once familiar objects, though with my inner sight I still see them as they were, are doubtless all changed, for in an age like this, nothing remains the same, nothing save the unalterable features of nature, such as the high rocks, bare and round, which bounded the village, giving a somewhat rude and unique character to the scenery. And yet I forget that even these huge masses of stone may not have remained sacred from the innovating touch of man—with his fierce combustibles and his fiery train, he may have uprooted them from their deep foundation, and hewn them into blocks, or shaped them into pillars to support the stately fabrics of his art.

"Yet there they then reared their gray and rifted crests, and among them with my young companions I often wandered, climbing up their stony sides for the bright moss or gaudy wild flowers that softened their roughness with a touch of beauty. Sometimes we sat, a merry group, perched on some bald crag till the dews fell, telling wild tales of our nurseries, or talking in whispers of the fearful witch, upon whose habitation we looked down from our airy seat, till frightened at our own words, we clung nervously to each other, or scrambling down the rocks, we fled swiftly from the place.

"It was in one of the narrow, grassy glens, closed in by those granite barriers, that Moll Pitcher, the fortune-teller, dwelt. A small court-yard, in which grew two stunted fir-trees, formed the entrance to her cottage, and the gate which opened from it was hung upon posts formed of the jaw-bones of an enormous whale, which, bleached by the suns and rains of years, towered in ghastly whiteness far above the humble roof, standing like spectral shapes to guard the unhallowed home of the sorceress. There, it was asserted, she performed most fearful mysteries, summoning the Prince of Evil to aid her in raising the spirits of the dead, and piercing with presumptuous daring into the unrevealed secrets of the future.

"On every Friday, in particular, she was said to perform her strange rites, reversing every article of furniture in her house, and uttering incantations which none could hear without horror.* From all parts of the country the credulous came to consult her as to the past or the future—parted lovers, to learn the weal of the absent, and those whose affection yet remained untold, to ask if a happy issue awaited the dearest wishes of their hearts. Merchants engaging in important speculations, sought the witch to inquire what would be the result of their enterprise, and parents and friends, anxious for the welfare of some distant and beloved object, came also, relying upon Moll's prophetic answer to remove their fear, or give glad assurance to their hopes.

"Was there a murder committed, the weird woman was to be consulted by the party anxious to detect the criminal, or was some peaceful neighborhood thrown into alarm by a daring robbery, her prescience was taxed to describe the persons of the burglars, and designate the secret places of deposit for their stolen goods, and whether by chance or not, true it is that the information she gave so often proved correct, that multitudes even of cultivated and intelligent people, who had long ridiculed and despised her pretensions, grew at last to render implicit belief to her miraculous endowments."

"Possibly, Aunt Lizzie," said Bella Hargrave, who had listened with deep interest to the simple reminiscences of her aunt's early days, "possibly this ancient witch had forestalled her age in discovering the mysterious agency of animal magnetism. For if, as its disciples assert, it reveals to one mind the hidden thoughts of another, enabling it, without aid from the senses, to behold the persons and actions of those at a distance, then can the prescience she displayed be readily accounted for without calling in the aid of Satan and his imps."

"True, unless she was capable of exercising a refined subtlety, which few, even of her cunning profession, have been known to possess. I am convinced, however, that her predictions, by the effect they produced upon sensitive and timid minds, often wrought out their own fulfilment. It was so, doubtless, in the case of poor Ida Cathcart, my young schoolmate, and I can never recur to it without feeling constrained to hold up her fate, who really fell a victim to her own weak credulity, to all those who seem disposed to yield the slightest deference to these mischievous oracles.

"The young girl to whom I allude was four years older than myself, possessed of great

* Facts.

beauty, and gifted with those sweet and gentle manners which are more charming even than beauty. She was an orphan, and heiress to large estates in the West Indies, of which she was to take possession when she attained the age of eighteen. Her guardian, a rich planter of Virginia, had formed an acquaintance with Mrs. B., our preceptress, the preceding season at Nahant, where she was spending the holidays with part of her pupils, and favorably impressed with her ladylike manners and appearance, he resolved to place his ward under her care till her education was completed.

"It had long been the secret wish and purpose of Mr. Randolph that Ida and her wealth should become the portion of his only son, a somewhat wild youth, and who was then a member of the senior class in Harvard University, and for this reason he preferred for her residence the quiet and retired village in which Mrs. R's. school was located, rather than the fashionable seminaries of the metropolis, where her personal charms could scarcely fail to attract undesired notice. But

'There is a power that shapes our destiny,
Rough-hew it as we will,'

and it proved so in this instance, as we know by our daily experience, that it does in all that concerns us.

"Ida had grown up with the impression that she was to be the wife of Frank Randolph, and so generous was his nature, and so tender and kind his manner towards her, that from early childhood she had rendered him a warm and true affection, nor never shrank from the thought that he was to be her companion through life, till from another teacher she first learned that a far more absorbing and impassioned sentiment could be awakened in her slumbering heart.

"In the youth's department of the academy there was a young Frenchman, the son of a Bordeaux merchant, who, through the agency of an American correspondent, had been placed at this village seminary to acquire a thorough knowledge of the English language. He was eminently handsome and graceful, and the beauty of Ida, which none could pass without notice, failed not to attract his ardent admiration. But as the male and female branches of the institution pursued their studies in separate apartments, under their own instructors, and even when free from the restraints of the school-room, were prohibited from holding intercourse with each other, it was long before Louis de Courcy found an opportunity to address a word to the object of his passion, though the choice flowers, exquisite shells, and other tasteful trifles which often, through the agency of some unknown hand, found their way to Ida's school-desk, mutely declared his growing love and admiration.

"The flowers were always chosen for their significance, and woven in wreaths or festooned by a tasteful ribbon, and the language of their voiceless lips Ida's conscious heart but too well understood, while the richly tinted and minute shells were disposed on velvet moss which lined a delicate basket, and accompanied by a few lines of tender poetry, or an expressive French motto, which brought a vivid carnation to Ida's lovely cheek, and a flitting smile to her lip, sweet omens that she recognized the hand from which came her fair and fairy gifts.

"We often met De Courcy in our walks, for he always seemed to cross the path chosen by Ida—at church, too, duly as the Sabbath came, though he belonged to the Roman communion, we found him occupying his seat, when reverently following the steps of our stately preceptress, we walked in slow procession, a goodly group of us, up the whole length of the broad aisle to the square, capacious pews on each side of the pulpit. And there, right opposite to Ida, sat the young Frenchman, feasting his eyes, during the tedious homily of the village pastor, on the beauty of his idol, and expressing by his eloquent glances, the fervor of the passion she had inspired. With woman's ready instinct, the blushing girl interpreted this silent homage, and her young heart melted with answering tenderness, and her large soft eyes grew more lustrous with the joy of those new and sweet emotions which he had awakened, but with them also had awakened a trembling consciousness that taught her to shrink at the name of Randolph, and tremble with dark forebodings of some coming ill.

"De Courcy was not slow in detecting the impression he had made, and his silent gifts of love were soon exchanged for perfumed *billet doux*, breathing the most impassioned words, and these Ida read with secret rapture, but left them unanswered, except by the increased softness of her cheeks and manner, which added a touching charm to her beauty, and rendered it, so thought the enamored boy, more resistless than ever. Encouraged by these flattering omens, De Courcy one day ventured to accost her; it was unpremeditated, but he saw her entering the porch of the academy alone, and the opportunity was too tempting to be lost. Pale and silent she stood, while with passionate tenderness he told his love, and when her startled ear caught a sound, and she would have fled from him in terror, he would not suffer her to leave him till his eloquent entreaties had wrung from her the treasured secret of her heart.

"From this time the lovers often met—every day, indeed, they contrived to see each other, and the new life which opened to them, became a garden of enchantment, amid whose sunny bowers they revelled in their mutual joy, forgetful that evil lurked beyond the walls of their paradise. Fortunately for them, the heads of the academical department exercised but little or no espionage after their pupils when freed from the restraints of the school-room, for our preceptor was a book-worm; too glad of his freedom when the hours of his daily duty were ended, to take farther cognizance of his scholars, he left them to enjoy their leisure hours as they liked best, and plunged, forgetful of all else in the favorite studies he loved. Mrs. B., who, a self-indulgent and haughty woman, gave as little thought to the young creatures entrusted to her care, and rejoicing to escape from the bondage of a task she detested, retired to the privacy of her own apartments when it was over, and seldom made her appearance again till the bell of the succeeding morning summoned her to a renewal of her labors.

"Thus the brief bright months of summer rolled on and drew to a close, and the short, hazy, delicious days of September came, to find the youthful lovers still wrapped in a dream of bliss, disturbed only when there came letters from Ida's guardian. In these there seldom failed to be some allusion to his son, that roused all the jealousy of De Courcy's nature. On one occasion, too, it was fearfully excited by a visit from Frank himself, who had broken away from college, and was on his way to Nahant, with a party of his classmates, for a fishing excursion. He could not pass through Lynn without stopping to see 'little Ida,' whom he was not in the least unwilling to regard as his future wife, so he kept his friends waiting an hour at the hotel, while he ran off to have a chat of 'just ten minutes' with her.

"De Courcy saw him quitting the house, and when they met in their evening walk, his excitement terrified her, and she could only soothe him by solemn and reiterated assurances that she would be only his, in spite of any authority which might be used by Mr. Randolph to bestow her on his son. Still it seemed as though even this solemn promise failed to calm the fears of De Courcy—he became depressed and moody, especially when Ida received letters from her guardian; then his restlessness and anxiety were uncontrollable, her presence seemed to increase his disturbance, and her tender and caressing ways failed to charm away the doubts that oppressed him.

"Things were in this state, when one evening Ida and myself were taking our favorite stroll among the rocks, we came suddenly upon De Courcy standing under a jutting crag, in close conference with Moll, the fortune-teller. She started when she saw us, and fled swiftly away, while he immediately joined us, and striving to hide his confusion by a forced laugh, said, carelessly: 'The weird woman caught me in this narrow glen and persecuted me into showing her my hand, that she might read in its lines whether my future life was to be prosperous or adverse.'

"'And what was her prophecy?' asked Ida, in a low and trembling voice, for she was deeply tinctured by superstition, and regarded the reputed witch with such awe that she dreaded even to meet her in the path, nay, often when returning in the dusk from our evening walks, she would choose a circuitous course, rather than pass near Moll's unhallowed dwelling.

"'She told me strange things, Ida,' said De Courcy, in a subdued tone, 'and if all that she predicts of the future prove as veritable as that which she has told of the past, I must, perforce, yield full faith to her miraculous powers.'

"'O, Louis! how dare you ask her wicked aid to obtain knowledge of things which God has hidden in darkness?' exclaimed Ida, in an agony of terror. 'She is—she must be in league with wicked spirits, or she could not unfold the deep mysteries of the future!'

"'It may be so—perhaps it is,' said De Courcy, 'but to learn my future destiny—*ours*, may I say, sweet Ida, I would almost seek the Prince of Darkness himself, caring little through whose agency the torturing suspense to which you condemn me is terminated.'

"'To which *I* condemn you, Louis? All that we both suffer is unavoidable, and—'

"'Unavoidable!' he repeated, with bitterness. 'Is it unavoidable, Ida, for you to permit constant intimations from your guardian respecting your marriage with his son, or for you to receive that son with the cordiality of an accepted lover?'

"'I received him as a brother, Louis, and as such I am sure you will permit me to love him,' said Ida, her beautiful eyes filling with tears at the unjust reproaches of her lover. 'Surely,' she added, 'it would ill become me, now, to resent the playful badinage on this subject, which I have heard from my infancy—when its tone becomes serious it will be quite time enough for me to repel it. So I pray you, dearest Louis, do not distress yourself with such fears—I have given you my solemn word that I will be only yours, and if another be proposed to me, you will find me firm as the rock against which you lean.'

"'Love is full of fears, Ida, and you are a treasure which, if lost, would bankrupt all my hopes,' said De Courcy, 'therefore, dearest, grant me your pardon for my doubts and fears—they will hover round my heart till I call you irrevocably mine. But if this fortune-teller has declared the truth to me, all will be well, and our happiness secure. She certainly related past events which I believed known only to myself, and to test the truth of her prophecy concerning my future, oblige me, dearest Ida, by permitting her to foretell yours, and if there be a close connection between them, it will shake even your skepticism, I think, with regard to the reality of her supernatural foresight.'

"'O, do not ask me, Louis, to consult that fearful woman!' exclaimed poor Ida, growing pale at the very thought. 'The events which are in store for us, time will reveal, whether she predict them or not—only let us have trust in God and in each other, and wait patiently for what shall befall us.'

"I never can forget the look of earnest tenderness with which, in a tone of patient sweetness that still rings in my ears, the gentle, loving Ida, uttered these words. But they failed to persuade the artful lover, who answered, impatiently:

"'I cannot imitate your calmness, Ida; my hand is on the scroll of your destiny, and I must unroll it to read the characters inscribed therein. If you love me,' she could not resist that adjuration, 'go to the fortune-teller this evening; you have permission to visit a sick schoolmate, and on your way you can stop at her dwelling. Little Lizzie,' looking at me, 'will bear you company, and I will be near to protect you, though I would not have the witch see us together, lest, reading our hearts, she should frame her revelations to suit their wishes. When she has foretold your future, I will tell you what she has predicted of mine.'

"At that moment the tones of a familiar voice calling upon our names, startled us, and De Courcy, wringing a hurried assent from Ida, had just time to escape from observation, when the head of the preceptor appeared above a neighboring crag, over which he was endeavoring to climb. He had caught a glimpse of De Courcy's retreating figure, but the worthy preceptor was too near-sighted to identify him, and mistaking him for a far different person, he called out in a tone of remonstrance:

"'Young ladies, it is neither safe nor proper for you to be strolling alone among these rocks at this late hour. And as for the vagabond you were just now speaking to, that blear-eyed Nick—I know him by his swift foot—I trust you have neither of you been so foolish as to throw away your alms upon such a reprobate.'

"So saying, our sagacious preceptor passed on in his mineralogical research, and a moment after we heard the click of his hammer on the solid rock above us, striking off some choice specimen, while we, smothering our laughter at his fortunate mistake, hastened away and reached home just in time for the evening meal. When it was ended, and we had conned our lessons for the morrow, Ida and myself, closely wrapped in our shawls, stole out unperceived, and walked rapidly towards the cottage of the fortune-teller.

"As we approached it, we saw two persons standing apparently in earnest conference under the old firs, and one of them, who, to my eyes, amazingly resembled De Courcy, though Ida would by no means admit it, leaped over the fence at the first sound of our footsteps, while his companion, whom neither of us could mistake, precipitately entered the house. It was indeed Moll herself, and as she left the door unlatched behind her, we had no occasion to knock, but entering softly, and with no little trepidation on the part of Ida, we found ourselves within those walls, which, homely and simple as they were, many believed to have been upraised by the mere potency of magic.

"I gazed around me with an eager, childish curiosity, quite free from fear, while poor Ida grew pale and seemed about ready to faint with terror; not daring to approach the sybil, nor even to lift her eyes towards her, she sank down on a low seat near the door, silent and motionless as a form of marble, which she in truth resembled. The old fortune teller, who sat deeply ensconced in a high-backed and quaintly carved arm-chair, regarded the trembling girl for a moment in silence, but with such a searching gaze that it seemed, as she afterwards told me, to turn her very blood to ice. She then, muttering to herself in a monotonous tone, took a pack of soiled cards from a grotesque three legged table that stood beside her, and began shuffling them backwards and forwards, her lips still muttering unintelligible words, and her sharp, cunning eyes glancing furtively towards the shrinking Ida, who looked just ready to sink down lifeless upon the floor.

"'Come hither, child—I know wherefore you seek me—the whisper came to me, though you could not hear it,' she said, at last, in a tone calm and quiet, but so commanding that Ida irresistibly yielded instant obedience. Her lips and cheeks were white as the fairest lily, but she rose, and moving with a slow, tremulous step towards the chair of the oracle, held forth between her trembling fingers the piece of silver with which she was instructed to cross her palm. The sybil received the offering with alacrity, and dropped it into her capacious pocket, then, when Ida, by her direction had twice cut the cards, she began in a low, solemn voice, to unravel the mysterious thread of her destiny.

"'You love a youth with locks like the raven's wing, and eyes that flash as the summer lightning,' she commenced, 'and he, too, has garnered up his heart in your pretty face, but doubt distracts you both—another claims you—ah! and a resolute will he has,' she added, turning up a little sturdy knave of clubs. 'Beware, girl, or the dark-haired youth will be forced to give place to him of the brown, clustering curls—beware! I say, for on your firmness hangs happiness or woe!'

"Ida listened with astonishment to the words of the prophetess, and forgetting even her fear in the deep interest which they possessed, she pressed still closer to the sybil's chair, eager to hear the continuance of her revelations, and already yielding to a conviction of their truth.

"'Heigh ho! here is trouble,' resumed Moll, looking intently upon the outspread cards, and seeming to read as from a book. 'Trouble!' she repeated, 'ay, I see but a short step between the house of Hope and that of Despair—beware, little one, how you take it! Listen—your dark-haired lover will soon receive a letter calling him away—he will urge you to go with him—you hesitate, but waver not, for sore perils await you if left behind. Ah! it brightens! I see you shun them—all will be well—here is a journey—water—a bridal—fears and doubts hang over all, but be firm—press on to one point, and there will be sunshine after the storm.'

"And thus, in broken sentences, uttered in a low, mysterious tone, the pretended prophetess went on to describe the circumstances of Ida's position, painting with such graphic truth the past, and hinting with such certainty the events to be shunned or desired in the future, that it is not surprising a mind so sensitive and superstitious as was Ida's, should have been deeply impressed by all she heard, or that she should have left the cottage firmly convinced that, by a knowledge more than human, the fortune-teller had unfolded to her the book of her destiny.

"We found De Courcy waiting for us among the rocks, and though he denied having seen Moll that evening, I felt persuaded at the time that he told an untruth, and I afterwards found that I had done him no injustice in accusing him of falsehood. He evidently feared we might

suspect collusion between him and Moll, and he insisted upon recounting the revelations she had made to him, before he would listen to Ida's recital. In all points the two harmonized—each had been described to the other as the chosen object, and to each the same perils, and the same happy issue had been predicted. De Courcy triumphantly inferred from this coincidence, that they were destined to be united, and urged that it would be temerity in them to resist the decree of fate, and the yielding girl was too fond and too timid, to gainsay her lover's opinion.

"That night was a sleepless one to Ida; her mind was oppressed and overawed by the events of the evening, nor did it ever after recover its former elasticity and cheerfulness. Even her affection for De Courcy seemed to have changed its character—the power of that mysterious woman had, she sometimes said, cast a deep shadow upon her heart; she felt as though an irresistible decree controlled her freedom, and that she yielded to her lover's influence not less through fear than love. Still that influence remained unabated, and he appeared equally solicitous with himself that Moll's predictions should be fulfilled, looking, indeed, to that consummation as the only escape from the perils and persecutions which she believed awaited her.

"Nor was it long before the aspect of affairs threatened a speedy consummation of the wierd woman's prophecy, for Ida received a letter from her guardian informing her that he had been dangerously ill, and that his physicians apprehending a weakness of the lungs, had ordered him abroad for change of air and scene. He went on to state, that his son having now finished his collegiate course, would go with him, and as it was the wish of both that she might bear them company, he proposed that the engagement so long tacitly acknowledged between Frank and herself should be consummated by a union, before their departure. He further said that he had made arrangements for the event to take place at the house of a lady in Boston, a distant relative, who had offered her assistance on the occasion. Immediately after the ceremony they were to embark for Europe, and spend two years in travelling, when Ida, having attained her majority, her presence would be required on her West India estates, before her return to America.

"The contents of this letter filled Ida with alarm, and aware of De Courcy's fiery nature, she feared to inform him of the danger that menaced her; yet there was no time to be lost, and nerving herself for the trial, she one day laid the fatal document before him. She trembled when she told me of the rage and jealousy which it aroused within him; but she did not repeat all the arguments he then urged to win her to his wishes, nor avow the purpose which they formed in consequence of the menaced danger, and proposed instantly to execute, as the only means of escape from it.

"Fondly as Ida loved me, and much as she at that crisis needed the sympathy and counsel of a friend, if even but a child, her kind nature shrank from involving me by her confidence, in a step, the blame and imprudence of which she felt conscious that she ought to bear alone. But that night when we retired, for I always shared her chamber, I saw that her gentle spirit was bowed to the very dust with some great sorrow, and when I strove to soothe her with loving words and caresses, she wept the more bitterly, lavishing fond kisses upon me, and pressing me in an agony of tears to her bosom. She would not go to rest, but she entreated, almost commanded me to do so, and when I fell asleep, I left her sitting at the open window, looking with straining eyes into the deep darkness of the night; but when I awoke in the morning she was gone! A note lying on the table caught my eye; it was addressed to me, and contained these few lines, which my memory has faithfully treasured:

"'Farewell, my sweetest Lizzie—ever my friend and comforter. Wise and good beyond your years, my darling child, I bless and thank you. When you awake in the morning, I shall be far away, but do not grieve for my loss—the predictions of the fortune-teller are being fulfilled. I can no longer remain here in safety, as you will see by my guardian's letter, which I leave for your perusal; you will find it in your portfolio, and it will show you that the flight which Moll foretold, is my only alternative. Farewell, once more—should we never meet again, yet sometimes think of me with love, but never harshly of your unhappy IDA.'

"Never shall I forget the sensation produced not only in the school and village, but throughout the country by this elopement, but so well had De Courcy planned the whole affair, that pursuit after the fugitives proved vain. It was at first prosecuted with vigor by Mr. Randolph and his friends, but having no clue to their route, it was soon relinquished, under the impression that they must immediately have sailed for France, a conjecture which afterwards proved to be correct.

"A feeling of perfect desolation came over me after Ida's departure. Young as I was, she had made me her friend and companion, and by her sweet and loving nature had won my tenderest affection. There was no one left who could supply her place to me—no one who, as she did, cared for my happiness or valued my love; and apart from these selfish regrets, lurked a secret fear lest the rash step she had taken would lead to suffering and disappointment. I constantly received reprimands from my instructors for neglect and indifference to my studies, and when I escaped from their displeasure, I felt the society of my companions so distasteful, that I avoided them, and wandering away, would spend hours alone among the haunts which I had so often frequented with Ida during the past summer.

"About a week after the elopement, I accidentally overheard a conversation which threw a painful degree of light on the character of De Courcy, and exposed the base arts which he had employed to win the hand and fortune of Ida, I had lingered one evening longer than usual in the grassy glen where I had loved to linger with Ida, when, just as I turned the angle of a rock which guarded its entrance, I heard footsteps approaching, and recognizing the slow, measured tones of Moll's voice, I stepped behind a clump of cedars, securely screened by their interwoven branches, waiting till she had passed on. Another crone was with her, from whom it seemed she was about to separate, but they paused to finish their conversation right against the spot where I stood. Their subject evidently afforded them food for mirth, for they chuckled over it mightily, and when their laughter ceased, I heard Moll say:

"'Yes, it was just here that the monsieur gave me the gold—yellow pieces, and broad were they—a rich harvest after such a barren summer as the last has been.'

"'And he doubled the sum before he went beyond seas?' asked the other.

"'Ay, as he promised to do if I would frighten his pretty dove into flying with him,' said the sybil, with a laugh. 'And, hark ye, when the shy bird's wings are full fledged, and she alights among her orange and sugar plantations in Jamaica, I am to have a token for my services, which will freight the ship richly that brings it, I'll be bound.'

"'If they chance not to forget it,' said the hag, tauntingly.

"'That they dare not,' said Moll. 'Bold as the young fellow pretends to be, he dreads my power, for he verily believes I hold a compact with Satan; and as for his baby-bride, you would have laughed to see how the little one trembled at the merest twinkle of my eye-lash. Nothing but her great faith in what I told her, would have driven her to the step she has taken, for the fiery boy had well-nigh scared love out of her poor heart, and if the other gallant had come in the right time, he might have had her for the asking.'

"And here bidding each other good-night, the two separated and passed on their several ways, leaving me burning with anger at the baseness of those, De Courcy especially, who had practised upon poor Ida's tender and credulous nature, to compass their own unworthy ends. From that time the school became to me a place of durance. My cheerfulness fled, my health failed, and in consequence, I made so little progress in my studies, that when I returned home at the Christmas holidays, my parents, alarmed at the change in my appearance, took me from school, and thenceforth my education was conducted under their own eyes.

"Removed from the scenes where my young mind had been so painfully excited, it soon recovered its healthful tone, and once more grew buoyant with the joyous gaiety of happy childhood. Ida was not forgotten, but the remembrance of her gradually ceased to be accompanied by pain. I knew she deserved happiness, and I trustingly believed she had attained it. Still I remained so faithful to this tender attachment, that I constantly longed for tidings from her, and whenever a stranger crossed our threshold, my heart throbbed with the hope that he came the bearer of good news from my beloved friend.

"But four months passed away, and my wishes were still unfulfilled, when one cold winter evening, I was surprised by a visit from Frank Randolph. He knew of my intimacy with Ida, and he came to hear all I could tell him of her intercourse with De Courcy, and the circumstances of the elopement. I told him all, not without emotion, and the grief and indignation which he manifested in the progress of my narrative, showed how truly and tenderly he loved her. He seemed much changed since I had last seen him—was thinner, and sad, indeed quite transformed from the gay and reckless youth into the thoughtful man. His father was dead—the news of Ida's flight reached him just as he had risen from a dangerous illness, and the shock caused a relapse, which after many weeks of intense suffering ended fatally.

"Mr. Randolph's last command to his son was, that he should seek out Ida and learn her true position, that if it proved an inferior or unhappy one, he might restore her to her proper place in society, or at least supply her with the means of living in the style of comfort, if not of elegance, to which she had been accustomed. In obedience to this injunction, Frank was now on the eve of sailing for Europe, where he proposed spending two or three years, part of the time in travelling, and the remainder at a German university. He promised my mother that he would write her and communicate all he learned respecting Ida, to whom I hastily wrote a few lines, which he said he would deliver in person, if he was so fortunate as to discover her.

"Weeks passed away slowly, after Frank's departure, for my re-awakened impatience to hear from my friend seemed to make time creep at a snail's pace, but months elapsed before the expected letter came, and then how its melancholy contents saddened my heart. Ida was married to De Courcy, but the father had by a luckless speculation become a bankrupt, and the son, having been dependent on him for support, was consequently involved in poverty by this misfortune. Frank found them living in a very humble manner near Bordeaux, and though Ida assured him she was happy, the paleness of her lovely face, and its unwonted look of care, to his anxious eyes belied the truth of her assertion. Her husband had obtained a clerkship in the office of a banker, but there was a haggard expression on his countenance, and a recklessness in his manner which Randolph's discernment traced to the gaming-table and the wine cup.

"As Ida married under age, and without the consent of her guardian, she forfeited, according to the will of her father, all right to receive a single farthing of the interest of her fortune, which had hitherto been appropriated to her use, till she was eighteen. Frank could not violate the legal document, but he saw her necessities, and he forced upon her acceptance, as a loan, and as such she could only be persuaded to receive it, the entire sum then due, with a promise regularly to remit the quarterly dividends for her use.

"Randolph was absent nearly four years, during which time he wrote occasionally to my mother, giving always such intelligence as he could gain of Ida. For two years after her marriage she resided at Bordeaux, depressed by poverty; her husband having lost his situation through neglect, did nothing for her support, but allowed her to depend wholly upon the sums remitted by Randolph, while he indulged his ruling passion in the ruinous excitement of the gaming-house. At the end of that period the unfortunate Ida attained her eighteenth year, when she became mistress of her fortune, and passing at once from penury to affluence, went with her husband to reside on her Jamaica estates.

"We heard nothing more from her till Frank's return, and then he only repeated what he learned from the officers of a ship-of-war which had touched at the island, who informed him that they had been hospitably entertained at Hopedale, the name of the plantation where she and De Courcy were living in a style of the utmost elegance. Randolph's first visit after his return, was paid to us—the correspondence which had passed between him and my mother during his absence, seemed to have ripened their previous slight acquaintance into an intimacy, and his interest in Ida made him always a welcome guest.

"He was much improved by his foreign tour, and indeed, though you may smile at my partiality, Bella, I must add, he had returned quite a finished gentleman, in manner and appearance, while the more important acquisitions of the mind had not been disregarded, for his conversation, sparkling and varied, declared it to be rich, and full to overflowing with the fruits of his foreign travel and experience. I, too, since we parted, had sprung up to womanhood, and whether the change which had taken place in my person and character was for the better or not, it seemed to surprise and interest him in no common degree.

"Our mutual attachment to Ida formed a bond of sympathy between us, and her fortunes furnished a never-failing topic of discourse, which gave us an excuse for prolonging many a quiet walk, and extending many a morning or evening tete-a-tete into a length which sometimes so far interfered with the clock-work regularity of the parsonage as to draw a half-smiling reprimand from my prudent and exact mother.

"Those were golden days, Bella, as you possibly may believe, since from recent appearances, I begin to suspect yours are tinged with the same mellow hue, and so it might perhaps furnish you with a few useful hints, were I to recount the whole history of their progress. But I will spare you this detail, and as my watch already indicates a late hour, will only say that in six months after his return, when I had just entered my seventeenth year, I became the wife of Frank Randolph. And how often in the midst of our bridal joy, did we think and speak of our absent Ida. We almost felt our happiness incomplete without her presence and approval, and were even planning a voyage to Jamaica, when the arrival of a letter sealed with black and addressed in an unknown hand to Randolph, terminated our project.

"It was written by a clergyman of the church of England, and feelingly announced to us the death of our unhappy Ida. He had attended her during the last days, and he wrote eloquently of her faith, her patience, and her gentleness, and to soothe our grief, he bade us, if we truly loved her, to rejoice that her pure spirit was released from its weary bondage of sorrow. He then entered into details of which we had been ignorant, informing us that shortly after De Courcy went to reside at Jamaica, he contracted an intimacy with a man of notoriously vicious character, who enticed him into scenes of dissipation, and led him on from one excess to another, till he brought ruin to his home and misery to the heart of his injured wife. But the dissolute friend at length discovered a criminal liason between his own wife and De Courcy, when a duel ensued, and the guilty man fell, pierced through the heart by his antagonist's first fire.

"When the tidings of his miserable fate were communicated to the unhappy Ida, her full cup of sorrow overflowed, and she faded away like some sweet flower till the earth received her to its breast—to spring forth again, such was her joyful hope, to a renewed and perfect life on the glorious morning of the resurrection. A casket containing such tokens of her love as she had been able to save from the wreck of her fortune, accompanied the letter—its contents were for Frank and myself. To each of us, also, she had written a few lines of brief and fond farewell, and in mine there was a sad and touching allusion to the fortune-teller's false and fatal predictions which had cast a deep shadow over her after life. But the words were blistered with the tears that fell as she wrote them, and through mine I could with difficulty decypher the characters her dying hand had traced.

"My simple history is ended, Bella—simple, yet fraught with such earnest teachings, that you have my permission to repeat it to all those, who weakly falling into the same danger, may find in it a warning and salutary lesson."

Bella's emotion prevented her reply, and Mrs. Randolph, silently kissing her cheek, rose and left the room.

ARSENIC AS A PROMOTER OF BEAUTY.

Statements have occasionally been published of late years, that the young women in the Austrian provinces of the Tyrol were in the habit of eating arsenic to improve their complexion, and that the poisonous substance, so far from injuring the health, promoted an increase of flesh. This dangerous romance has recently been exposed by Doctor Danbery, in a paper read before the British Association. He says no faith is to be put in the statement, notwithstanding it had found a place in Doctor Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life." The reverse of the statement is, in fact, true. It is said that this use of arsenic was told to Doctor Johnston by a practical joker, who did not like to confess the imposition which he had put upon the chemist after it became public. Therefore, young ladies, beware. —*Boston Journal.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LIFE LESSONS.

BY MELINDA LEWIS.

Live aye for truth,—whatever fate betide
Be truth thy watchword, and be truth thy guide,
And in her blest instructions e'er abide.

Truth, truth to God, and to our higher feelings,
Will fit us for a higher truth's revealing,
Nor need evasions, or more base concealings.

Then on and upward may your course, my friend,
Expand to glories which may never end,
But in a brightening radiance e'er extend.

And for the dark hours which may round you lower,
Learn wise instruction from the passing flower,
Aye fraught with teachings of Almighty power.

From the dark earth it sprang, by sunshine nursed,
And small and dark its opening leaves at first,
Yet from its bud a crown of beauty burst.

And thus in life, dark clouds may often veil,
And nurture to perfection virtues frail,
Which once attained may never fade or fail,—

But brighter grow while life its lustres lends,
Making for all life's shadows rich amends,
While peaceful happiness their course attends.

THE CAPTAIN'S BOY.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

One bright morning in early summer, a small brig was being warped out from one of the densely crowded slips in New York. Her captain stood upon the pier giving the necessary directions to his boat's crew, while the mate had charge of the vessel. He was a short, thick-set man, with a profusion of coarse sandy hair about his head and face, and his bright gray eyes peered out from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows with a peculiar expression, that at once marked him as one of those individuals with whom an acquaintance is necessary in order to ascertain their true characters.

"Are you the captain of that brig?" asked a gentleman who had just alighted from a coach that had rattled down upon the pier with unusual speed.

"I'm the captain, sir," replied the individual just alluded to.

"Is your vessel bound directly for Havana?"

"Well, that depends upon what turns up before we start. At present that is my intention."

"Then I believe you will have to give me a passage; for I certainly cannot wait for the packet."

The captain called to his cockswain, and after having conversed apart for a few moments, he turned to the new comer and asked:

"What sort of luggage have you, sir?"

"Only a chest and valise. They are here on the coach."

"Well, you can go, sir. So bear a hand, and get your things into my boat, for I shall be off in a few moments."

The brig was out in the stream, and lay swinging from a buoy, when the captain and his passenger came alongside, and having hoisted the chest on board, the boat was run up at the stern davits, the head lines cast off, and her jib run up. As she swung round, her topsails were set, and she soon stood out through the channel with a fair breeze and good weather.

Much surprise was evinced by the crew, or at least by a part of them, as the passenger made his appearance; and considerable dislike to the proceeding was plainly manifest in the countenance of the mate. The brig's crew consisted of fourteen men, besides the captain and a boy, and most of them appeared to be good seamen The captain's name was Watkins, and the boy was generally understood to be his son; but between the two there was an understanding that no relation of the kind existed.

The passenger had given his name as Johnson, and said that he was a partner in a large house in Havana, and had been to New York on important business, the transaction of which had detained him longer than he expected, and his presence was necessary in Havana, where he desired to be as soon as possible.

It was towards night on the second day after the brig left New York. Captain Watkins stood near the wheel watching the compass, and ever and anon casting his eyes aloft, to see if all was full, while near him stood the boy—Charles was his name—who seemed anxious to speak to his commander without being heard by other ears. After waiting patiently for several moments without getting the desired opportunity, the boy touched the captain slightly on the elbow, and whispered in his ear: "Go into the cabin, and send for me as soon as possible," and then walked forward.

For a moment Captain Watkins did not comprehend the boy's meaning; but noticing a peculiar anxiety in his movements, he went below, and desired the man at the wheel to sing out for Charles, and have him come into the cabin. In a few moments the boy entered, and casting his eyes about to see that they were alone, he asked:

"Captain Watkins, do you know that man who has taken passage for Havana?"

"I know that he is Mr Johnson, that's all. But what do you mean?"

"Sir, I have sailed with you ever since I can remember; you have always been kind to me, and I owe you much; but you must not be angry with me if I ask you a plain question."

"Spit it out, my boy."

"Then, sir, will you tell me if your intentions for this voyage are perfectly honorable?"

Captain Watkins gazed for a moment into the boy's countenance with an expression strongly indicative of wonder.

"Why, what in the deuce do you mean? Boy, that man does not live that can say Jack Watkins was ever dishonest; and when I let slip the cable that secures this old hulk to honest principles, then may Davy Jones catch me."

"Forgive me, my old friend, but you've got some curious fish aboard the old brig."

"I thought there was something in the wind by the way you've watched me for the last half hour. Now, if there's anything you've got to tell, out with it."

The boy cast a furtive glance at the companion-way to assure himself that no one was near, and then drawing his stool nearer to the captain, he commenced:

"You know since Mr. Johnson came on board I've been shoved out of my berth, and have had to swing a hammock in the forecastle. Well, last night, just after the mid-watch was set, I went on deck to get a piece of line to lengthen out my clews, and was just abreast of the long boat, when I heard somebody talking on the other side of the deck that sounded very much like Mr. Johnson, and I had the curiosity to stop and hark. I could not understand all the conversation, but I heard enough to know that there is a plan on foot to take your vessel. How it is to be done I cannot tell; but there are pistols and cutlasses on board somewhere, and a number of the crew are in the plot."

"Are you sure of what you say?"

"I am, sir."

"And do you know that it was Mr. Johnson whom you heard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was with him?"

"There were two with him; both of them were new men that shipped at New York."

"You say they have pistols and cutlasses on board—did you make out where they are?"

"I could not tell exactly, but a good deal was said about the chest."

"That's it; so much for taking a passenger on board a heavy loaded merchantman. Now go on deck and send Mr. Erving, the mate, to me; and mind that you don't lisp a word of this."

In a few moments the mate was in the cabin, and had heard from the captain all that he had learned from Charles.

"I didn't like the cut of the fellow's jib the first moment I saw him," remarked Mr. Erving, as the captain concluded. "But what is to be done? Eight of the crew are new men, and perhaps all of *them* are engaged in this plot."

"The most we can do at present, is to keep an eye on every movement, but yet without appearing to be anxious, and stand by for an emergency. There's Bill Smith, my cockswain, and the boat's crew, that we can depend upon. We'll let Bill into the secret, and between the four of us, I guess we can soon make out something more of this movement. By the way, where is Johnson's chest stowed?"

"It's right under the main hatch."

"Then we must keep an eye in that direction."

The cockswain was soon let into the secret, and a sharp watch was set upon the movements of Mr. Johnson. Nothing unusual occurred during the night, and by daylight Captain Watkins, Mr. Erving and the cockswain were on deck About six o'clock a man in the foretop reported a sail.

"Where away?" shouted the captain.

"Right on the weather-beam, sir."

"Can you make her out?"

"She appears to be a schooner, sir, standing down towards us."

At the first report of "sail ho," Mr. Johnson gave a sudden start, which was noticed by the mate; and that worthy gentleman evinced a most remarkable interest when the sail was reported to be a schooner. He was watched by sharp eyes, but he mistrusted it not. The brig was now close hauled on the larboard tack, standing to the southward and eastward. The schooner bore about east-northeast, and was fast nearing the brig.

"Rather a rakish-looking craft, that," said Bill Smith, as he came down from the main-top, with a glass in his hand, and lowering his voice, he continued: "and not built for the merchant service, neither."

At this moment Charles came aft and spoke to the captain, so as not to be heard by any one else.

"Part of the bulkhead in the forecastle has been taken away, and Mr. Johnson's chest is in the forward part of the hold."

"Has it been opened yet?"

"I should think not, sir; but it's right by the bulkhead, so that they could open it in a moment."

From the manner of Mr. Johnson, it could easily be seen by those who were suspicious of him, that he had more than ordinary interest in the craft to the windward of them, and several meaning glances had been exchanged between himself and several of the crew. The captain comprehended the movement in a moment, and calling the mate and the boy one side, he directed them to go into the cabin and load his pistols carefully, and remarked to Charles:

"You can get through the cabin-bulkhead and crawl over the cargo, forward, can't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you willing to stake your life in this affair?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then take two of my pistols and crawl forward, and ensconce yourself near that chest, and if any man approaches it, let him see your barkers; shoot him, if he attempts to open it. Mr. Erving, you will stand by the forecastle companion-way, after you have loaded your pistols; your own judgment will tell you how to act. I will slip down and get my pistols as soon as you come on deck. Bill Smith will take the wheel, and our own men must stand by the sheets and braces. The first movement will tell us who are enemies."

All this had taken place in a very few moments; and in fifteen minutes from the time the sail was reported, Captain Watkins had arranged his method of procedure. As the brig shot ahead, the schooner had altered her course accordingly, and was now about ten miles distant, about one point abaft the weather-beam, bearing down before a good stiff breeze.

"Stand by the lee braces—tacks and sheets—up with your helm—ease off the lee braces, fore and main sheets—ease off the tacks—haul in the weather-braces and aft with the sheets! Bear a hand, men, cheerily."

At the first order of the captain, nearly every hand had involuntarily sprung to their stations, but before the yards were squared, seven of them had left their stations and collected in the gangway; but before any opposing movement was made, the brig was running off ten knots before the wind, with her yards well squared and both sheets aft. Mr. Johnson stepped up to the captain, and remarked, in a somewhat agitated manner:

"What does all this mean, Captain Watkins? I think I know that craft astern, and was in hopes you would have spoken her. Will you not heave to, till we can speak her?"

"No, sir; I am going to run in for the land."

"But—"

"I am captain here, sir, and shall do as I think best. Please keep your mouth shut."

At this moment one of the men in the gangway sprang to the main topsail halyard, and was about to draw his knife across the rope. The captain caught the movement, and quick as lightning he drew a pistol and fired. With a stifled groan the mutineer fell upon the deck, a corpse.

This was the signal for a decisive movement. Johnson uttered an oath, and sprang forward, the remaining six following after him; but he was met at the companion-way by Erving, who drew his pistol and fired. The ball passed through his left arm and staggered him; the others rushed by him; a second shot from the mate was more effective, and one of the gang fell Mr. Erving now caught up a handspike and attempted to beat them back, but he was soon overcome, and the whole gang rushed down the companion-way.

Just as Mr. Johnson, who was the last to descend, disappeared below the forward companion-way, the boy Charles sprang up from the cabin, with his arms full of cutlasses and pistols, which he dropped on deck, and instantly exclaimed:

"Forward, there, quick! Secure the companion-way! Spring to the hatches and lock them down! By heavens! they're in their own trap!"

The captain saw the whole plan in a moment, and the forecastle was instantly secured against the egress of those below, and at the same time the hatches were bolted down, and the cabin bulkhead secured. Charles had fallen back exhausted as soon as he had uttered his hurried commands, and it was some minutes before he could speak. His unwonted exertions in behalf of the brig, together with the excitement of the occasion, was too much for one so young. But he was soon able to give an account of his proceedings. Upon examination, he found that the chest was unlocked, and supposing that the moment the villains found themselves discovered, would all rush for their arms, he had conceived the idea of removing the weapons and entrapping them, as has just been described.

The schooner was evidently gaining on them, but not very fast. Captain Watkins knew that he was somewhere in the latitude of Charleston, and by running due west he would reach there before night, if the wind held good. The wind was now on the quarter—the brig's best sailing point—and she had but little to fear from the schooner. The men in the hold cursed and swore furiously—all manner of evil things were threatened, though they enjoyed but very little opportunity of carrying their threats into execution; and in truth very little was to be feared, as all the arms were on deck, and the captain and his men were now by all odds the strongest party.

At three o'clock the headlands were made, and the schooner soon after gave up the chase and hauled upon the wind. Before dark the brig was anchored in the harbor of Charleston; and Mr. Johnson, together with his gang, was politely received by the authorities. That gentleman was at once recognized by the principal officer as an old acquaintance.

Charles has since filled with credit many responsible stations. The last we heard of him, he was commander of one of the magnificent steamers that plied between New Orleans and Mobile.

THE FIG AT THE SOUTH.

Of all the fruits cultivated in the South, the fig requires the least care and is one of the most productive and useful. South of the latitude of 32 degrees, the fig tree produces three crops a year, commencing in May and bearing till November, but in central Georgia we generally gather but two crops a year, unless the season is peculiarly favorable, the first or early crop being often killed by spring frosts. The figs are mostly eaten directly from the tree, as soon as ripe, and may be found in abundance upon the breakfast tables of all lovers of fine fruit. The fig tree grows very freely from cuttings planted early in the spring, and will sometimes bear the first year, generally the second. It has ever been a source of surprise to us that the fig is not extensively cultivated and turned to more profitable account; but this is not the only instance in which the prodigal and generous gifts of nature are lavished upon man in vain. We hear of gentlemen near Mobile, upon the Gulf, who have planted the fig largely with the intention of using the fruit as northern farmers use apples—for the purpose of fattening hogs.—*Georgia Southern Cultivator.*

PITT'S DEATH-BED.

Pitt died at his house on Putney Heath, near the spot where Canning and Castlereagh fought their duel, and in a very neglected state, none of his family or friends being with him at the time. One, who was sincerely attached to him, hearing of his illness, rode from London to see him. Arriving at his house, he rang the bell at the entrance-gate, but no one came. Dismounting, he made his way to the hall-door, and repeatedly rang the bell, which no one answered. He then entered the house, wandered from room to room, till at last he discovered Pitt on a bed—dead, and entirely neglected. It is supposed that such was his poverty, he had not been able to pay the wages of his servants, and that they had absconded, taking with them what they could.—*Once a Week.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"EN AVANT."

BY JOHN W. DAY.

"Peal forth the warrior-trumpet's blast,
Bid every standard wave!
Awake, young soul! lo, rest is past—
The dawn gleams o'er the wave,
And far away the night clouds fly—
Up, soul, and arm to do or die!

"O, bright o'er history's rearward field,
The golden watch-fires gleam;
And bright the hope the visions yield,
That down the centuries stream—
Fond childhood's dream, proud manhood's power,
And fame, that crowns our sunset hour.

"Awake, young soul! arise, arise!
Death's quivering war-bolts fly,
And olden crests that swept the skies,
Shattered and dust-crowned lie.
On, 'neath the future's conquering ray,
Though fall the veterans in the fray!"

O, who art thou, that thus would wake
The storm in childhood's sky?
And bid the golden stairways break,
Down which its angels fly—
As when to Israel's sight was given
"The House of God," "The Gate of Heaven?"

"My name is Manhood, and thy lot
To follow where I lead;
Up from the dust, where lowlings rot—
On, though thy spirit bleed!
For fame's proud height no flowers may know—
Sharp soaring where the whirlwinds blow!"

But to my soul, Faith's angel voice
Breathed like the wind-harp's strain—
"Youth, yet is left a holier choice—
A power that shall sustain,
When warrior crown and synod lore
Lie wrecked on time's resounding shore!

"A softer power than youth's hot rage,
Or manhood's self-taught might,
'Twill discipline, from youth to age,
And cheer in trial's night,
As breathed, in battle-morning's shine,
The Dorian reed down Sparta's line!"

O, may that charm the spirit thrill,
As o'er life's wave we roam,
Fearless to trust our Father's will,
In calm, or storm-wreathed foam,
Till fades earth's coast-line, drear and dim,
And Eden's lights in joy-tears swim!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NOVICE OF QUEBEC.

A TALE OF THE CANADA WILDERNESS.

BY LIZZIE T. TURNER.

"You'll not have my niece, Pomeroy, though, I promise you that, without the dollars."

"Pray may I have the young lady if I get the dollars?"

So spoke a rich Canadian concerning the disposal of his ward, and thus answered a well-built, lively native of Charleston.

"Why, as to that, Mr. Pomeroy," replied the uncle, "I think I may safely say yes," and he smiled very complacently; "but besides, I have some notion that Louisa will take the veil."

"Take the veil!" said the American, quickly; "that is what she never shall. I'll go and talk to her."

"Well, well, young man," resumed Mr. Dalton, "but where are the dollars to come from? Why, you're not worth a quarter dollar at this moment?"

"Softly, softly," said the South Carolinian, "don't think so hard of me; I can soon work it out."

"Work it out?" replied the Canadian; "why, you know that there is scarcely a planter in your country who doesn't borrow upon the faith of the forthcoming crops; you are smoking cigars and drinking sangaree all day long under your piazzas, instead of minding your business—work it out, indeed!"

"I wonder when you will have done with your objections," replied the American, coolly; "for my own part, I shall set off directly to New York, and then take the Calypso on to Charleston."

"The Calypso?"

"Yes—surely you know—not hear of the Calypso!" returned Pomeroy.

"Why, you'll be drowned, likely as not, Mr. Pomeroy," continued the inflexible merchant.

"Drowned!" was the contemptuous exclamation; "whoever heard of water drowning a goose?"

"Well, good-by, friend," said the Canadian, stretching out his hand. "I hope you'll look sharp when you come back this way."

"Good-by, Mr. Dalton," returned Pomeroy. "Listen a minute, though; I shall be back with ten thousand dollars—now I'm off for Charleston; if I don't suit myself there, you may hear of me in Georgia; if that wont do, I move along westward, for I detest Florida; and rather than not have your niece, Mr. Dalton, I'll start up the Mississippi in a steamboat, and then I don't much care. The land is noble and the crops plentiful, and anybody may have the territory. So now I shall go and talk to Louisa about the veil."

"And I must go after you," cried the Canadian, hastening as well as he could in the rear of the nimble and care-despising young man.

Nearly three years had passed away after this conversation, when it was currently reported in the circles of Quebec, that an interesting and lovely young lady was on the point of sacrificing the world and retiring, her novitiate being completed, to the neighboring convent. There was an unusual bustle among the gossips upon this important occasion, and it was not long before the niece of Mr. Dalton was singled out by universal assent as the intended "bride of heaven."

And not only was this approaching solemnity discussed in ball-rooms and at dinner-parties, but the whole city also rung with expressions of curiosity and commiseration, for it rarely happens in Canada that a young woman takes the religious vows unless her charms have lost their day, and the tide of fortune has left her without a cheering helpmate. Such things will sometimes take place through resentment or caprice, but they are most unaccustomed sights.

No wonder then that the rumor went rapidly abroad; that the *habitant*, with his wife and chubby children, should startle at the news; that he should snatch his everlasting pipe from his mouth, draw down his *bonnet rouge*, and lengthen still more his lean and meagre visage. The very cariole drivers, wont to speed their calashes to many joyous marriages, espoused the cause with zeal, and coveted in their hearts to overturn the churl of an uncle, for Mr. Dalton had, naturally enough, incurred general blame.

At length the morning arrived when the white veil, the emblem of probation, was to be exchanged for the darker head-dress, which shuts out the victim from worldly smiles and cares forever. There was no loitering—the imposing preparations went forward with freezing accuracy. The superior of the convent led the procession, the nuns succeeded according to their order, and lastly came a lady clad in the white dress of the novitiate.

All eyes were fixed upon her, accents of pity burst forth on all sides, and many tears flowed freely for one so young, and yet so early doomed to solitude. The crowd would have gladly stayed the group, but this was not the march of a criminal to the place of execution, for whom delay might gain a chance reprieve; the cause was without hope, and the cortege moved on.

The bishop was in attendance at the chapel robed in his lordly garments, and prepared to begin the ceremony. Beneath, on the sacred floor, were newly-gathered flowers and evergreens, strewed by the novices, and in front was the altar where Louisa, according to the rites of Rome, was to be wedded to her Saviour.

There was a dead pause. The bishop drew aside the uncle of the devoted, as if to ascertain more particularly the certainty of her consent. The conference was prolonged, and many of the neighboring spectators indulged a distant hope from this delay.

"But are you quite sure, quite satisfied?" the prelate was heard to ask, pointedly, of the wealthy Canadian.

"Much more of late, my lord," said the merchant.

"And her property?" continued the bishop.

"Her little means?"

"Her rather ample means, Mr. Dalton," returned the prelate, with a searching smile, "will be—"

"Mine, of course," replied the uncle, with a faltering accent; "but what then? the will is free."

The bishop bowed, but again returned the inquiry.

"She has a dear friend, sir, at least, so report says."

"She had, my lord," replied the Canadian, "but all worldly affections are now sacrificed to the cause of God."

"There is no doubt, then," observed the bishop; "but these things are not usual with us." And the kind-hearted man bent a scrutinizing eye upon his companion as he slowly uttered these last words.

"Think of her noviciate, my lord," returned the merchant.

The bishop retired, with dignity, and took his station at the altar. It was evident that no charge had taken place. The charge was now delivered to the future nun, and she, in her turn, repeated her profession; but, at this moment, Mr. Dalton was so much agitated that it was generally thought he had relented at the last moment.

The organ, however, struck up, and the dress of the order was calmly placed upon the table by the prelate, who advanced to take off the sign of the noviciate and replace it with the black veil. The white cloak, the belt, the beads, the brush steeped in the holy water, lay ready to his hand. The high mass, with the consecrated wafer, the tinkling of the bells, the incense and sacrifice, waited only for the investiture of the destined nun. The bishop slowly withdrew the white covering from the brow of the maiden, and was raising the deeper shroud with sober ceremony, when the uncle uttered a cry and seized the altar for support.

"It is not my niece," he exclaimed, in a husky voice; and half fainting, was borne from the chapel.

"Sister Cicely," said the prelate, turning to the supposed Louisa with a serious and fearful gaze, "what does this mean?"

"I personated the novice upon this occasion," said the nun thus appealed to, "out of compassion for her sorrow. I am willing to submit to the penance of holy mother church."

She raised her beautiful eyes to heaven, and an air of resignation sat on her roseless but exquisite countenance.

"We shall see to that hereafter," replied the bishop; "but where is the novice?"

"She has fled—fled to the woods," said the nun, a slight flush, perhaps of triumph, overspreading her face.

There needed no more. The ecclesiastical dignitaries instantly retired; the procession moved hastily and in disorder towards the convent. The people burst forth in tumultuous acclamations, and blessed the sinning daughter who had risked so much; the whole city was in motion, though there were some who whispered that the track of the pathless wilderness would be more fatal than the sealing pageant of the Roman faith.

We need hardly say that the uncle had no sooner heard the news, than he ordered a vigilant and unceasing search. The heart of the merchant, indeed, had smitten him, and he vowed, while the multitude without were execrating his name, that if his niece should be again restored to him, herself and her affections should thenceforth be free. Torn by doubt, dismay and remorse, he sought the secrecy of his chamber, while the eager Frenchman, the patient Briton, and eagle-eyed Indian set forth with one common zeal to redeem the fugitive.

Louisa, shuddering at the near prospect of utter seclusion, had indeed accepted the offer of her friend, Sister Cicely, and at the moment when the representative of the pontiff was lifting the holy vestments, she was gathering the wild fruits which lay beneath her feet, and though pinched by want, was still rejoicing in her liberty. She had fled in the direction of Les Trois Rivieres, and although a friendly shelter was afforded her on the first night of her travel, the curiosity with which she was regarded alarmed and agitated her. The next was a bright and cheery morning, and Louisa, refreshed by the kindness of her hostess, strayed unconsciously into the lofty forest, which towered behind the house. The love of freedom still glowed within her breast, and she rambled on amid the dusky shades thoughtful of but one thing—that she had escaped the withering seclusion of her convent cell.

But the most buoyant hours fled along too swiftly, and the most exalting passion which can glow within the human heart soon wanes, and yields to sadder destinies. Hunger reminded the wanderer that it was time to seek again the dwelling-place of man; but though the wild strawberry might decoy the careless foot within the groves, the pine, the oak, the chestnut entwine there those giant arms which cloud the beams of day, and mock the sight which strives to peer beyond their fastnesses.

It grew very dull for poor Louisa. In that dark wilderness no sweet notes of woodland birds sound from above, no cheerful robin sings the parting lay of evening, nor sprightly linnet pours his song. Redbreasts, indeed, there are, and thrushes and wrens too, but their music is mournful, and the cadences sorrowful. Night at length came on, and it was vain to hope for deliverance from the mazes of the forest. The brightest morning could have shown no path which the traveller could have trodden with hope. A bed of leaves in a deserted hut was Louisa's refuge, and the scanty and scattered fruit her sole sustenance; but even yet, her soul, chastened by the austerities of the Carmelites, did not yield to the terrors of her condition. Had she known on this night that the skilful pioneers of the woods, who had been sent in quest of her, had returned in despair, for her journey had been far and rapid, her spirit might indeed have cherished the bitterness which is without hope.

Morning came, and the sun once more mounted on high and overtopped the loftiest pines; once again, as time rolled on, the brilliant rays declined, and the girl yet lived, unharmed indeed by bear or wolf, yet patiently abiding the death her reason told her must soon wind up the scene. But we must turn from the dismal spot.

It chanced, about this time, that a tribe of American Indians had set up their wigwams in the outskirts of these gloomy wastes. A large party had assembled towards evening, and fires were blazing in every tent. Here was a group devouring their dried salt fish; and there one might see numerous squaws, with their children, eating bullock's-head soup, a dainty dish they had procured from the cheap shop of some house in the neighboring city of Quebec.

When all were satisfied, the calabash sounded, and the dance began by the light of the birch-bark and fir cones. It was the dance of peace, differing widely from the war-step, the grim forerunner of the whoop, the tomahawk and the scalp. Slowly burnt the torches as the musician hummed his tune and shook his calabash, and the crowded dance went on with varied tread and gesture. But not so sparingly did the fuming liquor flow, the special gift of the chief. From his vast kettle he replenished each glass, gave it round to the men in the ring as they sprang nimbly by, and to each pretty squaw who chose to taste the nectar.

On went the dance without a check, and the wary chief stored the remnant of the liquor in his tent. And now the amusement had been going on for some hours, and the loud yell of joy had gone forth without ceasing, and the swarthy limbs of the Indians began to totter under the influence of the steeping juices they had swallowed, when a lightsome youth, armed with a rifle, came bounding in among the multitude. His frank countenance bespoke a welcome for him; he leaned his gun against a tree, and before he could speak his wishes, the hospitable chief had grasped his hand.

"Pretty considerable lot of room," exclaimed the southerner, for a somewhat sallow visage, tanned by the climate, pepper and burnt brandy, proclaimed him such. "I've lost my way coming from Charleston, must be near Quebec. I went by sea, and have come back by land."

The chief contrived to find an interpreter, and assured him of his welcome, and of his near neighborhood to Quebec.

"I loved a beautiful girl in that city some years ago, and here I am to claim her," said the traveller, whom sundry steaming glasses had roused beyond the usual flow of even American talk. The chief began to rally his guest upon his wealth.

"Scarce a quarter in my pocket—that's what I can promise you," said the American.

The Indian was curious to know how his intended uncle would receive him at Quebec; and the reader needs hardly to be informed that the visitor of the encampment was no other than Pomeroy.

"That is what I cannot tell," replied the guest, whose coolness attracted the especial wonder of the chief. "But what have we here?" cried Pomeroy; "a woman, all in white, too!"

A girl, apparently worn by fatigue, now staggered towards the spot where the chief and Pomeroy sat, and instantly sank upon the ground.

"It is not, it cannot be Louisa," exclaimed the youth, gazing on the pale features before him, "and yet it must be."

He knelt by the side of the stranger, while the cordial efforts of the friendly tribe were united to revive her.

"That voice calls me back to life," she said, at length, as the American was pouring forth his prayers that she might yet be spared.

"Then you are the same girl, unchanged, whom my soul has loved?" And Pomeroy clasped his hands in almost frantic ecstacy.

"But how came she in this place, and in this condition?"

He almost instinctively looked towards his rifle as he spoke, and for a moment suspicion of the Indians crossed his mind. But Louisa Dalton soon gained strength enough to tell her simple story, and to explain how the shoutings of the dance had reached her in her desolate retreat; how her heart throbbed between hope and fear; how she at length went desperately forth to trust the strangers or to perish.

And what were the feelings of the Canadian when he saw his niece again, and in safety! What could he have set in array against the pleasures of that moment! He would scarcely hear the self accusing story of Pomeroy; how, at first, he had got a better "pitch" afterwards, and at last determined to go in search of his bride without the certainty of a hundred dollars.

It did not signify to Mr. Dalton; he had learned a serious lesson; his heart and purse opened lavishly at once; there was enough for all. He gave the young couple his blessing, promised to surrender his niece's fortune, and never repented when his first transports were moderated.

The bishop married them (the same prelate who was to have fulfilled the ceremony of seclusion), and whatever his ideas of monastic virtue might have been, a satisfaction beyond all guile gleamed on his countenance at these nuptials, which shed honor on the man, because it was true to nature.

VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.

It is quite a delusion to suppose that the character of the general face of the country in England affords peculiar facilities for defence, and particularly for "*harassing an enemy by an armed population and irregulars.*" The roads are abundant and good, so that combined movements may be regulated in an endless variety; the hedge-rows, from which so much advantage is expected for defence, afford no real obstacles, but would act as a screen to those movements; all this is decidedly in favor of the well organized army. The columns of the enemy would be brought to bear on the direction that their general thought most desirable, and would penetrate with the greatest ease through the scattered lines of irregulars. Even supposing the latter knew where the attack would be made, and accumulated their forces there, the regular troops, in addition to their superiority as soldiers, can, by their compact order, always actually bring greater *numbers* into action, within a limited front, than their opponents; thus they would make their passage through, and appearing in the rear of the broken, intervening masses, would throw them into utter panic and confusion—so much for the front: no subsequent attacks upon the flank and rear of disciplined troops, who have been so far successful, would be possible; it is some time before the dispersed and alarmed bodies that have had their first confidence and hopes crushed, can be collected for acting in this manner; flying corps are left to counteract them, in force regulated according to the necessity of the case; these are supported, from time to time, by the reinforcements on their way to join the army in front, and thus would make effective occasional impression. A few military executions on persons and property of offending districts (a system *always* adopted in war against an armed population), would add greatly towards freeing the invader from these annoyances.—*Sir John Burgoyne.*

SILK.

Fears are entertained that the silk-worms will soon become extinct. Disease has marked them for her own, and they are going the way of men, who go to the worms. These adorners of beauty would be sadly missed, and silk would become as much an article of luxury as are now the rarest descriptions of laces, until that too should pass away. Why not? Madeira is one of the lost luxuries, and in a few years some Dives or other will swallow the last glass of it, with a sigh, which will not be half so deeply drawn as that which he will exhale when he shall want a drop of water to cool his tongue, and when he will think a quart of "the limpid droppings of the virgin fount," with a few lumps of Wenham in it, worth all the Madeira that is ever made by a southern sun. Raw silk has been sold for more than its weight in gold, and such may again be its price, if the cocoons should become obsolete. And why should they not become so, as well as the Tyrian dye? The earth will have to return to the *pinnes de mer*, the silk-worms of the sea. Ladies of this generation can console themselves with the thought that silk can scarcely become very scarce until they shall be dust, dead as the silk-worms themselves. The Phœnicians used to "extend" silks after they had been woven by the Chinese. "The silks which had been closely woven in China," says the historian, "were sometimes unravelled by the Phœnician women, and the previous materials were multiplied by a looser texture, and the intermixture of linen threads."—*Traveller.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I KNEW THEE ERE I SAW THEE.

BY AMEND.

I knew thee ere I saw thee,—
Thy spirit pure and bright
Had often hovered near me,
And filled my soul with light.

I knew thee ere I saw thee,—
Thy sunny soul had shone,
In rays of heavenly beauty,
Around my pathway lone.

It cheered my gloomy moments,
It checked my spirit wild;
I felt as if an angel
From heaven upon me smiled.

I read thy thoughts enraptured,
I saw their Eden glow,
I knew that aught so stainless
From purest fount must flow.

I longed to see the being
That gave those beauties birth,
And thought some wandering angel
Had kindly stooped to earth.

I saw, and did not know thee,—
No angel form was thine,
And I was vainly seeking
To find a form divine.

I saw, and soon I knew thee,—
I knew thou wert the same,
When through their brilliant windows
The spirit flashes came.

Thou wert not fair, but lovely,
And thus I see thee now,
Love gleaming in thy glances,
And laurels on thy brow.

And yet those beauteous laurels
Ne'er shade thy spirit mild,
For in thy humble meekness
Thou seem'st a very child.

I know thee, and I see thee,
Thy silvery tones I hear;
Where'er on earth I wander
I feel that thou art near.

STORY OF AN OLD SETTLER.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

The snows of many winters have left their whiteness upon my head, but many events of the war are still fresh in my memory. During the long and bloody struggle for independence I was compelled to witness many horrors. I had seen old men with gray hairs murdered in cold blood, the young man of twenty summers stricken down in a moment by the ruthless foe; and helpless women and children tomahawked and scalped without remorse. Those were troublous times, and their very remembrance makes me shudder. I was young then, and both able and willing to meet the sturdy sons of the forest in fight. My father was one of the early settlers of the Kennebec. I was the oldest of four sons. Before the commencement of the war, my father had built him a cabin quite comfortable enough for his purpose, and commenced clearing—converting the savage wilderness to a garden, to teem with corn and grain. I and my brothers of course assisted him in his labors. The war broke out the second year after our settlement on the Kennebec. At first we apprehended but little danger from the savages, as they had hitherto manifested a friendly disposition. But we were soon conscious of our danger. The Indians commenced their depredations upon the white settlers. Tales of bloodshed were daily borne to our ears. We went to our daily labor with our weapons in our hands. At the close of a summer day we were seated in our comfortable cabin as usual. A knocking was heard at the door. My mother turned pale, and looked at my father, as if entreating him not to open it until he was certain who was without. I immediately acted upon this hint, and stepping softly to the entry, was enabled to reconnoitre the premises through a small crevice. My mother's fears were not without foundation. An athletic savage stood at the door. His face was painted in the most hideous manner. Instead of undoing the fastenings, I proceeded to add to their strength. I reported the discovery I had made.

"But *one*, did you say?" said my father.

"Only one," I replied.

"Now see what you can discover on the other side of the cabin."

I did so, and to my surprise saw three more of the rascals crouched like serpents in the grass. I reported this also.

The knocking continued until it became furious. My father of course turned a deaf ear to his entreaties for admission. Finding that artifice would not answer, he was joined by his comrades, and together they made a more furious attack upon the door. In truth we were but little alarmed, for there were only four of the savages, and we felt able to contend with them. The fact was, they supposed that the male members of the family had not yet returned from work; consequently they had only to deal with females. The savages now brought a large stick of wood, and with their united strength used it as a battering-ram. This plan promised to be successful. The door began to yield. In the cabin were three loaded muskets. They were already in hands skilled in their use. We knew a disagreeable surprise was in store for our foes, and this knowledge gave us strength and courage. The door yielded, and they rushed in. Poor fellows, it was the last *rush* that three of them ever made, for they fell dead upon the threshold, beneath our well-directed fire. The fourth one fled in consternation. We pursued him far into the forest, but he was swift of foot, and baffled pursuit.

"He will bring down more of the red fiends upon us," said my father, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

Indeed the escape of the Indian was extremely unfortunate. After this we were kept in continual alarm. We were fired at in the fields by unseen foes, and were obliged to take the greatest precaution to guard against surprises by night. One of the Indians slain was a brother to him who was so fortunate as to escape, and we knew that to avenge his death would henceforth be the great object of his life.

Once we were attacked in the middle of the night. After a hard fight, we succeeded in driving them away with the loss of several of their number.

Finding our position growing more critical every day, we began to think about leaving our solitary cabin, and seeking some white settlement. Before our dwelling was the stump of a tree which had been broken off by a strong wind about four feet from the ground. This stump was hollow. One morning, as my father opened the door to go to his work, I heard the report of a gun, and almost immediately another, while simultaneously with the first report a ball struck the chimney near me. I ran to the door.

"Go look in that hollow stump," said my father.

I did so, and to my astonishment saw an Indian in the agonies of death. I recognized him instantly as the one who had made his escape. He had secreted himself there during the night, in order to shoot my father as he left his cabin. Fortunately his aim was bad. The ball passed within an inch of his intended victim's head.

Before he had time to make his escape, he received the contents of my father's rifle. With our united strength we dragged him forth. He sang his death-song and died. We now relinquished the idea of leaving our home, thinking that after this event we might live in comparative safety.

Soon after this I joined the ranks of my countrymen, encountered much hardship, and saw real service. It so happened, once upon a time, that I was sent out on a scouting party. In our zeal, we went so far that we were obliged to pass the night from camp. There was no dwelling near, and we were in the vicinity of our savage foes, whose cunning we had reason to dread. We made arrangements to pass the night as follows:

We were in a small "clearing," which had been made before the war broke out, and afterwards abandoned as untenable on account of the Indians. Near the middle of this was the trunk of a large tree which had been blown down, and whose roots had taken from the soil whereon they grew an enormous quantity of earth. I placed myself on one side of this rampart of earth, and my friend on the other, with the understanding that we should watch each other during the night.

By making a small opening through this natural fortification, I was enabled to thrust my gun through and watch the approach of an enemy towards my friend, and he by a similar operation could do the same favor for me.

The night was not very dark, and objects could be seen at a considerable distance. Having arranged matters in this manner, we felt but little apprehension in regard to a surprise. The hours rolled on. I felt very sleepy, and hardly able to keep my eyes open.

About midnight my attention was arrested by a bush which I did not recollect seeing in the early part of the night. At first I gave little heed to so slight a circumstance, but at length began to fancy that it came nearer. Still I strove to persuade myself that the appearance was to be attributed to my eyes, rather than reality. After watching it for a half hour longer, I could no longer doubt that the bush was in motion. I waited with breathless anxiety until it was within gunshot. Taking deliberate aim, I fired into the bush. It fell instantly, and I heard a heavy groan.

"What have you done?" said my companion.

"We will see in the morning," I replied

We kept our position until sunrise, for fear of a surprise. Upon examination, we found the body of a stout Indian lying in a pool of coagulated blood under the bush. He had taken this method to reconnoitre. As it happened, it proved fatal to him and his purpose. I have passed through many scenes, but I never shall forget the hollow stump and the moving bush.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR PEARL.

The Shah of Persia has in his possession the famous pearl found at Catifa, in Arabia, and bought by Tavernier, originally, for this enormous sum. It is pear-shaped and without blemish, and from two to three inches in length. In the present day of oyster discovery, and with a possibility that a branch of the Long Island family may be the "bivalve mollusk," containing the occasional pearl, it may be well to refresh our memory as to how these children of the sea are cradled. A pearl is a small concretion which is formed within the hard envelope of a shell-fish, but particularly in what is called the mother-of-pearl oyster, but is larger, being usually about three inches in diameter. The pearls are most commonly contained in the shell, but sometimes they are found in the thickest and most fleshy parts of the oyster. A single oyster will frequently contain several pearls; and it is on record that one has been known to contain one hundred and fifty. The pearl itself is supposed to be the result of some accidental deposit or extravasation of the liquor secreted by the animal in the gradual enlargement of its shell—very small in the first instance, but increased by successive layers of pearly matter. The formation of the pearl has, however, embarrassed both ancient and modern naturalists to explain, and has given occasion to a number of very curious hypotheses.—*National Intelligencer.*

THE DECIMAL SYSTEM.

Sir John Bowring, in a speech recently delivered in England, strongly upheld the superiority of the decimal system, which has just been rejected by a committee of the House of Commons, the idea of simplifying the calculating processes of the country being an innovation that their fossilized natures could not bear to think of. Sir John says the Chinese, that intensely practical people, reckon everything by the decimal system, which is a great facilitator of education. The adoption of this method has enabled thousands of women to be employed in France, Germany, Holland and Italy. Almost every country that has made a certain progress in civilization, has adopted this system. He remarked that 600,000,000 of the human race employed it, and there was no instance on record where it had been introduced and afterwards abandoned. He had traversed the Philippine Islands lately; the decimal system had been introduced there three years ago, and was considered a great benefit.—*Boston Journal.*

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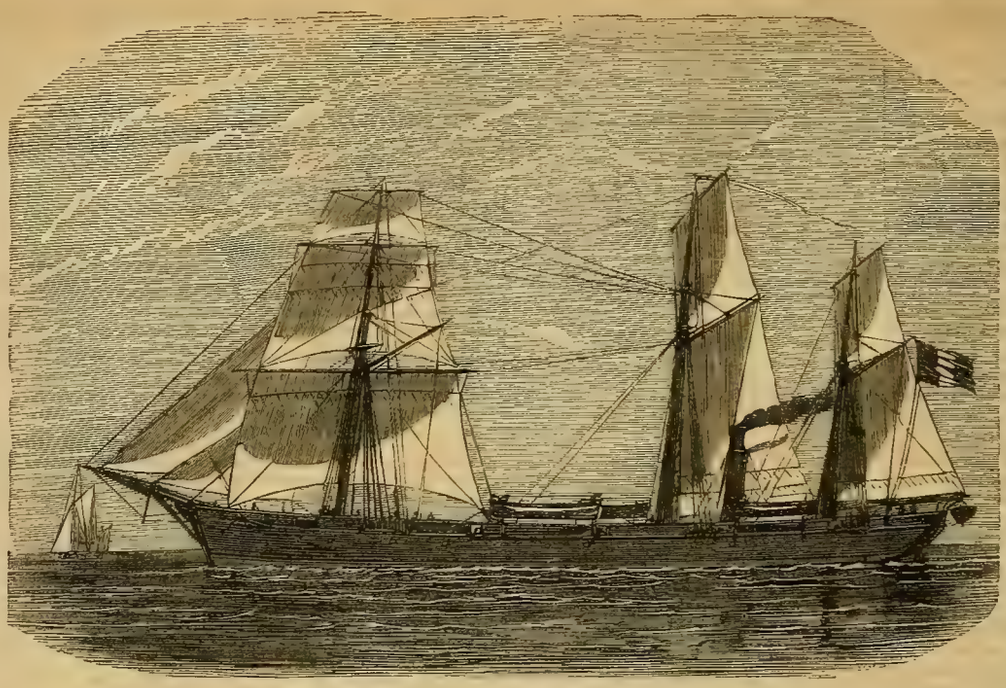
"LA COMETE,"

THE NEW FRENCH GUNBOAT.

The new French gunboat "La Comete (the Comet)," which is now attracting great attention in France, is accurately represented in the accompanying engraving. She is a beautiful craft, strong and elegant. Her extreme length is about 136 feet, with 28 feet beam, and she draws a little over seven feet of water. Her bottom is flat, and has two false keels, which will enable her to sit upright when aground. She has five port-holes on each side, and can carry guns of the heaviest calibre, while her deck and between decks accommodations are amply sufficient for 1200 men. Her engine, of medium pressure, is nominally of 120 horses' power, and her speed about eleven knots. Her constructor, Mr. Arman, of Bordeaux, has obtained these results by employing in building her a combination of wood and iron, in which he has already been very successful. In spite of the weight of her chains, anchors and machinery, the draught is very light. She was built at Bordeaux, at Mr. Arman's shipyard, an immense establishment. The progress which the French have made in naval architecture within a few years, is truly extraordinary, and the English have been forced into admiration of the beauty and strength of their ships-of-war. It remains to be seen whether they can work and fight their ships as well as they build them, and recent advices would indicate that the opportunity of testing their skill may not long be wanting. Unless all signs fail, "there is thunder in the air." The tone of the French press has of late been quite hostile to "perfidious Albion," and the "mistress of the seas" may yet have to prove her title.



"LA COMETE," FRENCH STEAM GUNBOAT.

ROSA BONHEUR'S HORSE FAIR.

We have so frequently noticed the career of Mdlle. Bonheur, that our readers must be familiar with her name and history, and will therefore welcome with pleasure the accompanying engraving of her famous "Horse Fair," which is known wherever art is appreciated. It was first exhibited in London, where its success was brilliant. The critics of the London Athenæum thus spoke of the picture on its first appearance:

"The composition—a confused procession of horses, ridden, driven, and led by grooms as diverse as the quadrupeds—has an ease, a vigor, and a variety nothing short of masterly. The absence of theatrical effect or trick in arrangement is remarkable; not merely as betokening perfect knowledge of the subject treated, but as producing an effect of reality which is worth its weight in gold, when the reality does not become prosaic. The long line of trees crossing the canvass as background, and only broken by the group to the right straggling up the bank, might in meaner hands have given the picture a formal and unpleasant air. The force with which the animals are touched—the spirit, motion, noise of the troop—are likewise wonderful; if even the sex of the painter is laid out of the question. The tone of coloring is lower and more lurid than we altogether like. It may be objected too, that forcible as is the entire work, certain of the objects, especially in the lower portions of the picture, are not sufficiently detached from each other, owing to Mdlle. Bonheur's predilections in shadow and demi-tint. This has been explained to us on the hypothesis of the dust caused by so much rapid and violent motion—but we are apt to question pictures needing explanation. Mdlle. Bonheur's dappled grays have the force and splendor of Rubens. Nor are her human beings neglected; to instance only one among the many figures—the rider, whose brawny and bared arm is hardly sufficient to rein in his horse, may challenge our own Sir Edwin, when he is most athletic is some hunting piece. What faults there may be in this picture, in short, are faults of excess, of affluence, of irresistible power—not of deficiency."

This picture was purchased by a gentleman residing at Hoboken, N. Y., for, we believe, $10,000, and we had the pleasure of seeing it during a visit to New York. It is difficult to believe it the work of a lady—so bold is the conception, drawing and handling. Every touch of the pencil is in the right place, and every touch is vigorous. There is no pettiness in the handling—vigor, commanding power characterize the whole of it. The horses are all stout Normans, for Mdlle. Bonheur has no predilection for the pampered, artificially-bred horses—the dandies of the stable and the ring. Nature, force, energy—these are the qualities she loves.

THE ONLY FREE MAN.

No rascally comparative insults a beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedency. No wealthy neighbor seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind to be a beggar. Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the beggar's robes and graceful insignia of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colors, fearing none. He is the only man in the world who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity toucheth him not, or at worst change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics, and so he escapes rigorous scrutiny. He is the only free man in the universe.—*Charles Lamb.*

STILLNESS IN THE COUNTRY.

Nothing marks the change from the city to the country so much as the absence of grinding noises. The country is never silent. But its sounds are separate, distinct, and, as it were, articulate. The grinding of wheels in paved streets, the clash and din of half a million men, mingling, forming a grand body of sound, which, however harsh and dissonant to those near by, becomes at a little distance softened, round, and almost musical. Thus, from Brooklyn Heights, New York sounds its diapason, vast and almost endless. The direction of the wind greatly influences the sound. When the air is moist, and the wind west, the city sends a roar across like the incessant break of surf upon the ocean shore. But with an easterly wind, the murmur is scarcely greater, and almost as soft, as winds moving gently in forests. But it is not simply *sound* that acts upon us. There is a jar, an incessant tremor, that affects one more or less, according to the state of his nerves. And in leaving the city by rail cars, the roar and jar of the train answer a good purpose in keeping up the sense of the city until you reach your destination. Once removed from all these sound-making agencies, and one is conscious of an almost new atmosphere. Single sounds come through the air as arrows fly, but do not fill it. The crowing of a cock, the cawing of a crow, the roll of a chance wagon, and the patter of horses' feet—these, one by one, rise into the air to stir it, and sink back again leaving it without a ripple. For a time this both excites and soothes. During the wakening hours the very stillness plays upon your imagination with impunity. You *feel* how still it is. You murmur to yourself, "O, how quiet! how tranquil!" On a side-hill, with a wide look-out, upon a rock, or under its shade, you lie for the hour stupid in the bath of stillness. The wings of birds that fly past you are audible. A leaf falling on a leaf reports itself. The squeak of field-mice, in their petty synods, the frolic and bark of squirrels, become very prominent sounds. I cannot say that such scenes are favorable to *thought*. It is fancy that moves quickest then. It is a nourishing of the sentiments and feelings. We said that country silence is also soothing. Let the few first nights' sleep bear witness! In the first place men's habits right themselves. We dine at noon, not at sundown. We take tea in the broad light of the sun. And, by nine o'clock, the evening has become very late, and we nod and yawn, and drop off to bed. You look out first, to see if all is right. The moon has it all her own way up there. There is not a breath of wind. The leaves hold as still as if they did not know how to swing and quiver. The cricket is singing. The whippoorwill stirs up fond remembrances. Some dog lets off a bark, as if he had pulled the trigger by accident, then shuts his muzzle, and leaves the great round heavens almost empty of sound. Ah, these long country nights, full of unwakening sleep!—*H. W. Beecher.*

ROSA BONHEUR'S HORSE FAIR.

PLAN OF THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

We are indebted to the courtesy of our enterprising neighbor of the "Evening Gazette," for whom it was expressly drawn and engraved, for the accompanying representation of the plan for the improvement of our Public Garden, which has received the approval of the city council. The plan was drawn by Mr. George T. Meacham, of the architectural firm of Woodcock & Meacham, and the engraving was executed by Messrs. Kilburn & Mallory. The Gazette says:

"The report which we append has received the endorsement of both branches of the city council, and applications for proposals for the work are already being handed in, and so far as practicable the work will be pushed forward the present season. It is intended to have an ornamental gateway in Charles Street, opening to a broad avenue leading across the six-acre pond to be formed in the centre, to the large public square upon Arlington Street. The bridge across the pond will be a very tasty affair, and span from bank to bank at a sufficient elevation to admit of an archway for pedestrians by a circuitous path leading down by the western bank of the pond. The pond is irregularly shaped, and upon the northern side a point projecting from the eastern bank is made the site of an arbor, the balance for which is found in a fountain in the centre of the southern division of the pond. On either side of the entrance to the avenue on Charles Street, two small buildings are to be placed, intended respectively for the occupation of ladies and gentlemen. There are entrances also to the garden from the corners of Boylston and Beacon Streets, entering upon paths leading to the pond. On Beacon Street the green house will remain as at present; on the opposite portion, upon Boylston Street, a spacious play-ground for children is set off, with a pavilion containing a drinking-fountain. Two entrances admit to the public square on a level from Arlington Street. This square, which is assigned (?) as the site for the new City Hall, is elevated above the garden, and is approached by steps. On each side a site is indicated for a statue, and the plans of flower beds and fountains appear in graceful appositeness. Upon all the varied paths are placed seats, and drinking fountains appear at regular intervals. The hand of the architect having traced these plans, the taste of the gardener will be required to reduce the beautiful theory to practice, and make it all that it should be. The pond will be lined with stones up to the high water line, above which the banks will be sloped to a harmonious bevel and sodded, and shrubbery be allowed to grow thereon as picturesquely as may be."

The report of the Committee appointed September 29, 1859, recently presented and approved, is as follows:—The subject of the improvement of the Public Garden has long been one of great interest to the mass of our citizens. No definite plan has heretofore been agreed upon by the city council, and as long as there were parties in the government who, honestly, no doubt, thought that this spot should be laid out and sold for house lots, it was found difficult to obtain appropriations for the purpose of laying it out for a pleasure ground, open to all our citizens. But by the adoption of the Act of the Legislature of 1859, by so large a majority of the voters of Boston, to keep this tract of land open for all future time, it becomes the duty of the government to act in the matter of putting it in such a condition that it shall no longer be an eyesore, but shall be made, as it is capable of being, one of the attractions of our city to all who may visit us from abroad, as well as for ourselves. While other cities have expended, and are now expending, large sums of money for the improvement of public grounds, Boston has done but little in this direction. The area of our city is too small to allow the laying out of large tracts of land for Public Parks, and it behooves us to improve the small portions that are left to us for such purposes.

"Nearly all of the more important towns of Europe have places set apart for the amusement and healthful exercise of the people. Their number and extent bear witness to the necessity of public pleasure grounds to all dense populations. The pleasure grounds in and about London comprise over 6000 acres, including St. James Park, Green Park, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, lying contiguous, and containing 764 acres. Among the great parks of Europe may be mentioned the Phœnix Park, in Dublin, containing 2000 acres; Birkenhead Park, near Liverpool, of about 500 acres; the Gardens of Versailles, about 3000 acres in extent; and the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, containing 2158 acres. The Thiergarten, in Berlin, contains over 200 acres; the Prater, in Vienna, about 1500 acres; the English Gardens, in Munich, about 500 acres." Madrid, Havana and Mexico have each their large promenades

In our country, New York is now laying out its great Central Park, 723 71-100 acres, at a cost for the land alone of $5,444,369.90. This is believed to be the largest sum ever expended in the purchase of land for a public park. In the improvement of the grounds, up to January 1 of the present year, the sum of $583,369.27 had been expended, $4250 having been paid as premiums for plans for the execution of the work. Brooklyn is also moving in the matter of a public park. Philadelphia, though having more public squares than any other city in this country, has under consideration the project for laying out a public park at Fairmount, on the banks of the Schuylkill.

Now what has Boston done? To be sure, we have the Common, and a few squares of very small dimensions, which were laid out originally for the improvement of the city lands in their vicinity; but for keeping them in order money has been very grudgingly appropriated. By the order of the board of aldermen, the committee on the Common were instructed to report a plan and estimates for the improvement of the Public Garden; and to do so, they advertised for plans, offering a premium for the one which should be accepted by the committee. Several plans were made and submitted, and the committee unanimously adopted the one marked "*Arlington*," which they now submit for the approval of the city council; and they would here state that they are in entire ignorance as to the authorship of the plan, and would desire that the city council should remain so until they either adopt or reject it, and thus save themselves from any imputation of partiality in their selection. The city council will note that the author of this plan has included a space for the new City Hall, in case it should ever be deemed advisable to raise such a structure on the Public Garden. The Green House has been located on the wrong side of the plan, but this can be very easily changed. The expense of executing this plan is estimated at $26,000, but it will be observed that no estimate is made for granite curbstone around the pond, which should be placed there, and would create an additional expense of $2000.

That *something* should be done with the Public Garden seems to be universally admitted. This space is now by law dedicated to public use forever. No building, except for horticultural purposes or for a City Hall, can ever be erected upon it. Heretofore, in the uncertainty as to the precise tenor by which the spot was held, and the uses to which it might be put, there have been difficulties in the way of its improvement, which were serious impediments to doing anything of a kind which would be a credit to the city. But now, since all questions of title are settled, since it is established that this space is to be forever used for public purposes alone, there is no longer any excuse for delay. It is also very certain that the people of the city are in favor of a judicious expenditure in this direction. The vote of the citizens in favor of reserving the land for public uses was carried with a unanimity unexampled on any similar occasion, less than one hundred votes being recorded in opposition to the measure.

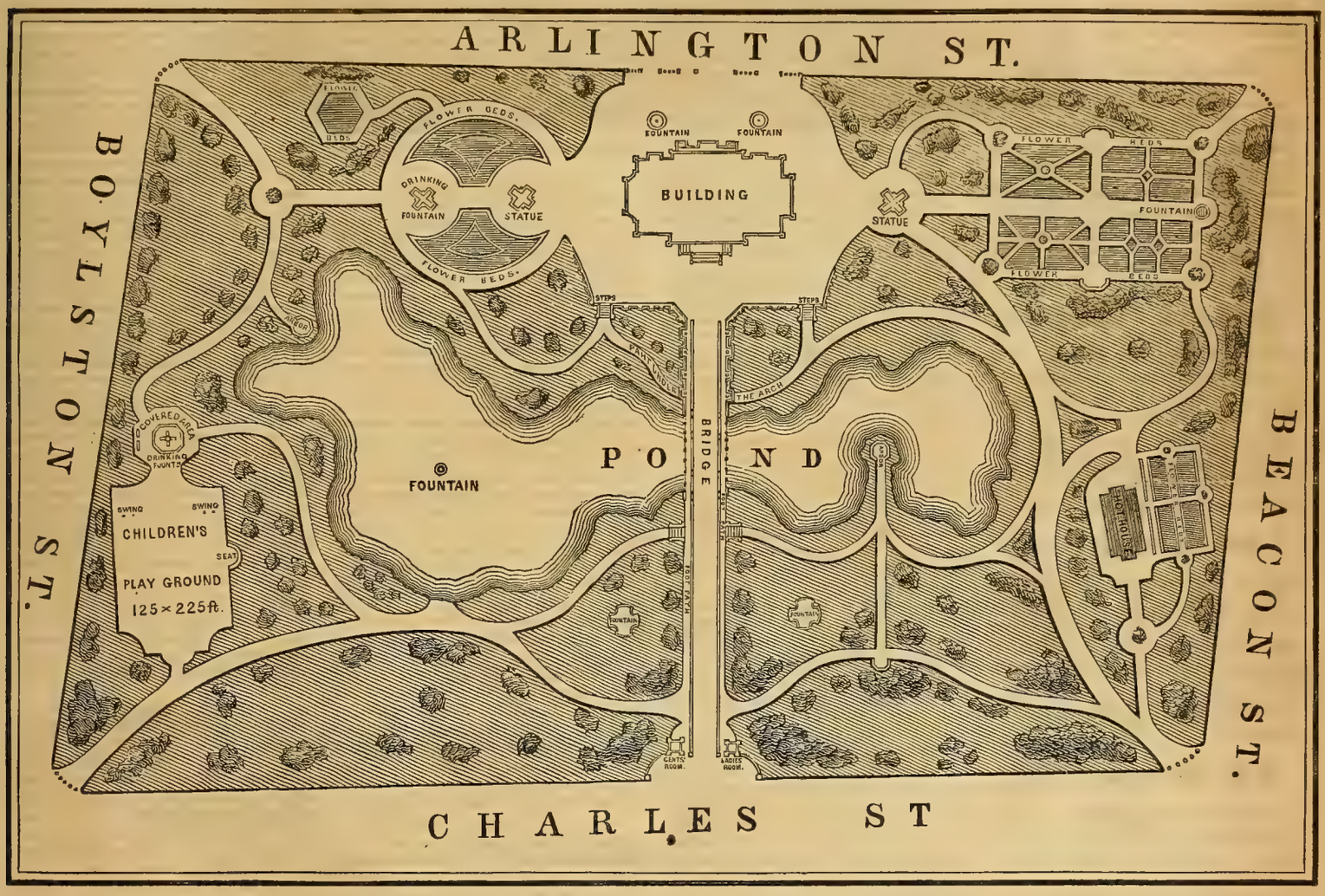
As to the improvement to be made, it should be such as will be a *credit to the city* For the city to attempt any *cheap* improvement, would not only be discreditable, but would prove more expensive in the end. The location is a very fine one for improvement. It is near the Common, within a stone's throw of salt water, and more generally acceptable to our citizens than any spot which could be selected. If the present city government should lay it out on any narrow policy, the people would be dissatisfied, and our successors would certainly disregard all that we do, and the money expended would be lost. * * * * *

While other cities are expending fabulous amounts in the improvement of parks, squares, gardens and promenades, what should we do? To be behind in these matters would not only be discreditable to our city, but possibly injurious to our commercial prosperity, and in direct opposition to the wishes of a vast majority of the citizens.

Something has been said of the propriety of asking contributions from the people in the vicinity of the Garden. It would seem to be proper that those who are especially benefited should contribute to this end, and the committee have no reason to suppose that there would be any backwardness on this point. But it is thought by many most expedient that the city should adopt a plan and take the initiatory steps before taking contributions from any one. Hereafter, in carrying out the *details* of the plan, the question as to making them more or less expensive may be determined by the amount subscribed by those living in the neighborhood. Therefore the city should begin the improvement without making a condition that others subscribe in the onset; as with such a condition the very object in view might be defeated. Nor is such a course dignified or proper on the part of a great and wealthy corporation like the city of Boston, and it might tend to the adoption of a plan which would please those who subscribed, and might not suit the public at large. Anything that would have this tendency is to be avoided.

The Public Garden is the property of the people of Boston, and the whole people. Anything which tends to limit its use, or deprive the whole people of all its benefits of light and air, and the full enjoyment of all it contains, at all suitable times and occasions, will be a direct infringement on the rights and privileges of the public. The committee are of opinion that if the plan submitted is adopted and carrried out, the city of Boston will have a Public Garden which they may well be proud of, its details containing all the requirements alluded to in the foregoing remarks.

With these considerations, the committee recommend *the concurrence of this board with the common council in the passage of the order* relating to this subject, *as amended by that branch*, September 29, 1859.



PLAN OF THE IMPROVEMENTS TO BE MADE IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC GARDEN.

A NEW ENTERPRISE!

THE WELCOME GUEST.

This is the title of a new and brilliant family paper which will be issued by the subscriber on the first day of January next. It is intended, as its name indicates, for the HOME CIRCLE, and its individuality will consist in its forming just such a journal as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the fireside. It will be

ENTIRELY ORIGINAL,

each number complete in itself, and being of the mammoth size, will afford a vast amount of entertaining reading. No continued stories will be introduced, nor advertisements admitted; so that the object of the greatest variety and completeness will be attained. It will be printed in that convenient and favorite shape, the FOLIO FORM, presenting in each number thirty-two large columns of original and really

CHOICE AND DELIGHTFUL READING,

This new journal will be full to the brim each week of finely written stories, sketches, adventures, biographies of eminent men and of famous women, prose and poetic gems, all that is worthy of note in the foreign and domestic news, gossip of the day, sparkling gems from new books, and wit and humor, forming a most captivating weekly melange. The plan of its issue, which has been long perfecting, will render it

A GREAT FAVORITE

everywhere, north, south, east and west. It will be entirely neutral in politics, and all sectional and sectarian matters, preferring to make itself a WELCOME GUEST to each and all, rather than to [illegible] o vulgar word [illegible] s, which will [illegible] and appre- [illegible] in all respects it will be

FRESH AND BEAUTIFUL,

the whole design being from original plans, intended to introduce to the public a corps of NEW AND BRILLIANT WRITERS; and it will follow the lead of no other journal that is published. It will present a chaste and elegant heading, and be printed upon heavy, fine white paper, on a rich, clear font of type, cast expressly for it. Thus forming of

The Welcome Guest,

a charming visitor for any family in the land. In the editorial conduct of the paper, a corps of lady contributors has been organized, as well as several sterling writers of the other sex; and it is promised that no weekly journal in the world shall excel it in pleasing variety, and the universal interest of each successive issue.

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M. M. BALLOU,
Publisher and Proprietor.
22 Winter Street, Boston.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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☞ One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, together, $3 50 per annum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—The Crusaders and pilgrims journeying to the Holy Land, affixed a scallop shell to some portion of their dress, to indicate that they had crossed the sea in pursuit of their pious purpose; for scallops were found in abundance on the shores of Palestine. Those who survived the perils of the undertaking, preserved this emblem as an armorial distinction, still to be found in the heraldic quarterings of many English and other families of ancient descent.

MISS G. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Madame de Genlis, before her marriage, was called the Countess de Lancy. She was a canoness at the age of four years.

PUBLICUS.—A controversy is at this moment going on in the Portuguese newspapers about the propriety of erecting a statue to the poet Camoens. Strange to say, there is not a single statue erected to Camoens throughout the length and breadth of Portugal, and yet he is the only poet of the nation that enjoys a European celebrity.

HYGIENE.—There are four millions of people in France who eat no bread. Some eat chestnuts, and some other kinds of vegetables. The people of Ireland, for a long time, subsisted mainly on potatoes. These facts prove not only that there are large numbers in civilized countries who do not raise their own bread, but an equally important fact,—that they have not the means of buying it.

CRITIC.—Some persons prefer Troyon to Rosa Bonheur as an animal painter.

QUERIST.—Few persons have any idea of the annual expense attending the repairs of railroads. In England, for instance, no less than thirty thousand tons of iron are required every year for the necessary repairs of the tracks on the different roads. Twenty millions of wooden sleepers are replaced annually, useless from decay. This item alone requires the felling of three hundred thousand trees, occupying five thousand acres of land.

MRS. R. C., Montreal.—Sir John (then lieutenant) Franklin sailed for the first time on an exploring expedition to the Arctic regions in 1808; he sailed on a second expedition in 1825; and on the last on the 23d of May, 1845.

"YOUNG AMERICA."—The circumference of the earth is estimated at about twenty-four thousand miles. The number of volcanic mountains are five hundred and fifty-nine. The greatest projectile power of any of these volcanoes, which we have read of, is that of one which ejected to a distance of nine miles masses of rock thirty tons in weight.

MEDICUS.—The natives of India so well know the sanitary properties of salt, that they have applied the want of it to express the greatest evil that can befall their fellow-creatures. "May you get no salt," is the form of an Indian's curse.

THE AUSTRIANS IN ITALY.

Those persons who imagine that the severe punishment received by the Austrians at the hands of the French and Sardinians in Italy, has produced any change in their policy with regard to those Italians yet subject to their sway, had better dismiss the illusion as soon as possible. Advices from Venetia, the credibility of which we are not at liberty to doubt, inform us that the state of affairs in that unhappy province is as deplorable as possible. Austria has proclaimed, and foreign journals have repeated, that from the 1st of October military tribunals ceased to operate, and the state of siege was raised. This is true; but it is no less true that Austria has created a special tribunal for Venetia for political offences, decreeing that these offences shall be tried exclusively by this tribunal, holding its seat in Venice. For judges, Austria has selected men, without regard to capability, solely for their attachment to Austria. Of course these men are hated by the citizens at large, and prejudiced against them. The tribunal is a secret one; there is no publicity to the debates, and no guaranty for the production of witnesses; the accused are given up to the *ex parte* judges who sit with closed doors. When we remember the latitude given by Austrian courts to the definition of "political offences," we conjecture what injustice this secret tribunal will commit under the guise of law. It is a revival of the tribunals of the dark ages.

Taxes continue to be heaped on the shoulders of the Venetians to an insupportable extent. Prayers for abatement are unheeded, and it is said that the imposts of the past four months consume the whole yearly income of the real estate assessed. Misery and ruin stare the unhappy Venetians in the face. All the public schools are either closed or turned into barracks, only those professors and teachers being retained on salary who have become partizans of Austria. As a natural consequence of this state of things, those who are able to leave fly the city and province as if both were plague-smitten, and many hamlets are inhabited only by old men, women and children. All hope of mercy from Austria is gone—an iron tyranny weighs upon the length and breadth of the land.

These facts must stimulate the people of other parts of Italy to perseverance in their efforts to secure rulers free from all suspicion of Austrian blood or sympathy. None of the old expelled rulers, the pets and tools of Austria, can hope to win their thrones again, without wading through a sea of blood; and neither the honeyed words of Napoleon or the worthless promises of aristocratic dukes can henceforth cozen the Italians. They have the sympathies of freemen throughout the world, and their cordial godspeed in the path of independence.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

It will be seen that we announce to-day the plan of a new weekly journal, which will be issued on the first of January, entitled *The Welcome Guest*, a title which we mean shall be significant of its character in each issue. We have long been engaged in perfecting the work, and, bringing not alone to bear ample resources of various minds, talent, and mechanical facilities, but also large experience in the business, we do not fear to promise our readers something superior to anything we have accomplished in the newspaper line. We are determined that the new paper shall be choice, original, and vastly attractive, introducing many new and brilliant writers, whose articles have never before appeared in our publications, embracing many varied and charming features. It will contain even more reading matter than the "Pictorial," and each article will be the product of a highly-cultivated and able pen. In short, *The Welcome Guest* shall be a gem of the first water, and make for itself an enviable and unequalled reputation.

CARD-TABLE COMPASSION.

"So, Miss Hector died this morning of a consumption! She was no more than seventeen—a fine girl!" "Ah! is she dead? Poor thing! What's trumps?" "The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of that well behind the house, and which he fell into—" "Is he? I thought he would not recover. Play a spade, ma'am." "There were upwards of a thousand killed in the last engagement in the East Indies. How many childless parents are now in sorrow!" Ah, many indeed! That odd trick is ours." "The captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be charity to send his family a joint of meat." "That's hard; I have not a heart, indeed sir." "He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since—and the physicians have no hope that he will recover his reason." "O, I recollect, he rode against somebody. Play a spade, if you please." "The prospect to the poor at present is poor indeed—there will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich." "Yes; one really gives so much in charity. I'll bet you a crown on the best club." "Pray, ma'am, have you heard of the dreadful accident that has happened to Mrs. ——?" "What, her son drowned? O, yes. You are eight, you can call." "George, ma'am, George, I am sorry to say, put an end to his life last Tuesday." "You don't say so. I had two honors in my own hand." "Yes—and as misfortunes never come alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction." "Dear me, that's bad—single, double and the rub!" [*Exeunt counting their money.*]

THE BOSTON MUSEUM.—The steady and large success of this place of public amusement from week to week, month to month, and year to year, is significant of its admirable management. What would Boston do without its Museum? Without Warren? Without such a manager and discreet caterer for its intelligent amusement as Mr. Kimball?

A BOOK FOR THE SEASON.—J. E. Tilton & Co. have published a volume from the pen of Jane G. Austin, entitled "Fairy Dreams, or Wanderings in Elf-Land." It is illustrated by Billings.

HOW IS IT?—A little boy being told that three yards of cloth when wet would shrink one-quarter of a yard, asked: "Well, then, if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?"

LONGITUDINAL.—Heber Kimball, one of the Mormon elders, recently defined longitude to be "*a straight line west of London.*"

HEART-RENDING.—One of our exchanges thus heads a news item. If it is "heart-rending," you had better keep still about it.

ODD.—That rivers should be so full just where they *empty* themselves, isn't it?

ABOUT HOLIDAY GIFTS.

We have a word to say about this matter to the readers of our journal. The season is fast approaching in which we are accustomed to loosen our "purse-strings," and gladden the hearts of our families and friends with presents. To obtain a gift which shall be both instructive and amusing for the little folks, requires but a trifling amount of thought for the judicious parent—and the facilities are extensive, as a visit to the numerous stores will demonstrate—but what will most please my wife, daughter, or female friend, is perhaps a question requiring more reflection and judgment. An endeavor to assist the hesitating is the object of this article, and if the present we suggest does not meet the wishes of a majority of ladies at the present time, then our judgment is sadly at fault. It is a "Sewing Machine," by which we mean, of course, one *worthy* of the name, and which really, by its perfect operation, dispenses with the labor of hand sewing. The gentleman—be he husband, father or friend—who presents such an instrument to a lady for a Christmas or New Year's gift, in our humble opinion, bestows a souvenir at once fascinating in the extreme, useful and ornamental; for a prettier piece of furniture for a lady's boudoir, than a mahogany or black walnut cabinet, disclosing when opened an instrument so indispensable, can hardly be found. And now, reader of ours, if your taste coincides with us as to the most appropriate and acceptable, as well as elegant, gift to your lady friend, at this time, we will state for your information, as to where such an instrument may be had, that we, some months since, after a personal examination of the different Sewing Machines now before the public, decided upon and obtained for our family use one of Messrs. Ladd, Webster & Co.'s elegant Cabinet Machines, and have had it in almost constant use since its reception. We have before, and over our own signature, commended this machine to public notice, believing that if it has an *equal*, it has no *superior*, in every excellence which pertains to the Sewing Machine in a perfect state.

ONE DOLLAR.—Now is the time to subscribe for *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, as volume *eleven* is just about to commence. Five years have elapsed since this Magazine was first issued, each year adding to its beauty and intrinsic excellence, until it is admitted to be by far the cheapest publication in the world! No such work could be afforded for a dollar a year, were it not for the immense edition which is printed. Each number contains over one hundred pages of *original* matter, besides many fine illustrations, and a series of laugh-provoking engravings at the close of each monthly issue. The whole forms two volumes of *six hundred* pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages per annum for *one dollar!* Enclose us the money and receive a copy by return of mail, and for a whole year.

BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—We are personally conversant with the excellence of these well-known *Bronchial Troches*, and are knowing to many instances of their remarkable success when adopted by public speakers and vocalists in this vicinity. This fact, testified to by such men as *Henry Ward Beecher* and *Edwin H. Chapin*, whose vocal powers are in more demand before the American public, than any other half dozen lecturers known to us, presents itself to all persons suffering under any bronchial or throat trouble with the most pertinent force.

GOLD.—For the first ten months of the present year the export of gold and bullion from New York was $63,270,614. From that port the export of gold this year exceeds that of domestic produce upwards of $15,000,000.

A QUESTION.—"Eras in the world's progress" are so common, that one may be reasonably looked for every week. But who ever reckons errors in the world's progress?

A ROYAL SWELL.—The coronation of George IV. cost $1,190,000. His dress alone cost about $120,000.

MAN'S HANDIWORK.—A pound of crude iron costs four cents, but by labor its value for watch springs increases to $2000.

THOSE SEALS.—These wonderfully docile animals, at the Aquarial Gardens, Bromfield Street, are the town wonder just now.

VISITORS.—Our city hotels are thronged.

BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID.

The following notice of this excellent article we clip from the "Daily Bee" of this city, and cheerfully endorse what it says. The Hyperion Fluid has long since attained to a "Domestic Institution," and its gentlemanly proprietor is too well known in this community to require a *personal* compliment:

BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID, HAIR DYE, ETC. Our readers and the public generally are undoubtedly familiar with the articles which have been put into the market by Mr. William Bogle, 202 Washington Street. First in point of fame and popularity is his HYPERION FLUID, a preparation for the hair, which is without a superior, if an equal, anywhere, and which has incited a thousand and one imitations—a fact of itself indicative of superior merit. The Hyperion is popular on both sides of the Atlantic, and is indispensable to all well-supplied toilets. Next is his HAIR DYE, which has received medals, diplomas, and other recognitions of merit, and which has also had to contend with hosts of base imitations. This preparation, unlike most others, contains nothing injurious either to the hair or skin, and can be safely and efficiently employed, as it is by thousands daily. His HAIR WORK, of various kinds, is also among the very best, no less than his head-dresses, cosmetics, perfumery, fancy articles, etc. In fact, this Bazaar is one of the lion places of the city, and is the constant resort of the best toilet-disposed people, in town and out. Whatever is obtained at this establishment may be relied upon as the best. The articles prepared by himself are the best of the best; and his Hyperion Fluid and Hair Dye are so in an especial sense.

DICTATION TO HEIRS.

The papers at the South recently reported the death of an opulent citizen who prescribed in his will that his male heirs should belong to the Democratic [illegible] A letter from Italy reports a similar ca[illegible] ago a wealthy gen[illegible] at Padua, h[illegible] three daught[illegible] his testamen[illegible] gentleman ha[illegible] heirs on the express condition [illegible] forfeit it if ever they accepted office unde[illegible] Austrian government, or should his daughters marry any person connected in any way with the loathsome foreign rule."

EASTERN CIVILIZATION.—A contrast between the accounts given by ancient and modern visitors to Palestine reveals that the change on the industrial and social habits of the people of the Holy Land is very striking. Notwithstanding all that has been said as to men of the East being so devoted to old ways, that they are in their habits all but identical with those who lived in the days of Moses, and of David, many things are stated by recent travellers which show that Western thought, politics, and, generally, Western civilization, have greatly influenced the so-called immovable East.

A DOUBTING DOCTOR.—Dr. James Hamilton was sent for once in great haste by Lady P——, to see a little favorite monkey, which was almost suffocated with its morning feed. When the doctor entered the room he saw only his ladyship, her young son (a lad of ten years old, who was most absurdly dressed,) and his patient. Looking at each of the two latter, he said coldly to Lady P., "My lady, *which* is the monkey?"

"THE DEATH TOUCH."—This is the title of a most vivid and intensely interesting novelette now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale at all of the periodical depots at *four cents* per copy.

A SOLAR WOMAN.—An article in the last number of the Home Journal describes Madame Le Vert as a "solar woman, drawing after her a firmament of planets."

BATHING.—We doubt whether there exists a more effectual preventive of disease of every kind, and a greater promoter of good health at all times, than the practice of bathing.

PRACTICAL JOKING.—The refuge for the destitute of wit, who have no power of joking any other way.

THE SECRET OF YOUTH.—A lady never knows how young she looks, until she has had her portrait painted.

DOG-GEREL.—We haven't seen any story lately of "canine sagacity."

A SHREWD TRICK.

The Parisian rogues are among the most ingenious to be found. The following is one of the tricks formerly practised alike by women and by men. One of a party enters a restaurant, and dines either alone or in company with a confederate. During the meals, he conveys one or more pieces of plate under the table, fixing it there with wax with which he is provided for the purpose. Should the *garcons* or the master miss any of his spoons, he is in no danger, and may offer himself to be searched with perfect security. He is allowed to depart, but shortly after an accomplice enters, orders his dish, seating himself at the same table, whence he contrives to remove the secreted articles. A case occurred some time back where the *restaurateur*, suspecting the trick, suffered the first party to retire, after apologising to him for having had him searched. He, however, secretly sent for a detective in plain clothes, and bade him keep his eye upon that particular table. Presently after the departure of the "grin-chisseurs," the confederate entered, seated himself at the table in question, and, while taking his "potage," began his work, little dreaming that the peaceable-looking *citoyen* opposite, with his back turned, was watching every movement in the looking-glass, through a hole in the newspaper he held before his face, and was appearing to read. No sooner had the last fork been transferred to his pocket, than up jumped the detective; there was nothing to be done, the property was found on him, and off he was marched to take his dessert in another locality.

DEATH DRAMATIZED.

A prose drama has just appeared in the French and German languages, with the title [illegible] "Death" yet its leading object is to show [illegible] no death. The [illegible] lar production, [illegible] power and interest. Probably, [illegible] the first time in dramatic achievements that [illegible] bite of a mad dog formed the theme and furnished the catastrophe."

QUERY.—Have you the dyspepsia, the asthma, the liver complaint, or do you suffer from general debility? Does your food distress you after eating? Do you suffer from nervous irritation, low spirits, or *ennui*? There is a sure and pleasant remedy for each and all of these; you must not suffer any longer. Take the Oxygenated Bitters, and you will at once realize a magic-like relief; and having tested this remarkable agent, you will recommend it to every one of your friends who suffers in a like manner. No medicine now before the public has challenged so large a degree of attention, or been more thoroughly proved by use.

THE REASON WHY.—A boy of six the other day broke out very abruptly with, "Father, what makes negroes black?" Father tried to explain the supposed reasons to suit his comprehension, and in the course of his remarks, said that they were descendants of Ham, one of the sons of Noah. Georgie pondered awhile, and at last brightening up, he said, very gravely, "Was it *smoked* ham, father?"

INCREASING.—Between seven and eight thousand volumes have been added to the Boston Public Library during the year 1859, besides many valuable pamphlets.

THE TURF.—Upwards of thirteen hundred race-horses ran in England, Scotland and Wales during the last season, and nearly one hundred and fifty in Ireland.

COMPENSATION.—Fortune is more equally balanced after all, than half the world think it; to the rich it gives fear—to the poor, hope.

TRUE ECONOMY.—Check no man who builds castles in the air. The Keep of such a castle costs nothing.

A FRENCH BREAKFAST.—Two salt-cellars and a muffin.

FUSS.—The idle man's business.

Wayside Gatherings.

A lodge of Sons of Malta has been organized in Hartford.

Thomas Sully, of Philadelphia, proposes to pass the winter in Savannah.

Cropsey, at last dates, was at the Isle of Wight, busily transcribing the coast scenery.

Anna Mary Howitt, eldest daughter of William and Mary Howitt, has been married to Alaric Alfred Watts.

The Putnam Phalanx military company of Hartford, Ct., have raised $25,000 towards building an armory.

A grateful client, who had gained an important cause, recently bequeathed his lawyer, M. St. Laurens, of Paris, 400,000f—$80,000.

The New Orleans papers estimate the losses by fire in that city this year to have been one million seven hundred thousand dollars.

Thirteen rascals recently escaped from the Rochester jail, Monroe county, N. Y., after locking up the jailor in a cell.

A little daughter of Mr. Edwin Shepard, of Lowell, got a bean into her throat, and choked to death before assistance could be obtained.

Lippincott, of Philadelphia, has purchased the copyright of the Prescott histories, and will, hereafter, be the exclusive publisher of these valuable works.

New MSS. of Swedenborg's writings, containing sketches of his journey in Holland in 1743, and several of his mystical speculations, have been discovered in Stockholm.

A Mr. Well, a resident of New Orleans, has just returned home from England, where he disposed of a patent for fish-hooks, of his own invention, for $25,000. A profitable speculation.

A Washington letter asserts that Postmaster General Holt has completed his calculations for the last fiscal year, and ascertains that his retrenchments exceed by a fraction the sum of $1,000,000.

The entire armament of all the United States national vessels amount to 3301 guns, divided thus: Liners, 872; frigates, 500; sloops, 426; steamers, 464; brigs 16; and all others, 23

[illegible] a *brass fender* appeared [illegible] A man in [illegible] own feeble- [illegible] enough to go [illegible]

A Frankfort letter announces [illegible] professor of theology at the University of [illegible] sic, under an accusation of having abstracted a great number of valuable manuscripts from the library of the academy.

The new monster church for the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is to be erected during next year at Brooklyn, covering twelve city lots of 25 by 100 feet each. It is intended to furnish sittings for six thousand persons, and giving all an opportunity to see and hear.

Louis Spohr, the German composer, died at Cassel on the 22d of October, aged seventy-six years. He was born at Gandersheim, in Brunswick, in 1783. Of his works the best known, besides his minor compositions, were Faustus, Jessonda, Zelmire and Azor, and the oratorio Last Things.

The Natchez Courier states that that city is infested with so many suspicious characters, that it has become necessary to strengthen the police. Incendiarisms have been attempted, and frequent rows and disturbances have occurred under the hill, which alarms the order-loving citizens of the Bluff City.

The Todd Grenadiers of Williamsburgh is composed of giants. The company paraded one day lately with seventy guns, not one of them under six feet in height. The pioneers ranged above six feet three, the captain being six feet six in height. The standard-bearer was six feet seven and a half inches high, and the target-bearer, a portly colored man, rising six feet three inches.

A young lady of Edgefield, S. C., recently attended a family soiree as "The Evening News." One who was there describes her dress (made entirely of newspapers) as being decidedly unique and very beautiful. It is said to have presented by candlelight a resemblance to the richest brocade, so skilful and tasteful were the arrangements of its columns.

The government of Peru has entered into a contract with Dr. Edward Cullen for the introduction of twenty-five thousand Irish emigrants. The principal stipulations are that the emigrants shall renounce allegiance to their government, and must become Peruvian citizens. The government of Peru has to pay their sea passage, and every colonist is to have about nine English acres of land.

A new method of swindling has been tried quite successfully in Philadelphia. The honey is extracted from the comb, and the cells filled with sugar. As sugar can be bought for ten cents a pound, and honey is worth twenty-five to thirty cents, the seller is enabled to clear fifteen to twenty cents a pound by the operation. This pays better than soaking beans, a plan that has been practised for some time by the hucksters.

Sands of Gold.

.... Syllables govern the world.—*Coke.*

.... Reason will become sooner or later worthier of its name.—*De Bouffiers.*

.... Things have not so much a value in themselves as a value attached to them.—*Bovee.*

.... Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Goldsmith.*

.... The good die first; and they whose hearts are dry as summer dust burn to the socket.—*Wordsworth.*

.... Bad taste is a species of bad morals. A conscientious man will not grossly offend in this way.—*Bovee.*

.... Creation lies before us like a glorious rainbow; the sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us.—*Carlyle.*

.... As to be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.—*Addison.*

.... Man has created by writing an artificial memory, more faithful, more durable, more credible than natural memory.—*De Bouffiers.*

.... There are two kinds of ambition, that which has a specific object—the ambition of practical men—and that which is general—the ambition of dreamers.—*Bovee.*

.... Glory is safe when it is deserved; it is not so with popularity; one lasts like a mosaic, the other is effaced like a crayon drawing.—*De Bouffiers.*

.... Men, in honoring greatness by erecting to it monuments, do not pay greatness a debt in full of all demands, so much as acknowledge their continuing obligation to it.—*Jerrold.*

.... It is much more easy to inspire a passion than a faith. Were beauty but as solicitous of the one as of the other object, she need never fear that her myrtles will change to willows.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... We love peace, as we abhor pusillanimity; but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets.—*Jerrold.*

.... Whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of [illegible] together.—*Dean Swift.*

Many things said at the *bar* seem like [illegible] tions from Punch.

One ought to have dates at one's finger ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

Why is an andiron like a yardstick? Because it has three feet.

A little girl recently described a butcher, as "the man who wears his shirt outside."

Lady Townsend was asked if Whitefield had *recanted*. "No," said she, "he has only *canted*."

"I must leave in *dis-gust*," as the darkey said when he bid his friend "good-night" during a thunder storm.

A western editor, acknowledging a present o a buffalo, says, "The smallest favors thankfully received."

How is it proved Noah did not come first out of the ark? Because the Bible says he came *forth*.

An incorrigible old maid living upon slender means cut the acquaintance of a friend because he advised her to "*husband* her resources."

An eminent artist of this city is about getting up a "panorama of a law suit." It opens in the year one, and closes with doomsday.

"What have you to remark, madam, about my singing?" "Nothing, sir, it is not remarkable."

"That was a horrible affair—the murder of Dean, and the sealing up of his remains in a tin box!" "What Dean?" asked a half-dozen voices at once. "Sar Dean!"

There is a lawyer down east so excessively honest that he puts all his flower-pots out over night, so determined is he that everything shall have *its dew*.

A sharp country paper says that a boy in Boston has been arrested for charging a stranger a half dollar to go into the Common to see the moon rise.

To keep eggs from spoiling, eat them while they are fresh. We have tried all kinds of methods, but this we think is the only one to be relied on "in any climate."

A person being asked what a ghost said to him, which he pretended to have seen, replied: "How should I know what he said? I am not skilled in any of the *dead languages*."

A gentleman, whose character for veracity is established, declares that his wife returned from a shopping excursion the other day with three cents in her purse! There must be a mistake somewhere.

THE ACCEPTED AND THE REJECTED.

The illustrated episodes of boy-love upon these two pages, were designed for us by Rowse, who has attained such a deserved reputation by his crayon heads. The French are very fond of this sort of scenes, in which boys and girls are made to play the part of men and women. These juvenilities are amusing enough. The devotion of the youthful Romeo in one picture, with the simpering coyness of his little maid, are contrasted with the hauteur and the despair of the two next figures in the companion piece. We may laugh at these scenes as the freaks of an artist's fancy—but is there no such thing as boy-love? We believe it. We believe that youths of tender age have often evinced the deepest, tenderest, most chivalric affection for fairies of the opposite sex. Ay, and the memory of these love passages is often vivid in the after life of maidens grown to bellehood and the honors of maternity. As the lady in the song has it:

"I remember, I remember,
When my little lovers came,
With a lily or a cherry,
Or some new-invented game.
Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
To kneel before me there,
But you know you're not so true, love,
As those little lovers were."

We have sometimes wondered why these loves of boyhood and girlhood have never been permanently recorded. Are they classed among the follies of juvenility? or are they too tender and sacred to be laid before the world?

CHINA.

The North China Herald contains an interesting letter in regard to the movements of the American minister, and the ratification of the treaty. The following are extracts. It is dated Shanghai, August 22:

"The United States steam frigate Powhatan, having on board His Excellency John E. Ward, United States minister, has just arrived from the Peiho. From her officers we learn the following items of news: On the 16th ult., while the Powhatan was anchored off Peitang, there arrived an imperial edict, ordering that the American minister and suite of twenty should be escorted with all honor to Pekin, and that they should leave Peitang any day after the 19th. The edict was in answer to a communication of the American minister, informing the authorities that he was present, and ready to exchange the treaty at any time and place they might appoint. On the morning of the 20th, Mr. Ward and suite landed at Peitang, where they were received by an escort and conducted to Pekin, with every show of respect. They first travelled forty-five miles across the country in covered carts, striking the Peiho some ten miles above Tien Tsing, and thence proceeding in junks to Toong-Chea, distant twelve miles from Pekin, of which it is the port. There they again took carts to the capital.

"The entire trip occupied eight days and a half, five of which were passed upon the river. They passed not less than six or eight barriers between Peitang and Toong-Chea, none of them, however, being in repair, or backed by forts. Boatmen said they were partly to stop the English and partly to afford shelter to junks when ice was breaking up. The legation remained in Pekin fifteen days, during which they were confined to their quarters, not, however, as prisoners, for they were at liberty at any moment to walk out; but the commissioner refused the use of horses and guides, leaving it optional with Ward to grant permission to walk or not, as he saw fit. They would, doubtless, have closed the gates entirely, had not that gentleman taken a firm stand at the very first interview, informing Kwei-Liang that as soon as his movements should be at all restricted, he should close all intercourse and demand a return escort. It seems the emperor was very anxious to see Ward, but that he also insisted upon his performing the 'Ko-Tow,' i. e., prostrating himself nine times with his head to the ground, which, being against the principles of his excellency, was positively refused.

"The result of this was that on the fourteenth day of their stay, it was finally concluded to receive the president's letter at Pekin, and to send his excellency back to Peitang to exchange the treaty, and next day they returned accordingly. Arrived at Peitang on the 16th, treaties were exchanged, and an English prisoner, named John Powell, given up. This man, who was a seaman on board the Highflyer, and who with a sapper had been captured on the 25th of June, fearing for his life, had proclaimed himself an American. The Chinese informed Mr. Ward of this, and intimated their readiness to give him up if he would demand him. This, however, the latter could not do, as he had been taken fighting under the flag of another nation. Anxious, however, to serve the poor fellow, he intimated to them that it would be a great personal favor if they would turn him over, and as such it was done. He is now on board the Powhatan. Of the sapper, nothing more is known than that he was still a prisoner.

LIQUIFYING FLINT AND QUARTZ.

The invention for liquifying flint and quartz, several times announced within a year or two, is said to have been perfected so as to be practically available. It is applied like paint or varnish, and soon returns to its original hardness by the action of the air. It can be used in any color on the walls of houses, theatres, churches, and all buildings, and makes them fire-proof. It can be dissolved in water, and makes a cement that is water-proof. It can be made in any form, size, shape or color. It can assume the form and color of any of the precious stones. It will make marble pure and white. It will make sandstone as solid as marble, and statues, busts, and ornaments of any size can be made, and columns of any size, form and appearance, to imitate marble of any color desired. A similar invention, under the name of liquid marble, is said to have been made by M. Jobard, of Brussels, Belgium.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

Gas was first evolved from coal by Dr. Clayton, in 1739, and was first employed for purposes of illumination by Mr. Murdock, in Cornwall, England, in 1792. The first display of gas lights was exhibited in 1802, in Birmingham, England, on the occasion of the peace-rejoicing. It was permanently used in Manchester in 1805. It was introduced into London streets in 1807, and was in general use in 1814. Mr. David Melville of Newport, R. I., is said to have been the first person to introduce gaslight into this country. In the year 1812 he lighted his residence in Newport, a factory in Pawtucket, and Beaver Tail Lighthouse in this way. Gas was first introduced into New York in 1823.

Starch first came into use in England in 1564. It was carried thither by a Mrs. Dinghen Vanden Plasse of Flanders, who set up business as a professed starcher, and instructed others how to use the article for £5, and how to make it for £20.

The locomotive engine built by Mr. Stephenson in 1825—the first ever constructed—has been placed on a pedestal in the town of Darlington, England, in front of the station of the Stockton and Darlington Railroad. This engine was, of course, in its day, considered a miraculous achievement. Its first trip was twenty miles in five hours. It weighs only eight tons. The first locomotive used in this country was the John Bull, which was placed upon the Albany and Schenectady Railroad soon after it was completed. The John Bull now belongs to the Albany Iron Works, and is kept as a curiosity. She could run about twenty miles an hour.

Saddles were in use in the third century, and are mentioned as made of leather in A. D. 304. They were known in England about 600. The saddle-cloth first occurs Hen. I. (1100—1135). Side-saddles for ladies were in use in 1138. Anne, queen of Richard II., introduced these to the English ladies.

According to Voltaire, guns were first used in a naval engagement, by the Venetians, in 1377, in a contest with the Genoese; but English authorities insist that guns were used at the battle of Cressy, in 1346, and in 1347 at the siege of Calais. Small arms were certainly taken to England in 1388, and were invented by Schwarz about ten years before. They were a rarity in Ireland in 1489, when the Earl of Kildare, chief governor, was presented with six muskets sent from Germany. Muskets were first used at the siege of Rhegen, in 1525.

The caucus was the first machinery invented to assist the nomination of political officers.

The first pair of silk stockings were worn in France by Henry II.; two years afterwards Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair, and within thirty years 50,000 persons had adopted the luxury. It was then that France began to imitate and soon to rival the lace of the Low Countries, and that the preparation of morocco leather was begun at La Rochelle.

The braiding of straw in this country was first begun in Providence, in 1798, by Mrs. Betsey Baker, now residing in Dedham, Mass. The first bonnet she made was of seven straws with bobbin let in like open work, and lined with pink satin.

In Dodsley's Register for October, 1765, it is stated that "a method for making sugar and molasses from the sap of a certain tree called maple, common in the New England Colonies, has just been discovered and put in practice in several portions of New England, but especially at Bernardstown, about twenty miles from Athol."

Gutta percha was first brought into general notice in 1845, by Dr. Montgomery, whose attention was attracted to it by seeing it employed by the Malays to make handles for implements.

The old practice in making boards was to split up logs with wedges, and inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that the thing could be done in any better way. Saw mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century; but so lately as 1555, an English ambassador, having seen a saw-mill in France, thought it a novelty which deserved a particular description.—*Boston Transcript.*

SCHAMYL.

The great Circassian chief Schamyl is thus described by one who saw him at the Italian opera, at St. Petersburg, where he is a captive of the Russians: "He looks a man of about seventy years of age, has a straight nose, small brilliant eyes, a well-set mouth, and high forehead. The *tout ensemble* is imposing in the extreme, and his features, uniting as they do the two expressions of robber-chieftain and great philosopher, present an appearance so often found combined in Oriental faces. Schamyl sat in his box like a statue, unexcited and unmoved, and apparently disdaining to show a symptom of approval or dislike. The coarse Kasi Mahoma, however, evidently considered an opera good fun, and could not refrain from laughing outrageously in the most pathetic scenes, provided a female singer took part in them. To judge from the gleaming expression of his eyes, during the ballet, he had fancied himself already translated into the paradise of houris. In the interval between the acts, Schamyl always lifted his eyes, looking around him and returning the gaze of the curious assembly with the dignity of a king. Curiously enough, when raising an opera glass to his eyes, the turban-covered man inspected the drop-curtain on the stage, evidently the subject of greatest interest for him in the house. I do not know whether, in looking straight forward, he intended to escape the concentrated gaze of the spectators, or whether the object of his attraction was a picture of the imperial palace of Czarsko Zelo, the earthly residence of that divinity in whose hands his fate now lies. For one moment only during the whole evening I noticed a gleam of surprise pass over his composed features. This was the case when the gas in the great chandelier was suddenly turned down, and obscurity took the place of the former brilliant splendor of the scene."

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OF A DREAM.

BY MELINDA LEWIS.

I dream of those I love!
Blest spirits from above
Are round me now.
The hour of sweet repose,
Like pure, unsullied snows,
Brings light and joy to those
In truth who bow.

Love is the light of earth,
The gem of priceless worth,
Of untold wealth.
Alike, by day or night,
It sheds its lustre bright,
And fills us with delight,
The spirit's health.

Sweeter than morning's blush,
When all the world is hush,
Comes the blest beam,
Which, rising from the heart,
Can bid all gloom depart,
And beauty's light impart,
While yet we dream.

MINUTE OBJECTS.

——Each moss,
Each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank
Important in the plan of Him who framed
This scale of beings; holds a rank, which, lost,
Would break the chain and leave behind a gap
Which nature's self would rue.—THOMSON.

NATURE.

The book of nature He himself hath writ
God still delights to read, and star by star
Unfolds the volume of the universe—
Fate-clasped—in time and order by him fixed.
BAILEY.

CHARITY.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.
BYRON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— Washington Street is really getting to be an avenue of commercial palaces. What if it does not run in a perfectly straight line?—Hogarth long ago demonstrated that beauty consisted in curves. What if its architecture be not uniform?—variety is the spice of life. For our part, we like a winding street, and we admire the picturesqueness of contrasted styles of building. The new block opposite the head of Franklin Street is superb, that at the corner of Franklin and Washington Street is rich and solid, and the Chickerings' new building, which we have illustrated, strikes as a fine example of the combination of beauty and utility. The rich architecture of this great central avenue, the brilliancy of the ladies' costumes as they flutter in and out of the stores on the street, and the busy crowd, in the active pursuit of that never falling stimulant, amusement, making up a tableau unique in character and exceedingly striking and effective.....Edwin Booth's engagement at the Howard was triumphant from beginning to end. This young actor now stands confessedly at the head of his profession. His Hamlet is the best we ever saw.....The Ravels have, of course, been coining gold at the Boston Theatre When and where did they ever fail to achieve success? .....Excellent entertainments nightly fill the [illegible] Friend Kimball's long and deserved [illegible] at in strong contrast to the fluctuating [illegible] majority of managers.....Several fine [illegible] been added lately to the Athenæum gal- [illegible] Brown, the American landscape painter, [illegible] returned to this country for a brief visit, after many years' residence in Italy.....Miss Lander's statue of Evangeline has attracted many visitors to Williams & Everett's.....The clerk of the Cincinnati probate court lately issued a marriage license for the union of an old man of sixty with a buxom damsel of sixteen. The man, "a rickety old chap," said the disparity in their years was more than counterbalanced by what he called the "unusual amount of affection" that existed between them.....Several municipal changes are to take place on the first of January next in Paris, when the boundaries of the city of Paris are to be extended to the fortifications. Hackney coach fares are to be regulated by time, and no longer by the set down. The omnibus fare is to be reduced from six to four sous, but the correspondence is to be suppressed. It is further stated that the railway round Paris, which is now used exclusively for the conveyance of merchandize from one railway to another, will be opened to the public.....In Bologna, Florence, Modena, Parma, Genoa, and Milan, the workingmen are forming themselves into societies, entitled the Unitarian Legion; they are flocking to arms around Garibaldi and Fanti. They are swelling by their mites the subscriptions for the equipment of the volunteers for the Venetian emigration, and all their words and actions prove that they are willing to make any sacrifice for any length of time, so that the national sword be not replaced in its scabbard until Italy, from Sicily to the Alps, from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic, be one and independent.....A Miss Thompson, in Tennessee, has recently recovered $15,000 in a suit for breach of promise of marriage against a man named Patterson. The case excited great interest, as the most eminent counsel in the State were engaged upon it. The verdict is the heaviest ever rendered in a case of the kind in Tennessee.....The Delhi correspondent of the Calcutta Englishman states that the passport system has been discontinued, and that natives are now allowed to come into the city and go away from it unquestioned. The writer adds: "The palace of the Timours is now wearing an Anglicised garb. All that was unsightly or disagreeable has been blown up or knocked down, and all the gilt and tinsel-domed (doomed?) 'Halls' of audience, justice, etc., have been converted into very neat airy dwellings for the European troops. Selimgurh, the old fort, has been made over to the railway authorities as a store yard. A new road and gateway has been opened out near the 'water gate.' In a couple of years we may begin to look out for the 'snort of the iron horse' in the neighborhood of the imperial city, and if that don't astonish the natives nothing will.".....It seems that the heat of gas is liable to injure paintings exhibited by gas light. Mr. Ruskin writes to a London paper to relieve himself from any supposed responsibility as to lighting the pictures either of Reynolds or Turner with gas. "On the contrary," he says, "my experience would lead me to apprehend serious injury to those pictures from such a measure, and it is with profound regret that I have heard of its adoption." He specifies the pictures of Reynolds and Turner, because "the combinations of coloring material employed by both these painters are various and to some extent unknown; and also because the body of their colors shows peculiar liability to crack and to detach itself from the canvass.".....There is a spring on the route of the overland mail, about two hundred miles east of El Paso, which is said to be one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, which has been sounded to the depth of nine thousand feet without finding bottom. The surface is as smooth as that of a mountain lake. The water is slightly impregnated with alkali, and contains five varieties of fish. It is called the "Leon Hole.".....One of the largest and most conspicuous of the clothing establishments in Paris has hit upon a singular expedient for convincing its customers and the public at large that its goods were no "slop-work," the produce of poor needle women stitching in a garret, but the genuine handiwork of real live male votaries of the thimble. It converted one of the largest of its magnificent show-windows into a working-room, fitted up with benches rising one above another, and there it paraded, *pro bono publico*, a whole army of tailors, employed at once in "confectioning" its goods and convincing the world of the durability of the workmanship. Crowds gathered round to see the sight, which is described as odd enough, even in the daytime; but when brilliantly lighted with gas, the effect of these nine-and-twenty tailors all stitching in public, before a gaping crowd, was irresistibly comic.....The appropriation for carrying on the Artesian well at Columbus, Ohio, has been exhausted, and the work has stopped unfinished. The well is already two thousand three hundred and forty feet deep, being four feet deeper than the deepest well of the kind heretofore existing in the world. The people of Columbus must remember that "all's well that ends well.".....Great improvements have been made in the Palace of the Tuileries at Paris. The apartments occupied by the empress have been newly decorated, and may challenge comparison with those of any palace in Europe. The empress's boudoir is modelled after one of the chambers in the Alhambra. There are eight panels in the small drawing-room, on which are painted the portraits of the ladies of the court most favored by her majesty. Among them are the Countess de Morny, the Countess Walewski, the Countess Persigny, and the Duchess of Malakoff.....The sentence of Captain Holmes, of Maine, condemned to death for the murder of a sailor, has been commuted by the president to imprisonment for life.....Captain Thomas Paine, of the United States Navy, died at Washington lately, at the age of 73. He entered the service in 1812.....The greatest bore of the age is Louis Napoleon. His policy, what he will do next, what he meant by his last speech, what he will say in his next speech, what he will mean by what he will say in his next speech in case he *does* say it, what he means by pointing his moustaches down droopingly instead of curling them up defiantly as he used to do—these questions, and numberless others of equal unimportance, have been made the theme of constant discussion in public and in private, in conversation and in print, until sensible people have become disgusted with his very name. As the red republicans say, "Enough of Louis Napoleon.".....It is estimated that the British nation spends annually about $2,000,000 for perfumery. The annual revenue derived from the duty on foreign essential oils used in the manufacture of scents is about $60,000, that from the importation of Eau de Cologne is about $50,000 more, while the duty on the spirits used in manufacturing the essential oils into perfumery is at least $100,000 additional.....The banking house of Stieglotzolo of St. Petersburgh, well known by their negotiations of Russian loans, and by their connection with the Russian government, as well as by their extensive financial operations abroad, announce their intention of withdrawing from business on January 1, 1860, when their affairs will be liquidated.....The new Creole company of chasseurs a pied, at New Orleans, turned out for the first time recently. Their appearance is thus described by the True Delta: "Their little jaunty cap and very short frock-coat are each of navy blue cloth, trimmed with a narrow strip of yellow. The epaulettes are yellow, with green fringe. The loose baggy breeches, confined at the knee, are of a mouse-colored cloth. The leggings are of buckskin, with white gaiter-tops and Sebastopol shoes. They carry Minie rifles, with the sword bayonet In the morning they had their new flag blessed in the St. Louis Cathedral, when the church was densely crowded, and the ceremony was imposing.".....Hume, the well-known rapping medium, has recently acquired a new power, by which he places living, but widely separated, friends in connection, and enables them to hold conversation.....An American traveller in Europe, in describing the German railways, says that "Smoking is all but universal in railway carriages. In some of them, in fact, I have seen this queerly illustrated by a small compartment of the car devoted to those who did not like tobacco smoke—quite the reverse of our system of smoking cars.".....Lady Franklin is now in London, England, for the winter; and though satisfied as to the fate of her universally lamented husband, she will be the first to come forward with a handsome subscription towards any expedition for further research, for the public are anxious for more particulars, and some even cling to the hope that there are survivors still of the ill-fated Franklinites.....Of all the materials for making flutes, neither ebony, nor cocoawood, nor glass, nor silver, nor gold, nor boxwood, nor any other known substance, is equal to vulcanized India-rubber. The manufacturers of the world renowned flutes, after repeated experiments, and the test of several years' use, have decided to adopt India rubber as the principal material in their extensive manufactory.....The Portland Argus says the disappointment concerning the Great Eastern's visit has been a serious injury to Portland. Much has been expended in various ways, in anticipation of her presence and the crowd it would draw, which will be a partial or total loss. It has also had the effect to delay and embarrass business transactions.....Adolphe Regnier, member of the French Institute, has prepared a French translation of Schiller's works, of which the first volume containing his biography, his poems and dramas, will soon appear.....It is expected that the bridge over the Rhine at Strasburg will shortly be opened to the public, and when that great work is accomplished, the journey from Paris to Vienna will be made in thirty-four hours.....In the "Tombs" (N. Y.) Police Court, recently, a "skinner" lawyer was impudent to the clerk, who immediately gave him a severe mauling. The judge looked on approvingly, and when the fight was over complimented the clerk's science.....A Congregational minister in Harrington, Ct., was abundantly successful, a few Sundays since, in "bringing down the house." A portion of the plastering fell with a loud noise, waking all the sleepers in the congregation, who listened attentively to the balance of the sermon, and pronounced it unusually excellent.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

It is vaguely reported that Garibaldi, at his interview with Victor Emmanuel at Turin, declared that Italy had been betrayed by the course of the powers since the peace, and that he would head a revolution to secure the independence of his country. The King of Sardinia protested warmly against such a proceeding.—The Great Eastern is laid up in winter quarters. On her last trip she behaved very well in heavy weather and a rough seaway. The ship seemed to swing herself with a side-long, gentle motion over every wave, dropping deeply and easily beyond them with a regular slow roll, and often quite deep enough to leave one paddle-wheel quite out of water, turning high and dry in the air. This motion of the vessel is attributed to her very light immersion, and to the fact of her having no upper weights to counterbalance the coals stowed below. The whole roll of the vessel is calculated at only eight degrees each way, or sixteen degrees in all, an every day amount to smaller vessels, though something for one which was supposed to be almost immovable by wind or sea. The greatest speed attained was over fifteen and a half knots, or close on to eighteen miles per hour.—At no time since the Russian war has greater activity been observable than at present at Woolwich Arsenal, in preparation of war material for the coast defences, and for China. The fortifications at Dover are to be extended forthwith, and several batteries reconstructed.—The organization of the French army for China is considered definitely settled, and preparations at the seaports for embarkation have been already commenced —The statement is reiterated that the pope has promised to grant the reforms recommended by the Emperor Napoleon, after the insergents of Romagna have returned to their allegiance.

Regatta at Genoa.

The King of Sardinia recently visited the principal establishments of Genoa, and went on board the Victor Emmanuel transatlantic steamer, in order to witness a regatta. The appearance of the port is described as having been magnificent on that occasion, all the vessels being dressed out as on great festivals, and the port covered with gay pleasure boats. The king himself distributed the prizes to the winners, and then returned to Turin, having during his stay at Genoa everywhere received marks of the most loyal affection.

A Monster Omnibus.

A curious model of a monster omnibus has been exhibited on the Boulevards of Paris. This omnibus will accommodate forty-five passengers. The upper part represents a char-a-banc, with two longitudinal benches, with a back common to both. There is likewise a third bench behind the coachman. These benches will accommodate twenty-five persons, protected from rain and sun by a screen, which may be raised or let down at pleasure.

Heinrich the Composer.

The venerable Anthony Philip Heinrich recently arrived at Dresden, where he is busily engaged in bringing out several of his musical works. Although now nearly an octogenarian, he intends stopping awhile in England, previous to returning to America, the land of his adoption for the last half century.

War on Moustaches.

There is an actual war going on in the papal States. It is a crusade against the moustaches and beards of the civil functionaries of the government, who have been formally "invited," by a ministerial circular, to doff those anarchical appendages.

Invasion of England.

Napier and also Admiral Berkeley have both been publishing letters on the subject of a possible French invasion. The admiral favors a swarm of gunboats for defence. The rifle movement is becoming very general throughout the country.

Another Swedish Nightingale.

The Swedish *dilettanti* boast of having found a second Mm'lle. Lind in another national songstress, Mm'lle. Roeske.

French Literary Names.

Madame la Vicomtesse de Renneville, who writes about fashions, is not the only titled person belonging to the Paris press. Several penny papers are edited by countesses. Many of the *feuilltonists* are counts or barons; in fact, every person who can get his writings published, considers himself entitled to any grand name he happens to think of. The French law is strict in regard to assuming titles; but these persons say that it is their nom de plume, and they therefore cannot be interfered with. In the meantime, they get known by these titles, or rather noms de plume, and all the glory of having a fine name is enjoyed by this ingenious method.

France and the East.

The French government proposes to establish a direct steam communication between France, India and China. The French trade is said to be valued at from four to five million pounds sterling per annum, and is now carried on almost exclusively through the means of English steamboats. The government proposes to act as a banking house, with a view of facilitating commercial relations with those countries where it is alleged English houses now reign supreme. The French government have appointed a committee to inquire into the scheme.

Paris.

English families are selling off their furniture and leaving Paris. Alarmists attribute this flight to fears of war and invasion—this is a sad mistake; all these English people are leaving Paris because it is getting to be so expensive a place as to render it impossible for persons of limited incomes to enjoy such comforts as they did up to the present time. Rents have risen in a most fabulous manner. Even on the fifth floor one must pay from £160 to £200 a year for apartments that ranged five years ago from £60 to £70.

The Chinese Empire.

An official census, taken in China, twice during the present century, at an interval of forty years, gives the following results: The first, taken in 1812, by order of the Emperor Kia King, gave the number of inhabitants at 360,279,597; and the second, in 1852, under the reign and by order of the present emperor, Hien Foung, 536,090,300. If these accounts be correct, and there is nothing to lead to the supposition that they are not, the population has in forty years increased 176,627,703.

Collection of Coins.

The Count de Salas has lately presented to the British Museum a large and valuable collection of coins. They are in fourteen cabinets, containing altogether as many as seven thousand coins, which have been selected from the collection with great care, and at an expense of about $25,000. The donor has also offered his services gratuitously to the Museum, to assist in arranging the collection, or in amalgamating it with that already in the Museum.

Vivien's Song.

Vivien's beautiful song from Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," has been set to music by the well-known composer, John Barnett. The Spectator says of it—"Tennyson's thoughtful and earnest verses are set with congenial feeling; and every one who feels the strength of the words will feel the beauty of the music."

Lucifer Matches.

Lucifer matches are producing much mischief in Paris. By two recent accidents, five children have been burned to death. In one instance, three children of a farmer not only immolated themselves, but burnt down a barn and all its contents, and the mother died from the agitation.

Monument to the Stephensons.

Sir John Paxton was written to the London Times, from Spain, suggesting the removal of Mr. G. Stephenson's remains from Chesterfield Church to Westminster Abbey, where a joint monument to father and son could be raised.

Arctic Expeditions.

According to the statement of Mr. W. Parker Snow, who has been lecturing at Stepney on the death of Sir John Franklin, there have been ninety expeditions to the North Pole, at a total expense of £850,000.

Spain and Morocco.

The preparations which Spain is making for a war with Morocco are on so large a scale as to justify the general impression that the conquest of new territory, or a permanent occupation of the enemy's country is projected.

Russian Steamers.

A ship-builder in St. Petersburgh has orders to construct, by next spring, a hundred and fifty screw steamers, intended for the navigation of the Neva. Steam navigation on that river is being developed.

German Railroad.

They are rejoicing in Germany over the certain prospect of the formation of a railway from Bremen to the sea, to which so many obstacles have been raised by the government.

Proctor the Tragedian.

The English papers generally speak of Mr. Joseph Proctor the tragedian in terms of high praise. His Othello and Macbeth receive much commendation in the London papers.

The Yacht "Fox."

Lady Franklin has concluded to sell the steam yacht Fox, which so successfully conveyed Captain M'Clintock and his brother heroes to the fulfilment of their mission.

Alessandria, Italy.

Some of the churches of Alessandria, which had been turned into hospitals during the war, have just been reopened for public worship.

Central Italy.

It is now denied that the governments of Central Italy are in great pecuniary difficulties.

Austrian Steamers.

The Swiss Federal Council has bought the Austrian steamers on the Lago Maggiore.

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SAND KEY LIGHTHOUSE.

This structure, an illustration of which we give below, was designed by I. W. P. Lewis, civil engineer, of Boston, and erected under the superintendence of Lt. G. W. Meade, Top. Engineer U. S. A., assisted by W. C. Dennison, of Boston, and James W. James, of Philadelphia. It is constructed almost wholly of iron, of which material over four hundred and fifty tons have been used, and it has cost the sum of $100,000. Sand Key, upon which it is built, is the most southern point of land in the United States, and distant from the city of Key West nine miles, and from Havana, Cuba, eighty miles. The key is a barren sand bank, thrown up by the action of the waves, and contains an area of one acre. This sand, seen in the sun, has a white, glaring appearance, dazzling to look upon. Near the centre is the Lighthouse, which is mounted upon seventeen wrought iron piles; they are screwed into the loose rock, and stand at the distance of ten feet, and at the surface form an inner square of sixteen feet, and an exterior square whose side is fifty feet. These piles are surmounted by coupling boxes, which receive the pillars that rise at an angle of seventy-eight degrees, and extend to the lantern deck, which is sixteen feet square. These pillars are connected together by rods or braces, and together form a complete network of iron, each piece having its own appropriate duty to perform, and necessary for the perfect safety of the whole. Upon the top of the first series of pillars is placed the keeper's dwelling—quite beyond the reach of the highest wave which can break about it. It is large, well arranged and ventilated. There are nine rooms each twelve feet square, with good accommodation for the keeper, his family and attendants. Around the dwelling runs a gallery, forming a fine promenade. From the centre room rises the cylindric tower, built—as is the dwelling—of ribbed or corrugated iron. It contains the stairway to the lantern, having in all one hundred and twelve steps; at the upper landing is the watch room, containing the machinery for the revolving of the light, the spare lamp, oil, etc., and above is the Fresnel Illuminating Apparatus, which is of the first order. There is a fixed octagon frame of lenses below; above, a conical section of prismatic lenses, and in the centre a revolving frame, also of octagonal shape, having in each alternate side a lens of great magnifying power, which exhibits a flash of intense brilliancy for ten seconds every two minutes, preceded and followed by a partial eclipse of twenty-five seconds' duration, and a bright light of one minute. The focal plane is one hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea, and the light can be seen from the deck of an ordinary sized vessel at the distance of eighteen miles. The height of the structure from the heel of the centre pile to the summit of the tower is one hundred and thirty-two feet. This Lighthouse is now in charge of Captain Latham Brightman, of Key West, who is a competent man and well fitted for his responsible station. As will be observed, the construction of this lighthouse is of the most thorough character, and it does effective service in the navigation of those dangerous passages along the reefs of Florida. In our engraving, it will be seen, the islands beyond bound the harbor of Key West, which city is seen to the right of the picture. We say, success to every lighthouse that throws its gleams over the trackless path of the mariner!

It has, singularly enough, a literature 900 years old. There are four presses on the island and four newspapers. About 60 volumes are published in a year, but most of them are printed in Copenhagen. There are colleges and academies of medicine there and common schools. But most of the education is domestic in its character. The fathers teach the children so effectually that a young Iceland boy or girl of eight years old cannot be found who does not know how to read and write. Wandering minstrels, like those of the old time in Scotland and Germany, were still to be found traversing the country and dropping in on families happy to receive them, who gladly gave them a night's supper and lodging in exchange for their lay. The Icelandic church is Lutheran. There are 199 churches on the island with 280 clergymen. For a little time the Mormons disturbed the regular church-going members, but their influence soon waned. The clergy waxed in vigilance and brought the feeble-minded back to the faith of their fathers. Since 1760 the climate of Iceland has been gradually growing milder.

FREDERICK AND VOLTAIRE.

Here is an amusing sketch of the familiar intercourse of two men of great renown, but little souls, from the Rev. J. H. Gurney's "God's Heroes and the World's Heroes:" "Our sketch would be incomplete without some notice of Frederick's intercourse with Voltaire—kings and despots, both of them, in their own domain. In peaceable times, Frederick's reckless spirit found employment in literature; and thinking that his business was rather to enlighten mankind than to master what wiser men had written, he poured forth volume after volume, in French, of indifferent prose and worse poetry. He desired to have a critic at hand to correct what was faulty in his compositions, and, as a royal author, coveted for his own the Prince of Critics. So overtures were made to Voltaire to come to Potsdam, there to be entertained with courtesy and honors suited to his fame; and to Potsdam, in an evil hour, he went. Never did a palace hold two such men, with talents at once so great and so perverted. The king sat up stairs writing his history or dabbling in philosophy; or penning alternately lampoons and compliments; and Voltaire sat down stairs and writing his 'Age of Louis XIV.' Their productions in manuscript were freely communicated to each other, and profusely commended, or freely criticized. For a time Voltaire was pleased and flattered; the king, he said, was 'as agreeable in society as he was terrible in war.' 'Nothing could be more delightful than this mode of life, or more honorable to philosophy or literature.'

But alas! for the credit of philosophy, the friendship was not eternal, and the quarrels which ensued were pitiful and degrading to the last degree. Voltaire delighted to quiz the poor authors who were admitted, like himself, to the familiar supper scenes of the palace, and Frederick resented every attack upon men whom he esteemed as prodigies of genius. As occasions of dispute multiplied, the wit could not restrain his pen, nor spare his patron, so stinging epigrams were written, and soon reported to the king. Frederick retaliated in kind; if the weapons were less keen, sarcasms from such a quarter left a rankling wound behind them, and the great master of the mocking art when too roughly touched, was as irritable and passionate as a spoiled child. Other grievances followed, and scenes were enacted for the amusement of wits and courtiers, which sound ludicrous beyond description, when we consider the pretensions of both parties, and the terms on which they came together. 'You are a philosopher,' Frederick had written in the letter of invitation, 'and I am one also. What more natural than that we should enjoy each other's society? I respect you as my master in eloquence and knowledge; and I love you as a virtuous friend.' The king gave the 'virtuous friend' an allowance of tea, chocolate, sugar, and other articles. The 'virtuous friend' complained that they were bad, the purveyors being a cheating set. Frederick replied, that in that case the philosopher might do without them; his sublime studies need not be interrupted by attention to such trifles. Voltaire was in a rage, and to reimburse himself sold his wax candles, taking care, when he left the royal apartments for his own, always to bring a long one with him, which was never returned."

QUARTZ GOLD MINING.

The process hitherto pursued of crushing auriferous quartz by the aid of machinery, in order to extract the gold, has not answered the expectations at first entertained. The task is found arduous in working, as well as limited in usefulness, while the returns inadequately remunerate the trouble and expense of the undertaking. An expedient of a more simple kind, equally efficient, and generally available, is proposed for accomplishing the same object with facility, at a moderate cost, and superseding the necessity of mechanical contrivance. The requisite operations are performed through the instrumentality of chemical influence, and are conducted with but little outlay of labor in the execution. Repeated trials, on the small scale, with specimens, have proved uniformly successful; and apparently no obstacle exists to prevent the adoption of similar processes, on the large scale, by mining companies, with a view to test the practical benefits of the plan in a way both satisfactory and conclusive.

The prescribed mode of treatment consists in an application of slow fire to the quartz, conveniently placed for ignition, and replenished with fuel until the hardest stone becomes heated to a sufficient degree of intensity. Arriving at which reddened condition, water for quenching must be poured on the roasted mass of rock, or small portions must be immersed—an immediate change ensues on the quick transition, producing the desired result, and disintegration is completely achieved. A brief explanation will suffice to assign the specific cause, and to elucidate the physical consequences. It has been ascertained, from several experiments, the tempering of steel included, that the expansive element, cold water, when brought into sudden contact with caloric, generates besides steams, strong electric action, which fact is fully established in the present instance by clear induction. The solid crystallized substance, subjected to a shock from the power and force which the subtle fluid insensibly exerts, crumbles at once into friable pieces, leaving the precious metal, without fusion, entirely disengaged from adhesion to the brittle fragments, and in a fit state for collection—free from waste.—*London Mining Journal.*

Upon matters which are affected by feeling and sentiment, the judgment of woman surpasses that of man; her more sensitive nature carries her to heights above his coarser nature.

THE SAND KEY LIGHTHOUSE, FLORIDA.

ICELAND.

A very interesting paper on Iceland, written by an Icelander
nd duly translated, was read by Mr. Fiske before the New York
Historical Society a few evenings since. A sort of mystery hangs
abo that far-distant island of the frozen seas, and any contribu-
tion our knowledge of it must be always welcome. It was dis-
covered in the year 863, and since that time has had its archæol-
ogy and its literature. Long before the birth of Columbus its
"Northmen," discovered America. At an early period it had
trial by jury. The long winter nights made the people poetical.
The Skalds wandering bands, travelling from farm-house to
farm house, were and are even at this day, a feature of the intel-
lectual life of the Icelanders. On the shelves of the public libra-
ries of Copenhagen and Stockholm were hundreds of printed
volumes and thousands of manuscripts, illustrative of the genius
of those primitive poets for poetry and romance. They were
conquered by the Norwegians. They were conquered by the
Danes, and for a long time their scholars belonged rather to Den-
mark than the native island—a little island, 312 miles in length
by 200 miles broad, with large portions uninhabitable, containing,
in 1835, fifty-six thousand inhabitants, and in the present year,
sixty nine thousand five hundred. Its natural phenomena, its geysers, noticeable, as we all know, for
half of the eighteenth century for hot springs. In the latter
this little island worthy of being Danish government thought
Copenhagen, and allowed it to send represented in the legislature of
delegates.

The language spoken in Iceland is Scandinavian, close-
ly akin to the Saxon with no admixture of Greek or Latin roots.

FRENCH POLITENESS.

The assumption of national virtues has often more credit than the reality. The French have set themselves up as a standard people in the courtesies and elegancies, in the refinements and delicacies of living. The world has taken them at their word, and thereby has been imposed upon, we think, or rather has imposed upon itself, as far, at least, as regards the French of to-day. Nowhere that we have set our foot are the life, and manners, and habits, so selfish; nowhere is there so little of the courtesy which springs from heart and feeling, so much of the external show of bowing and phrasing. As for eating, except a Caffre or a Bushman, we believe that no living being consumes so much in the course of a day as the Frenchman. He is eternally sipping, sopping, or picking at something. His stomach knows no rest, his palate no suspension. They are ever on duty. He has his breakfast of several courses and his dinner ditto, and then betwixt and between, before and after, he has his *café*, his *tasse*, his *absinthe*, his *liqueur*, and his beer. As for his food, it may be rare and choice in the choicest *cuisine*, but it is ever greasy after a fashion. There are gradations according to the places and stations; yet grease, either *au natural* or refined, in gravies or *sauce piquante*, will be the prevailing element of the cookery. Yet the Frenchman asserts that he is the model of good breeding, and the arbiter of the science of eating, and like many other impostors, he has established his creed, and has his believers in millions.—*Blackwood.*

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859. 5 CENTS SINGLE. $2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVII., No. 24...WHOLE No. 442.

STATUE OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL NEILL.

The British cannot be charged with ingratitude to those of their distinguished men who have deserved well of their country. It may be difficult for merit to make its way upward in the army or navy of England, but when once these difficulties have been surmounted and the man who has risen has performed some signal achievement, or rendered a series of service, then the gratitude of the government and the nation is boundless. The popular heroes are actually idolized; wealth and honors are freely lavished upon them, and when they die monuments are erected so enduring as to hand their story down to distant ages. Marlborough, Wellington, Nelson, and a host of others in their lives could attest the generosity of their country. To the heroes of the late war in India, testimonials of respect have been paid, which show the British are still loyal to greatness, and one of these tributes, the statue to General Neill, is illustrated upon this page. The inauguration of this statue took place at Ayr, Scotland. The statue has been erected in Wellington Square, in which General Neill was born in 1810, and is in commemoration of his services to his country, and chiefly of the gallant and noble part which he enacted in the late rebellion in India. The ceremony was commenced by a procession, after which the statue was handed over on the part of the committee to the Earl of Eglinton as Lord Lieutenant of the county. His lordship addressed the assembly, passed a warm eulogium on the character and deeds of General Neill, and, in conclusion, said that he handed over the statue to the people of Ayrshire, having perfect confidence that it would require no care to guard it. Amongst those present at the ceremony were Viscount Ingestre; Major Gordon, aid-de-camp to General Neill; Lady Neill's brothers, accompanied by the general's youngest son; Sir James Fergusson, and many other distinguished persons. The statue, by Mr. Noble, as a work of art is one of the finest, and will tend greatly to extend his reputation. It is cast in gun-metal. The figure is of colossal size, ten feet high, and stands upon a pedestal of Dalbeattie granite, twelve feet high. The incident seized on by the artist is that which occurred at the railway station at Hawraw: General Neill and the Fusiliers were about to proceed to quell the mutiny at Benares. A portion of the regiment not having arrived when the train was about to start, the railway official insisted upon proceeding without them, but General Neill had him arrested on the spot; and, the soldiers coming up shortly afterwards, the Fusiliers started for the scene of danger, and under their great commander speedily restored the disturbed district to tranquillity. The statue gives fine and animated rendering of what may have been supposed to have been the appearance of the general at that important moment. His left hand rests firmly on his sword, the other is extended in an attitude of command, and is pointing energetically, while he seems to be addressing an order to his men. The expression of the features is suggestive of energy and power, and the whole contour of the figure and of the military costume harmonizes perfectly. Behind and at his feet are a broken cannon, a pith helmet, and a round shot, emblematic of the extremity of the crisis when General Neill appears first on the scene. Immediately below the statue runs the following inscription:—"James George Smith Neill, C. B., aid-de-camp to the queen, lieutenant-colonel in the Madras army, brigadier-general in India, a brave, resolute, self-reliant soldier, universally acknowledged as the first who stemmed the torrent of rebellion in Bengal. He fell gloriously at the relief of Lucknow, September 25th, 1857, aged 47." Around the base of the pedestal there is a wreath of laurel in bronze, surmounting the bas-relief. The relief itself is an exquisite piece of sculpture, representing the moment before the last scene of the hero's life. This statue forms a worthy tribute to his memory.

STATUE OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL NEILL, INAUGURATED AT AYR, SCOTLAND.

REWARD OF FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around; when sickness falls on the heart; when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. Those who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity.—*Titcomb.*

GERMAN MUSIC IN AMERICA.

The memory of Schiller is revered by all who boast of Teutonic blood. Perhaps to this, more than any other, is attributable that high inspiration which pervades German song, and gives soul to its melody. The love of music is characteristic of Germans everywhere, and they are exerting a perceptible influence in the United States to propagate a love for that art without which a man is said to be "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." In this way they are, no doubt, contributing very much to refine social usages and to rationalize enjoyments, especially among that class of population which can indulge in the luxury of song, even though precluded from all others. The proficiency which Germans make in vocal music was aptly illustrated on a recent occasion, at Cooper Institute, when the American part of the audience gave expressions to both delight and surprise, as the sweet harmonies rose in such volume and power from a promiscuous assemblage. Having reference to the desirability of cultivating a correct musical taste among all classes, it is worth while to inquire into the organization, management, etc., of German musical associations, as conducted here and elsewhere. There are in New York city not far from thirty German societies for the culture of music, all of which meet twice a week respectively to practise, and once a month as a "Saengerbund" (or association in which the whole are united), to rehearse the larger choruses, requiring many voices; and the latter body convenes once a year in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Cincinnati, forming a national organization quite numerous and thoroughly disciplined. This is in accordance with the custom observed in Europe, except that the cities of Germany afford a much wider circuit for rotation. The individual societies number from twenty to eighty members, each of whom pays an entrance fee of $2, and twenty-five cents per week subsequently, for the payment of the director. The latter is elected, to hold office so long as his services are acceptable. The weekly meetings consist of exercises in music, —the whole generally concluded by a drink of beer, with smoking and promiscuous conversation. Although the latter usages do not exactly comport with the ideas of all sober-minded people, yet intoxication, or excesses of any kind, are said to be very rare among the members. It is by such associations as these that Germans acquire celebrity as musicians. Their advantages in this country, however, are not equal to those enjoyed at home, where the ordinary occupations of the day are less engrossing. Moreover, in Prussia, music is invariably made a part of common school education, it being customary to reserve one hour in the morning, immediately preceding the opening of the school, for musical practice. Later in the day the blackboard is used for the study of the characters used in writing music. In this manner every youth is trained from earliest childhood, so that often the families of those most humble in life and indigent in circumstances produce musicians of the first rank. Germans ridicule the attempts of Americans to promote "congregational" singing, while the subject receives such superficial attention, especially in the early stages of education. Certainly we may imitate them in several essential particulars, with advantage. The more we can place innocent methods of diversion within the reach of the less favored classes of population, temptation to vice will be diminished, and the interests of religion and morality promoted.—*Journal of Commerce.*

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LADY OF THE SWAN.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

CHAPTER I.

KARL THE EXILE.

It was one of the most enervating evenings of the beautiful climate of Greece. A delicious breeze was scarcely rippling the sombre azure of the Gulf of Cirrha, and Phœbe, pale huntress, was slowly ascending the horizon on her silver car. The joyous sounds of a fête were re-echoing at Corinth, in the house of Lucius Julius, proconsul of Achaia. The numerous slaves of the household were going and coming with an eagerness full of gaiety. It was because, on this day the proconsul married his two daughters, Julia and Germaine. The former was the daughter of Aurelia, and sister of a young man who had just laid aside the praetexta, and who was soon to conquer a large place in the history of the world, under the name of Julius Cæsar. As for Germaine, younger than Julia, she was born of an Arcadian mother. Now let us see under what circumstances this double marriage was accomplished.

Rome had already attained the apogee of her greatness; her dominion extended over almost all the known universe. The Germans alone braved her in the recesses of their impenetrable forests, and the long-haired Gaul was as yet unsuspicious that Cæsar was growing up to subject him.

At this period, if we may believe the old historian, Jehan Le Maire of Belges, there reigned in the north, over the powerful city of Tongres, a prince of Germanic origin, called Godefrid. He had but one son, named Karl; but this only heir of his power, by his violent and indomitable disposition, seemed to take delight in poisoning the last days of his life. Warned of his excesses by continual complaints, he saw himself constantly compelled to reprimand him with the strictest rigor, and even threatened him with exile from the kingdom, if he persisted in his scandalous deportment. Karl, encouraged by weak flatterers, paid no attention to the reproaches or menaces of his father. His audacity became such, that one day, in the presence of the whole people, he forgot himself so far as to strike in the face the intimate friend of the old king, his minister and counsellor, the faithful Otto, who had revolted at the new crimes committed by the prince, and thought he had a right to invoke against him the impartial severity of the laws. Enraged at this outrage, which was in some sort personal, Godefrid banished the guilty young man from the city and territory of Tongres, prohibiting him, on pain of death, from ever reappearing in his presence. Karl was too proud to solicit a pardon, which he might perhaps have attained, notwithstanding the unworthiness of his conduct; he therefore set out that very moment.

As soon as he had passed his natal frontiers, as soon as the tall forests of his country were effaced from his eyes in the distant mist, sad and serious reflections thronged into the calmer mind of the young Tongrese. What was he to do, where should he go? Fortunately, he recollected he had at Rome an uncle named Cloadic, detained as a hostage in consequence of a treaty of peace concluded some years before between his countrymen and the Romans. Karl resolved to go and rejoin him, ask of him an asylum, and at the same time his advice on what he should do in a situation so critical. After much fatigue and dangers of every kind, the unfortunate exile at last breathed free; the eternal city was before him, majestically enthroned on its seven hills. He followed the Appenine Way and soon arrived at the Forum. But how was he to find his uncle in this immense labyrinth, where so many thousands of men were moving to and fro? A fortunate inspiration led him to the shop of a barber; at this period there was no other intelligence office. There, while they were removing his long and uncombed Germanic locks, he learned that Cloadic had become, during his abode in Rome, the guest and friend of the patrician Lucius Julius. Karl caused the dwelling of the noble Roman to be pointed out to him; he there found his uncle, who readily recognized him, and from whom he received the most cordial welcome. Surprised at this long journey undertaken by his nephew, Cloadic desired to know the motive for it; the young man immediately related to him frankly his deplorable adventure, the exile which had been its consequence, the perils and sufferings which had assailed him on his route: an expiation already very cruel, and yet but a prelude, as we shall see by-and-by. As soon as he had made it known to Julius that the stranger was the nephew of his guest, the latter said, pressing the hands of Cloadic and of Karl:

"It is one child more in the family."

He threw open his house to him with a hospitality worthy of the purest days of the Republic, treated him as his own son Cæsar, and gave him an education suitable for a patrician. Daily in contact with the principal youth of the Roman nobility, Karl soon became intimate with most of them, and particularly the inseparable friend of a young patrician of his age, named Cneius Octavius.

About this time, old Cloadic fell dangerously ill; his advanced age, the infirmities which are ordinarily the sad lot of that period of life, regret for his country, from which he had been long separated, all concurred to render his situation alarming. In vain were the most touching cares lavished upon him in the house of his host, in vain were the most skilful physicians summoned to the succor of the dying man; Cloadic, exhausted, soon felt that his last hour had come. At the approach of the fatal moment, he requested every one to leave him, and retained beside his death-bed only his nephew, Karl, and his old friend, Julius.

"O, my host," said then the barbarian to the patrician, "I confide to you in dying, the son of my brother; do not abandon him; be to him what you have been to me, and I shall die tranquilly."

Then, turning towards the young man his almost expiring glance, he said, with grave solemnity:

"Karl, more fortunate than yourself, I am approaching the termination of my exile; I am going to meet, in the unknown land, the souls of our ancestors, and the bosom of Earth, the great mother, is about to introduce me to a new life. Until now, I have been unwilling to reproach you; I have thought it unnecessary to aggravate your repentance, but a dying man has no longer any considerations to restrain him, and at this moment my sole duty towards you is frankness. By the unworthy extravagance of your conduct, you have compelled your old father to separate himself from his only child. Karl, you are indeed very guilty, and this is the moment of expiation. Lucius Julius, our host and our best friend, is about to depart, in a few days, for Peloponessus at the head of a legion which is to constitute a part of the expedition against Mithridates; go with him, let the enemies of Rome feel that indomitable impetuosity which has ruined you, cover yourself with glory, and afterwards return to bow before the laws of your country and your father's justice. Your father and your country will pardon you, I am sure, when the child shall have made himself a man, and when through you the revered name of his ancestry shall have become still greater among the nations."

Karl swore, by all the gods of the Germanic country, to fulfil faithfully the last wish of his uncle. A celestial joy immediately lighted up the features of the old man, and he murmured: "I can die." And pressing with a trembling hand the hands of Karl and of Julius, he slept peacefully his last sleep.

The young exile loyally kept the word which the venerable Cloadic bore from him to his tomb. After having bid a tender adieu to his dear Octavius, whom he never expected to see more, he departed with Julius, and so distinguished himself by his bravery, that he was created a Roman knight, under the name of Flavius Domitius Cimber. Meanwhile the war against Mithridates was interrupted by the bloody rivalry of Sylla and Marius. A conqueror in the struggle, Sylla filled Rome with proscriptions and massacres. Among those who attempted to escape by flight, was Octavius, who went to take refuge at Corinth with the old friend of his family, Julius, become, in the interval, proconsul of Achaia. Concealed in this retreat, where he had found again his faithful Karl, who was now called Cimber, the exile could there await, without too much impatience, happier days, which were soon to shine upon him. In fact, the abdication of Sylla soon restored to their firesides all those whom his arbitrary power had banished. Octavius resolved to return to his sumptuous mansion on Mount Palatine, but before quitting Corinth, he entreated his guest to give him in marriage the elder of his two daughters, named Julia. And as he wished Karl to share in all the happiness which the future promised him, he demanded for the valiant Cimber the hand of of Germaine. Julius, who had long planned this double alliance, readily consented to his wishes. And this is why we said at the commencement of the chapter, that a fête was being celebrated in the house of the proconsul; a fête not unmixed with sadness, for on the morrow Octavius and his young wife were to embark on a ship which was to convey them to Italy.

CHAPTER II.

OTTO.

The hall of the feast contained only a small number of guests. Julius, in concert with his two sons in-law, had invited as witnesses of this grave family solemnity, only the most ancient and most devoted of the friends he possessed at Corinth. Placed beside Germaine, opposite his brother in-law Octavius, and his sister-in-law Julia, Karl, or, if you prefer it, Cimber, spoke of his country of the north, of its primitive customs, of its ancient legends, and his recitals captivated to the highest degree the attention of the Romans and Greeks who listened to them. At this moment, Davus, the oldest slave of the household, entered the hall, and approaching the narrator, said:

"Master, a foreigner, a man of your country, is here, who entreats you to come and speak with him this very moment."

"A countryman of my son-in-law Cimber?" exclaimed Julius, "a countryman of my friend Cloadic, whom I shall never forget! By Jupiter Hospitalius! let him not remain thus outside my door; let him enter, let him come and share in the nuptial banquet."

Meanwhile a lively emotion manifested itself on the countenance of Cimber; he was then at last about to receive news from his father and from his country! Davus introduced the stranger. He was a man of tall stature, though a little bent by age; locks white as the snow floated over his travelling cloak; by his blue eyes, by his long dress, one recognized a German.

"Otto, my old friend, it is you!" said Cimber to him, rising hastily and embracing him cordially.

Then, turning towards his astonished father-in-law his frank and manly face, illumined by a ray of inward joy, he exclaimed:

"This is the man whom, in my mad youth, I so weakly outraged; it was for his sake that my father condemned me to so just an exile. By the immortal gods, Julius, I will not again seat myself at the table among your guests, without having implored before you all a pardon, which I do not know as I have yet merited. My friend, my father," continued he, inclining towards the old man with a magnanimous humility, "be not insensible to my profound repentance; if the sufferings of exile, if the toils and dangers to which I have condemned myself, have not sufficed to atone for my crime, speak! what must I do? No expiation will seem to me too rigorous."

"O, my son!" replied the old German, in a tearful tone; "dear child whom I have seen grow up, speak no more of that; I have long ago forgotten all, and besides I am too happy at seeing you again. I have so many things to say to you."

"First of all, my guest," interrupted Julius, "you must take his place among us, at our family feast. Faithful, I am sure, to the laws of ancient hospitality, he whom like me you call your son, will refuse to listen until you have repaired your strength."

They seated Otto beside Cimber. At the end of the repast, the youth said to the old man:

"Now, my father, you may speak fearlessly, and as if we were alone. You have around you only my adopted family and my dearest friends; here I have no secrets from any one."

"So much the better!" replied Otto, gravely; "for then I can be frank and free in my own language, as we always are in the bosom of our old Germany. Know, then, that a messenger from your uncle, Cloadic, a man of the country, who had faithfully accompanied him in his exile, and whom the noble old man had recommended to return to Tongres immediately after his death, came to inform your father and myself of this sorrowful event, of your abode at Rome and approaching departure for Achaia. Godefrid, who has been consuming with deep grief during your absence, and whose health is declining from day to day, is unwilling to die until he has embraced his son and pardoned his offence. He therefore addressed himself to me, as the most faithful of his friends; he entreated me to forget your conduct towards me, a promise which it was not difficult for me to make, and to depart immediately in search of you, making me swear by all the gods, not to return without you. I have obeyed; I have set out, notwithstanding my feeble old age; I have left far behind me my country, and alone, with difficulty traversed countries whose customs and language were unknown. But at last, thank the gods! I have arrived safe and sound, and have been able to fulfil the first part of my mission. Yes, I find you handsomer, braver than ever, and I am proud of the glory which you have acquired in combating like a worthy child of Tuiscon, like a true son of a king! Now, Karl, listen to me; if you will hearken to the appeal of your old father, who is dying, if you think like me that your return may inspire him with new life, to-morrow we will set out together; if, on the contrary, you prefer your new friends, your new family and your new country, I will, on my part, be faithful to my oath; I will not return to Tongres without you; I will remain to share with the son the malediction of the father. Where you are, I will be; I will follow you everywhere, like your living conscience; renouncing my country, my language and my gods, I will make myself a Roman after your example, and may Heaven pardon us!"

When the old German had finished speaking, a long silence of stupor seized the guests. Cimber, overwhelmed, remained some time with his forehead buried in his hands. But suddenly raising his head, he said in a firm voice:

"Otto, we will depart together. I am no longer the Roman knight Flavius Domitius Cimber; I am Karl, the son of Godefrid, the Tongrese!"

Then addressing his young wife, he said to her, with emotion:

"Germaine, I hoped to spend my happy days beside you in the midst of your people; the gods have decided otherwise. When duty speaks, all else is silent. You Romans must know this; your fathers have taught it to you. Meanwhile I am about to open my heart to you; if you will follow me, if you do not fear to abandon for my sake your father and your country, I swear to you my life shall be full of gratitude for your sacrifice. If you fear to exchange the beautiful sky of Greece for the misty heaven of the north, and to leave forever your civilized brethren for a nation they call barbarous, you are free. Forget, henceforth, the poor stranger who will never forget you. Enough young patricians, aspiring to the honor of entering your family, will know how to deliver you from an importunate remembrance."

"Karl," replied the young girl, firmly, "if you are no longer Cimber, you are still my husband, I am your wife, that is to say, in my own eyes, your companion for life. Henceforth, your purple shall be my purple; your family shall be mine; it is my duty and by-and-by will, I trust, be my happiness."

"O, Germaine!" exclaimed Karl, extending his hand to her, "may you be blessed for those sweet words. You are a noble and courageous woman. I accept your devotion, because I feel myself capable of one day responding to it."

Julius, who was anxiously looking at them both, cast down his head without uttering a word. On consulting his parental heart, he found there neither the right nor the strength to oppose the resolution of his daughter, become the wife of Karl. Only when he reflected that on the morrow he would find himself alone in his vast mansion, isolated from what was dearest to him on earth, and, so to speak, bereaved of all his children, a tear, quickly wiped away, glistened in the eyes of the proconsul. He had wept, perhaps, for the first time in his life.

CHAPTER III.

THE VALE OF THE SWANS.

As soon as the dawn of the following day had illuminated the heights of Acrocorinth, after affecting adieux addressed to Julius, the Liburnian ship which was to convey Octavius, Julia and Cæsar, received with them Otto, Karl and Germaine. The travellers crossed safely the Gulf of Cirrha, the Ionian Sea, the tumultuous Adriatic, and at last disembarked on a coast of Venetia, not far from the lagunes, where at a later period sprang, like Venus, from the bosom of the waves, Venice, the beautiful. At this place they separated. Karl embraced for the last

time his friend Octavius, and Cæsar, before quitting his sister Germaine, gave her as a souvenir and talisman, a statuette of massive gold, by a skilful artist of Corinth, representing Venus, the ancestress and protectress of the ancient family of Julius. Octavius, Cæsar and Julia immediately took the road which conducted to Rome, while Karl, Otto, Germaine and their escort, directed themselves to the northeast. The latter traversed thus the rich plains of Cisalpine, the high mountains of the Allobroges, the oriental part of Gaul, and "did so well in their journey," says the old chronicler, Jehan de Maire, that they reached a great Gaulish city, afterwards known under the name of Cambray. Thence, travelling always towards the north, they arrived at a beautiful valley, on the banks of a limpid stream where many swans were floating. A young Cretan archer who was among the escort, wished to try his skill and let fly an arrow at one of these birds. But while the whole flock took flight in divers directions, the swan avoided the blow, which did but ruffle her white plumage, and fleeing in affright, came to seek an asylum in the arms of Germaine. The young wife was much pleased with this adventure. Was it not the most fortunate presage? Was not the swan consecrated to Venus, from whom the family of Julius was descended, through Eneus, the son of Archises?

"Karl," she immediately asked of her husband, "what is the name of this bird in the language of your people?"

"Swana," replied he.

"Well!" exclaimed the daughter of Julius, with that lively resolution which she had already manifested at Corinth, "since henceforth your language is to be mine, it is from it that I will borrow my name. Let me no longer be called Germaine, the daughter of the proconsul of Achaia; I will call myself Swana, the faithful spouse of Karl the Tongrese."

"Let it be as you desire, my dear Swana," said Karl to her, smiling tenderly. "I thank you for this new proof of an unexampled devotion. All my efforts shall tend to render myself more and more worthy; and first, to bequeath the memory of it to posterity, I will decree in my turn that this valley be called the Vale of the Swans."

The decree of Karl was fulfilled as he desired, and this graceful designation with which circumstances had inspired him, is perpetuated to the present day, though materially altered by time, which respects nothing. The Vale of the Swans (*Val des Cygnes*) is at present occupied by a rich and populous city named Valenciennes, on the Escaut. Germaine, whom we shall henceforth call Swana, that is to say, the Lady of the Swan, kept the bird which was sheltered under her gentle protection, and raised it carefully.

From thence, Karl, Swana and Otto travelled, as our chronicler says, as far as the chateau of Froidmont, situated near a great city now called Brussels. There Karl was surprised by overwhelming intelligence; his old father was dead, and Heaven, whose rigorous justice never fails to punish an ungrateful son, refused him even the sad consolation of closing the eyes of the worthy old man. The unfortunate Karl shed bitter tears; meanwhile, the tender words of his beloved Swana restored to him a little calmness and courage. He continued his route to Tongres, whose inhabitants welcomed with transport the heir of the venerable Godefrid. Educated in the rude school of misfortune, the new king made them completely forget the disorders of his youth. Old Otto, whom he had the happiness to preserve some years longer, remained to the last his faithful counsellor and best friend, as he had been the counsellor and friend of his father. Karl had nothing more at heart than to efface, by his deference and attentions, the outrage of which he had been guilty towards him. Otto died blessing him. But divine justice had not forgotten the paternal malediction, after the example of the generous old man; it was not fully satisfied, and the long expiation which it inflicted on the accursed son, could close only by a terrible denouement.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WHITE LOCKS OF SWANA.

Karl lived happy and reigned peacefully. He had by Swana two children: a son whom he named Octavius, to make of him the living remembrance of his old friend, and a daughter, called by her mother Swana. Cæsar, on his side, was no longer the pale youth of former days: he was a man; what do I say? a great man. Adored by his soldiers and by the plebeians, he aimed now but at one object; in other words, he wished to arrive, by the concurrence of his numerous partizans, to the dictatorship of Sylla, his clear sighted proscriber; of Sylla, whose deep glance discovered in him many Mariuses. The triumvirate which he had just associated himself, in concert with Pompey and Crassus, was already preparing the way for his sovereign power. Judging with reason that the prestige of his conquests, that the aureola of military glory would contribute in a not less efficacious manner to the realization of his ambitious projects, he caused to be given him the proconsulate of the Gauls, the greatest part of which were independent, and began to subject them, throughout their whole extent, to Roman dominion. The invasion of the Helvetians, who abandoned *en masse* their Alpine cantons to direct their steps towards the west, furnished him with the first pretext for meddling with transalpine affairs. He defied the people, constrained them to return to their mountains, and profited by the quarrel which soon after arose between the Sequanais and the Eduans, to subject the latter to the dangerous protectorate of Rome. The Sequanais, in their turn, invoked the support of Ariovistus, the chief of the Sueves, one of the most powerful of the Transrhenane nations. The German king commenced by subjugating his new allies, and braving Cæsar from ambition to ambition, refused to evacuate the Gaulish territories of which his valiant framee* had rendered him master. War was then declared between Ariovistus and Cæsar. Karl was a relative of the Sueve hero, who invited him in a pressing manner to combat the common enemy. Sacrificing immediately the memory of the family ties which united him to Cæsar, to the more eloquent interests of his country and of his allies, the young king replied to the envoys of Ariovistus that he would immediately set out to rejoin him. He hastened his preparations, and, when they were terminated, one evening addressed his wife thus:

"Swana, I depart to-morrow at the head of the bravest of my people. I will not make a mystery of the reasons which compel me to depart, to you the faithful companion of my life, to you who have always read my heart as an open book. I go to reinforce the army of Ariovistus, my relative and ally; I go to combat with him against the Romans, commanded by your brother Cæsar: I am fulfilling a sacred duty, and you know that in such circumstances I never hesitate; as for me, every consideration is effaced when my German country calls. I know, for I have witnessed it, the implacable and devouring ambition of the Romans; at this moment they are undertaking the conquest of Gaul; and it is certainly their intention not to stop at the banks of the Rhine. Be, therefore, strong and courageous as you have always been. Personally your brother has nothing to fear from me; I will fight this proud enemy, but I shall not forget that his sister is my wife, my best friend. As for me, if any misfortune happens to me in this expedition—for here, beloved, we must provide for everything—you will immediately commit the government of my people to Ambiorix, the faithful chief of the Eburons. He alone is capable of defending it, and then he is a relative of my mother, he is a loyal friend on whom our family have always a right to rely. You, my dear Swana, will afterwards take refuge with our children in a safe asylum, whither my faithful soldiers will conduct you. It is a chateau built on the Rhine by one of my ancestors, in the centre of a wooded island, which conceals itself from all eyes behind its great trees and impenetrable thickets. There, protected if necessary by a troop chosen from my most devoted companions, you will await, invoking the gods, the end of the storms which threaten us."

Swana turned pale at this unexpected confidence, but she kept silence and concealed her anguish. She knew too well the character of Karl to attempt to obtain a change of resolution. So, the next day she suppressed her tears at the hour of adieux, when her husband, springing to horse, exclaimed, full of enthusiasm:

"I will return conqueror, or return no more."

A month after, the remnants of this valiant army returned as fugitives to the city of Tongres. They brought frightful news. All the efforts of Ariovistus and of his ally were vain against the genius of Cæsar and the admirable discipline of his soldiers; the irresistible onset of his legions had driven the broken columns of the Sueves beyond the Rhine. Karl, refusing to flee, had yielded to numbers, notwithstanding a heroic defence, with the bravest of his companions, who for a long time covered him with their bodies. Swana did not weep; she uttered no complaint, and did not reveal her despair by any outward evidence. Only, within a few days, her hair grew white, and the people said, as they saw her mute and pale: "The Lady of the Swan loved our king well; her hair, heretofore blacker than the raven of our forests, has become white as the bird from which she took her name!"

Faithful to the recommendations of Karl, Swana confided the government of Tongres to the brave Ambiorix, and, accompanied by a valiant escort, retired with her two children to the retreat designated by her husband. She did not forget to take with her her beloved swan. The only pastime of the poor widow, in her sad solitude, was to feed it with her own hand, to see it float gracefully in the moat which surrounded her manor, or mingle with the sports of her children, whom it followed and caressed with the intelligent affection of a dog.

* Gaulish weapon.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUNG SALVIUS, STANDARD BEARER OF THE TENTH LEGION.

Meanwhile Cæsar was pursuing his conquests. Arrived on the frontiers of the Menapians, whose territory afterwards constituted the duchy of Cleves, he stopped there some days, not far from the banks of the Rhine. He had with him his nephew Salvius, the son of Octavius and of Julia, a young man hardly emerged from adolescence, whom he had just appointed *aquilifere*, or standard-bearer of the tenth legion. One night Salvius had a dream: it seemed to him that he saw Venus descend from the skies, on a chariot drawn by swans. "Salvius," said the goddess to him, with a sweet smile, "thou wilt see thy country no more; the gods have fixed thine abode not far from here. Do not forget, when Aurora appears, to repair alone to the banks of the Rhine. A guide whom I have prepared for thee shall conduct thee to those places where thy arrival will revive joy and hope." At these words the goddess disappeared, and Salvius awoke.

He awaited the day with impatience. As soon as the first rays of dawn had whitened the heavens, the young Roman left the camp, and soon found himself on the banks of the great river. For a long time he watched for the approach of the mysterious guide whom the dream of the night had announced to him; but it was in vain; he saw no person appear, and the most profound solitude continued to reign around him. Weary of waiting to no purpose, he was about to withdraw, convinced that one should attach little faith to the capricious phantoms of dreams, when casting his eyes on the limpid waters of the stream, he perceived, by chance, a swan of dazzling whiteness sporting near the shore. It was the only living creature which had yet presented itself to his view. Under the impulse of secret curiosity, the standard-bearer approached nearer and at last discovered a little skiff moored to the trunk of a tree. It was empty. The air was so clear, the sky so transparent, the water so calm and beautiful, that the young man entered as it were in spite of himself, the elegant boat, which seemed to be stationed there expressly to invite him to take a sail on the Rhine. Hardly had he unfastened the boat, hardly had he seized the two light oars which it carried obliquely suspended at its sides, when a gentle and caressing breeze, arising as if by enchantment, swelled the white triangular sail with which the little bark was provided. At the same time, the swan began to swim before Salvius, turning constantly towards him its long flexible neck, as if to invite him to follow it without delay and without fear.

"There is no longer any doubt," then said to himself the son of Julia; "this is the guide promised by Venus. I will therefore follow this white-plumed bearer, and if it please the gods, will see the end of this singular adventure."

After having drifted some time amid the charming landscapes which the banks of the Rhine presented, as if to salute him welcome, Salvius reached an island covered with tall trees with dense foliage, through which it was impossible to discover the least path. Not judging it time to disembark yet, he began to coast along the island, always preceded by the swan, which kept on its way. At last, both arrived at the mouth of a species of canal, when the swan entered, with outspread wings, redoubling its swiftness, like a traveller who sees approaching the termination of his journey. Salvius directed his bark by the course of the bird, and soon saw arise the walls of a species of fortress, around which the waters of the canal circled like a girdle. Near these, two children were playing on the lawn, and gathering flowers in the shade of the great oaks of the forest. These were a slender youth, one of those types which Virgil has so well re-produced in his Euryale, and a young girl ravishing with grace and freshness. They had not noticed the bark, and had as yet perceived only the swan. At sight of it, both uttered cries of joy and ran to the banks of the canal, where the swan, which hastened to meet them, began to caress them by turns, as friends whom it was happy to see after a long absence. The interest which had so long captivated the young Roman, redoubled before this delightful spectacle. Nevertheless, by an instinctive prudence, he disembarked noiselessly, moored the chalcupe securely, and buried himself in a thicket whence he could observe everything without being seen. The children continued to play with the swan. Suddenly one of the windows of the chateau opened and Salvius saw appear there the pale and beautiful face of a woman, framed in long white locks. This woman was nevertheless still young, and it was evident that grief, rather than time, had wrinkled her beautiful face and whitened her long hair. She smiled with a sad and sweet smile at the simple sports of the children and the bird; then, in a melancholy tone, she sang in Greek the following refrain, in a graceful and plaintive rhythm:

"Love, children, the white-plumed swan,
Bird beloved by mortals and gods;
To its beauty Venus renders homage,
As it draws her radiant car."

Salvius's astonishment was at its height, for he was far from thinking that at such a distance from Greece, Greek words would come thus to strike his ear. Unable to moderate his impatience, he hastily left his retreat and saluted the lady of the chateau in the same language, with which he was perfectly well acquainted, like all the young Romans of that epoch. If, just now, his surprise had been great, that of the stranger was not less so on listening to him. Delighted to be able at last, after so many years, to speak a tongue which revealed to her the sweetest memories of her childhood, Swana, for it was she, courteously invited the young Roman to enter the chateau. He accepted this hospitable offer, and the conversation which took place between them assumed a more and more expansive character. By degrees, the Lady of the Swan questioned her host; she asked of him his name, his family, his country.

"I am a Roman," replied he; "my name is Salvius, the son of Octavius the senator, and nephew of Cæsar, the proconsul of the Gauls. I accompanied my uncle, who appointed me standard-bearer of the tenth legion, and who is at this moment encamped at a little distance from this, near the banks of the Rhine."

"And I," exclaimed Swana, "I am the sister of thy mother, the second daughter of Julius, she who was formerly called Germaine."

Weeping with joy, she embraced her astonished nephew; the children, in their turn, lavished on the young man the most affectionate caresses, and, for the first time for many years, the whole manor wore a festive air.

"Venus had not deceived me," then said Salvius to himself.

Yielding to the entreaties of Swana, who desired an explanation of these words, he recounted to her the dream which he had the preceding night, and the marvellous adventure which had succeeded. In his turn, he interrogated his aunt, who acquainted him in detail with all her Odyssey from the time she had left Corinth. At the same time she conjured her nephew to act as mediator with Cæsar.

"My unfortunate husband," said she, "died combating against him; and I fear, that in his resentment, he will see in me only a stranger, a wife, who has abjured her country and her gods."

Salvius re-assured her and promised to make every effort to bring about a reconciliation, which was thenceforth his dearest desire. He afterwards took leave of his hostess, to return to the camp; but, before suffering him to depart, she confided to him the statuette of Venus, a present and token of remembrance from her brother, requesting him to convey it to Cæsar, without telling him at first from whence it came, and observe first the impression which the sight of this object would produce on him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DUCHY OF BRABANT.

On his return to the camp, Salvius went in search of his uncle and gave him the statuette. A lively emotion was depicted on the countenance of Cæsar, but it was rather tenderness than anger.

"How did this image of Venus fall into your hands?" asked he of his nephew, in a voice perceptibly affected.

Convinced that he might speak without fear, the young man gave him a faithful narration of the event of which he had been the hero.

"To-morrow, without longer delay," said Cæsar, hastily, "you shall conduct me to this mysterious chateau. We will go alone, that we may not alarm Germaine. Poor woman, how she must have suffered. Ah! why could I not have saved her husband, who persisted in an impossible resistance, forgetting that I was called Cæsar and that I was his brother. I am impatient to see her and to embrace her at last, when I thought myself separated forever from her I loved so much, the daughter of my father, the companion of my childhood!"

Left alone with her children, after the departure of her nephew, Swana was consumed with mortal anxiety. Would Salvius succeed in his mission? And then, had she not committed a serious imprudence in thus revealing the secret of her retreat? It was not for herself that she trembled; O, no!—it was for her young family, for those two beings so dear, who alone attached her to life. Suddenly Octavius ran towards her.

"Mother!" exclaimed he, out of breath, "come and see the beautiful boat which has arrived."

Swana, at these words, almost swooned, but by a violent effort over herself, she soon recovered courage, invoked the powerful Venus and descended to the lawn. Two men were disembarking at the foot of her chateau. The youngest was Salvius; the other—with his tall stature, his black and piercing eyes, his pale countenance, his high, bald forehead, which was wrinkled beneath the weight of a vast thought—the other was Cæsar.

"Germaine, my sister!" exclaimed he, first, stretching out his arms to her.

Swana, uttering a cry of ineffable joy, threw herself on the bosom of her brother; then, unable to pronounce a word, pointed to her two children.

"I will be their father," replied Cæsar, gently, comprehending the thoughts of the poor widow. After the first moment of emotion had passed away, he said to Salvius:

"Friend, I thank first the great goddess, the august mother of our family; but afterwards, it is to you that I am most indebted. This day, which reunites us all, I may, thanks to you, mark with the white stone of the Thracians, as one of the happiest of my life. By the immortal gods! I would immediately prove my gratitude. Yes, you may ask of me what you please: if it is in my power to grant it, you shall obtain it this very moment."

Germaine added her gentle voice to the promise of her brother.

"Well," said the young man, encouraged by this double kindness, "though the favor I would ask is above my merit, there is one recompense I desire. I am unworthy of it, it is true, but with the help of the gods, I hope one day to deserve it."

"What is then this recompense?"

"The hand of thy niece, emperor," murmured Salvius, blushing.

Cæsar smiled.

"It is not to me that you should address yourself," replied he, pointing to his sister.

"A mother," immediately said Germaine, "has no right to refuse, when he who addresses her has just restored a father to his children."

That very day it was agreed that Salvius should espouse his cousin, young Swana. "And the wedding was celebrated," adds the old chronicler, whose narrative has hitherto guided me, "with great pomp and solemnity, in the temple of the good goddess Venus at Louvain, according to the ancient usages and customs, in presence of the said Cæsar, who offered great gifts to the said temple, and gave to the niece, for a dowry, in title of duchy, all the country around. And as the said Salvius had been surnamed Brabon, which in Greek means arbiter, because he had reconciled the brother and sister, the said country was afterwards called Brabant."

And this is the reason, according to Jehan Le Maire of Belges, why the Duchy of Brabant dates from Julius Cæsar.

ROSALIE DE CLAIRVILLE.

A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN DAYS OF FRANCE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

THE constable d'Armaignac, a man of mark and name, had long passed the flower of his age, without dreaming of linking his destiny to that of any of the fair dames who figured at the court of France, or won the admiration of the knights of Paris. In fact he was no carpet knight. He better loved the rude shock of arms, the charge of steel-clad cavaliers, the hand-to-hand combats of the stricken field, than the less dangerous encounters of the tournament; yet even these he preferred to the festivities of the palace and the banquet-hall. He was a man of war, and rudely stamped with the roughest impress of his age. His helmet had worn away his once luxuriant curls, his face was mined by a thousand wrinkles, his complexion was bronzed and weather-beaten, his manner was harsh, his language brief and stern, and his whole time occupied either in battle, or in dreaming of stratagems, campaigns and sieges.

Yet so it chanced that in his "sere and yellow leaf," D'Armaignac conceived the idea of taking to himself a wife. To accomplish his object he addressed himself, not to the lovely and high-born damosel whose charms had penetrated even the iron hauberk that encased what he pleased to term a heart, but to her father, an old companion in arms, and one as rude and unpolished as himself. Between the two the marriage was arranged, and the father of the beautiful Countess Rosalie de Clairville, in his dying moments, enjoined it on his daughter to accept the hand of D'Armaignac, under whose charge and roof he ordered her to remain until such time as the old soldier chose to lead her to the nuptial altar. After thus making his last moments as disagreeable as possible, he kissed the cross-hilt of his sword, closed his eyes, declined breathing, and was laid with the ashes of his fathers, a race of iron-headed and iron-hearted gentlemen, all of whom had served their king, and many of whom had been to Palestine, a fashionable mode of atoning for a lifetime of carnage, rapine and disorder.

So the Countess Rosalie was taken home to the feudal castle of D'Armaignac, where all scandal was avoided by the perpetual presence of one of the starchest of duennas, named Margarita, who had been imported from Spain expressly for the purpose. The countess was watched and guarded as strictly as if she had already become the property of the constable.

Now it so happened that, without consulting her father, the lady Rosalie had already fallen in love with a young gentlemen of the court, Savoisy, son of the chamberlain of King Charles VI. She had numerous suitors, all of whom were dying of love; but Savoisy was the only one who could boast of enjoying her smiles.

D'Armaignac made, every day after dinner, a formal visit to the apartments of the countess, and there paid his addresses in good set phrases; but there was no heart in his wooing, and it was evident that he merely paid his devoirs in this manner for form's sake.

One day the aged wooer found the fair one reclining beneath the canopy of her reception-room asleep. Still he ventured to approach her, and kneeling, raised her lily hand to his rough and bearded lips.

"Dear Charles!" said the lovely girl, still dreaming on.

D'Armaignac started to his feet as if an asp had stung him. She had a lover, then—his name was on her lips—his image in her heart. Full of rage and jealousy, he sought out the duenna.

"Tell me, Spanish hag!" said he, seizing her rudely by the arm, "who is this Charles?"

"Who has told you about Charles, my lord?" asked the duenna, incautiously betraying her consciousness in her first terror.

"There *is* a lover, then!" growled D'Armaignac, hoarsely. "You have proved false to my interests and your pledges. He comes here in my absence—I know it. My wife—for she is mine to all intents—receives him. Speak out, or you shall taste my dagger's point. Tell me all—the days, the hours, the manner, the place of their meeting."

"I will tell you nothing," answered old Margarita, boldly. "Kill me—I will never betray my sweet young mistress."

D'Armaignac half drew his dagger from its sheath, but he returned it to its scabbard, and with a bitter curse, turned upon his heel and again sought the presence of Rosalie. She had awakened from her brief slumber, and was sitting in an easy attitude, resting on her gracefully rounded arm.

"Well, madam," said D'Armaignac, irefully, "if young lips babble in their sleep, old ears are apt to catch their meaning. Who is this Charles, of whom you dream by day so fondly?"

"Charles!" cried the countess, turning pale.

"Ay, madam—you were not dreaming of Henri D'Armaignac, the only man of whom you have a right to think. Ha!" he added, "I will spare you the trouble of confession—it can be no other than Charles de Savoisy, son of the chamberlain."

"No—no," said Rosalie, turning deadly pale, and trembling; "you have no ground for your suspicions, my lord—you are mistaken in your conjectures; I love not Charles de Savoisy—indeed, he never dared to address me."

"His horse has been seen saddled in my courtyard. How many times he has been here, secretly, I cannot tell; but, by heaven! you shall confess. Out with it, or worse shall betide you."

"My lord! my lord!" cried Rosalie, in agony, "spare me—pardon me!"

D'Armaignac checked himself in the heat of his passion.

"Go thy ways, mistress," said he; "I meant not to harm thee. But my rival had better look well to himself. Were he the proudest noble of the realm, who dare interpose between me and my affianced bride, I would slay him like a dog at the foot of the throne itself."

With this chivalrous declaration, D'Armaignac went forth to interrogate the servants, and to see whether he could not obtain from their replies wherewithal to feed his mounting jealousy. He was terrible in his anger, and they all lived in a most wholesome dread of his wrath. None of them suspected the serious mischief which lay at the foundation of these astute and summary interrogatories; but from all they said, D'Armaignac came to the conclusion that none of them had been cognizant or abetting of any misdoing, except a dog which he had commissioned to watch the garden, and which, having surprised asleep in his kennel, he immediately strangled, by way of relieving his unbounded passion. This fact led him to suppose that Rosalie's lover probably entered the castle through the garden, whence the only egress was by means of a postern that opened on the water-side. The Hotel D'Armaignac stood in the neighborhood of the royal houses of St. Paul. One gate of this feudal dwelling opened on the Rue St. Antoine, and was fortified at every point. The walls on the river side were immensely strong, loop-holed, and furnished with frowning turrets.

After much cogitation, the constable matured his schemes and arranged his plan of action. He selected a number of his most devoted and skilful archers, and posted them in the towers that commanded the quay, with the strictest orders, on pain of their lives, to shoot down everybody except the countess who should seek to issue from the garden—but to spare the life of any one cavalier who should come in, day or night, taking care, however, to slay him as he passed out. The same precautions and orders were given at the issue on the Rue St. Antoine. The servants, even the chaplain, were forbidden to go out on pain of death. Then the duty of guarding the two flanks of the castle having been committed to a select body of his men-at-arms, with orders to keep good watch in the lateral streets, the constable made sure of entrapping the favored lover of the lady Rosalie, if he dared to penetrate the stronghold of his enemy.

The constable had business at Poissy, and was forced to mount directly after dinner, knowing which, the poor countess had, on the preceding day, sent a note to Savoisy, inviting and urging him to visit her. While D'Armaignac was belting his castle round with guards, and laying snares of death for his rival, Rosalie was in an agony of terror.

She had held a conversation with Margarita, who assured her that D'Armaignac knew nothing of the stolen interviews which had frequently taken place between the lovers, and advised her to take into her confidence a laundress, who was employed about the castle, and who was renowned all over Paris, for the fertility of her invention and resources in matters of intrigue.

The three females deliberated together in the hope of contriving some method of warning Savoisy of his danger, and inducing him to remain at home. The laundress had a lover among the archers on guard, and she hoped through his favor to be able to go forth and obtain an interview with the lover. But although she went to the soldier and essayed all her blandishments, the man dreaded the anger of his master more than that of his mistress, and positively refused to let the woman pass. The poor girl returned to the lady in despair at her ill luck.

The countess soon discovered that she alone of all the household, was permitted free egress from the castle. Of this she availed herself; but hardly had she gone a bowshot from the gate, when four pages and two captains of the guards closed up behind her, and she found they had orders not to quit her for a moment.

The unfortunate lady returned to her chamber, weeping.

"The fate of my lover is sealed!" said she. "Too well I know the constable's ferocity. Once within his power, Savoisy will never leave these walls alive. The cruel, ravenous sword of D'Armaignac will be stained with the best blood of his noble heart. I see but one way to save him—it is a terrible alternative—life for life—but between the two I will not hesitate."

Before condemning the countess for adopting the terrible alternative which the sequel will disclose, we must remember that the age in which she lived was an age of blood. Human life was held of light account; deeds of violence were daily enacted—and even delicate woman shuddered not at their recital or even their commission. Rosalie D'Clairville, beautiful, high-born and refined as she was, in many respects, was not advanced beyond her period in her manner of thinking and acting.

"I shall save my lover," she said, drying her tears—"I shall save my lover, though at a terrible price."

With these words, she took her prayer-book, and issuing forth from the castle, moved slowly towards the Church of St. Paul, whence the solemn bells were summoning the worshippers to mass. Like most of the court ladies, the countess rarely missed this ceremony. There were always seen the most distinguished dames and cavaliers in the richest costumes, and the dark interior of the church glittered with diamonds, and resounded with the rustle of silks, the rattle of swords, and the clink of golden spurs. So the countess went forth in full pomp, accompanied by the two captains and a chosen guard of steel-clad men-at-arms.

Among the gallant knights who frequented the church, there was more than one who had sighed to possess the radiant charms of the countess. Among those who looked oftener towards the ladies' seats than to the altar and the priests, was one on whom the countess had often bestowed the charity of a kind look, because he was more humble and earnest in his homage than his fellows. This gentleman always stood apart, resting against the same pillar, stirring not, and appeared wrapped up in quiet contemplation of the beauteous lady. His pale face wore an expression of sweet melancholy. His countenance bore the imprint of good feeling, and he was evidently one of those who exist on ardent passion, and lose themselves deliciously in hopeless loves.

This gentleman, though his garments were well made, suitable and chaste, and though there was a certain air of taste in his appointments, seemed to the countess to be a poor knight, seeking distinction, and having no fortune but his cloak and sword. Thus, whether she suspected his secret poverty, or because she felt he loved her well, or because he was handsome, well-shaped, and dark-haired, she always wished him fame and fortune. Now she threw towards him some kindly glances, some looks of encouragement, which reached his heart like gnawing asps, and sported with his young life like a princess accustomed to sport with more precious objects than an humble cavalier.

She had finally learned his history. He was a young and bannerless knight, named Julian de Montespan, who had not inherited a single acre with his fief, and who had come to court in hopes to push his way by his good looks and his sword. He had seen the triumphant beauty of Rosalie displayed at church, and had fallen madly in love with the affianced bride of D'Armaignac.

This, then, was the young cavalier, on whom the countess had fixed her keen eyes, and whom she was about to lure to his destruction.

On entering the church, the countess found poor Julian resting against his pillar, and watching for her coming, as the invalid watches for the sunshine of spring and the morning light. Then she turned her eyes away, and thought of going

to the queen to require her assistance in her desperate extremity, but on her making a motion, one of the captains said to her, with a tone of the most profound respect:

"Madam, our orders are not to permit you to speak to man or woman, even to the queen your sovereign, or the priest your confessor. Be sure that our lives are at stake in this affair."

"Is it not your duty to die?"

"And to obey," replied the soldier.

Then the countess resumed her usual place, and looking again at the poor knight, she saw that he was pale and thin, and that his face wore the impress of deep care.

"The less sorrow for his death!" she muttered, coldly. "He is half dead already."

With this thought she cast another of her death-dealing glances at the knight, and the false love that lighted up her fine eyes went to the very heart of the suffering lover. The lady recognized with a pleasure always fresh and new to the heart of woman the omnipotence of her magnificent glance, which the knight answered, in the same language, without speaking a word. And in fact the ruby color which spread over his cheeks was more eloquent than the most musical periods of Demosthenes, or Cicero, and was quite as well understood. The countess, to make sure that this was not an accidental flushing, experimented on the virtue of her eyes, and was finally convinced that she had found a man willing to die bravely for her sake.

When the ceremony had ended, and the glittering throng were dismissed, the countess passed the pillar against which the cavalier was still leaning, and by another glance, testified her wish that he should follow her. To make sure of the proper interpretation and significance of this mute appeal, she looked back once more as if to wave him on.

She then perceived that, although he had left his place, he still seemed doubtful whether he should dare to follow her, but in obedience to this last signal he mingled with the crowd and pursued her footsteps, though still at a respectful distance.

When she reached the gate of the castle, the countess halted, and making a sign to Julian, he was soon at her side. She then offered him her hand, and both found themselves within the fatal fortress.

"Come quick to my apartments," said she, "for I must speak to you."

The gentleman, not guessing the nature of this mystery, silently obeyed the request of the beautiful countess.

"Margarita," whispered the countess to the duenna, "I almost dread to tell him that the penalty of his blind and mute love is death, and that I am his betrayer."

"Think of Savoisy," answered the duenna, as she left the room.

When they were alone, the countess fell at his feet in an agony of tears.

"Hear me, gallant knight," said she; "I am unworthy of a thought from you. You will curse me when you know the crime I have committed in the bewilderment and selfishness of a mad passion. When you leave this fated castle, death will stare you in the face. The love I bear another has brought me to this desperate pass. Your death will save my lover's life. You go from hence to die."

"I loved you," replied Julian, crushing in his heart the dark despair caused by this terrible annunciation; "I loved you, Rosalie de Clairville, when I first set my eyes upon your lovely face. I love you still as fondly as ever. I thank you for having used me as something wholly belonging to yourself. Other lovers offer gems and gold—I freely give you a gem beyond price—my life!"

"Julian," cried the countess, springing to her feet, "were it not for Savoisy, how I could love you!"

"And am I to be sacrificed for Charles de Savoisy?" asked Julian, folding his arms.

"He is my lover," said the countess, sadly.

"You have been deceived," said Julian, earnestly; "you have been deceived. I pray you to believe the words of one who has not, if you speak sooth, many moments in this world. Charles de Savoisy has made a mock of your name among the idle gallants of the court. I heard him say that he thanked D'Armaignac from the bottom of his heart for ridding him of an incumbrance. Nay, more, lady—he is about to be wedded to another."

"Savoisy false!" cried Rosalie, horror-stricken. "And you are to die to save a traitor!"

"My fate is indeed accomplished!" said the knight. "My horoscope predicted I should die for the sake of a great lady. But by my patron saint, I swear that I will sell my life dearly. Still I shall die content, since it was at the command of her I love best on earth. Perhaps poor Julian will live a little while in the memory of the Countess de Clairville."

"Julian!" cried the lady; "dear Julian, how could I ever have been blind to your noble character and knightly heart! How could I have passed by your silent homage, to be caught by the false glitter of Savoisy. Come to my arms—my heart—kiss me but once."

"Lady," said Julian, dashing a tear drop from his cheek, "would you render death impossible by making existence so dear? One kiss!" And he imprinted a burning kiss upon her fevered lips. "It is the first," he said.

"And the last!" she cried.

"And now, come with me, Julian, and we will die together at the postern."

At this moment a step was heard upon the stair.

"Your life may yet be saved," said the countess. "Quick! hide yourself behind that curtain."

"I will face the danger like a man!" said Julian, drawing his sword.

"For my sake!" cried the countess.

"For your sake, then," said the knight, and passed behind the drapery.

Margarita entered the apartment.

"Courage, lady," said she; "I know not what has happened. But the guards are all withdrawn and marched off—the archers have left the towers—the gates are open."

"Let us fly, then!" cried the countess, to Julian, as he advanced from his retreat. "Your life may yet be saved."

Silently and swiftly they sped together down the narrow, winding stairway that led from Rosalie's apartments to the garden. They crossed the open space swiftly, and darted through the postern. A single soldier was on duty there, but he offered no resistance, and saluted the countess respectfully as they passed. On, on they sped along the borders of the river. They reached the royal palace—a word from the countess was their passport to the presence, where she threw herself upon her knees.

"Protection, gracious sovereign!" she exclaimed, "for a persecuted woman, where life and happiness are both menaced. Release me from the claims of D'Armaignac, and suffer my hand and heart to go together."

"Rise, lady," said Isabella, kindly, "and fear nothing. D'Armaignac is powerless to-day. He has been detected in a conspiracy against his sovereign, and our royal consort has deprived him of his baton and thrown him into prison—whence he only goes forth to die."

Some days afterwards, the nuptials of Julian de Montespan and the Countess Rosalie de Clairville were solemnized with royal splendor, in the presence of the king and queen and all the nobles and ladies of the court. A royal manor was bestowed on Julian, and from that day forward no fonder or happier couple were known within the realm of France.

Charles de Savoisy, for whom Rosalie was ready to peril her own life and that of another, involved in the conspiracy of D'Armaignac, shared his fall and fate. He was a double traitor, false to his lady and his sovereign, and as such, met his doom. The development of his atrocity occurred in time to save a lovely lady of the court from uniting her fortunes to that of a recreant and perjured knight.

CUNNING OF THE LEOPARD.

An ox had been killed, and the joints had been hung up in a hut, which was close to a spot where a sentry was posted. In the evening the sentry gave an alarm that some large animal had entered the hut. A light was procured, and a number of people searched the several rooms of which the hut was composed, without discovering the cause of the alarm. They were just about to retire, when one of the party caught sight of a leopard, which was clinging to the thatched roof immediately above the hooks on which the meat was suspended. No sooner did the animal discover that its presence was known, than it dropped to the floor, laid about it vigorously with its claws, and, leaping through the doorway, made its escape, leaving several souvenirs of its visit in various scratches, one of which was inflicted on the sentry who gave the alarm, and kept him to his bed for several weeks.—*Illustrated Natural History.*

The tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dewdrops falling from roses on the bosom of the earth.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble come upon you: keep up your spirits though the day may be a dark one—

Troubles never last forever,
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

Never despair when a fog's in the air,
A sunshiny morning will come without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or a firewood that will end in smoke and darkness; but that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay,
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury

He that revengeth knows no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindnesses will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me—

A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are our worst enemies. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room.

Be on your guard, and strive and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away.

THE KINGDOM OF DAHOMEY.

Guezo, king of Dahomey, who reigned over the territory comprised between the mouths of the Kong, Niger and the Volga, died recently. The population is only estimated at 200,000, of which 180,000 are slaves. One half of the year is devoted to war, and the other to fetes and public ceremonies. The wars are simply hunts for slaves in neighboring territories, with a regular army of 12,000, of whom 7000 are women. Abomey, the capital, is about eight miles in circumference, and surrounded by a deep ditch. Across the ditch there are six entrances into the city, and the gates of each are adorned with human skulls. In the interior of the city there is a high pyramid formed of the skulls of men and animals. The king's palace is in the centre of the city, and the houses of the inhabitants are scattered about without regard to order. During the festival season the exploits of the king are sung by male and female troubadours, who are paid for their services at the principal fete, called the Yge-ah-ek-beh, according to their merit. All the fetes are attended by human sacrifices, which take place on a large platform erected for the purpose, and ornamented with banners of different colors.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

GRUMBLERS.

If you find a man disposed to complain of the coldness of the world, be sure you will find that he has never brought anything into the world to warm it, but is a personal lump of ice set in the midst of it. If you find a man who complains that the world is all base and hollow, tap him and he will probably sound base and hollow. And so, in the other way, a kind man will probably find kindness all about him. The merciful man, as a general thing, will obtain mercy. He who has always had a kind excuse for others, who has looked at the brightest side of the case; he who has rendered his pardon and his help whenever he could, who has never brought his fellow-man into any strait by reason of not helping him, will find that the mercy which he has bestowed flows back upon him in a full and spontaneous spring. He will make a merciful world by the mercy he himself shows.—*Christian Examiner.*

FLORIDA TIMBER.

We learn from a late number of the Apalachicola Advertiser, that the timber trade of Florida is in a flourishing condition at several points on the Mexican Gulf, as well as on the Atlantic coast—Pensacola having had at one time over sixty vessels, of various sizes, waiting their turn to load at the mills, which were constantly running, day and night, and then not able to more than half meet the demand. Millions of feet of timber are shipped every month for Pensacola, with a steadily increasing demand, now larger than they have capacity to fill. The live oak of Florida, so valuable for shipbuilding purposes, is the chief article of this trade, but the inexhaustible forests of the State teem with other lumber, and the trade is rapidly increasing.

COMFORT FOR PREACHERS.

You see that country congregation coming out of that ivy-covered church in that beautiful churchyard. Look at their faces, the ploughman, the dairy-maids, the drain diggers, the stable boys; what could they do towards taking in the gist of that well-reasoned, scholarly, elegant piece of composition which has occupied the last half hour? Why, they could not understand a sentence of it. Yet it has done them good. The general effect is wholesome. They have got a little push—they have felt themselves floating on a gentle current, going in the right direction. Only enthusiastic young divines expect the mass of their congregation to do all they exhort them to do. You must advise a man to do a thing a hundred times probably before you can get him to do it once. You know that a breeze, blowing at thirty five miles an hour, does very well if it carries a large ship along in its own direction at the rate of eight. And even so, the practice of your hearers, though truly influenced by what you say to them, lags tremendously behind the rate of your preaching. Be content, my friend, if you can maintain a movement, sure though slow, in the right way. And don't get angry with your rural flock on Sundays, if you often see on their blank faces, while you are preaching, the evidence that they are not taking in a word you say. And don't be entirely discouraged. You may be doing them good for all that. And if you do good at all, you know better than to grumble, though you may not be doing it in the fashion that you would like best. I have known men, accustomed to sit quiet, pensive, half-attentive, under the sermons of an easy-going but orthodox preacher, who felt quite indignant when they went to a church where their attention was kept on the stretch all the time the sermon lasted, whether they would or no. They felt that this intrusive interest about the discourse, compelling them to attend, was of the nature of an assault, and of an unjustifiable infraction of the liberty of the subject. Their feeling was, "What earthly right has that man to make us listen to his sermon, without getting our consent? We go to church to rest—and lo! he compels us to listen!"—*Fraser's Magazine.*

STRAINING THE EYES IN TWILIGHT.

In the London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine for May, is an account of sudden loss of the power of distinguishing colors, produced by over-taxing the eyes A sea captain, who was in the habit, when time hung heavy on his hands, of occupying it by working at embroidery, was one afternoon engaged upon a red flower, and being anxious to finish it, prolonged his labor until twilight came on, and he found it difficult to select the suitable colors. To obtain more light he went into the companion-way, and there continued his work. While thus taxing his eyes, his power of distinguishing colors suddenly vanished. He went upon deck, hoping that an increase of light would restore his vision, in vain. From that time to the present, more than ten years, he has remained color blind.

ENMITIES AND DIFFERENCES.

As horses start aside from objects they see imperfectly, so do men. Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by conference. Look at any long avenue of trees by which the traveller on our principal highways is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions. Men who were far asunder, come nearer and nearer in the course of life, if they have strength enough to quell, or good sense enough to temper and assuage their earlier animosities.—*Titcomb.*

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AN EPIC POEM.

BY ALMY.

A babe on its mother's breast lay sleeping—
A maiden her vows of love was keeping,
While an old man o'er a grave bent weeping.

A smile lit the brow of the cherub face,
Where beauty had lent bewitching grace,
And wrapt its form in soft embrace.

The maiden was fairest of creatures below,
The flush on her cheek was a crimson glow
Of the morning's dawn on a cloud of snow.

While the old man's head was hoary and white,
And damp were his locks with the dews of night,
As he moaned for that star, his earthly light.

There came a voice from a higher will,
And the breath of the sleeping babe grew chill,
While its beauteous form waxed cold and still.

Swift came a *word*; like a warrior dart—
'Twas but one shriek, and a fearful start,
And the maiden died—of a broken heart.

Time rolled on with its ceaseless tread,
And deeper bowed was the hoary head,
Still weeping o'er the mouldering dead.

Thus ever fades the brightest bloom;
The earliest flowers adorn the tomb,
While wearied life drags on in gloom.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

INDOLENCE.

BY MARY C. DEVLIN.

"DISCOURAGED! No, dear child, I do not allow myself to be discouraged nor disheartened. Life has many dark hours, but we can hope for the sunlight, even in the darkest; and depend on it, darling, *it always comes!* Out of the densest cloud light cometh. You will see in some rift of the blackest and heaviest a tiny star, which sparkles all the brighter for its dark surroundings; and depend on it, I say again, that the good Father has light enough to shed upon our pathway, and he will do it!"

"My dearest mother, if I had your faith, I should not thus sink into despondency. But when I look around upon these children, and try to imagine what the future is to be to them, I confess I fall almost into unbelief."

"And by so doing, my dearest child, you bar out the gleams of light that would otherwise come to you. You must strive to be calm and patient; to accept all these afflictions—nay, welcome them. Would you wish to 'be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease,' when others, perhaps even more deserving, are made to travel thither carrying heavy burdens with them?"

"O, say no more, dear mother! I know how wrong and selfish I am, and how much I add already to your overburdened state. I *will* try to look upon these things with the calmness and patience that you do, and to feel that whatever is, is right."

"I know you will, my love; and now let us go to your father; he will be wondering where we are."

This conversation passed between Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter Ellen. The mother was a lady of rare refinement and strong intellect; the daughter less self-possessed, less full of faith than the mother, and more apt to look on the dark side. Nor was it to be wondered at that the hope of the young girl's heart should be quenched by the circumstances in which she had been reared and fostered. The wonder was that Mrs. Hamilton, who possessed so much delicacy and sensitiveness, should be so calm and have so much fortitude.

There are spirits, which, like the camomile plant, rise fresher and brighter for being trampled on. Such an one was Mrs. Hamilton. As Sophia Egerton, she had been one of the best of daughters and sisters; as Frederic Hamilton's wife, it was a more difficult task—but she performed it to admiration. Hamilton was an only son, petted, indulged, and bred in luxury, which, ever after, he must and would have, even if all around him were suffering for want of the comforts of life.

Drinking to the very dregs of pleasure's poisoned cup, he found himself, at the age of thirty-five, bankrupt in everything but the affections of his wife. The same love which had induced her to marry him against the earnest solicitations of all her friends—who represented him as he truly was, indolent and sensual, and liking her only because she would show well at the head of his table—was strong as ever. For several years they lived in a state of such outside show and expense, that all Sophia's private savings and management behind the curtain availed little in averting the catastrophe which finally came. Even then, Hamilton could not be persuaded to give up the expensive comforts and delicacies which had become a second nature to him to partake; and Sophia, dreading that he should incur debts which they had no means of paying, set her frightened and scattered wits to work to devise some means of supplying him with the requisite sums.

It would have hurt Hamilton's pride to have known that the three choice Havanas which were every morning placed in his cigar stand, were earned by the bitter toil of his wife and daughter. They would not have dared to let him know it. Nor when, true to his luxurious habits, he lounged until nine or ten in bed, and came down to the nicely-spread table, where fragrant coffee and a white roll and butter, and a nice little steak, awaited him, he never asked nor thought about the two worn looking women, and the two clean and neat but scantily clothed children, who came down three hours before, and had taken their breakfast of crusts and water.

"Your father is so delicate, that he could not live as we do," was Sophia's hushing word to the active, hungry Wilford, a boy of thirteen, who sometimes caught sight of his father's table, and wondered why the appetites of the family should be so unequally supplied.

Fortunately for Sophia's working plans, Hamilton's presence seldom prevented her and Ellen from pursuing their occupations. They had secretly procured boots and shoes for binding, and always, while he lay in bed, or, when nicely dressed, he sauntered through business hours on 'change, or loitered away his time at picture galleries or billiard rooms, they were pursuing this humble but profitable labor. At first, Hamilton had objected to taking cheaper apartments, preferring, he said, to live in a larger house, and let out rooms; but in this Sophia overpowered him. She could not bear that his creditors should find him living in the same style which had ruined him and them; and she absolutely insisted that their spare furniture should be sold, and a small house in the suburbs of the city taken.

That it *was* in the suburbs, and could be called his "residence out of town," was the only palatable drop in this cup of bitterness to Hamilton. Sophia and Ellen had set their hearts upon a little brown, old-fashioned nest, half hidden amongst trees, which they could have rented very cheaply; but he insisted on a two-story, glaring white house, which had been recently built, and around which still lay all the evidences of cheap and careless building, without a tree to hide the meagreness of the surroundings.

Long after Hamilton was in bed, sleeping away the fatigues of his idle saunterings, Sophia and her daughter had sat up, night after night, to mend the worn carpets and repair the curtains, and throw over the shabby appurtenances of the house a look of gentility which pained them to see, but which alone kept Hamilton from running into debt by purchasing more expensive ones. But as he always found everything looking neat and tasteful, he was satisfied with the general result, and they took care that he should not see the painful process by which it was produced.

He complained bitterly of neglect, and of the old friends who now never came forward to help him, or to find him a situation; forgetting that his own foolish pride was the obstacle, and that the situations which were in their power to obtain, would be likely to be those which he would reject with scorn and contempt. One friend, with a feeling of pity for Sophia, offered her husband a small clerkship of five hundred dollars yearly; but he turned from it indignantly, and when his wife urged him to take it until something better offered, he wondered, gravely, how she could desire him to demean himself so much. What would have been his sensations, had he looked into her well-locked box, where she kept her shoe-binding matters?

"Sophia, is not this steak rather tough?" said Hamilton, one morning when his wife's purse had failed to supply the fine, tender, juicy meat, which, delicately cooked, she had always set before him, and for which she had substituted some of inferior quality. "Where did this come from?"

"From the store at the corner."

"I shall just go in there, when I go down town, and give him a dressing for sending such meat."

"O, do not go in at all, Frederic," pleaded Sophia, conscious that her small bit of steak would hardly be of consequence in the eyes of the rich provision dealer, who provided ten dollar dinners for the aristocracy every day.

"Don't go in! Mrs. Hamilton, did I hear you rightly? Do you mean that you will trade with a man who will send meat like that?" holding a mouthful of the rejected food upon his silver fork, the only one retained of their set, expressly for him. "He must be taught to study his customer's taste."

"O, Frederic!" began Sophia—but the kid gloves, which she had sat up to mend, were already on, and the hat and cane seized, and soon Hamilton was sailing down the street, with the air of a millionnaire.

"Nobody would think papa anything less than a duke," laughingly remarked Ellen, as she looked out after him.

Her mother sighed. Meanwhile Hamilton was walking pompously into the corner store, where the rich dealer stood in his white frock, with the pleasing consciousness of having done his duty by all his customers that morning, and the additional pleasure of having pocketed a good sum of money. Hamilton's appearance surprised him. It was the first time that the lordly-looking man, whose wife purchased such infinitesimal portions of meat, had ever looked in upon him; and supposing that he had come to order dinner, he stepped forward, knife in hand, to wait upon him.

Had Hamilton seen the way in which the boys and young men of the establishment run their tongues into their cheeks, when they heard him rating their master for sending such an inferior article to *his* house, it would have maddened him almost to the point of caning them all round. Mr. Lewis, looking round with an amused expression on his face, asked who waited on Mrs. Hamilton this morning.

"I sir," answered one of the men. "She chose the meat because it was tender. I recommended some of the other, but she said she could not afford that; and, besides, it was only her usual half-pound."

All Mr. Lewis's nods and winks did not avail to stop him; and when Mr. Hamilton turned on his heel and walked out of the store, with an offended air, they gave way to laughter loud and long.

"For the sake of his wife, treat him politely," said Mr. Lewis. "She is a *real* lady—not a sham, like him. I wish the lazy scoundrel would go to work and maintain his family."

O, Frederic Hamilton, to be called a lazy scoundrel by a butcher! Not even your august presence held sacred by the common and unclean workers! The next morning Hamilton's plate was heaped with delicate food; and in his strong appreciation, he forgot the insult of the previous day.

Sophia's days went on very monotonously, except for her almost morbid desire to minister to her husband's fastidious tastes. The poor little woman actually thought it was imperative upon her and her children to deny themselves everything, in order to pamper his appetite, and procure him the fine clothes to which he had been accustomed.

"Why must there be so much difference between your eating and wearing and papa's?" asked Wilford, as he surveyed the nice table prepared for his father's breakfast, and saw his mother, in a cheap, coarse print, diligently brushing Hamilton's fine broadcloth coat. "Are not you as good as he is, and as much entitled to good clothes and good living?" And the boy glanced at his own well-darned jacket, and then at little Minnie's thin frock, faded to almost white.

"Hush, my dear boy!" answered the mother; "we must be willing to make sacrifices for those we love."

"Does papa love us?"

"Certainly! What a question, Wilford!"

"Well, show me his sacrifices then!"

"Wilford!"

"Well, well, dear mother, I will not vex you, nor speak about him in that way again."

He kept his promise, but he often talked to Minnie about "papa's great sacrifices." Ellen's health began to give way, making a new source of disquietude to the mother. The constant work required of her was wearing out her physical powers. The incessant strain on her delicate fingers caused them to swell and grow out, and the constant sitting posture had already had its effect upon her chest and spine. Insufficiency of good, generous food had also done its work, and Ellen was now a confirmed invalid, needing repose of mind and body, and burdening her mother with added cares, and with a new grief also.

Hamilton heard the doctor prescribe generous living and rest for Ellen, and saw the tears gather in his wife's eyes as he did so; yet so wholly had he given himself to indolence and want of energy, that he did not even ask, as he rose to his late breakfast the next morning, if Ellen's appetite had been tempted by the same delicacies that were spread before him. But latterly Hamilton's health seemed declining also—and he actually fell into the very state of feebleness which hitherto he had only feigned to feel. A few weeks more found him confined to the room, where only the rarest and most expensive things could meet his approbation. Sophia, who had intended to discard her worn-out print, and purchase a new dress, was obliged to appropriate the money to a dressing-gown for her husband; and he would not rest until it had a new cord and tassel of the heaviest kind. From several pairs of slippers he selected the best, although Sophia's last cent was expended on them; and it was now almost impossible for her to work for any more, unless she kept Minnie at home from school to wait on her father. But she sewed at the shoe-binding a little, when Hamilton was asleep; and once he woke up suddenly and saw her standing by his bed, with a shoe and several yards of ribbon in her hand, which she could not at once hide.

"What is that, Sophia? What *are* you doing?"

She blushed and hesitated, but at last found courage to say it.

"Good Heaven! fallen as low as that? How long have you done this?"

His wife explained; brought out her little book in which she had kept the account of their earnings, and another in which she had kept the sums she had expended. The two were evenly balanced. Not a farthing remained for the weary woman or her children; and the greater part of it, he could see, were luxuries for himself.

He lay with his face towards the wall, for some moments, in silence. Then he arose and dressed himself with unusual care, took down his hat and went towards the door. As he had done this on fine days since his sickness, his wife did not wonder. She only begged him to come home if it should grow damp or cloudy. He did not return until she began to grow uneasy; but when he did come, there was a strange light in his eye, that she had not seen there since their misfortunes commenced. He brought home, in his own hand, the materials for a good supper, and when Ellen had prepared it—for Ellen had not yet quite given up—they all sat round the table, and wondered and enjoyed, for it was father's exertions, in some mysterious way, that had purchased it.

After tea, he told them that he was going into Sherrick & Dormer's store as head clerk, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars! Surprise and joy kept them all silent. Never was any news so pleasant at this. "I commence to-morrow morning," said he, "and they have paid me a quarter's salary in advance."

"Is that usual?" asked his wife.

"No; but I stated every word of what I learned from you this morning, and they said that such a woman ought to be encouraged. I made a clean breast of it, Sophia; told them what an angel you had been, and how like a brute I had treated you, living on your earnings, and enjoying luxuries, when you were denying the necessaries of life to yourself." And Hamilton actually shed tears as his own wickedness, as he did not scruple to call it. "I have sent for a doctor to see Nelly, and he will be here in half an hour."

"O, papa, why did you?"

"Because I see now, what I ought to have seen before, that you are ill, dragged to death with the work which my selfishness and injustice have made you perform. Dear wife! dear children! you never shall have to blush for your father's idleness again."

Frederic Hamilton kept his word. He never again lost sight of the comfort of his family. By strong exertions, hard at first, he arrived at promotion, and, aided by the best of wives, and by Ellen, now restored to health, they were all enabled to take that place in society which really belonged to them. There is no such joyful woman in their circle as Sophia Hamilton; none so pitying to erring human nature, nor so hopeful for their return to the right.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

BY SYBIL PARK.

Ye were gathered where the sunshine fell
In waves of golden light,
And ye have flung a witching spell
Around my soul to-night;
Still all the dreamy haunts I loved
Seem fresh about me still—
The paths my childish footsteps roved
Beside the sparkling rill.

O, brightly beautiful the scenes
Are rising on my view,
Of summer skies, of laughing streams,
And meadows damp with dew;
The gladness of those early years
Will linger, O, so long,
While memory treasures not the tears
That mingled with each song.

Those tears—they were but April showers,
Which wake a brighter smile;
Alas, we've left the sweetest flowers
On childhood's sunny isle.
As further floats our tiny bark
Adown the stream of time,
We ever turn when skies are dark
To that fair, sinless clime.

Dim are the paths our footsteps tread,
Amid the fallen leaves,
Where hope's sweet blossoms, crushed and dead,
Are sighing to the breeze.
O, full of sad and bitter tears,
Is all the lonely way,
And sunshine with the changing years
Keeps flitting fast away.

But ye pale buds have power to bring,
Back from the buried past,
The joy which bloomed o'er life's young spring,
The hopes which did not last.
Blest is your mission; O, be ours
So purely good as thine,
And then amid these earthly bowers
Each heart will cease to pine.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FLORENCE GALE:
—OR,—
FIRST AND LAST.

BY ALBERT W DUNN.

"And so Florence Gale is going to be married," said a brisk, showy little woman, as she entered Allie Morrison's work-room one morning, sweeping away the bright fragments of silks that lay scattered over the chairs with her flounces.

The mistress of the establishment, a pretty, modest-looking girl, simple yet perfectly lady-like in her manners, slightly blushed as Mrs. Hart uttered these words. The lady did not notice that she did so, and rattled on:

"It seems they are going to have the great house on the hill. Edward Archer's father buys the house, and Mr. Gale furnishes it. It is to be fitted up beautifully; I have just been at Allen's, and have seen all their furniture. O, it is splendid! Such lovely white and gold for the bedrooms; such magnificent velvet and damask, lace and fringe, marble and rosewood! Allen has *carte blanche* for the whole. Is she not a lucky girl, Miss Morrison?"

The blush had paled to deadly white, but Alice Morrison controlled herself sufficiently to answer. Her visitor went to the mirror, adjusted her bonnet, looked admiringly at her pretty face, and still ran on:

"They are fond of each other, I hear. Edward Archer *is* a catch! Why didn't *you* secure him, Miss Morrison? Bless me! are you apt to faint? You poor dear! here, take my vinagrette. You work too hard, Miss Morrison, really you do."

The tide of memory was rolling back to the past summer, when Allie had stolen away from work, and had spent a fortnight at Heathfield, a pretty country village, where she had relatives. Edward Archer was among their guests. She had seen him often, was even on intimate terms with his sisters, and during the whole visit he had shown her the most marked and constant attention. Daily had they walked together—his wishes being so palpable that no one ever thought of asking Allie to join any party without him. She came home with the new rapture of being beloved; for all but the final question had been spoken.

Then Edward was absent for many weeks, and when he returned home he made only a formal call; and the next visitor brought the news that he was engaged to Florence. People thought Allie Morrison was working too hard for her strength. She grew thin and pale, but no one suspected the hidden wound.

That same evening, Edward Archer found Florence on the sofa, almost buried in piles of muslin, lace and silk that had been brought home for her inspection. She called on him to help her choose, and, pleased with her pretty, childish ways, he tried the effect of alternate blue, pink and white against her delicate cheek.

"I must decide quickly,' she said, "for these things must be carried to Allie Morrison to-night."

Edward started, but recovered himself time enough to prevent her noticing it. She went on:

"You will go down with me, will you? or, better still, go and ask Allie to come here. She can see and help me judge better in this large room than in her little narrow work room."

"I—I ask Allie Morrison to come here! Really, Florence, that is asking too much of a man to turn him into an errand boy."

Florence pouted and turned away.

"Anything else I will do—but that is not in my province."

"Very well," said Florence; "I will not tax you too severely. I hope you will excuse me if I go out myself."

"What, in this darkness? No indeed. There can be no such hurry about these."

"No hurry! perhaps it will be better not to make them at all."

A word almost escaped Archer's lips, that he would have been sorry to utter. All that evening he was absent and constrained, and Florence disturbed and unsocial. There was a jar between them, although neither understood its cause.

The next day Florence sent for Allie Morrison. Her mother returned a brief note, saying that her daughter was ill and could not be seen. It was true. Alice, though as free from romance or sentimentalism as possible, was unequal to the trial of witnessing the preparations for the wedding. She could not forget the loving words spoken to her on her last evening at Heathfield. The agitation brought on a slight attack of fever, and the work-room was closed.

Florence was angry. It was too bad, she thought, to be so disappointed, and she set off in no amiable mood to find another to do what Alice "ought to have kept well for," as she expressed it.

The bridal paraphernalia was finished, and the wedding night had arrived. Lights gleamed from the house on the hill, and the guests were assembled to witness the ceremony. On her sleepless couch Alice Morrison was struggling to attain something like composure. Her mother, troubled and anxious, lingered by her side. Even her presence was torture to the invalid. She longed to be alone.

"Leave me, dear mother. I cannot sleep unless you leave me in the dark." And unwillingly she went to her own room.

When the hour struck that had been appointed for the marriage, her conscience told her that it was no longer right to think of Edward Archer, save as the husband of another. To her mother she had confided nothing; nor had Mrs. Morrison any idea that her daughter's affections were involved. But that night, when the patient's unconscious revelations met her ear, while anxiously listening to the moans that betokened delirium, the mother was shocked to find that Alice had loved, and loved hopelessly.

The fever lasted long, and when Alice recovered, Edward Archer's wedding had given place to newer occurrences in the gossip of a country town. She recovered slowly; and her mother, anxious to prevent the curious observations of strangers respecting her sickness, as well as to spare her feeble strength, forbade her entering the work room again. A smaller house was taken, and its retired situation did not invite visitors; so that Alice and her mother soon passed into forgetfulness.

But the house on the hill was not forgotten. Even before the honeymoon had passed away, the temper which had shown itself in the indulged and spoiled child, and the wayward and exacting girl, became fully developed in the bride. A thousand times had Archer recalled the gentle sweetness and patient devotion of Alice Morrison, even under his neglect; and he had heard with pain of the terrible illness which had prostrated her. He would not allow himself the vanity of thinking that he was the cause of that illness; but it pained him no less than if he had.

Many a gift of splendid fruit or costly wine had found its way to the sick room, but the giver was unsuspected. Mrs. Morrison's motherly pride would have rejected them with scorn; and Alice herself, gentle as she was, would have turned away with contempt although it was foreign to her patient disposition to cherish such a feeling.

A few months more served to strip Florence Gale of the fascinations which Archer's impressible heart had invested her with. He saw her as she was—selfish, exacting and unreasonable; and the heart-ache that followed was not the more endurable because it was brought on him by his own infidelity to his implied love for Alice.

The first time that Mrs. Morrison spoke his name to her daughter, was to tell her that he had gone away. Alice had not courage to ask where, but her mother volunteered the information. He had gone abroad on business for Mr. Gale, and Florence had gone with him. Alice was truly thankful. It seemed as if she could breathe more freely if they were not near her. Then, after many months, a sad history came over the water. It told of Florence Archer's infidelity, her desertion of her husband, her living in the house of a man of rank and wealth, and finally of a divorce. Mr. Gale sent for Archer to come home, but refused to see his daughter, or to forgive the disgrace she had brought on his family.

Such was the brief tale which Mrs. Morrison heard and repeated to her daughter. And Archer came home, the wreck of what he was. He was borne in a litter to Mr. Gale's house, and for several weeks he lay vibrating between life and death. When he left his room, a darkness had settled upon him physically and mentally. He was blind, and had fallen into hopeless melancholy. No mother ever tended a son as Mrs. Gale tended Edward Archer. She loved him for the trial he had so patiently endured, and she suppressed all mention of Florence and her faults, lest she should give deeper pain to one who had already suffered much.

The winter passed away slowly and sadly. In the spring the blind man was led by his kind friends along the garden paths, and through the village streets. Soon he began to walk alone, feeling his way mournfully and slowly, yet liking to be independent of attendance. He was returning to the house, after one of these melancholy rambles, when a sound of strange footsteps met his ear, and he felt also that a carriage blocked up the way. Still he found his path and proceeded to the front of the house. He heard Mrs. Gale weeping violently, and her husband trying to hush her agitation.

"What has happened, John?" he asked of the first servant whom he heard approach him.

"Nothing, sir; nothing particular."

His acute sense detected emotion in the voice at once.

"Lead me to the house," he said. But he observed that the servant entered by an unused door and took him into a distant apartment. Mrs. Gale was already there. She took his hand with a trembling clasp.

"Edward, we have some one here to-night." He looked disturbed. She went on: "Florence is come back." He gave a quick, convulsive start, and murmured something inaudible. "She is very ill, Edward. We could not turn her away."

"God forbid that you should, dear mother. But do not let me meet her; I cannot bear it now."

"I thought not. But bear up, Edward; time will bring you compensation for all you have suffered."

It was true; Florence was dying. Remorse and shame had eaten into her heart, and the slight frame had shared their effects. She had returned to her parents to die, after the brief season of excitement that had succeeded her parting from her husband. A few weeks she lingered, daily fading, until, one night, she rose from her couch and knelt before the blind man, who had at last consented to enter the room, and, in the most affecting terms, begged forgiveness for the past.

Her voice brought back the echoes of long ago to his ear. Who could resist the plea of one who was thus standing on the threshold of the eternal world? He stooped down and laid his hand upon her head. At the touch, a thrill seemed to run through her frame. She raised the pale, thin hands, as if in prayer, and, in that attitude, her breath departed. He knew the moment in which she ceased breathing, and left the room instantly. An hour afterwards he was found pale and cold on the floor of his room. False as she had been, he could not know that she was dead without being stirred to the inmost depths of his spirit.

He did not recover the shock for many days; and when, at length, he grew better, he went away, in spite of Mrs. Gale's asseverations that no one could take care of him as she could. Months spent in a foreign land restored something of his former tranquillity, and his heart began to turn towards his native country with a yearning fondness that would not be denied.

He landed in that golden month that brings such exquisite beauty to our American forests. His journey home lay through the woods where the crimson maple mingled with the deep hue of evergreens and the varied colors of meaner trees, while below them the undergrowth melted into soft patterns like a rich carpet. He had taken a chaise from the landing, and was driving leisurely along, admiring the scene. He had got into the town before he knew it, and, in his abstraction, had taken the wrong road. A pretty cottage stood alone by the wayside, with its little front garden plat filled with rich autumnal flowers, and, by the bay window, a sweet, pale face was half veiled by scarlet geraniums and myrtle boughs.

Where had he seen that face before? He had hardly time to ask himself the question, before the pale face was flushed to a hue that vied with the scarlet blossoms that surrounded it. Almost simultaneously had they recognized each other, and Archer sprang from the chaise and was by her side in a moment.

"Alice, forgive! forgive!" were the only words he could utter.

There was a long talk between them, however, afterwards in that little flower-scented parlor. Alice was alone in the world; her mother had died some months before. A legacy of a few hundred dollars had reached her before she died, and the few wants of Alice had been eked out by a little ornamental sewing, when she felt able to do anything, and by the sale of her flowers. People missed the gentle, skilful and obliging dressmaker, and urged her to renew her business; but she shrunk from being looked upon, and nestled securely in her own quiet little home. Archer gathered all this from her artless revelations. The forenoon was nearly spent before he resumed the reins and drove slowly towards Mrs. Gale's.

Every day, for a week, he found his horse's head turning towards the cottage, and each day the heightened color and glad smile of its occupant told him a tale that was dear to his heart. The house on the hill was yet standing vacant in its solitary grandeur, but he never entered it. It told too sad a tale. But when he and Alice had plighted a life-long love and faith, another and more beautiful home was erected beside the little cottage, and within its walls they found compensation for the stormy past.

"At eventide there was peace."

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The building covers about three acres of ground. Many of its rooms are copied from the classic models of Greece and Rome. The employees number about one thousand. Several of the officers reside in the bank. The notes redeemed each day are checked, cancelled, and put away in boxes. After keeping them ten years, they are burned. The accumulation of the last ten years, now in the vaults of the bank, amount to three thousand millions of pounds; and yet any one of these notes can be referred to in a minute, and the history of its issue and its return given. The bank does all its own printing, and several presses are kept busy. Everything is done by machinery—the note is not touched by the pen before it goes out. I held in my hand yesterday one note for a million of sovereigns! In the bullion room ingots of gold were piled up like cords of wood, and silver bars in vast mountains. The machines for detecting light coin, and for cutting them, are exceedingly curious and yet simple. Every banker's deposit is weighed, and all the light pieces cut nearly in two, and returned next day The system of the bank is as perfect and as exact as clock-work. And yet, in spite of all precaution, some slight forgery is almost daily detected. But since the great forgery committed by Axtell, for $360,000, the bank has not lost any very heavy sums; although in 1822 capital punishment for the crime was abolished, when the "old fogies" predicted that everybody "hard up" would turn forger. In the specie department of the bank there are bags and boxes of sovereigns and half sovereigns enough to make a miser mad; there are mountains of mint drops, for which millions are sighing and lying, and perpetrating all conceivable crimes; I was asked to lift a big bag of sovereigns, and for once, I must confess, I felt a sovereign disgust for money.—*Hiram Fuller.*

LEONETTO CIPRIANI,

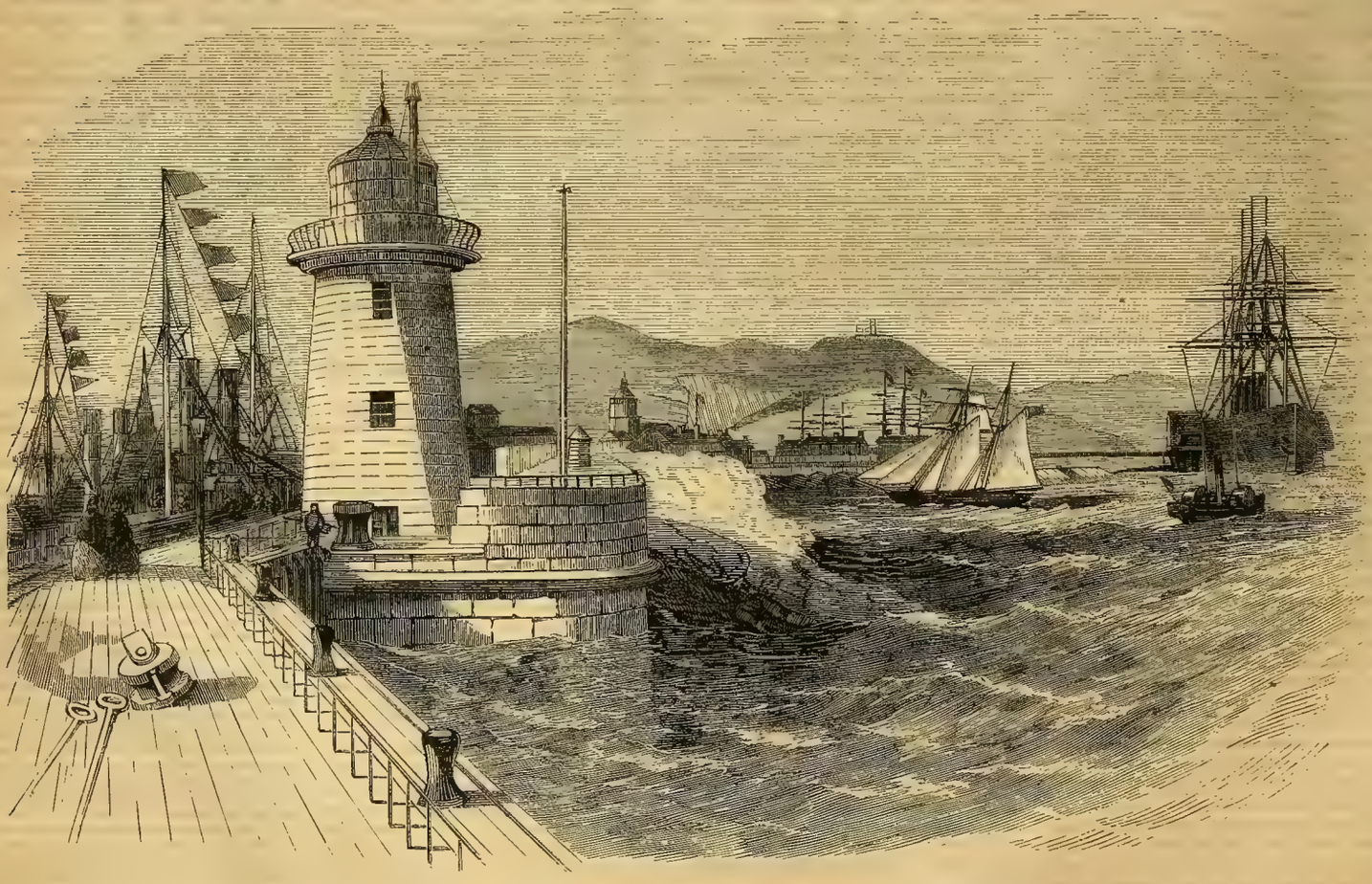
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF ROMAGNA, ITALY.

Leonetto Cipriani, Governor General of Romagna, and whose future condition now occupies the minds of all Europe, is, as his portrait indicates, a man of very firm character and of imperturbable coolness. He possesses in the highest degree the qualities which are indispensable to the direction of a country destitute of any political institution, and in which the individual must supply the absence of an entire organization, not only by the impulse he must give to the movement of government, but by the suppression of abuses and privileges of all kinds (the only legacy which the last period of forty-five years of theocratic government has left the country); no less than by restraining aspirations awakened when all talents stimulated by good as well as by evil passions, see before them an open field for the attempts that the keen and excited imagination of southern people suggests. The trials sustained up to this time by the Romaguese under the direction of this energetic man bear the impress of a calmness derived from decided strength and will. There is every reason to believe that he will continue to exhibit the same admirable qualities, now that the representative assembly has conferred the chief authority on him unanimously. Let us glance rapidly at some of the antecedents of Governor Cipriani. Previously to 1848 the governor general of Romagna had acquired a reputation in Tuscany by his ardent character, and by the correctness and intelligence of his views of agricultural improvements, which he practically conducted on the estate of his family. His rural avocations, after his father's death, quieted his passion for travel and adventure, the most salient trait of his character. At the age of sixteen he had been a spectator of the capture of Algiers by the French expedition, to join which he sailed in a trading-vessel from Leghorn. At seventeen years of age he was established on a little plantation he owned in the Antilles. His father had succeeded in sending him away from Italy, under pretext of looking after the distant family property, and thus saved him from the dangers of the insurrectionary movements of 1831. But in his voyages and travels he came frequently in contact with Italian immigrants, and thus kept informed of all the political conspiracies going on—but he never relished this species of liberal action. In 1848, however, he interested himself in the insurrection of Milan and the passage of the Ticino by Charles Albert, and embarked in politics. He contributed to hasten the departure of the Tuscan troops and volunteers, made the campaign with them as captain of cavalry, and aide-de-camp to the general, and distinguished himself by his bravery. Convinced that the demagogical party was ruining the prospects of Italy, he attempted to repress their movements at Leghorn, and at a time when every one was courting popularity, brought his cannon to bear on the untimely insurgents of that turbulent city. In the month of March, 1849, he was in Paris on a mission from the grand-ducal government of Tuscany, who had promised him the rank of colonel, and as soon as he learned the flight of the grand-duke and the denunciation of the armistice, he threw up his embassy, joined King Charles Albert, and obtained from the king the permission to serve with the Piedmontese army. He distinguished himself at Sforzesca, two days before the battle of Novara. The loss of that day and the sad fate of the king affected him deeply, and after two years of hopeless waiting for better times he went to California and made several excursions into the interior of that golden land. In 1853 he journeyed very extensively in North America, visited Salt Lake, and crossed the Sierra Nevada, returning after a wide range of travel to San Francisco. A hope that some benefit to Italy would grow out of the Crimean war brought him back to Europe in 1855. In 1857 he sailed in the French voyage of exploration with Prince Napoleon in the *Reine Hortense* to Scotland. In the spring of 1858 he became discouraged, and after having contributed greatly to the alliance between the King of Sardinia and Napoleon III, started again for California, where he owned a large tract of land, on which he lived in solitude far beyond the circle of civilization. But the war-cry of 1859 reached him in his retreat; he abandoned his favorite mode of life once more, and joined the allied armies in Lombardy towards the end of the month of June. After the arrangement of the preliminaries of peace at Villafranca, he was about returning to California, when the leaders of the Romagnese solicited him to place himself at the head of affairs. We all know how satisfactorily he has conducted himself in his new position.

LEONETTO CYPRIANI, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF ROMAGNA.

THE GREAT EASTERN AT HOLYHEAD.

We publish the accompanying engraving less for the purpose of presenting another view of the Great Eastern, than the picturesqueness and striking effect of the lighthouse and breakwater at Holyhead, a seaport town of Wales, situated near the point of the peninsula or island which projects from the western coast of the isle of Anglesey, and is a place of considerable importance since it has become a great port communication with the Irish capital and a rendezvous of the mail packet. It was hence that the Great Eastern sailed in her late voyage to Southampton, where she is now laid up for the winter, to sail in the spring, we hope, for Portland. During this last passage the ship was under the control of the chief engineer, and behaved better than on any previous occasion. She made eight knots an hour and that too in a heavy seaway. While smaller vessels were rolling and pitching most uncomfortably all about her, she moved along with an easy swing and a motion described as peculiar to herself. We sincerely hope that this sea-mammoth, after all the expense and toil bestowed upon her, will realize the expectations of her most sanguine friends. She is already the exponent of a great idea, and if she turns out as well in service as she at present promises, she will be one of the greatest marvels and triumphs of the age. The profits of the speculation remain to be shown by the test of actual experience, when the ship is in service. Many intelligent persons think, however, that the Great Eastern will only prove a monument of what human skill is susceptible of achieving, without being a source of profit. In time of war such a vessel must prove invaluable.



THE GREAT EASTERN AT HER ANCHORAGE, INSIDE THE BREAKWATER, HOLYHEAD, ENGLAND.

A SCOTCH SPORTING PARTY.

The spirited engraving on this page represents a group of sportsmen assembled in front of Meggernie Castle, Glenlyon, Perthshire, one of the most charming and romantic of Highland valleys, which reaches almost to the boundaries of Argyllshire. The house, or, more properly speaking, the castle—for it bears, in parts, much the character of an ancient French chateau—is placed almost in the centre of the above-named valley or glen, in a singularly sequestered part of the county, being fourteen or fifteen miles distant from the residence of any other laird or proprietor, and about the same from a medical man or post-office—two most essential neighbors in so wild a district. A noble avenue of lime-trees, running parallel with the River Lyon—and which avenue, were it within twenty miles of the metropolis, from its natural beauties would attract thousands—forms the approach to Meggernie from the east. The castle itself stands clear on a beautiful lawn and grassy park, on which are scattered some of the finest trees to be found in the Highlands. The place, in fact, is one of peculiar beauty and interest, not only from its position, but also from its great antiquity and neighborhood to the scenes of many a bloody Highland conflict.

The house is one of those ancient piles constructed in times of danger, when strength was the first and greatest object. The walls are accordingly of immense thickness, and the doors defended by iron gratings of prodigious size and height. A donjon excavated from the foundations is, even to the present hour, adorned with hooks, on which the finishing stroke of the law, or rather the will of barbarous and despotic chiefs, has, we are told, been frequently executed. Alas! would the ghost of some of these departed victims but deign to make their appearance in this said donjon during the shooting season, we question whether they would not be somewhat "'mazed," as the Scotch term it; and, instead of resuming their places as "damp, moist bodies" on the hooks, they would probably hang a cauldron there, in which to cook a stew of the abundant game they would find thereon, or mull a few bottles of good port or claret, with which the bins that adorn its sides are well filled. In all other respects it remains as in the times of Robert II. There is much accommodation and all requisite comfort to be found in the interior of Meggernie Castle, both as regards the more modern portion of the building, as also in the fine old tower which forms one of its extremities. Some old family portraits, both of the Menzies branch and also of the Stewarts of Cardnay, adorn the walls, likewise those of the late Mr. and Mrs. Menzies. The proprietor is descended in a straight line from Sir John Stewart of Cardnay, son of King Robert II., from whose eldest son he is fifteenth in descent. By the female line Mr. Menzies possesses the estates of Meggernie and Caldares, and is a branch of the family of Menzies of Castle Menzies, chief of the same. This charming shooting quarter was held for many years by the late Earl of Sefton. A more first-rate sportsman, in the true acceptation of the term, never fired at red deer or grouse, and a more generous, high-minded, and noble-hearted English nobleman never graced the pages of the British Peerage. On the present owner coming of age the earl was obliged to resign the lease, which for many years he had held, to the regret of all the poor Highlanders of the Glen whose comforts he never lost sight of in the midst of his own sporting pleasure. The present proprietor or owner of Meggernie has added to the castle, and greatly improved it as a permanent residence.

The noble, rough-haired deerhound, which reposes in the foreground of the illustration, is a portrait of one of the finest and truest bred dogs. His dimensions are as follows: Heights at shoulder, 34 inches; girth at chest, 35 1-2 inches; length from the end of the nose to the tip of his tail, 63 inches; his color, pale yellow with jet black muzzle; hair strong and wiry. The other dogs, we are informed, are portraits of individuals. The whole scene is pleasing and spirited.

THE DIMINUTION OF RAIN.

The following remarks on the cause and consequence of the diminution of rain in all countries, by M. A. Dembinsky, professor of chemistry, are copied from the London Illustrated Times:

It is demonstrated that during the last eight years an increase of rising tracts of land has taken place, and that the majority of rivers recede to much lower beds, losing a great amount of their usual volume of water, and raise an abundance of fossils and weeds, which soon form layers for dry land, and increase the solid matter of the globe. The same effect is caused by the increase of population and the progress of science and arts, by the decay or refuse of matter. Large forests are consumed by the great demand for the erection of habitations, ship-building, domestic and agricultural employments and industry, by which means the reflection of light must increase, and thereby a smaller amount of evaporation or humidity must be caused, and in consequence a less amount of rain is produced, so that the formation of land is favored. The phenomena of the Nile in Egypt not having overflowed during the last month of June, and the coast area of the Baltic having receded for about a quarter of a mile, and similar events visible in all rivers, substantiate the fact. We come now to the question, what results and conseqences emanate from it? And, as far as human calculation permits, we find already striking proofs of the great change of climatic condition, the increase of heat, and a great amount of atmospheric electricity, producing virulent diseases, the prevalent afflictions of the respiratory organs, the uncommon emigration of animals and fishes from distant climates, the frequent boreal reflection of the sun, and several other indications which would require volumes to describe. One universal blessing, however, will ensue, and that will be the disappearance of the potato disease. All bulbous plants, if for many years reproduced by bulbs, and not by cultivation of seeds, lose a great deal of their saccharine and floury substance, and incline to an unhealthy fermentation of the juice in the plants, which, during continuous rain, attract certain atmospheric animalculæ, and which penetrate into the plants to metamorphose, and thus produce an almost invisible maggot, which, at its maturity, descends from the stalk into the bulbs, and causes the potato disease. If, during an interval of dry and hot weather, the fermentation referred to is prevented, the disease will surely disappear. This result has been established on the continent, where sandy soil is prevalent, principally in Mark Brandenburg, in Prussia, where, by order of the government, extensive trials were instituted, and produced the said effect. Potatoes cultivated by the seeds would confirm my assertion.

JEALOUSY.

Jealousy is as cruel as the grave; not the grave that opens its deep bosom to receive and shelter from further storms the worn and forlorn pilgrim, who "rejoiceth and is exceeding glad" when he can find its repose; but cruel as the grave is when it yawns and swallows down from the lap of luxury, from the summit of fame, from the bosom of love, the desire of many eyes and hearts. Jealousy is a two-headed asp, biting backwards and forwards. Among the deadly things upon the earth, or in the sea, or flying through the deadly night air of malarious regions, few are more obnoxious than is jealousy. And of all mad passions, there is not one that has a vision more distorted, or a more unreasonable fury. To the jealous eye, white looks black, yellow looks green, and the very sunshine turns deadly lurid. There is no innocence, no justice, no generosity, that is not touched with suspicion, save just the jealous person's own. And jealousy is an utter folly, for it helps nothing and saves nothing. If your friend's love is going, or gone, to another, will your making yourself hateful and vindictive stay it or bring it back? If it is *not* leaving you, is there no risk in rendering yourself so unlovely?

Commend me to all bereaven bears rather than to a jealous person, especially a jealous *woman*. There is neither reason nor mercy in her when once thoroughly struck through with this fearful passion. She renders herself altogether repulsive by it—an object more of dread than affection to those who have loved her best. And if she regain not her self-command, and return not to her senses, she frequently destroys utterly the attachments she most prized. Her friends may indeed refuse to forsake her; but it will be duty that bids them stay; and never will they be able to forget what an abject thing she has once appeared.

But let not any too rigorously judge the conduct of a jealous woman or a jealous man. Remember that the maniac *suffers*. To be sure, the suffering is from selfishness—often it is without a shadow of a cause; but still it *is* suffering, and it is intense. Pity it—bear with it. You may yourself fall into temptation. It is a sorer curse, a more certain and fatal blight to the heart on which it seizes, than it can be to those against whom its spite is hurled. Then, while none should bend too far to the whims of jealousy, all should be patient with its victims; and also should be watchful and careful that it enter not their own heart.—*Dickens.*

Hazlitt somewhere speaks of authors who, never forgetting their professional character, "carry their reputation about with them as the snail does its shell, and sit under its canopy like the lady in the lobster."

A SHOOTING PARTY IN FRONT OF MEGGERNIE CASTLE, GLENLYON, SCOTLAND. [FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

JAPANESE BATH HOUSE.

We entered a low porch, first putting aside a hanging screening of matting, and passed into a spacious room divided into three compartments. On the right was a dark division, with benches around for resting or smoking upon. A youth sat upon a small table with a cash-box before him for the receipt of bath money; the price for each bath being five copper cash. On the left the apartment retired far back, the floor gradually inclining downwards for about six feet, and again ascending towards a screen; behind which some good people were enjoying the luxury of a warm bath. A channel passes through the room to carry off the water. Near the screened apartment, but exposed to public view, was a broad and shallow path of cold water in the angle of the double inclined floor. Here men, women, and children squatted down, on issuing from the hot bath, and splashed the cold water over their bodies; they use it unsparingly. They were perfectly naked, and appeared ruddy and refreshed. Nothing abashed by the presence of strangers, the work is carried on vigorously; and the exhibition is not looked upon by the Japanese as being at all indelicate; it may be from Adam and Eve like simplicity on their part. On leaving the baths they scrub themselves with dry, coarse towels, then dress, and leave the establishment, or retire to a small room, where they can be provided with a refreshing cup of tea.—*Voyage to Japan.*

A NEW ENTERPRISE!

THE WELCOME GUEST.

This is the title of a new and brilliant family paper which will be issued by the subscriber on the first day of January next. It is intended, as its name indicates, for the HOME CIRCLE, and its individuality will consist in its forming just such a journal as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the fireside. It will be

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A GREAT FAVORITE

everywhere, north, south, east and west. It will be entirely neutral in politics, and all sectional and sectarian matters, preferring to make itself a WELCOME GUEST to each and all, rather than to indulge in jarring discussions. No vulgar word or line will ever sully its fair pages, which will address themselves to the best taste and appreciation of every one. In all respects it will be

FRESH AND BEAUTIFUL,

the whole design being from original plans, intended to introduce to the public a corps of NEW AND BRILLIANT WRITERS; and it will follow the lead of no other journal that is published. It will present a chaste and elegant heading, and be printed upon heavy, fine white paper, on a rich, clear font of type, cast expressly for it. Thus forming of

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FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C.—Dibdin, the famous bibliographer, was nephew of Dibdin, the famous nautical song-writer.

STATICIAN.—From a table recently published, it appears that the superficial area of all the States and territories of our Union is 3,268,010 square miles; of this, 1,829,010 square miles are within the limits of the present organized States, and 1,439,000 square miles within the territories. The limits of the United States when their independence was achieved (1783), did not exceed 820 680 square miles.

C. M., New York.—It was said shortly before her death that Lady Morgan's writings had yielded her 100,000 dollars.

"SEVENTY-SIX"—An epigram was current, after Burgoyne's surrender, which ran thus:

"Burgoyne, unconscious of impending fates,
Could cut his way through woods—but not through *Gates*."

SHEPHERD.—The Angora Goat is being extensively acclimated in France. The fleece sells at from $2 to $2 50, and the wool, or rather hair, makes excellent velvet, uniting the lustre of silk to the firmness of wool velvet. A few of these beautiful animals were imported into South Carolina in 1849. They have increased to upward of fifty of the pure breed, besides many more half-breeds.

G. M.—If you intend to make a figure in the legal profession, we advise you to drop the acquaintance of the muse.

R. V.—You will never get an idea of the pronunciation of French words, till you drop your pronouncing dictionary and take a live Frenchman.

CONSTANT READER.—In the year 1770 the presidency of Bengal was almost depopulated in consequence of dry weather. The rivers were nearly dried up, the rice fields failed. In addition, the granaries through some means became ignited, and a famine, such as Europe had not known for many centuries, was the awful result. It is stated that tens of thousands human beings perished in the streets, and that in Calcutta alone there were daily employed by the East India Company one hundred men to remove the dead bodies on cars and sledges, and to deposit them in the waters of the Ganges.

D. C., Mobile.—We cannot notice questions which require long and elaborate answers.

AMATEUR.—Water cakes are made of the ordinary pigments, ground up very fine with water in which has been dissolved a little gum-arabic or a little size. Being thus made into a paste, they are pressed in a steel dye and afterwards dried in a gentle heat.

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.

We yield to no man in our respect for the eloquence of our countrymen. Having listened enchanted to the utterances of a Webster, an Everett, a Choate, and a Harrison Gray Otis, to say nothing of other illustrious masters of the art, we thought we had heard the highest specimens of oratory. Little did we dream that the sublimest efforts of our living and dead speakers were to be eclipsed and utterly thrown into the shade by a speaker, who, at one spring, has placed himself on the topmost pinnacle of achievement. If our language is verging on the "highfalutin'," it is because we have just arisen from the perusal of a patriotic oration delivered so lately as July 4th, of this year of grace—an oration which lies before us in all the brilliancy of fine white paper and sharp-cut type, and bearing every stamp of authenticity. This address was delivered at Rome, Tennessee, at the last celebration of the anniversary of our national independence, by Edwin H. Tenney, Esq., Attorney at Law, of Nashville, Tennessee.

It is truly a remarkable production. Every page, every passage, blazes with rhetorical images. The same effect is produced on the mind by reading this production, as on the eye by looking at the dazzling changes of the kaleidoscope. The orator's striking originality is highly characteristic. Even many of his words are to be found in no dictionary of the English or any other language, a fact which gives him a great advantage, though the envious might deem it an undue one, over all his compeers. But we hasten to lay before our readers a few specimens of this unique production. After speaking warmly of the heroes of the Revolution, he says:

"We pay thus our dues to seventy-six; but we see in this assembly the Mexican soldier. You have a mortgage on our sympathies, for your cerebellum has been steeled at the bellows of liberty. This gray-headed flag, the genial proffer of a Carthage heart, once splendid and significant, wiping so often with the limber neck of its gentle bird, your chameleon forehead, stitched with glory and hemmed with magnificence, eloquent with Webster's great sentiment, mid the stars and stripes that now flap the gales of a grateful country,—Ah! its history from the old training-day, now sorry with scars, airy from bomb-shells, and bored with bullet-holes, all redolent of victory, hued with blood from Palo Alto to Monterey, is your eulogy."

But lest the reader should think that the *forte* of our orator is rhetoric, let us give him a taste of his logic and philosophy. The following passage is Emersonian in its profundity:

"Danger is the concomitant of power, the damper of enthusiasm, and the attendant of vicissitude. Preachers work with it, statesmen and politicians feel of it, rogues and rascals tamper with it. Fancy is its workshop; the passions are its playhouse; steel, lead, coffins and gunpowder are its nicknacks. To hierarchies, it is safe and vitalizing; to principalities, it is ruthless and nauseating; but to democracy, lurking and desultory, it spawns politicians like tadpoles, and mounted with their regimentals, sly and slippery, it lubricates sensibilities with pity, braces dependency with enthusiasm, pays despair with hope, bridging gulleys with alternatives all big with disunion; and when the last lonely lane of expediency is travelled, and the last drawbridge of desperation cut, floundering on the brink of agony, sinewless and beaten, croaking a nation's death knell, it rivets its doom on type and stump, rips from anarchy its grave-clothes, sews them with muscles of liberty, but to swap regimentals for the tomb."

We could multiply extracts; but as there is food too luscious to be taken except in infinitesimal doses, so there is mental pabulum too strong to be digested in large quantities. But we think we have quoted enough to prove that this oration is the most remarkable production of the 19th century. It is as eloquent as any audience can bear—one figure more, one phrase additional, one flight higher, and the public would die like Semele when Jupiter came to her in all the effulgence of his Olympian glory.

TESTIMONIAL WORTH HAVING.

Our readers are aware that we individually give the Ladd & Webster Sewing Machines preference over all others, from a personal knowledge of its merits; but the following letter from J. P. Pirrson, Esq., a *practical* man in every sense of the word, and a distinguished civil engineer and patent lawyer, is worth more, in fact, than the combined opinion of half the editors in New England:

Letter from J. P. Pirrson, Esq., Civil Engineer.

No. 5, WALL STREET, N. Y.
Nov. 10th, 1859.

SIR,—In giving the opinion you request as to the merits of your Sewing Machines, it may be as well to state that that opinion is drawn from two sources—the one being the practical working of your machines in my family, and the other from knowledge and information obtained in the course of a professional business, which has brought from time to time before me for critical examination almost all the known forms of Sewing Machines from the very beginning of their history. My experience, practically, is that your Machines are eminently fitted for all the various uses to which it is possible to apply a Sewing Machine. For the family, I find that they perform admirably upon every material desired. In regard to their durability, as well as to their ability to stand hard driving, it appears to me that no Machines are made which excel, and few which equal them. I find that they are made of the best material, all the bearings and other moving parts strong and substantial, while the running is smooth and as nearly frictionless as possible. All these are qualities essential to a first-class Machine.

(Signed), JOSEPH P. PIRRSON.

To WM. C. HICKS, Esq., Sup't of Ladd, Webster & Co.'s Sewing Machine Manufactory.

PAINLESS SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

Dr. George Hayward, the eminent surgeon of this city, lately contributed a very able and interesting article to the "British and Foreign Medico Chirurgical Review," on "Anæsthesia, and the agents employed to produce it." His purpose is to urge his professional brethren in Europe to make a fair trial of rectified sulphuric ether as an anæsthetic agent, from its perfect safety, while chloroform, which appears to be the favorite in foreign practice, not unfrequently produces fatal results. Dr. Hayward states that he has never, in spite of the utmost diligence in searching for facts, "been able to find any well-attested case of death from its (ether) inhalation." Dr. Hayward was the first practitioner who performed an important surgical operation on a patient rendered insensible by the inhalation of sulphuric ether. This was done at the Massachusetts General Hospital, in this city, November 7, 1846, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. The operation was the removal of the leg of a female patient above the knee. The instrument by which the ether was applied was very clumsy, but insensibility was produced in three minutes. The operation occupied one minute and forty-five seconds, not including the tying of the six arteries. The patient was insensible throughout, only giving signs of consciousness when the last artery was tied. The application of the ether was made at the suggestion of Dr. Morton, the dentist, who was the first to use the ether, having extracted a tooth without causing pain September 30, 1846.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

NEW VOLUME—NEW STORY.

On the first of January, *The Flag of our Union* will enter upon its *fifteenth* volume. We have completed arrangements whereby the paper will be greatly improved, and shall appear in an entirely new and beautiful dress from top to toe, a new head, and upon fine white paper. The *Flag* was the pioneer of the papers of its class in this country, and it has ever labored to merit the large and still growing popularity it enjoys. We are constantly adding to our list of contributors, and do not hesitate to declare that no miscellaneous journal published, has a larger or more popular list of writers engaged upon its columns. We shall commence the new year with a brilliant original novelette, from the experienced and favorite pen of FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ESQ., entitled

THE POLICE SPY:

—OR,—

The Secret Crimes of Paris,

illustrated in Champney's best style. We are resolved that the next volume, with the advantage of the past fourteen years' experience, shall be the best that has ever issued from our establishment.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—Abbott's fancy goods store, 262 Washington Street, corner of Avon Place, presents the most elegant variety of articles for gifts at this season, embracing bronzes, rich Paris fancy articles, dressing-cases of the most beautiful patterns, vases of every description, Parian goods in infinite variety, ornamental combs, jewel cases, meerschaum pipes, and in short, articles too numerous to mention. The store is a choice and attractive museum in itself, and the goods are sold amazingly low. Mr. Abbott has been so long in the business that he has reduceed it to a profession to supply the public with articles of virtu and useful ornaments, and at prices, too, which a few years ago would have been considered impossible. Let our friends, ladies and gentlemen, look in and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, and they will be abundantly repaid for their visit, if only by the delight of examining so brilliant an array of seasonable and new goods.

OLD SPAIN.—Spain appears to be entering upon a new career of prosperity. Within the past ten years, many reforms have been instituted in regard to the ecclesiastical establishments of the country, the manufacturers are protected, and more than a thousand miles of railroad have been put in successful operation. The Paris Patrie epitomizes the fact in the following language: "Spain daily grows greater; political parties are becoming appeased; her agriculture develops itself; her credit improves; her industry progresses, and her army becomes obedient in discipline."

RATHER KEEN.—A superficial person, having heard a popular declaimer preach, said to Dr. Bellamy, "O, sir, I have been fed this evening." The doctor replied, "So the calves think, after having sucked each other's ears."

"EXTENSION."—The King of Abyssinia has sold to France the island of Massowah, in the Red Sea. It has a good harbor and some trade, and is susceptible of being made a superior naval station.

HUMAN NATURE.—Wherever there is authority, there is a natural inclination to disobedience. It was so with our first parents, and it has ever been so with all their descendants.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The cheapest publication in the world. One dollar a year!

LOCH KATRINE.

This celebrated spot of water is a lake on the western portion of the district of Monteith, Perthshire, running for a considerable space between the parishes of Callander and Aberfoil, and extending in a serpentine form about nine miles from east to north, while its breadth is no more than a mile. From the eastern extremity of the lake flows a stream, which, after winding into two minor lakes, called Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, becomes a contributor of the Frith of Forth, that flows into the Great Canal, by which the Forth and the Clyde are joined. The banks of the above lakes are distinguished by a beautiful range of sylvan and wooded scenery, enhanced to a considerable extent by the rude and almost Alpine characteristics of the district. Loch Katrine is a peculiarly characteristic piece of scenery, which has commonly been called the "Trosachs," and has ever been dear to artists, who have a penchant for forms partaking of the Salvator Rosa caste.

The scene of the "Trosachs" may be described as a valley covered with large fragments of rocks, and flanked with naked precipices, amidst which grow many beautiful trees and shrubs, giving a beautiful mellowness and softness to what would be otherwise a scene of unmitigated, wild, barbaric magnificence. The banks of the Loch Katrine are composed of slopes, which gradually descend from the neighboring mountain ridges, most of which are covered with beautiful natural woods, supplying extremely picturesque points of view to the artist and tourist. Formerly the extraordinary beauty of this Highland paradise was almost unknown, as it lay "embowered in trees;" nor was a wider knowledge of it gained until the publication of Sir Walter Scott's poem of "The Lady of the Lake," of which it was the scene. Subsequent to this period the locality has become the favorite resort of travellers to the northern portion of the Scottish dominions, and is annually visited in summer and autumn by large numbers. A good road is now formed between Callander and Loch Katrine; and the convenience of a boat to traverse the lake from one end to the other, may at all times be procured by tourists, whether they approach from the eastern or western extremity. There is also an inn at Loch Achray, near the eastern end of the lake, at which admirable accommodation is afforded at reasonable rates.

HOW TO OBTAIN RECRUITS.

A writer in Blackwood states that when soldiers are wanted and recruits are scarce, at Damascus, a review is given. A number of ingenious manœuvres are given by the troops, which result, first, in the spectators finding themselves enclosed in a square, and next, in the able-bodied ones being marched off as conscripts to the Padisha's army. When this device gets stale, another measure is adopted, not calculated, one would think, to promote the better observance of the Sabbath in Damascus; soldiers are sent to the door of the mosque to catch all who may be inside. When this in turn begins to fail, and the Damascenes will neither attend reviews nor go to church, the authorities fall back on a plan of simple efficacy, and send soldiers to kidnap people in their houses at night.

BINDING.—Every description of book-binding done at this office. Magazines, pamphlets, sheet music, newspapers, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Punch, The London Illustrated News, Atlantic Monthly, Godey's Magazine, Peterson's Magazine, Ballou's Dollar Monthly, Ballou's Pictorial, Weekly Novelette, Flag of our Union, scrap books, engravings, etc., etc., etc., bound and returned in one week.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The first Lord Littleton was very absent in company, and when he fell into the river by the upsetting of a boat, at Hagley, it is said of him that "he had sunk twice before he recollected that he could swim."

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY—is to be completed to Detroit the present year, making 862 miles in a direct line, and branches in addition, making in the aggregate 1099 miles, costing, including the Victoria Bridge, over $60,000,000.

CARVING.—A gentleman undertook to carve a joint at a dinner party, and did the work very awkwardly. "You shall not be my joint-executor," said his next neighbor.

EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

The following strange story appears in the Union du Var: Sir Edward Egerton, nephew of Sir Robert Peel, has just left Nice for Grasse. This young man has been occupied for several years in procuring the information necessary to discover a will made by one of his uncles, leaving him a fortune estimated at thirty-two millions—part of the fortune consisting of thirty houses in London, and an entire street in Edinburgh. This will, after the death of the testator, could not be found, and all attempts to discover it were fruitless. In August last, the Rev. Mr. Himmel, a Catholic priest at Dublin, received in confession a declaration to the following effect: The opulent testator, some time ago, sailed for Italy in the Ville de Grasse, a steamer which sunk near the Iles d'Hyeres. All his effects and papers were lost, but he himself was saved; he was, however, afflicted with rheumatism, and having had to stop at Nice, died there. Just before his death, he made his secretary write to his nephew, to beg him to come in all haste; but the secretary, supposing that he would make a new will in favor of the latter, and having a spite against him, did not send the letter. When he made this confession, the ex secretary was on his death-bed, and he prayed the priest to do what he could to repair his wrong. Sir E. Egerton is now about to endeavor to obtain at La Grasse and Cannes, information as to the precise spot in which the vessel went down. He hopes that the trunks of his deceased uncle may still be intact, and that in one of them he can find the will. A company is being organized at London to assist him in getting up the vessel. He has consented to advance £20,000 in English money towards the expenses, and to give 5,000,000f. out of his inheritance if the will be found at the bottom of the ocean. In the lost vessel were large sums of money, and other articles of value belonging to other persons; and the question has arisen whether the English company may not retain all the wealth it may fish up.

INSANITY IN IRELAND.

In some of the gaols in Ireland lunatics are admitted who are dangerous to themselves or others. As bearing on the effect of the religious revivals, it has been ascertained that, taking the period between the first of June last and the present time, the number committed in 1858 to the gaols of Belfast, Downpatrick, and Monaghan, were in all 22, while in 1859 they amounted to 45. Of the 22 committed in 1858, only one appeared to have had his mind overturned from religious causes, while in the cases occurring in 1859, the religious element largely predominates. Thus, of 19 committed to Belfast gaol, no less than 13 were certified by the medical officer to have been insane on the subject of religion, and the remaining six might perhaps be traced to a similar cause.

DON'T NEGLECT A COUGH.—Taken in the early stages a cough can be cured at once; but if neglected, it leads to a dangerous trouble. A distressing cough causes the friends of the sufferer as much pain as the sufferer experiences himself. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will certainly cure coughs, colds, and arrest consumption, and that, too, speedily; but it should be taken when thus affected without delay, and then its effect is magical. Buy none unless it has written upon the wrapper, "I. Butts," as there are imitations of the article in some States of the Union.

FRIENDSHIP.—Dr. Johnson tells us that if a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

LEGAL DECISION.—Judge Whiteman, of Perry county, Ohio, has lately decided that a railway company has no right to sell or mortgage their road without the consent of the Legislature.

GOLD.—The water-courses through California are at the lowest stage, and the miners holding claims in the beds of the streams are gathering rich harvests of gold.

A GOLDEN RULE.—Never condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accuser, and the charge preferred against him.

SHARP.—"I do not wish your assertions to pass for truth, madam." "You can easily prevent it, sir, by repeating them yourself."

"THE WELCOME GUEST."—After fourteen years' experience in newspaper publishing, we are resolved to make this new journal, which will be issued on the first of January, the most valuable, attractive, and elegant weekly literary paper yet brought before the eye of the public! Now is the time to subscribe—$2 a year.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mr. Joseph Kline died at Freeport, Illinois, lately, from the bite of a cat.

There are now nineteen steam fire engines in the city of Philadelphia.

The pea-nut is extensively cultivated in California, and will in a few years form an important article of commerce.

The taxable property in Texas this year is $224,353,256, being an increase of thirty millions over the last.

Ex-President Pierce has purchased a tract of fifteen acres of land in Concord, N. H., on which he intends to build a house next spring.

The population of Memphis, Tenn., by a census just completed, is 25,000, or double the population of 1854, and four times larger than in 1850.

Two cattle drovers were arrested at Columbus, Ohio, lately, their drove of fifty one head being made up of pickings and stealings all the way from Indiana.

The amount of wheat now accumulating on the Upper Mississippi, for the steamboats to take down the river before navigation closes, is immensely large.

The board of underwriters of New York have offered a reward of three thousand dollars for every apprehension and conviction of an incendiary during the next twelve months.

A young lady in Lansingburg was told that a party was to be given in that place, and that lots of young men from Troy would be present. "Yes," said she, "vacant lots, probably."

There is now in operation in the United States one mile of railway to every thousand inhabitants; in England one to every 2500, and in the whole of Great Britain, one to every 3000 inhabitants.

The Canadians are discussing the subject of supporting schools by direct taxation The New Brunswick Herald is of opinion that a large majority of the people are in favor of such a policy.

Colonel Hoe, the inventor of the cylinder press, has had his leg broken by a fall from his carriage. If he is confined long, he will invent some mode of motion that will quite supercede legs.

The Yale Catalogue and Calendar shows that there are 42 officers in its faculty and instructors, with two vacant professorships. There are 139 professional students and 502 academical. The freshmen number 173.

One of the ablest of the English judges has recently declared from the bench his objection to upset a decision of the Jockey Club, because, he said, it was the most honorable tribunal in the world.

An old man named Armstrong owns a beautiful ranch on the south fork of Eel River, Cal., where he lives all alone, and his nearest neighbor is forty miles away. He owns about 600 head of stock.

The prairies along the river in Nebraska were on fire a short time since. The flames extended as far as the eye could reach, presenting a magnificent spectacle, and the smoke was so thick on the river that boats could scarcely make their way.

A report on the railroads in Virginia states that there is in operation one thousand four hundred and thirty-eight miles of main line of railroads. The exhibit of earnings by the various roads is quite flattering to railroad enterprise in Virginia.

Mrs. Susannah Knight, a widow lady, 54 years of age, while travelling in the cars near Syracuse, N. Y., on the 14th ult., attempted to pass from one car to another, when she made a misstep and fell between the cars, and was immediately killed, her head being severed from her body.

In Chicago, a few days ago, a whole family were staggering along upon the sidewalk, drunk. There were the husband, the wife, two daughters from fourteen to eighteen years old, and a boy not far from the same age, all more or less intoxicated.

There a slight disposition in certain quarters to belittle the Great Eastern, now that she is not coming. People talk of her as the gentleman did of the Ark, when Noah politely refused him a pass into that nautical concern. The English may "go to thunder," or to the Mediterranean, with their big boat, no one here thinks her much of a ship.

The Auburn Advertiser learns that a young lady, daughter of Mr. Fleming, of Victory, Cayuga county, was shot through the head and instantly killed, lately. Her brother was going through the manual with a gun, showing his sister "how it was done," when the gun exploded, and the ball taking effect in the sister's head, she fell and instantly expired. She was about nineteen years of age.

Sands of Gold.

.... The imagination is the greatest of enchanters.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide.—*Coke.*

.. . Socrates that almost divine man, has made his mind the touchstone of the true and false.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Dull men are to be closely studied. Their qualities, like pearls, lie out of sight, and must be dived for.—*Bovee.*

.... Every genius who produces evil and not good, is rather a monster than a prodigy.—*De Boufflers.*

.... The honest, earnest determination to perform, almost always suggests its own *modus operandi.—G. W. Simms.*

.... The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—*Bovee.*

.... Cease to lament for that thou canst not help, and study help from that which thou lamentest. Time is the nurser and breeder of all good.—*Shakspeare.*

.... The lively and mercurial are as open books, with the leaves turned down at the notable passages. Their souls sit at the windows of their eyes, seeing and to be seen.—*Bovee.*

.... How poor are they that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou knowest we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; and wit depends on dilatory time.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Let youth cherish sleep, the happiest of earthly boons, while yet it is at his command; for there cometh the day to all, when "neither the voice of the lute nor the bird" shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fell on their young eyes as unbidden as the dews.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

.... But for that blindness which is inseparable from malice, what terrible powers of evil would it possess. Fortunately for the world, its venom, like that of the rattlesnake, when most poisonous, clouds the eye of the reptile, and defeats its aim.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we contrive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—*Sidney Smith.*

.... There is nothing so elevating to a woman as the love of a truly great and noble man. The worship she pays him, whether it be that of friendship or of love, exalts her mind, and fills her soul with a holy joy; there is nothing so degrading, so crushing to the spirit, as to be the slave of a churl.—*Mrs. Crowe.*

Joker's Budget.

A teacher of penmanship, in twelve lessons, taught a lawyer to read his own writing.

A bad hat, taken to an evening party, frequently comes out the next day as good as new.

A friend has presented us with the autograph of the blacksmith that "riveted the public gaze."

Never do things by halves, unless it is sending a bank note by the post, or paying a cabman his demand.

A man went on board a California vessel to take leave of his friends, and *forgot* to come ashore again.

If a man is bitten by a dog, he is most likely, whether the animal has the hydrophobia or not, to get mad.

"Although you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you," as the earth said to the sun.

If a man will reap "whatsoever he *soweth,*" what a harvest of coats and breeches the tailors will have one of these days!

Seeing a cellar nearly finished, a waggish friend of ours remarked that it was an excellent foundation for a *story.*

If cloth is eighteen shillings, and pants fifty cents, how many yards of buttermilk will be necessary to make a gander an outside coat?

"I thought the wise men came from the east," said a western man to a Yankee. "And the farther you go west the more you'll think so—I *rather guess.*"

A western editor says he is a whole horse, which we presume is the case, as we find the following advertisement in his columns, viz., "Grain wanted at this office."

"I have learned this profound truth," says Alderman Johnson, "from eating turtle, that it shows a most depraved taste to mock anything for its greenness."

Of all passages in a young man's life, there is none so trying, so solemn, or accompanied with so much earnest feeling, as seeking for the lucifer box in the dark.

There is a man out West so forgetful of faces, that his wife is compelled to keep a wafer stuck on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies, but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

"Ah," said an Englishman the other day, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets." "And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there can be no correct map—it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it."

A NEW PLEASURE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE whole purpose of Mr. Bolton's life had been the accumulation of property, with an end to his own gratification. To part with a dollar was, therefore, ever felt as the giving up of a prospective good; and it acted as the abridgement of present happiness. Appeals to Mr. Bolton's benevolence had never been very successful; and in giving, he had not experienced the blessing which belongs of right to good deeds. The absolute selfishness of his feelings wronged him of what was justly his due.

Thus passed the life of Mr. Bolton. Dollar was added to dollar, house to house, and field to field. Yet he was never satisfied with gaining; for the little he had looked so small, compared with the wealth of the world, after the whole of which his heart really panted, as to appear at times actually insignificant. Thus, as he grew older, he set a higher value upon what he had, as the means of gaining more; and in his parting with money, did so at the expense of a daily increasing reluctance.

In the beginning of life, Mr. Bolton possessed a few generous feelings, the remains of early and innocent states stored up in childhood. His mother, a true woman, perceiving the strong selfish and accumulative bent of his character, had sought in every possible way to implant in his mind feelings of benevolence and regard for others. One mode of doing this was to introduce him into scenes that appealed to his sympathies. She often took him with her to see poor or sick persons, and so interested him in them as to create a desire in his mind to afford relief. So soon as she perceived this desire awakening, she devised some mode of bringing it into activity, so that he might feel the delights which spring from a consciousness of having done good to another.

But so strong was the lad's hereditary love of self, that she ever found difficulty in inducing him to sacrifice what he already considered his own, in the effort to procure blessings for others, no matter how greatly they stood in need. If urged to spend a sixpence of his own for such a purpose, he would generally reply:

"But you've got a great many more sixpences than I have, mother; why don't you spend them?"

To this Mrs. Bolton would answer as appropriately as possible; but she found but poor success in her efforts, which were never relaxed. In early manhood, as Mr. Bolton began to come in actual contact with the world, the remains of early states of innocence and sympathy with others came back, as we have intimated, upon him, and he acted, in many instances, with a generous disregard of self. But as he bent his mind more and more earnestly to the accumulation of money, these feelings had less and less influence over him. And as dollar after dollar was added to his store, his interest in the welfare of others grew less and less active. Early friendships were gradually forgotten, and the first natural desire to see early friends prosperous like himself, gradually died out. "Every man for himself" became the leading principle of his life; and he acted upon it on all occasions. In taking a pew at church, and regularly attending worship every Sabbath, he was governed by the idea that it was respectable to do so, and gave a man a standing in society, that reacted favorably upon his worldly interests. In putting his name to a subscription paper, a thing not always to be avoided, even by him, a business view of the matter was invariably taken, and the satisfaction of mind experienced on the occasion arose from the reflection that the act would benefit him in the long run. As to the minor charities, in the doing of which the left hand has no acquaintance with the deeds of the right hand, Mr. Bolton never indulged in them. If his left hand had known the doings of his right in matters of this kind, said hand would not have been much wiser for the knowledge.

Thus life went on; and Mr. Bolton was ever busy in gathering his golden harvest; so busy, that he had not time for anything else, not even to enjoy what he possessed. At last he was sixty years old, and his wealth extended to many hundreds of thousands of dollars. But he was further from being satisfied than ever, and less happy than at any former period in his life.

One cause of unhappiness arose from the fact that, as a rich man, he was constantly annoyed with applications to do a rich man's part in the charities of the day. And to these applications it was impossible always to turn a deaf ear. Give he must, sometimes, and giving always left a pain behind, because the gift came not from a spirit of benevolence. There were other and various causes of unhappiness, all of which combining, made Mr. Bolton, as old age came stealing upon him, about as miserable a man as could well be. Money, in his eyes the greatest good, had not brought the peace of mind to which he had looked forward, and the days came and went without a smile. His children had grown up and passed into the world, and were, as he had been at their ages, so all-absorbed by the love of gain, as to have little love to spare for anything else.

About this time, Mr. Bolton, having made one or two losing operations, determined to retire from business, invest all his money in real estate and other securities, and let the management of these investments constitute his future employment. In this new occupation he found so little to do in comparison with his former busy life, that the change proved adverse, so far as his repose of mind was concerned.

It happened, about this time, that Mr. Bolton had occasion to go some twenty miles into the country. On returning home, and when within a few miles of the city, his carriage was overset, and he had the misfortune to fracture a limb. This occurred near a pleasant little farm house that stood a few hundred yards from the road; the owner of which, seeing the accident, ran to the overturned carriage and assisted to extricate the injured man. Seeing how badly he was hurt, he had him removed to his own house, and then taking a horse, rode off two miles for a physician. In the meantime the driver of Mr. Bolton's carriage was despatched to the city for some of his family and his own physician. The country doctor and the one from the city arrived about the same time. On making a careful examination as to the nature of Mr. Bolton's injuries, it was found that his right leg above the knee was broken, and that one of his ankles was dislocated. He was suffering great pain, and was much exhausted. As quickly as it could be done the bone was set, and the dislocation reduced. By this time it was nightfall, and too late to think seriously of returning before morning. The moment Mr. Gray, the farmer, saw the thoughts of the injured man and his friends directed towards the city, he promptly invited them to remain in his house all night, and as much longer as the nature of Mr. Bolton's injuries might require. The invitation was thankfully accepted.

During the night Mr. Bolton suffered a great deal of pain, and in the morning, when the physicians arrived, it was found that his injured limb was much inflamed. Of course, a removal to the city was out of the question. The doctors declared that the attempt would be made at the risk of his life. Farmer Gray said that such a thing must not be thought of until the patient was fully able to bear the journey; and the farmer's wife as earnestly protested against any attempt at having the injured man disturbed until it could be perfectly safe to do so. Both tendered the hospitality of their humble home with so much sincerity, that Mr. Bolton felt that he could accept of them with perfect freedom.

It was a whole month ere the old gentleman was in a condition to bear the journey to town; and not once in the whole of that time had Mr. and Mrs. Gray seemed weary of his presence, nor once relaxed in their efforts to make him comfortable. As Mr. Bolton was about leaving, he tendered the farmer, with many expressions of gratitude for the kindness he had received, a hundred dollar bill as some small compensation for the trouble and expense he had occasioned him and his family. But Mr. Gray declined the offer, saying, as he did so:

"I have only done what common humanity required, Mr. Bolton; and were I to receive money, all the pleasure I now experience would be gone."

It was in vain that Mr. Bolton urged the farmer's acceptance of some remuneration. Mr. Gray was firm in declining to the last. All that could be done was to send Mrs. Gray a handsome present from the city; but this did not entirely relieve the mind of Mr. Bolton from the sense of obligation under which the disinterested kindness of the farmer had laid him; and thoughts of this tended to soften his feelings, and to awaken, in a small measure, the human sympathies which had so long slumbered in his bosom.

Several months passed before Mr. Bolton was able to go out, and then he resumed his old employment of looking after his rents, and seeking for new and safe investments that promised some better returns than he was yet receiving. One day a broker, who was in the habit of doing business for Mr. Bolton, said to him:

"If you want to buy a small, well-cultivated farm at about half what it is worth, I think I know where you can get one."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Three years ago it was bought for three thousand dollars, and seven hundred paid down in cash. Only eight hundred dollars have since been paid on it; and as the time for which the mortgage was to remain has now expired, a foreclosure is about to take place. By a little management, I am sure I can get you the farm for the balance due on the mortgage."

"That is, for fifteen hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"Is the farm worth that? Will it be a good investment?"

"It is in the highest state of cultivation. The owner has spent too much money upon it. This, with the loss of his entire crop of wheat, rye, corn, oats and hay, last year, has crippled him, and made it impossible to pay off the mortgage."

"How came he to meet with this loss?"

"His barn was struck by lightning."

"That was unfortunate."

"The farm will command, at the lowest, two hundred and fifty dollars rent; and by forcing a sale just at this time, it can be had for fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars—half its real value."

"It would be a good investment at that?"

"Capital. I would advise you to secure it."

After making some brief inquiries as to its location, the quality of the land, the improvements, etc., Mr. Bolton told the broker, in whom he had great confidence, that he might buy the property for him, if he could obtain it for anything below two thousand dollars. This the broker said he could easily do, as the business of foreclosure was in his own hands.

In due time Mr. Bolton was informed by his agent in the matter, that a sale under the mortgage had taken place, and that, by means of the little management proposed, he had succeeded in keeping away all competition in bidding. The land, stock, farming implements, and all, had been knocked down at a price that just covered the incumbrance on the estate, and were the property of Mr. Bolton, at half their real value.

"That was a good speculation," said the gray-haired money-lover, when his agent informed him of what he had been doing.

"First rate," replied the broker. "The farm is worth every cent of three thousand dollars. Poor Gray! I can't help feeling sorry for him. But, it's his luck. He valued his farm at three thousand five hundred dollars. A week ago he counted himself worth two thousand dollars clean. Now he isn't worth a copper. Fifteen hundred dollars, and three or four years' thrown away into the bargain. But, it's luck. So the world goes. He must try again. It will all go right in his lifetime."

"Gray? Is that the man's name?" inquired Mr. Bolton. His voice was changed.

"Yes. I thought I had mentioned the name."

"I didn't remark it, if you did. It's the farm adjoining Harvey's on the north?"

"Yes."

"I have had it in my mind, all along, that it was the one on the south."

"No."

"When did you see Mr Gray?"

"He was here about half an hour ago?"

"How does he feel about the matter?"

"He takes it hard, of course. Any man would. But, it's his luck, and he must submit. It's no use crying over disappointments and losses in this world."

Mr. Bolton mused for a long time.

"I'll see you again, to-morrow," he said, at length. "Let everything remain as it is until then."

The man who had been for so many years sold, as it were, to selfishness, found himself checked at last by the thought of another. While just in the act of grasping a money advantage, the interest of another rose up, and made him pause.

"If it had been any one else," said he to himself, as he walked slowly homeward, "all would have been plain sailing. But—but—"

The sentence was not finished.

"It wont do to turn *him* away," was at length uttered. "He shall have the farm at a very moderate rent."

Still these concessions of selfishness did not relieve the mind of Mr. Bolton, nor make him feel more willing to meet the man who had done him so great a kindness, and in such a disinterested spirit.

All day, and for a portion of the night that followed, Mr. Bolton continued to think over the difficulty in which he found himself placed, and the more he thought, the less willing did he feel to take the great advantage of the poor farmer at first contemplated. After falling asleep, his mind continued occupied with the same subject, and in the dreams that came to him, he lived over a portion of the past.

He was again a helpless invalid, and the kind farmer and his excellent wife were ministering, as before, to his comfort. His heart was full of grateful feelings. Then a change came suddenly. He stood the spectator of a widely-spread ruin which had fallen upon the excellent Mr. Gray and his family. A fierce tempest was sweeping over his fields, and levelling all—house, trees and grain—in ruin to the earth. A word spoken by him would have saved all; he felt this, but he did not speak the word. The look of reproach suddenly cast upon him by the farmer, so stung him that he awoke; and from that time until the day dawned, he lay pondering on the course of conduct he had best pursue.

The advantage of the purchase he had made was so great, that Mr. Bolton thought of relinquishing it with great reluctance. On the other hand, his obligation to the farmer was of such a nature, that he must, in clinging to his bargain, forfeit his self-respect; and must suffer a keen sense of mortification, if not dishonor, at any time that he happened to meet Mr. Gray face to face. Finally, after a long struggle, continued through several days, he resolved to forego the good he had attempted to grasp.

How many years since this man had done a generous action! since he had relinquished a selfish and sordid purpose out of regard to another's well-being! And now it had cost him a desperate struggle; but after the trial was past, his mind became tranquil, and he could think of what he was about to do with an emotion of pleasure that was new in his experience. Immediately on this resolution being formed, Mr. Bolton called upon his agent. His first inquiry was:

"When did you see Gray?"

"The previous owner of your farm?"

"Yes."

"Not since the sale. You told me to let everything remain as it was."

"Hasn't he called?"

"No."

"The loss of his farm must be felt as a great misfortune."

"No doubt of that. Every man feels his losses as misfortunes. But we all have to take the good and the bad in life together. It's his luck, and he must put up with it."

"I wonder if he hasn't other property?"

"No."

"Are you certain?"

"O, yes. I know exactly what he was worth. He had been overseer for Elbertson for several years, and while there managed to save seven hundred dollars, with which he paid down the cash required in purchasing his farm. Since then, he has been paying off the mortgage that remained on the property, and but for the burning of his barn, might have prevented a result that has been so disastrous to himself. But, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. In every loss somebody gains; and the turn of the die has been in your favor this time."

Bolton did not appear to feel as much satisfaction at this view of the case as the broker anticipated; and seeing this, he changed the subject, by asking some question about the consummation of the sale under the mortgage.

"I'll see about that to-morrow," said Mr. Bolton.

"Very well," was replied.

After some more conversation, Mr. Bolton left the office of his agent.

For years farmer Gray had been toiling, late and early, to become the full owner of his beautiful farm. Its value had much increased since it had come into his possession, and he looked forward with pleasure to the time when it would be his own beyond all doubt. But the loss of an entire year's crop, through the burning of his barn, deeply tried and dispirited him. From this grievous disappointment, his spirits were beginning to rise, when the sudden fore-

closure of the mortgage, and hurried sale of his farm, crushed all his hopes to the earth.

Who the real purchaser of his farm was Mr. Gray did not know, for the broker had bought in his own name. So bewildered was the farmer by the suddenly occurring disaster, that for several days subsequent to the sale he remained almost totally paralyzed in mind. No plans were laid for the future; nor even those ordinary steps for the present taken that common prudence would suggest. He wandered about the farm, or sat at home, dreamily musing upon what seemed the utter ruin of all his best hopes in life. While in this state, he was surprised by a visit from Mr. Bolton. The old gentleman, in taking him by the hand, said:

"What is the matter, my friend? You appear in trouble."

"And I am in trouble," was unhesitatingly answered.

"Not so deep but that you may get out of it again, I hope."

Mr. Gray shook his head in a desponding way.

"What *is* the trouble?" Mr. Bolton inquired.

"I have lost my farm."

"O, no!"

"It is too true. It has been sold for a mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars. Though I have already paid more than that sum on account of the purchase, it only brought enough to pay the incumbrance, and I am ruined."

The farmer was deeply disturbed, and Mr. Bolton's feelings were much interested.

"Don't be so troubled, my good friend," said the old gentleman. "You rendered me a service in time of need, and it is now in my power to return it. The farm is still yours. I hold the mortgage, and you need not fear another foreclosure."

Some moments passed after this announcement, before Mr. Gray's mind became clear, and his entire self-possession returned. Then grasping the hand of Mr. Bolton, he thanked him with all the eloquence a grateful heart inspires. It was the happiest moment the old merchant had seen for years. The mere possession of a thousand or two of dollars seemed as nothing to the pleasure he felt at having performed a good action; or, rather, at having refrained from doing an evil one.

As he rode back to the city, reflecting upon what he had done, and recalling the delight shown by Mr. Gray and his kind partner, who had attended him so carefully while he lay a sufferer beneath their roof, his heart swelled in his bosom with a new and happy emotion.

Having once permitted himself to regard another with an unselfish interest, that interest continued. It seemed as if he could not do enough for the farmer in the way of aiding him to develop the resources of his little property. In this he did not merely stop at suggestions, but tendered something more substantial and available. Nor did the feelings awakened in his mind run all in this direction. Occasions enough offered for him to be generous to others, and to refrain from oppression for the sake of gain. Many of these were embraced, and Mr. Bolton, in realizing the fact that it is sometimes more blessed to give than to receive, found in the latter years of his life "A NEW PLEASURE"—the pleasure of benevolence.

PHENOMENA OF HUNGER.

Hunger is one of the most beneficent and terrible instincts. It is, indeed, the very fire of life, underlying all impulses to labor, and moving man to noble activities by its imperious demands. Look where we may, we see it as the motive power which sets the vast array of human machinery in action. It is hunger which brings these stalwart navvies together in orderly gangs to cut paths through mountains, to throw bridges across rivers, to intersect the land with the great iron ways which bring city into communication with city. Hunger is the invisible overseer of the men who are erecting palaces, prison houses, barracks and villas. Hunger sits at the loom, which with stealthy power is weaving the wondrous fabrics of cotton and silk. Hunger labors at the furnace and the plough, coercing the native indolence of man into strenuous and incessant activity. Let food be abundant and easy of access, and civilization becomes impossible—so indissolubly dependent are our highest efforts on our lowest impulses. Nothing but the necessities of food will force man to that labor which he hates, and will always avoid where he can. And though this seems obvious only when applied to the laboring classes, it is equally though less obviously true when applied to all other classes, for the money we all labor to gain is nothing but food, and the surplus of food, which will buy other men's labor.

Hunger, although beneficent, is no less terrible. When its progress is unchecked, it becomes a devouring flame, destroying all that is noble in man. Hunger is a stimulus to crime, no less than to honest labor. It wanders through dark alleys, whispers desperate thoughts into eager ears; and it madden the shipwrecked crew till they cast away all shame, all pity, all desire of respect, and perpetrate deeds which cannot be mentioned without horror. Hunger subjugates the humanity in man, and make the brute predominate. Impelled by this ferocious instinct, men have eaten their companions, and women have eaten their own children. Hunger has thus a twofold character; beside the picture of the activities it inspires, we must also contemplate the picture of the ferocities it evokes.

What is this Hunger—what its causes and effects? In one sense we may all be said to know what hunger is; in another sense no man can enlighten us; we have all felt it, but science as yet has been unable to furnish any sufficient explanation of it. Between the gentle and agreeable stimulus known as appetite, and the agony of starvation, there are infinite gradations. The early stages are familiar even to the wealthy; but only the very poor, or those who have undergone calamities such as shipwreck and the like, know anything of the latter stages.—*Lewes.*

BEDFORD TOWNSHIP, PENNSYLVANIA.

The landscape illustration on this page delineates one of the finest scenes in the old Keystone State—a romantic foreground, the town of Bedford in the middle distance, and far away the line of the Alleghany Mountains crowning the distance. Bedford is the borough town of Bedford county, and is about 190 miles west from Philadelphia, and 91 miles east-by-south from Pittsburg. It is situated on the Raystown branch of the Juniata, and is neatly built. Wills' Mountain, on the west side of the town, is 1300 feet high, and Dunning's Mountain, on the east side, is 1100 feet high. A mile and a half south of the town, to the left in our picture, are the famous mineral springs, discovered in 1804. "They are saline and sulphureous," says Dr. Dunglinson. "The most celebrated—the 'Mineral Spring,' or 'Anderson's Spring'—contains carbonic acid, sulphate of magnesia, chloride of sodium and calcium, and carbonate of iron, but none of these articles in great quantity, hence the main action of the waters is diuretic. At some distance from the springs there is a chalybeate water; and about ten miles southwest, at Milliken's Cove, a strong sulphureous spring. The climate at Bedford Springs is agreeable. During the heat of summer, the nights are generally cool." Bedford is a very fashionable resort during the hot weather. The walks and rides among the mountains, and by the river side, are very delightful, and the exercise the fine scenery induces visitors to take, contributes as much as the water itself to the cure of their complaints. Some of the most picturesque portions of the Alleghanies are found here—that wondrous ridge which extends from southwest to northeast, parallel with the Atlantic seaboard, not rising, perhaps, to remarkable magnitude as compared to some other mountain ridges, but bold, varied, and full of romantic features. Thousands of subjects for the pencil are to be found in these mountains.

VIEW OF BEDFORD TOWNSHIP, AND THE ALLEGHANIES, PENNSYLVANIA.

CAUSES OF DISEASE.

The complaints of people are in a measure innumerable, every now and then a peculiarity of ailment is presented which is not recorded in any book extant; just as new questions of law are constantly arising. But while the effects of disease are so numerous, the causes of them may be reduced down so low as to be told in the number five: first, poisons; second, improper eating; third, variations of atmosphere; fourth, occupations; fifth, hereditary tendencies—which last indeed is a modification of the first.

Of the four, by far the most frequent causes of diseases are found in the food we eat and in the air we breathe, the rectification of both of which is within our own power; requiring only a moderate amount of intelligence, but a large share of moral power, that is, a resolute self-denial. It thus follows that death, short of an old age, is chargeable to man himself; that in an important sense, the great mass of those who die short of threescore years and ten are the authors of their own destruction.—*Journal of Health.*

THE HUMAN HAND.

Cassell's Natural History has the following interesting paragraph upon the human hand, showing how true it is that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and what an organism of consummate skill do we possess in the hand, of which few are comparatively aware:

Issuing from the wrist is that wonderful organ, the human hand. "In a French book, intended," says Sir Charles Bell, "to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of an equal length. The master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal!" It would have been better had he closed the fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they corresponded. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, as in holding a rod, a sword, a switch, a hammer, a pen, a pencil, or engraving tools, in all of which a secure hold and freedom of action are admirably combined. On the length, strength and perfectly free movements of the thumb, depends, moreover, the power of the human hand. To the thumb, indeed, has been given a special name ("*pollex*," from a Latin verb, meaning to be able, strong, mighty), because of its strength—a strength that is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would be of no avail, and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb, is the special work of the human hand, and particularly that of a clever workman. The loss of the thumb almost amounts to the loss of the hand.

Conscripts, unwilling to serve in the army of France, have been known to disable themselves effectually by cutting off the thumb of the right hand. The loss of both thumbs would reduce a man to a miserable dependence. Nor should we overlook another peculiarity. Were the tips of the fingers and thumbs bony instead of being covered with flesh, many things we readily do would be absolutely impossible. We can now take up what is small, soft and round, as a millet-seed, or even a particle of human hair, so exquisitely prehensile are the human fingers. The nails are often of special service—perhaps always in works of art which require nicety of execution. Their substance is just what is needed; they are easily kept at the precise length which answers every purpose; had they been placed on the tips of the fingers, there would have been a loss of power, but their position ensures their highest efficiency. An interchange of power for velocity which takes place in the arm, adapts the hands and fingers to a thousand arts, requiring quick or lively motions. In setting up the type of this page, there have been movements on the part of the compositor of surprising rapidity to an ordinary observer, and the executions of performers on the piano-forte, as well as on many wind instruments, is often astonishing; these are among many instances of the advantages gained by this sacrifice of force for velocity of movement.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MY FATHER.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

Dear Father! now thy presence sweet I feel,
Thy wondrous powers in gracious falling beams
Upon my conscious senses richly steal,
And all except Thy will, destruction seems.

And humbly at Thy throne I lingering lie,
Afraid again to leave one thought below.
No fear within so great as that I may not sigh
In ceaseless yearning for thy grace to flow.

O, precious Father! let thus constant stream
Thy Holy Spirit to my thrilling heart,
Nor longer shall this life appear a painful dream,
While filled with holy zeal Thy joys impart.

TO A GLOVE

Thou more than most sweet glove,
Unto my more sweet love,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This empty lodging, that now misses
The pure rosy hand that wore thee,
Whiter than the kid that bore thee.
Thou art soft, but that was softer;
Cupid's self hath kissed it ofter
Than e'er he did his mother's doves.
That was thy mistress, best of gloves.

BEN JONSON.

GRIEFS.

I thank the saints, I am not great
For if there ever come a grief to me,
I cry my cry in silence, and have done:
None knows it, and my tears have brought me good;
But even were the griefs of little ones
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That howsoever much they may desire
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud.

TENNYSON.

MUSIC.

Let music
Charm with her excellent voice an awful silence
Through all this building, that her sphery soul
May (on the wings of air) in thousand forms
Invisibly fly, yet be enjoyed.—DECKER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—Lady lecturers are coming into the field, and it is quite agreeable to see a fair face at the desk in place of the eternal bearded or shaven and shorn countenances of masculine orators. From time immemorial ladies have been lecturers, but as their discourses—curtain lectures—have been delivered to an audience of one, and never reported, the world has lost floods of eloquence. One of the Fraternity lectures lately delivered in this city was from the lips of Mrs. Sarah Jane Lippincott, better known as "Grace Greenwood," and it was a very sparkling, agreeable discourse, well delivered, and listened to with great pleasure by a large and refined audience. Our bearded lecturers must look to their laurels when they have such wit and *grace* in the field against them.....An exchange says: "There have been found, in England, in rocks which were deposited long before the creation of man, a frog's bones of such size as to indicate clearly that the animal when alive must have weighed from 800 to 1500 pounds." Now we protest against the modesty of the statement. We cannot believe that frog weighed only 1500 pounds. Call it 2500 and we'll endorse the story.....There is now in Liverpool a person, named Elizabeth Roberts, who, according to her own statement, was born in June, 1749, or in the 22d year of the reign of George II. She has attained to the age of 110, and it is possible she may survive many years longer. It must be a dreary thing to attain such an age—all one's friends in the churchyard, and all one's surroundings changed, and the "life of life" gone. Existence, under such circumstances, must be a heavy load .....An excited crowd of Missourians, residing in the vicinity of Mascoutah, Ill., recently found three men in their community, with about $10,000 worth of counterfeit money on their persons. They took two of them before Judge Lynch, tried, condemned, and hung them on the spot. The third one, being a citizen of Illinois, the Missourians handed him over to the citizens of Mascoutah, to be dealt with as they might see fit.....Recently, Mr. Abraham Dean, of Nyack, lost his life by falling overboard from the steamboat Isaac P. Smith, when passing the Rockland landing. No one on the boat knew of the accident. The cries of the drowning man were responded to from the shore, and a boat put out for his relief, but he sank before it could reach him. What a dismal fate!.....The son of Alaric Watts, the well-known poet, is married, lately, say the papers, to Anna Mary Howitt, elder daughter of William and Mary Howitt, and herself the authoress of "Art Life in Munich." So Miss Howitt has changed her maiden appellation for Watts his-name!.....The oldest house on Long Island, now standing, is in Gowanus. It is in part stone and part brick, and was built in 1699 by Nicholas Vechte, and is known as the Cortelyou House. It was the headquarters of the commander-in-chief previous to the battle of Long Island. The body of the house is of stone; the gable ends, above the eaves, of brick imported from Holland; and the date is in iron figures upon one gable end, in the mason work." We have often passed the old house, on foot and on horseback, and some years ago made a drawing of it for an illustrated publication. We know it like a book.....A disease is prevailing at present among the silk worms of Europe which threatens their extinction.....A valuable silver mine has been discovered near Fort Tejon, in the lower part of California.....The statistics of the American Tract Society's operations are of a startling character. During the past year the society printed 682,250 volumes, 11,857,000 publications, 243,907,000 pages. Since its formation, the society has circulated 13,757,285 volumes, 199,645,362 publications, 4,984,293,953 pages, including 151 713 volumes (9953 sets) of the Evangelical Family Library, 94,026 volumes (2069 sets) of the Christian Library, 52,513 volumes (2145 sets) of the Religious Library, 351,733 volumes (5020 sets) of the Youths' Library, and 167,092 volumes (20,605 sets) of the Youths' Scripture Biography.....A beautifully bound copy of the "Genealogical Bible" has been presented to the President of the United States, by the publishing house of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston.....Yale College is in a very thriving condition. It has forty-two officers in its faculty and instructors, including two vacant professorships. Total number of students connected with the institution is 641.....John Mitchell, who is now in Paris, is writing a series of letters to a Dublin paper, in which he suggests to the Irish peasantry that France will soon be at war with England in the Mediterranean, and that then will be the time to induce the Emperor Napoleon to invade Ireland. Mitchell suggests that 250,000 fighting Irishmen would be ready to follow the French eagles from Bantry Bay to Dublin, and from thence if he chose it across to Liverpool.....Mr. Frederick Saunders, author of "Salad for the Solitary," "Mosaics," etc., has been appointed an assistant librarian in the Astor Library. This library, says the Home Journal, is indebted, in a great measure, for the many rare and valuable works it contains, to the scholarly taste and unremitting zeal of Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, its chief librarian. It now possesses as many books as did that of the British Museum till within thirty years; and the collection having been made by Dr. Cogswell with the specific purpose of representing every branch of human knowledge, is much more valuable for purposes of study.....Capt. Isaac Woodbury died in Salem, N. H., on the 16th of October, aged ninety years, ten months and six days. He served three years in the Revolution. He was a farmer, and lived and died upon the same farm, and in the same house in which he was born.....A fatal malady has made its appearance among the Omaha Indians in Nebraska. Fifty of the tribe had died at last accounts. The Indians are of the opinion that the disease is caused by eating the flesh of the buffalo affected with bloody murrain. In consequence of this belief they have thrown away the meat of one thousand buffaloes which they had put up for winter use.....It is reported in the fashionable circles of Rome that the Prince of Wales, during his recent visit at the King of Prussia's residence, opened a flirtation with the king's niece, the Princess Alexandrine, of Russia, which is likely to result in a matrimonial alliance.....A census for Iowa just completed, shows that there are in that State 633 549 inhabitants, of whom 332,806 are males, 300,743 females. There are about 130,000 legal voters returned by the census-takers.....A little incident of a recent occurrence is noticed by the New York Post as a warning to those keeping accounts with banks to be more careful of their cancelled checks and other paper from which their signatures may be imitated. A young employee of a banking house was seen leaving the place with a cancelled check in his hand. One of the members of the firm, upon questioning him closely, learned that the boy had met, in a saloon the evening previous, a man, who after getting an inkling of the extent of the business of the firm, offered to pay the boy $100 if he delivered to him one of the cancelled checks of the house.....The government of Peru has entered into a contract with an agent for the colonization in that country of 25,000 Irishmen. They are to swear allegiance to their new country, which pays their passage and gives each nine acres of land at an elevation of 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The settlers ought to call their lofty home Arrah-rat.....At Rossneath, near Glasgow, there is an echo which repeats distinctly three times, a short tune played on a bugle; in Gloucestershire, an echo repeats ten or eleven times; near Rome there was one formerly which repeated five times; at Brussels there is an echo which repeats fifteen times; between Coblentz and Bengen is a very remarkable echo; and near Milan is one which is said to repeat fifty-six times. We faithfully echo the statement.....The stork, after spending its summer in Europe, migrates in the fall to Africa or Asia. A Polish gentleman having caught a stork which lived upon his estate, put around its neck an iron collar, with these words upon it: "This stork comes from Poland," and then set it at liberty. The next year the stork came back again with a gold collar. The gentleman caught it again, and found on the collar, in the Hindoo language, "India sends back the stork to the Poles, with gifts." A pretty good investment;—but it would have been better if the Hindoos had sent back a collar of diamonds while their hands were in. We have read of deer-stalking, but this was very *dear-storking* for the East Indians.....The late George Brown of Baltimore left by his will $400,000 in the hands of his widow to be appropriated to benevolent objects as she should judge fit.....The number of Mormons are not much increasing by immigration. We are glad to hear that rascality is on the decrease—for Mormonism is the quintessence of rascality.....Vermont paid from her State treasury, last year, $500 for killing bears. Can the treasury *bear* it?.....Georgia has a population of 1,050,000. The State census ordered by the State authorities shows this.....The Rochester, N. Y., people are aghast at a regular case of garrote which recently occurred there. Dr. A. G. Bristol was assaulted between six and seven o'clock in the evening, at the gate of his own residence, by one or more ruffians, who seized him unawares about the neck, choked him, took his pocket book, and left him lying senseless upon the walk. So sudden was the attack he had no opportunity to call for help, and he could make no resistance. He is unable to give anything like a correct statement of what transpired.....A letter in the London Post gives the ridiculous report that one of the divers had entered the saloon of the Royal Charter, and there found about 200 passengers in the positions they occupied when the ship went down, some sitting round the table, others standing upright, and others as if in the act of coming from their berths This is only a revamping of an American *canard* respecting a wreck on Lake Erie.....The catalogue of Harvard University, just published, gives under graduates, 431; divinity students, 21; students at law, 242; medical students, 140.....Mr. George Robinson of Augusta, Me., son of the late George Robinson, editor of the Augusta Age, has been chosen professor of natural sciences in Jefferson College, Louisiana, and has entered upon the discharge of the duties of his professorship. Mr. Robinson is a graduate of Bowdoin College.....A countryman who was on a spree in St. Louis, recently, fell in with a chap who pretended to be a broker, from whom he purchased what he supposed to be a bar of gold, paying for it $275. The metal was weighed with great solemnity, and one end filed off to adjust the weight. Next morning when he woke up, he found a plug of tobacco, nicely done up in gold foil.....The Emperor Napoleon, says the Paris correspondent of the London Star, has peculiar reasons for wishing to foment the war with Mexico—a dangerous and troublesome neighbor for France, and who has long threatened annoyance to Algeria. "I have been told," adds this writer, "that the emperor is as joyous as a schoolboy, and rubs his hands with the utmost glee at the prospect of this war, whence no profit can be drawn but for himself.".....The capital employed by the Hudson's Bay Company is £1,265,068, and consists of stock standing in the name of the proprietors, £500,000; valuation of the company's lands and buildings, exclusive of Vancouver's Island and Oregon, £318.884. The dividends from 1847 to 1856 averaged about 10 per cent. The stock ranged at about £205 for the same period.....A reverend critic told a literary friend that his style wanted that vigor which might be acquired by running the pen through every other word The editor of the Christian Inquirer recently expressed the same thought in this form: "We do not remember reading a book, sermon, or poem, for ten years, that would not have been materially improved by cutting out half the nouns, three-quarters of the adjectives, and all the adverbs."

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

It seems that the great nation of France is spending more money than they have, and that, as a natural consequence, a sudden bankruptcy may occur at any hour. It is hinted very clearly, also, that while the city of Paris daily swallows up mines of wealth—while for armaments, for steel-plated batteries, of which scores have been made, by way of experiment, and broken up if unsuccessful—for the water-works of Versailles, and for the great Salle des Etats, now in course of decoration at the Louvre, and which, for the bare essay of how it would look when completed, has cost, for water-painting and temporary gilding, the good round sum of two hundred thousand francs—while for all these there is money enough, yet no assistance can be furnished to those who are suffering by the overflow of the Rhone.—The Malta Times says the orange crops, notwithstanding the retarded rains, promise to be most abundant, and the fruit of a very superior size, and description.—Great preparations are being made for the enlargement of Paris, which is to take place on the 1st of January, when the city is to be extended to the fortifications, adding to it eight new arrondissements, and a population of 351,000 people, who now live in the *Banlieue*, between the old barrier wall and the fortifications.—It is announced that the government of France has received assurances that the pope was only waiting for an opportune moment to make public certain reforms by which the government of the clergy would be replaced by a government of the laity, and which would give to the country better guarantees for the administration of justice, and for the control of public finances, by means of an assembly elected by the people.—The Cologne Gazette states that a fire broke out some weeks since at Husinec, in Bohemia, the birth-place of John Huss. In about an hour thirty-two houses were destroyed, and among them the house in which the great reformer was born. Fifty-five families lost all they possessed.

Presents to the Queen.

The present from the Maharajah of Cashmere of a Cashmere shawl tent and solid gold bedstead of the value of £150,000, was brought to Windsor Castle under the charge of Colonel Willoughby, from the East India House, and was temporarily placed in the throne-room previously to its being formally presented to the queen by the gentleman under whose charge it was brought from Cashmere. It is expected that the gold bedstead will be ultimately placed in the guard-chamber, so that the public may be favored with a view of its magnificence.

Winter in Europe.

Advices received from different parts of the continent seem to forebode an early winter. Rather heavy falls of snow have already occurred in the Pas de Calais and Brittany, as well as in the neighborhood of Rouen, Havre, and Antwerp. A letter from St. Gervais les Bains also states that so much snow was never remembered in the Alps at this season. Mount Poupet and the other mountains round Salins, in the Jura, are likewise covered with snow.

Prize Poem.

A number of non-resident members of the Oxford University have contributed £50 for a prize to be awarded to the writer of the best English poem on "The life, the character, and the death of the heroic seaman, Sir John Franklin, with special reference to the time, place, and discovery of his death."

The Stephenson Memorial.

The Stephenson Memorial Committee, at Newcastle, have decided that Mr. Lough's statue to the memory of George Stephenson be proceeded with, and that the subject of a separate monument to Robert Stephenson be brought before a public meeting.

The Arctic Expedition.

Captain McClintock, R. N., attended a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, in London, on the 7th ult., and read a paper, "Discoveries by the late Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin and his party."

The Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales will only be of age, in one sense, at the coming birthday. An act passed in 1842 provided for a regency until the prince was eighteen years old, after this date he was to be considered of age should any unforeseen event take place. Otherwise, he will not be considered of age till he is twenty-one, and he will not take his seat in the House of Lords until that period. George Prince of Wales, afterwards King George III., was introduced into the House of Lords on the 13th of November, 1759, and George, his son, Prince of Wales, afterwards King George IV., was introduced on the 11th November, 1783; George III. having been born June 4, 1738 (N. S.), and George IV., August 12, 1762.

The Morse Telegraph in Turkey.

The Turkish government is constructing a line of telegraph across that country from Constantinople to Bassora, on the Persian Gulf—the English government paying $350,000 on its completion, and a large sum per annum for the exclusive use of one of the wires. When this line through Turkey is completed, England will be in telegraphic communication with India. The Turkish government propose using the Morse instruments, to be made in Boston, and will require over two hundred complete sets, costing $10,000.

The Calliope.

The London journals of the 5th ult. announce that a novel and extraordinary musical instrument, called the "calliope," or "steam orchestra," will be performed upon for the first time in England, at the Crystal Palace, this day, at half-past two and five o'clock. The calliope is of American invention, and consists of a number of brass cylinders or cups acted upon by the steam, the notes produced being of immense power. The machine is placed in the centre transept, the steam being supplied from boilers below.

Spain and Morocco.

The Spanish war on Mexico is simply a French one in disguise. Spain wants, in fact, to hold both sides of the Mediterranean. She never wanted it before. She never would have wanted it, had it not been for French counsel. And why should France urge her in such a direction? Because England holds Gibraltar, and that fortress, depending for provisions upon the opposite coast, would become next to worthless if the coast in question were held by an enemy.

Eton College, England.

The magnificent Crimean windows on the north and south sides of the ante-chapel of Eton College, by Messrs. Hardman & Co., erected by public subscription, are now completed. Beneath the window, suspended in laurel branches, are the arms, richly emblazoned, with the names of those Etonians who so nobly fell in the Crimean war.

Cochin China.

The French expedition to Cochin China really turns out a failure. Vice-Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, and the troops under his command, exhausted by fatigue of every description, which incapacitated them from pursuing their operations, are preparing to abandon Tourane and return to China.

Montalembert in Trouble.

M. de Montalembert is again to be prosecuted in Paris. A pamphlet, in which he republished the article which drew down a warning upon the Correspondant, has been seized. The grounds stated in the warrant of seizure are "exciting to hatred and contempt of the government."

Bust of the Princess Clothilde.

The sculptor, Mr. Varni, has presented King Victor Emmanuel, at Genoa, a bust in marble of the Princess Clothilde, said to be of the most exquisite workmanship. The king received the present with great satisfaction, and invited the statuist to dine at the royal table.

Death of a Publisher.

M. Paulin, the manager of the Illustration (the French Illustrated News) has just died of a liver complaint He was one of the founders of the National, the leading republican journal which was suppressed at the time of the coup d'etat.

The Great Eastern.

The Great Eastern has been safely anchored at Southampton, and while the ship is in that harbor, the number of hands on board will be reduced to 100. Her full complement is 450, but only 373 have thus far been employed.

Swiss Recruits.

It is currently stated that recruiting Swiss for Rome, Naples, and Batavia, is actively going on in Switzerland, near the frontiers of France and Baden. Recruiting offices are established at Ziemen, St. Louis, Ænli, and Lærrach.

The Atlantic Telegraph.

In Liverpool, £150 000 have already been subscribed to the project for completing or relaying the Atlantic telegraph cable. The two directors making the appeal to the Liverpool community, are well known merchants of that town.

Betting on Time.

It has been decided in an English court that a race against time is a legal game, and not horse racing within the meaning of the statute. Bets in a race against time are consequently recoverable by law.

Hungarian Academy.

The Magyar Academy of Pesth recently celebrated the hundredth anniversary of their national poet, Karzinczy. The fete is described as having excited the greatest enthusiasm.

Honor to Lord Brougham.

The Senatus Academicus of the Edinburgh University has conferred the degree of LL D. on Lord Brougham, Chancellor of the University.

The Bishop of Columbia.

Dr. Hills, who was consecrated Bishop of British Columbia a few weeks ago, has left England for his distant diocese.

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NASHUA, N. H., March 11, 1859.

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Yours truly,
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THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

THE TRIBUNE—now more than eighteen years old, and having over a quarter of a million subscribers, or constant purchasers, diffused through every State and Territory of our Union—will continue to assure what it has been—the earnest champion of Liberty, Progress, and of whatever will conduce to our national growth in Virtue, Industry, Knowledge, and Prosperity. It will continue to urge the emancipation, not only of the Black Laborer from chattelism and legal impotence, but of the White likewise from Land Monopoly, Intemperance, Ignorance, and that dependence on remote Markets which paralyzes exertion by denying to Toil any adequate and morally certain reward. Believing that the chief evil of our time is the inordinate multiplication and disproportion of Non-Producers, it will continue to war against whatever tends to degrade Manual Labor or deprive it of its just and full recompense. It will inflexibly commend the policy of winning hither from Europe the Useful Arts, and, wherever they may be needed, the Artisans as well, for whose products our country is now running recklessly into debt, while our laborers roam in fruitless quest of employment, leaving their children in want of bread, though the farmer is too often compelled to sell his crops at most inadequate prices. In short, while battling against Filibusterism and every other manifestation of that evil spirit which seeks through the spoliation of other countries that aggrandizement which is to be truly attained only through the due development and cultivation of our internal resources, it will urgently advocate a more effectively discriminating Tariff, the Freedom of the Public Lands, the construction of a Railroad from the navigable waters of the Mississippi to those of the Pacific, and every other measure which seems to us calculated to enhance the dignity or the recompense of Labor, and promote the well-being of Mankind.

The "irrepressible conflict" between Darkness and Light, Inertia and Progress, Slavery and Freedom, moves steadily onward. Isolated acts of folly and madness may for the moment give a seeming advantage to Wrong; but God still reigns, and the Ages are true to humanity and Right. The year 1860 must witness a memorable conflict between these irreconcilable antagonists. The question—"Shall Human Slavery be further strengthened and diffused by the power and under the flag of the Federal Union?"—is now to receive a momentous, if not conclusive answer. "Land for the Landless *versus* Negroes for the Negroless" is the battle-cry of the embodied Millions who, having just swept Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the Northwest, appear in the new Congress, backed by nearly every Free State, to demand a recognition of every man's right to cultivate and improve a modicum of the earth's surface, wherever he has not been anticipated by the State's cession to another. Free Homes, and the consecration of the virgin soil of the Territories to Free Labor—two requirements, but one policy—must largely absorb the attention of Congress through the ensuing session, as of the People in the succeeding Presidential canvass; and, whatever the immediate issue, we can not doubt that the ultimate verdict will be in accord at once with the dictates of impartial Philanthropy and the inalienable Rights of Man.

Having made arrangements for fuller and more graphic reports of the doings of Congress, and of whatever else transpiring at the Federal Metropolis shall seem worthy of public regard, and having extended both our Foreign and Domestic Correspondence, and strengthened our Editorial staff, we believe THE TRIBUNE may safely challenge a comparison with any rival, whether as an exponent of principles or as a reliable mirror of the passing world. Essentially, THE TRIBUNE will be what it has been, while we shall constantly study to improve its every feature, and "make each day a critic on the last." The general verdict of the Press and the Public has affirmed the success of our past labors, and those of the future shall be characterized by equal earnestness and assiduity.

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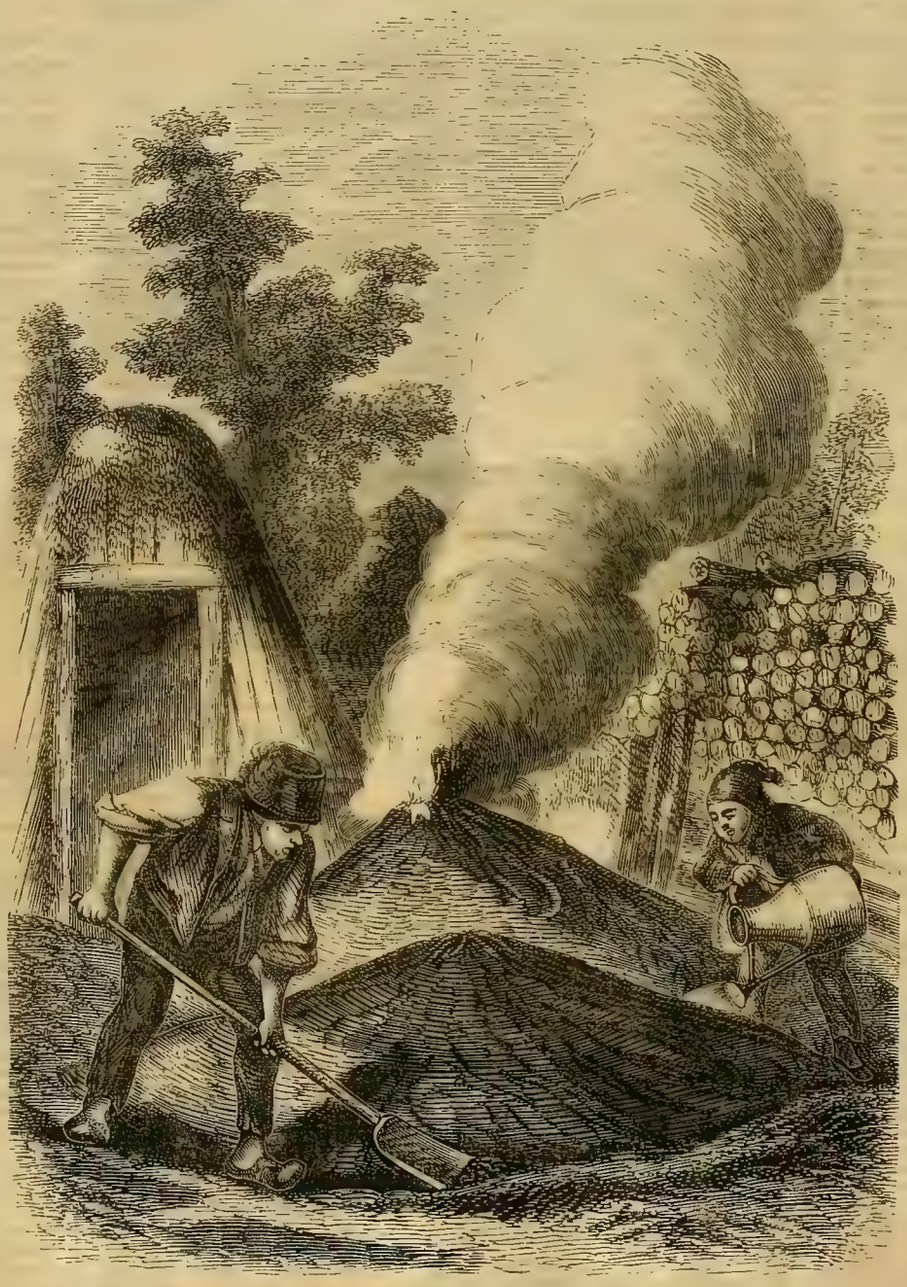
THE HUNTER'S REVENGE.

Among the many hardy Frenchmen in the employ of the old "Northwest Fur Company," was one Francoise Germaine, voyageur, who had established a notoriety for courage and physical strength, and like many others of his class, he was sometimes vain of his extraordinary powers, and fond of exhibiting them to his associates. He would load his brawny shoulders with packs which his comrades could scarcely lift from the ground, and without evincing the smallest degree of fatigue, would march with them, day after day through the wilderness, often leaving his lightly loaded companions far in the rear. It was no uncommon thing for Francoise to linger in the camp an hour or two after his comrades had started, take the trail they were following, and, after a few hours pass them quietly; and, after travelling till the middle of the afternoon, stop at some convenient spot for encamping. He usually selected some water-course, which he judged his friends would reach about night-fall, and striking camp, would surprise them with a well-prepared supper of venison or other game which he had prepared against their arrival. On a certain occasion, when ascending the Bois des Sioux River alone, in his canoe, he was attacked by a large party of Sioux Indians, who, after sinking his canoe by perforating its bottom with their rifles, and making a desperate fight of it, succeeded in making him a prisoner. His reputation for courage and strength had reached them, and before putting him to torture, they determined to test his powers. Accordingly, they took him to the edge of the cliff, some two hundred feet high, beneath which ran the river, and after preparing a rope of bark, and fastening one end of it to a large stone at the base of the cliff, they directed him to raise it to where they were collected in a group to witness the feat. Germaine, whose judgment and self-reliance never for a moment deserted him, readily consented to humor the Indians, but declared that the thing was impossible with so short a rope. The Indians, who had brought the free end of it to the top of the bank, insisted that it was all sufficient, besides being strong enough to raise a weight twice that of the stone. Still Germaine persisted in declaring that the rope was not long enough by many feet, and refused to gratify their curiosity unless the demand was complied with and the rope lengthened to suit him. Seeing that, unless they indulged his caprice, they would be deprived of that portion of their anticipated sport, the Indians yielded, and collecting more bark, added the requisite number of feet to the rope. All being now right, the Frenchman was ordered to lift the stone. But Francoise deliberately proceeded to knot the end lasso-wise, and gathered it in a coil at the end of the cliff, after first clearing the ground of brush and broken limbs, which might interfere with its free run. The stone, which was of several hundred weight, was a heavy lift, even for Germaine, and he exerted all his power to start it from its bed. But when once started, the labor of raising it was comparatively lighter. After he had drawn it up a few feet, he was ordered to lower it again, when four of the most stalwart warriors tried their united strength upon it, but they could not budge it an inch. Again Germaine was ordered to hoist it to the top of the bank. With the outlay of all his muscular force, he obeyed, and as it moved slowly along the face of the cliff, the Indians in their excitement gathered in knots upon the very verge, and looking downward, watched its ascent. Hand over hand the Frenchman toiled at his task, but with his keen gray eyes taking in all about him. He had raised the huge weight one-third of the distance, when the stone, catching against a jutting ledge of the superincumbent shale, defied all his herculean strength to raise it higher. As he struggled to overcome this resistance, the Indians gathered closer and closer upon the verge of the cliff, and watched the effect of the efforts of the prisoner. At this moment, stopping the rope partially over the top of a stunted cedar bush, and holding the strain upon his left hand, he reached forward, and gathering up the coiled portion in his right, he gave it one wide swing over his head, which opened its broad running noose, and with a skilful cast, let it drop over the largest knot of excited Indians, as they were looking below. The fatal circle, true to the design of the brave Francoise, encompassed no less a number than six of his enemies, and letting go his hold, the rock, with a noise like thunder, rushed headlong into the abyss, dragging, with lightning speed, the six howling Indians after it. So sudden and awful was this frightful denouement, that the surviving Indians, some thirty in number, were for many minutes horror-struck, and regardless of all else about them. During the excitement and confusion, the voyageur, seeing the way clear, made good his escape, flying with the speed of a wild deer. The swiftest runners were sent in pursuit, but they soon gave up the chase as useless, and the fortunate Francoise returned in safety to his comrades at Lake Travers. The spot where this incident occurred is well known to the hunters and Indians of that region, and still retains the name of "Francoise Cliff." Upon the smooth surface of the limestone near the water's edge, the Sioux have commemorated the event by rude carvings, representing six warriors in the act of tumbling headlong from the edge of the precipice to the river below.

A WEST INDIA PLACER.

By a late arrival from Kingston, Jamaica, we have received the intelligence of some interesting discoveries by means of a company of divers, of the ancient city of Port Royal, which was overthrown by the great earthquake of 1692 and now forms part of the harbor of the small town of that name where the seventy-four gun guardship, and a squadron of vessels of war and merchant ships now ride at anchor. Port Royal stands at the extremity of a narrow strip of sand, called the Palisadoes, fifteen miles in length, running to the south of, and parallel with the main land, where stands the present city of Kingston. Opposite and to the westward of the little town, which is all that remains of the once famous, or infamous city, is the Apostle's Battery, leaving a narrow strait between, so that it is impossible for a hostile vessel to pass between without being within range of the Apostle's Battery to the west and the fortifications of Port Royal to the east. Before the earthquake, Port Royal was the headquarters of the Buccaneers, who used to fit out expeditions against the Spanish American colonies, and return to their place of refuge, laden with the rich spoils of Porto Bello, Vera Cruz and other places, even to the city of Panama. The booty usually consisted of bars of silver and gold, rich vessels and images from the Roman Catholic churches and convents, valuable jewels and dollars. In these marauding expeditions neither age nor sex was spared by the inhuman fiends who were engaged in them, while the British government not merely connived at such atrocities, but actually encouraged them, as in the instance of bestowing the honor of knighthood and the government of Jamaica on Henry Morgan, originally a Welsh cow herd, and one of the most ruthless of this infamous nest of pirates.

Port Royal had arisen to the height of its "bad eminence," when a dreadful doom overtook the guilty city. On the 7th of June, 1692, the day was oppressively hot, when suddenly a roar was heard from the distant mountains, and in a few seconds, the spot which was piled with the glittering treasures of Peru and Mexico, stood five fathoms deep. So enormous was the treasure that it is said warehouse room could not be obtained for a large portion of the gold and silver. Three thousand persons perished in this awful catastrophe and all the public records—for Port Royal was then the seat of government—was forever lost. A frigate called the Swan was in the harbor, and literally floated over the tops of the sunken houses. Several persons were rescued by her. The escape of one man reads like a miracle. His name was Louis Galdy, and he was a native of Montpelier, in France. He was swallowed up in the earth by a shock but was cast up again by the next shock. He found refuge on board the Swan, and lived for twenty years after. An inscription on his tomb chronicles this marvellous escape. Of the small portion of the city that remained, one of the streets was widened to double its former width, from the yawning of the earth. Several other strange phenomena took place. One man had his plantation actually removed half a mile from where it had stood before; and to this day there is to be seen in the Parish of Port Royal, a terrific precipice, known as Judgment Cliff, which was caused by the splitting in two of a mountain, one half of which fell and buried a whole sugar estate beneath it. Since that period, what remains of Port Royal has been several times nearly destroyed by fire, flood and hurricane, as if the spot was accursed. It is now little better than a fishing village, though it is still the principal rendezvous of the West India squadron, and boasts of an extensive dockyard and arsenal. So great is the natural strength of its position that with very little trouble, Kingston might be rendered almost impregnable; but from the long peace in that part of the world, the fortifications have been allowed to fall into a state of partial decay. Two or three years ago one of the members of the Assembly for the town, moved for an appropriation for endeavoring to fish up the treasures, but his motion was laughed down. It would be a strange thing, if, after laying at the bottom of the sea for more than a hundred and fifty years, they should be brought to light.—*N. Y. Express.*



BURNING CHARCOAL IN FRANCE.

CHARCOAL BURNING IN FRANCE.

The spirited picture on this page represents the fabrication of charcoal. Common charcoal, as every one knows, is the residuum obtained by calcining wood by exposing it to a certain degree of heat without burning, or at least by only partially burning it. It does not require a very high temperature to produce carbonization. A little above the boiling point of water, wood dried by heat, becomes brown and sends out different gaseous products. When it becomes of a brownish black, and susceptible of pulverization, it is fit for the manufacture of gunpowder, but it would be unfit for domestic use. For furnaces and ordinary consumption charcoal must undergo a strong calcination. There are many methods of effecting this. That oftenest employed now is what is called the "new forest method." A pyramid is made by piling up the wood and filling in the crevices with small pieces. It is covered with leaves, twigs, moss, etc., and the whole is overlaid with a mixture of sand and clay. In the centre of the pile a chimney is formed, and vents are also left in the circumference for the admission of air. This preparation finished, small pieces of wood and fire are introduced into the chimney, which is left open for a certain length of time, till the whole interior is ignited. The charcoal-burner fills the vacuum left by the combustion, by ramming down the charcoal already formed with a long pole, and supplying the chimney with fresh wood. When the combustion is sufficiently active in the interior, the chimney is stopped up, and after some time vent-holes are punched in the cone, starting from the top to the gases. The charcoal-burner knows from the color and quantity of the smoke emitted, exactly when the carbonization is complete in a certain zone, and goes on to make another series of vents lower down. As the operation goes on, the heap sinks down by degrees. Finally, all the orifices are stopped, the heap is covered with a layer of damp earth, watered, if necessary, and it is left to cool for twenty-four hours, at the end of which time the covering is opened and the charcoal taken out and placed in small beds on the ground. A hundred parts of wood sometimes yields only fifteen parts of charcoal. Our engraving represents two small heaps, of which the most distant has just been fired, while the other is covered up to cool, the carbonization having been completed. The charcoal burners of France form an entirely distinct class of the population They lead a wandering life, and live in rude huts constructed in the forests where they work. If not deprived of domestic joys like shepherds, they share with their wives and children the irksomeness of isolation in the midst of woods, and have no opportunity, like other peasants, of cultivating a bit of garden ground. In old times they were regarded with terror as evil things. The depth and extent of the ancient forests of France, the absence of highways, the superstitious ideas of the middle ages, and the real dangers of chance encounters in the wilds, all tended to make the charcoal-burner a prominent figure in the harrowing stories told by gossips at the winter fireside. Even now the charcoal-burner is the "Bogy" with which French mothers terrify rebellious brats into submission. It was the sudden apparition of a charcoal-burner that caused the mortal terror and perhaps the dementia of the unfortunate Charles V. But in our generation we are getting wiser, and we cannot withhold our respect from men who follow so useful and laborious a calling, and who, in their rude way, are hospitable and friendly.

A MOTHER'S POWER.

How touching the tribute of the Hon. T. H. Benton to his mother's influence: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco. I have never touched it from that time to the present day; she asked me not to game, and I have never gambled, and I cannot tell who is winning and who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I have attributed to having complied with her correct wishes. When I was seven years of age, she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body, and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe it to my mother."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

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WASHINGTON BUILDING,

WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

We have been compelled to continuous exertion in our career as chroniclers of the times, to keep pace with the improvements of our native city, and to record the new features added to its beauty. Of late the rush of improvement has been almost without a parallel. Even in our habitual walks, the changes that take place daily before our eyes are surprising. What then must they appear to a citizen who is absent from the city for several months. He comes back to find himself in a strange place, and in many localities he would have to inquire his way. It is only in its general outline that the city is unchanged; in its interior a thousand new details mark emphatically the difference between old and new Boston. Old Boston was a small, snug, plain, prim town; New Boston is an extended, dashing, expansive city, following hard upon New York in the splendor of its architectural embellishments. The conformation of its site does not readily lend itself to much uniformity of architecture, and it is as well such is the case that such a diversity of tastes in building exists. It will ever be more romantic than classical, more picturesque than regular. Washington Street, winding as its course is, looks much better with its strangely constructed buildings, than if an attempt at uniformity had been made by the common consent of real estate owners. In one thing, however, there seems to be a general agreement; and that is, all new buildings largely partake of architectural sumptuousness Money is advanced boldly and lavishly for the erection of commanding structures, many of which exceed in grandeur any commercial edifices in the cities of the old world. Stores a dozen years old only are entirely eclipsed by those erected a few years, while the latest creations of the architect seem to have reached the acme of magnificence. Of the remodelled portions of the city, those streets lying not far from its geographical centre are the most striking examples of improvement. Summer Street, Franklin Street, Pearl, Congress, Federal Streets, have been admirably improved for business purposes. Vast piles of granite, elegant in form, enduring in solidity, well lighted, perfectly adapted to the requirements of trade, meet the eye on every hand. As you pass up Franklin Street, you behold opposite the head of it, on Washington Street, the splendid building which forms the subject of the illustration on this page. The accurate delineation of this structure was made expressly for us by Mr. William Waud, the architect and artist who has furnished so many of our drawings of Boston improvements. It is styled the "Washington Building," and is a perfect model of architectural beauty. It was built by William Sheafe, Esq., a gentleman originally of Portsmouth, N. H., who has recently removed to this city, and who has invested a large capital in city improvements. The architects employed were Messrs. J. H. Rand and L. Weissbein, and the building was entrusted to Messrs. Nathaniel Adams and Jonas Fitch, who have faithfully executed their trust, carrying out the exquisite plans of the architect in the most thorough and complete manner. The stone work was executed by Michael Grant, and the ornamental painting of the interior by Mr. Schutz, the decorator of the Church of the Unity in this city. The material employed in the building has never before been used in this city. It is called the Cumberland Bay stone, and was quarried in New Brunswick. This stone has a peculiar color—a sort of drab tint, and though we were not much pleased with the first specimens we saw, yet we admire its effect now that the whole building has been completed. We are inclined to think this stone will become a general favorite. The blocks were brought from the quarries and wrought at South Boston, and when put together, each fitted into its place with perfect accuracy. The building is five stories in height, and all the rooms are spacious and admirably fitted up. It is heated by steam, and the pipes were furnished by E. Whiteley, the plumbing was done by Coffee & Shea, and the gas-works by Turner & Co., of Bromfield Street. The elegant store, No. 219, in its interior, is fitted and furnished with black walnut and white marble, in a style of magnificence which is a novelty of exquisite taste, and is occupied by Messrs. Bigelow Brothers & Kennard, the well-known and long established importers of watches, clocks, etc., and manufacturers of *reliable* jewelry and silver ware. The spacious rooms immediately over this store, on the second story, are rented by Messrs. George A Brown, & Co., importers and jobbers of French millinery goods. This firm now exhibit a charming stock of the latest Parisian novelties in their line. Their entrance is No. 221. No 223, on the street, is the retail department of Messrs. Carmi E. King & Co., importers of zephyr worsteds and dress trimmings. The importation and manufacture of dress trimmings being their peculiar speciality. The very extensive and beautiful rooms over this store and also over No. 221, are devoted to the large wholesale trade of this establishment. Messrs. S. H. Gregory & Co. occupy the splendid store No. 225 (next the old Marlboro Hotel), as a wholesale and retail French and American paper-hanging house. This store is nearly two hundred feet in depth, which, with its charming window-display of beautiful paper-hangings, renders it one of the most attractive warehouses in Boston. The upper rooms are intended for offices and artisans of various callings. A part of them are already occupied by the workmen connected with the establishment of Messrs. Bigelow Brothers & Kennard, and their "clink of hammers closing rivets up," in the rear building, betokens a hive of industry. Each room is heated by steam, and a janitor and watchman have charge of the building day and night. As we have before observed, this structure is a model of architectural beauty, and will be regarded as one of the fixed celebrities of the great thoroughfare where it forms so prominent an object among the palatial edifices that decorate that main artery of our city—Washington Street, where the demands of business have created so many noble and imposing monuments of taste and enterprise.

THE WASHINGTON BUILDING, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

VENTILATION.

There is always a draught through key-holes and window crevices, because the external air is colder than the air in the room we occupy; it rushes through the window crevices to supply the deficiency caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney. If you open the lower sash of a window there is more draught than if you open the upper sash. The reason is, because if the lower sash be open, cold air will rush into the room and cause a great draught inward; but if the upper sash be opened, the heated air of the room will rush out, and of course there will be less draught inward. A room is best ventilated by opening the upper sash, because the hot, vitiated air, which always ascends towards the ceiling, can escape more easily. The wind dries damp linen, because dry wind, like a sponge, imbibes the particles of vapor from the surface of linen as fast as they are formed. The hottest place in a church or chapel is the gallery, because the heated air of the building ascends, and all the cold air which can enter through the doors and windows, keeps to the floor till it has become heated. Special attention should be given to the ventilation of sleeping-rooms; for pure air and abundance of it are, if possible, more necessary when we are asleep than when we are awake. Sleeping rooms should be large, high and airy, more especially in warm latitudes, and in situations where the windows have to be closed at night on account of malaria.—*Medical Hints.*

The real power of Washington upon the American mind is exerted, not by his simple self, but by his character—modified, magnified, exalted, harmonized and enthroned by that mind, as the impersonation of its highest conception of patriotism. In the American imagination he is a demi-god—a grand Colossus—before whose august shade we stand as pigmies. —*Dr. Holland.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RED HAND.

BY G. S. CAMPANA.

"*Ho! 'Pone et ante sensus confundo'*—confound your senses, why can't you stop your pony?"

Such was the salutation that greeted my ears, a few days ago, as I was leisurely riding along the —— turnpike, in the great Valley of Virginia. It was altogether a characteristic one, and I very well knew, before I turned my head, that my old friend, Dr. Gastrick, was behind me. The doctor is a portly, bald-headed old gentleman, and one whom his friends call "a queer fish." He is inveterately and irreclaimably eccentric, and, in certain moods, an inveterate and irreclaimable punster; and his perpetrations in that line are generally of such a nature that comparatively few of his acquaintances can make either head or tail of them, made up as they are chiefly of shreds and patches from the Latin classics.

It is but just to say, however, that the doctor does not often fire off his classical pop-guns at utterly non-linguistic heads; but when he is in a good humor, and meets with an acquaintance who has some pretension to antique lore, he shows no mercy. His paranomastic pellets are usually of Roman origin, though he occasionally dabbles in Greek, and sometimes in later languages. He generally affects to give the name of his author, and his quotations are sometimes genuine, though I would not like to swear to their authenticity in every case.

The neighbors are apt to call Dr. Gastrick a bore, while Dr. Gastrick calls the neighbors Bœotians, which epithet some take for a compliment, and some do not. In spite of all this, however, the doctor is by no means an unpopular man, for he is considered eminently skillful in his profession, and is the very essence of good-nature and genial good-fellowship, though, in some humors, a very cynic, as far as words go. He is exceedingly hospitable, and when he gets hold of a listener whom he excepts from the Bœotian category, he clings to him most tenaciously.

"*Heus tibi, scriptor!*—how are you, scribbler? *Ex talibus scriptor*—'a scribbler of *tales*,' as Cicero has it—eh, neighbor?"

As soon as we had shaken hands, the doctor peremptorily insisted that I should turn back to his gate, about half a mile off, and take dinner with him. I tried to excuse myself—told him I had been riding so far that I was tired, and wanted to get home.

"Well, if you have been riding so far," replied Dr. Gastrick, "so much the more need for you to stop and rest yourself—*dolce far niente*, as the Italians say. *Nec far nisi edax sis*—you shouldn't travel too *far* without *eating*, as Plautus says. Eh, neighbor?"

"But, you see, my wife said—"

"*Non cara uxor sed Ino*—you don't *care* what your wife *said, I know*, as Ovid has it. So you may just as well make up your mind at once. *Nono ansari vellitur—no, no, answer I;* I'd be a goose to take no for an answer, as Persius says. You can't escape me. You are bound to come. Besides, I have something to show you."

"What is that, doctor?"

"*Mecum et secum videri,—come* with *me*, and you shall *see*, as Livy says."

"But I would rather know beforehand whether your 'something' is worth seeing or not."

"Worth seeing? To be sure it is, and worth stealing too. I stole it, at all events."

"Well, doctor, I give it up. My opposition, as usual, ends in servile submission. I can't resist your abominable tyranny."

"*Cantu servili—can't you, sir*, indeed? as Terence says."

"Indade, sir, I naver said nothin' of the sort, at all at all!" exclaimed Terence O'Shaughnessy, who was building a wall fence by the roadside.

The doctor's eyes twinkled, but to Terentius Afer's namesake he said never a word.

As we set off at a brisk pace towards the doctor's house, Terence called out something, which the noise of the horses' hoofs prevented me from hearing distinctly.

"Did you hear what he said?" asked I. "Wasn't it something about a shoe?"

"Pshaw!" replied my companion, "what does he know about a shoe? He's an Irishman, and a bog-trotter. Yonder comes a man who might throw some light on that subject."

"And why, pray? Why should he know more about a shoe than Terence O'Shaughnessy? He's not a shoemaker, is he?"

"No, but he is a Frenchman, and a tailor; and *chou* (*shoo*) is French for cabbage, you know."

By this time we had reached the lane which leads from the high road to the doctor's house, perhaps a quarter of a mile off.

"Doctor," said I, as we were passing in, "that is a very diminutive pair of gates."

"Well, they are," replied he; "*wie gaet's*, as a Scotchman would say if he spoke German. They are big enough, however. They fill the *posts* for which they were intended."

We soon afterwards reached the house. As we entered, I observed a shaggy-looking animal of some kind, lying all in a heap, in a sort of cage by the door.

"Is that what you've got to show me?" asked I, as I stopped to look at the thing.

"That? No indeed. You shall not have any such *bear*-faced imposition as that to accuse me of, I promise you."

"Is it a bear? It lies coiled up so that I can hardly see what it is."

"Take that stick and poke it up a little—*un poco*, as the Italians say."

"It is a bear, sure enough. And what on earth are you going to do with it, doctor?"

"Well, sir, I bought that bear, as the South Americans do their cattle, for the sake of his hide and tallow, and for the sake of 'the top of my head and the place where the hair ought to grow,' and doesn't. You see I like to buy my grease on the hoof, or at least on the paw; for 'grease which is living grease no more,' as Byron has it, is not to be trusted. Dead bear's grease is apt to turn out boar's grease, and that's an unbearable bore. And so, you see, as I mean to go a courting one of these days, I procured *ursa major* there, all alive (even to his hide, for it's full of fleas), with the intention of sacrificing him to Cupid. By the way, *scriptor*, does *cupidity* come from *Cupid*, as *stupidity* does from *stupid?* Shouldn't wonder if it did; there's a close alliance between the two, at all events."

Rattling on in this way, the veteran punster led me into the house, and we soon afterwards sat down to dinner. Dr. Gastrick is a widower, and has no children. There was but one guest besides myself, a mutual friend. The reader would be surfeited if I were to record one-twentieth part of the "quips, quirks and quiddities" which fell as thick as hail, "from the eggs to the apples," as Horace would have said.

Not that the doctor monopolized an undue share of the conversation, by any means. Each one bore his part in "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," as far as it existed, but the doctor furnished a very large proportion of the condiments. We were plentifully peppered with puns at all events; and in the absence of that "Attic salt," which is such an exceedingly rare commodity, they answered very well.

"There's that little Frenchman again," said the doctor, looking out of the window; "come to see the bear, I suppose. He's a great dandy; I must give him some of the grease—*graisse de fat*, as he calls it, and as it will be when it belongs to him, for he is an unmitigated fat. *Ri sum tetatis amici?*—will you have *some rye* bread, my friends? as Horace says, in his 'Art of Poetry.' Don't make a *wry* face, *scriptor*; those pickles are made of the young shoots of the Chinese *sorghum*."

"They are uncommonly sour. My mouth is all in a pucker."

"*Jam-dudum saucia cura*—take some *jam* for *sauce*, and that will *cure* you, as Virgil has it. I tell you what, gentleman, if Dr. Johnson had been an autocrat, and I one of his subjects, I should have been sent to the penitentiary, and—"

"He would have served you right," added I. "It was not without reason that he maintained that punning was as bad as picking pockets; for a pun is an actual transgression of the law, and I can prove it."

"How, pray?"

"By its derivation."

"Do so, and I'll reward you by—"

"Will you grant me one request if I do?"

"Yes, if it is at all a reasonable one."

"It shall be perfectly reasonable."

"Very well. Now for your proof."

"You shall have it. Do you consider Dr. Noah Webster good authority in such matters?"

"Well, yes. He was a brother-punster, or an unconscionable word-twister, at all events. I think I ought to trust him."

"Very well. There is a copy of his dictionary lying on the lounge. Can you tell me what edition it is?"

"Yes; it is the author's abridgement, revised by Professor Goodrich, of Yale College."

"Very good. Now will you be so kind as to look for the word *paronomasia?*"

"Here it is."

"Well, read the definition, if you please."

"'*Paronomasia*, [from the Greek *paranomeo*, to transgress law or rule] A rhetorical figure, by which words, nearly alike in sound, but of different meanings, are affectedly or designedly used; a play upon words; a pun.'"

"And does it not necessarily follow, from that definition and derivation, that a *paronomasia*, or *pun*, is a '*transgression of law or rule?*'"

"Yes, to be sure. But it's all wrong; a blunder of the worst sort. Every schoolboy knows that *paronomasia* comes from an altogether different source—from *paronomazo*, which signifies 'to use a word in a sense different from its ordinary acceptation,' and which is itself a compound of *para* and *onoma*. Poob, pooh! It's all a mistake. He makes *nomos*, a law, the root, instead of *onoma*, a name. The lexicographical doctor, with the antediluvian name, has made a gross blunder, and the Yale professor, with the good-rich name, has not found it out. *Literarum ignoramus ambo*—literal ignoramuses, both of them, as Plautus hath it."

"Great lexicographers may make mistakes, like other men. But you acknowledged Webster's authority; and now you must 'acknowledge the corn,' abide by the definition, and do what you promised. Isn't that fair?"

"Certainly; I'll do what you wish, though I cannot abide by a definition like that."

"Well, well; only grant my request, and I am satisfied. When I was here last, you gave me one chapter of your adventures in France; now I want to hear another. I want to know something about that affair on the road to Bordeaux—that which Jack Harper used to bore you so about. I strongly suspect that there are some passages in the adventure which you don't much like to have talked about; but you see that is the very thing that piques my curiosity so. Come, doctor, make a clean breast of it. You can't escape me now. I have you cornered. You have positively promised to do what I ask, if it is reasonable. I ask you to tell me all about that travelling adventure on the road to Bordeaux. Nothing can be more reasonable than that."

"But I was going to show you—"

"Never mind—never mind about that. That will keep till another time; but if I let you off from this story now, I am afraid we'll never hear it. So let us have the adventure, doctor."

"Well, well, well! I'll 'do the polite thing' about it, though you haven't done it yourself. You have taken rather an unfair advantage of me, Cam.; but you shall have the story, such as it is. It is the merest of trifles—not worth spending so many words upon, certainly."

I had not expected that the doctor would yield so readily, for he had always been particularly reserved in relation to this adventure, and I had in fact abandoned the expectation of ever hearing anything more about it. With the narrator's permission, I made a verbatim phonographic report of it, which is as follows:

"You shall hear the adventure. I see no reason why I should hesitate to tell it. Men who travel in wild places must expect sometimes to meet with rough handling—to put in jeopardy their own lives, and perhaps to be compelled to take the lives of others.

"I had gone down the Rhone, wandered through Provence, spent several weeks in the Pyrenees, and come out into the world again some leagues to the eastward of Bayonne. From that point I took up my line of march (on foot) to Bordeaux, through a sparsely settled country, and by a road which proved to be a very wild and lonesome one.

"I cared little for this, however, for I had been long enough in the wilderness of the Pyrenees to become well accustomed to solitude in travelling, and I rather preferred it than otherwise. The wild, the picturesque and the sublime are not often to be met with on routes that are smooth, well-beaten, and thronged with travellers. Indifferent as the road was, I got along well enough as long as I kept it. But in the afternoon of the second day (I think it was) I managed to get astray altogether. Early in the morning I crossed the Adour at Dax, and I was to sleep that night at a village called Versaques. But the sun approached the horizon, night was coming on, and no Versaques could I find.

"For more than three hours I had trudged over the desolate moor without seeing one human face. I was beginning to think that I had come to the end of the world—'the jumping-off place'—when at last an *animal bipes implumis*—a two-legged animal without feathers—hove in sight. According to the above learned definition of the Greek philosopher, this ought to have been a man, though he certainly did not look much like one. Being a man, it was probable that he could talk, and being a Frenchman, it was to be presumed that he could talk French. Acting upon these presumptions, I accosted him, and said:

"'Can you tell me how far it is to Versaques?'

"'Heaigh-a-gigh aggog och oichoik kichewok-croch hoe wogh hohcohewoigh ochquequack owac.'

"'Can't you speak French?'

"'Beeghdugherruggerugh queigh occocer—'

"I put my fingers in my ears and fled—ingloriously fled, routed by the fellow's tongue. From a woman's tongue I confess I had run, perhaps more than once, but from a man's never before. The whetting of a saw, the squeaking of consumptive bagpipes, the squealing of a tortured fiddle, the grunting of an ill-used trombone, the screaming of an asthmatic accordeon, the screeching of a cracked fife, the braying of a superannuated jackass—these, and many other similar sounds, are undeniably unpleasant. But they are familiar and common-place—they don't frighten one.

"But should you ever have the misfortune to hear a certain mongrel *Basque* which is spoken by some of the peasantry on the Adour, you will have taken a step into the fearful profundity of the great abyss of discord such as you will hardly be able to contemplate afterwards without shuddering. The Gascons say it is the very language the devil speaks when the gipseys try to teach him their dialect.

"But that has nothing to do with my story. I ran away from the Biscayan, travelled on a mile or two further, and there met with another peasant, a little more civilized, from whom I learned that Versaques was still a great ways off, but he did not know how far it was, nor in what direction. The fact is, this man's ideas of places, courses and distances were of a confused and shadowy character. Bordeaux, he believed, was somewhere on the other side of the Pyrenees; and as for Paris, it was a myth—a something which he certainly had heard tell of, but of the reality of which no prudent man would speak with confidence. That was his opinion.

"The sun went down, the twilight came and departed, the stars peeped out one by one, and still there was nothing to be seen but the tedious uniformity of the lonely moor. At last I was forced to the unpleasant conclusion that there was nothing for it but a bivouac, *sub Jove*, with the starry canopy for a roof, and the little knapsack I carried for a pillow—the bed being composed of all out of-doors in general. A stone—a rare thing in that region—served me for a bolster, and I was soon settled, as I supposed, for the night. It was the fall of the year, and rather cooler than comfort required.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

FAT MEN.

Fat men are the salt and savor of the earth; full of good humor, high spirits, fun, and all manner of jollity. Of men, they are the good measures; brimmed, heaped, pressed down, piled up, and running over. They are as ships from Teneriffe; swimming deep, full of old wine, and twenty steps down into their holds. Soft and susceptible, all round they are easy of entreaty. Wherefore, for all their rotundity, they are too often circumnavigated by hatchet faced knaves. Ah! a fat uncle, with a fat paunch and a fat purse, is a joy and delight to all nephews; to philosophers, a subject of endless speculation, as to how many droves of oxen and Lake Eries of wine might have run through his great mill during the full term of his mortal career. Fat men not immortal! This very instant, old Lambert is rubbing his jolly abdomen in Paradise.—*Melville's Mardi.*

WRITERS AND SPEAKERS.

The difference between the style of one who always writes but never speaks, and one who always speaks but never writes, is very great. The first is more smooth and polished, the second more concise and forcible. The one lacks power, the other beauty. Speaking generally, the two qualities of grace and strength can only be acquired by practice both in writing and speaking. The two must mutually correct each other; and any system of education which neglects or ignores either of them is faulty.—*Harvard Magazine.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EDITH'S DEPARTURE.

BY M. A. LOWELL.

"FASTER! drive faster!" said the hurried tones of Mr Champney to his son, as they neared the city. From the flat level of the old Salem turnpike they had watched for the first sight of the dome on the State House, and it greeted their eyes just as the sun was rising.

In the dark hour before dawn, another carriage had passed theirs, at a speed that almost threatened destruction to both. The wheels had, for an instant, become interlocked, but the frantic effort to go on had dislodged them with a violent jerk, and soon the father and son heard the sound of the carriage as it passed over the distant bridge.

"That was Davenport's voice," said Herman Champney. "I could detect his slightest whistle to his horse, and I heard him speak to his companion besides."

"Then there is mischief on foot," said his father, "and the sooner we get there, the less of it he can accomplish."

And from that moment he scarcely ceased to entreat his son to drive faster. The wearied horse lagged as he came in over the pavements, and they were obliged to leave him at a stable, and pursue their way on foot. Their course lay to the west part of the city, and they proceeded thither with all the speed which their trembling hearts permitted.

"This is the place," said Herman, as they passed before the door of a wooden house in May Street. "I almost dread to open the door."

"And so do I, Herman. I have a feeling that we shall meet with something dreadful in this place."

"Well, let us face it like men. Anything is more tolerable than suspense." And Hermann struck the old-fashioned knocker.

Its sound brought to the door a woman, whose appearance did not prepossess her visitors. She was a thin, dark woman, with very black hair overhanging a low, narrow forehead. Her face was very sallow, save that on each cheek was a regular patch of fiery red, recently laid on. She had immense hoops in her ears, as was then the prevailing style. Her dress was a showy silk, somewhat soiled in spots, and quite unsuitable for a morning robe; and untidy shoes completed her costume. With a bold, masculine look, she returned the gaze of the two gentlemen, and asked their business.

"We want to see Mrs. Kenny," said Herman.

"O, well, I am here," she answered, simperingly; and she moved aside for them to enter, and motioned them into an apartment at the back part of the house. The room was tawdry in its appointments, with articles of a cheap, glittering character upon the chimney-piece and tables. The carpet, once gaudy, was now faded and torn, and splashes of dirt seemed ground into its threads. Over all was a thick coat of dust, that pervaded every part of the room, and shone in the stray sunbeam that came through the one dingy window.

The woman sat down, with her bare arms folded, and seemed to await their speaking. Mr. Champney's lips quivered, as he strove, ineffectually, to address her; and Herman, seeing this, relieved him. There was something in the appearance of her visitors which seemed to awe the woman. Her bold eyes were gradually lowered, as if she could not quite withstand the deep anxiety of the countenance of the elder, nor the solemn but determined expression of the younger. That they were both *gentlemen*, she knew; and something above the people she was in the habit of admitting into her house.

"Did you ever have a young lady in your house, as a boarder, named Ellen Chandler?" asked Herman.

She seemed to be considering, as if trying to remember, and then answered in the affirmative.

"How long since?"

"About a year."

"Where is she now?"

The woman turned pale, except where the rouge was laid on, and then answered, slowly, "She is dead!"

Mr. Champney uttered a cry, and would have fallen but for his son's protecting arms.

"When did she die?"

"Last year, at Christmas."

"Did she die here, at your house?"

"Yes; in this very room, and on that couch where you sit."

Herman and his father both started, as if a flash of lightning had struck them, and changed their seats.

"How long was she here previous to her dying?"

"Two weeks."

"Did she come alone?"

"No. A gentleman brought her here, requesting board for her."

"Did you know him?"

Her whole face was now flushed. She did not speak for a moment, but at length said, in a prevaricating tone:

"How should I know all who come here? I live by keeping boarders, and do not ask the business or name of those who may chance to bring them here."

"Enough. Was the young lady long ill?"

"About ten days. She was not well when she came."

"Who attended her in her illness?"

"I did, sir; and I assure you, everything was done for her comfort. She took to me, I assure you, and would not let anybody come near her but me."

"Did she leave a message for any one?"

"Only for Mr. Dav—Mr. Davricourt," said the woman, hesitating and confused; then summoning courage, she said, "She told me it was her brother-in-law. I forget his exact name—should not know it if I heard it."

"Did she leave a letter for him or any one, and was it sent?"

"No, I guess not. I disremember. Yes, now I think of it, she did write a good deal, sitting up in bed, with a pencil, but it was all in a little book."

"Bring me that book."

"O, law, sir, Mr. Dav—really, sir, I thought it of no use to any one, and so I burned it up."

"You should have kept it. Do you know you are liable to imprisonment, unless you keep such writings for a year and advertise them?"

The woman started with sudden fear, but falsehood came to her aid. "So I did, sir, but this very morning, the year being up, I burned the book. See," she continued with a triumphant air, "there is the cover still in the ashes."

True enough there was lying on the bars of a rusty grate the thick, half-burned cover of a small book. Herman snatched it up, and read on the scorched lining of the cover a name that went to his very soul. It was not Ellen Chandler, but Edith Champney! He closed his lips tightly, dashed a tear from his eyes, and placed the scorched relic reverently within his vest. The father groaned aloud in his grief, and Herman again put his arm around him to steady him in his seat.

"Have you anything more to tell me? Give me the names of the physician and sexton, and tell me where she was buried."

"Dr. Soames attended her. You will not find him. He went away long ago, nobody knows where. The sexton? well, he would not remember, of course. She died easy, poor thing! and her last words were blessings on me for the care I took of her."

"That will do. Father, dear, let us go away."

Mr. Champney rose, but gazed long upon the couch, the room itself, and the woman, who, bad and deceitful as she might be, and plainly trying to mislead them, was still an object of interest as the last on which those eyes had rested. Herman drew him gently away. Leaving his father at a hotel, he went himself to find a sexton, supposing that one in that vicinity might be called upon. He was right; and on inquiry, the man, referring to his books, found the name of Ellen Chandler, at the date given by Herman. The age was correct, but the disease was stated as consumption. He had made no mistake, he said. He even remembered stating his surprise at seeing one so fair and beautiful, and with so little attenuation, designated as a consumptive.

"Well, my friend," said Herman, "I wish you to show me where she lies, and also to disinter her for my inspection. I have a right to ask this, as I am her brother."

The man looked genuinely sorry. "Do not ask it, sir. There are many reasons why you should not, if not already taken away; and there is too much reason to suppose that, notwithstanding all the careful watching we enjoin upon our assistants, there are many who do not remain where they are laid a single night."

Herman returned, sick at heart, to his father.

"I am confident," said Mr. Champney, when his son related his failure, "that Davenport, and some one who was with him when they passed us, have been at the house on May Street and instructed the woman what to say."

"Yes; and he too has burned the manuscript which the poor girl left. He shall answer for this deep wrong, if I live!"

"No, Herman, never shall you meet him in the way you mean, on pain of my lasting displeasure. Have I not a sufficient burden to weigh my gray hairs to the grave? Leave him to that God who can punish him without your help. We will go home now to comfort your poor mother. We must think most of her now. I did not think her strange dream would come true so soon."

It was true. Edith Champney had gone away from her home, a year before, under pretence of visiting a relative in one of the suburbs of Boston. A few words between her mother and herself, respecting the visits of young Davenport, whose character was not in good repute, ended in a strange petulance on Edith's part, which terminated in her departure on a visit, as she said, where she would be treated more kindly than at home. Hoping to break up the connection, her mother did not oppose her; and, at the time referred to, she took the stage for her cousin's abode.

Hearing nothing from her, and seeing Davenport apparently busily engaged in his office, the mother concluded that Edith had found some new source of enjoyment, and she let the time slip away without scarce thinking that Edith was unkind in not writing to her. Knowing that she had vexed her, she sat down and wrote a letter, not to Edith, but to Mrs. Albury, the cousin, saying that the daughter was making quite too long a visit, and wishing her to come immediately home. The answer to this latter made the poor woman almost frantic.

"My dear aunt," it said, "I cannot conceive what you mean, and can only account for the strange affair by concluding that you must have intended to address your letter to somebody else. Is it not to Sister Lucy, at Vermont, that Edith's visit is being made, and did you not intend to address her instead of me? I have not even seen Edith, you know, since she was here two years ago."

What a shock was this letter to the mother! Still she thought it not altogether unlikely that Edith might have gone another way, purposely to avoid Davenport, and had taken care to let no one know where she was. She would, she thought, go up to Vermont on a visit, and surprise her; but in the hurry of household affairs, and the sudden return of her husband from sea, she let a few more weeks go by. Then the feeling of dislike to have the affair known and talked of, made Mr. Champney forbid any search to be made for her. "If," said he, "Edith has reasons for keeping out of the way for a time, do not let us make a disturbance, and set people talking of the matter. Hard as it is, let us make none but the most private inquiries."

And so months went on, and to all the inquiries made for Edith, the answer was only that she was out of town; and now that nearly a year had gone by, shame, and a sense of disgrace in some shape, prevented any explanation. The family had always lived somewhat retired, and they could now more readily keep the painful subject within their own dwelling.

One night the mother dreamed that Edith was dead, and that young Davenport was in some way connected with her death. She woke in an agony that defied all efforts of her husband to soothe, and the next day she was nearly frantic. In the dusk of the following evening, she sought and found him. Grasping his arm with the authority of grief that knows no ceremony, she said, hurriedly, and in a choking voice, "Ward Davenport, what have you done with my daughter?"

He staggered a few paces from her, and sitting down by the wayside—for she had not gone into the office—he covered his face with his hands, and she could hear him sob bitterly. Again she repeated the question. He sprang up and said, in a deep, hollow tone, "She is dead!"

"Did you kill her?" said Mrs. Champney, with unnatural calmness.

"Not with my hand, but with my heart," sobbed the young man, adopting, perhaps unconsciously, the words of Manfred.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Champney. "I want truth, not heroics. Tell me all, or I will trumpet my child's murder to the world before I sleep."

Broken by what seemed real anguish, he told her that, finding Edith could not receive him without offending her family, he proposed to her to leave home, and go where she could be free to meet him if she chose. The visit to Mrs. Albury was projected, and Edith started on her journey for that purpose; but at the first stopping place of the stage, he was there with a carriage, and she joined him, supposing that he was going there to see her safely handed at her cousin's. What madness induced him to stop in Boston, he did not know. He had not thought of such a thing until they arrived in Boston. He then proposed that she should stay there for a few weeks. The woman to whose house he had carried her, was known to him partially, and he knew he could command her. She received Edith as a boarder, under the name of Chandler, and promised to take care of her. Only a few days had passed, when he was sent for to see her die. O, the horrors he experienced after that! "Even you, her mother, would pity me then. I was a thousand times tempted to come and confess to you all the wrong I had done, and the deception I had practised; but I was too much of a coward. Look at me! Am I not changed? Those nights of horror have brought me low enough! Surely, demons were never so miserable, nor felt half so guilty as I did. Nor does it die out. Had I no met you to-night, I should never have seen you. I should have shot myself before morning."

"No, live to atone for your sins, Ward Davenport, and let the memory of this sink deep into your heart. I am not fit to condemn you, for I erred in not searching for her; but pride—the dread of public opinion—kept me from it."

He gave her the direction she asked of him, and they parted, never to meet again. That night Ward Davenport passed Mr. Champney and Herman on the road. He knew their errand; but he wished to be there before them. He warned the woman to treat them civilly; and, as they imagined, it was he who burnt the manuscript. The sad, desponding strain in which it was written, pierced him to the heart. No other eye should see it. The woman nearly betrayed herself by speaking his name when they asked what was done with it. He had charged her to keep quiet, and only answer when she could not avoid it. He had really loved Edith; but the pride of her mother, who had forbidden him the house, exasperated him so much, that he justified himself in taking any steps to see Edith.

Mrs. Champney had seen much trouble before this. The loss of children, of friends, and the unhappiness which her eldest son had occasioned her, were all fit preparations for this, saddest of all! She covered up the wound even now, and retired from every eye to hide the memory of her daughter in her own heart. She even had some womanly compassion for him who had caused this pang. In truth, she was a sweet, forgiving, Christian woman.

Mrs. Champney awoke quite early, one morning the next winter, to the feeling that she had heard some great sound in her sleep. A light snow had fallen on the window panes, and she could not see through them. Sleep had departed, and she arose and dressed herself. According to her usual custom, she opened the front door, and was beginning to inhale the clear, cold, wintry air. A dark object lay on the snow at a little distance. She went to it, thinking some one had fallen down and been injured. There was blood on the snow; and as she turned up the face in the gray light of the morning, she saw that it was Ward Davenport's. He had thought to expiate his guilt, by offering his life as a sacrifice before her very door.

There are women in the world who would have spurned that dead body from their pathway, and thought it righteous to do so. Mrs. Champney was not one of these. Tenderly pitying the mother of the suicide, she took all measures to save her from the sudden shock of his death; and when the grief of that mother exceeded all bounds, she took her by the hand, and gently told her how she herself had suffered, and by whom that suffering had come to her.

From that hour, the two bereaved women comforted and consoled each other, and, in so doing, each felt her burden lighter. Fifty years have passed away, and both mothers have gone to meet their erring children. Let us reverently hope that their sins are forgiven them—and not only hope, but *trust*.

It is a shame, if any person poorer than you is more contented than you.

THE ROVER OF THE GULF.

BY CAPT. ROBERT BARNACLE.

It was a damp and foggy night in the March of A. D., 1815, that Henry Benson was walking the deck of a little Baltimore built brig, then at anchor nearly abreast of the lower cotton-press in New Orleans. It was soon after the great battle of the eighth of January, where the hero Jackson laid the foundation of a name that will never die, and the city was rife with the sounds of riot, discord and conviviality emanating from hordes of disbanded soldiers, sailors and Barratarians. The night was dismal and uncomfortable, the moon shed a yellowish, sickly light amid the fog, and the mist that gathered on the rigging formed in drops and fell like rain, whilst the still and heavy air bore each shout of revelry, each roll of drum or shriek of fife across the waters with vivid distinctness; and the horrid roar of the alligators among the bayous and marshes, the hoot of owls, the hum of myriads of insects, the intolerable stench of the muddy and flat lands, together with the lonely yet noisy rush of the turbid waters against the brig's side and around her bows, rendered the lone watch of the deck frightful to a man of less nerve than Henry Benson. But he, with a soul that knew no fear, an open-hearted, frank, dare devil and danger-courting disposition, a round, compact and elastic frame, possessed of great power, well shrouded in his oiled jacket and sou'wester, paced the deck of the Gazelle during his anchor-watch, feeling as secure as if within the walls of a castle. Now humming a scrap from some sea-ditty—now walking aft to the binnacle to see if the glass required turning, and anon holding audible converse with his thoughts; thus passed the first hour of his watch.

"Hallo, Beelzebubs!" said he, communing with himself, as shouts from the city burst upon his ear with unusual distinctness. "I should think by the noise that the old Dragon himself was unchained among ye; and if the pilot spoke truth, in saying that the blood-loving Lafitte is in the city, you *have* a demon you little think of in your midst; and now, as I think of it, who knows but that tall, black-whiskered and smooth-tongued devil who was steering the sail-boat which capsized under our bows the other day, was Lafitte himself; he looked like a desperado, and evidently steered the boat on our cable intentionally; but what could have been his motive? To drown the old gentleman, I think: for he looked as black as a thunder-cloud at me, as I pulled the old man out; but he came very near losing his own number in the mess, whatever he intended. He did not reckon upon that knock on the head from the chain. Well, I may have saved a villain, for aught I know, to cut my throat yet. But the old gentleman and his daughter—ah! there is pleasure in the thought of having saved them. I would wade through danger to my very neck to do the like again. God bless her pretty figure-head. I can see her now, with her roguish eyes twinkling like the Cape lights in a frosty night, and can almost feel that pretty, soft hand in mine now, as she bade me good-by."

At this moment the dip of oars near the brig's bow arrested his attention, and looking over the side, he saw a boat filled with armed men approaching.

"Who goes there?" hailed Henry, as he walked forward.

No answer.

"Who goes there? Speak, or I'll fire into you!" continued he, sharply.

"*Amigos*," replied a voice, in Spanish.

"Friends? Keep at a friendly distance, then, until I learn your errand."

"*Pronto humbres—pronto*," said a voice, in low tones, from the opposite bow; and turning his eyes in that direction, Henry saw another boat approaching rapidly and almost noiselessly.

"Quick, shipmates—quick, for your lives, tumble up here; we are boarded!" cried Henry, an instant after, as he thundered at the fore-scuttle with a handspike; then running aft he sounded the alarm at the cabin doors.

"Treachery!" cried he, at the top of his voice. "Up, up, and arm, for we are boarded by river pirates."

Then seizing a cutlass from a heap that were on the cabin sky-light, he bounded forward to repel with stalwart arm the midnight foe.

"Jump, heroes, for those cutlasses on the sky-light, and the boarding pikes on the booms," continued he, with shrill voice, to the frighted and half-dressed crew, who were issuing from the scuttle. At the same instant, he aimed a blow at the head of a man who was clambering up the fore chains, which toppled him over among his companions in the boat.

"Aboard, tigers! aboard, there, before they have time to rally," cried a hoarse and commanding voice, in impatient tones, from the stern-sheets of the boat.

"*Come* aboard, and it shall be a death-ship for *you*," returned Harry, from between his closed teeth, as he lopped off at one stroke of his cutlass both arms of a pirate who was climbing up the side, while the body fell back on the heads of his companions, and rolled from thence overboard.

"Shoot the fool! curses on him!" cried the voice from the stern-sheets; "what? dolts! let one man repel a boat's crew of the tigers?"

At this instant a blow from behind, dealt by one of the assailants who had boarded on the other bow, felled Harry to the deck. Recovering his footing a moment after, he again rushed forward to the attack, and was met by a tall, black-whiskered man, who appeared to be the chief, and whom he recognized as being the individual of whom he had been speaking.

"Cut, cut—overboard with 'em, tigers!" cried the pirate, as his elastic blade wound round Harry's clumsy cutlass.

Hand to hand they fought for a minute, Harry retreating, and the pirate pressing on impatiently. A moment after, and Harry's heels struck the booby hatch, pitching him backwards into the steerage, whilst the pirate rushed aft to help complete the slaughter.

How long Henry Benson remained insensible from the effects of his fall he knew not, but his first consciousness was, of being dragged towards the deck.

"Who have ye there?" inquired the same voice he had heard in the stern-sheets of the boat.

"One of the crew, whom we found in the steerage, and whom we are about to consign to Old Nick; that is, if the 'old boy' will accept of the consignment," answered one of the pirates.

"O, ho! that is the chap I knocked down and supposed dead; but never mind now, I want you here at present; shove him into the sail-room there, at your hands, and hasten on deck to make sail."

A moment after, and Henry was rudely thrust into the sail room (which was a small apartment in the steerage, and separated from the cabin by a thin partition), and the door closed and locked. As he sunk upon a heap of old sails in one corner, he was for a moment constrained to doubt his identity.

"'Tis no dream—no; 'tis a terrible reality—a prisoner among pirates! Father of mercy, protect me!" was his cry, as thoughts of the "plank," "yard-arm," and every other summary mode of murdering their victims, usual to sea marauders, passed through his mind. But soon hope, which is ever strong in brave hearts, came to his aid, and with that ready adaptation to circumstances peculiar to seamen, he soon felt more at ease, and his wearied body was wrapped in slumber. When he awoke, he knew by the motion of the vessel that she was upon the open sea, and that knowledge cut off all hope of escape to the shore. As he lay for a moment reflecting upon his situation, the sound of sobs from the cabin faintly reached his ear, and placing his head against the partition, he could distinctly hear the sound of a female voice engaged in prayer.

"Good heavens! a woman in the hands of these monsters! But, perhaps," thought he, "she is an accomplice. No! I would not wrong the name of woman by such suspicions; and besides, she is praying, therefore she can have no fellowship here. How came she here? There was no woman on board yesterday. Ah, perhaps it is some kidnapped victim, torn from a quiet home and friends, or inveigled by some wicked arts to trust herself in the arms of one she had learned to love."

At times he fancied that the voice was familiar, and with strained ear he listened, whilst his heart beat quick and hard. The opening and shutting of the cabin doors next arrested his attention, and immediately the voice ceased praying.

"Good morning, Miss De Wolfe," said the voice of the chief, blandly. "I hope and trust you rested well last night."

"O, Don Raffael," replied the voice, in imploring accents, "spare us, spare us."

"Spare you, my dear Zinette; what fear you? I assure you that no harm shall come to you; I love you too well for that, I assure you."

"Insult me not, Don Raffael, with such language now; the hawk loves not the dove which he steals from its cote; no, he steals but to destroy," answered the lady, coldly.

"I *swear* to thee, here, on my bended knee, by the gods, by the light of heaven, that I do adore thee, Zinette—that my brain is maddened—that I am eaten up with love of thee; and it was the knowledge that I must die, unless I possessed thee, that has driven me to take that which I fondly hope ere long you will freely give; forgive, then, the deception I have practised—let my love be an excuse for me."

"Methinks such intensity of love as you describe would not prompt to violence; it should increase respect for its object. Had I not told you of the hopelessness of your passion? and what is love unreturned but hate?"

"I know that you refused my suit," said he, in a softened tone, "but I felt certain that you knew not the depth of my love, and I fondly hoped, that, once removed from home, surrounded by all the luxuries of wealth, and with every wish ministered to with a devotion you could but marvel at, you would learn to love one whom you oft have smiled upon, and I yet could be happy; and say, dearest," continued he, warming to enthusiastic eloquence, "shall we not, together, roam over the bright blue seas, making our bark dance with joy, until we touch at those green isles within the tropics, where every breeze is laden with fragrance, and the earth looks glad in its munificence, and there, with all we love around us, in some sheltered nook while our lives away? Or, if it please thee, we will shape our course to European shores, and there, surrounded by wealth, pomp and magnificence, you shall reign queen of the gay; no wish, however extravagant, shall remain ungratified, for I have wealth unbounded, and power."

"Cease, for heaven's sake, such mockery," replied she, evidently losing temper each moment; "release my poor father, whom you cruelly dragged from his home; he who befriended you, opened the doors of hospitality, and warmed you in his bosom; release us, I say, ere you talk of love, and ere I tell thee what thou art."

"And what am I, pray, bold maid?"

"Alas! worse than I could have believed. Last night's tragedy tells me thou art a villain and a—murderer!"

"Worse I am, if thou wilt have it, fool; I am *Lafitte, the pirate chief of Barrataria!*" thundered he, in a passion; "one who seldom woos in vain, and whose wrath burns fiercer than his love; so beware how you tempt the tiger in his lair."

So saying, he left the cabin. Henry, who had listened to their conversation with mingled feelings of astonishment, curiosity and rage, sunk back upon his bed of sails, trembling in every joint with excitement, and for a moment forgot his own position in his sympathy for the unfortunates in the cabin.

"Alas, alas! poor beings!"

Meanwhile the little Gazelle had flown onwards like a bird on wing, leaving the muddy waters of the Mississippi far behind, and danced on the green waves of the broad Gulf. Her course had been shaped for Barrataria, and she disdained not to put forth her fleetest powers alike for the blood-thirsty corsair, or the honest merchant. During the first day, the pirates had been busily employed in getting their new prize in order, and in making such arrangements as were necessary. This had engaged their utmost attention, and they exulted not a little over the sailing qualities of their stolen bark. Thus Henry wholly escaped their attention during the first day; and had he not found some damaged bread stowed away in the sail-room, he would have suffered severely from hunger.

But on the morning of the second day a consultation was called by Lafitte, for the purpose of determining the fate of our hero, and settling some other minor matters in their usual way. Some were for allowing Henry the privilege of joining them, after the usual ceremonies and oaths, as they were in want of companions; but others were strenuous in their wishes of carrying to the extent their motto, "dead men tell no tales." For a time quite a war of words raged among the pirates, in the midst of which the cry arose from the helmsman: "The squall! the squall! Look to windward!"

"A squall close aboard—clew up the kites—stand by the halliards and clewlines!" were the cries immediately heard from all sides.

Lafitte, who had been in the cabin, leaped to the deck as he heard the helmsman's cry, and casting his eyes to windward, he there saw what drove the blood from his cheek and paralyzed him for an instant; but recovering in a moment, he cast his eyes aloft, then cheered on his crew:

"Bear a hand, boys, with those topgallant sails and royals; cheerly, now; let go topsail halliards—stand by tacks and sheets—man the clew-garnets and buntlines—hurrah, boys—clew up and clew down fore and aft—quick is your play, or we lose our spars."

The whole line of the horizon, as far as the eye could reach, seemed one vast sea of foam. Dark and frightful banks of clouds, which had risen as if by magic, were piling up and driving before some great gale with fearful rapidity. The sun was obscured, and the light of heaven was fast being shut out. An unnatural calmness was in the air among the sails, as if nature was preparing its vast energies for the awful exertions it would soon call into action. The waters near the brig forgot, in their fright, their regularity, and jostled against each other in their endeavors to flee, throwing their tiny crests upward with hollow splashes. A moment after, a premonitory gust flew over, and in an instant, with a roaring, howling and surging sound, that rivalled the thunder's din, the squall struck the brig, which bent beneath its crushing force like a reed. In a moment all was enveloped in blackness and mist. The affrighted pirates screamed with terror, as they clung to the rigging, and the storm-god mocked their cries with his horrid howls among the spars. Lafitte, with the promptness of a ready seaman, had been able to strip the brig of all sail, except a "close-reefed main topsail;" under this he had expected to weather the squall, but the first gust had proved to him the futility of that attempt and his immediate danger of foundering, and he shouted to the helmsman:

"Keep her away—hard a weather—hard up—jam it up;" but the little Gazelle was too far gone to mind any promptings from her helm, and she made no apparent effort to "pay off."

"Is that helm up?" asked Lafitte, anxiously.

"Yes, *hard* up," was the reply.

"Lost! all lost!" was the shriek that arose from all.

Henry Benson had listened eagerly to the process of taking in sail, and expected the squall; but he was not prepared for the shock which came, and as he felt the brig bend down more and more, his heart sunk within him; and when everything moveable in his cell tumbled down to leeward, he instinctively commenced a prayer, feeling that all was over.

Shrieks from the female in the cabin burst upon his ear, and immediately a wish to be on deck when the brig went down took possession of his breast. Making one kick at the door, which luckily was to leeward, he drove it from its hinges, and a moment afterwards he was on deck.

O, the indescribable horror of that scene! The heavy atmosphere and flying spray shut out the light of day, and a phosphoric light on the surface of the waters gleamed with pandemonian glare, and rendered the ocean one sea of fire—a vast sheet of blaze, of which the sinking brig was the centre. The sea to leeward was filled with poor wretches whose despairing shrieks were stifled by the elements. The brig was lying motionless, her masts parallel with the sea, her decks full of water and fast being spurned beneath the wave by the frenzied storm. Henry saw it all at a glance, as he clambered to the weather-rail; then turning, he leaped to the "fife-rail" of the mainmast, and with a stroke of his knife he severed the "belaying rope" of the weather sheet of the main-topsail.

With the velocity of, and a rattling crash not unlike lightning, the chain-sheet ran through the blocks, and the weather-clew of the main-topsail, which had been pressing the brig down, burst instantly in shreds with a sharp report. This relieved the little brig immensely, and she raised her lee rail out of the water immediately, as if conscious that an effort was being made to save her.

"Hurrah! she rights a little," cried Lafitte, as he saw Henry's intentions.

"Loose, and set a piece of the fore-staysail, and she will pay off," cried Henry; "she will live yet."

Those on the forecastle soon succeeded in hoisting the head of the staysail, and the lee half

of the main-topsail still remaining, lifted, with Herculean power, the masts from their recumbent position. The vessel immediately felt the influence of this manœuvre, and began to move slowly through the water.

"Hoist more of that staysail, and square in the after-yards!" shouted Henry, as he hastened aft, and seized the helm which had been deserted.

In a few minutes the Gazelle, under the influence of the staysail and the lee clew of the topsail, turned her head to the leeward, and darted off before the hurricane like a wounded whale. The pirates clung to the rigging with blanched cheeks, for a few minutes speechless, and looked back towards the spot which had well nigh been the grave of all on board, and their hardened hearts felt a momentary gratitude as they viewed the boiling surge.

Barrataria is a cluster of low, sandy islands, situated in the Gulf of Mexico, a few degrees to the southward and westward of the Balize. They are barren and isolated, and appear as if bearing God's curse upon their soil. For many years they were frequented by bands of sea marauders, who repaired there for revelry and division of spoil. On one of the largest of these islands, near whose shores was good anchorage, the pirates had erected a number of block-houses for barracks, magazines and store-houses; and hither, as soon as the furious hurricane which beset the Gazelle had abated, did Lafitte and his band steer their course. Henry Benson, for his presence of mind and courage in seizing upon the only method of saving the apparently doomed vessel, was looked upon with admiration by this lawless band, and now nothing was more desired by them than his companionship.

Lafitte took him by the hand warmly, acknowledging his double indebtedness to him, and offered to share his command with him. This, Henry cunningly appeared to be well pleased with, but asked a few days to reflect upon it. This request was immediately granted, as they thought it to be impossible for him to escape from the vessel or the islands, and they had but little doubt that Henry, after a few days' association with them, would readily join them; and they already called him lieutenant.

Feeling safe, now his greatest curiosity was to learn more regarding the prisoners in the cabin. He was not yet familiar enough to venture upon questions, and he thought it by far the better policy to affect a careless indifference, and trust to some fortunate circumstance to reveal them to him.

That the lady was a noble and high-minded woman, he had no doubt, for the conversation he overheard told him that; and the familiar tones of her voice had awakened his curiosity and sympathy, and he determined to protect and free them even at the risk of his life. The evening after anchoring at Barrataria, the prisoners were removed, and the following morning orders were given for dismantling the Gazelle for thorough repairs, and all left her for the shore. There Henry found the crews of several other piratical vessels then in the bay, and the return of that part of the gang that had been at New Orleans, with a prize so valuable to them as the Gazelle, was hailed with great joy, and preparations were made for a grand carousal. Henry immediately commenced reconnoitering. He strolled along the shore and noted well the appearance of each boat; he walked around the buildings with a careless air, yet scrutinizing every nook. The house occupied by Lafitte was situated to the right of the harbor, on a slight eminence and at some distance from any other buildings. It was a long and low house, built originally for barracks, and containing a number of small apartments, in one of which he felt convinced were the prisoners. In front was a long colonnade, on which paced a sentry night and day. After satisfying his curiosity as much as he dared to, he joined the pirates at their cups. They were a villanous set, black and brown, bewhiskered and bedevilled,

"Every creed and every race
Found with them a place."

And Henry, thinking it best for him to pretend to float with the tide, was soon as uproarous as the worst, and whenever Lafitte was near, apparently drank deep and fast; his songs were as loud as the veriest bacchanalian on the shores, whilst all said he was a glorious fellow. Late in the day the carousal ended as usual in a fight, in which all participated, both men and women. Now, thought he, is my time to have a look for the prisoners; and he staggered away unobserved in the direction of Lafitte's quarters.

Sombre night was rapidly approaching, and twilight trembled and lingered as Henry hurried along. A fresh burst of shouts from the rioters caused Henry to look back, and he saw Lafitte hurrying in the direction of his fighting myrmidons. This circumstance determined him to enter the house boldly under the disguise of his apparent intoxication, and if detected to plead ignorance.

Arriving at the colonnade in front of the house, he saw the form of the sentinel leaning over the balustrade at the opposite end, watching the movements of the rioters in the distance, and taking advantage of the opportunity, he noiselessly entered the door which was near him. His heart beat quick as he proceeded along a narrow passage between a suite of rooms, expecting to meet some one at every step. He opened a door at the right, and saw that it was filled with stores of various kinds, and another near at hand, which contained seamen's apparel of all kinds. Turning to the left he glanced into a room, the door of which was open before him, which was furnished in good style, with a Turkey carpet, books, charts and nautical instruments in profusion, and a richly wrought grass hammock swinging in the corner; this, thought he, must be the den of the tiger.

He hesitated not a moment, but hurried along the passage until he fancied that he heard some one moving in a room behind him. Opening the door with palpitating heart, he saw by the dim twilight which streamed in at a small window, a lovely female form seated beside a bed at the extremity of the room, with her face buried in her hands.

"Advance another step, monster, and I strike! Death before dishonor!" cried she, springing to her feet, and holding up a dagger pointed at her own breast.

"Hush, lady, fear me not; I am—"

"And are you here! you a pirate, whom I thought so noble, so brave!" said she, sadly, as they mutually recognized each other—one as the sailor who saved her life at New Orleans, and the other as the lady whom he had rescued from drowning.

"No, no, fair lady; I am a prisoner like yourself, and have come to free you, if possible; say, will you escape with me; wilt trust to me and to the sea in an open boat?"

"Escape! trust! O, how gladly—anything—death, rather than this—haste, let us fly now. But no!" continued she, in a voice which seemed instantly changed from the joy of heaven to the depth of woe; "no, no, not without my father; alas!"

"Where is he? Let us find him," said Henry, eagerly.

"In some one of these rooms; I know not which," returned Zinette. Henry opened and closed several doors rapidly, in vain; but on attempting one he found it locked. An indistinct thought struck him that he had seen the keys upon the table as he glanced into Lafitte's room, and hastening thither, he found it was so. He returned instantly, and applying one of the bunch, the door opened, and the next moment Zinette clasped her arms around her father's neck.

"Haste, haste; we have not a moment to spare; we must leave the house ere Lafitte returns," said Henry. And seizing the trembling old man's hand, they hurried along the now dark passage.

"Hist—O, God, we are lost," whispered Henry, as he heard Lafitte's voice at the door, entering. "Stand close against the wall here in this nook—close up, and don't breathe, for your lives."

The next instant Lafitte brushed past them in the dark, uttering deep curses against his belligerent crew, and entering his room, he closed the door with an angry slam.

"Who—hic—who goes—hic—there?" said the sentinel, who had been keeping pace in his cups with his comrades below, approaching, as Zinette and her father crossed the colonnade followed by Henry.

"*Mataneros*," replied Henry.

"But—hic—hic—the petti—hic—coat—petticoat—"

"Juanna, the maid," answered Henry, as he hastened on after the two.

"Ju—hic—all right—deuced—hic—pretty name—"

They ran with their utmost speed to the shore, sprang into the fleetest boat, and spreading their sail, steered out into the darkness which enveloped the sea. Not a word was spoken for a long time, whilst their hearts beat madly within their breasts. They soon passed the headlands of the bay, and their boat bent to the breeze which blew fresh and fair. Soon a distant hum from the island reached their ears, and a moment after a blue light loomed up from the shore, casting its lurid glare far over the waters revealing to them the pirates collected in numbers on the beach.

"There, there they are!" cried Lafitte, as he hurried to and fro like a madman. "Off! put off every boat; hundreds, ay, thousands to him who first reaches them! Trail the long gun on them from the fort—no, no, stop—pshaw—how foolish—they cannot escape—what can they do in an open boat without provisions? they will be glad to return on the morrow."

The night was damp and chill, and Zinette snuggled herself in her father's arms down in the boat, whilst Henry sat at the helm and shaped his course by the stars, and steered for the nearest land.

As morning was flinging its glad light upon the waters, Henry turned his eyes anxiously to windward, and to his dismay, he saw first one, then another, until five sail appeared between him and the horizon. These he doubted not were the pirates in pursuit of him, and he turned his gaze immediately to leeward for escape in that quarter, and his heart sunk within him as he saw several small sail on that side. Hemmed in upon all sides, he felt that escape was impossible, and for a moment tears stood in his eyes and trickled down his manly cheeks.

"What! is there no escape—has God forsaken us?" cried Zinette, in despair.

"Alas! no escape; we are surrounded—and see—already have they spied us from the windward, and have 'bore away' for us," replied Henry.

"Then let us die. I have the dagger yet, and now death would be a boon, indeed," replied she, with a determined tone.

"No, no, not yet; trust in God; he will not forsake us; hope on longer," returned Henry, speaking cheerfully as he was able.

The vessels from the windward swept down gracefully, and Henry, notwithstanding his situation and his knowledge of their character, could not help admiring the symmetry of the tall spars and straight black hull of the vessel nearest him; and as she circled around them and came up to the wind, with her topsail aback, a hoarse voice hailed them through a speaking trumpet:

"Boat ahoy! come alongside!"

Henry knew it would be useless to resist or attempt to escape, and Zinette and her father hung their heads in silent despair. In a few minutes they were alongside, and several black-whiskered seamen appeared at the gangway and assisted them up the vessels side.

"Good heavens! where are we?" said Henry, as he looked around him with surprise.

"*On board of the U. S. Schooner Dolphin*," said a man dressed in a naval uniform, as he stepped forward from the quarter-deck.

"Dolphin! Schooner!" exclaimed the astonished and bewildered trio.

"Ay, the Dolphin, bearing the flag of Commodore Patterson, now in pursuit of the renegade Lafitte and his piratical fleet; and yonder comes the remainder of our fleet," said the officer, turning his eyes to windward; "the Shark, Vixen and Porpoise."

The next moment Zinette uttered a faint scream of joy as she sunk into Henry's arms, sobbing like a child. Who can paint the joy of those rescued ones? I will not attempt it; I will leave it with the imagination of the reader. Zinette and her father were soon attended to, and Henry ushered into the presence of the commodore, to whom he related his story.

After listening attentively and questioning Henry, Commodore Patterson concluded to bear away for Barrataria, and attack the pirates in their den, and immediately gave the necessary orders. The boats to the leeward, which were Lafitte's in pursuit of Henry and Zinette, were all captured, and during that day the naval fleet, under Henry's pilotage, entered the channels of Barrataria and anchored before their vessels and fortress.

A heavy cannonading immediately commenced, and for a short time the battle raged with fury; but soon the pirates were driven from their guns and scattered in all directions.

A few succeeded in escaping in boats, but a majority were taken prisoners and afterwards suffered the penalty of their crimes. After destroying the fort and magazines and buildings, the fleet got under weigh for New Orleans. Zinette received every attention from the officers of the fleet, and no little rivalry existed among them on her account.

Henry Benson was favorably mentioned in the commodore's official report to congress, and through his friendship and the influence of the De Wolfes, Henry soon received a commission in the navy; and ere the epaulettes had adorned his shoulder one season, he led to the altar the lovely heiress, Miss Zinette De Wolfe.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE.

About nine o'clock there was a stir in the halls beyond; the crowd parted, and the king and queen, accompanied by the officers of the court and the ladies of honor, walked into the centre of the ball-room. The guests fell back, the foreign ministers and high officers of state pressed forwards, and a highly dignified circle of some size was thus formed. The king looked remarkably well in his Greek dress of blue and silver; in fact, I saw no o her costume so rich and tasteful as his. The queen wore a Parisian dress, white tulle over white satin, trimmed with roses, a coronet of pearls, a superb diamond necklace, and a crinoline of extravagant diameter. The marshal had probably stated that I spoke German, as the king at once addressed me in that language. He is near-sighted, and thrust his head forward close to my face, as he spoke. He is of medium height, forty two years old; his head is bald on the crown, but he wears a large brown moustache, which almost conceals his upper lip. His nose is prominent, his chin pointed, and his large, hazel eyes rather deeply set. The prominent expression of his face is amiability, mixed with a certain degree of irresolution. His complexion is pale, owing to long-continued ill-health, and he has an air of weariness and sadness when his features are in repose. The throne of Greece is evidently not an easy chair. As a young man, he must have been handsome. The queen is near forty years of age, rather under the medium height, and inclining to corpulency. She is said to have been very handsome, even so late as five years ago, but retains very little beauty now, except such as belongs to robust health. Her face is large and heavy, her mouth long, thin and hard, and her eyes, of that fine clear gray which is so beautiful in a gentle face, express a coldly gracious condescension. She evidently never forgets that she is a queen. Her movements and manners are certainly remarkably graceful and self possessed, and she is withal a woman of will, energy and ambition. I watched the two narrowly during a part of the evening, and a hundred indescribable traits showed me that the amiability and kindness are all on the king's side, the pride, ambition and energy on the queen's.—*Bayard Taylor.*

ORIGIN OF THE JUDGES' BLACK CAP.

The practice of our judges, in putting on a black cap when they condemn a criminal to death, will be found on consideration to have a deep and sad significance. Covering the head was in ancient days a sign of mourning. "Haman hasted to his house, mourning and having his head covered." (Esth. 6: 12.) In like manner Demosthenes, when insulted by the populace, went home with his head covered. "And David .. wept as he went up, and had his head covered;....and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." (2 Sam. 15: 30) Darius, too, covered his head on learning the death of his queen. When, therefore, the judge puts on the black cap, it is a very significant as well as solemn procedure He puts on mourning; for he is about to pronounce the forfeit of a life! And, accordingly, the act itself, the putting on of the black cap, is generally understood to be significant. It intimates that the judge is about to pronounce no merely registered or suppositious sentence, in the very formula of condemnation he has put himself in mourning for the convicted culprit, as for a dead man. The criminal is then left for execution, and, unless mercy exert its sovereign prerogative, suffers the sentence of the law. The mourning cap expressively indicates his doom. —*Notes and Queries.*

TENACITY OF GLASS.

A series of interesting experiments has been made in England in regard to the tenacity, strength, etc., of glass. The experiments upon the tenacity of glass, made by tearing specimens asunder, were less reliable and satisfactory than others; and it is stated that more reliance is to be placed upon the tenacity deduced from the experiments on the resistance of globes to bursting, into which water pressure was employed, than upon the tenacity obtained directly by tearing specimens asunder. The latter method gave the following mean results of tenacity per square inch, in pounds: Flint glass, 2,413; green glass, 2,896; crown glass, 2,946. The experiments in regard to the resistance of glass to crushing were made upon small cylinders and cubes of glass crushed between parallel steel surfaces by means of a lever. The specimens were crushed almost to powder by the violence of the concussion. The mean resistance to the crushing of the flint glass, was in pounds, 13,190; of green glass, 20,206; of crown glass, 21,867.—*Scientific American.*

Sound policy is never at variance with substantial justice.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

POESY.

BY MELINDA LEWIS.

The shades of eve are stealing
Around my forest home,
While thoughts in peace revealing
Their glories thickly come,
And chase away the shadows
The loneliness inspires,
And warm the wintry chilliness
With light poetic fires.

The blessed gift of Poesy!
How does my heart rejoice,
When in the hour of loneliness
I hear her silvery voice,
Calming the troubled waters.
Whose surges round me roll,
And pouring her sweet melody
Into my heart and soul.

For, though I'm not a poet,
I love her chiming song,
And the rich and glowing fancies
That to her train belong,
And gladly pay the tribute
Of a full and gushing heart,
For the hours of peace and pleasure
She will, so free, impart.

Dark shades will sometimes lower
Upon the heart and brow,
And prey upon the spirit
Till its firmest strength will bow;
And we need a voice from heaven
To dispel the gloomy train,
Revive our drooping energies,
And wake the "joy of pain."*

And 'tis the gift of Poesy
To wake a purer life,
And pour the balm of loveliness
Upon the spirit's strife.
Then let me ever cherish
Her angel visits sweet.
And pour my heart's libations
Upon her beauteous feet.

* "Pain has its own noble joy, when it kindles a strong consciousness of life, before stagnant and torpid."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHICH WILL WIN HER?

BY W. H. BENNETT.

The heavy May dews lay upon the hills that bordered and sheltered my native town of Heathcote, on the morning of the first of that delightful month. All around was still, calm and beautiful as the poet's dream of Paradise. The fresh, crisp grass was growing bravely, and, near the edges of the brooks, had already attained to the greenness of summer beauty. In the crevices of the rocks, the arbutus trailed its sweet and fragrant pink blossoms, blessing alike the sight and smell; and the sanguinaria was unfolding the leafy blanket that had sheltered the tiny bud from the spring chills. Overhead, the sky was blue and unclouded, and the mountain streams were flowing or dancing down over jagged rocks or smooth pebbly beds, into the pretty river that watered and made glad our whole vale of Heathcote. Upon the trees, whose soft green leaves, invested with the first tender hue of spring, were scarce crisp enough to rustle, the robins had already commenced their cheery songs. Everything spoke of the spring tide that was swelling and spreading all over the land.

Not a single thing escaped me that morning. I marked every light and shade—every tint, every gray shadow—and well I might, for was I not leaving them now, for an indefinite time, perhaps forever? I had that morning parted with my mother—the best and kindest that ever lived—from my sweet young sister, and from another, whom to love had been at once my delight and madness for the past year.

Madness, because, speaking in the worldly sense, she was as far above me as the heavens are above the earth. I, the son of a widowed mother, and she the daughter of the rich and powerful Judge Raymond, who would have scorned a son-in-law like me. He would have preferred the stupid son of Martin Graves the oysterman, who had risen to the possession of a hundred thousand dollars by the skilful cooking of the bivalves, and the five valuable pearls which he had actually found in them.

But, with a strangely perverted taste, Sybil Raymond had preferred me to the younger Martin; and, in entire opposition to her father's known will, she had met me that morning at our usual trysting place, and then and there, had responded to all my expressed and earnest love. But, exultant as I was then at that moment, I grew despondent enough when I reached the top of the long hill that divided Heathcote from the world beyond. I saw innumerable obstacles in my way that in my moment of ecstacy I had not counted upon.

Bravely, however, I determined to put my hand to the work to which I had dedicated myself, and leave the result. My mother and sister must be supported, come what would of my own happiness. I had engaged as engineer on a western railroad, but I did not dream of occupying that position long. It was to be the stepping-stone to fortune; and, until I could see my way clearer than now, it was to supply the beloved household at home with all the comforts which they used to enjoy as the wife and daughter of the lamented pastor of Heathcote.

I was to keep up a constant correspondence with Sybil, through my mother's agency. At first she demurred; but she had become so thoroughly disgusted with Judge Raymond's avarice and selfishness, and valued her son's merits so highly, that she undertook the charge.

Fortune favored me. I was appointed to the charge of a valuable coal mine in Pennsylvania, which proved to me a gold mine. Not many months passed before I could buy up Judge Raymond and the oysterman's son twenty times over. Fortunately, I sent on a sum to my mother and sister enough to make them comfortable for many years, for alas! it was the last that I could earn. In drawing up coal from the mine one day, the shaft broke, and in its descent the frightened workmen turned it aside, and it struck me violently on the back of my neck and shoulders. I was insensible for many hours, and for months I lay between life and death. When I recovered, my money was spent, and my place occupied by another; and worse than all, I was a cripple. The tall, straight, handsome figure that had scaled the Heathcote hills so lightly, was now crushed and marred—borne down by an incurable lameness, and subject to life-long pain and disease.

The first three weeks of my restoration to comparative health, were past in alternate fits of passion and repining. Afterward I grew more patient. Life seemed but a poor thing now, and I had been so near the gates of death that I became reconciled to the thought of the remaining troubles I might encounter. I wrote to Sybil, and described faithfully my present situation. Lest I had not told her the worst, I had a correct likeness taken of myself as I stood leaning on my crutch, my figure despoiled of many inches in height, and wearing many superfluous ones protruding from my shoulders. As I surveyed the likeness, I wrung my hands over it, and exclaimed in the bitterness of a wounded spirit:

"O, Sybil, Sybil, is this poor, deformed shadow a fitting match for your fair young beauty?"

I almost envied young Graves now, with his square, ungainly shoulders, his parrot toes, and the slouching character of his indescribable gait.

I could not bear to go home until I knew what impression my dismal news had given there; but in the meantime I received intelligence from my sister, who wrote me in her artless, childlike way, unconscious that it could affect me more than any other news, that Sybil Raymond was soon to be married to Martin Graves.

I was furious; but I resolved to set off for home immediately. I gathered up my little accounts, received a handsome sum from the mining company—corporations have souls, after all—and started on a May morning, bright and pleasant as the one on which I had left home three years before.

When within a short distance of my mother's house, I alighted. I had to pass the church, which was near. I heard music, and I took a fancy to go into the body of the church, which was dark, and listen to the voices. They were rehearsing some music for a charitable object, as I gathered from some remarks made by people near me. Around the organ, all was light as day, and I saw Sybil Raymond standing close to it. Then rose the music, now soft and sweet, in which her clear tones were heard, singing the plaintive solo, "Must I leave thee?" and the grand old chorus answering the sad interrogative with its "Forever and ever."

It struck to my heart like a dagger. Was it indeed thus that we were to be separated? I am not ashamed to confess that I bowed my head on my hands and wept like a child.

When I lifted my face, I looked upward. The band of singers, clothed mostly in white dresses, the lights throwing a radiance over their faces, all the brighter for the darkness around, seemed like a troop of angels taking their flight upward, while the endless reiteration, "Forever and ever," seemed the farewell answer to the words my heart was burning to ask.

I watched Sybil only. A man came in hastily and whispered a few words in her ear. She seemed to grow deadly white, and instantly followed him out. I believed that she had been summoned to her father at home, and the moment she had gone I prepared to leave the church. She was coming down stairs when I had just got into the vestibule, and the sound of my crutch, perhaps, caused her to turn toward me. The light hanging against the wall threw its rays over me, and revealed me in all my terrible deformity, to her eyes. She stood trembling like a leaf for a moment, and the quick gush of tears came to her relief.

"O, Matthew! Matthew Thornton!" She could say no more, the sobs choked her so violently; but I knew from that hour that my sad mutilation had not destroyed her love.

If Judge Raymond had refused me his daughter when I was well and straight, was it likely that he would give her to me when a cripple? I knew, and Sybil knew, how hopeless was the thought, and therefore we deemed it useless to ask him. A few stolen interviews at the church comprised our chances of meeting each other.

For me, the time went slowly and sadly enough. I could take but little exercise, and my restless, uneasy mind prevented me from reading much, so that I needed companionship to keep me from evil thoughts.

My sister's information about the marriage was, of course, incorrect; but the judge kept constantly urging Sylvia, and the oysterman's enamored son was her shadow whenever she ventured to leave the house, until at last she immured herself as if in a prison. Even our meetings at the church were broken up, for twice the shock head of Martin Graves had thrust itself within the recess of the organ. The look of intense disgust visible on Sybil's countenance sufficiently marked her appreciation of him.

The last time he came in, he brought a message to Sybil from her father, to come home instantly. He was very officious in fetching her bonnet and shawl from the vestibule, and attempting to put on the latter. She repulsed him gravely, and drew nearer to me. When she was ready, he prepared to go out with her, but she gently placed her hand within my arm. What a look he gave me! It was full of concentrated hate and spite, and I heard him mutter between his closed teeth, "Cripple!" I did not care so long as that dear hand lay on my arm.

I led her along the village street, happy and exultant as a boy. The very hump seemed lifted from my shoulder, and I myself uplifted into a serener atmosphere of delight. We had a little bridge to cross in our way, and we paused upon it a moment to watch the reflection of the stars in the water below. I heard a stealthy step behind me, and before I could turn round, I found myself in the water, struggling and suffocating with the effort to save myself from drowning. I heard Sybil give a short, hurried cry for help, and then a trampling upon the bridge as I floated beneath it. Even with the water gurgling in my ears, I distinguished these sounds. But this was all. A moment after, I was in the depths of a sleep from which I should never have awakened, had it not been for Sybil's noble courage. Her own dog, a large Newfoundland, had followed her to the church that evening, and had kept guard over her footsteps. In her distress he had reached up to lick her hand. The thought instantly flashed upon her that Leo could save me, and she pointed downward. Swift as thought the noble creature ran round the corner of the embankment with Sybil following, and she was rewarded shortly by seeing, by the bright starlight, the fulfilment of her hopes. Some men attracted by her cry, had run toward the river, and they bore me to a hut used by the bass fishers for their tackle.

I was restored, after a few hours, to life and consciousness again, my heart swelling with bitterness toward him whom I doubted not was the means of the accident. I was taken home to my mother, whose tender cares soon brought me into perfect health. The first day of my restoration, Sybil came to see me. She had had a long and confidential talk with her father, to whom she had revealed her knowledge of the person who fled from the bridge that night, after attempting my death. At first he had ridiculed the idea; but her assertions were so earnest, and she declared so positively that she would bear witness against Martin Graves if he persisted in commanding her to marry him, that he at last promised not to urge her further.

"One thing more, father. I was betrothed to Matthew Thornton when he was straight and healthy, shall I forsake him now that he is afflicted? Ask yourself, father, if I do not owe him some return for the danger and distress he has suffered for me. But for me, he would never have left his native place. It was to gain riches—not to please himself or me—but to win your favor, that he banished himself from his home, and when he had just attained his desires for wealth, he was struck down with this terrible calamity. Take it home to yourself, father, how would you have acted in his place?"

The judge's face relaxed into a half smile as he kissed away the tears from her cheek.

"Don't cry, love," he said, caressingly, "I will do all you wish; but do not appear against poor Martin."

Sybil promised, on condition that he should leave the town forever. It was an unnecessary clause, for Martin Graves was never seen there from that day.

Still, when happiness was thus fairly within my grasp, and the judge became gracious and polite—he had discovered that I had a little fortune in the bank at Heathcote—I still felt that it was wrong to wed that bright and beautiful being to my deformity. I said so to the brave girl herself, and she rebuked me in a way that made me ashamed to speak of it again.

Would you see a happy family, dear reader, look at us in our everyday state. We have a pleasant house with finely cultivated grounds. Under a broad spreading oak, I am sitting in the easiest of chairs, with Sybil on a little rustic seat at my feet. An infant cherub is in her arms. Judge Raymond, subdued a little from his old pride, is not far off, and my gentle mother and sister complete the group. I, the poor, deformed one, receive from all these, the kindest, sweetest care. They make of me almost a king, and surely never sovereign was happier in the affections of his people.

"Martin Graves is dead," said the judge, today, looking up from his newspaper; and I could sincerely say, with every root of bitterness torn away from my heart, "May his soul have peace!" With this happiness lying all around me, I can well afford to be forgiving.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Some fifteen years ago, Rev. John N. Maffit, then in his prime, delivered a lecture which closed with the following fine passage: "The phœnix, fabled bird of antiquity, when it felt the advancing chill of age, built its own funeral urn, and fired its pyre by means which nature's instinct taught. All its plumage and its form of beauty became ashes; but then would rise the young—beautiful from the urn of death, and chambers of decay, would the fledgling come with its eyes turned toward the sun, and essaying its dark velvet wings, sprinkled with gold and fringed with silver, on the balmy air, rising a little higher until at length, in the full confidence of flight, it gives the cry of joy, and soon becomes a glittering speck on the bosom of the aerial ocean. Lovely voyageur of earth, bound on its heaven-ward journey to the sun! So rises the spirit bird from the ruins of the body, the funeral urn, which its Maker built; the death fires. So towers away to its home on the pure elements of spirituality, intellect phœnix, to dip its proud wings in the fountain of eternal bliss. So shall dear, precious humanity survive from the ashes of a burning world. So beautifully shall the unchanged soul soar within the disc of eternity's great luminary, with undazzled eye and unscorched wings—the phœnix of immortality—taken to its rainbow home, and cradled on the beating bosom of eternal love."

MIXED BLOOD.

Counting back only a few generations, everybody is related to everybody. Dr. Palfrey, in his work on the relation between Judaism and Christianity, states that the increase in a geometrical ratio of the number of our ancestors, as we ascend, proves that, after some generations, everybody is the descendant of everybody. If we say that there are twenty-eight generations in one thousand years, and every man has on the average, two children, whoever lived one thousand years ago, has now considerably more than a fourth part of the estimated population of the earth, even if there have been no intermarriages among his descendants. These, of course, there have been. Dr. Palfrey says: "You and I, reader, have had more than a thousand millions of progenitors since the time of the Saxon heptarchy. Whoever you are, it is extremely probable that the blood of Egbert of England and of Egbert's meanest menial runs in the veins of both of us."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHANGE.

BY HARRIET N. HAVENS.

'Tis many a year since I saw thee last,
And thy brow hath a touch of care,
And the finger of time hath its impress left,
'Mid the folds of thy shining hair;
And the eye that wept, and the lip that smiled
With mine in sorrow and joy,
Have an altered look, and speak of the power
Of time, our hopes to destroy.

I list to thy song of other days—
'Tis a ne'er forgotten strain;
But the joyous tone which charmed me most
In youth, comes not again.
But a mournful sweetness mingles now,
'Tis sorrow's well known thread,
That runs through every trembling note,
Sweet friend, thy dreams have fled.

Yet not alone in thy saddened path
Thou walkest in sorrow here,
For many a step that once like thine,
Danced gaily without fear,
Has stumbled quite, or faltering treads
Beneath its burden of care,
And the praise that lingered on beauty's lips
Has long been changed to prayer.

I marked the maiden who years ago
Brought sunshine to every heart,
Her smile had fled, for one by one
Time bade her hopes depart.
And the sportive child, and the matron grave,
And man in his strength and prime,
Have felt the change, and have sadder grown
Beneath the finger of time.

And I, dear friend, from my wanderings wide,
Bring back this load of care,
And many a hope hath fled for aye,
And many a dream, once fair,
Hath faded quite; but still I joy
That these dark shadows come;
For tell they not my fainting soul
I'm so much nearer home?

THE HUNCHBACK GIRL.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

Abby Woodward was certainly one of the handsomest girls I ever beheld—tall and commanding in figure, graceful and easy in her manner, and possessing a form that was faultlessly lovely in its mould. Her face was classically beautiful and regular, and her eyes black and piercing. When I first knew her, she was just twenty; indeed, it was upon her birthday that I arrived at the village of L——. Abby was happily situated with her parents, her father being a farmer, but an intelligent and wealthy man, and her mother, one of those truly domestic and thrifty women that an observant person will often meet with in New England. The Woodwards were a very happy family, there being only one drawback to this state of feeling with them, and that was in the person of Abby's sister, Amile, a handsome but deformed girl of eighteen years.

Poor Amile, with a gentle disposition, and the most enviable sweetness of character, with a face redolent of intellectual beauty, and a soft, blue eye that seemed to mirror forth her soul at every glance—poor Amile was a hunchback. A slight curvature of the shoulder was all that desecrated the otherwise delicate beauty of her person, but it gave token of a constitutional weakness that the transparent skin and pale brow but too strongly enforced upon the observer. We may love a child with the warm tenderness of parental affection, and smile with pride upon its gambols, but when that little form is fevered by sickness, and half-suppressed moans take the place of the innocent prattle that we are wont to hear from its lips, then, and not until then, do we realize how well we love the little sufferer. Thus it was with Amile's parents. They could not in their hearts say that they loved her better than Abby, but though they knew it not, they did love their suffering child above all else. Her sweet, patient, uncomplaining disposition seemed to throw a soft and hallowed spirit over all about their cottage home, and even the birds that came and ate from her hands, seemed to pity and love her with almost human discernment.

Of course, between the two girls there existed the tenderest affection, and Abby would never tire in serving her younger sister; but there was a vast difference in their pursuits and real feelings. While Amile nursed and tended every flower that breathed forth its dainty fragrance about the garden, Abby had little taste for such things. She read, walked in the village, or sought the lively companionship of those of her own age. Amile had few intimate friends, and these were mostly her birds and flowers. She mastered with avidity every source of knowledge that was afforded her, and was in reality much more cultivated intellectually than her elder sister. Having less to occupy her attention than Abby, and being dependent upon herself almost wholly for amusement, she had become thoughtful beyond her years, and an early student of human nature.

In the summer of 18—, Paul Wardsworth, a young man who had just graduated, and taken orders in the church, accepted an invitation from the society at L—— to become their pastor, and at once removed to the village, one of the prettiest on the banks of the Connecticut. He was young, enthusiastic and devoted to his profession, possessing a generous spirit, and a heart baptized in the truths of Christianity. In the desk, he forgot all, everything but his devotion, and poured forth his eloquent language with feelings almost akin to inspiration in their sincerity and truth. Fresh from college and his studies, Paul knew little of the world, except theoretically, and being honest and single-minded himself, he was ready to accord the same qualities to others. But he had a bitter lesson to learn by experience.

The Woodwards were among the members of his flock, and he naturally came to their house not unfrequently, as to others, in the friendly calls he was accustomed to make on week days. From the first time that he beheld Abby Woodward, he was struck with her remarkable beauty, and seemed captivated by her manner and general character; while she, on her part, if not moved with love towards the new pastor for his attention, was at least very proud at being the recipient of his favors. Paul soon felt that he really loved Miss Woodward, and after looking seriously into his own heart, resolved to conduct his visits to the house with the fixed determination of winning her affections, and eventually of making her his wife. Abby, to do her justice, knew the human heart far better than Paul Wardsworth. She knew that she was handsome, and felt that she must not be too easily won, and in short as she did not really love him, she fell into the errors of a coquette, and led him on without giving him a chance once to explain himself, or even to elicit any sentiment of peculiar regard, or otherwise, from her lips.

The young minister felt exceedingly chagrined at his ill success, and indeed could hardly understand how he stood with Miss Woodward at all. He felt that his happiness in a great degree was in her hands, and that, spite of all reason, he loved her. He had never told her so, for she had avoided giving him an opportunity to do so, but still his attentions were cordially received, and thus encouraged. The fact was, Abby was not capable of appreciating the character of Paul Wardsworth, and though his attention ministered to her vanity and pleasure, yet she did not entertain one gentle throb for him in her heart.

There was but one person that fully realized the true state of matters between Abby and the young parson. Abby herself never once paused to analyze her own feelings, and the honest lover would have been the last to have charged her with coquetry. But Amile, the gentle, invalid Amile, saw all, and knew all. She realized fully the spirit that actuated her sister, and the motives that prompted the young curate. Her mother observed that she had grown more retired of late, was less in the garden and more alone; that the sweet smile which had lighted her pale and lovely face so frequently heretofore, was now rarely seen—in short, that Amile was either physically ill or unhappy. But knowing her sensitive disposition, the mother resolved to watch her and endeavor to amuse her mind in every possible way, but not to speak to her upon the subject that gave herself so much uneasiness.

Amile sat alone in her chamber; there lay before her a beautifully finished miniature, the work of her own hand, for she was highly accomplished in many branches of art. She sat gazing upon the tiny likeness, long and in silence, her pure white breast heaving quickly the while, as she said:

"He will never know that I love him! ah, no. I would not have him believe that the poor hunchback thought of such a thing. Yet I am human, have a heart like other people, feelings like other people. Why not love like other people?"

She covered her face with her hands, and a tear stole from beneath.

The miniature was of Paul Wardsworth, and Amile had long loved him in secret. While her sister was coquetting with him, Amile was paying the homage of a heart that was thoroughly his, almost from the first moment that they met. Paul often conversed with Amile; indeed he had marked full well the extraordinary power of her intellect, and the excellence of her taste and remarks upon authors with whose works he was familiar; and more than once he had found himself so interested in her conversation, that he had half forgotten for the moment that Abby was present.

At such moments, Amile's sweet expression of countenance, the calm and beautiful language of her eyes, the pure texture of her skin, exposing the tiny blue channels of life, all combined to challenge admiration, and the slight deformity was little seen and less thought of. Her voice was low and musical, its intonations were plaintive, and her words deeply interesting. Indeed, Amile never seemed to be thinking upon any subject unworthy of her, and even her mother and father drew their chairs nearer when she spoke. To Paul Wardsworth, she never evinced one token of the secret throbbings of her heart, but ever received him with the kind assurance of friendship, and listened to him with undisguised pleasure. Though Paul appreciated Amile's peculiar beauty and accomplishments, still he never forgot Abby, of whom he often spoke to her, with the confidence of a brother.

Thus matters went on at the cottage, and Abby still coquetted with the pastor, and seemed delighted to show her power over him to her village companions, until the young pastor found himself quite unhappy and disconcerted at her manner; yet still one gentle word from her, and one soft smile from her really beautiful face, would win him back once more. One mild evening Paul had come to the cottage, and found a party of young villagers there, with whom Abby seemed quite engaged. She greeted him with cool politeness as he appeared, and then went on with the game they were playing. Paul felt the slight; he felt that it was designed, and passing through one of the windows which opened upon the garden, walked out there upon the little piazza, where he met Amile, sitting quietly by herself, and musing under the clear sky with its gemmed mantle of blue.

"Ah, Amile, all alone?" said Paul Wardsworth, approaching her.

"Quite alone, sir," said Amile, smiling a welcome to him.

Paul took the chair by her side, and talked to her of Abby. He even went further than he had ever done before. He opened his heart to Amile, because he could not do so to her sister, and told her his love, his misgivings, and asked of her to counsel him. Amile knew no deceit, it was not in her heart, and she told Paul honestly what she thought; she showed him phases of the heart that he had never thought of before, and evinced a power of mind and a discernment of human nature that surprised him. He looked with undisguised admiration upon her sweet face as she sat there; not one unkind reflection did she cast upon her sister, not one reproach. Paul began to wonder that he had never before marked the soft and angelic expression of her face, and seemed to forget the subject he was talking upon, in admiration of her before him. From one theme they changed to another, and time flew so quickly, that the young curate expressed his surprise when he heard the party breaking up.

With what different feelings did the two sisters attend the village church! Abby, to be sure, demeaned herself with perfect propriety, but there was not a dress in the house she could not describe. Amile was so attentive to the discourse and the service throughout, that she could have repeated it mostly verbatim at the close of the day. With peculiar delight did she hang upon the words of him she loved in secret, and watch every expression of his intellectual and handsome face. To her the service was an intellectual treat; to Abby it was rather an entertainment for the moment.

Paul Wardsworth still came regularly to the cottage, but since the mortifying reception that Abby had given him before the villagers, he had not given her an opportunity to insult him. He greeted her with the same kind manner, conversed with Amile and her parents upon subjects of interest, and parted without showing Abby any ardent affection, if he felt it towards her.

It was just twilight one summer's afternoon, when Paul Wardsworth, passing by the wood at the back of the cottage, saw Amile walking in the path that led into its shady aisles, and as she was alone, he crossed the little flower garden and joined her. She received him with a sweet welcome, so unsophisticated and sincere, that it only needed one glance from her clear blue eyes to prove her pleasure. They strolled on in the woods together, their conversation taking its hue from the suggestive character of the spot, and both spoke upon themes that they had never exchanged thoughts upon before. Paul made Amile lean upon his arm, and feared the walk would fatigue her, and now they sat down beneath the overarching trees to rest and cool them in the shade.

As they sat down, a sudden movement of Amile caused something to drop from her bosom, which Paul hastily picked up, and was about to hand her, when he observed that it was a miniature. He paused for a moment to look at the face.

"Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed. "Amile, this is a likeness of myself."

She answered not, but covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud.

Paul saw all at a glance; he realized all, and at once understood the character of Amile's feelings for him. He had for a long time thought much of her, and perhaps had wished he had chosen her in place of Abby for his heart's shrine. The coldness of the latter, though beautiful as she was, had finally estranged his heart from her, and he looked upon her coquetry with a cold and expressive eye. A volume of thought crossed his brain in an instant of time. He weighed everything in an instant; his own position, that of Amile with Abby, and a hundred contingencies, and then placing an arm gently round her waist, he said:

"Amile, do I rightly interpret this accident? Is it because I am dear to you, that you have done this, and worn my miniature in secret?"

"It is too late to regret this, Paul; too late for me to deny that I love you, that I have loved you secretly since we first met," said Amile, struggling with her feelings, and looking through her tears upon him.

We will draw the curtain here upon them, and ask the reader to step into the little back parlor of the Woodward cottage, a few weeks subsequent. Old Mr. and Mrs. Woodward and the parson were there, and Paul said:

"I have come, my friends, to ask your permission to espouse your child."

"Has Abby given her consent?" asked the father, raising his specs to his forehead.

"Not Abby," replied the young parson, smiling.

The farmer looked to his good wife for an explanation; but although to her observant eye all was plain, she seemed profoundly ignorant.

"Abby not consent, and you come to us, Mr. Wardsworth?" asked the father.

"Amile consents, sir," said Paul, smiling.

"Amile?"

"Yes, sir, 'tis Amile that I would marry," replied the young parson.

The father gave Paul his hand with a hearty grasp, and whispered, "God bless you, sir; may you love her as we have done!"

The wedding took place in just a month from that walk in the woods.

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FIELD MARSHAL VON BENEDEK.

The accompanying portrait of the distinguished Austrian general who has lately been appointed to the command of the army of Venetia, is vouched for as authentic. The career of a man who has already greatly distinguished himself in the field, and may yet deserve well of despotism by future services, may be succinctly related. Ludwig von Benedek was born at Œdenburg, in Hungary, in the year 1804. He was educated in the Neustadt Military Academy, and in the nineteenth year of his age he obtained a commission in an infantry regiment. In 1840 he attained the rank of major, and in the year following he was promoted to that of colonel. In February, 1846, the outbreak of disturbances in Galicia afforded Benedek an opportunity of proving his ability as a military commander. The suppression of the insurrection was, indeed, mainly due to his efforts, and he was rewarded with the cross of the order of Leopold. When the Milan revolution broke out, in the year 1848, he proceeded to Italy conjointly with General Wohlgemuth. On the 31st of March they arrived at Mantua, which was then occupied by Field Marshal Gyulay. In the beginning of April the Piedmontese made a movement in the direction of Mantua. General Gortzkowfki, wishing to reconnoitre their strength and position, despatched Benedek with a battalion of his regiment, a company of the Imperial Jagers, and a troop of Uhlans, in the direction of Marcaria. A skirmish took place, and Benedek entered Marcaria, driving the Piedmontese across the Oglio. On the 13th of May, on the occasion of a second reconnaissance, Benedek again attacked the enemy's position at Osone, and again he gathered well-earned laurels. On the 29th of May, 1848, Field Marshal Gyulay commenced storming the strong line of the Curtatone. Benedek commanded the last storm, which was carried along the whole extent of the line. The personal courage and military skill of which he gave evidence on this memorable occasion obtained for him the grand cross of the order of Maria Theresa. Benedek distinguished himself no less in the second campaign against Piedmont. The intrepedity with which he made himself master of Mortara, and broke the enemy's centre, turned the scale of victory. He not only drove the enemy from the town, but he captured six pieces of cannon, a great quantity of ammunition and baggage, and made prisoners sixty-six officers and two thousand men. In 1849 Colonel Benedek was raised to the rank of major general, and he joined the army which was sent into Hungary. The brigade he commanded formed the advance-guard at the opening of the summer campaign. At Komorn the palm of victory was justly due to Benedek. In that battle, which was fought on the 11th of July, he had a horse killed under him. On the third of August he placed himself in presence of the enemy, and, at the head of the 12th Jager battalion, he crossed the Theiss by a pontoon bridge. He drove the enemy from Uj-Szegedem, and at the storming of a fort on the outside of the town he was struck by a rebound ball. But his wound was not so severe as to prevent him from bearing a distinguished part in the battle of Szoreg on the 5th of August. In that battle he was wounded in the foot by a grenade, and he was afterwards more severely wounded whilst engaged at the head of his brigade in blowing up some batteries. He was now disabled, and reluctantly compelled to abstain from taking part in the rest of the campaign. The name of Benedek is found in connection with every brilliant engagement of the Austrian army in Italy and Hungary; and, as commander of the advance-guard brigade, he had usually the most difficult and responsible share in every important battle. In October, 1852, General Benedek was raised to the rank of Lieutenant Field Marshal; and, on the retirement of Marshal Radetzky in 1857, he received the command of the 4th Army Corps in Lemberg, and was appointed a Privy Councillor. In the recent Italian war Benedek commanded the 1st Army Corps.

FIELD-MARSHAL VON BENEDEK, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF VENETIA.

Good temper is the philosophy of the heart, a gem of the treasure within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects; a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light and life to all within the sphere of its influence.

NEW UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

It must be freely admitted that our Canadian neighbors have, since the early settlement of the country, honorably distinguished themselves by their zeal in the cause of education. Both the upper and lower, western and eastern provinces have made such provision for the intellectual wants of the young as might put to shame the "old country" and all its boasted civilization. Without entering at present upon the very interesting subject of education in Lower Canada, with its preponderance of a French and Roman Catholic population, to which we may return at a future time, we confine ourselves at present to the educational establishments of Upper Canada, and more particularly to the college of which we present an illustration. In 1798 a grant of more than half a million of acres of land was placed at the disposal of the local authorities of Upper or Western Canada, inhabited and colonized principally by English and Scotch settlers, with a sprinkling of Irish, and very few French, for the maintenance of a university and other educational establishments. The position of the now flourishing city of Toronto—which was formerly called York, and known as "dirty little York" before its Indian and better name was adopted—has within the last twenty years given it advantages, both mercantile and educational, possessed by few cities on the North American continent. Very large amounts, both in money and lands, have been from time to time devoted by the legislature to the establishment of colleges, grammar and common schools, and much of it has been expended within the bounds of the city. The theological seminaries of many of the religious sects have likewise been attracted to it by its central situation and its advantages as the metropolis. The most important among them is undoubtedly the University of Upper Canada, formerly known as King's College and Toronto University. It has gone through a strange and eventful history, a full detail of which does not, however, lie within our present design. A brief statement may, nevertheless, be interesting. From 1798 to 1826 little or nothing was done, but in the latter year 190,000 acres and upwards were disposed of by the general board of education, for general purposes. The remainder of the grant, amounting to 358,457 acres, was regarded as constituting that portion of the royal gift intended for the support of a university. This endowment remained untouched till the year 1827, when a royal charter was issued, vesting the management of the college in a council of nine members, composed of the chancellor and president and seven professors in arts and faculties, all of whom were to be members of the Established Church of England and Ireland, and to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles. The bishop of the diocese was appointed visitor, and to have the power of disapproving by-laws passed by the council. The president was to be a clergyman of the Church of England. Archdeacon (now bishop) Strachan was named as the first president. The announcement of the grant of this charter excited much ill-feeling, on account of the power over the institution which it gave to the Episcopal Church. It was loudly demanded by Parliament and the people that the charter should be repealed, and the university established on a footing which should give equal privileges within its walls to all religious denominations. It was a matter of difficulty, however, to secure an amendment of the charter when those interested in preserving it in its original form were high in office in the colony. Even the expressed wishes of the imperial cabinet and the lieutenant governor were set at defiance, and a measure passed by the House of Assembly, by a vote of 32 to 5, was rejected by the Legislative Council, in which body the friends of the charter held sway. After many years of violent contest, a measure was passed by Parliament, and became law on the 4th of March, 1837, which abolished all the tests relating to the Church of England, and provided that any professor or member of council might be admitted on declaring his belief in the Trinity. Dr. Strachan still retained the office of president. This charter, though an improvement on the former one, was not such as to secure for the institution the confidence of the public, and an agitation for further reform was persisted in with varying fortune, amid the oscillations of party strife, until the passing of the

NEW UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, CANADA.

Baldwin Act of 1849. This act created no less than three distinct bodies to regulate the affairs of the university—the caput, which was for the interior government of the college; the senate, to appoint professors and pass statutes for the general management; and the board of endowment, which had charge of the lands belonging to the trust. The act likewise abolished all tests, altered the name of the institution from "King's College" to that of "Toronto University," and gave to other colleges the privilege of becoming affiliated to it, in the manner of the University of London. Another act was passed in 1853 which altered all these arrangements. The bill provided that there should be no professorships in connection with Toronto University, but that its functions shall be limited to the examination of candidates from any learned institution, and the granting of degrees in the several faculties of Art, Law, and Medicine. It also provided that the then professors of Toronto University should be transferred to a new institution, to be called University College, excepting the professors of medicine, whom it dismissed with a gratuity of a year's salary. This college, which has been recently completed, forms the subject of our illustration. The building stands in University Park, which comprises about 168 acres. The avenue leading from Queen Street comprises about ten acres, and is five-eighths of a mile in length. The Yonge Street avenue is a quarter of a mile long, and contains about two acres. Both avenues are beautifully laid out and planted with trees. About two thirds of the whole park, of which the government has lately taken possession with the view of erecting suitable Parliament buildings and a Government House, were set apart for "the use and purposes of the University," in February, 1856. It comprises the portion west of Queen Street Avenue, about 104 acres. His excellency, the governor general in council, by an order bearing date the 22d of February, 1857, authorized the senate of the university to erect suitable buildings, and to expend on such buildings, out of the university funds, a sum not to exceed £75,000. In addition to this, the sum of £20,000 was granted for the purpose of a library and museum. With the view of carrying out these objects, the senate took immediate action, procured plans, and commenced erecting the university building of which we publish an engraving.

The chief façades of the university building are those of the south and east, the former of great and massive elevation for distant effect from the lake and town, the latter of more broken and picturesque outline for combination with the beautiful ravine lying between it and the main park avenue, from which it is chiefly viewed. The general outlines of the buildings approach the form of a square, having an internal quadrangle of about 200 feet square, the north side of which is left open to the park. The main frontage on the south is about 300 feet long, with a massive Norman tower in its centre, 120 feet in length, and comprising two stories, that on the ground being devoted to lecture rooms, the upper story to the library and museum, two noble rooms, 80 feet by 36 feet each, with public and collegiate reading-rooms attached. The style adopted is Norman, with some approach in outline to the symmetry more identical with the Romanesque. The structure is massive, bold and simple, its effect being rather in magnitude than detail.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT BATHURST.

The accompanying engraving represents a novel kind of suspension bridge, the invention of Mr. G. Rankin, a well-known engineer of New South Wales, and we present it as affording a valuable hint to some of our civil engineers. It seems that previous to the year 1852 the wooden bridges throughout the colony, although erected at considerable expense, were rude in their construction and unskilful in design. In that year, however, Mr. Weaver, then colonial architect, introduced the principle of laminated arched bridges with great success. The first construction of a bridge on this principle was at Maitland, when the Victory Bridge was erected, in the above year, across Wallis's Creek, by Mr. Weaver. It is of a design well suited to that locality, where, on water-worn banks, the construction of a permanent bridge of stone would have been a formidable undertaking. There are, however, very many important passes where the use of piers or piles cannot be made available, and one of these undoubtedly is the point of the Macquarie River over which Mr. Rankin has built the Eglinton Bridge. The Macquarie, like all other rivers which rise and flow through a mountainous and broken country, is subjected to frequent and heavy floods; and as its tributaries, sweeping through the mountain valley, collect in their course, and wash down into the main stream, immense quantities of drift wood, composed of the branches and stems of those gigantic trees with which the interior of the country is in many places clothed, these form, at length, a moving mass on the surface of the torrent sufficiently powerful to carry before them every impediment. It was a close observation of these facts which led to the conviction in the mind of Mr. Rankin that any bridge construction in such a situation, to be permanent, must depend for its supports solely on its abutments, as any obstruction to the free discharge of the water, such as piers or piles placed in the channel would offer, must inevitably lead to the destruction of the entire structure. The width of the river at the spot where the bridge has been constructed is 120 feet; the same span is given to the bridge between its abutments. The bridge consists of two trussed frames or girders, which, resting on their abutments, and rising gradually thence to the centre of the span, support between them the cross sleepers on which the roadway is carried. Each truss is composed of a number of logs of timber of convenient lengths (twenty feet long by one foot square). The "scarfs" and "buts" are firmly secured by wrought-iron straps and bolts, by which means a built-beam is formed with depth sufficient to resist the cross strain to which it is subjected. The lateral thrust which would be the resultant of any weight acting perpendicularly on the bridge, will be resisted by the abutments. The abutments are formed of piles driven in a slanting direction into the sloping banks of the river in such a manner as to afford the requisite amount of lateral resistance to the thrust which the inclined beams exert against them. The platform on which the roadway is supported consists of three-inch planking, bolted to the cross-beams, covered with a layer of sand and coal-tar laid over hot. The whole is covered by broken stone, about six inches in thickness. This invention is simple in its design, and is applicable to great spans where piers cannot be introduced.

THE LOWER CREATION.

The lower we descend in the scale of sentient beings, the more is our curiosity stimulated and our wonder excited. In these regions of new instinct, the devising care and skill of the Creator seems to become more and more manifest. Take a single fact in regard to the common oyster, as stated by Mr. S. G. Goodrich, in the second volume of his Illustrated Natural History:

"It is a question which often arises, how the oysters, scallops, and other shell-fish which are fixed to rocks for life, obtain food? Jones, in his 'Structure of the Animal Kingdom,' answers this question: 'Wonderful, indeed, is the elaborate mechanism employed to effect the double purpose of removing the respired fluid, and feeding the helpless inhabitants of these shells. Every filament of the gill-fringe, examined under a powerful microscope, is found to be covered with countless cilia in constant vibration, causing by their united efforts, powerful and rapid currents, which, sweeping over the entire surface of the gills, hurry towards the mouth whatever animalcules or nutritious particles may be brought within the limits of their action, and thus bring streams of nutritive atoms to the very aperture through which they are conveyed to the stomach; the lips and labial fringes acting as sentinels to admit or refuse entrance, as the matter supplied may be of a wholesome or pernicious character. So energetic, indeed, is the ciliary movement over the entire extent of the gills, that if any portion of them be cut off with a pair of scissors, it immediately swims away, and continues to row itself in a given direction, as long as the cilia upon its surface continue their movements.' What is there more curious, more wonderful than this in the history of animated nature? Down in the hidden depths of the sea, on every shore, in every clime, in respect to myriads of this, the most helpless of his creatures, God bestows his care and works his miracles."

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

Canine sagacity has been the theme of many an anecdote of the historian and the newspaper. As is the case with most of the large dogs, the Newfoundland permits the lesser dog to take all kinds of liberties without showing the least resentment, and if it is worried or pestered by some forward puppy, looks down with calm contempt, and passes on its way. Sometimes the little conceited animal presumes upon the dignified composure of the Newfoundland dog, and, in that case, is sure to receive some quaint punishment for its insolence. The story of the big dog that dropped the little dog into the water, and then rescued it from drowning, is so well known that it needs but a passing reference. But I know of a dog, belonging to one of my friends, which behaved in a very similar manner. Being provoked beyond all endurance by the continued annoyance, it took the little tormentor in its mouth, swam well out to sea, dropped it in the water, and swam back again. Another of these animals, belonging to a workman, was attacked by a small and pugnacious bull-dog, which sprang upon the unoffending canine giant, and after the manner of bull-dogs. "pinned" him by the nose, and there hung, in spite of all endeavors to shake it off. However, the big dog happened to be a clever one, and, spying a pail-ful of boiling tar, he bolted toward it and deliberately lowered his foe into the hot and viscous material. The bull-dog had never calculated on such a reception, and made its escape as fast as it could run, bearing with him a scalding memento of the occasion.—*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.*

EGLINTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE, MACQUARIE RIVER, BATHURST, NEW SOUTH WALES.

INCIDENTS OF THE INDIAN REBELLION.

Some circumstances that came under my notice were very distressing. A man shot in the head, and who was bleeding profusely from his wound, was tended by his little daughter, apparently about twelve years old, who held up her hands imploring mercy and pity as we passed. Nor was I the only one who tried to reassure and comfort her. One of our servants, when he joined us later in the day, brought with him a little boy, about seven years old, whom he found standing by his dead father, who had been shot, and had fallen from his horse. The dead man, the child and horse, were in a group, and our servant charitably took the child, and placing him before him on his own horse, brought him into camp. I became possessed too of a small white dog, which, together with a baby six or seven months old, was found lying on a bed, from whence the mother, frenzied, I suppose, by terror, had fled, and *left her child behind!* The little one was sitting up and laughing, pleased at the horses and soldiers as they passed. The child was also brought on, and given to the care of a woman in our camp, and the little dog was sent to me. I was told of a woman who, in the action of Beejapore, was endeavoring to escape with her child, but in the agony of fear she clasped it so closely to her side, that she had squeezed it to death, and was still flying with it hanging over her arm, dead and cold.—*Mrs. Dubberley.*

THE BOOK OF JOB.

The whole book of Job seems to have been chiefly written and placed in the inspired volume in order to show the value of natural history, and its power on the human heart. I cannot pass by it without pointing out the evidences of the beauty of the country that Job inhabited. Observe, first, it was an arable country. "The oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them." It was a pastoral country; his substance besides camels and asses, was seven thousand sheep. It was a mountain country, fed by streams descending from them. "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away; which are brackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid: What time they wax warm they vanish: when it is hot they are consumed out of their place. Again, "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field." It was a place visited, like the mountains of Switzerland, by convulsions and falls of mountains. "Surely the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place." "The waters wear away the stones; Thou washest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth." "He removeth the mountains and they know not; He overturneth them in his anger." "He putteth forth His hand upon the rock; He overturneth mountains by the roots; He cutteth out rivers among the rocks." I have not time to go further into this; but you see Job's country was full of pleasant brooks and rivers, rushing among the rocks, and all other sweet and noble elements of landscape. The magnificent allusions to natural scenery throughout the book are therefore calculated to touch the heart to the end of time.—*John Ruskin.*

A NEW ENTERPRISE!

THE WELCOME GUEST.

This is the title of a new and brilliant family paper which will be issued by the subscriber on the first day of January next. It is intended, as its name indicates, for the HOME CIRCLE, and its individuality will consist in its forming just such a journal as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the fireside. It will be

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A GREAT FAVORITE

everywhere, north, south, east and west. It will be entirely neutral in politics, and all sectional and sectarian matters, preferring to make itself a WELCOME GUEST to each and all, rather than to indulge in jarring discussions. No vulgar word or line will ever sully its fair pages, which will address themselves to the best taste and appreciation of every one. In all respects it will be

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M. M. BALLOU,

Publisher and Proprietor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS E. D., Portland, Me.—We are not *au fait* in those matters, but a lady friend tells us that the bride wore white velvet and diamonds.

"PORTLANDER."—The last performances of the Great Eastern were satisfactory, according to the published accounts. It is hard to get at the truth where so heavy a capital is at stake.

M. M., Woodstock, Vt.—We advise you to wait before laying out the plan of your European tour. "Things is working" on the other side of the Atlantic, but a short time will show where, if at all, there will be war.

QUERIST.—For Louis Napoleon's future policy we must refer you to himself. In other words, no one but himself knows what his purposes are. He is the most reticent of public men, and loves to take the world by surprise. Hence the uneasy feeling among European rulers.

EMMA F., New Bedford.—It is rumored that Rosa Bonheur intends visiting this country—but we doubt if the little lady leaves Paris on so long a journey. If she comes over she will certainly visit the western prairies.

R. D., Fayetteville, N. C.—Have we seen John G. Saxe? My dear fellow, he is a frequent and honored visitor in our sanctum. He has a frank Saxon (no pun intended) countenance, stands six feet some inches in his shoes, and is such a man as Christopher North would have delighted to look upon. "A man of thews and sinews?"—and every inch a true, frank-hearted gentleman.

G. L.—If you are willing to spend the amount you mention for a present, just send an order to Ticknor & Fields for their faultless edition of the Waverley Novels.

PHILO.—Edwin Booth is the best Hamlet we ever saw. Is that explicit?

MISS G. B., Melrose, Mass.—If you are timid, get a pair of the double-runner skates; if courageous, try a pair of Dutch rockers.

"TWO-FORTY."—As in reply to your last, we must refer you to the "Spirit of the Times." N. Y.

A. A., Charleston, S. C.—We can get the portrait copied in oil for $150. Will you have it done?

SERGEANT S.—The troop of horse you refer to is uniformed like the Court Gardes.

AMATEUR.—It is intimated that the French dramatic company will visit Boston in the course of the season.

THESPIS.—Sylvain was the name of the dancer who accompanied Fanny Elsler.

M. D.—We don't know the whereabouts of Tedesco, the prima donna.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

We question whether the death of any man of letters ever produced such universal and unequivocal tokens of sorrow as that of Washington Irving; for few men of letters attained so wide-spread a living fame, few men of letters ever had such a hold of the affections of their contemporaries. In him genius of a very high order was linked with unsullied purity of character, with an almost feminine delicacy and refinement of sentiment, and with a cosmopolitan spirit that acknowledged all men as brethren. He looked ever on the sunny side of nature and humanity; he sympathized only with true greatness and true goodness; and every page of his writings reflects the brightness of a genial and happy spirit. It was given to him to retain his faculties to the extremity of a long life, and though his career was not exempt from some vicissitudes, still a large portion of life, and especially its close, were in poetical consonance with his tastes and wishes. It was his high province and glory to manifest to the world the capability of the American mind for the culture of elegant literature, to be the pioneer of that long and glorious procession of gifted writers whose merits Europe, slow to perceive, has finally fully recognized and welcomed to the brotherhood of Art. Irving was certainly one of the first Americans who made literature a profession. Though a long resident abroad, he never forgot his fealty to his native land; and though, like Goldsmith, he adorned every subject he touched upon, he was never so felicitous, never so charming, as when his pen revelled in descriptions of the lovely and glorious scenery of "his own, his native land," or illustrated its manners and its heroism. His pictures of the early Dutch settlers of New York are the raciest of his humorous sketches; his word-paintings of the shores of the Hudson, where he passed so many happy years, the most felicitous of his descriptions; and finally his life of Washington, the crowning achievement of his literary career, his most brilliant example of historical and biographical delineation. Commencing to write in 1802, he laid aside the pen forever only a few weeks since; and during this long period he never wrote a line which his dearest surviving friend would wish to blot out. Courted by the great, a welcome guest in the most brilliant literary coteries of the century, the representative of his country at European courts, his demeanor was ever that of the modest, unassuming gentleman. His writings reflect his true character—retiring, generous, sympathetic. On his brother man he looked with a kindly, charitable regard; on the face of nature, with the eye of the artist and the poet. His descriptive essays are prose poems, exquisitely melodious, exquisitely pure. More perfect English than his was never written. His style will ever remain a model to all those who would master the music of the Saxon tongue.

And he is no more. There is a shadow on Sunnyside, a darkness in the river that glides past its pleasant walks and groves. Those who knew him not, save as a favorite author, feel as if they had lost a near and dear friend; what must be the sorrow of those who were his daily companions, who shared his home and his heart? Yet he died in the fullness of years; he suffered from the pangs of no lingering disease; the dearest, kindest relatives were near him at the last, and a fame as pure and bright as ever crowned the efforts of man, poured its full rays upon his closing life. The tears that are shed for such a departure are not all of bitterness.

ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

It is now confidently expected that a new Arctic expedition will sail from the United States, under the command of Dr. I. I. Hayes, the surgeon of the Kane expedition, early next spring. Our personal acquaintance with Doctor Hayes gives us great confidence in any undertaking that he may engage in. He has been frequently before the public in our principal cities to present, in lectures, the cogent reasons which exist in favor of another expedition up Kennedy Channel. Such is his confidence in the correctness of the views entertained by Dr. Kane respecting discoveries about the North Pole, that he proposes to undertake, in his own person, the verification, which nothing but a series of extraordinary accidents that could not have been foreseen, prevented his commander from completing. All of the leading scientific societies of the United States have already appointed committees to cooperate with Dr. H. in an enterprise so full of promise in many scientific relations. It is understood that the necessary funds will be raised by private subscription, through the instrumentality of the scientific societies having the matter in charge. The amount required, as announced by Dr. Hayes in a recent lecture, is $30,000, towards which several gentlemen interested in the promotion of science have liberally contributed.

The new expedition will be purely an American enterprise, and with the advantage of the recorded experience of all the former explorations in the Arctic region, besides his own extensive knowledge, gained by personal observations there, we shall expect great success for the enterprise, and a vast accession to scientific knowledge. With the co-operation, already secured, of a large number of the most eminent scientific men of the United States, we cannot doubt that the day is near when it will be possible to engrave upon the monument of the lamented Kane the last fact needed to complete the proof of his theory of the Circumpolar Basin and its outlets.

VICTORIES ON PAPER.

Napoleon I. used to plan out a victorious campaign on paper, at Paris, and then, like Mr. Squeers's pupil, "go and do it." The Spanish journals are inspired by his example, and one of them thus plans the conquest of Morocco. The following table indicates in a few words the operations which the Spanish army ought to effect on the coast of Africa, and their approximate duration: Conveyance of the expedition to Ceuta, and landing and organization of the columns, 6 days; march from Ceuta to Tangier by the Kassar, 2; attack on Tangier by sea and land, capture of the place and stay in it, leaving troops behind on departure, 2; march from Tangiers to Larache, by the Madrones and Arcilla, 8; attack of Larache by sea and land, taking of the place, and stay there, 3; march from Larache to Mehedia by Marmora, 3; attack of Mehedia by sea and land, taking of the place, and stay there, 6; march from Mehedia to Rabat, 1; attack of Rabat by sea and land, capture of the place and stay there, 5; march from Rabat to Mequinez, 3; attack and capture of Mequinez, 3; march from Mequinez to Fez, 2; attack of Fez, capture of the place and conclusion of a treaty of peace between the two countries, 8; return to Rabat, the point of definite occupation, 6. Each of the above places should have a contribution levied on it according to its wealth, and which may be regulated as follows: Tangiers, 10,000,000 francs; Larache, 2,000,000 francs; Mehedia, 2,000,000 francs; Rabat, 2,000,000 francs; Mequinez, 4,000,000 francs; Fez, 40,000,000 francs; being in all 60,000,000 francs. When the Spanish army shall have proceeded along the coast, and penetrated to Fez, the Holy City of the empire, Spain would have nothing to gain by a prolonged occupation; but it would be an immense advantage for her to occupy Rabat definitively and in a strong manner, by converting it into a free port, like Gibraltar. All the caravans which do not pass by Tangiers, Fez and Morocco, come to Rabat with the productions of Africa, where they exchange them for merchandise of different kinds. Rabat would, moreover, be an excellent military position to serve for the starting point for an expedition against Fez or Morocco, if such an operation should become necessary to secure the execution of the treaty. An annual tribute of ten millions might readily be exacted by Spain from the Emperor of Morocco. In the event of the expedition not taking place, in consequence of the emperor promising a complete satisfaction, the court of Madrid ought nevertheless to exact, as one of the conditions of acceptance of that reparation, the exchange of Rabat for Melilla, for the reason above-mentioned.

IMMENSE LENDING LIBRARY.

Mr. Mudie, of London, is the proprietor of the largest circulating library extant owned by one person. Since January, 1858, more than 200,000 volumes have been added to his collection. The list of these works indicates to some extent the relative circulation of different classes of literature in England. The books are thus classed: History and Biography, 50,472 volumes; Travel and Adventure, 25,552; Fiction, 87,780; Miscellaneous, including Works of Science and Religion, and the principal Reviews, 46,250; total, 216,054. The present rate of increase of Mr. Mudie's library exceeds 120,000 volumes per annum, consisting chiefly of works of permanent interest and value.

SELF-DECAPITATION.—A fellow in Philadelphia, acting under the influence of rum and jealousy, attempted to cut off his own head with a cleaver, a few nights since. He laid his head on a chopping block and struck himself several blows on the neck, but the awkward manner in which the cleaver was held rendered the blows comparatively harmless. Of course he was out of his head.

ENGLISH SAVINGS BANKS.—Sir Thomas Baring would not permit his name to be used as an officer of a savings bank in England till he was satisfied that such a system of accounts had been adopted by the institution as would render embezzlement impossible. This system has been partially abandoned, as involving an unnecessary amount of labor.

VALUABLE GIFT.—The Vermont College at Burlington has been presented with a superb copy, in 20 volumes, royal 8vo., of the great illustrated edition of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom—the notes and illustrations being made by a corps of his most eminent pupils and successors in France.

PASSPORTS FOR PRUSSIA.—The State Department gives notice that the only passports that will admit American travellers into Prussia, are those issued by the general government at Washington. Such is the decision of the Prussian authorities.

ENORMOUS BASS.—A black bass, weighing 360 pounds, was recently caught near San Francisco, and next to the arrival of Gen. Scott, created as intense an excitement as has been experienced in that city for some time.

CONFIDENCE RESTORED.—Confidence in wife-hunting Cubans is restored. Senor Oviedo is assured, by competent authority, to be worth four million dollars.

PHILOSOPHICAL.—The editor of the Portland Transcript believes that place will always be the *great eastern city*, whether the big ship comes or not.

WASTE OF WATER.—The New York Water Commissioners complain of a daily waste of thirteen million gallons of Croton in that city.

THE PRICE OF BIRDS' NESTS.—China edible birds' nests in the crude state sell in Paris for $70 per cwt.

THE PALACE OF COMPIEGNE.

The French court are having a gay time at Compiegne. An unlimited credit was granted for their reception by the municipality of that place, and what with triumphal arches, patriotic inscriptions, and grand illuminations, the inhabitants of the little town of Compiegne had great scope for showing their loyalty. Among the guests for the first week at this fine imperial residence, were Lord and Lady Cowley. The palace has undergone such entire reparations as to make it assume a degree of magnificence it never had before; among the rooms distinguished for the beauty and taste of its management is the *Salle des Gardes*. This spacious and richly decorated apartment has been embellished with ten superb panoplies of chased steel, inlaid with gold and silver. They represent the armor worn by the knights of the middle ages in France, Spain, England, Germany, etc., also two suits of Oriental armor. The whole of these pieces are grouped with much taste; the arms, defensive and offensive, which were then used radiating from each armor. In addition to the always great attraction of a *sejour* at Compiegne, the invited guests have the benefit, this year, of the magnificent English gardens laid out in the forest of Pierrefonds. Our readers will remember that Cardinal Richelieu, to cripple the power of the mighty lords of Pierrefonds, caused the solid massive stone walls that surround the castle to be split down to the earth. These walls, by order of the emperor, have been rebuilt; and such has been the care bestowed upon the work that it is impossible to know the new from the ancient stone. A corrosive substance which has been applied gives to the new portion the time-worn, mouldering appearance of the old wall.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The following is the inscription on the stone which has been erected to the memory of Sir John Franklin and his comrades, on the spot where they passed their first winter in the Arctic regions:—"To the memory of Franklin, Crozier, Fitzjames, and all their gallant, brother officers and faithful companions who have suffered and perished in the cause of science and the service of their country. This tablet is erected near the spot where they passed their first Arctic winter, and whence they issued forth to conquer difficulties or to die. It commemorates the grief of their admiring countrymen and friends, and the anguish, subdued by faith, of her who has lost in the heroic leader of the expedition, the most devoted and affectionate of husbands. 'And so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.' 1855.—This stone has been entrusted to be affixed in its place by the officers and crew of the American expedition, commanded by Lieutenant H. J. Hartstein, in search of Dr. Kane and his companions."

VALUABLE BEQUEST.—Nicholas Low, a wealthy resident of New York, died possessed of about $700,000, the greater portion of which he bequeathed to Henrietta L., wife of Charles King, President of Columbia College. The property comprises several blocks of houses in Bleecker Street, near Broadway. Mrs. King is to enjoy a life interest in the estate, and it is then to be divided among her children.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—Some wag put flour in the flute belonging to a member of the Albany theatre, the other night. The result was, when he played it, the innocent fiddler on his right suddenly changed his complexion.

PLAYFUL.—The district attorney of Baltimore, alluding to the violence practised by the rowdies at the late election in that city, termed it the "playful pranks of freemen."

MR. AND MRS. NORTON.—A reconciliation is said to have taken place between the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Norton, over the death-bed of their son, recently deceased at Paris.

MR. BIERSTADT.—This distinguished landscape-painter is about to establish himself in New York, which has become the headquarters of American artists.

PAUL AKERS.—This distinguished artist, an honor to his native State, Maine, has returned to Rome.

ATROCIOUS.—When the Muses stand side by side, they may be said to form a "long nine."

LAFAYETTE AND THE SOLDIER.

In the war of the Revolution, when General Lafayette commanded in the American army, a part of the troops were encamped at a certain place near the water's edge. One calm summer's evening, a soldier, who was a fifer in one of the companies, went into the water for the purpose of bathing. Being an excellent swimmer, as well as fifer, he took his fife with him to the water, and engaged in fifing and swimming at the same time. The music reached the ears of Lafayette. Early next morning he sent an officer in pursuit of the man who had thus disobeyed the order of the camp. The soldier was a native of Connecticut, and a man of truth. When arrested by the officer, and on the way to the general's tent, he thought within himself that perhaps he might escape a severe punishment by denying the deed. On a few moments' reflection, however, he said to himself, "I have always spoken the truth—I cannot tell a lie." With this principle in his mind, he came into the presence of the general, who asked him if he was the individual who played upon the water the evening previous, to which he replied, "I am."

"And do you know," continued Lafayette, "of any others in the army who can play this same tune?"

"Two or three, I do," said the soldier.

"To-morrow evening, then, (naming the hour), I wish you to repair to my tent with them."

They came at the appointed hour. The general then informed them that the tune he had heard the evening before, affected him very much—that on a former occasion it had been played at the funeral of a dear friend of his, who died in his native country. Since then, until now, he had never met with the individual who could play it. "For the purpose of indulging in the melancholy pleasure of hearing it once more, I have," said he, "sent for you."

The general, after being agreeably entertained with the conversation and music of his guests, dismissed them with his thanks and some guineas from his purse, as an expression of his satisfaction at their performance.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

NEW VOLUME—NEW STORY.

On the first of January, *The Flag of our Union* will enter upon its *fifteenth* volume. We have completed arrangements whereby the paper will be greatly improved, and shall appear in an entirely new and beautiful dress from top to toe, a new head, and upon fine white paper. The *Flag* was the pioneer of the papers of its class in this country, and it has ever labored to merit the large and still growing popularity it enjoys. We are constantly adding to our list of contributors, and do not hesitate to declare that no miscellaneous journal published, has a larger or more popular list of writers engaged upon its columns. We shall commence the new year with a brilliant original novelette, from the experienced and favorite pen of FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ESQ., entitled

THE POLICE SPY:

—OR,—

The Secret Crimes of Paris,

illustrated in Champney's best style. We are resolved that the next volume, with the advantage of the past fourteen years' experience, shall be the best that has ever issued from our establishment.

Upon examining the edge of the sharpest razor or lancet with a solar microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows.—*Exchange paper.*

Wouldn't some men's consciences present a queer aspect, if it were possible to view them through the same magnifying power?

"THE DEATH TOUCH."—This is the title of a most vivid and intensely interesting novelette now publishing in *The Flag of our Union*. For sale at all of the periodical depots at *four cents* per copy.

MUTTON CHOPS.—It is computed that about 25,000 sheep, or about a million pounds of mutton, are eaten weekly in the city of New York.

SLEIGHING.—There has been good sleighing in the northern part of New York State for many weeks past. Our turn now.

"THE WELCOME GUEST."—After fourteen years' experience in newspaper publishing, we are resolved to make this new journal, which will be issued on the first of January, the most valuable, attractive, and elegant weekly literary paper yet brought before the eye of the public! Now is the time to subscribe—$2 a year.

Wayside Gatherings.

German is taught in the Cincinnati public schools, and the St. Louis papers are discussing the adoption of the practice there.

The Spanish mackerel, a "game fish" of the southern waters, has appeared in the Hudson River, and furnished sport for fly-fishermen.

The board of education of the city of New York demands $1,130,000 for the expenses of schools in the city for the coming year.

There is a bell in the French cathedral, in Montreal, Canada, which weighs 29,000 pounds, and which requires sixteen men to ring it.

Francis Patten, of West Stafford, Ct., killed a fox with a stone, at a distance of nine rods, "as he run." The stone struck him in the neck.

The sweeping of the streets of Paris, France, costs a million and a half of francs yearly, and is effected by 2500 scavengers of either sex.

Among the three thousand inebriates who have applied for admission into the New York Asylum, there are no less than thirty clergymen who partake too largely of the spirit.

The corn crop of the present year, in the United States, will, it is estimated, exceed nine hundred millions of bushels, worth, at forty cents per bushel, the snug sum of three hundred and sixty millions of dollars.

The city of Brooklyn proposes to lay out a chain of five magnificent parks, connected by a broad macadamized avenue, forming, when completed, a drive of twelve miles, which will challenge the world for its equal in magnificence.

Florida and Louisiana are less elevated above the level of the sea than any States of the Union. A large portion of Louisiana is less than one hundred feet above tide-water, and the greatest elevation of any portion is five hundred feet.

The Rochester Union offers a premium of fifty dollars for a carrier's New Year's Address for 1860. The address must contain about two hundred and seventy lines, and should be in the publisher's hands by the 15th of December.

The excitement in regard to the golden images of Chiriqui is about "played out." The images have been growing scarcer and scarcer, until the discovery of one is considered as great a wonder as was the first brought to light.

At the coronation of Richard the First, in the year 1189, six earls and barons carried a chessboard with the royal insignia, to represent the court of exchequer, or *eschiquier*, instituted at London, by William the Conqueror, in 1079.

Several attempts have lately been made by outside parties to gain an entrance into the jail at Norwich, Conn., for the purpose, it is supposed, of releasing three pickpockets; but the operators have been so closely watched, that they have not succeeded.

Twenty-five tons of silver ore from the Washoe Valley mines, Utah, was late received at San Francisco, to be crushed prior to amalgamation. It is said to be gray in color, containing sulphurets of silver, and to be worth three thousand dollars a ton.

The Chicago police have just succeeded in arresting three men, named Timothy L. Bigelow, Chester C. Clark and James Smith, who were extensively engaged in manufacturing bogus money, chiefly silver coin, at Cordova, Rock Island county, Ill. A complete set of tools used in the business was also seized.

Countless myriads of locusts visited the neighborhood of Sevastopol, in August last. Where they settled upon the ground the masses were over *three feet* in thickness, and their weight broke down every tree and shrub. Every green thing, with the exception of vegetables, was destroyed.

A discovery of great importance has just been made by the State geologist of Texas. It is no less than the discovery of vast bodies of iron ore, as well as tertiary coal or lignite, beds of limestone, pipe-clay, fire rock and hydraulic limestone, in the region of country immediately south of Harrison county.

The Ames Shovel Works at North Easton, have made for the year past 225 dozen shovels per day, and this scarcely fills their orders. Sometimes, indeed, they have been six thousand dozen behind their orders. The company has put up seven double houses this season for their workmen.

The First Unitarian society and the Free Will Baptist society of Manchester, N. H., have swapped churches, the first named paying $3500 "to boot." The Unitarians needed a larger church, which they obtained by the exchange, and the Baptist society was in debt, and are thus enabled to partially liquidate their obligations.

A great gold excitement is raging in Ottawa county, Ohio, caused, it is said, by the discovery in that vicinity of a vein of gold-bearing quartz. The land is reported to be very rich—gold being obtained in shape and size like common snow flakes, and in large quantities. We wouldn't advise *many* miners to emigrate to these "diggins" just yet, as the news lacks confirmation.

Sands of Gold.

.... The world is created anew for us every morning.—*Bovee.*

.... Montaigne listens to all the philosophers, and thinks only according to himself.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Happiness must arise from our own temper and actions, and not immediately from any external conditions.—*Grove.*

.... Whatever is inconsistent with natural reason can never be imposed as an article of faith.—*Bentley.*

.... Next to God, we are indebted to women, first for life itself, and then for making it worth having.—*Bovee.*

.... What good would centuries do the man who only knows how to waste his time?—*De Boufflers.*

... The golden age never leaves the world; it exists still, and shall exist, till love, health, poetry, are no more—but only for the young.—*Bulwer.*

.... The most beautiful rose is not without thorns; the most amiable woman is not without caprices, but these are voluntary thorns, and not the less *piquante.*—*De Boufflers.*

.... To love the home of our childhood and our native land, is but to love our former selves, since it is here that our history lies, and whatever we have wrought of good or ill.—*Haven.*

.... Dignity of position adds to dignity of character, pretty much as it does to dignity of carriage. Give us a proud position, and we are compelled to act up to it.—*Bovee.*

.... There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others.—*Sir W. Temple.*

.... There is such a thing as doing right for its own sake, irrespective of good to ourselves. Every man is conscious of such a distinction, and of its force as a motive of conduct.—*Haven.*

.... There are some to whose eyes external nature, which is but the garment of the Creator, by the very grace and amplitude of its foldings, seems to conceal the face of Divinity.—*Boyes.*

.... Society is even more essential to our intellect than to our humanity. Our affections do not rust so quickly as our minds. It is easier to pervert than to subdue them, while the latter is always pleased to be beguiled into forgetfulness and sleep.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... The repose of the passions must not imply their stagnation. They must rouse themselves at last and go forth, though it be only to bear a burden and be baffled by defeat. Successful or baffled, their duty is in the struggle. The struggle itself is the life.—*W. G. Simms.*

Joker's Budget.

Deer meat is said to be selling *cheap* in the market.

Why is a stingy man like a bird's foot? Because he has *no soul.*

When is a landlord an insect-tamer? When he has ten-ants at will.

There's no rose without a thorn. Yes there is: there's the *prim* rose.

The man that struck Billy Patterson has gone to California—so the papers say.

Why is a cheese like a jail? Because we are glad to find it uninhabited.

A paragraph commences thus: "Women in arms!" Well, where should they be?

Why is a chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop? Because it contains fowl-in-pieces.

Why is a man without legs like an even bargain? Because there is nothing to *boot.*

Why are fashionables like pounds, ounces and drachms? Because they go to make up the *ton.*

"Well, sir, do you entertain my proposition?" "No, sir, but your proposition has entertained me exceedingly."

"Paddy, how do you like the Americans?" "Faith, I like them so well, that I've a mind to become a native."

A lady who had a favorite fawn that suddenly died, wrote some lines on its death, which she added, "To a *deer* friend."

Such is the richness of the soil in California, that steel pens, if put in the ground over night, are found to be gold ones in the morning.

A chap reading in a paper that Mexican *files* had been received in this city, went into a hardware store and asked to look at some of them.

A reverend gourmand in England thinks that large green grasshoppers are an excellent dish. They are no doubt excellent—*for greens.*

"Who is that with Miss Flint?" said a wag to his companion, as they walked along the pavement. "O, that is a *spark* which she has *struck.*"

A person who was in delicate health being asked by a friend "if he would *venture on* an orange," replied, "No, I thank you—*I should roll off.*"

Most of the vessels sail for California on *Sunday.* Is it because "the better day the better deed? or are bumbailiffs powerless on that day?

An Irishman came into possession of five sovereigns, and not wishing to spend them, went to a pawnbroker's and pawned them for ten shillings.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WAIT.

Storms are above thee, O, heart of doubt!
Heaven looks cold, and the earth looks drear;
But sometime, out of the parted cloud,
Light may fall, and the way be clear.

But if not here, thou heart of doubt,
Just across, where the angels be,
Quiet isles, and stormless seas,
And the lights of home, are awaiting thee.

Then wait, O wait, thou heart of doubt,
With a loving faith that knows not fear;
For sometime, out of the parted cloud,
Light *will* fall, and the way be clear.—E. R. P.

THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.

A NAUTICAL SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THERE never was a class of people who could "do up" privateering in a manner so agreeable to all parties, and at the same time so profitable to themselves, as the Yankees. During our last war with England, there were many "down-east" captains who did up a bit of this work in a sly way, without ever claiming the honor of having mounted a swivel, or even letting people know that they did anything out of the regular trade in shingles and potatoes. That beautiful river, upon whose richly diversified banks I first drew the breath of life—the noble Kennebec—gave the first watery embrace to many a craft that proved anything but welcome visitors to the various cruisers about our coast, and as a general thing, these down-easters were pretty successful.

One bright morning in June, a good-sized brig made her appearance out from the mouth of the Kennebec, and stood off to the southward and eastward under easy sail, with the "stars and stripes" merrily playing in the breeze at her peak. There were twenty-three men on her deck; but had you asked the captain why he took so many hands, he would have told you, as he told the folks at Bath, that most of them were *passengers*, going to Boston.

Captain Newcomb was a rare specimen of Yankee genius. He stood about five feet seven in his stockings, stoutly built, and well put together, with a round, provoking-looking countenance, set off by a pair of gray, twinkling eyes, and surmounted by a liberal crop of sandy hair. His mate, and indeed the whole crew, *passengers* and all, would pass for thorough-bred down-easters. The brig enjoyed a purely native name—the SALLY ANN.

"Now, my boys," shouted the captain, as he lowered his long glass with which he had been sweeping the blue expanse of water, "we're clear of all eyes but our own; let's put on the old Sally Ann's cruising togs, and I'll be darned if we don't cut up a caper with some of them British cruisers that'll make 'em think they'd better be to hum."

"Capt'n," said the mate, advancing towards his superior, "are you sure the schooner'll be out to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, she'll be after us by daylight, and we must be ready for her. Get up your burtons and falls, clear away the chocks around the main-mast; come, be lively, boys."

In obedience to the captain's orders, two planks were taken up just forward of the main-mast, and a heavy burton fall was secured to it by a stout strap, and then rigged to the foremast. The main-shrouds and back-stays were eased up, and in a short time the mainmast was stepped forward some six feet, the heel of the mast was firmly secured, and the shrouds and stays again set up, with the eyes of the rigging also hooked further forward. A heavy pair of sheers were then rigged up abaft, and a mizzen-mast was soon stepped and rigged; and by daylight the next morning the Sally Ann was transformed into a handsome barque, with a surface of canvass that might have sufficed for a vessel one-third larger.

Shortly after the deck was cleared up, a small schooner hove in sight; and in the course of two hours she was alongside. She had seven men on board, and brought out five guns—four eighteen-pound carronades, and one long forty-two, together with an abundance of ammunition. These articles were hoisted on board the barque, and taking four of the schooner's men, that vessel was allowed to put back, while the Sally Ann spread her canvass, and took her course for the eastward, with a fair breeze.

For fifteen days the barque held on her course without speaking a sail. Several were seen, but they did not appear to be worth noticing, and all hands were getting to be rather uneasy at the prolonged monotony. At length, early on the morning of the sixteenth day, the man at the mast-head sang out a soul-cheering "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" shouted Captain Newcomb, who had just come on deck, at the same time opening his glass.

"About two points on the weather-bow."

"Can you make her out?"

"She appears to be a heavy ship, sir."

"That's one of 'em, I'll bet," exclaimed the captain, as a radiant expression of hope lit up his feature. "Here, Mr. Slocum," continued he, addressing the mate, "take your glass and go up into the maintop and watch that fellow."

The Sally Ann was now heading southeast, close-hauled upon the larboard tack, with a good stiff breeze, and all sail set.

"Mast-head, there," shouted the captain, after having taken several turns across the deck, "can you make out how she's standing?"

"Ay, ay, sir," she's a large ship, standing to the north'ard, close-hauled on the starboard tack."

"Whew! but she's got a little the start of us, hasn't she? We ought to have seen her two hours ago. Never mind, we'll stand on a spell longer, and then I reckon we'll give 'em a race."

In half an hour the ship was made out to be a heavily-loaded Indiaman, and of course returning from the East Indies. She had run up the British flag at her peak, and the barque had shown her stars and stripes.

"Ready about," shouted Captain Newcomb, as the flag of our Union unfolded itself at the Sally Ann's peak; and in a few moments she was braced up on the other tack, making a course a little to the leeward of the ship, and about ten miles astern of her. The barque was by far the fastest sailer, for she had been built purposely for it, and the prospect was, that in a few hours the two vessels would scrape an acquaintance.

During the next three hours much excitement prevailed on board both vessels. The Englishman evidently "smelt the rat," for his Yankee neighbor was a suspicious-looking fellow, to say the least, and the case was not at all enhanced by the sudden tack and extra spread of canvass that marked Brother Jonathan's course of procedure. To tell the truth, the East Indiamen of that day had a peculiar dread of starred and striped bunting under any circumstances, but more especially when it graced the peak of a non-commissioned cruiser. From a man-of-war they expected some chance for an international adjustment, but at the hands of a Yankee privateer it was sure to be a general delivery of all valuables, without the slightest possible chance for an equivalent. At the end of two hours the Sally Ann had gained nearly five miles on the merchantman, and fired a gun. The ship's crew were now positive of the character of their pursuer, and in a few moments after the Yankee fired his gun, they fell off several points and hoisted their studding-sails. Nothing could have suited Captain Newcomb better than this movement of the Englishman.

"Now, my boys," shouted the Yankee captain, while he fairly danced with delight, "we've got the weather-gage of 'em, and if we don't make 'em shell out some of their valuables before night, then my name aint Newcomb—that's all. Keep her away a couple of points; that's it—steady—so. Maintop, there!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Clear away your starboard studding-sails. Foretop, there—starboard studding-sails. Be lively, boys, and you shall all have a finger in the Indiaman's pie."

In a few minutes the Sally Ann's studding-sails were set, and a crest of white foam rolled off from her bows and swept away to the leeward like a snowy mountain. In half an hour longer the Englishman had crossed the barque's course, and the latter vessel had every advantage. The ship had mistaken her pursuer's sailing qualities, for with a free wind that vessel had gained faster than when both were close-hauled. The Yankee was now near enough to make out her neighbor's exact state. She was a ship of about twelve hundred tons, heavily loaded, mounting ten guns, five on each side, and carrying a full complement of men.

"I'm afraid we shall find an ugly customer there," remarked the mate, pointing to the full deck of the Indiaman.

"Why, Mr. Slocum, you are not afraid of that feller, are you?" remarked Captain Newcomb, as he ran his eye along the immense proportions of "Old Kennebec," as the long forty-two pound gun was familiarly termed. "Let's give her a salute, and see if we can't heave her to."

One of the carronades was fired, but the ship took no notice of the summons, further than to run up a main staysail.

"So you don't mind our invitation, eh?" soliloquized the captain. "Then give 'em Old Kennebec," he shouted; and in a few moments the long forty-two was brought to bear on the ship, and the match applied. The Sally Ann trembled from truck to kelson as the heavy gun bounded from the shock; and as the smoke cleared up, the Indiaman's weather fore-shrouds were seen dangling in the breeze.

"Jehosaphat! look at that!" shouted Captain Newcomb, as he performed a perfect double-shuffle. "Guess two or three more doses like that'll give 'em enough of Old Kennebec Load her up again."

Again the long gun was loaded, and again fired. This time the shot took effect in the hull, and the splinters flew about the Englishmen's ears in a manner anything but agreeable. The ship's guns were of no use whatever, as they would not send a shot half way to the enemy, and the only consolation that presented itself was to be battered to pieces by the Yankee's forty-two pounder, or, on the other hand, they must haul down their flag and heave to. A few more murderous shots from the Sally Ann decided them upon the latter course, and in a few moments her courses were hauled up and the main topsail laid aback. In fifteen minutes the Yankee was within hailing distance under the ship's stern, and Captain Newcomb ordered the Englishman to send a boat alongside. The appearance of a stout Yankee holding a lighted match near the breach of that terrible gun, soon decided the matter, and the ship's stern boat was lowered from the davits and manned, and put off for the barque. As the boat came alongside, an officer stepped on board, and looked about the deck for some one to receive him.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" said Captain Newcomb, stepping to the gangway and politely bowing to the English officer.

"About as well as circumstances will permit," answered the official visitor, looking rather angrily at his rough-looking interlocutor.

"Wal, I guess that's about the way we all feel. But are you the cap'n of that ship?"

"No, sir; I'm the first lieutenant."

"Dew tell us what you've got aboard?"

"In the first place, allow me to inquire by what authority you thus stop us upon the high seas?"

"See there," replied the Yankee captain, pointing to Old Kennebec, at the same time laying his fore finger in a very meaning manner upon his nose.

"I understand you, sir, you are a privateer."

"Wall, I reckon you're about right. So I guess we shall have to trouble you for some of your valuables."

"Then you must come and take them."

"O, don't trouble yourself about that. We'll take all we want."

"You may not find it so easy to get on board as you imagine, my dear sir; and rest assured that yonder ship will give your folks a warm welcome."

"Yes, I see you've got plenty of men, but look here, Mister Lieutenant, you haint got one of them;" and again the captain pointed significantly at Old Kennebec.

A slight twinge of the lieutenant's muscles was observable, as his eyes followed the direction of the captain's finger, and he evidently felt very uneasy in his present situation. Our Yankee skipper enjoyed his perplexity, and added:

"Now you can go right aboard your own craft and tell the cap'n that we'll send along directly for such little notions as we stand in need of. Perhaps you've got some nice silks, and some shawls, and some other stuff that you wouldn't mind parting with for the sake of a free pass to England. Now mind, old feller, this ere gun's got a dose aboard that would send you all to kingdom come in ten minutes; and if you set out to play us foul, look out."

The Indiaman's officer took this hint very gratefully, and remarked, as he was about stepping over the side, "I will report to my commander the result of my visit, and you will take such a course as you think proper; but if you take my advice, you will haul off and go about some other business."

"Look here—hold on a minute," exclaimed Captain Newcomb. "I see you haint hauled down your flag yet; now I'll give you just five minutes after your boat gets alongside your ship, to make up your mind what to do. If you conclude to let us send our boats along after a few notions, and let us take 'em quietly, then haul down your flag. Now mind—if that bunting aint down out of that in just that time, I'll open our long-tom on your old shell. So tell your captain."

In three minutes after the Indiaman's boat returned, an old quarter-master was seen casting off the signal halyards, and in a moment more the ship's peak was bare—the proud ensign lay upon the deck. The crew of the Yankee privateer gave a loud cheer as they cleared away the long-boat and hooked on their burtons; and with right good will they hoisted the heavy boat from her chocks and launched her overboard. A dozen men jumped into her, and with Mr. Slocum at the helm, they started off for the ship. Many hard looks were cast at our down-east adventurers as they made their appearance over the gangway of the ship, and many a handspike and monkey-tail was clutched instinctively in the hands of the exasperated Englishmen; but they dared not strike a blow—the black muzzle of Old Kennebec looked straight at them, and they had no desire to call forth his disapprobation. Mr. Slocum found a rich store in the hold of the ship, and the Yankee's long-boat was soon laden to the water's edge with a portion of her cargo. This was taken to the barque, and the boat returned for another load. The long-boat was nearly full a second time, when a hurried exclamation from the officer of the deck arrested the attention of Mr. Slocum, who was down in the hold breaking out a fine lot of assorted silks. No sooner had he caught the sound of the officer's voice, and stopped from his labor, than he was still more startled by the orders that immediately followed.

"Hands by the weather main-braces—man the lee-braces! let go—haul in your lee-braces! Quick, men. Let her fall off a point, quarter-master. That's it—steady—so!"

The heavy ship gave a plunge forward, as her main-yards came to the wind, and in a moment she was ploughing through the water, with her flag run up to the peak *union down*. Mr. Slocum sprang upon the deck, followed by his men, and in a moment he comprehended the whole matter. Right ahead, about ten miles distant, there loomed up the heavy spars of a British sloop of-war. The Indiaman having been between the barque and the new sail, prevented Captain Newcomb from observing it, and he was not aware of the approach of the man-of-war until several minutes after the prize had got under headway.

"The deuce!" ejaculated the Yankee captain, as he saw the ship's main-yards go round; "I wonder what's in the wind now. Jehosaphat! there goes her flag, union down. Somebody's coming. Maintop, there."

"Hallo!"

"Go aloft, and see if there's anything ahead of that ship."

In a few moments a man sang out from the topgallant yard, "There's a British man-of-war, sir."

"How does she bear?"

"She's right ahead of the merchantman, standing this way."

"Can you make her out?"

"She's a sloop-of-war, sir."

"Man the lee main-braces—let go the weather-braces—round with the main-yard!" shouted Captain Newcomb, as he sprang down from the horse-block and seized a lighted match. "Let her come up a point," continued he, as he ran along the sight of Old Kennebec. "That's it—steady—so!"

In a moment after the Sally Ann came up to the wind the long gun bore directly upon the ship's mizzentop, and the match was applied. In the meantime the state of affairs on board the Indiaman was peculiar. There were thirteen of the Yankee's crew on her deck, who stood in a knot in the lee gangway, without knowing which way to turn or what course to pursue. The crew of the ship was composed of fifty able-bodied men, and against such odds of course Mr. Slocum did not for a moment think of attempting any resistance. The English captain felt pretty secure, for less than half an hour's sailing would bring him under the guns of the man-of-war. His pleasant reverie was at this moment somewhat disturbed by a crash directly over his head, accompanied by the heavy report of the long gun,

and the fragments of the mizzentop were scattered about the deck, while the mizzen topmast came thundering down through the cabin skylights. The ship immediately fell off several points, and there was not much prospect of bringing her up again. In another moment a chain-shot came whizzing over the Englishman's head, and the weather main backstays and shrouds were carried away just below the top.

"Stand by the fore and main topgallant halliards!" shouted the English captain, while his face was blanched with terror. "Let go—hands by the topsail halliards—jump quick, men! Let go the topsail halliards—let go the sheets—clew up! Man the jib and flying jib downhauls—let go the halliards—haul with a will! Lead out the fore and main clew-garnets and buntlines—clear away the tacks and sheets—up with the courses! Clear away the main-staysail—man the halliards—up she goes! Send up a hawser from the hold. Maintop, there—send down a hauling-line—bend that line to the hawser, and stand by to secure it to the lanyards of the weather main rigging."

It took less time for the captain to give these hurried commands than we have been in writing them, and the crew worked smartly. In a few minutes the ship was laying to under her fore and main staysails and spanker, while a pair of shrouds were rigged and set up, and the wreck of the mizzen topmast cleared away.

"Now, cap'n, if yeou've no objections, I guess we'll go aboard that ere craft," remarked Mr. Slocum, pointing to the Sally Ann.

"Go, and be hanged!" was the friendly reply.

"Wal, then, we'll bid you good by, and if you ever come to Bosting, jest give us a call. Give our love to that friend of yourn coming, and tell him we'd have stopped, only jest we were in a hurry."

Something that sounded very much like an oath broke from the lips of the excited officer, as the Yankee mate made a polite bow and passed over the gangway.

By the time the long-boat was cleared of her load and hoisted on board the Sally Ann, the man-of-war had come within a mile and a half of the scene. She was a twenty-four-gun-ship, but Captain Newcomb had no fear of her, for he was confident that he could outsail her, and he felt sure that she carried nothing heavier than medium twenty-four pounders. And in both these calculations he was right. The sloop-of-war was coming down with the wind on her quarter, heading about S. by E., the Indiaman lay right in her course, heading to the northward, while the Sally Ann was just getting under headway, after having stowed away her boat, to the northward and westward. She kept on this course till she cleared the dismantled ship, and then hauling upon the wind, she stood on for a few minutes and hove to.

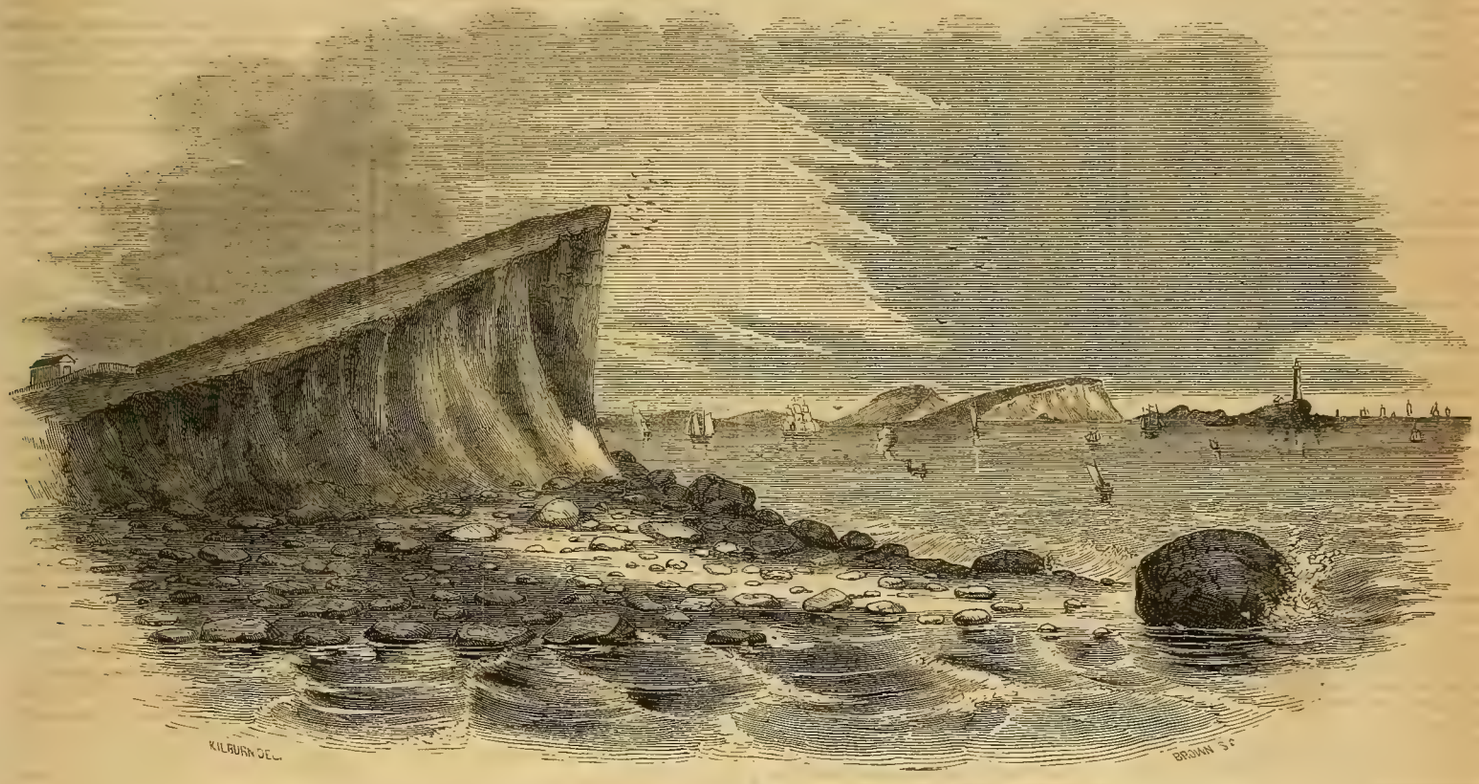
The captain of the Indiaman looked with wonder upon this manœuvre of the Yankee, and was utterly at a loss to comprehend the meaning of it. He did not have to wait long, however, for at that moment a light wreath of smoke curled up from the breech of the Yankee's long gun. A heavy report followed, and the quarter hammock-nettings and spanker boom of the sloop-of-war were splintered up in great style. Another and another shot followed, and the sloop's cabin was opened on both sides, and the binnacle carried away. The man-of-war was getting a little too near for Captain Newcomb's purposes, and putting up his helm and squaring away, he gave the Englishman a parting shot, which carried away the slings of the main yard; and as that heavy spar came thundering down upon the heads of the man-of-war's men, the Sally Ann set her studding sails below and aloft, and left the new comer to condole with the wounded Indiaman.

Much search was made by English cruisers after a certain *barque* that laid somewhere along the coasts of Maine, but they never caught a glimpse of her in port. They frequently saw Captain Newcomb's *brig* laying in shore, but not thinking her worth the trouble of chasing, they passed on in their fruitless search after the YANKEE PRIVATEER.

VIEW IN BOSTON HARBOR.

The accompanying sketch was drawn for us by an artist perfectly familiar with our marine and coast scenery. The principal object in the foreground is Point Alderton, a high bluff or point of land, situated at the outer part of Boston harbor, about nine miles from the city. The lighthouse seen in our picture is the Boston outer light, and between it and Point Alderton is the entrance to the harbor. The land to the left slopes till it forms Nantasket Beach. The high cliff behind the lighthouse is part of the Great Brewster. Point Alderton is a high cliff, nearly perpendicular, the summit of which affords pasturage for sheep and cows.

The other entrance to the harbor, at Point Shirley, is four miles from the scene of our sketch. The harbor is sheltered from the ocean by the peninsula, of which Point Alderton and Point Shirley are the extremities, and by numerous islands, between which are three entrances. The main passage, which is about three miles southeast of the Charlestown Navy Yard, and quite narrow, lies between Castle and Governor's Islands, and is defended by Fort Independence and Fort Warren. A passage north of Governor's Island is also protected by Fort Warren. The new fortress on George's Island is designed to protect the entrance to the outward and lower harbor. The entire surface within Point Shirley is estimated at seventy-five square miles, and about half of this affords good anchorage-ground for vessels of the largest class. The harbor is easy of access, and is very rarely obstructed by ice. The whole is thickly studded with islands, of old finely wooded, but now a tree is an exception to the uniform smoothness of their surface.



VIEW IN BOSTON HARBOR.

THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY.

Of course by this we do not mean that penury and absolute want are beneficial, but that to be so far relatively poor as to feel that one's circumstances do not come up to one's wants and expectations and desires, while it has its obvious disadvantages, is highly useful and advantageous to most men in several respects. As to happiness, for instance. Take two young men of equal health and education, one notoriously rich and the other not worth a cent, and the poor man will, in more than half the number of instances, be the most cheerful and happy man of the two. He will have fewer indulgences and excesses to react upon his system, fewer sources of anxiety and dread, fewer unemployed hours to let the mind turn in broodingly upon itself. He is compelled to be at work regularly, lives carefully, sleeps soundly and is happy. There is many a young man who begins life cheerful and happy, but who increases regularly in riches and in size, in the comforts of home and the luxuries and refinements of an advancing position, and yet, as he does this, will confess that he is not so happy now, rolling in wealth, as he was twenty years ago, when worth nothing but a clear head, a brisk pair of hands, and the conviction that the world was before him.

As to the prospect even of becoming wealthy, the poor man at starting is, on the whole, we believe, better off than the young man who receives an inheritance to begin with. Facts show this. True, money grows and paves the way finely to success. "The gift of the wise man maketh room for him." But the ways of getting rid of money also grow, and much faster in every young man who has more money in his purse than he knows what to do with. We have known young men not spending more than two hundred dollars a year, yet moving always in the best society; and we have known young men to get through nearer twenty thousand, without being really respectable or half so happy. Habits of frugality, forethought and patient calculation as to where the means were to come from for anything wanted, are the necessary foundations of enduring wealth. Without these, no matter how rich a man might be to-day, either he or his children will get through it all in a very short time. So far from a capital to begin with being necessary to operate upon, the want of capital often teaches the poor man superior financial wisdom and economy.

As to fame, ew rich men, at the beginning of life, ever win it in any pursuit that requires labor or peril. It is the children tugging at the lawyer's gown that makes him an eloquent pleader at the bar. In fact, strong necessities and pressing wants do more to elicit genius and develop greatness than can well be described. A man rolling in wealth and luxury has too many enticements to ease to climb the rugged path of lofty achievement. As to care, there is no comparison. The poor man has nothing to lose, while the rich live in perpetual dread. The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep. They are not sure that their friends are true and disinterested. It has often been said that prosperity makes friends and adversity tries them. The real fact is exactly the other way. It is adversity that makes *real* friends and prosperity that tries them.

And now, as to the next generation. Are the children of wealthy or of poor parents (those parents being of equal intelligence and character) most likely to prosper? The strongest, healthiest, finest men grow up from boys who *have* to do all they can for a living. It is possible, no doubt, for the children of the wealthy to be thus brought up. Yet not one in a hundred is: most of them are pampered and puny, without the same bodily vigor, and, therefore without the same mental strength and fortitude which those of a more hardy training exhibit. The habit of self-reliance is the foundation of all independence of character, and this is closely connected with every virtue. Yet none are so self-reliant as the poor.

So far, then, the chief advantage of wealth is the means it affords of superior mental cultivation, superior books and *apparatus* of learning of all kinds. This is the chief advantage of it. Where wealth is only regarded as *capital*, the principal of which is only to make the possessor more wise and powerful for good—there it is a blessing, and one of the greatest of blessings. But directly any man *feels* wealthy—that is, that he has more money than he knows how and needs to use, as capital for higher good and more extended usefulness—then his money becomes an injury to him, and not a blessing. Many, with a little assistance, surmount the evils of poverty in obtaining an education and everything else—few that of too much wealth. In one State at least, a university education is without charge. Many work their way through, and those who do, almost always make the best scholars. Indeed, some of those now among the highest literary men in the land, have worked their way through college from the carpenter's bench, or by personal labors. Facts like these should remove the discontent of those whose lives are spent in visions of what they *would* accomplish had they only the pecuniary advantages of others around them.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

AN ENGLISH EATING HOUSE.

An amusing correspondent in the Knickerbocker for October, gives the following exposition of the miseries of an *English Eating House* in the eyes of a French *gourmand:*

I was faithful to my engagement with my French baron, to meet him at his lodgings at twelve; and we passed the *dejeune*, which was badly served by a cross-grained and ill-looking maid, in abusing English coffee, English omelettes, English books—in a word, everything English.

The truth is, that the entertainment of ordinary boarding-houses and eating-houses, which first offer themselves in London to strangers wishing to practise the inexpensive virtues, is mean in comparison with the French. Mutton and beef are excellent, but the sore evil is the want of variety in the preparation, and neatness in the service. If condemned to eat alone, which is one of the traveller's miseries, in a French cafe, you have a lively, well-furnished room, and the spectacle of an animated company about you. A London eating-house is darkened and deformed by stalls, and you are set in your niche, and the curtain is drawn, and you wait there unseen, until a grave personage, in sables, and having the air of an undertaker, brings you your mutton chops.

"Mary, I entreat you," said the baron—"you are a pretty girl—bear this steak, with my compliments, to the cook, and bid him submit it once more to the process of roasting."

"Why, we don't never roast it no more, sir; the juices—"

"Mary, we had a cook once in France, who, for having served a dish underdone, ran himself through the body. His name was Vatel; he was unwilling to outlive the disgrace. Do have his picture hung up in your kitchen, and never mind the juices."

Here Mary took the dish with much surliness, muttering something about "done," in a growling undertone.

"Well dressed!—done! You have nothing done or well dressed upon your island. The pork squeals when you put your fork into it, and the mutton cries '*bah!*'"

This last monosyllable, pronounced in its native Scotch accent, sent Mary into the kitchen to return no more.

Poet's Corner.

CHIRIQUI.

BY A. C. HILLS.

In the lands of burning torrid day,
'Neath the hot and fiery sun,
There are graves of men who passed away
In the battle lost or won.

And together lie the young and old;
And they say with each was laid,
In his silent home, a prize of gold
That but waits the laborer's spade.

Many there the graves on hill and plain;
But there will be many more,
And the scythe of Death shall cut again
On that burning, torrid shore.

Many are the young and brave that burn
For the search of glittering dross;
But how few are they who will return;
How many will bemoan a loss!

Ay, the earth shall ope her breast again,
E'en beside those graves of old,
To cover the forms of eager men
Who shall die in search of gold!

LIFE OUT OF DEATH.

Silent as snow from his airy chamber,
Down on the earth drops the withered leaf,
Silently back on the heart of the dreamer,
Noticed of none, falls the secret grief.

Yet ye deceive us, beautiful prophets;
For, like one side of an ocean shell
Cast by the tide on a dripping sand-beach,
Only a half of the truth ye tell.

Much of decadence and death ye sing us;
Rightly ye tell us earth's hopes are vain;
But of the life out of death no whisper,
Saying: "We die, but we live again."

MRS. ALEXANDER.

MEMORY.

So have I seen the cloud-rack, fast and free,
Come thronging onward from the distant sea,
Along the hill-tops, till the rising sheen
Of morn had spread their parted woof between,
And laughed away the masses dark and dull,
Into a radiance glad and beautiful—
E'en so the glorious past came floating by,
O'er the dark chambers of his memory.—SHARPIE.

NATURE.

The volume of the world
Is legible alone to those who use
The interlinear version of the light,
Which is the spirit's, and given within ourselves.

BAILEY.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

— Opening our favorite "Old Farmer's Almanac," we perceive recorded against the present decade the following oracular sentences: "Grows much colder. Wind and rain or snow." A very safe prediction, Mr. Almanac-maker! In other words, we have fairly entered on the winter season. Yet it need not be the "winter of our discontent." We should rather welcome the "grim-visaged" visitor, for there is health in his icy breath and pleasure in the gifts he brings. Above all things do we love what the country-folk call a "good old-fashioned New England snow-storm." We like to see that gray leaden sky deepening at the fall of day in the breathless, expectant hush of nature, with the fine flakes falling, almost imperceptibly at first, and so gradually thickening that a sort of white mist shuts in the hills and woodlands, and we go to bed with the certainty of finding a foot of snow upon the level at the white dawning of another day. It is in the highest degree exhilarating to plunge through the drifts to the station, between the white walls and the loaded trees with a vista of fairy land opening before us. And then the run to Boston by rail with the snow-plough throwing the white foam on either side as the prow of a brave ship buffets and flings off the yesty waves. If this does not give a rush to the blood, we know not what will, and so we are deeply beholden to jolly rollicking old Hyems.....Ball Hughes, we are told, is hard at work in his studio modelling. No sculptor of the present day has finer capabilities. A statue of a Magdalen has been mentioned to us as possessing rare originality and beauty.....Among the pictures at Williams & Everett's, we noticed recently a fine marine sketch, from the pencil of Charles T. Dix, son of General John A. Dix of New York. Though evidently dashed off in a hurry, it is masterly.....We can scarcely take up a paper without reading some painful illustration of the ravages of intemperance. A young and beautiful girl, daughter of a wealthy merchant in Albany, has become strongly and strangely addicted to drink, and one day recently was found nearly dead drunk in the street. She was richly dressed, and a party of rude boys were piling dry leaves upon her. Her parents are obliged to maintain a continual watch upon her, but she occasionally evades the surveillance, and is sure to get intoxicated if she can obtain the liquor.....There is said to exist a confederation of outlaws, whose headquarters are in New York, who came originally from Poland and Germany, and extend their travels to all portions of the United States. By daytime they operate as shoplifters and pickpockets, and by night as burglars. Their booty is distributed, at convenience, among pawnbrokers, junk dealers, and brokers, who are of the same affiliations, and are in the practice of acting as receivers.....The New Hampshire Gazette has entered upon its one hundred and fourth year.....A Milan letter in the Nord, says: "The famous Iron Crown is lost to Lombardy, Austria having made it a question of dignity. We regret that the Conference yielded on this point, not so much from the motives of municipal unanimity associated with this external symbol of the vast grandeur of Lombardy as far as the political significance of the refusal on the part of Austria. Can it be that Austria, not considering the sovereignty of Lombardy as transferred to Victor Emmanuel II., retains its insignia, and means thereby to signify that the King *de jure* is still the Emperor of Austria, and that the temporary occupation of Piedmont does not prejudice his claims to an eventual re-occupation? There is no other reason to justify Austria in her retention of the crown.".....The Chicago Democrat gives a list of the lucky ones who drew prizes at a prize concert, and naively adds, that "some fifteen hundred others drew long breaths.".....In July, 1822, a plan for an independent newspaper was proposed to John Quincy Adams by some members of Congress, and the necessity of such a paper was urged upon him with great earnestness. He replied: "An independent newspaper is very necessary to make truth known to the people; but an editor really independent must have a heart of oak, nerves of iron, and a soul of adamant to carry it through. His first attempt will bring a hornet's nest about his head; and, if they do not sting him to death or to blindness, he will have to pursue his march with them continually swarming over him, and be beset on all sides with obloquy and slander.".....Copiapo, in Chili, must be a delightful retreat. It experienced one hundred and sixteen shocks of earthquake in twenty-four hours during the late convulsion.....Under the title of the "Schiller Foundation," an association has been established by the authors, publishers, and professors of Germany, for the purpose of relieving literary men, or their widows and orphans in distress. The association is to carry on its operations for the first five years at Weimar, and afterwards for periods of five years each, at Dresden, Berlin, Stuttgart, Munich, and Frankfort.....A young man, clerk in New York, was fined $20 for kissing a married woman named Maria Bolman against her will and in the absence of her husband.....A New York letter affirms that Strakosch, of the opera, is determined to bring out his step-daughter, Adelina Patti, before the season is over. She is now a plump and rosy girl of eighteen, and, it is thought, will at once gain the rare reputation of being beautiful. Until a few years back Adelina has been an "infant phenomenon.".....For kicking a foot-ball in one of the streets of Salem, a man has recently been fined $1 and costs; and another has been fined $5 and costs for smoking a cigar.....At the Princess's Theatre, in London, the vaudeville known as "La Chatte Metamorphosee" has been placed on the stage under the title of "Puss: or, Metempsychosis." A studious young man, full of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, readily submits to the deception contrived by his friends, that a favorite cat is transformed into a very beautiful young woman, his cousin Adelaide, with whom, accordingly, he falls in love, though occasionally disgusted by her feline habits, which she yet retains in her regenerated state, notwithstanding her willingness to reform. Miss Louise Keely has to support this strange role, and it is said realizes it to perfection. White satin and fur give her yet the semblance of the animal which, further improved by gesture and appropriate situations, leads to odd combinations of the feline and human that were very amusing. Miss Keeley has won by the performance much credit as an ingenious artist. The role of the heroine was created, as they say, in Paris, years ago, by the celebrated Jenny Vertpre.....The first volume of a new edition of the works of Leibnitz, dedicated to the King of Hanover, has appeared at Paris. The edition contains many hitherto unpublished writings of the celebrated philosopher. They were discovered in the State archives of Hanover.....Frank Butler, a clerk in St. Louis, lost his life on Sunday while hunting in Illinois. He stepped into a kind of "air hole," barely frozen over, and immediately sank. The water was only about five feet deep, but the mud at the bottom was at least ten feet deep. He was covered—between water and mud—almost to his neck, and all his attempts to extricate himself seemed to fix him more firmly in his dreadful position.....George Gilmer Poindexter, editor of a Nashville paper, who was killed recently in a street rencontre with another editor of that city, graduated at Bowdoin College in 1850. He was about 30 years of age.....General Scott, in his one day's stop at San Francisco, on the route to San Juan Island, was fairly beset for autographs and locks of his hair. He had applications enough to keep himself and secretary busy for a week; and one of the papers says that if his power, like Samson's, lay in those gray locks of his, we should despair of a settlement of the San Juan difficulty, for there is no telling how many Delilahs would be after him with their shears.....Solon Newton of Greenfield, has caught a white woodcock, and Charles Wells of Sherburne a *white* red squirrel.....A gay winter, the gayest of the gay ever enjoyed here, says the Washington States, is expected to commence with the approaching session. Most of the members of both branches will bring their families with them. The hotels and boarding houses have fortunately extended their accommodations so as to probably enable them to meet such requisitions as may be made by transient sojourners.....During the visit of Mr. Ward, the American minister, to Pekin, China, he was honored with a sumptuous dinner. Though only the three Chinese commissioners and Mr. Ward, his secretary, and two interpreters were present and sat down to it, the supply was enough for at least a hundred, and the expense was estimated at $1500. It consisted of various dishes—birds' nests, sharks' fins, heifers' teats, watermelon seeds, etc., amounting to no less than thirty courses.....Recently, while workmen were making an excavation in the interior of the Duke of Clarence tavern, Clarence road, Clapton, a large statue of Neptune, about seven feet in height, and executed in Portland stone, was discovered. The triumphant attitude which it represents is peculiarly bold and striking. We assume it, says the London Times, to have been executed by some early Italian artist to adorn the grounds of a priory that once occupied the spot where it was found.....Lord Derby has taken occasion, in a public speech, to deny the charges of cruelty towards some of his Irish tenants, which have been made against him. Instead of turning hundreds out of their homes because they would not inform against a murderer, he only warned eight or ten persons, who, as he supposed, might bring the criminal forward, that he should discharge them. The general testimony is that he is a kind and indulgent landlord.....A correspondent of the Episcopal Recorder argues that Berlin is the quietest and best place in Germany for theological students. He says: "The American element among the students is large and growing. Last year there were forty Americans attending the lectures.".....A narrative was recently published of a young man supposing himself to be the son of one Joseph Todd, who claimed to have been stolen from the neighborhood of Cleveland, Ohio, by the Indians, when a child. The Brayton family, of Wyandot county, Ohio, have hunted up the young man, and discovered that he is a member of their family, who was stolen by the Indians many years since.....A New York Sunday paper talks about some forthcoming "Lilliputian nuptials," and thus unfolds itself: "General Thomas Thumb, who, although barely knee-high to a grasshopper, made a very tall fortune for P. T. Barnum and a snug one for himself, is about to unite himself in the bands of holy wedlock with a lady of youth and beauty. The authorities differ about her height, and it is variously stated as three feet six and six feet three.".....A tragedy, similar to that of Genevieve, came near being enacted in Albany recently. A little girl, named Ella Moore, hid herself from some of her playmates in an old trunk. The lid proved to be self-closing, and Ella was confined for several hours. Search for her was maintained for a long time, and the trunk was at last thought of. When found, the poor thing was almost gone, being nearly suffocated by her close imprisonment.

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

Among the Franklin relics now on exhibition in England are several Bibles, Testaments, and prayer books. One of the prayer books, the leaves of which seem matted together, and to have been opened nowhere else, presents the morning prayer for the 29th day, beginning, "O Lord, thou hast searched me out and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thoughts long before." And on the opposite page is the evening prayer for the same day, beginning, "I cried unto the Lord with my voice; yea, even unto the Lord did I make my supplication. I poured out my complaints before him, and showed him of my trouble." And a Testament is opened at 1 Cor. 15: the well known chapter on the resurrection.—The Paris correspondent of the Times states that a confidential communication of an important nature has been addressed by the minister of the interior to all the prefects of France, with a view of obviating the effect produced in England by the violent language of the French press. The prefects are instructed to write to such journals to be more circumspect. The minister says the journals, while defending energetically the rights of the country, might easily avoid offending the susceptibilities of a great people, by pursuing this line of conduct. Also, that the dignity of the imperial policy may be reconciled with the interests of the alliance of France, and the maintenance of peace.—The London Times contains an article on the San Juan question, which commences: "War between England and America is impossible. Such is the secure conviction of every rational man in America, and of everybody of every age and station in England," and thus ends: "It is with great satisfaction, then, we hear that the question has not been left to be fought out between Gen. Harney and Governor Douglas, but that the *status quo* will be maintained at San Juan, and the right to the island solemnly and coolly discussed either in London or at Washington."

Schiller's Daughter.

It will be news to most people to learn that a daughter of Schiller is still extant to rejoice in the universal homage paid to him, not only by the 50,000,000 of his countrymen in Europe, but by the wide-spread German race all over the world. In the Augsburg Gazette there appears a letter from this lady, the Baroness Emily de Gleichen Russwurm (born Schiller), whose residence is Greifenstein sur Bonneland, Lower Franconia, in Bavaria. She earnestly asks to be supplied with copies of all odes, speeches, musical compositions and other documents, illustrative, in every town and place, of her father's memory, that she may treasure them up as an heirloom for her children.

Honors to the first English Printer.

The Art Journal reports that an eminent British sculptor has been commissioned to execute a statue of "the first English printer," Caxton, to be placed in the great room of the Westminster Palace Hotel. The hotel is built on the site of Caxton's printing office, and it occurred to the directors of the company that the interesting fact should obtain a permanent record. The statue will be a work of very high merit. Caxton is represented seated on a fine oak chair of the period, examining a proof-sheet, one foot resting on an iron chest.

Doom of Crinoline

The reign of crinoline is over, says the Paris correspondent of the London Literary Gazette. It is gravely predicted that short waists and narrow skirts are the fashion this year, and that all the absurd habiliments which so disfigured the women of the first empire are to be imposed upon the minine generation of this revival of the imperial epoch of Napoleon III.

Punch on Louis Napoleon.

Punch illustrates English feeling towards Napoleon in a cartoon picture, where he depicts John Bull as addressing a volunteer, saying, "Invasion, indeed! That is a game two can play at. Why, to hear those poodles talk one would think that my bull dog is dead!" and the bull dog pictured by his side shows astonishing ferocity.

England arming.

Woolwich, England, is described as presenting a scene of unusual bustle and excitement. Ammunition and war materials are being prepared and conveyed to different points with an energy unknown since the Crimean war. Dover appears to be receiving considerable attention also from the war office authorities. It has been determined to extend the line of fortifications in that neighborhood, and also to reconstruct several of the batteries which had vanished under the dreams of perpetual peace. The recruiting for the Royal Marines is said to have been highly successful; and the London strike has had the effect of driving numbers of young men into this branch of the service.

Ancient Jewels.

The jewel-box of an Egyptian queen, which was found in one of the king's tombs in Egypt, is now greatly admired by the Parisians. One of the journals says the most elaborate workmanship of the present day cannot surpass that of this jewelry, which is exquisite in design and execution. Especially fine is a little gold crown, a thick gold chain, six feet long, and a beautifully chiselled gold plate with a male portrait, perhaps that of the king.

The Queen of Spain.

The Queen of Spain has offered to contribute part of her civil list to defray the expense of the Morocco war. In her speech in the council of ministers, she said—"I will have valued and sold, if necessary, all my jewels for the success of this holy enterprise. I will cut down any luxury. A simple string of coral will sit more secure on my neck than a necklace of diamonds, if the latter can serve to defend our own beloved Spain and increase her renown."

New Insurance Company.

A new marine insurance company to be called the "Ocean" has just been started in London, with a nominal capital equal to $5,000,000, of which $1,000,000 will be first called up. Among the directors are Sir Samuel Cunard, Mr. J. S. Morgan (partner of Mr. Peabody), and Mr. McChlery, of the firm of Cavan Brothers & Co., and the shares of $125 each are quoted at $2 1-2 premium.

French Wines.

Paris papers state that the dry hot weather of 1859, though it has diminished the yield, has had a favorable influence on the quality of wines this year, which are firm and strong at the same time that they are fine, delicate, and rich in tannin.

A luckless Miner.

The man that found 2400 ounces of gold in ten weeks at the Australian diggings was among the passengers lost with the unfortunate Royal Charter. He was coming home for the purpose of being married.

The Great Eastern.

The London Times editorially pronounces the "Great Eastern" a failure. The Times says she will, in a heavy sea, roll not a little, and her propelling power is inadequate to the mass which is to be moved.

Japanese Princes.

The Japanese princes who are so anxious to visit the United States are doomed to disappointment. Letters from Hadodadi say popular feeling is opposed to their departure.

An African King.

A new king has been placed on the throne of Duke Town, in Old Calabar, Africa, under the title of Archibong Second. He was crowned with a black beaver hat!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PERCY FAMILY. THROUGH SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND. By DANIEL C. EDDY. Boston: Andrew F. Graves, 24 Cornhill. 18mo. pp. 236. 1860.

A finely illustrated juvenile work describing some of the most noted scenes and antiquities of England and Scotland, such as the Thames Tunnel, the Tower, London street life, Windsor Castle, Edinburgh, the Scotch Highlands, etc. A very instructive and attractive gift book.

THE GREAT TRIBULATION: or, The Coming of Things on Earth. By REV. JOHN CUMMINGS. 1st series. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand Street. 12mo. pp 290. 1859.

The author of this strange but powerful series of discourses, is the minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden, London. He sees in the great historical events of the day a realization of prophetic passages in the Old Testament, and he expounds his views with great force and ingenuity. This volume is to be followed shortly by a second series on the same subjects.

BOOK OF PLAYS FOR HOME AMUSEMENT. By SILAS S. STEELE, Dramatist. Philadelphia: George G. Evans, 439 Chestnut Street. 12mo. pp. 352. 1859.

This is an excellent collection of original and selected farces, comedies, tragedies, dramas, recitations, etc., expressly adapted for parlor representation, each piece embracing only a few characters, and some of them being monologues. The work is entirely original in design, and exhibits great taste in selection and arrangement. Mr. Steele is a popular dramatist, author of some of the best of the old Museum pieces, and is a complete master of stage effect. For sale at 45 Cornhill.

REMINISCENCES OF RUFUS CHOATE. By EDWARD G. PARKER. New York: Mason Brothers

The mechanical appearance of this book, which is first to strike the eye, is admirable, and that is saying much in these days of general good printing and book-binding. As to the author's part, he has done more than well, and though the work pretends to be only a "Reminiscence," yet it seems to us to attain fully to the dignity of a biography. Mr. Parker gives us abundant examples of the traits of personal character, those slight, yet important incidents and anecdotes which marked his subject's every-day life, and it is certainly these which, when preserved and recorded, form the great interest and charm of biography. Our author enjoyed peculiar advantages for his work, for though a young man he had for a series of years shared the warm personal friendship of Mr. Choate;—he read law in his office, and, indeed, seems to have possessed the entree to his confidence more than any other person without the circle of his immediate family. Mr. Parker is a young writer, this we believe being his second book, the first having been published under the title of The Golden Age of American Oratory, but he has contributed not a little to our higher serial publications. We see some faults of style in the "Reminiscences," but there is so much of *heart* in the work, it is so pleasant, vivid, and zealous, that we forget criticism, and read on quite enchanted to the end.

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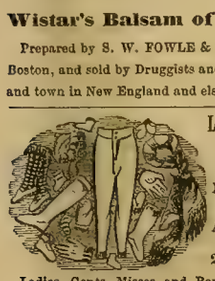

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VIEW ON THE HUDSON RIVER,

NEAR NEWBURGH, N. Y.

The accompanying landscape view was drawn by an artist who has made a special study of the romantic scenery of the Hudson River, one of the most beautiful streams on the North American continent, and often compared by travellers to the far-famed Rhine. The locality of the scene is near Newburgh. The broad expanse of the river bears upon its bosom steamers, row-boats and sailing vessels, reflected in its calm mirror as they shoot swiftly, or glide languidly over its surface. On the right the shores descend boldly in a mass of crag and foliage, while afar off the dim outlines of the hills blend with the rolling clouds. While the grand native features of this river scenery remain unchanged, the hand of art is constantly visible upon these romantic and picturesque shores. The towns, cities and villages are constantly expanding; the tide of river travel is constantly increased, and while thousands of keels furrow the flowing stream, the steam-horse rushes along its shores, throwing open its enchanting regions to multitudes, to whom, a few years since, its beauty was unknown. On the most charming sites presented by its banks, beautiful villas and country residences are multiplying, while in their grounds the landscape-gardener finds an ample field for the exercise of his skill. What a change from the period when Hendrick Hudson, in the Half-Moon, sailed up into the heart of the then lonely solitude, whose silence was only broken by the scream of the eagle, or the light plash of the Indian's paddle as he drove his buoyant canoe across the sequestered bays and along the winding shores! Many of the most stirring scenes of the Revolution were enacted on and about the Hudson, and historical association adds a hallowing charm to the attractions of nature.

VIEW ON THE HUDSON RIVER, NEAR NEWBURGH, N. Y.

A GHOST STORY.

We were returning from our spring meeting of Presbytery—one gentleman and two young ladies—in a "rockaway," and the roads none of the best. Night, cold and damp, overtook us eight or ten miles from home, but only a short distance from Judge *Blank's*. Knowing that we should find outside the judge's door the latch-string, and inside a warm welcome, a warm fire, and a warm supper, beside beds which we could warm for ourselves—for he was a good Presbyterian—we unhesitatingly consigned ourselves to his hospitalities.

Supper being over, and our persons disposed according to our several tastes in a semi-circle before an old-fashioned blazing fire, we were just in the mood to enjoy the entertainment of our host's conversational gifts. Among other things he narrated the following unique tale, which we unanimously agreed to put in print. This, however, I believe, he has not done, and hence I volunteer to send it to you, for insertion in the Presbyterian, if you so please. Though writing from memory, and, not being a pope, fallible at the best, yet the deep impression made by the story upon my mind will prevent my going astray except in minutiæ

Said the judge substantially as follows: "Years ago, we had in our house a sweet little child about four years old, the object, of course, of a very tender affection. But sickness laid his hand upon it. Remedies promptly resorted to, all proved in vain. Day after day the roses faded from the cheek, and the fire in the eyes burned low; and at length death closed those eyes, and sealed the lips forever; and we learned, by trying experience, how intense a darkness follows the quenching of one of these little lights of life.

"The time rolling sadly on, brought us at length to the hour appointed for committing our treasure to the ordinarily sure custody of the grave. The friends assembled, the customary services were held, the farewell taken, and the little form securely shut beneath the well-screwed coffin-lid, and in due time the grave received its trust. We looked on and saw the earth thrown in, the mound raised above, and the plates of sod neatly adjusted into a green sheltering roof, and then wended our way back to our desolated home. Evening came on and wore away. My wife had gone into an adjoining room to give some directions to a servant, and I, unfitted by the scenes of the day for aught else, had just laid my head upon my pillow, in our room, when I heard a shriek, and in a moment more my wife came flying into the room, and springing upon the bed behind me, exclaimed: 'See there! our child! our child!' Raising my head, my blood froze within me, and the hair upon my head stood up, as I saw the little thing in grave clothes, with open, but manifestly sightless eyes, and pale as when we gave it the last kiss, walking slowly toward us! Had I been alone—had not the extreme terror of my wife compelled me to play the man, I should have leaped from the window and bed without casting a look behind. But not daring to leave her in such terror, I arose, sat down in a chair, and took the little creature between my knees—a cold sweat covering my body—and gazed with feelings unutterable upon the object before me. The eyes were open in a vacant stare. The flesh was colorless, cold and clammy; nor did the child seem to have the power either of speech or hearing, as it made no attempt to answer any of our questions. The horror of our minds was the more intense as we had watched our child through its sickness and death, and had been but a few hours before, eye-witnesses of its interment.

"While gazing upon it, and asking in my thoughts, 'What can this extraordinary providence mean? *For* what *can* it be sent?' the servant girl having crept to the door, after a time suggested, 'It looks like Mr. ——'s child.' Now, our next neighbor had a child of nearly the same age as ours, and its constant companion. But what could bring it to our house at that hour, and in such plight? Still the suggestion had operated as a powerful sedative upon our excited feelings, and rendered us more capable of calm reflection. And, after a time, we discovered in truth that the *grave* clothes were *night* clothes, and the corpse a somnambulist! And it became manifest that it was the excitement attending the loss and burial of its playmate, working upon the child's mind in sleep, to which we were indebted for this untimely and most startling visit.

"Wiping away the perspiration, and taking a few long breaths, I prepared to countermarch the little intruder back to its forsaken bed. Back we went, it keeping at my side, though still asleep. It had walked quite a distance across the damp grass. I found the door of its home ajar, just as the fugitive had left it, and its sleeping parents unconscious of its absence! The door creaked as I pushed it open, and wakened the child, who looked wildly round a moment and then popped into bed!

"Now, had it not been for my wife, as I have said, I should, on the appearance of this apparition, have made a leap of uncommon agility from that window, and after a flight of uncommon velocity for a person of my age and dignity, I should have been ready to take oath in any court, either in Christendom or heathendom, that I had seen a ghost."—*Presbyterian.*

Home is the centre of every true life; the place where all sweet affections are brought forth and nurtured; the spot to which the memory clings the most fondly, and to which the wanderer returns the most gladly.

WASHINGTON'S WOOING.

The story of Washington's love and courtship is simple, yet full of the elements of romance. No words can better tell that story than those used for the purpose, in after years, by a grandson of the lady. "It was in 1758," he says, "that Washington, attired in military undress, and attended by a body-servant, tall and *militaire* as his chief, was crossing Williams Ferry over the Pamunkey River, a branch of the York River. On the boat touching the southern, or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the beau-ideal of the Virginia gentleman of the old *régime*—the very soul of kindness and hospitality. It was in vain the soldier urged his business at Williamsburgh, important communications to the governor, etc. Mr. Chamberlayne, on whose domain the *militaire* had just landed, would hear of no excuse. Colonel Washington's was a name and character so dear to all the Virginians, that his passing by one of the old castles of the dominion without calling and partaking of the hospitalities of the host, was entirely out of the question. The colonel, however, did not surrender at discretion, but stoutly maintained his ground, till Chamberlayne, bringing up his reserve, in the intimation that he would introduce his friend to a young and charming widow, then beneath his roof, the soldier capitulated, on condition that he should dine—only dine—and then, by pressing his charger and borrowing of the night, he would reach Williamsburg before his excellency could shake off his morning slumbers. Orders were accordingly issued to Bishop, the colonel's body-servant and faithful follower, who, together with the fine English charger, had been bequeathed by the dying Braddock to Major Washington, on the famed and fatal field of the Monongahela. Bishop, bred in the school of European discipline, raised his hand to his cap, as much as to say, 'Your honor's orders shall be obeyed.'

"The colonel now proceeded to the mansion, and was introduced to various guests (for when was a Virginian domicile of the olden time without guests?), and, above all, to the charming widow. Tradition relates that they were mutually pleased on this, their first interview. Nor is it remarkable. They were of an age when impressions are strongest. The lady was fair to behold, of fascinating manners, and splendidly endowed with worldly benefit. The hero, fresh from his early fields, redolent of fame, and with a form on which

> "'Every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man.'

"The morning passed pleasantly away; evening came, with Bishop, true to his orders and firm at his post, holding the favorite charger with one hand, while the other was waiting to offer the ready stirrup. The sun sank in the horizon, and yet the colonel appeared not. And then the old soldier marvelled at his chief's delay. ''Twas strange, 'twas passing strange—surely he was not wont to be a single moment behind his appointments, for he was the most punctual of all punctual men.' Meantime, the host enjoyed the scene of the veteran on duty at the gate, while the colonel was so agreeably employed in the parlor, and proclaiming that no guest ever left his house after sunset, his military visitor was, without much difficulty, persuaded to order Bishop to put up the horses for the night. The sun rose high in the heavens the ensuing day, when the enamored soldier pressed with his spur his charger's side, and speeded on his way to the seat of government, where, having despatched his public business, he retraced his steps, and, at the White House, a marriage engagement took place."—*Mt. Vernon and its Associations.*

DANCING.

How many things in modern days are associated with the idea of frivolity which originally had the deepest and most sacred significance! How much has degenerated into mere amusement which of old was a religious or symbolical act! From the shapes that dancing has assumed, and tends still further to assume, it is not astonishing that many worthy people denounce it, who do not suspect that it is the sister of poetry, of music, and of philosophy, quite as much as the daughter of joy. A work of the most varied erudition and of the richest suggestiveness might be written on dancing, in which conspicuous attention would be given to the relations of dancing to worship and war.—*Drawing-Room Journal*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859. 5 CENTS SINGLE. $2 50 PER ANNUM. } VOL. XVII., No. 26...WHOLE No. 444.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The present number closes the publication of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL;" next week it will be issued in a new and elegant form, as a literary and miscellaneous weekly journal, and will be called THE WELCOME GUEST. The new paper will be of the mammoth size, printed on the finest of paper and new type, surmounted by a chaste and beautiful heading, bright and original throughout. We have long been perfecting a plan that will enable us to present to the public a paper which will command unusual attention by its intrinsic value and attractiveness. The terms of THE WELCOME GUEST will be two dollars a year, and FOUR CENTS per copy.

A WINTER SCENE.

We present the readers of the Pictorial, in this, the last number of the work, with a characteristic New England winter scene. All north of Boston have participated in the exhilarating pleasures that come with the first sleighing, and even in the city itself we have had a brief season of the enjoyment that is heralded by the merry bells. But New England does not now see any of the old-fashioned winters that we remember in our boyhood, when the drifts of snow were piled up to the top of the front doors of the citizens, and it was quite a labor to break a way from the dwelling-houses in the morning, after a night snow-storm. It seems to fall lighter, less of it, and to stay more briefly than of yore; but while the snow is with us it is fully improved, and the season is one of universal outdoor pleasure parties, for all ages and both sexes. Stable-keepers reap a goodly harvest, tavern-keepers are in their glory, and town and country join in a wholesale carnival. Rosy cheeks peep out from warm hoods, merry voices ring out upon the clear atmosphere, and there's many a kiss stolen in the dark! Within doors the glowing fire seems to burn all the brighter, and the pleasant book and cheerful newspaper serve to beguile the long winter's evening. Next week we shall send to you a new candidate for your favor, and a *Welcome Guest* to delight the home circle beside the hearthstone; a paper which will charm away the hours like an enchanter's wand, and while it delights, it will also instruct all who turn to its pleasant pages.

THE "BLIND MEN" IN THE POST-OFFICE.

The table of the "blind-men" is the calmest spot in the building. Theirs is no work of mere mechanical dexterity, that can be brought by constant practice to dazzling rapidity of execution. It requires much searching in directories, much guessing, much mental effort, to solve most of the riddles in writing and spelling that come upon this table. The irregular combinations of the alphabet alone present a boundless field of variety to the ignorant and the persevering; and when the combinations of Christian names and surnames, names of towns and names of counties, as well as the forms of letters, and the parts of a letter's proper superscription, come to be added, arithmetic can hardly convey the result. It is to this table that all those riddle-letters find their way, upon whose surface Islington is spelt and written "East Linton;" and the late Iron Duke is addressed, long after his death, as the "Duk hor wellenton, Ip ark corner, London, Englent, or hulswear." The blind-men are often called upon to decipher such directions as the following, conveyed in the most undecided of hand writings: "To Mrs. Slater to the Prince of wales in fits Roy place Kinteston London paid. The blind-men decide that this means the "Prince of Wales' public-house, Fitzroy Place, Kentishtown:" and their decision is final. Sometimes comic boys address their relatives in London in the rudest pictorial form, giving a good deal of trouble to the blind-men. A picture of a garden and a stre , with a fancy portrait of the person for whom the letter was intended, drawn outside the note by a not very artistic youth of seven years of age, is not calculated to ease the sorting labor of the General Post Office. Addressed to "My Uncle Jon, in London;" "Wilm Stratton, commonly cald teapot Weelin;" "Mary Ann Street, Red River lane Luke St. next door to the ocean;" "To No. 3 Crosbsbry Row For The Female with the Infant up Bromley Stairs;" "Ann Poror at Mrs. Winhursts No. 24 Next door to two to one;" "Mikell Goodliff at St. Nouts Printis to a Shoo Maker Mis his name not known Mrs. Cooper is grandmother to the Lad;" "elixa clarck saxton hotel saint-luord hon se;" and "This fauke Taghe Warkitt ill Wise Comse Wile of Withe,', with many more like them, have come, and are constantly coming under the notice of this branch of the sorting department. The blind-men feel a professional artistic pride in mastering every difficulty, although the difficulty is to be taken to the land's-end for the small charge of a penny.

Failing all attempts to make clear that which is never to be read in this world, the interior (after proper forms have been observed) is, at last, looked into, only to present a larger and more enigmatical surface still. The only colorable explanation that can be given of the mystery, based upon the annual average of riddles which come before the blind-men, is, that some Irish hop-picker, passing through London on his road to Kent, is anxious to communicate with a relative in some part of his native countryr.—*Leisure Hour.*

WINTER SCENE IN NEW ENGLAND.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SUFFERINGS OF A MOTHER.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

It was extremely cold during the last days of the month of January, 1841. The streets of the city of Anvers had put on their winter garments and were resplendent with dazzling whiteness. Nevertheless the snow did not fall in soft flakes and rejoice the eye by floating capriciously like a light down; on the contrary, rough as hail it rattled noisily against the carefully closed windows of the houses, and the sharp breath of the north soon drove back to the blazing fire most of those who ventured to the thresholds of their dwellings.

Notwithstanding the severity of the cold, and although it was only nine o'clock in the morning, as it was Friday, which is the market day in Anvers, many young people were to be seen in the streets. The young folks were trying to keep warm by quickening their pace, the good citizens were blowing their fingers with chattering teeth, and the laborers thrashing their bodies with their arms.

At this moment, a young lady was slowly traversing the Rue des Bontique, which she well knew, for she went from one house of the poor to another, and emerged from each with an expression of sweet satisfaction painted on her features. A satin cloak, doubtless warmly lined, enveloped her elegant form; a velvet hat framed her pleasing face and her cheeks slightly purpled by the sharpness of the air. A boa surrounded her neck, and her hands were concealed in a pretty muff. This young lady, who appeared to be in easy circumstances, was approaching the threshold of a dwelling which she seemed about to enter, when she perceived at a little distance a lady of her acquaintance; she stopped before the door of the poor dwelling until her friend was at a few paces distance, and then advancing to meet her with a gentle smile, said:

"Good morning, Adele. How do you do?"

"Very well, and you?"

"I am well, and happier than I can express."

"Why so? It seems to me the weather is not very pleasant."

"It is so for me, Adele. I have only been up an hour, and I have already visited twenty houses of the poor. I have there seen poverty enough to break one's heart. Hunger, cold, sickness, destitution—these are almost incredible. I esteem myself happy in being rich, for it is a very sweet pleasure to do good."

"You look as if you were almost crying, Anna! I see tears in your eyes; do not be so sensitive. The poor people cannot certainly be much to be pitied this winter; see the distributions that have been made. Coal, bread, potatoes, all these have been given in abundance. Last evening I subscribed fifty francs, and I confess I had rather distribute my money through others than to go myself into those miserable houses."

"Adele, you do not know the poor. Do not judge them by those ragged beggars who consider asking alms as a profitable trade, and purposely tear and soil their garments to inspire horror or pity. Come with me; I will show you laborers whose clothing is not in tatters, whose dwellings are not filthy holes, and whose lips do not open to beg, but only to thank and to bless. You shall see hunger painted on their features, black and frozen bread in the stiffened fingers of the children, the tears of the mother, the gloomy despair of the father. O, if your eyes should contemplate this mute picture of affliction and suffering, what celestial joy would you not experience in changing all this by a little money! You would see the poor little children hang upon your dress, the mother smile upon you as she clasps her hands, the father, bewildered with joy, press your soft hand in his bony ones and bathe it with glistening tears. You also, Adele, would shed tears of happiness, and not withdraw your hands from theirs, rough as they may be. Indeed, Adele, the remembrance of such moments affects me much."

While Anna sketched this picture with a touching voice and profound emotion, her friend had not uttered a word, not even one of those brief exclamations which express the sympathy of the listener. Anna's emotion had been wholly shared by her, and when her friend looked her in the face, she saw her draw a handkerchief from her muff to wipe away two large tears which stood in her eyes.

"Anna!" said she, "I will visit the poor with you. I have money enough about me. Let us devote the morning to good works. I am glad to have met you."

The good Anna contemplated her friend with emotion; her countenance expressed her happiness at having secured one benefactress more for the poor. Accompanied by Adele, she entered, a few paces beyond, a house where she knew she would find some unfortunate people.

The dwelling on the threshold of which she had paused when she saw her friend approach, was forgotten. This was pardonable, as she had never entered it, but only proposed to do so, in order to ascertain whether it might not be inhabited by some poor family hitherto unknown to her.

In a room of the house before which the benevolent Anna had stopped for a moment, an unfortunate family did indeed live. Four bare walls were the sole and mute witnesses of unheard of pains and sufferings, and the sight of the heart-rending spectacle which might be witnessed there, filled the soul not only with sadness, but also with a certain sentiment of hatred against society. The air was as cold there as in the street, and an icy dampness penetrated one's garments; a scanty fire burned in the fire-place, fed by fragments of furniture. A sick child, scarcely a year old, was lying on a bed in the middle of the room; its pale features, thin arms, and eyes sunken in their sockets, showed that it was near its end. Seated on a large stone beside the child, a woman, still young, was concealing her eyes with her hands. Her garments, although faded, did not wear the stamp of that poverty which openly implores assistance; on the contrary an exquisite neatness and numerous but almost imperceptible darns attested the care with which the woman attempted to conceal her poverty. From time to time a sigh escaped her breast, and tears stole between her fingers. Meanwhile, she raised her head tremblingly at the slightest movement of the child, sorrowfully contemplated its wasted cheeks, drew the covering over its chilled limbs, and then sank back, weeping and despairing on the stone.

The most profound silence reigned in this place of desolation, and this silence was disturbed only by the snow which rattled against the windows and the plaintive roar of the wind in the chimney.

For some time the woman had seemed exhausted; the child had not stirred, and she had not raised her head; she seemed even not to weep any more, for the tears had ceased to glisten between her fingers. The room was like a tomb which has received its guests and is to open no more. Suddenly a feeble voice, proceeding from the direction of the fire, murmured:

"Mama, dear mama, I am hungry!"

He who uttered this complaint was a little boy of five or six years, crouched in the chimney-corner, and so close to the fire that he could hardly be perceived. He trembled and shivered as if he had a fever, and you might hear his teeth chatter with the cold.

Whether the woman did not hear his complaint, or whether it was impossible for her to satisfy his demands, she made no reply and remained motionless. The silence was resumed, but the voice of the child was heard again:

"Dear mama," said he, "I am hungry! O, give me a little piece of bread!"

This time the woman raised her head, for the child's voice rent the mother's heart like a knife. A gloomy fire sparkled in her eye; despair might be read there.

"Dear little John," replied she, bursting into tears, "be silent, for the love of God! I am dying of hunger myself, my poor child, and there is nothing in the house."

"O, mother! I am suffering so much! is there not a little piece of bread?"

The countenance of the child wore at this moment an expression so supplicating, the anguish of hunger was so profoundly imprinted on its pale and thin features, that the mother started up as if about to commit some desperate deed; she thrust a trembling hand beneath the bed-covering, drew out a small loaf, and going towards the child, said:

"Here, John, I had kept this for your poor little sister, but I fear she will never need it; the innocent lamb!"

Her voice failed, her maternal heart overflowed with grief. As soon as John saw the loaf his lips moistened, the muscles of his face quivered, and he grasped it as a wolf seizes his prey. The mother returned to the sick child, looked at it for an instant, and then sank back, exhausted, upon the stone.

Seized with an inexpressible joy, the little boy eagerly carried the bread to his mouth and bit it until he had devoured a little more than half; then he suddenly paused, looked at the morsel again several times with longing eyes, carried it to his mouth again, but ate no more. He rose at last, slowly approached his mother, shook her by the arm to rouse her from the slumber in which she seemed to be plunged, and holding out the morsel of bread, said in a sweet voice:

"Dear mother, here it is! I have saved a little piece for our Mariette. I am still very hungry and very sick, but papa will soon return. I shall be sure of a slice of bread then, shall I not, mama?"

The unfortunate woman encircled the good child in her arms and pressed him tenderly to her bosom; an instant afterwards, she suffered him to slip from her lap without perceiving it, and returned to her stupor. John softly approached his sister, kissed the thin cheek of the little invalid and said: "Sleep on, dear Mariette;" then he returned to the corner, crouched again on the hearth, and remained silent.

It was then that the generous Anne paused on the threshold of the miserable dwelling as she saw her friend approach.

A whole hour rolled away and the unfortunate mother had not aroused from her sorrowful reverie. She also was hungry, she also heard the imperious cry of exhausted nature, and fearful sufferings had seized her. But she was sitting beside a death-bed; she was awaiting with anguish the terrible hour when she should see her child die. Could she think of her own sufferings? No! a mother is always a mother, happy or miserable, rich or poor; there is no sentiment more profound, no passion more vast, than that which attaches a woman to her child, and this sentiment, this passion, is the more fervent and the more entire with those who know how many cares and anxieties their children have cost them. The poor especially know this.

At ten o'clock the mother and child started at the same time, as if moved by a mysterious impression. She sprang from the stone, he from the hearth, and both exclaimed together:

"There is your father, John!"

"There is papa, mother!"

A joyous smile gave a new expression to their countenances. They had heard the sound of a cart stopping at the door, and were hastening to meet him whom they expected, but a man entered the room before they reached the threshold. While he was shaking the snow from his shoulders, John seized one of his hands and suspended himself to it as if to draw him still farther. The man extended the other to his wife, and contemplated her with profound sadness. At last he said, sighing:

"Theresa, we are unfortunate! Since morning I have remained with my cart near the railroad, and have earned nothing. Believe me or not, Theresa, but I wish myself dead!"

Powerless as were the words of the poor man to express his grief, the latter was not less cutting. His head drooped on his shoulder, his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and his hands were clenched despairingly.

The wife, forgetting her own sufferings at sight of the tortures endured by her husband, threw her arms around his neck and replied, sobbing:

"O, Francis, this will not last always. It is not your fault that we are unfortunate!"

"Father, father!" cried the little boy, "I am hungry; can I have a piece of bread now?"

These words threw the laborer into a frightful dejection; all his limbs trembled, his glances fell on the little boy with so wild an expression that the child, terrified and weeping, took refuge in the chimney corner and cried out from thence, bursting into tears:

"O, dear papa, I will never do so again!"

The laborer approached the bed, and looked at the little invalid who raised her dim eyes towards her father.

"Theresa," exclaimed he, "I cannot endure this longer. It must happen at last!"

"What do you mean?"

The laborer, in whose heart a final conflict had just taken place, suddenly became composed, and comprehending the anxiety he had caused his excellent wife by his exclamations, took her by the hand and said:

"You know, Theresa, that I have always been industrious; I have never suffered a day to pass without providing for your wants and for those of our children. Must I then, after ten years of hard labor, be compelled to beg? Must I ask the bread hitherto earned by the sweat of my brow, from door to door? Theresa, I cannot do it. I must sell our hand cart at the Friday's market. Perhaps I shall have work after this money is spent; we will then save to buy a new hand-cart. Wait half an hour and I will give you all something to eat."

The hand-cart was the only medium by which the honest laborer could earn his bread; it was, therefore, not surprising that he should be sad at the thought of selling it; the wife was not the less afflicted at this last resort; but her maternal heart ached at the sufferings of her children, so she approved her husband's design and replied:

"Yes, go to the market and sell the hand-cart, for our poor little John is dying of hunger; I am hardly able to sustain myself, and this poor little lamb is but just alive. O, why art thou not an angel in heaven, my beloved child?"

Her tears were renewed; a shock like that he had already felt passed over the body of the laborer, nevertheless, he controlled himself and left the house, a prey to the most violent despair. Very soon there was heard the sound of a cart rapidly rolling away, and this sound was soon lost in the distance.

At the Friday market was seen among the articles for sale, a little two-wheeled cart. Not far from it stood a man who seemed overwhelmed with profound dejection; his arms were crossed on his breast, he constantly cast his eyes, moist with tears, from the hand-cart to the auctioneer, who was occupied at a little distance in selling other articles. From time to time the former struck the ground with his foot, as if seized with some painful thoughts, and he relapsed into a gloomy despair whenever his glance fell on the object which until then had aided him, as an honest laborer, to earn his daily bread.

While he was absorbed in his reflections, two young ladies arrived at a rapid pace, in the market; one of them noticed the sorrowful expression of the laborer's features, for she stopped her companion at the corner of the street and said:

"Did you not notice the sadness imprinted on the countenance of that man?"

"What man, my dear Anna?"

"That one who is striking his foot against the ground. See how his elbows contract. He is certainly unhappy."

"Perhaps so, Anna; yet those may be the movements of anger."

"No, Adele, I know them too well. True misfortune bears an impress which cannot be mistaken. It attracts to itself generous hearts and awakens in them a generous emotion of pity. On the contrary, anger and malice repulse the beholder. If I am not mistaken, my dear friend, this laborer is a victim of this long winter. Look, his clothing is neither soiled nor dirty. Let us go to him; I will ask the cause of his distress."

The two friends directed their steps towards the laborer, but at the moment they approached him, he was accosted by another person who appeared, like himself, to belong to the laboring class, and who struck him on the shoulder, saying:

"What is the matter, Francis? You look as if you were dying. Is Theresa dead?"

"No, no! but I will tell you, for you are our friend. You know, Gregory, that I have never been idle, but have always succeeded in earning my bread. But my Theresa, my poor dear wife, has eaten nothing for two days past; our little John is suffering with hunger, and perhaps Mariette is even now dead. When I think of it I could almost put an end to my life. Could you beg, Gregory?"

"Beg? certainly not: not as long as I had hands."

"Nor I. But things have gone so far that I have pledged all we owned except the hand-cart yonder. We saved and denied ourselves so long to buy it. But it is the will of God. I wish the auctioneer would come this way quick that I might carry bread to my wife and children."

"Here he is. Do you live still in the Rue de la Bontique?"

"Yes."

At this moment the auctioneer approached and began to cry out at the top of his voice:

"Gentlemen who want a hand-cart, please come this way."

A smile passed over the features of the laborer. The two friends conversed together in a low voice. The auctioneer resumed:

"Thirty francs for this hand-cart! Thirty francs! Twenty-five! It is as good as new. Twenty francs!"

One of the ladies nodded, and the auctioneer continued:

"Twenty francs! Does no one offer more?"

Some of the spectators bid, but the young lady bid higher. The auctioneer turned towards one and another to catch the signals of the bidders:

"Twenty-one francs!"

"Twenty-two!"

"Twenty-three!"

"Twenty-four!"

"Twenty-five!"

"Twenty seven francs! Twenty-seven! Does no one speak? Gone! A good bargain, madam!"

Anna said a few words to the auctioneer, who called the man to receive his money. He had already seized it, and was thinking of hastening home with it, not without having cast a last sad look on the hand-cart, when he was addressed by one of the two ladies:

"Do you wish to earn something, my honest man?"

"What can I do for you, madam?"

"We wish to have this hand-cart taken home."

"I am sorry, madam, but I cannot do it. I have some pressing business."

Anna, who was very compassionate, and who knew the poor better than her friend, hastily said to the laborer, as he was about leaving:

"We are going to the Rue de la Bontique."

"Then I am at your service, madam, for I am going in that direction."

He seized the hand-cart, disengaged it from the articles scattered on the ground, and followed the ladies, who walked very rapidly. A bitter grief oppressed his breast at the thought that he was taking home for another this cart which had once been his own; but the certainty that, thanks to the proceeds of the sale, he was about to dry the tears of his excellent wife, mingled with his sadness a sweet consolation. He received with pain, from the ladies, an order to stop before a shop. But he soon resumed his route, for scarcely had the two ladies entered the shop when there was thrown on the cart a bag of potatoes, two or three large loaves of bread, some wood, and Anna herself placed upon it carefully a stone pot.

Arrived in the Rue de la Bontique, the laborer asked whither he should take the hand-cart. Anna replied, intentionally:

"Go on! It is further still."

Notwithstanding this order, he stopped before a humble door, recognized by Anna as the same which she had been upon the point of entering in the morning. The laborer took off his cap and said, politely:

"Ladies, permit me, if you please, to enter this house a moment."

The permission given, he pushed open the door and entered, followed closely by the ladies, who penetrated with him into the room.

A shudder of terror chilled Anna and her friend. The spectacle which struck their eyes was frightful. The young woman, seated beside the bed, with pale cheeks, closed eyes, and head resting on the bed, was insensible as a corpse! At the moment the ladies entered with the father, the little boy had seized the inanimate arm of his mother, and was exclaiming:

"Dear mama, I am hungry! a little piece of bread, I pray you!"

The husband, without noticing the presence of the two friends, sprang towards his wife, called her in a despairing voice, and tore his hair, uttering only incoherent words:

"Theresa!" exclaimed he. "O, my dear Theresa! unfortunate woman! Is it possible? Dead—dead of hunger and cold! Have we deserved this?"

Suddenly he seized a knife upon the table, but Anna, who had seen this movement, uttered a cry of anguish, sprang towards him and wrested the murderous weapon from his hands.

"Your wife is not dead!" cried she. "Run quickly and get some wine."

She gave him a piece of money, pointing to the door. He rushed from the room and disappeared like an arrow.

Anna raised the poor mother in her arms and lavished on her the cares of a sister. She drew from her pocket an orange and expressed the juice on the blue lips of the invalid, whose hands she rubbed with energy. She uttered a cry of joy on seeing the eyes of the reviving mother open.

Meanwhile, Adele had not been an idle spectator of this scene of famine and poverty. As soon as she heard the petition of the little boy she ran to the hand cart and brought the stone pot and the bread, charging the child to throw some wood on the fire.

As soon as John saw the bread he asked for a slice. Adele, who in the morning had expressed so much repugnance for the poor, was so moved by the aspect of suffering, that she took the knife from the table, held the bread against her, notwithstanding her elegant toilette, and cut the slice which the child so ardently desired.

"Here, my child," said she, "eat all you want. You shall no longer suffer from hunger."

The child seized the bread joyfully, kissed her hand in token of gratitude, and cast so sweet a look upon Adele that she was obliged to turn away her face to conceal her tears.

At the same time the mother opened her eyes and fixed them with pleasure on her infant, occupied in satisfying its hunger. Perhaps she would have thanked her benefactress, but the return of her husband prevented. He, seeing his wife restored to life, contrary to his expectations, hastily deposited a bottle on the table, sprang towards his companion, seized her in his arms and embraced her repeatedly; he kept her in his embrace as if he feared to lose her and repeated continually:

"Dear Theresa, my beloved wife, you are still alive! I have the money for our hand-cart; we have the means to procure food now. Be tranquil. O, my God! thou seest me, even in my misfortunes, as joyful as the angels! It is true, my dear Theresa, for I never expected to see you again in this world."

Anna approached with a cup of wine and placed it to the lips of the feeble woman. While she drank the strengthening cordial, the husband cast glances full of surprise on Anna and her friend, who was sitting before the fire with John and warming the little boy's hands, saying:

"Warm them well, my little man, and eat your slice of bread; I will give you another after it."

The laborer seemed to arouse from a dream; it seemed as if he only then perceived the presence of the two friends.

"Ladies," said he, stammering, "pardon me if I have not yet thanked you for the assistance you have rendered to my poor wife. You are very good to be willing to enter our miserable dwelling, and I thank you for it a thousand times."

"Good people," replied Anna, raising her voice, "we know that you have suffered from hunger and cold, and how much you disliked to beg, because, as honest laborers, you preferred to earn your living. Such sentiments deserve a reward. You shall henceforth suffer no privation."

She placed a handful of money on the table and continued:

"Here is money; at your door are potatoes, wood and bread; all these belong to you. As for the hand-cart, it has not been sold; use it to earn your daily bread, live honorably, do not beg; but if hunger and cold overtake you again, here is my card; you will find upon it my name and residence, and I will always be your protectress and friend."

While Anna spoke, not a breath was heard in the room, so deep was the silence, but a torrent of tears flowed from the eyes of the laborer and his wife. The former could not articulate a word, only he looked alternately at the two young ladies with a surprise which showed that he could scarcely believe what he had heard. When Anna had finished speaking, the mother knelt before her, took her hand in hers and exclaimed, as she bathed it with tears:

"O, my dear young ladies, you will die happy. God will reward you for coming hither like guardian angels and saving me from death."

"Are you satisfied now?" asked Anna.

"O, yes, my good lady, we are very happy now; see our poor little John dancing before the fire! And if this innocent lamb who is here dying, could speak, she also, madam, would thank and bless you."

At these words Anna looked at the child, and presuming that want had been the cause of its malady also, gave Adele the signal for departure; the latter, who was enjoying the pleasure of the little boy, raised him in her arms, kissed him on his cheek, and joined her friend. Anna directed her steps to the door and on leaving, said:

"Be tranquil, honest people; in half an hour a physician shall be at the bedside of your infant, and I doubt not, mother, but your child will grow up to be a woman."

A smile of real happiness illuminated the features of the laborer and his wife. Both ran to the door, and a thousand expressions of gratitude escaped their lips until the two benefactresses disappeared from their eyes.

Neither Anna nor Adele spoke a word until they reached the cattle-market; their hearts were too full, their souls too much moved, for them to express their emotions.

"Well," said Anna, at last, "tell me, Adele, do you find the poor as dirty and disgusting as is usually believed?"

"O no!" replied Adele. "I am very happy to have met you. It seems as if something holy had elevated my soul, and I feel an emotion hitherto unknown to me. I no longer have a horror of the poor; did you not see me take the little boy in my lap and embrace him! What a pretty and charming child! I love him already."

"Poor little John! tears escaped from his eyes when he saw you leave. Tell me, my friend, can there be on earth a greater happiness than ours? These honest people were dying of hunger; they raised their hands to heaven and implored the aid of the Lord. We were sent to them as the messengers of divine mercy, and they blessed God in thanking us. O, Adele, our earthly life may have been light and vain, let it be so no longer."

"Say no more," said Adele, with emotion. "I understand you; henceforth I will accompany you daily to visit the poor, and share in your good works. Yes, for to-day alone I have known a celestial joy, a heaven on earth. Holy benevolence! unhappy are the rich who know thee not. Of what sweet emotions, of what delightful sensations, are they deprived!"

At this moment they turned the corner of the street and disappeared.

WE PASS FOR WHAT WE ARE.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assemblage that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boy says to himself, "It's no use, we shall find him out to-morrow."
—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE LAPPS.

It is strange to see a people who can read and write, and who have family prayers morning and evening, still living as nomade pastoral savages; clinging in all particulars to the old habits of their forefathers, clothed in the skins of beasts, and with so much contempt for Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield, as to still make their own thread of the sinews of their own reindeer, their needles and pins of the bones, and their spoons of the horns. They are probably the only people in the world who do not use Staffordshire ware, and have not the willow-pattern plate among them.—*Through Norway with a Knapsack.*

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HIS FIRST AFFAIR:

— OR, —

PISTOLS FOR TWO.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE BAY STATE.

A SOFT, delicious evening in June! Nowhere do the rays of the declining sun linger more lovingly as loath to leave the land and water, than in Narragansett Bay, whose wooded and villa-crowned shores, indented with many a cove, and battlemented with many a gray rock, made up a panorama which fills the eye with visions of beauty. Newport, quaint old Newport, was bathed in a crimson haze, its many-paned windows blazing as with sapphires and diamonds in a deluge of departing light. The stern, gray ramparts of the fort, above which streamed the flag of our Union, and the figures of the soldiers upon guard, distinctly defined against the roseate sky, threw their deep, dark shadows far upon the surface of the waters. A hundred sails fell like crimson draperies in graceful folds from the taper masts that sustained them. Here and there the placid mirror of the bay was broken into its glassy sparkles by the splashing oars of some returning barge. The steamboat Bay State, huge as a castle, was blowing off steam from the pipe of her safety valve, as she lay for a few moments at the wharf, discharging and taking in passengers. At last the bell rang, farewells were interchanged between those on shore and those on board, the huge paddle wheels began to paw the water, and the vast fabric moved majestically away, bearing in safety her precious freight of five hundred souls. Among the passengers on deck was a little group, consisting of an old gentleman and his wife, with a young man in the striking undress uniform of the U. S. Dragoons. We may as well at once introduce our readers to Major Cannister, Mrs. Major Cannister, as she liked to call herself, and Lieutenant Walter Severn, a high-spirited young man of twenty-one, who had just received a commission in the army, and was dreaming of laurels to be won in Mexico under the veteran Scott, whose column he was to join upon the march from Vera Cruz. His uncle, the major, had served in the war of 1812, and had retired from the service with a brevet majority, a pension, and a cork leg; of which he was reasonably proud.

"What a lovely landscape!" exclaimed the young officer, who had the eye of a painter, and the heart of a poet.

"What a strong position!" said the major, gazing on the fort with the admiration of a military man.

"No chance for dragoons here!" said the lieutenant.

"So much the better," said the major, who had served in the infantry. "But what do I see?" he added, with sudden animation. "Hallo, old fellow! Come into court and give an account of yourself."

The last phrase was addressed to a gentleman of his own age, who, with a pretty dark-eyed belle hanging on his arm, was standing a few paces apart, and listening, amused, to the gay prattle of his companion. On hearing the lively appeal of the major, the gentleman turned, and his eye immediately lighted up with a gleam of pleasure as he approached the first group.

"Major Cannister, I'm delighted to see you! Mrs. Cannister, this is indeed a pleasure!" "Where have you been this century, Burton?" were the salutations of the major and his old friend, a retired merchant of Providence, the father of the fair Julia, who was a "very creditable style of young lady."

After mutual compliments and inquiries, Burton presented his daughter to the young lieutenant; whereat that youthful officer colored up to the eyes and bowed with great embarrassment, while the young lady blushed excessively and cast her eyes to the deck, as she curtsied very low. Burton scarcely noticed her confusion, but the major kicked his nephew very quietly, and whispered to him "not to behave like a blockhead, and discredit his uniform."

"The boy," he said, by way of apology, 'didn't look much like a bold dragoon. But what could you expect of a fellow who had never smelt powder? A month's campaign would make a man of him."

"So you are going to Mexico, sir?" said the young lady, in the course of conversation, venturing to raise her eyes to the young man's face.

"I am ordered to join my regiment immediately," replied the lieutenant.

"I have heard the war was almost ended," said Miss Burton.

"Don't be afraid of that," said the major. "These Mexicans have all the pride and obstinacy of the Spanish race. Like the Dutch in Clarendon's time, they can endure to be beat much longer than we can endure to beat them. No, no! Walter will have a chance to see service. Depend upon it, Scott will have to fight every inch of the way from Vera Cruz to the capital—and these *guerilleros* are ugly fellows to deal with. They say the rascals are armed with escopetas that carry ounce balls, and that they give no quarter. I hope Scott will return them the compliment."

A fine moonlight evening followed the gorgeous sunset in which the boat got under way from Newport. The air was so mild and bland, that all who were not invalids remained on deck till a late hour. Julia and the lieutenant sat apart conversing together.

"I did not expect to meet you here to-night, Julia," said the young officer.

"Perhaps you did not desire it," said the young lady.

"You are cruel."

"What am I to think when you leave for a dangerous service without a word of adieu?"

"What am I to think, Julia, when you have not answered one of my last letters?"

"I have received none."

"And yet I have directed them regularly to Providence."

"That accounts for it We have been staying at Newport for a month."

"Then you had not forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you, Walter!" A tear glistened on her fine cheek in the moonlight.

"Enough!" replied the dragoon. "I have been unjust. But how fortunate to meet you! And to think of your father's formally introducing us, not knowing of our acquaintance and intimacy at Nahant during that happy summer of last year! Ah, Julia, can we hope for better times? How often have I reproached myself for having dared to address you. I—a poor orphan—having no expectations except from my uncle. You are rich and distinguished, beautiful, sought for and adored."

The reply we are unable to state, for it was uttered in a low voice; but that it was not unpleasant, may be inferred from the fact that the lieutenant imagined that his *tete-a tete* had lasted but ten minutes, when he was startled by the voice of the major:

"What the deuce have you two been talking about for these two hours? We lost sight of you entirely. You've missed your supper, and it's half past ten o'clock. Your father has gone to bed, Miss Julia, and Mrs Major C. is waiting for you in the ladies' cabin."

The major and his nephew escorted the fair Julia to the threshold of that mysterious sanctuary of beauty which no male footstep is permitted to cross, and there they bade her good-night.

"A very fine girl!" said the major to his nephew, as they descended to the gentlemen's cabin.

"Do you think so, sir?" replied the lieutenant, in a tone of indifference.

"To be sure I think so," retorted the major, "and so do you, if you have got eyes in your head. I tell you, sir, that after six months among the chocolate-faced senoritas of Mexico, you'll think Miss Julia Burton a very fine girl. And you'd better believe it now, for you've got to pass a week with her in New York."

The lieutenant made no reply, but retired to his berth. He dreamed that night that he had made the campaign of Mexico, had been promoted to a colonelcy, and was married to Miss Julia Burton.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRE-EATER.

THE Burtons and Cannisters went to a private boarding-house in the upper part of Broadway, kept by one Monsieur Vautrien, an old Frenchman, who had formerly been a confectioner in Boston, and who, like all Frenchmen of his age and political complexion, had served under the emperor. He now, however, served under his wife, a strapping Marseillaise, who might have been a legitimate descendant of one of those *poissardes* who rode on cannons from Paris to Versailles, and brought back the king and queen on the famous 6th of October. The boarders in Monsieur Vautrien's house were few in number, but heterogeneous in nationality. There were one or two Americans and their wives, a couple of Spaniards, a pair of Frenchmen, and two or three single gentlemen of no particular nation.

Every boarding-house has its autocrat; a man who talks loud and lays down the law on every subject, finds fault with the dishes, bullies the waiters, lectures the chambermaid, flatters the landlady and hectors mine host. Monsieur Vautrien's establishment was an exception. His John Jones was a tremendous fellow, who answered to the name of Captain Rifle. This formidable gentleman was full six feet high, and abounded in beard and mustaches. He wore a half-military dress, and professed to have seen service in South America; a black patch on his cheek was said to conceal a sabre wound. He was a great favorite with the buxom landlady, and of course held in equal horror and aversion by her hen-pecked husband. He patronized or snubbed the boarders according to his humor. He held commercial integrity and punctuality in the most sovereign contempt, despised the rule of paying his board weekly as something beneath his dignity, and preferred long credits, which he demanded as a right, rather than received as a favor. He ate like a Calmuck, smoked like a Swiss, and swore like a pirate.

He received the new guests with ferocious cordiality; patronized the major and his lady, slapped Burton furiously on the back, and grinned through his mustachoes on Julia. To the lieutenant he merely nodded; and after having surveyed him superciliously from head to foot, glanced at his own image in the large French mirror with a smile of satisfaction. Nothing could have been more contemptuous.

After dinner, among the gentlemen, he drank the health of the Providence belle, as he termed Miss Burton, and swore, with an oath of the heaviest calibre, that she was the finest girl he had ever set eyes on. Walter's cheek burned with indignation at hearing Julia's name mentioned by such lips, but as yet there was nothing in the braggadocio's conduct tangible and recognizable. He resolved, however, to watch him narrowly and call him to account for any actual insult. With the exception of the annoyance caused by this *bete noir*, the young lieutenant passed his time very pleasantly. He was much in Julia's society, and his love increased hourly in warmth and devotion. One day he happened into a pistol gallery, and thought he would try a few shots at the target. There were two or three persons present, whom he scarcely noticed on entering. He made a few indifferent shots, and finally threw aside the weapons, despairing of ever becoming a marksman. What added to his mortification was the discovery that Captain Rifle was among the spectators.

"You'll make but a poor dragoon," said the captain, "if you can't handle the sabre any better than you do the pistol. Boy, hand me one those shooting-irons—and keep loading for me, for I want to show the young gentleman how we did up this sort of thing when I was in the service."

The captain took his station at twenty paces from the target, and requested the attendant to give the word. His first shot was a liner—very near the bull's eye. Walter would have been proud of such a shot, but the captain cursed his own awkwardness. The second shot was a decided improvement. The third struck the bull's-eye, and the concealed flag flew up. The fourth and fifth met with the same success. Walter was astonished.

"I'm out of practice," said the captain, "but I tell you, young gentleman, and you'd better believe it, that anything in the shape of a man would stand but a poor chance before the muzzle of my pistol, even if he were as slight a figure as yours."

Walter made no reply, but bit his lips till the blood came. That day, after dinner, he went to the ladies' drawing-room to ask Julia if she would like to take a stroll with him in Broadway. He had scarcely entered the drawing-room, when Miss Burton rushed towards him with an agitated air, and laying her hand upon his arm, burst into tears.

"What is the matter, Julia?' asked Walter, earnestly.

Miss Burton could not speak, but pointed to Captain Rifle, who was standing in the recess of a window.

"Nothing's the matter," he said. "I did but joke her, and attempt to snatch a soldier's privilege—a kiss!"

"You are an insolent rascal!" exclaimed the lieutenant; and springing towards Rifle, he struck him in the face.

The captain did not return the blow, but he bent a glance of deadly hate upon his slight but fiery assailant.

"Young man," he said, in a low, hoarse whisper, "you have dug your own grave. *Remember the pistol gallery!*"

CHAPTER III.

HOBOKEN.

"FATHER! dear father! you must prevent it!" cried Julia, some hours afterwards, rushing into the room where her father was seated smoking a cigar, and taking a comfortable view of an adjacent graveyard.

"Prevent what?" asked the old gentleman.

"The meeting! the meeting!" said Julia.

"What meeting?"

"Mr. Severn and the captain have had words together—blows. A challenge has passed between them. Walter—I mean Lieutenant Severn—has agreed to fight that dreadful captain, and they are to meet at the duel-ground, at Hoboken, to-morrow morning at daybreak. O, it is a dreadful business!"

"It's a very foolish business—but I should like to know what concern you have with it? I suppose I'd better consult the major."

"O, no, no!" said Julia. "He's as high-tempered as his nephew, and he'd insist on having the affair carried through. Dear father, Lieutenant Severn's life belongs to his country, and I see nothing better to be done than for you to go to the ground and make it up. I'm sure they'd listen to you."

"Why, I think Rifle would. I lent him twenty dollars yesterday, and he has no right to trifle with his life. Make your mind easy, girl. I'll arrange the matter."

Julia tried to find comfort in this assurance. She had already used all her eloquence on Severn, but found him inflexible. He had replied to her that his honor was concerned in this affair—that he had been the aggressor, and that if he failed to give the captain satisfaction, he should be ruined for life, for he should never be able to show his face in his regiment.

The gray dawn of the next day found the ferocious captain and his second on the ground The captain's companion was a slim, sandy-haired fellow, with a downcast look, dressed very flashily in a green sporting-coat, with enormous gilt buttons, a buff vest and plaid pantaloons.

"We are first on the ground, Trifle," said the captain.

"Business *is* business," said the second. "Do you think your man will come to time?"

"I think so. He can't have slept a wink last night, for this is *his first affair*."

"Do you propose to drop him?"

"Most certainly. If he were out of the way, I think I should stand some chance with the girl. She is pretty, and an heiress. I think I can win her."

"By fair means or foul?"

"Either, or both."

"Shall we practise the usual dodge, captain?"

"Firing simultaneously with the word? Yes. That cuts these novices out of their chance for a return shot. But hush! here comes my man."

A figure was seen approaching through the mist. He was waving a white handkerchief with frantic gesticulations.

"By heavens!" cried the captain, "it's that old fool Burton, and he thinks he must approach us as one does an enemy's line, under a flag of truce."

By this time Burton had come within speaking distance.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" he exclaimed, earnestly, "why are you here?"

"For a little ball-practice," answered the captain.

"To break the laws of the land, rather," rejoined Burton. "Take care, captain, I shall appear against you, if you go on with this affair."

"Threats?" exclaimed the captain, in a tremendous tone. "This becomes a personal matter. Trifle, hand him a pistol."

"Gentlemen! gentle*men!*" exclaimed Burton, in tones of agony, "I'm a non-combatant."

"Take your distance, sir," said the captain.

"Messrs. Trifle and Rifle!" stammered the wretched peace-maker, "I come on a pacific errand. I carried a flag."

"Curse your flag!" exclaimed the captain. Stand off, will you? I don't like to drop a man at a short shot. Give me a chance to wing you, like a gentleman."

With a pistol forced into his hand, Burton stood the picture of despair—meditating a retreat, but not daring to run, for fear of that dreadful catastrophe, a "fire in the rear." The captain and his second amused themselves with his agony, but their sport was cut short by the appearance of Lieutenant Severn, a young naval officer, and a surgeon.

"Just in time, sir," said Trifle to the sailor, "to prevent your substitute from being shot."

Burton surrendered his pistols with alacrity, and then commenced an expostulation with the lieutenant, which was cut short by that gentleman's second, who quickly remarked: "Old gentleman, if you are not particularly anxious to be shot, I advise you to step out of the line of fire, for we are going to work directly."

Burton adopted the hint, and removed to a safe distance, whence he contemplated, with feelings of anxiety, the chilling preparations for mortal combat—the charging of the pistols, the measurement of the distance, the placing and arming of the combatants.

"I have the word," said Walter's friend. "You are to fire at one—two—three. Now, then, gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Ready."

"Ready."

"Fire! one—two—three!" said the second.

At the word *fire*, Rifle's pistol exploded—but Severn, standing unharmed, responded by a quick shot, and his gigantic antagonist fell, the blood gushing from his breast. Walter, remorseful and terror-stricken at his own deed, rushed towards the fallen man, followed by his second and the surgeon. Trifle kneeled over his friend. Burton ventured to approach the spot.

"I forgive you!" said the captain—"the chance is yours—fly—leave me with my friend; he can attend to me."

"But I have a surgeon," urged the lieutenant.

"No matter—I am past surgery—go!"

"Walter," whispered the lieutenant's second, "I believe that fellow's playing possum. He tried to murder you—for he fired too soon, and I can almost swear he fell before your bullet left your pistol. Look to him, Sawbones!" he added to the surgeon.

The surgeon insisted on opening the wounded man's breast. There was blood there in abundance, but no wound. On searching further, he discovered a sponge saturated with blood which the captain had evidently concealed beneath his shirt.

"The fellow isn't even scratched!" said he, rising in disgust.

"You're an artful dodger, aint you?" said Walter's second, addressing the crest-fallen captain. "And now I'm determined to see whether that patch upon your ugly mug conceals a scar or not."

With these words, the sailor pulled off the huge piece of court-plaster from the captain's cheek and disclosed the letter D branded in his flesh.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed, bestowing a hearty kick upon the prostrate bully. "This letter D, gentlemen, stands for Deserter, and it's the way they have in the army of marking their black sheep. What shall we do with this fellow?"

"Let him go to the deuce!" exclaimed Walter.

"Amen!" said his second. "Pack off with yourselves, both of you, if you don't want to be marched up to the Tombs to-day, to the tune of the rogue's march." The discomfited rascals moved off in double quick time, glad to escape thus cheaply.

"And, now," said Burton, "we shall reach the city just in time for breakfast."

So the party left Hoboken, and a merry breakfast they had that morning at old Vautrien's. The Frenchman waited on the table in person, and was in the highest spirits. "Zat raskaille Rifle is gone away!" he kept exclaiming, "to come back some time nevair—nevair, nevair! *jamais! jamais! jamais! Autrefois* he was here always, always, always—*toujours—toujours—toujours*. It was Rifle for breakfass, Rifle for diner, Rifle for souper—*toujours* Rifle! *Vivent les honnetes gens! A bas les coquins!*"

The lieutenant had acquired a two-fold interest in the eyes of the fair Julia, since he had actually fought in her behalf, and it is believed that she made a promise that sent him to Mexico with a heart as light as a plume upon the wind. Certain it is, that about a year afterwards a certain Boston paper announced the union of *Captain* Walter Severn of the U. S. A., to Miss Julia, only daughter of Seth Burton, Esq., of Providence, R. I. And such was the result of "his first affair."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"Thy kingdom come, O Lord of lords,
Our conquered hearts thy spirit fill!
Subdue us to thy gracious will,
Reward us with thy great rewards!"

'Twas thus, this holy Christmas time,
The midnight of this Christmas-eve,
My wandering thoughts did idly weave
And syllable in speech, this rhyme.

Ringing its measure o'er and o'er,
In solemn tones, in sober guise,
And pondering, in strange surmise,
On Christmas times that were of yore!

I looked, without—I smiled to see
The joyous crowds, and wept to hear
In chorus jubilant and clear,
The bells of the nativity.

For while my thoughts in weary maze
Rang silent echoes to the bells,
I briefly lived, as one who dwells,
Who lives, who moves in other days.

Far, far remote, I walked with them,
The patriarchs of the east, and came
Where, o'er the Christ child, burned the flame,
The glorious star of Bethlehem!

I listened to the heavenly song
Of angel-choirs, in rapturous chime,
The hymn of praise, which, through all time,
The bells of Christmas shall prolong.

I mused upon that wondrous birth,
Gazing with awe upon the child,
Forever stainless, undefiled,
Yet bearing all the sins of earth.

And then, the blissful vision fled,
Once more I mused, forlorn, alone;
Until, with thankful, heartfelt tone,
I bent the knee, I bowed the head—

And prayed—O, Christ, thy kingdom come,
Our stubborn hearts thy spirit fill!
Be thou our shepherd, and until
Each wanderer gain his heavenly home!

To us thy perfect love impart,
The love of men, the love of thee;
Forevermore, O deign to be
The Prince of peace within each breast!

Then, stripped of every doubt and fear,
As to the grave we calmly wend,
With every mortal for a friend,
We'll make a Christmas of the year.

These Christmas-bells a dirge may toll,
The time itself be drear and chill,
But hope—the light from Calvary's hill,
Shall guide to heaven each perfect soul!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RED HAND.

BY G. S. CAMPANA.

[CONCLUDED.]

"The poor Biscayan's jargon had sounded in my ears like a rectified distillation of all the discord of Babel; and association had no doubt much to do with making it appear so, for I had expected him to put me in the right way, and when I found that I could not understand him, I was grievously disappointed.

"Upon the same principle, the sound which now struck upon my ear was as pleasing to that organ as would have been the fabled music of the spheres; and yet it was, in reality, but the prosaic, unmusical noise of the barking of a dog. It was nothing more; but instead of the simple, unmeaning '*bow, wow, wow!*' I could hear 'bed, bed, bed!'—'rest, rest, rest!'—'supper, supper, supper!' in every canine cadence; and tired and hungry as I was, this monotonous *staccato* was most delicious music to me.

"Picking up my pillow, but leaving bed and bolster behind me, I started off, doing as the backwoodsmen do when travelling under the guidance of 'blazed trees,'—following the *bark*. I had not gone far, when a small wooden house loomed up out of the darkness, at the door of which stood the dog whose music I so much admired.

"A shrill voice now called out to the dog—a woman's voice—an old woman's voice—an old French woman's voice. Some may think that an old woman is an old woman, all the world over. But that is not so, I assure you.

"In the south of Europe, talking animals are divided into three classes; first, parrots, starlings and the like; second, human beings, and third, old women. Now this may be a slander. These old women may be human beings, after all. But, on the faith of a traveller, they really do not look like it; and he who has not seen the elderly peasant women of southern France, Italy, etc., cannot have any adequate idea of what genuine ugliness is. But I am getting into a digression again, and that is a luxury which I have really no right to indulge in.

"I heard the voice of a woman calling to the dog, and I knew that such a voice must belong to an *old* woman, and therefore to an ugly woman, since she was a peasant, and French. That much I surmised; but the reality proved to be such a rare exhibition of ugliness as one does not often have the opportunity to behold in this working-day world of ours.

"Such a woman could not have existed a couple of hundred years earlier. She would have been put to death as a witch, on the testimony of her nose and chin alone. I had a good look at her, for the door was wide open, and a torch of some sort of resinous wood was burning on the inside. She was wonderful. A Nuremberg nut-cracker was nothing to her.

"'Can I get lodging here for the night, my good woman?' asked I, not daring to look at her.

"She looked at me well, perused me from head to foot, and then from foot to head again, and at last answered me in the affirmative. Her language was a barbarous *patois*, but it was not Basque, and I had no great difficulty in making it out. I followed her into the house, and deposited my weary limbs upon a chair.

"The place looked uninviting enough, but supper was soon prepared, and turned out to be better than I had expected. It was composed chiefly of poached eggs and rashers of bacon; the last very indifferent, the former very good. True, they were fried in sweet oil; but that condiment I was now pretty well hardened to. It was fortunate there was no garlic, for that I never could get hardened to. There was also some red wine of an age and quality by no means to be disdained.

"The only drawback to the zest which hunger-sauce gave to these viands, was the inordinate and almost supernatural ugliness of that witch-like old woman. I could not keep my eyes off her. If there ever was a hag who looked as if she could do 'a deed without a name,' it was she. If I were a painter, I would travel a thousand miles to get that woman's likeness in the character of the Witch of Endor. Any tolerable artist might make a fortune out of her.

"Finally, however, the supper was despatched, and I got off to bed. I was very much fatigued and very sleepy, and therefore glad to get to rest; but to get out of sight of that 'uncannie' old woman, was, I verily believe, of greater importance to me, at that time, than anything else. The house appeared to have two rooms below stairs and two above. My chamber was situated over the room in which I had supped. The bed was a queer-looking, old-fashioned affair, with no tester, but having curtains running on iron rods all round it.

"But I was now an experienced traveller, and accustomed to sleep in all sorts of strange places. In a very few minutes my weary limbs were stretched at full length upon the bed, and almost immediately afterwards I was asleep. But the old woman pursued me into dreamland, and strange imaginary scenes of witchcraft troubled my repose.

"I had broken my watch among the mountains, and had therefore no means of measuring time with any accuracy. The night was far advanced, however, when I was awakened by some noise below. I listened, and I could distinctly hear the trampling of a number of *sabots*, or wooden shoes, on the floor of the room below.

"The noise not only roused me from sleep, but roused my curiosity also. What could these people be doing in this lonely spot, tenanted apparently by nobody but an old woman? I tried to think it was no business of mine, and to go to sleep again. But the plan didn't work very well. I continued to hear the steps from time to time, and they made me feel nervous. In short, I could not sleep, and so I determined to get up and take a turn or two across the floor.

"It was a cool, clear, moonless night. The ventilation of the room was somewhat defective, for though there were two windows, and both of them were open, they were mere loop-holes, too small to be of much service. After walking about a while, I returned to my bed, and eventually fell asleep again.

"My nap this time was probably of short duration. I had another frightful dream. I thought there was a great fire burning near me, and that the old witch was tossing me into it with a pitch-fork. I awoke trembling and covered with a cold perspiration, and sure enough, there was the light of a fire shining distinctly upon the wall.

"At first I thought the whole place was on fire, but in a little time I saw that the light must came from the outside of the house, and from some distance. I jumped out of bed, ran to the nearest window, and found that I could just manage to see the fire through the narrow aperture. It was out upon the moor, and looked like a bonfire; but for what purpose it could have been lighted, it was beyond my ability to tell, or even to conjecture.

"While gazing at it, I saw a phenomenon which made me almost doubt the testimony of my own senses, or one of them, at least. I saw, coming out of the surrounding darkness, and stalking across the space illuminated by the flames, what appeared to be a human figure, but a figure which could not be less than eight or ten feet high!

"I saw it but a moment, but so strange, so utterly extraordinary did the thing appear, that I was about coming to the conclusion that I must be the victim of some wonderful optical illusion, when two more objects, similar in height and appearance to the first, crossed the line of light and vanished as before.

"This time there could be no room for doubt. It is true that in the dim, uncertain light nothing could be seen very distinctly; but that there were these, before my eyes, human beings, or at least things that looked like human beings, not less than nine or ten, perhaps twelve, feet high, was a stubborn and incontrovertible fact. I could only see the outline of the figures, to be sure, but they looked, and moved, and acted like men, and men they must surely be.

"I soon saw more of them—four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—nine of them, at least, and all of nearly equal height. Upon examining the fire more closely, I also saw that there was a huge caldron suspended over it, and presently, too, I saw the old hag, the witch of my dreams and of my waking movements also, bending over the caldron. The light shone brightly on her face, and illuminated all her features.

"Were witches' sabbaths, and incantations, and caldrons, etc., then, absolute realities? I could not for a moment believe such a thing; but the sight before me, nevertheless, made my blood run cold, it was so much like the practice of the black art, according to the commonly received idea.

"In the meantime, the gigantic figures were stalking about the fire, though they never remained long enough in the light to enable me to examine them very closely. I could not doubt that the appearance was susceptible of a simple and rational explanation, but what that explanation could possibly be, was far beyond anything 'dreamed of in my philosophy.'

"While still earnestly gazing at the scene, my attention was suddenly drawn off in another direction. The footsteps below could still be heard from time to time, and now there took place, at the door, which was nearly under my window, a half-whispered colloquy, a part of which I heard, and was deeply interested in. The subject under agitation was 'kill him or not kill him?' and there could be no room for a doubt that the 'him' referred to was myself.

"'Stick him, by all means,' said one; 'and here's the very knife to do it with. Old Nannie says positively it must be done. She would not have kept him at all, she says, if she had not expected us to do it.'

"'Will it pay? That's the only question.'

"'Pay? To be sure it will. You may trust old Nannie for that. I don't know a better judge.'

"Some one spoke in reply, but he was inside of the door, and I could not distinguish the words. By-and-by I heard the first speaker say:

"'Asleep? To be sure he is. Nannie says he has been walking all day. Never fear. If I can only get into the room without disturbing him, I'll soon do the job, and that without waking him at all.'

"I went back to my bed, carefully examined a brace of loaded pistols which I had with me, and then lay down—but not to sleep. That was hardly to be thought of under the circumstances. What horrible nest of murderers had I fallen into? What infernal outpost of pandemonium was it into which I had wandered? And, more important still, how was I to escape from it?

"The windows were too narrow to admit the passage of a human body, and besides the whole place below was full of people. What then was to be done? These ideas were flitting across my sensorium, when my ear caught the sound of a stealthy step upon the stairs. It approached very slowly, and eventually I heard some one trying to open my door, which was fastened by a strong but clumsily constructed bolt.

"Finding that the fastening was secure, the murderous wretch withdrew. Would he return? I had no doubt that he would, and the event proved the correctness of my opinion. But a few minutes elapsed before the stealthy step was heard again, and soon afterwards some instrument was applied to the bolt, that yielded at once.

"The door was pushed open very cautiously, and the stealthy step entered the room. A light accompanied it. I could not see the person who bore it, on account of the curtains which surrounded the bed. The light apparently was placed upon a table, and the intruder advanced directly towards me.

"I cocked one of my pistols and held it in my right hand. The life of the would-be assassin, I felt sure, was in my power, and I felt no hesitation whatever about taking it. What might happen afterwards I did not like to think of. The curtains were but partially drawn at the foot of the bed, and the light shone brightly through.

"Very slowly and noiselessly the fellow drew near, and finally reached the head of the bed. The curtain close to my left shoulder began to move. I raised my pistol and pressed my forefinger upon the trigger. Slowly there advanced, between the curtain and the wall, a human hand, and in it a long, sharp, glittering knife, and a second glance enabled me to perceive that the hand was all covered with blood!

"The hand and knife were within a very few feet of my breast. I could not see the body to which the hand belonged, but I knew very well where it was. I raised my pistol higher, took deliberate aim, and—did *not* fire. There was no occasion for it. The bloody hand raised itself above my head, grasped a small bag which hung there, used the knife to cut the twine by which it was suspended, and then immediately withdrew. The stealthy footstep retreated, the door was cautiously shut, and I was alone again.

"Unspeakably thankful that I had not fired and killed an innocent man, I rose and dressed myself. Daylight was just beginning to appear. I went below, and soon solved all the mysteries which had so greatly disturbed and puzzled me. I had, it appeared, reached the edge of that marshy region called the '*Landes*,' and the tall, strange-looking figures which I had seen about the fire were simply the shepherds of this remote southwestern district, who, as is well known, roam over it elevated on stilts. I had never seen any of them before; in fact, I had hardly heard of them.

"The fire which the old woman was superintending had been kindled for the purpose of heating water wherewith to scald hogs. There was a small village, or rather hamlet, about half a league from this place, and the people, most of whom were stilted shepherds, were in the habit of collecting their swine in the fall of the year and driving them thither to be slaughtered. A neighboring stream of water made the situation a desirable one for the purpose, and the hog-killing became a sort of annual frolic among the neighbors, which was commenced in the morning before daybreak.

"The man with the bloody hand had gone to my room in order to get a small bag, containing whetstones and other articles, which were wanted immediately. The bag was tied fast to a nail, just over my head. The people were anxious not to wake the tired traveller, and they thought the best way to get the bag quietly would be to cut it down with a sharp knife. The man had already stuck one pig, and thus bloodied his hand.

"The debate about killing referred to a 'barrow,' the property of the old woman. There were some doubts as to his being fat enough to kill. The old woman, it seems, had retained him, with several others, to be slaughtered, while a number of other leaner ones had been sent to a son-in-law of hers, who was a miller; and some of the men contended that this 'barrow' ought to have been sent away with the others. But 'old Nannie' thought it would 'pay' to have him killed, and she had 'kept' him (not me) for that purpose.

"You will readily perceive how I got the debate about this hog mixed up with that about cutting down the bag in my room; and how, having heard and understood it imperfectly, I conceived the frightful idea which lies at the foundation of this ridiculous story."

ORNAMENTED PANELLING AT THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

JAPANESE SPORTING.

Thanks to our American expedition, we know a great deal more of Japan now than we did a few years ago. The last of the kingdoms of the earth which was hidden from Europeans has just had the veil lifted, and though we have not yet had time for a steady and prolonged look, we have seen enough to know that the country will well repay a further acquaintance. Man is the same in all countries, and therefore it is nothing surprising to find that the Japanese princes follow the sports of the field with as much zeal as any civilized Christian. Unfortunately for them, however, the opportunities are wanting for following them up to the same extent, for the islands are nearly destitute of four-footed game, and the sport there is confined to birds. The Japanese sportsman is debarred the use of a fowling piece, and is compelled to resort to the primitive bow and arrows. However, though these weapons might excite as much scorn in a well-equipped Yankee sportsman, as the same weapons in the hands of the Highlanders did in those of the redoubtable Captain Dugald Dolgetty, yet their execution is not to be despised, as we learn they have attained such proficiency with them as seldom to miss their aim. A representation of a party of sportsmen with their beaters in the jungle, which we give on this page, will convey to our readers a lively idea of the zeal with which the chase is pursued by them. They enter into the sport with hearty gusto. Fun and amusement are inherent in no particular people, and each nation of the world has its own characteristic modes of following them out, though sometimes in ways and methods not especially captivating to refined tastes.

ENGRAVING OF PRECIOUS STONES.

In the working of precious stones, considerable difficulty is experienced in making a sunken surface quite flat. This arises from the circumstance that the entire face has to be produced with only a very small portion of the edge of the tool, and without any mechanical guidance being derived from the tool itself. For, although the edge of a tool, such as is used, may be turned very nearly flat, still, on examination, after being used, it is always found rather convex, owing to the circumstance that the edge has a constant tendency to wear the fastest at the margin, and the rounded edge of the tool has, of course, a continual tendency to cut the surfaces to which it is applied into a series of small hollows, instead of one continuous plane. In flattening a sunken surface, the difficulty is overcome by keeping the stone in continual but steady motion. The stone being quickly traversed with very short strokes beneath the tool, the entire surface is successively passed under the lowest point of the tool, which is only allowed to cut at the highest points of the surface, and these are determined apparently by intuition, so delicate is the sense of feeling acquired by the best artizans in this line. When the stone requires to be much inclined from the perpendicular, to allow small tools to penetrate into the minute details of deep works, the difficulties of the process are much increased. Some of the little disks are less than one hundredth of an inch in diameter, while, to afford sufficient stiffness to the tool, the diameter of the stem requires to be about one eighth of an inch at the back, and the front end is made conical for about one inch of its length from the disk. To enable these small tools to penetrate even into a flat surface, the stone must be inclined to a greater angle than the cone of the stem, or the latter will rub on the flat surface; but in finishing a deep corner, so as to make it quite square and sharp at the bottom, the stone must be inclined to a much greater angle.—*Scientific American.*

EPISCOPAL CHURCH STATISTICS.

The Church Almanac, for 1860, contains the usual yearly summary of facts and information relating to the Episcopal Church, from which we gather as follows: The Episcopal Church in the United States contains 33 dioceses. The present number of bishops, provisional bishops and assistant bishops is 43; priests and deacons, 2030; parishes, 2110. There were ordained during the year 78 deacons and 93 priests. Number of candidates for holy orders, 281. Churches consecrated, 69. The baptisms were as follows: Infants, 24,415: adults, 5121; not stated, 487; total—30,023. Number of confirmations, 14,596; communicants added, 14,794; present number, 135,767; marriages, 7059; burials, 12,442; Sunday school teachers, 14,091; scholars, 118,069. The amount of contributions for missionary and charitable purposes was $1,627,183 12.

ORNAMENTED PANEL AT THE CAPITOL.

The engraving given above is a representation of the well known historical incident of "Columbus taking possession of Hispaniola in the names of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain," designed for a panel of a bronze door of the Capitol at Washington.

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

A pretty story is told by the Lyons journals of an act of benevolence, done by the Queen of Holland, who has lately been sojourning in that town. In passing through the Musee, one might daily see a young soldier, who occupied in copying the old masters the hours of leisure which his service allowed him. He was terminating a remarkable copy of a Murillo, when a foreign lady approached and asked him where he acquired his taste for painting. He told her that he had received lessons from Horace Vernet, but being unfortunate enough to draw an unlucky number in the *Conscription*, and too poor to purchase a substitute, he bore his fate patiently, determining to devote as much of his time as possible to the cherished art. The fair stranger asked the young soldier how much he expected to get for the picture which he had just finished; upon his naming the price, the lady said, "*C'est bien*, I will give you double that sum."

The delighted artist-soldier inquired the name of his benefactress, who laughingly answered, "Send your picture to the Queen of Holland, who is determined to find a way which will allow you to give yourself up exclusively to the perfection of the art for which you have so decided and charming a talent." The illustrious lady has kept her promise, it is said, and the grateful artist is now no longer obliged to perform the military duties which were so irksome to him, whose whole delight was in the culture of the art, in pursuance of which he met the noble queen, who has shown herself as generous and sympathetic as she is beautiful and accomplished.

JAPANESE SPORTING.

GUNNERY.

It was not until about the middle of the fourteenth century that gunnery may be said to have begun itsreal existence, at which period one Berthold Schwartz appears to have discovered the granulation of gunpowder, and the consequent increased force of the explosion necessitated greater thickness in the metal, which caused a great drain on the treasury. Indeed John King of France, was obliged to order his "généraux des monnoies" to diligently inquire into the quantity of brass to be found in France, "for the purpose of making such artillery, and to prevent its being taken out of the country."

Henceforward we find the "great gunnes" of the the middle ages Many were the trials made by the bronze-founders before they succeeded in obtaining a metal sufficiently tenacious to resist the improved "gonnepoudre;" but, nothing daunted, every form and size was successively tried, and great was the successful artist's reward; for these huge engines were of extreme value, and worthy of a monarch's gift, although their usual fate was, either to be abandoned, owing to their impeding a march, or to burst after a few rounds. Thus, in 1415, A. D., Gerard Sprong petitioned Henry V. that a warrant might be issued, commanding the treasurer and barons of the exchequer to grant him a discharge for the metal of a brass cannon called "Messenger," weighing 4480 pounds, which burst at the siege of Aberystwith; of a cannon called "Kynge's Daughter," burst at the siege of Harlech; and of a cannon which burst in proving.

We find also that the Italians, who prided themselves on their knowledge of bronze-casting, were not much more successful. "I inform your lordships," writes Duke Federigo of Urbino to the citizens of Sienna, "that we cannot move from hence, because the Marzochesca bombard has not yet been removed, and I have not had it broken up, because the Messrs. Borghese tell me your lordships wish for it; and the body of the last bombard which burst is still here, for its carriage broke down on the march, as also its chamber, and was left by the way."

Governments had been obliged to resort to brass for their ordnance on the discovery of granulated powder, on account of the inferiority of cast-iron; and experiments were made with a view of reducing this expense, by substituting forged iron tubes, strengthened with iron hoops and bands; but even this was not economical, as we find by an account of 3 Henry V., when was paid to John Stevens, of Bristol, for the making a great cannon, as well as for iron, coal, and timber purchased by him, as well as for divers other expenses incurred by him on account of the cannon aforesaid, 107*l.* 10s. 8d., equal to about £1000 of our money. In spite of these difficulties, we find Henry V. taking with him to France three master-gunners, twenty-five gunners, and fifty assistant gunners, showing the steady progress gunnery has made since its introduction into warfare, and the wars of the House of Lancaster in France forced the French to acknowledge the advantages to be derived from it; consequently, under the able rule of Charles VII. and Louis XI., they organized a very fine artillery, and the power derived therefrom was amply shown in the success which attended the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. The mere rumors which spread throughout that peninsula respecting his artillery completely overawed its inhabitants; and, though grossly exaggerated, his means were certainly wonderful for that age, and the practical effect of his guns far surpassed anything that had been said of them. The Italians still used the heavy, cumbersome bombards of iron or bronze, which, drawn with difficulty, were loaded with still greater, and thus, in battering a town, gave the besieged plenty of time to erect fresh works in rear of those destroyed. But the French, never making use of any but bronze cannon, having replaced stone-shot with iron of much smaller calibre, but of equal weight, drawing their pieces with horses instead of oxen, and possessing experienced gunners, could keep up with the rest of the army, and, throwing up their batteries with rapidity, could cause in a few hours the same effect as the Italians could in as many days. "Whence all Italy was filled with dread of Charles's army." So say the old chronicles.—*Our Engines of War.*

BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.—DESIGNED BY BILLINGS.

UNDERSHOES FOR HORSES.

Many attempts have been made to shoe horses without the continual driving of nails into the hoof, by which great injury is sometimes inflicted upon valuable horses by nails pricking the quick. In order to diminish this evil, a late London paper states tha. George Thomas, of that city, has invented a double-bottomed shoe, which is constructed and applied as follows: "He takes an ordinary horseshoe, and forms a groove in the part which comes in contact with the ground. This groove is about three-eighths of an inch deep, and half an inch or more wide, according to the size of the horse and shoe, and within three quarters of an inch or thereabout from one extremity of the shoe to the same distance from the other. The groove at the ends and toe of the shoe is cut under. A piece of iron of the same width and shape with the groove, only thicker and slightly curved upwards, is so fitted at the ends and toe that, by the tap of a hammer, it is driven into the groove, and hence into the under cutting. The junction forms a complete dovetail, which prevents the moving of the inner shoe unless by the forcible aid of a chisel. The advantage of this inner shoe is that it is made to project beyond the ordinary shoe, and when worn down can easily be removed and replaced by another without pulling off the shoe from the horse's hoof. Besides, in frosty weather, the inner shoe needs only to be jagged, and you have the horse frosted, which is very easily done."—*Scientific American.*

FEVER AND AGUE.

The following reporter's description of fever and ague is quite humorous: "If our local department has been better for the past two days than before, it is to be attributed to the absence of our 'regular' reporter, who succumbed for forty-eight hours to an attack of what in western parlance is termed the 'agur,' in the vernacular, chills and fever. People who have never enjoyed a bout with this vigorous affection, have missed a series of sensations to which all others are as pig iron to doubloons. The primary symptoms are a sense of 'goneness' in the stomach, the diaphragm feeling as though it were an imperfectly inflated balloon floating amid space without ballast, altogether in violation of the physiological unities. At the same time your head feels as though it were a bass drum, with four boys thumping at each end. This for about two hours, when the chill comes on. The chill is an institution that would, we think, have more solely tested the patience of Job than all the 'boils' in the universe. It commences at the bottom of the spine, and slowly ascends until it reaches the brain. Its progress being about an inch to every five minutes, the taller the man the livelier the time he has of it. When we say lively we mean that the teeth for the time being usurp the functions of the tongue, and chatter as incessantly as a bevy of advanced spinsters at a country tea party. The only sound that can equal it is Pete Morris's race-horse solo on the bones. The peculiar sensation of the chill can be faintly imitated by suspending a cake of ice down your back by a set of pulleys, passing over the ears. Draw up the cord so that the ice ascends the spinal column at the rate of an inch per hour, and you have a tolerably good idea of the 'chill.' Of course it is understood that the experiment is performed when the mercury stands at zero, and you stand up to your knees in a snowbank. After lying in this condition, under the weight of six heavy quilts—which impart no warmth whatever—you have an interval of rest. Then comes the fever and you pass through the opposite extreme of heat. You imbibe a gallon—more or less—of lemonade, and then, worn out with the shake, fall asleep. If you are in a cheap boarding-house, the landlady may perhaps send up the servant, with a request that you will 'please get up and do your shaking on a chair, as the bed isn't accustomed to rough usage.' Such things have been done, and may be again. It looks *rather* unfeeling, but is nothing to what is endured upon waking from that sleep. Then comes the misery of the ague. The excruciating headache, which still remains, is bad enough, but not worse than the impotency of one's underpinning, the limbs feeling as though every kneepan had its bottom knocked out, and every fire plug one met in the street was a stuffed reception chair, with extended arms, imploring you to be seated. Henceforth we shall never wish our bitterest enemy a greater misery than the ague. Compared to it, all other maladies become mere whimseys."—*Philadelphia North American.*

The man who runs in debt "because he can," will soon run out of friends. Nothing like debt to kill friendship.

POPULAR INTELLIGENCE.

It is a common error to overrate the intelligence of the present day, and underrate our forefathers in the intellectual scale; for, although our nomadic ancestors were long without the cultivation of knowledge and literature, they were not, therefore, mentally inert. There is an education of the mind, distinct from the literary, which is gradually imparted by the contingences of active life. In this, which is always the education of the largest portion of mankind, our ancestors were never deficient. The operation of practical but powerful intellect may be traced in the wisdom and energy of their great political mechanisms and municipal institutions. It pervades their ancient laws; and is displayed in full dimensions, as to our Saxon and Norman ancestors, in that collection of our native jurisprudence which one Braston has transmitted to us. The system of common law there exhibited, was admirably adapted to their wants and benefit; and has mainly contributed to form the national bulwarks, that individual character by which England has been so long enriched and so vigorously upheld.—*Sharon Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons.*

The current coin of life is plain, sound sense. We drive a more substantial and thriving trade with that than with aught else.

A NEW ENTERPRISE!

THE WELCOME GUEST.

This is the title of a new and brilliant family paper which will be issued by the subscriber on the first day of January next. It is intended, as its name indicates, for the HOME CIRCLE, and its individuality will consist in its forming just such a journal as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the fireside. It will be

ENTIRELY ORIGINAL,

each number complete in itself, and being of the mammoth size, will afford a vast amount of entertaining reading. No continued stories will be introduced, nor advertisements admitted; so that the object of the greatest variety and completeness will be attained. It will be printed in that convenient and favorite shape, the FOLIO FORM, presenting in each number thirty-two large columns of original and really

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This new journal will be full to the brim each week of finely written stories, sketches, adventures, biographies of eminent men and of famous women, prose and poetic gems, all that is worthy of note in the foreign and domestic news, gossip of the day, sparkling gems from new books, and wit and humor, forming a most captivating weekly melange. The plan of its issue, which has been long perfecting, will render it

A GREAT FAVORITE

everywhere, north, south, east and west. It will be entirely neutral in politics, and all sectional and sectarian matters, preferring to make itself a WELCOME GUEST to each and all, rather than to indulge in jarring discussions. No vulgar word or line will ever sully its fair pages, which will address themselves to the best taste and appreciation of every one. In all respects it will be

FRESH AND BEAUTIFUL,

the whole design being from original plans, intended to introduce to the public a corps of NEW AND BRILLIANT WRITERS; and it will follow the lead of no other journal that is published. It will present a chaste and elegant heading, and be printed upon heavy, fine white paper, on a rich, clear font of type, cast expressly for it. Thus forming of

The Welcome Guest,

a charming visitor for any family in the land. In the editorial conduct of the paper, a corps of lady contributors has been organized, as well as several sterling writers of the other sex; and it is promised that no weekly journal in the world shall excel it in pleasing variety, and the universal interest of each successive issue.

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M. M. BALLOU,
Publisher and Proprietor.
22 Winter Street, Boston.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. A., Croydon, N. H.—It will probably be published by Ticknor & Fields—whether illustrated or not, we know not.—"Schiller" is pronounced nearly as if written Shiller. There are no English translations of the *complete* poetical works of Goethe and Schiller, though there are many different versions of separate poems, such as "Faust," "Song of the Bell," etc.

BUILDER. East Boston.—The Menai Bridge, built by Robert Stephenson, is 1600 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 100 feet above the water.

J. C., St. Paul, Min.—The first pair of silk stockings were worn in France by Henry II.; two years afterwards Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair, and within thirty years 50,000 persons had adopted the luxury.

E. C.—Ladies' side-saddles were in use in 1138.

HORSEMAN, Concord, N. H.—Rarey's system of training the horse is fully explained in the "Art of Taming Horses," published by Routledge, London. You can procure it of Redding & Co., State Street, or A. Williams & Co., Washington Street, Boston.

QUERIST.—Gas was first evolved from coal by Dr. Clayton in 1739, and was first employed for purposes of illumination by Mr. Murdock, in Cornwall, England, in 1792.

M. R., Manchester.—The East India Company was established in the year 1599. Queen Elizabeth felt much reluctance to grant the charter, fearing the jealousy of Spain. A sum of sixty-eight thousand pounds was raised by subscription, and the first charter was obtained, but only for a term of fifteen years, the company being styled Adventurers.

A. C., Concord, Mass.—New England, in 1840, raised over 2,000,000 bushels of wheat, but in 1850 she yielded but 1,000,000—a decline of fifty per cent. in ten years.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The conformation of the natives of India appears to have undergone but little change since the time when Alexander visited that country, and described the appearance of the ancient Hindoos. Many of their customs, as well as their personal appearance, remain the same as they were two thousand years ago. Their vegetable diet, their dress, and their division into different castes, as well as their Brahmin priesthood, with many other particulars, continue unchanged from the above date to the present time.

PUPIL.—The rate at which a cannon ball travels is a quarter of a mile in a second of time, while that of those meteors, commonly called falling stars, is at the rate of twenty miles in the same short space of time.

L. C.—One silkworm consumes within thirty days sixty thousand times its own weight of mulberry leaves.

TO ONE AND ALL.—Next week our correspondents will find the answers to their queries in the columns of our new weekly paper, *The Welcome Guest.*

VALEDICTORY.

Nearly nine years have elapsed since the undersigned commenced the editorship of this illustrated journal. Though at the outset it was under the proprietorship of another publisher, whose business interest we afterwards purchased, yet the undersigned *prepared the first, last and every intervening number of the paper for the press.* At the outset it was issued in a different form from its present style; but on the fifth of July, 1851, we commenced the present series, dating it as No 1, Vol. I, the series complete now forming *seventeen* volumes. We were the pioneer of illustrated papers in this country, and the success of the work has been all and more than could have been anticipated, until so many competitors have entered the field, and competition has so lowered the price of illustrated journals, that it is no longer possible to give such engravings as should ornament a pictorial sheet and leave the least margin for profit.

We find, on recapitulation, that we have expended upon the *Pictorial* in its regular course of weekly publication, from the commencement to the present time, as follows:

For printing paper	$423,000
drawings and engravings	161,000
press work	54,000
composition	29,000
manuscripts, to authors	28 000
mailing clerks, folders, etc	26,000
type and printing material	19,000
presses and usual machinery	14,000
advertising expenses	13,000
Total	*$767,000

Seven hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars, or over three quarters of a million. We are happy to say, that during the entire period of publishing the work we have never repudiated a bill, have never had a note extended, and that the paper *does not at this hour owe one dollar* to any human being! This honest exposé of facts will enable the public to form some idea of the cost of conducting such an enterprise, to say nothing of the wear and tear of body and mind; nor will our readers be surprised that the undersigned has come to the conclusion no longer to issue the work, since its profits are too small to compensate for the heavy capital necessarily employed, and the great tax upon faculties, both mental and physical.

* We have put down nothing for incidental expenses, which would swell this amount to many more thousands, but have specified only the main and regular items of expense, from our cash book.

Possessing one of the largest printing and publishing establishments in New England, we prefer to devote our energies, time and capital to other portions of the business which is abundantly profitable and successful. We have for some weeks past announced that on the first of January we shall commence the publication of a new and brilliant family journal to be entitled *The Welcome Guest*, and the list of our subscribers on the "Pictorial" will be transferred to the new journal. The same able corps of contributors (with some notable additions) now and heretofore engaged upon the "Pictorial," including MR. FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, our able associate editor, will all be engaged upon *The Welcome Guest*, and we hope that the long and pleasant connection we have enjoyed with our large list of "Pictorial" subscribers, may be continued by their renewing their subscriptions *immediately* for our new paper. *The few subscribers whose prepayment upon the "Pictorial" extends into the new year, will be supplied to the full amount of their subscription with The Welcome Guest.*

In closing, we wish to thank, most heartily, our brethren of the press, far and near, for the universal kindness evinced towards us and our enterprise from the very commencement. We cannot at this moment recall the first unkind paragraph we have seen in print reflecting upon us, and we certainly have never admitted an unpleasant personality into our own columns. We humbly conceive that our labor has done somewhat towards diffusing a love for art in this country, and in the dissemination of general intelligence and valuable information. We also recall with satisfaction the fact that we have never printed a vulgarism, or outraged sensibility by introducing low caricatures, or an indelicate allusion, in the seventeen volumes of the work which ends with the present number. And now to cotemporaries and patrons, we extend a cordial hand, and a godspeed to all.

MATURIN M. BALLOU.

FUEL SAVING SOCIETY.

In Philadelphia, they have an institution called the "Fuel Saving Society," formed for the sole purpose of receiving from poor folks their dimes and half-dimes, when they have them to spare, to be laid out in purchasing fuel at wholesale rates, which they receive during the winter. The good this thing has done for nearly thirty years is marvellous. A cent a day buys a ton of coal; 8 cents for nineteen weeks entitles the depositor to half a ton, and 12 cents to a whole ton. Those able to buy their own fuel are not allowed as depositors, nor will any deposit larger than 50 cents be received at one time, nor more than $2 in any one month, nor more than the price of three tons in one season. It is for the poor exclusively, and 222 of them used it last year, depositing $1118, and drawing 323 tons of prime coal. The families of the depositors numbered 122 men, 246 women, and 469 children. Of these, 58 were washerwomen, 43 sewing women, with females in various other positions.

JUST SO.—You may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper, and never hear a word of approbation from your readers, but just let a paragraph slip in (by accident) of one or two lines not suited to their tastes, and you will be sure to hear of it.

BARRY—the Boston artist, is doing some delicious bits of drawing and designing. His composition, "The Motherless," was a grand success, and he has just now produced an equally brilliant one entitled "The Rector's Ward."

ART ITEM.—Page's Venus drew, altogether, an immense number of visitors in Boston. It is certainly a brilliant and even dazzling work of art, though of a school calculated to challenge much criticism.

A COSTLY DRESS-SWORD.—The Marquis of Westminster recently appeared at court, wearing a sword, on the pommel of which are several blocks of houses in the shape of a diamond worth $150,000.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—This unrivalled specific for coughs, colds, asthma, and all bronchial affections, is having an immense sale all over the country.

A RELIC.—The Spanish Minister at Washington has just received from a friend in Europe the sword of the great emperor Charles V.

ART IN FRANCE.

A recent letter from Paris says that an important step with regard to the future encouragement of art and provision for artists has just been suggested to the government, and is likely to be eagerly adopted. The French government has always been extremely desirous of helping art and creating prosperity and exclusiveness among its followers. A fund of most magnificent amount is to be placed at the disposition of the Minister des Beaux Arts, for the copying of all the chefs-d'œuvre of every master and every time now existing in Europe. One object of this measure is to remedy the injury done to art by the decay of the great master-pieces of which time is fast obliterating all trace, save that left by tradition of their beauty. These copies are to form an especial gallery. The first artists are to be employed, and a building of gigantic pretensions is to be erected for their reception. The idea is one possessing every element of grandeur and common sense at the same time, and the nation will be sure to applaud a measure which flatters so strongly that propensity to *attirer a soi* which Napoleon declared at St. Helena to be the most striking feature of the French character. If we are ever to make Boston a centre of art, the first step would be to commission American artists to execute accurate copies of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of foreign art. Originals of the masters we can never hope to procure—but satisfactory copies are attainable.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

NEW VOLUME—NEW STORY.

On the first of January, *The Flag of our Union* will enter upon its *fifteenth* volume. We have completed arrangements whereby the paper will be greatly improved, and shall appear in an entirely new and beautiful dress from top to toe, a new head, and upon fine white paper. The *Flag* was the pioneer of the papers of its class in this country, and it has ever labored to merit the large and still growing popularity it enjoys. We are constantly adding to our list of contributors, and do not hesitate to declare that no miscellaneous journal published, has a larger or more popular list of writers engaged upon its columns. We shall commence the new year with a brilliant original novelette, from the experienced and favorite pen of FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ESQ., entitled

THE POLICE SPY:

— OR, —

The Secret Crimes of Paris,

illustrated in Champney's best style. We are resolved that the next volume, with the advantage of the past fourteen years' experience, shall be the best that has ever issued from our establishment.

ALL-IMPORTANT.

It is all-important that our friends should send in their subscriptions *at once* for *The Welcome Guest*, in order that they may be in time to receive the first number as soon as published, and each succeeding one as it is regularly issued. We mean that it shall be the best and most attractive miscellaneous weekly paper in the United States. Our friends will be delighted with its appearance, clear and fine paper, new type, cast expressly for it, a rich, striking head, designed especially for us, and full to the brim of choice, original tales, sketches and poems,—thus forming a real casket of jewels. Each number *complete* in itself, and containing no advertisements. For terms, see another column.

A HINT.—We have reason to be thankful to a kind Providence for blessing us with good eyesight; but, alas! some of our contributors put it fearfully to the test. Pray, ladies and gentlemen, write distinctly.

AN ENTIRE CHANGE!—Let our readers understand that next week Ballou's Pictorial will be issued in an entirely new form, and in the most elegant style. It will hereafter be called *The Welcome Guest.*

STEAM FIRE ENGINE.—There is now building in Philadelphia a fine steam fire engine for this city, embracing many supposed improvements over those now in use.

SAD FACT.—The average number of deaths in this city, of consumption, at this season of the year, is twenty weekly. An insidious disease.

A DOCTOR'S TRIALS.

A country doctor need have patience, as well as patients. The Knickerbocker illustrates the trials to which he is subjected: The poor doctor is called from his bed, on a stormy night, with a stirring summons: "Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Bank's. His child's dead."

"Then why do you come?"

"He's poisoned. They gin him laudanum for paregoriky."

"How much have they given him?"

"Do'no—a great deal. Think he wont get over it."

The doctor pushes on through the storm—meets with divers mishaps on the way, and at length arrives at the house of the poisoned patient. He finds it all closed—not a light to be seen. He knocks at the door, but no answer. He knocks furiously, and at last a night-cap appears at the chamber-window, and a woman's voice squeaks out, "Who's there?"

"The doctor, to be sure. You sent for him."

"O, it's no matter, doctor. Ephraim is better. We got a little skeered, kinder. Gin him laudnum, and he slept kinder sound, but he's waked up now."

"How much laudanum did he swallow?"

"Only two drops. 'Tain't hurt him none. Wonderful bad storm to-night."

The doctor turns away, buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away mortification and anger, when the voice calls:

"Doctor, doctor!"

"What do you want?"

"You wont charge nothin' for the visit, will ye?"

A SUGGESTION.—We would suggest to our friends who have preserved their files of this paper, to hand them in at once, at our office, and have them securely bound. They are already very scarce, and few persons have complete files. We can supply nearly all back numbers that may be wanting to complete sets, if applied for at once. We bind the work in a strong, neat, uniform style, full gilt, at a charge of *one dollar* a volume, and return them in one week. Years hence they will be rare and valuable, as furnishing cotemporary history and biography which cannot be found elsewhere.

HORSE RAILROADS.—We certainly feel that horse railroads are doing much in the way of accommodating both our citizens and those who reside in the suburbs, but when petitioners for new routes propose to lay tracks in a thoroughfare as narrow as Winter Street, it is going a little too far. A good thing may be made a general nuisance by carrying it to extremes. We trust that our city government will never sanction the laying of railroad tracks in Winter Street, or any other street as narrow.

BRUTALITY.—The Chicago Press narrates an instance of a father so lost to all parental feeling as to desire that his daughter, aged 13, should be sent to Bridewell, the only reason urged being that she and her mother (step-mother) could not live happily under the same roof. The man richly merited Bridewell himself for his hard-heartedness. Justice Milliken sent the girl to the Home of the Friendless.

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL.—What a piquant and vivacious little witch Miss Mitchell is! She outrages all dramatic rules upon the stage, but disarms criticism at the same time. She isn't bigger than a good sized bouquet.

AN OLD BELL.—In the steeple of the Middle Dutch Church, in Lafayette Place, New York, there is now hanging a bell that is 128 years old. Think how many times it has rung when it has been *told* to!

A PROPOSED GOETHE FESTIVAL.—A German paper suggests that a Goethe-Fest, upon the same plan as the Schiller-Fest, shall be held in August next, and a Lessing-Fest some time subsequent.

GUNS FOR GUNPOWDER TEA.—A number of heavy iron guns of large calibre have been recently shipped from this port to China, where they have paid a handsome profit.

RELICS OF WAR.—A vessel recently arrived in England, from Sebastopol, with a cargo of 237 tons human bones. How suggestive!

INGENUITY OF ARTISTS.

Pliny asserts that an ingenious artist wrote the whole of the Iliad on so small a piece of parchment, that it might be enclosed within the compass of a nut-shell. Cicero also records the same thing. This doubtless might be done on a strip of thin parchment, and rolling it compactly. Heylin, in his life of Charles I., says that in Queen Elizabeth's time, a person wrote the ten commandments, the creed, the pater noster, the queen's name, and the date, within the compass of a penny, which he presented to her majesty, together with a pair of spectacles of such an artificial make, that by their help she plainly discerned every letter. One Francis Almonus wrote the creed and the first fourteen verses of the gospel of St. John on a piece of parchment no larger than a penny. In the library of St. John's College, Oxford, is a picture of Charles I. done with a pen, the lines of which contain all the psalms written in a legible hand.

Pennant, in his "Wales," says, "At Halston, in Shropshire, is a carving much resembling that mentioned by Walpole, in his Anecdotes of Painters, vol. II., p. 42. It is the portrait of Charles I., full-faced, cut on a peach-stone; above is a crown; his face and clothes, which are of a Vandyck dress, are painted; on the reverse is an eagle transfixed with an arrow, and round it is this motto, '*I feathered this arrow.*' The whole is most admirably executed, and is set in gold, with a crystal on each side. It probably was the work of Nicholas Bryot, a great graver of the mint in the time of Charles I." In the Royal Museum at Copenhagen is a common cherry-stone, on the surface of which are cut two hundred and twenty heads!

THE DUKE DE CHARTRES.

The day after the battle of Palestro, a young officer belonging to the Sardinian cavalry, whose duty it was to transport the Austrian prisoners to a place of safe keeping, presented himself to Colonel Chabron, of the 3d regiment of Zouaves, to receive his orders. The colonel, surprised at the purity of the young officer's French, asked him where he was born. "I am a Frenchman," replied the sub-lieutenant. "What is your name?" demanded the colonel. "De Chartres, *mon colonel.*" Seeing surprise depicted on the colonel's countenance at the mention of the name, he added, "I am the son of the Duke of Orleans." Having received his orders, he withdrew. The colonel, who relates this anecdote, says that he was much touched by the simplicity and gentle bearing of this young prince, who had already suffered such cruel reverses.

"MERRY ENGLAND."—A sickening case of flogging recently occured at Chatham, England. A private of the 88th Connaught Rangers, named Norton, who was decorated with the Sebastopol medal, returned home wounded from India a short time ago, and was waiting the order for his discharge. He appears to have always borne a somewhat indifferent character, and on the evening of the 7th ult. he struck a sergeant. For this offence he was sentenced to receive fifty lashes, and to be imprisoned for one hundred and sixty-eight days, and though it rained heavily at the time, the wounded wretch was undressed and fastened up to the triangles, when the full number of lashes were administered. As soon as he is able to leave the hospital, he will undergo the remainder of his sentence at Fort Clarence Prison.

CAN GOUT BE CURED?—It is said that the severest gout has been cured by the persevering use of coffee. In the French colonies, as well as in Turkey, where coffee constitutes the principal beverage, the gout is almost unknown. We do not vouch for the infallibility of this remedy, but it is a harmless one, and worthy of a trial.

THE BEARD.—A correspondent of the Dayton (Ohio) Religious Telescope says the wearing of beard "savors of barbarism." To our mind, smooth chins savor of *barber*-ism.

THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.—The income of the Papal government is 12,700,000 dollars a year—not quite enough to pay expenses.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.—The man who wedded an opinion found himself married to a one-eyed dear (one idea).

MATRIMONIAL.—Tom Thumb is about to be married to a lady of his own size.

"THE WELCOME GUEST."—After FOURTEEN years' experience in newspaper publishing, we are resolved to make this new journal, which will be issued on the first of January, the most valuable, attractive, and elegant weekly literary paper yet brought before the eye of the public! Now is the time to subscribe—$2 a year.

Wayside Gatherings.

There are two theatres at Denver City, but no shingle nails.

In Virginia every man is taxed for the salary he receives.

The shipment of gold from California this year will probably be $40,000,000.

The young woman to whom General Tom Thumb has pledged his heart and hand is just forty-two inches in height.

The only artesian well in New Hampshire has just been completed at the paper mills of B. F. Martin in Manchester. It is six inches in diameter, 200 feet deep, and cost $1600.

Cattle buyers from Milwaukie have been traversing Iowa and collecting all the herds of cattle they can purchase to drive to that city, where they are slaughtered and shipped to Liverpool. The capital is furnished by Canadian operators.

Judge Watts, who has just arrived at Washington, direct from New Mexico, says he saw Kit Carson in good health immediately preceding his departure, and hence emphatically contradicts the report of the latter's death.

The Keokuk (Iowa) Gate City estimates that over one million dollars will be saved to the State of Iowa this year, in consequence of the introduction of the Chinese cane. The price of the syrup ranges from fifty to sixty cents per gallon.

The village of Pontiac, Ill., was extensively damaged by a tornado on the 25th ult. Several buildings were completely demolished, many were unroofed, numerous chimneys blown down and windows broken. Other places in the vicinity also suffered damage.

Captain Chatfield, of the ship Mayflower, of Boston, has been notified by the British Consul that Her Majesty's government have awarded to him a silver mounted telescope, in consideration of his humane treatment of the crew of the English barque "Briton's Pride."

The University of Virginia has 590 students, with a prospect of several more. Of these, about four hundred are in the academical department, and the remainder divided about equally between law and medicine. Quite a number of the students are from the Northern States.

Princeton, Mass., is a healthy place. A clergyman of that place recently stated that he had not been called to attend a single funeral among the people belonging to his congregation, including some five hundred persons, for a whole year. No epidemic has prevailed there for over fifty years.

On the lost steamer New World, it will be remembered one of the stewards *sold* his life-preservers to the affrighted passengers. He was transferred to another steamer, on board of which, a few days since, after being tantalized for his meanness, he was seen "to gnash his teeth" and suddenly jump overboard. He was drowned.

A rumor having appeared in the papers to the effect that Mr. Burton had lost his voice, that eminent comique contradicts it characteristically thus:—"Some one has disfranchised me—taken away my voice! I am a dumb dog! Restore me my speech. I object to the mutes, but not to the liquids. Say, 'twas but a little hoarseness—that I recovered, and can 'roar you as gently as a sucking dove!'"

The staff which was used by Bishop Charbonnel, at the consecration of the Coadjutor Bishop of Toronto, was composed of an old staff of the late Bishop Macdonnell, and the crook was that used by the Abbot of St. Fillian, to bless the Scottish army at the battle of Bannockburn. It is of solid silver, with some relic enclosed behind a white stone, and the workmanship conclusively proves its antiquity.

The Cape Ann Advertiser contains a recapitulation of the loss of Gloucester seamen and fishermen for 1859. It appears that five vessels belonging to that port have been lost during the present year, with all on board. Many officers and sailors belonging to the place have been lost in vessels sailing from other ports; total number of Gloucester seamen and fishermen who have been lost the present year amounts to seventy.

The condition of the New York streets may be imagined when it is stated that, in an imperfect attempt recently made one week to clean them, and without any visible improvement being made manifest, 1697 loads of manure, 3471 loads of dirt and rubbish, and 8792 loads of ashes, or a total of 13,970 loads of dirt, manure and ashes were removed. This was all done at an expense of $4396.

The great annual ceremonies of the Mohammedan faith at Mecca terminated on the 11th of October, in the presence of about 50,000 pilgrims, of whom 17,850 had come by sea, and 32,150 by land. In 1858, there were 160,000 pilgrims; in 1857, 140,000; and in 1856, 120,000. This great decrease in the number in 1859 is owing, the natives declare, to the events of last year at Jeddah, and also to the dread of the cholera, which made extensive ravages in 1858.

Sands of Gold.

.... Politeness may be regarded as the zero of friendship's thermometer.—*De Boufflers.*

.... They are the true disciples of Christ, not who know most, but who love most.—*Spanheim.*

.... Constancy is a saint without a worshipper.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Natural wants are few and easily gratified; only those which are artificial perplex us by their multiplicity.—*Bovee.*

.... Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—*Bishop Hall.*

.... College mostly makes people like bladders—just good for nothing but to hold the stuff that is poured into them.—*Adam Bede.*

.... The secret of one's success or failure in nearly every enterprise, is usually contained in the answer to the question—How earnest is he?—*Bovee.*

.... I don't think a knowledge of the classics is a pressing want to a country gentleman: as far as I can see, he'd much better have a knowledge of manures.—*Adam Bede.*

.... Nature has made some evil common, and certain blessings rare, that our merit in avoiding the one and acquiring the other, might be the more signal.—*Bovee.*

.... Our wealth does not so much consist in our acquisitions as in our performances, and he is sometimes the richest man who has left himself nothing.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... The best evidence in the world that Christianity is advancing is found in the fact that the walls between the sects are growing weaker, or falling in ruins.—*Holland.*

.... He who resolves frequently, is apt to spend all his energies in his resolutions. It is better to advance upon the journey which you have purposed, even though the baggage be left behind.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... Good taste is often purer in the cultivated man who confines himself to reading, than in the professional writer, because one is only a judge, and the other is both judge and client.—*De Boufflers.*

.... Women govern us, let us render them perfect; the more they are unenlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.—*Sheridan.*

.... The facts of history and of science constitute only the materials of knowledge. Fact without philosophy is like matter uninformed with mind; or like the letters in a printer's case, compared with the same when put into type; or as the words and syllables of a dead language without an interpreter.—*Clulow.*

Joker's Budget.

"I love thee *still*," as the quiet husband said to the chattering wife.

The Barri-cade is only a brother on the French side, of Jack Cado.

Physicians are the nut-crackers used by angels to get our souls out of the shell which surrounds them.

There is a man in Boston who walks so slow that he wears a pair of spurs to keep his shadow from treading on his heels.

It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true democracy to a lamp-post.

The Mormonites are a set of brutes little superior to the baboon, and they may be ranked under the denomination of Orang-Utabng.

A German resident in New York has such a remarkably hard name, that he spoils a gross of steel pens endorsing a note.

The men who are willing "to die for an idea," would be much better employed in living for a reality.

Things bought as "Great Bargains," are mostly parted with afterwards at "A Tremendous Sacrifice."

At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given:—"The game of fortune—shuffle the cards as you will, Spades will always win."

A reliable swell declares that he lately danced one evening with three young ladies, the united circumference of whose dresses amounted to a hundred yards.

An exchange paper mentions the marriage of a Mr. John Sweet to Miss Ann Sour. It is probable they mean to set up the lemonade business.

The Albany Knickerbocker says it was so cold on Monday, that it broke up a marriage that was coming off, the bridegroom's passions being frozen up.

The Springfield Republican, says that there was once a man in that town who was so polite as to say, as he passed a hen on her nest, "don't rise, ma'am."

An editor down South, out of compassion for the sensibilities of his readers, says he "forbears to give his opinions as to what will be the fate of the country the next four years."

One person abusing another in the presence of Churchill, the poet said, "He was so extremely stupid, that if you said a good thing he could not understand it." "Pray, sir," said Churchill, "Did you ever try him?"

BAD LUCK. BAD LUCK.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"MORE bad luck!" said Mr. Pierson to his wife, as he threw himself on the sofa in a desperate manner. "I believe heaven itself is against me! Nothing I touch prospers."

Mr. Pierson had just come home from his store. He was a merchant, and by most persons thought to be a successful one. He had been in business once before, and after accumulating a comfortable little fortune of sixty or seventy thousand dollars, had lost it all through a bad speculation.

The wife saw, by the manner of her husband, that something serious had occurred, or was in danger of occurring. He looked very much troubled, and his tone was more troubled than his countenance. She waited for some moments in expectation that he would say more; but as he remained silent, she inquired as to the cause of his anxiety.

"Philpot & Markham have failed!" he replied, in an abrupt manner.

"They have!" said the wife, turning pale.

"Yes; and besides owing me twenty thousand dollars, they will, in all probability, cause the suspension of four or five houses largely in my debt. If so, I am ruined again. It's nothing but bad luck—bad luck! I am utterly disheartened!"

"Hope for the best, dear husband!" said Mrs. Pierson, speaking in a voice of encouragement. "It may not turn out so badly as you fear."

"Hope for the best and get the worst! Humph! that has been, thus far, my experience in life."

"Do not say that, Henry. Few have enjoyed more of life's blessings than we. Even what we used to call our dark days were oftener bright with the heart's sunshine, than gloomy with clouds or wet with the falling rain. Was it not so? Think!"

"I can't think of anything but the present, and that is dark enough."

"All is for the best, Henry. Do not forget that."

"I don't believe a word of it, and never did. O, dear!" And Mr. Pierson started up and commenced pacing the floor hurriedly.

His wife knew his character well enough to be sure that any further attempt on her part to give him the strength he needed, would only produce irritation of mind, and so she forbore saying anything further than to inquire more particularly into the circumstances of the failure likely to involve them in ruin.

Tea was soon after announced, and Mr. Pierson, after sitting at the table without eating anything, until the family had partaken of the meal, arose and left the house, in order to see a merchant with whom he had confidential business transactions.

Shortly after Mr. Pierson went out, and while Mrs. Pierson and her oldest daughter, Jessie, then just eighteen years of age, were sitting alone together, a servant came to the room and said that there was a gentleman in the parlor.

"Who is he?" inquired Mrs. Pierson.

"Mr. Garland," replied the servant.

"O, yes," said Jessie, "he has called for me. We are going to the opera."

"With Mr. Garland!" returned the mother, evincing surprise.

"Why not with him, mother?"

"Your father and I have both said that we rather not have you keep company with this man?"

"You indulge a causeless prejudice against him, mother."

"No. Our objection is founded in what we know of him, as well as in observation and experience."

Jessie had arisen, and was moving slowly towards the door while her mother spoke.

"My daughter!" said Mrs. Pierson, her manner changing, "you surely will not go to the opera with this person?"

"I have promised him that I would do so, and I cannot break my word."

"Your father will be greatly displeased."

"I shall be sorry. But, mother, my word is passed, and I must not break it."

And as Jessie said this, she withdrew from the room, and closed the door as she went out. Mrs. Pierson, who had arisen from her chair, sat down with a sighing moan, and crossing her face with her hands, bent her body and rocked herself to and fro restlessly. Up to within a few months, a more loving or dutiful child than Jessie was not to be found. Since then she made the acquaintance of a man named Garland, and became completely fascinated with him. He was some years older than she was, and had seen a good deal of the world. In exterior, he was a polished gentleman; and being well educated, was just the kind of a person to dazzle a young girl who was able only to judge from mere appearances.

On leaving her mother, Jessie went to her own room, and, in a little while, descended to the parlor, where Mr. Garland awaited her. She was not dressed to go out. Better counsels had prevailed in her mind. She hesitated to act in such direct opposition to the views and feelings of her mother.

"Ah, how do you do?" said Mr. Garland, in his frank, free way, taking Jessie's hand familiarly as she entered. "Are you not going to the opera?"

"Not if you will excuse me for breaking my word with you."

"That will depend entirely upon the reason you have to offer," said the gentleman. "But no doubt it is a good one. You could have no other."

"I think it good. My mother seems unwilling to have me go."

"The best reason in the world," returned Mr. Garland.

"I am glad you think so. I would act contrary to her wishes with great reluctance."

"What reason does she give?" asked Mr. Garland, smiling, while he looked into Jessie's face, yet evidently deeply interested in her answer.

Jessie blushed slightly, and there was a momentary hesitation in her manner, as she said:

"Mothers are a little over-careful of their daughters sometimes, you know. My mother is particularly so. She has an objection to my attending public places of amusement, unless in company with my father."

"Ah!" Mr. Garland looked serious for a moment. "Has she made this objection before?"

"Not in any particular instances. But she has this general objection."

"It is a prejudice, certainly," said Mr. Garland. "Still, it is one that, as a daughter, you should respect. As for me, it is no disappointment. An hour spent with you here, in the quiet of your own parlor, will fully compensate for all I had anticipated at the opera."

"I am happy to hear you say that. I feared it would be a great disappointment."

"O, no; none in the least. In fact, I am pleased at the turn things have taken. I wanted to have a little quiet conversation with you, and now the opportunity has come."

Mr. Garland looked earnestly into the face of the maiden as he spoke; and the maiden's eyes shone with a deeper and more liquid brightness, while a gentle warmth pervaded her lovely countenance. There were a few moments of silence, which Garland broke by saying, in a low voice, while he bent nearer:

"Jessie, you must pardon my freedom in saying, with all frankness—I never speak in any other way—that the most pleasant hours of my life are passed in your society. This is not meant as simply a compliment. I do not waste words in mere compliments, but in saying just what I think and feel."

Jessie's heart bounded with a wild impulse, and the blood went quicker through her veins, while a thrill of delight pervaded her whole being. She bent her head to listen, and, at the same time, to conceal the too gratified expression of her beautiful young face. Garland saw the effect of his words, and went on:

"Nay, more than that; the hours that are spent away from you are duller and more irksome to me than they have ever been. It is so, and I cannot help it."

There was another pause. The eyes of Jessie were cast upon the floor, and her face was so turned away that Garland could not see its expression. But it did not escape his observation that her respiration was fuller—almost panting—and that her hand had a visible tremor. He understood fully the meaning of these signs; and they emboldened him to touch with a gentle pressure, the hand that lay most temptingly near his own; and the hand did not shrink. His fingers clasped upon it, and yet it remained passive. There was no longer any doubt in the mind of Garland. The maiden was his.

Tenderer words were then spoken. To these followed an open confession of love, which Jessie met by a blushing reference to her parents. When Garland parted, on that evening, with the happy and bewildered girl, a kiss of love was left burning upon her lips.

On the next day, more certain intelligence in regard to the failure was received by Mr. Pierson. It was even more ruinous than at first believed. While brooding, gloomily, over the probable result to himself, a letter was handed to him. On breaking the seal, he found it to be a note from Garland, which briefly stated the writer's attachment for Jessie, and preferred a request for her hand. The receipt of this offer had the effect to disturb Mr. Pierson still more deeply. Jessie was his best beloved child; and the interest felt in her welfare had ever been most intense. Garland he had never liked. Though well connected, and moving freely in the best circles, he had always doubted the correctness of his principles, and considered him a cold-hearted man of the world. He was engaged in no business, and in Mr. Pierson's mind were many unsatisfied questions in regard to his mode of obtaining an income. To have such a man win the affections of his child, was, indeed, an affliction, which, coming at such an unpropitious time, nearly completed the prostration of his feelings. Mr. Pierson immediately replied that he could not accept the offer for Jessie's hand, and begged Garland to dismiss the subject at once and forever from his mind.

But Garland sought Jessie, and by flattery and promises of fidelity, at stolen interviews, neutralized parental influence over her. Meantime her father struggled on for a few months, when a second failure compelled him to decide on calling a meeting of his creditors.

On the very day this course was resolved upon, Mr. Pierson received, from some unknown hand, a letter, warning him that, at a certain time, not a week off, a secret marriage was arranged to take place between his daughter and Garland. His first thought was to show Jessie the letter, and demand of her whether the statement were true. But, upon reflection and consultation with her mother, it was thought best to observe her movements in silence, and to be ready to prevent the step, if she were really so blind as to think of taking it.

Painful—deeply painful, was the trial through which Mr. Pierson found himself obliged to pass; not the less so from the circumstance that a vivid recollection remained of a former trial, alike in character, the enduring of which had well nigh crushed him hopelessly to the earth. But there was no alternative. To go on longer in business was impossible. A meeting of creditors was called, and a full statement of his affairs submitted. The cause of his embarrassment was plain. There was not one of his creditors who had not suffered by the failure that had paralyzed him. Some were for closing up the debtor's business forthwith, while others, seeing that he had a fair surplus if everything were settled, wished to extend his time liberally, and thus give him a chance to recover himself.

Meantime, and while all was yet undetermined, the news of Mr. Pierson's failure spread from lip to lip, until it was known everywhere in the city. Of course, the lover of Jessie became apprised of the circumstance.

The information received by Mr. Pierson in regard to Jessie's intended marriage was true. Garland had so won upon the infatuated girl as to gain her consent to leave her father's house, and become his wife clandestinely. The time fixed for this act arrived before any settlement of her father's affairs could possibly be made, and before the news of his failure had even reached his ears. The arrangement was, for Jessie to meet Garland at the house of a young lady friend who was in the secret, and to proceed from thence to the house of a minister and get the marriage rite said. Rooms had been taken at the American Hotel, where the young couple were to sojourn until the anger of Jessie's parents were appeased.

Jessie thought it rather strange that for several evenings previous to the one on which the marriage was to take place, her lover had not called at the friend's house where they usually met two or three times a week, nor had he sent even a perfumed missive to tell her that love's flame still burned brightly. No doubt of his constancy came, however, like a shadow across her spirit; and she prepared herself to keep to the minute her engagement.

Mr. Pierson had come home gloomier than usual. On the day before, he had hopes of making such an arrangement with the creditors as would enable him to go on and finally recover himself; but two or three parties were urgent for an immediate settlement, and a realization of whatever his effects would pay, and their influence upon other parties seemed likely to prevail. Amid this trouble, however, the unhappy man did not forget his child. Her blindness and folly pained him, even more than the wreck of all his worldly prospects. It was his intention to intercept his daughter as she attempted to leave the house; and in order to be fully in time to do so, he came home earlier than usual. His first inquiry was for Jessie; and he learned that she had been in her room alone during the entire afternoon.

"Are you certain that she has not already gone?" he inquired, a doubt suddenly crossing his mind.

"O, no, I should have heard her," replied the mother.

"Suppose you go up to her room and see if she is there?" suggested Mr. Pierson.

The mother did so; but in a few moments came down hurriedly, looking pale and frightened.

"She is not there!" she said, huskily.

Mr. Pierson clasped his hands together and groaned aloud.

They were too late. Fearful of being observed and questioned if she left the house after her father came home for the evening, Jessie had determined upon going to the residence of her friend at an earlier hour than at first decided upon, and she acted accordingly. The time appointed for Mr. Garland to come was eight o'clock. Up to that hour Jessie waited for his arrival—her feelings in a high state of excitement. As the clock struck, the hall bell rang. Breathlessly the young girl listened for the footsteps of her lover. The door was opened, and a strange voice said something to the waiter. A note was then handed into the parlor. It was for Jessie. Some moments passed before the excited girl could break the seal. She read, and then uttering a faint cry, fell insensible to the floor. The note was from Garland, and was in a few words as follows:

"Circumstances unforeseen prevent my seeing you to-night, or at present fulfilling our engagement. When we meet again I will explain all. Adieu for the present."

So long did Jessie remain unconscious, that, in alarm, a messenger was sent for her father. Mr. Pierson had just returned from a fruitless search after his daughter when the messenger arrived, and he instantly repaired to the house where she had gone. He found her partially recovered from her swoon, but in a most wretched state of mind. From the note written by Garland, which was placed in his hands, he understood the precise state of affairs, and before giving voice to reproach or censure. As soon as he could remove her she was taken home. For days she kept her room, most of the time weeping; or, in gloomy silence, refusing every offer of comfort.

By all this Mr. Pierson was rendered doubly unhappy. It seemed as if his cup was full.

"All things are against me," he said, murmuringly; "I was born to disappointment."

"Say not so," returned his wife, who had a far more hopeful and confiding spirit. "In all this seeming evil, rely upon it, there is a hidden good. Let us be thankful that our child is not lost to us. No misfortune could have been greater than that."

"I doubt if we shall ever see the good," said Mr. Pierson, fretfully. "No—it is all my bad luck—I was born to it. Other people escape misfortune and domestic trials but I am doomed to reverses and disappointment at every turn. and the curse rests upon all who bear any relation to me."

It was in vain that his wife argued with him; her voice could not charm away the evil spirit that came with its dark suggestions.

A few days more elapsed, and then light began to fall upon the gloomy way the embarrassed merchant was treading. Through the influence of his friends among the creditors, liberal extensions were granted him, and all his business property left in his hands, to be used to his best advantage.

"Can you recover yourself?" asked his wife, when this fact was communicated.

"I believe so," replied Mr. Pierson, confidently.

"Must we give up this house and change our style of living? If necessary, speak the word, and I am prepared for whatever is right."

A smile played around the lip of the merchant, as he replied:

"No—no; that will not be required. I am still worth thirty thousand dollars, and will bring it out clear of the business in a couple of years. Things are not really so bad as I feared."

"Then, we have had good, instead of bad luck."

"How will you make that appear?"

"Nothing but our misfortune saved our Jessie from a marriage that would have made us all unhappy."

"You are right. It was clearly an advantageous marriage in a money view, that the fellow sought. The mercenary, false-hearted scoundrel!"

"And Jessie begins to see this now, since I have told her of your recent change of fortune—ill luck, as you call it."

"It was good luck for her, the silly girl! And she will understand it fully one of these days. A man with a heart as base as Garland's, generally acts himself out before he dies, in such a way as to secure the infamy he deserves."

While this conversation was going on, an acquaintance dropped in.

"Have you heard about this Garland?" he asked.

"No; what of him?"

"He was arrested this forenoon for forgery."

"What!"

"He forged a check on Green & Lane for five thousand dollars, and got the money."

"Is it possible! When did this occur?"

"He passed the check on the teller at the Bank of America, just before three o'clock to-day. Something created suspicion, and the fraud was discovered in a few minutes after he left the counter. The police were immediately put upon his track, and arrested him on the boat as he was leaving for the South."

"What an escape!" murmured Mr. Pierson, in a low voice, as he thought of his child.

"Was it bad or good luck?" inquired Mrs. Pierson, as soon as they were again alone, laying her hand as she spoke upon her husband's arm, and looking him earnestly and almost tearfully in the face.

"Good luck!" was the emphatic reply. "The loss of property is nothing compared to the dreadful sacrifice our dear child has so narrowly escaped. I would let all go without a murmur, to save her from such a fate. I shudder to think of it."

"Yet, to all human appearance, had not this misfortune come—"

"Do not speak of it; it makes me heart sick. She is safe, and small indeed has been the sacrifice required to secure her safety. I acknowledge that there is a wise power ruling in the affairs of men."

"And good as wise."

"Yes—yes; good as wise."

Mr. Pierson bowed his head and sat silent, while the truth he had just uttered sunk into his heart.

Many years have passed since that experience, and all has not been sunshine. But Mr. Pierson has never been heard to lament over his bad luck, nor to say that he believed Heaven was against him. He had cause to know better.

HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK.

The view on the Harlem River, near the High Bridge, which we give below, is one of the most pleasing in the State of New York. While there are many places in the State where nature has spread in rich profusion her charms to win the eye and attract the pencil of the artist, perhaps no other spot in the vicinity of New York has attracted greater attention than the famous Croton Aqueduct, commonly called the "High Bridge"—a noble structure of stone spanning the Harlem Creek or river, which separates Manhattan or New York Island from the main land. The attractions of this spot are still further increased by the romantic scenery in the vicinity. On one side the banks of the river are very high and precipitous, while on the other a well-wooded declivity slopes to the water's edge, along which passes one of the main roads to the High Bridge. Few persons, we think, in passing along from McCoomb's dam to the Aqueduct, but must have been pleased with the forest-girt road, especially where it makes a sudden turn, and the High Bridge bursts in its full grandeur upon the eye. At this spot our artist sat down and made the accompanying sketch looking down the river. The High Bridge is a magnificent and lofty construction, built of stone; it is fourteen hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and fourteen feet above the level of high water. The water through the Croton Aqueduct crosses the Harlem River on this bridge, through the Manhattan and Clendening Valleys, and the intervening high grounds, to the receiving reservoir in New York city, where it scatters its blessings to the hundreds of thousands of inhabitants of that great hive of active life. The scene, given above, as we before have said, is one of much beauty, and its rural and quiet aspect makes it a charming resort for the lover of retired meditation, who would secure a pleasing retreat for the while from the stirring strife, the toilsome occupations and corroding cares of the busy city.

VIEW ON THE HARLEM RIVER, NEAR HIGH BRIDGE, NEW YORK.

Don't live in hope with your arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put shoulders to the wheel that propels them on to wealth and happiness. Cut this out, and carry it about in your vest pocket, ye who idle in bar-rooms or at the corners of the streets.

SKYE TERRIERS AND ROYALTY.

From times unrecorded until about twenty years ago, the Skye terrier awaited confidently his summons to the sphere of rank and fashion. About that time, the day, which, as the proverb figuratively informs us, it falls to the lot of each individual of the canine race to enjoy, began to shine out brightly for the dog of Skye, the first rays of it that reached him being reflected from no less a luminary than the crown of Great Britain; for it was among the Scottish fancies of England's queen to adopt as a prime favorite the hitherto obscure quadruped. Reckoned until that time—if anybody took the trouble of computing him at all—as one of the ugliest of his race, he at once found himself invested with all the attributes of a canine Adonis—a very Admirable Crichton of dogs—perfect in intellect, face, figure, and the hyperion luxuriance of his copious mane and tail. In our youth, we knew—and hated—a small, unmitigated snob of a dog called the Pug, a kind of work-basket bull dog, diminutive in size, dyspeptic in temper, disagreeable to contemplate, and distressing to be obliged to admire. One of the missions in society of Skye terrier—who, when going before a high wind, bears no unapt resemblance to a mop or wisp of tow—was to mop up Pug, and polish him off the hearth-rug of fashion; a mission which he appears to have at least partially accomplished. For, now the black muzzle of Pug is but seldom to be seen protruded from carriage window, biding his time for a snap at the first kid-gloved finger that wags within range of his overlapping tusks in waving salutation to his dowager mistress—for, of the dowagers, above all, he was one of the chronic calamities. Oftener, now, are the well-combed whiskers and moustaches of Skye dog to be recognized dropping over the drawing-room window sill, or framed like a portrait by Landseer, in the panelled sash of the barouche, out of which he gazes pensively with the impressive speculation of the true *flaneur*.—*"Dog-talk" in the Atlantic Monthly.*

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

The advances which have recently been made in the mechanical and useful arts have already begun to influence our social condition, and must affect still more deeply our system of education. The knowledge which used to constitute a scholar, and fit him for social and intellectual intercourse, will not avail him under the present ascendency of practical science. New and gigantic inventions mark almost every passing year—the colossal tubular bridge, conveying the monster train over an arm of the sea—the submarine cable, carrying the pulse of speech beneath 2000 miles of ocean—the monster ship freighted with thousands of lives—and the huge rifle gun throwing its fatal but unchristian charge across miles of earth or of ocean. New arts, too, useful and ornamental, have sprung up luxuriantly around us. New powers of nature have been evoked, and man communicates with man across seas and continents with more certainty and speed than if he had been endowed with the pinions of the eagle. Wherever we are, in short, art and science surround us. They have given birth to new and lucrative professions. Whatever we propose to do they help us. In our houses they greet us with light and heat. When we travel we find them at every stage on land, and at every harbor on our shores. They stand beside our board by day, and beside our couch by night.

To our thoughts they give the speed of lightning, to our time-pieces the punctuality of the sun; and though they cannot provide us with the boasted lever of Archimedes to move the earth, or indicate the spot upon which we must stand could we do it, they have put into our hands tools of matchless power by which we can study the remotest worlds; and they have furnished us with an intellectual plummet by which we can sound the depths of the earth, and count the cycles of its endurance. In this hour of presumption and ignorance man has tried to do more than this; but though he was not permitted to reach the heavens with his cloud-capt tower of stone, and has tried in vain to navigate the æriel ocean, it was given him to ascend into the empyrean by chains of thought which no lightning could fuse, and no comet strike; and though he has not been allowed to grasp with an arm of flesh the products of other worlds, or tread upon the pavement of gigantic planets, he has been enabled to scan, with more than eagle's eye, the mighty creations in the bosom of space—to march intellectually over the mosaics of sidereal systems, and to follow the adventurous Phæton in a chariot which can never be overturned.—*Sir David Brewster.*

DISINFECTANTS IN PARIS.

Ever since Messrs. Corme and Demeaux proposed sulphate of lime and coal tar as a disinfectant, purifying agents have been the order of the day. The merit of the discovery was of course at first disputed; and every one who thought he could contrive some disinfecting compound sent papers and samples to the Academy of Medicine or of Sciences. The last applicant is M. Boinet, well known by his works, who, in a paper read September 20th, before the Academy of Medicine of Paris, contends that the foulest sores can be rendered perfectly sweet by applications of tincture of iodine. There will be no harm in trying this agent, which, no doubt, has already rendered very great service.—*London Lancet.*

Poet's Corner.

HOPE.

BY SARAH ADAMS.

The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
Within man's heart remain.
The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps towards some happy goal,
The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed.
And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through fallen tears—to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

FOREST SCENERY.

For the shadow of the forest lay
On the crushed heart of the forest maid;
Glorious sunshine, and the light of day,
And the blue air of long summers played
Ever in the green tops of the trees;
Down below were depths and mysteries,
Dim perspectives, and a humid smell
Of decaying leaves and rotting cones;
While, far up, the wild bee rung her bell,
And the blossoms nodded on their thrones.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

HARMONY OF THE SPHERES.

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings.
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;—
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

SHAKSPEARE.

WANT AND RICHES.

Give want her welcome, if she comes; we find
Riches to be but burthens to the mind.—HERRICK.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

—As we sit down to write these lines, a wild northeasterly snow-storm is driving past our window. Far and wide, the fields and streets are whitened, with only here and there some sere stubble and leafless shrub breaking the uniformity of its purity. But yesterday the cattle were browsing in the fields, and the atmosphere was like that of summer. Now "through the hawthorn blows the cold wind." The images it calls up are often dismal—pictures of wrecks at sea, of lonely graveyards with the snow-drifts lying deep on the mounds, of travellers sinking down to perish within sight of cheerful farmhouses. How completely is the significance of nature dependent on our own feelings—and how its smiles and frowns are but the reflex of our own sunniness or gloom!.....Baron Zedwitz and five friends lately killed on his premises in Bohemia 2780 partridges in three days. The baron was responsible for 700 of them. So Carl Benson reports to the "Spirit of the Times," New York.....An inventor has just obtained a patent for a glass coffin. Bodies placed in these coffins may be preserved in their natural state for all time to come, and when placed in vaults can always be accessible to the gaze of those who are left behind. Who would wish to preserve the features of a friend with the icy seal of death impressed upon them—with the life of life absent? Death is always ghastly even in his gentlest visitation, and all who have hearts would wish to remember the loved and lost as they looked when living—not to preserve the yellow mask that mocks humanity.....The mayor of Pittsburg recently imposed a fine upon the coachman of a gentleman of that city for pursuing worldly employment on the Sabbath, by driving the family of the latter to church. On appeal to the Supreme Court the decision was reversed. The chief justice remarked that no further guilt was incurred than if the defendant had been driving a carriage containing his own family, and not the family of an employer....It is supposed there are in existence at this hour 50,000,000 of English sovereigns, and about 120,000,000 of shillings. We have no ocular evidence of the existence of any portion of this sum.....The lighthouse on Minot's Ledge, being built by Captain Alexander, is in a more exposed situation, and, as far as proceeded with, is more securely bolted together than the famous Eddystone Lighthouse in England.....The Georgia Penitentiary is a self-sustaining institution. From the report of the warden, it appears that the receipts for the past year were $71,364 79, and the liabilities $14,000 76. There were 209 convicts in the prison on the 1st of October.....A huge serpent was recently shot near St. Joseph, Missouri, which measured seventeen feet in length.....Five thousand cast iron letter boxes will soon be put up and fastened to lamp posts or other convenient positions in New York.....A little boy named Vaught had a narrow escape in Norwich, Ct., recently. He was passing near a shaft, running from one factory to another, when he became entangled by means of a tippet he wore around his neck, and was violently whirled around until the tippet broke and released him.....On a recent trial at Milwaukee, one lawyer testified that the fees of a brother lawyer were $19,000 last year.....Wilkes' Spirit of the Times says: "We are authoritatively informed that there are at present fourteen establishments in this city where the 'best brands' of Champagne are daily manufactured for the use of the intelligent, epicurean, fastidious, and critical people of the United States.".....The Home Journal says: "Madame Bishop is *a study*, as a model of beauty and gracefulness, as well as for her matchless excellence in singing.".....The King of Sardinia's ex-head cook is employed in one of the San Francisco restaurants.....Mr. T. T. Woodbury of Amesbury Mills, Mass., formerly a seaman, is reported to have invented a light for ships' use, which will be particularly useful to fishermen. It is a combination of the lantern, reflector, blue light, and percussion gun, and is at once a signal light, an alarm, and signal of distress. Mr. Woodbury has taken means to secure his patent, and will soon visit England with it.....The sale of California wines in San Francisco this year will amount to about half a million of dollars. One of the San Francisco papers gives a list of twenty-six various brands, the owner of which has a stock of 100,000 gallons, another 80,000, and a third 30,000 gallons.....A letter from Shanghai, denouncing the Coolie trade and exposing its horrors, says: "It seems that a ship having on board several hundreds of these unfortunates, returning from Havana to their homes, sprung aleak in a gale, put into Rio de Janeiro for repairs, and these being more than she could pay, the coolies were sent on shore and resold for a term of years, to pay expenses. This is almost incredible; but there is, unfortunately, too much reason to believe that it really occurred.".....A letter from Cannon Falls, Minn., to the St Paul Pioneer, describes a prairie fire near the Falls. From out of the west, above the dim horizon, the great red flames came surging in long, quivering waves, extending four or five miles over the prairie. The whole heavens were as red as blood; the flames rose fifteen or twenty feet in the air, and seemed to threaten destruction to everything before them. Some farms which lay in their way very narrowly escaped by having furrows plowed around. Several wheat stacks were swallowed up, and one man only saved his dwelling house by six feet. The next morning this fiery flood had left a great blackened waste as far as the eye could reach.....Chrysostom, speaking of the composition of a sermon, says: "I had a vision. I thought I saw the communion rails crowded with angels listening to the sermon. When a man speaks as in the sight of God, with an open heaven—with Christ and angels before him—he catches the true prophetic fire; he offers a present salvation from a present Saviour; the spirit of glory and grace descends, and the flame communicates to his auditory, and accompanies them to their houses.".....A newspaper is issued at Tamarora, Perry county, Illinois, called the Egyptian Spy, which is printed on the first type that ever came to Illinois—the same on which were printed the laws of the State while the seat of government was at Kaskaskia.....A singular incident occurred during the shipwreck of the Indian. An aged Irishman, who had a considerable sum of money with him, had been insane for a week previous from fear of being wrecked. He would frequently pick up his apparel and offer any one money to put him ashore, prophesying that the ship would never reach Portland. After the bow fell over he was seen sitting on the forecastle deck ladder, with his satchel in his hand, apparently unconscious or unable to take advantage of the attempts made to save him. In a little time he fell from his place, and slid across the deck into the sea, where he was drowned as he foretold a week before.....The Western papers state that Mr. Joseph Danziger of Lafayette, Ohio, is engaged in constructing a mammoth air-vessel, to be called "The Star City." It will be nearly five times the capacity of Wise's balloon "Jupiter," and is designed to carry four passengers, besides provisions and ballast. In its construction, Mr. Danziger designs using a new material for which he claims a patent. It is called silk rubber, and its virtue consists in its expansive quality, great strength and economy, enabling the aeronaut to dispense with all netting save what little may be necessary to sustain the basket.....A good story is current at Portland, Oregon, that the American residents of Victoria were prepared to fire the town and run off with his excellency Governor Douglass, had Admiral Baines followed his orders and fired on the American force at San Juan.....The Scotsman says that Mrs. Renton, of Buccleuch-place, has in her possession the "Essay of Dreams," given in by Lord Brougham to Dugald Stewart in 1796. It is written in the same bold, slashing, impatient hand as in his prime. Its title is "Inquiry into the State of our Minds when Asleep," and this altered by the boy-writer to "in Sleep—by induction;" and in the corner, in stout half text, is "Henry Brougham." It begins with a quotation from Bacon, and ends with one from Newton, the teacher and master of induction being first and last. Mrs. Renton got it many years ago from Mr. Small, secretary to Dugald Stewart; he told her that when they were looking over the essays, Stewart said, pushing Brougham's essay to him, "Small, keep that; that boy, if he likes, may be Lord Chancellor of England!".....A letter from Rome states that the Tiber has overflowed its banks. The Pantheon was completely surrounded by water.....A few weeks ago the Earl of Portsmouth inaugurated his fox-hunting season at Eggesford, North Devon, England, with a generous hospitality. The house was open to all comers, whether attired in fustian or scarlet, and a sumptuous repast was provided for about three hundred guests. The occasion was the presentation of a testimonial to the Rev. John Russell, master of the fox hounds of the district.....Montaigne, the great French writer, on one occasion, set down in his book of expenses, "Item, for a fit of idleness, one thousand pounds.".....A planter in Jones county, N. C., is reported to have picked from several acres of his farm the average of 1493 pounds cotton per acre.....The fashion of hoops has been the means of a terrible accident in Salem, Oregon. Miss Ellen Umphlet was riding on horseback, when losing her balance she fell backward and her hoops caught upon the horn of the saddle. The horse became frightened and ran with her along a fence for several hundred yards, when the point of a rail caught in her mouth, tearing the whole side of her face out, and breaking her jaw in two places—the concussion stripping the clothes entirely from her, and thus freeing her from the horse.....It is asserted that a certain eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher a "Treatise on the Hand," which the worthy bibliopole declined with a shake of the head, saying, "My dear sir, we have got too many *treatises on our hands* already."

Foreign Intelligence.

Matters in General.

European affairs seem to remain much as heretofore, there being no fresh announcement to make as regards Italian matters. England seems to be in a perpetual fever as to a possible invasion of her shores by the French, while Napoleon keeps his own counsel and plays with the potentates of the old world as Paul Morphy does his mimic powers upon the chessboard.—It is resolved that either the Prince of Wales or Prince Albert shall come to Canada next spring, when we hope the young gentleman, whichever it may be, will run down this way and take a look at Bunker Hill.—Spain, in her impotence, is blustering at Morocco, but barking dogs don't bite, and her columns have not yet moved after months of preparation.—That old rascal, Nana Sahib, is reported to have gone to—another world. We certainly hope he has shuffled off this mortal coil.—England sends half a dozen gunboats and four frigates to China. France sends *seventy* gunboats and a large number of ships of the line. Napoleon's promptness and abundant means nonplusses the British statesmen. The knowing ones predict stormy times all over Europe during the coming year, declaring that a collision between France and England is inevitable, and which must draw into the quarrel nearly all of the continent. This looks more than probable.

The Emperor's Railway Train.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon's railway train was the Parisian marvel a short time ago. It consists of nine carriages, presenting four sitting-rooms in conjunction; the principal one, destined for imperial seclusion, is lined with green watered silk and morocco leather, with a roof of bird's eye maple. The next are constructed to open out as summer saloons, and through them the three apartments for the prince and his gouvernantes are entered; and attached are carriages for the officials—a kitchen and offices. Should this pet little train encounter some bright day an infernal machine, what a wreck of matter there would be, thinks a letter writer.

A wild Frolic.

Twelve gay fellows in Paris gave a comrade a dinner in honor of his approaching marriage, and in adieu to his bachelor life. They got "gloriously" drunk, tied black crape on their left arms, and, at the close of the repast, one of the number chanted a *De profundis*, on the terminated bachelorhood and lost liberty of the future Benedick. The affair was noised abroad, and reaching a certain aristocratic mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the betrothed lived, it created a havoc. The parents were indignant, and at once broke off their daughter's engagement, which is unfortunate for the youth, as she is very wealthy as well as pretty.

Dead-houses in Germany.

In Frankfort-on-the-Main and in Munich are dead-houses to which bodies are sent previous to burial, where they are kept for some two or three days, for the purpose of ascertaining whether life has become extinct or not. On the fingers of the corpses are placed thimbles which are attached to a cord communicating with a bell. The slightest movement of a finger rings the bell, and thus, in cases of suspended animation, efforts are made to restore the body, instead of burying it alive, as, no doubt, often happens in other countries.

Biblical Literature.

It was stated sometime since in the public prints, that a manuscript copy of the Gospels, which turned out to be the oldest in existence, had been found in a monastery of Mount Athos, in Asia Minor. The monks of the convent presented it to the Emperor of Russia, as protector of the Greek Church; and now it is stated that the emperor has charged M. Tischendorff of Leipsic, a great authority in sacred literature, to bring out an edition of it.

Roger's Arm.

It is said that Roger, the French tenor, is rather disappointed in the mechanical arm which has been made for him, but Charriere, as a proof of the perfection to which he has carried these false members, introduced to Rogers gentleman who took off his hat, carried a stick, used knife and fork, etc., the said gentleman having a false arm. Roger was much moved and delighted at the perfect ease with which the arm was used.

Death of an Inventor.

Sir T. T. Grant, of England, who died recently, aged about sixty-four, was a most useful man, and practical inventor. He devised the steam machinery employed in the manufacture of biscuit, which effects a saving by its use in England of £30,000 yearly; a new life buoy; a feathering paddle-wheel; the patent fuel which bore his name; and the apparatus for distilling fresh water from the sea.

A queer Story.

A good story, and perhaps a true one, is told of a literary *auto de fe*, lately made at Paris. A bookseller had issued an edition of the works of Saint Just. The government caused them to be seized and burned with fire in the yard of the *Palais de Justice*. A pile of waste paper was destroyed, and the young *avocats* carried off the condemned volumes as a private speculation.

Lamartine's Legacy.

It will be recollected that some months ago a lady admirer of Lamartine left, on dying, to the illustrious poet, a sum of 100,000 francs, and he renounced the legacy. But now the creditors of M. de Lamartine have stepped in and offered opposition to the renunciation, and the affair has entered the Paris courts.

A new Beauty.

The Princess Marie, one of the daughters of the Grand Duchess Marie of Leutchtenberg, is causing a sensation in Vienna by her extraordinary beauty.

Suicides.

Within the last three years there have been 3938 suicides in England and Wales; and of these 2783 were by males, and 1150 by females.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

THE TRIBUNE—now more than eighteen years old, and having over a quarter of a million subscribers, or constant purchasers, diffused through every State and Territory of our Union—will continue in essence what it has been—the earnest champion of Liberty, Progress, and of whatever will conduce to our national growth in Virtue, Industry, Knowledge, and Prosperity. It will continue to urge the emancipation, not only of the Black Laborer from chattelism and legal impotence, but of the White likewise from Land Monopoly, Intemperance, Ignorance, and that dependence on remote Markets which paralyzes exertion by denying to Toil any adequate and morally certain reward. Believing that the chief evil of our time is the inordinate multiplication and disproportion of Non-Producers, it will continue to war against whatever tends to degrade Manual Labor or deprive it of its just and full recompense. It will inflexibly commend the policy of winning hither from Europe the Useful Arts, and, wherever they may be needed, the Artisans as well, for whose products our country is now running recklessly into debt, while our laborers roam in fruitless quest of employment, leaving their children in want of bread, though the farmer is too often compelled to sell his crops at most inadequate prices. In short, while battling against Fillibusterism and every other manifestation of that evil spirit which seeks through the spoliation of other countries that aggrandizement which is to be truly attained only through the due development and cultivation of our internal resources, it will urgently advocate a more effectively discriminating Tariff, the Freedom of the Public Lands, the construction of a Railroad from the navigable waters of the Mississippi to those of the Pacific, and every other measure which seems to us calculated to enhance the dignity or the recompense of Labor, and promote the well-being of Mankind.

The "irrepressible conflict" between Darkness and Light, Inertia and Progress, Slavery and Freedom, moves steadily onward. Isolated acts of folly and madness may for the moment give a seeming advantage to Wrong; but God still reigns, and the Ages are true to humanity and Right. The year 1860 must witness a memorable conflict between these irreconcilable antagonists. The question—"Shall Human Slavery be further strengthened and diffused by the power and under the flag of the Federal Union?"—is now to receive a momentous, if not conclusive answer. "Land for the Landless *versus* Negroes for the Negroless" is the battle-cry of the embodied Millions who, having just swept Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the Northwest, appear in the new Congress, backed by nearly every Free State, to demand a recognition of every man's right to cultivate and improve a modicum of the earth's surface, wherever he has not been anticipated by the State's cession to another. Free Homes, and the consecration of the virgin soil of the Territories to Free Labor—two requirements, but one policy—must largely absorb the attention of Congress through the ensuing session, as of the People in the succeeding Presidential canvass; and, whatever the immediate issue, we can not doubt that the ultimate verdict will be in accord at once with the dictates of impartial Philanthropy and the inalienable Rights of Man.

Having made arrangements for fuller and more graphic reports of the doings of Congress, and of whatever else transpiring at the Federal Metropolis shall seem worthy of public regard, and having extended both our Foreign and Domestic Correspondence, and strengthened our Editorial staff, we believe THE TRIBUNE may safely challenge a comparison with any rival, whether as an exponent of principles or as a reliable mirror of the passing world. Essentially, THE TRIBUNE will be what it has been, while we shall constantly study to improve its every feature, and "make each day a critic on the last." The general verdict of the Press and the Public has affirmed the success of our past labors, and those of the future shall be characterized by equal earnestness and assiduity.

The New York Daily Tribune

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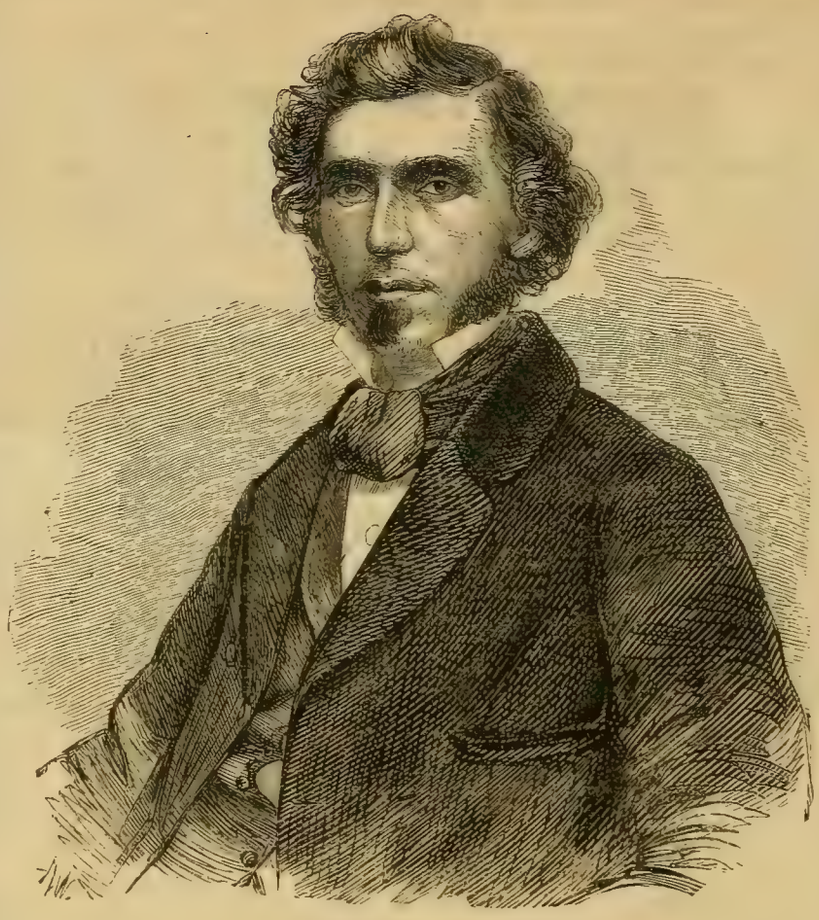
GRANVILLE WOOD, THE VOCALIST.

The subject of our sketch, Mr. Granville Wood, was born in a small town in New Hampshire, in 1832, of respectable but humble parents. From boyhood he evinced a large degree of mechanical skill, which greatly surprised his father, besides which he showed a taste and love for music which was prophetic. While yet quite a lad he chanced to see and hear a musical instrument called a seraphine. The manufacturer, seeing that the boy took great interest in the work, carefully showed and explained the whole to him. Young Wood declared confidently that *he could make one himself*, and though laughed at by his father and other members of the family, he set to work secretly, and ere many months surprised his friends by producing a seraphine, upon which he could play and accompany his own voice in singing! Of course he worked at great disadvantage, using poor materials, and having little or no money with which to purchase even the most trifling articles he needed; but the greater was his triumph in the success. The Rubicon was passed, and for twelve years he has been successfully engaged in building musical instruments and in public singing. His instruments embrace many improvements of his own invention, and are the best in the market. Mr. Wood is a most excellent performer, a fine vocalist, and a man of true moral worth, and as he is about to make a professional tour through the United States and Canada, doubtless many of our readers will enjoy the pleasure of hearing and seeing him, and will thank us for presenting this brief sketch and portrait of a self-made and charming musician.



GRANVILLE WOOD, THE VOCALIST.

LAST MOMENTS OF IRVING.

During Monday, November 28th, Mr. Irving walked out to his garden, a short distance from the house, and gave some instructions to his gardener. He also gave instructions to the carpenters who were employed in making some alterations in his library. He did not ride out during the day, as was his custom, but as he made no complaint of feeling more indisposed than usual, the omission was not thought by his family to arise from any alarming conditions. He dined with the family about four o'clock, and after dinner proposed that they should spend the evening in amusement, conversation and reading. In addition to the regular members of the family, consisting of Ebenezer Irving, the brother of the deceased, with his three daughters, and Pierre M. Irving, with his wife, another nephew, Rev. Pierre M Irving, of New Brighton, Staten Island, the literary executor of the deceased was also present, having accidentally come up from Staten Island that day. The evening was spent according to the proposal of Mr. Irving, and except an occasional reference to his difficulty of breathing, none of the party appeared more cheerful, or a more gratified sharer of the enjoyment, than he. In the intervals of conversation he glanced over the pages of several books that lay on the centre-table, and the last book he is believed to have opened was Lieutenant Page's *History of the Paraguay Expedition*. About ten and a half o'clock he rose to retire, and taking leave of the company, he ascended the stairs alone to his bed-room. While upon the steps he met his nephew, Rev. Mr. Irving, coming down, holding in his hand a needle for sewing manuscripts. Mr. Irving accosted him in a playful manner, saying, "Why, Pierre, what are you doing with a needle?" and passed on to his room. These were the last words he ever uttered. One of his nieces, Miss Sarah Irving, had preceded him to his room, and when he entered she was engaged in arranging his books, so that they would be convenient of access in his hours of wakefulness during the night. While engaged in this duty, she was startled by a noise as of some one choking, and turning round, she saw Mr. Irving press his left hand to his heart and fall forward. He caught hold of a table, in falling, and gradually sank down on the floor. The noise was heard in the parlor below, and in a moment every member of the household was around him; but before any of them reached him, he had ceased to breathe. Supposing that he had fainted, efforts were made by the family to revive him, and meanwhile Dr. Caruthers, and Mr. George D. Morgan, a near neighbor and intimate friend of Mr. Irving, were sent for. On the arrival of the doctor, he made an examination of the body, and announced that life was extinct.—*New York Express.*

Jealousy is a secret avowal we make of our inferiority.

BEARDS.

The growth of the beard, which was interrupted by the courtiers of the fair-faced king of France, Louis XIII., has been much encouraged of late years; and we are not without evidence that the time is coming when it will be considered decent and reputable for all classes to resume that natural and manly appendage. Scipio Africanus is said to have been the first man who shaved every day. Shaving among many ancient nations was a mark of mourning, and the loss of the beard—as among the Turks at the present day—was, with others, a sign of degradation, and an occasion of shame. Every one remembers the story of the men whom David sent to comfort Hanun, and who were so contumeliously entreated by him, and to whom David sent, saying, "Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown." It has been thought especially indecorous for clergymen to wear the beard. We are at a loss to account for this prejudice, especially when the custom is becoming so general. We think that Paul, among his countrymen, preached with a flowing beard like theirs; and to refer to the highest example, that our Saviour was a Nazarene in more than his reputed birth-place.

We are averse to marked professional distinctions, in dress and appearance, among clergymen. They ought to appear like other men. Their access to the heart is much promoted by that external conformity. It is a sacred office, but it is borne by men. A Boston paper states that of 953 clergymen attending this year's anniversaries, but 73 wore the professional badge, the white cravat. The same paper remarks that "the growth of hair on the faces of many of the divines was another sign that they are willing to stand as men among men, and to find their appropriate distinctions in something of more consequence than peculiarities of costume." While a writer from the New School Presbyterian Assembly, at Wilmington, says: "Many of the younger members have adopted the custom of allowing the beard to grow. The mustache is eschewed, and only a few are decidedly shaggy. Most of the older men use the razor with their accustomed freedom. The moderator, stated clerk, Drs. Zill, M. Poor, and many others, present faces like well-cultivated farms, in contrast with land covered with tall trees and underbrush."

We have no rabid feeling upon the subject. It is not to be expected that old men, long accustomed to the use of the razor, will generally discard it, but it is a mark of a narrow spirit, which cannot keep up with the times, to make it an essential of a modern practice, which is evidently against nature and the instincts of man, as much as against convenience and comfort. Grave resolutions, such as we saw reported, directing the members of a constituent religious convention to shave their beards, are especially illiberal and ridiculous.—*New York Chronicle.*

WEST INDIA NEGRO WOMEN.

Nothing about them is more astonishing than the dress of the women. It is impossible to deny to them considerable taste and great power of adaptation. In England, among our house-maids, and even haymakers, crinoline, false flowers, long waists and flowing sleeves have become common; but they do not wear their finery as though they were at home in it. There is generally with them, when in their Sunday best, something of the hog in armor. With the negro woman there is nothing of this. In the first place, she is never shamefaced. Then she has very frequently a good figure, and having it, she knows how to make the best of it. She has a natural skill in dress, and will be seen with a boddice fitted to her as though it had been made and laced in Paris. Their costumes on *fete* days and Sundays are perfectly marvellous. They are by no means contented with colored calicoes; but shine in muslin and light silks at heaven only knows at how much a yard. They wear their dresses of an enormous fulness. One may see of a Sunday evening three ladies occupying a whole street by the breadth of their garments, who on the preceding day were scrubbing pots and carrying weights about the town on their heads. And they will walk in full-dress too as though they had been used to go in such attire from their youth up. They rejoice most in white—in white muslin with colored sashes; in light-brown boots, pink gloves, parasols, and broad-brimmed straw hats with deep veils and glittering bugles. The hat and the veils, however, are mistakes. If the negro woman thoroughly understood effect, she would wear no head dress but the colored handkerchief, which is hers by right of national custom. Some of their efforts after dignity of costume are ineffably ludicrous. One Sunday evening, far away in the country, as I was riding with a gentleman, the proprietor of the estate around us, I saw a young girl walking home from church. She was arrayed from head to foot in virgin white. Her gloves were on and her parasol was up. Her hat also was white, and so was the lace, and so were the bugles which adorned it. She walked with a stately dignity that was worthy of such a costume, and worthy also of high grandeur; for behind her walked an attendant nymph, carrying the beauty's prayer-book—on her head.—*The West Indies and the Spanish Main.*

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN A DITCH.

In a ditch at Alexandria there is lying one of the greatest curiosities in the world. It is the property of the British nation; but the British nation in general does not seem to care about it. The case is different, however, with some sections of the British public who pass through Egypt in their passage to or from India or Australia; the majority bring away a portion of this curiosity, it being nothing more nor less than Cleopatra's Needle. There it lies in a ditch, the butt end of the shaft embedded in the earth. The last time the writer saw it (not very long ago), a Briton was sitting upon it, knocking off enough of the inscribed stone for himself and fellow-travellers with a hammer. The writer expostulated with his brother Briton, and reminded him that that wonderful relic of bygone days did not belong to him, but had been handsomely presented to the British nation, and therefore belonged to it. "Well, I know it does," he answered, "and as one of the British nation, I mean to have my share." An officer of the Bengal Engineers, who was coming home on sick leave, protested that the removal of the Needle to England was not only feasible, but comparatively an easy task. "Captain (now Admiral) W. H. Smyth of the Royal Navy," he added, "one of the most scientific officers of the service, who was out here for many years surveying, on his return to England, represented to the British government that the Needle might be easily removed, and at a comparatively small cost." Mehemet Ali gave the British this Needle, and the French the obelisk now in Paris. The latter was then upwards of five hundred miles from Alexandria. The French at once set to work to remove their gift, and, great as the difficulty was, they accomplished their task gallantly, and set the obelisk up in their beautiful city of Paris, where it adorns the place de la Concorde.—*All the Year Round.*

ABUSE OF OUR STOMACHS.

No other civilized people, probably, are accustomed to abuse their stomachs so badly as we Americans of the United States. Our food is often badly chosen, and still more frequently spoiled in cooking, and always eaten in utter disregard of dietetic rules. We eat far too much flesh meat (and especially pork, in its most objectionable form), and too little bread, vegetables and fruits. Our hot, soda-raised biscuits, hot griddle-cakes, saturated with butter, and the hot, black, intolerable coffee, which form the staples of our breakfasts, are, in the way in which they are taken, among the most deleterious articles ever put upon a table.

Pies are another American abomination, and have no small share of our ill-health to answer for. The mince pie, as it is generally made, is the abomination of abominations. Some describe it as "very white and indigestible at top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, and untold horrors in the middle." Even our bread is unwholesome. It is made of the finest of fine flour, and fermented till its natural sweetness and a large portion of its nutritive elements are destroyed, or raised with those poisonous chemicals, soda and cream of tartar. In either case, it is unfit to be eaten. The rich cake which our good housekeepers deem so indispensable, are still worse, and so on.—*Jacques's Hints towards Physical Perfection.*

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THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

Never was any arrangement more truly divine than that of the seasons. In one unvarying round they go—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Like the generations of man, they pass on in an eternal procession, constantly making way for that which is to come. We have snows, and flowers, and flush suns, and harvests; each in its divinely appointed place, each doing its own divine work, and all four making up the generous sum of the year. Now the clock indicates the hour of midnight—the mysterious parting of the Old and the New. The past is all our own; the future takes care of itself; it is only in the present that we live. The hour-glass has once more been inverted, and its upper half now holds all the sands. In a twelve-month it will be necessary to turn it over again. A New Year, full of glowing youth and freshness, is dawning over the world; the Old Year is vanishing into distance and the night. Only the space about the young year's feet is clear,—the rest, which is the Future, is kindly shrouded from the sight. Around the miniature world are appropriately set the twelve signs of the zodiac, each marking its own limited influence—imaginary or real—upon the advancing year. Now we have Winter, hooded and protected from the howling winds and the falling snow. Though her countenance is stern, if not drear, she suggests a host of warm comforts and long nights of cheerfulness. Then follows spring, budding and blossoming, awaking a new life in every heart, and bounteous to all with her promises. Afterwards Summer presses on, flaming through the land with her fiery solstice, yet dispensing joy and gladness wherever her feet go over the green earth. She brings us the most indescribable colors, the most poetic moments—landscapes of incomparable beauty, and moonlights that breathe of nothing but love and Heaven. And, to gather up the wealth of the year's products, garnering its precious experiences, too, for the heart, Autumn follows in the train, round and full-figured, abounding with her wealth, looking before and backwards, and preaching her morals from every hand. And thus the year begins and ends.

THE FOUR SEASONS OF THE YEAR—SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, AND WINTER.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WINTER.

BY G. W. PETTES.

Old Winter, what an alchemist art thou!
Hardening a dew drop for thy jewelled brow,
Transmuting vapor on transparent pane
To throne and castle of ancestral reign,
Making the wave that leaps upon the strand
Become a link in ocean's icy band,
Changing the slothful currents of the air
To swift-winged couriers, thy commands to bear,
Bidding the bough once gay with glancing leaves,
Bend 'neath the weight of diamond-crested sheaves,
Giving supremacy to shadowy night,
Whose massive portals hide the Day-god's light,
That the rapt spirit, as reward for toil,
From golden ages may redeem their spoil—
While all the harps Eolian proclaim,
With one consent the honors due thy name,
As through the arches of the vaulted sphere
Rolls the vast anthem of the varying year.

And thine, O Winter, is the Christmas time!
Ring out, ye echoing bells, your merriest chime!
Shine forth, ye crystals, on cathedral tower,—
Wave, ye fresh pines, in consecrated bower!
Enter the sacred aisle, procession long;
Join the grand chorus of immortal song;
Survey the path by saints and martyrs trod,
And hail the birthday of the Son of God!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by F. Gleason, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

SNOW-FEATHER;

OR,

THE HERMIT OF CHICAGO.

BY MISS MARY W. JANVRIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRAPPER.

"In a month from to-night, then, Paul Durand—and that seals the bargain!" said the trapper, Jacob Burt, with a low laugh of satisfaction, bringing his brawny hand down heavily on the rude pine table.

"Yes, friend Burt, this makes all square;" and old Paul eagerly reached forth a long, skinny hand, to clutch the bag of coin his companion had pushed towards him, a glow of intense satisfaction overspreading his wrinkled face. "When the time comes, Sabrey shall be yours."

"Does the girl whimper any? She was none too ready to talk with me when I was here last time," said the trapper, leaning back in his chair and taking a long whiff at his blackened pipe.

"O, no danger but I shall bring her round in time. S'pose she'll play shy at first—she's been so all along; but Sabrey knows that, when old Paul Durand says a thing, it must be obeyed to the letter. And then, gals are fond o' finery and gewgaws—and this 'll work to a charm in buyin' 'em, I'll be bound," hugging the gold. "'Taint every man, neighbor Burt, that pays such a round sum for his wife—ha, ha! It took the profits of a good many beaver and fox skins to fill this—eh, Burt?" and he laughed and rubbed his hands over the purse.

"Ay, that's true, old Paul—that's true," said the trapper, complacently stroking his heavy beard, and knocking the ashes from his pipe against the stone chimney jamb, while the old man greedily fingered the bright coin; "but I've no fault to find with *my* share o' the bargain, pervided you can only make the girl look favorably on her future husband. Don't be too sparing o' the money, friend Paul; for if finery and deckings will bring Sabrey to look sweet on Jake Burt, I want you to spend that heap like water over to the settlement, and there shall be plenty more forthcoming. I'd give more'n the price of a thousand beaver skins to win the love of that girl. I s'pose it seems sort o' queer to you, old Paul, to hear a rough fellow like me talk so boyish-like; but, by Heaven! the woman never lived in these parts afore, that could turn Jake Burt from the hunt to make him think a second time o' the color o' her eyes, the turn o' her instep, or the curl o' her hair. I tell you, old friend, your Sabrey's bewitched me—and have her I must! You don't think she favors anybody else round in these parts—hey, Paul? I've been rackin' my brains to know why she's so offish like."

"No, 't can't be *that*, neighbor! There's no one comes to the cabin, now young Gladstane and Hewitt have gone off into the settlement. They used to like the gal, both of 'em; but she cared no more for either than the wind blowin' out o' doors to-night. There aint a soul been nigh us here in the woods for a long time, except that Injin gal and that queer fellow over on the island—the Hermit."

"The *Hermit of Chicago!* Has *he* been here? What the —— does he want?" exclaimed the trapper, with an oath, starting up.

"Pshaw! sit down, man. You aint jealous of a natural fool like him; for everybody agrees he's either a fool or a crazy man, to go and live there alone by himself," said Durand.

"Nonsense! He's neither o' the two, I'll be bound," muttered Jacob Burt, sullenly.

"Come, my good friend, you might as well be jealous of an otter or a lynx, if they poked their heads into my cabin—for he's as shy as either. He only came here once, to get a drink o' water, and seemed dredful skeered like when Sabrey handed it to him. Guess he's a little cracked *here;*" and old Paul Durand tapped his forehead. "Dare say 'twas something about a woman drove him 'way off here into the bush, so he went be likely to think o' one agin in a hurry. So now sit down, quiet-like, friend Jacob."

"Wall, I s'pose I'm silly. They say 'there's no fool like an *old* fool,' you know, neighbor; and when a man o' my years goes to gettin' his head full o' love notions, he's purty apt to be jealous. Wish I was a matter o' fifteen or twenty years younger"—and the trapper stroked his heavy, unshorn beard, in which the gray was mixed unsparingly—"and then I'd stand my chance with the best lookin' o' the young fellows. That cussed Hermit, though!—'twont be wholesome for him, or anybody else, to pry round these parts; for who knows what queer, cranky notions Sabrey might get into her head? 'Pears to me, his comin' over here for a drink was confounded queer, for I've heard say he seldom left the island. You're sure 'twas only a *happenin'*, neighbor?" and again the trapper sent up a moody, jealous gaze from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Sure as these good yellow boys are safe *here;*" and old Paul Durand significantly touched his pocket with a low chuckle. "He only chanced into the clearin'. I had a mind to talk a bit with him; but when I begun to ask about the *why* of his livin' there all alone on the island, he was mum as a mouse. Howsomever, it's *my* 'pinion a *woman's* at the bottom of it, and some trouble or other drove him there; and that 'counts for his sorry, dejected looks. But as 'twant any o' my business, I didn't press him too hard. He sot a spell, and then mustered courage to thank Sabrey for the drink and me for my 'hospitality,' as he called it, then went away."

"Well, if he only keeps clear o' *my* coast, Jake Burt bears him no ill will; but if contrary-wise—he, or anybody else—*then*——" But the significancy with which the dark-browed trapper touched the handle of the keen hunting-knife in his belt finished the sentence. "But, by the way, now we've got the bargain all settled, friend Paul, you'd better bid Sabrey out here; and she needn't be so shy o' showin' her pretty face when her future husband comes. Call her, Durand."

The old man rose, and crossing the little cabin kitchen, with its rude furniture, its sanded floor, and fire of pine knots flashing out on the clay hearth in the chill September evening, crossed the little entry leading to his daughter's room, whither Sabrey had retreated at an early hour on the announcement of the trapper's intended visit.

CHAPTER II.

SABREY DURAND.

As Paul Durand laid his hand on the latch, a form which had shrunk away from its low, crouching posture by the kitchen door, glided stealthily before him over the threshold of the outer door, which stood open; and, in the faint moonlight, he did not see the figure of the young Indian girl moving away into the shadows of the heavy trees about the cabin. But, as he entered the little room where his daughter sat at her sewing by a small lamp, he noted a pretty basket, woven from birchen bark and stained with brilliant dyes, standing on the white-draped table, betokening her visit.

"And so the Injin gal has been here agin', Sabrey?" he said.

"Yes, father, she was here a half hour ago, to bring me this beautiful basket. Isn't it pretty? How skilfully she weaves them! Snow-Feather is a strange creature—so quiet, so good, and so beautiful! I like to have her come here, though I never can prevail upon her to tarry long. But, father, hasn't your visitor departed? It is getting late;" and she rose and folded her sewing, as if she would go out into the kitchen.

"He, he! not *my* visitor, but *yours*, Sabrey," replied the old man, with a jocular laugh. "That's right, gal, come out. Burt has jest asked to see ye."

"O, no; don't ask me, father, if *he* is still there!" said the girl, drawing back with an expression of aversion on her countenance. "You know I don't like Jacob Burt, and had rather not meet him. I wish he wouldn't come here, father."

"But he *will* come, girl—and *oftener*, too, in *future*, than he *has!*" growled old Durand, with darkening brow; "and it's no sort o' use talkin' agin' it. P'r'aps I'd better out with it at once, Sabrey," he continued, after a pause; "I've promised you to Burt for his wife, and the sooner you make up your mind to't without any whimperin', the better. So jest come out, Sabrey, and don't play offish with your promised husband."

"'Husband!'—'Jacob Burt!'—'Promised me!' O, father, anything but *that!* Don't ask me; I *cannot* marry that man! Let me live with you all my life, and take care of you—work, or do anything—but don't ask me to marry *him!* I *cannot* go out there to speak to him!" and Sabrey Durand covered her beautiful face with her hands.

"Nonsense, gal! Don't go to takin' on. You'll get used to thinkin' on't—and *glad* on't, too, bimeby. You ought ter be proud on't, to think there aint another gal in the settlement that he'd have—though any on 'em 'd jump at the offer, for Burt's the best trapper in the Territory, and the beaver and otter skins he sells over at the settlement are bringin' him in the shiners. He'll make you lady of a better cabin than your old father can, and buy you carpets and silk stuffs fit for a queen; so you'd oughter think yerself a lucky gal, and come out and shake hands with him."

"No, no—leave me—not to-night! I cannot speak to him yet. If I did, 'twould be to reject him and his offer. Leave me alone, father; I cannot!" and a look of firm determination shone on the pale face Sabrey Durand lifted from her hands.

The old man stood a moment in anger and perplexity, for he had not looked for such decided opposition. Then he said, somewhat harshly:

"Wall, to-night I don't insist on't, bein' it's come so sudden; but jest think it over, and make up your mind to be done with sich stubbornness. I've promised ye, gal—and 'taint like old Paul Durand to eat his words agin; so ye'd best not make trouble, but jest make up your mind to become Jake Burt's wife before the month's out."

"Sabrey's offish—can't persuade her to come out to-night, neighbor; but better luck next time. It' ll take a few days to bring her round; then she'll be meek and quiet as a lamb," said old Durand, re-entering the kitchen.

Jacob Burt's face darkened, and he bit his lips as he rose from his seat by the fireplace.

"Wall, to-night I don't insist upon't; but Paul Durand, mind ye, when I come here *agin*, your daughter must be ready to give her futur' husband a hearty welcome." And the swart trapper strode from the cabin, and struck into the path leading away through the forest to his distant home in the wilderness.

CHAPTER III.

SNOW-FEATHER AND THE HERMIT.

When the Indian girl, Owenee—or Snow-Feather, as Sabrey Durand had poetically named her, because of the tuft of white plumes she wore braided among her thick ebon hair—had crept away in the shadows from the cabin in the clearing, she glided along a trodden path down to the edge of the lake, where lay moored a little canoe which Paul Durand had constructed for Sabrey's use.

"And the Ottawa girl's white medicine father has left his lodge on the island and sought the white dove in her nest," she murmured in a soft, musical voice, through which ran a ripple of pleased surprise. "Owenee's heart did not speak her false. It is good; for the white dove is fair as the morning, and sweet as the rose of the forest; her eyes are like stars of the night, and her teeth whiter than wampum. And by-and-by he will want a squaw to cheer his cabin, and will bring her in his canoe over the waters. It suits Owenee," she went on, in that low, gratified voice. "The pale-face has been kind to her people, and hath saved her kindred when the medicine men of her own tribe failed. He hath told the Ottawa girl of his own country beyond the big water—and, better, he hath read her from his big book of the white man's Great Spirit who left his happy Hunting grounds to die for all nations; and Owenee knows now that it is good to love Him, and sit at his feet. And she will be her white medicine father's friend. Her heart is strong to tell him of the black vulture who would steal the white dove from her nest;" and, unloosing the little skiff, she seated herself within it and darted away like an arrow over the waters.

It was on one of the largest of the lovely islands beautifully wooded with maples and lindens, lying high and level above the clear waters of the lake, that the Hermit had built a small cabin, trained over its doorway the wild climbing Michigan roses, and cultivated a few acres of ground sufficient for his wants; and hither on this soft moonlight night of summer the Indian maiden rowed her canoe, and entering a sheltered cove deep among the tree shadows, advanced towards the cabin.

"Good-even', Owenee," said the Hermit—a man of apparently thirty summers, clad in a loose jerkin, and with his luxuriant brown hair falling loosely over his shoulders, who sat at the cabin door in the moonlight—roused from a deep reverie by the girl's footsteps. "Is it you? And what brings my forest child thither? Has she need of the 'medicine man' again among her people?" he asked, rising, and looking with a benignant smile on the slight, agile figure pausing before him.

A bright crimson broke up through the girl's dusky cheek as the Hermit's voice saluted her; and she drooped her head, as a child bending before a revered teacher, while she stood before him. Indeed, she seemed like a pleasing picture framed there—standing in an opening under the thickly interlaced tree-boughs over the cabin door, her lithe, graceful figure outlined in the moonlight, arrayed in a short kirtle of gay stuff, a broad necklace of woven beads over the mantle crossing her bosom, and the tuft of snow-white feathers in her hair. Stepping to his side, she said, softly:

"Nay, Owenee's people are strong, and she hath no need of the medicine father to-night; but she hath come hither, instead, to bid him beware of the black vulture that is stealing into his white dove's nest!"

"What mean you? I do not comprehend, Owenee," said the Hermit, impressed by her singular words and manner.

The Indian girl smiled. "My white father wilt understand soon. He remembers the fair, pale flower whose hand gave him drink at the white settler's cabin, and who sat in his canoe three sunsets ago and sailed over the lake while the white settler slept? Ha! the Ottawa girl's eyes are keen as the young eaglets;" and she smiled again, noting the Hermit's sudden start and the quick, inquiring gaze he fastened upon her; "and she knows when her white father's canoe is rowed over the lake, and her white sister, with swift foot like the young deer, finds the trail to the water's bank. And it is good. Owenee loves the fair, pale flower, who has not scorned the Indian girl because of her ignorant heart and dusky face, but has learned her much, and been her friend. And as she rowed her canoe over the lake to-night to warn her white father of the bad hunter who, by day, traps the beaver and otter by the waters of the Michigan, and when the sunset falls seeks the pale flower to buy her of old Paul Durand with his bag of wampum."

"Owenee"—and the Hermit's eye flashed—"not the *trapper, Jacob Burt?*"

The Indian girl nodded assent.

"And how know you this? Is he there *to-night?* And what have they two said—Paul Durand and this man?" asked the Hermit, clenching his hands. "Have you seen *her*—*Sabrey?*"

"Owenee had braided a basket of the silver birch and carried it to the lodge of the pale-face maiden, and her feet were on the threshold to depart, when she heard the voice of the trapper holding council with the pale-face Durand. Owenee hates the treacherous trapper; her heart is big with anger against him!" she added, with energy, a dark look settling over her face. "He has dealt cowardly with her people; he has driven them from their own places. The beaver-dams and hunting-grounds were the red man's; but this pale-face came and took them away, or cheated his red brother with a few skins and little wampum. And more—she hates this evil pale-face who met her brother Algonquin in the

hunt, and wounded him nigh unto death with his sharp knife, till my white medicine father came and cured him when the leech of our own tribe had said he must die and go to the great hunting-grounds!"

"Yes, Owenee, I remember how I found your brother, bleeding and wounded. That was a cruel, cowardly act on the trapper's part. But now tell me about his visit to Sabrey—Miss Durand. You overhear?" And he paused for recital.

For a moment the duskily-fringed eyelids of the girl were pressed down heavily, and a smile played round her lips as that name "Sabrey," telling of familiarity, perhaps love, passed the Hermit's lips; then she spoke in low, musical tones:

"When Owenee had left the pale flower, and was passing from the cabin, she heard the voice of the trapper by the lodge-fire holding council how he might buy the daughter of the aged Durand with the white man's wampum—gold. There was much—a great pouch full; Owenee saw it shine by the blazing firelight; and the aged pale-face hugged it to his heart, and made promise that, when another moon comes, his pale flower shall go to the trapper's lodge, and sit upon his skins, and cook his venison, as his own squaw."

"*Never!*" said the Hermit through his shut teeth, pacing in agitation the little plateau of green turf before his cabin door. "Never shall sweet Sabrey Durand become that man's wife! Bold, wicked, rich and powerful though he may be, in all the Territory round about—and I know that beyond the vicinage of this clearing Jacob Burt's word is law—he shall not win her! 'A vulture in the dove's nest,' in truth. I never dreamed of this when I have heard Sabrey speak of him with such aversion and dislike—or when I met him yesterday, over at the settlement, with his load of skins, and saw that scowl on his dark face. Owenee, my child"—and he paused, laying his hand on her shoulder—"you have done me great service this night. You have proved yourself my friend; and now, after what has passed, you will not wonder if I make you more—my *confidant*—and tell you what I never dreamed to tell mortal save *her* that I love, sweet Sabrey Durand!"

"Owenee listens."

The Indian girl's voice was low and soft as the rippling of the lake waters.

"And will Owenee *aid* me?" he asked; "for I shall have need of aid, my little friend, and you can prove of much help in this affair."

The tuft of white plumes quivered as the girl nodded assent.

"First, then, must I speak of myself," said he, after a minute of deep thought, passing a hand which, spite of manual labor, was shapely as a high-born lady's, over his brow. "Hearken, my child, while he whom men call 'the Hermit of Chicago' speaks of what has never passed his lips in the four long years he has made his home away from the busy world in this secluded spot. I may not tell you *all*, but enough—that there has been a cloud over my path—that there has been a dark time in my life, and I have suffered—and it were better that the wilderness should receive me, and the ear of Nature alone hear my plaints, that I should remain *there*, where there were tongues to hiss at and sting me! I had thought, Owenee, when I left the great world, to leave also the love of woman behind me, as a false and hollow thing; but I have learned, of late, that the sweet face of this rose of the forest has become framed in my heart, and her affection is a necessity of my being. Away from the haunts of men I sought the Nepenthe for my sufferings; and lo! *her* white hands hold the cup to my lips. This green island has become the enchanted island—she the Calypso of my fate. But, I forget; you do not comprehend me, my child," he added, with a sad, faint smile, looking down upon the daughter of the forest, and remembering that the style of his converse might be quite beyond her mental understanding.

Owenee looked up. "The eagle hath been struck by an arrow in his flight, and the white dove can bring healing on her wings."

The Hermit's smile broadened. The simple, poetical reply of the Indian girl had expressed all.

"Yes, my little friend, you have read me aright. I love Sabrey Durand; she will bring me peace forgetfulness. You may remember—for I have often read to you from the book in my cabin—how a poet wrote,

'I have not loved the world—nor the world me.'

But the latter part of this line is alone true of myself. I rushed into life brave-hearted, earnest; I left the world, stricken, wounded—and by the hand, too, that should have only bound me by a chain of roses. Yet I will not speak of *that* time—it maddens me;" and an expression of pain convulsed the Hermit's brow and finely-cut lips, and for a moment he strode to and fro hurriedly, like a lion chafing at the chains that bound him, his foot pressing heavily into the soft green sward. "Let us speak of *her*—Sabrey Durand—the fair, child-hearted girl who, mayhap, will bring the balm to my heart. I had purposed to seek Paul Durand, and ask his daughter's hand; and then, in this secluded island home, we might lead a life all blest and peaceful. But it would be useless now, for the trapper, Jacob Burt, is a dangerous rival, and stratagem must now accomplish what open means would fail to win."

"The pale flower's sire spoke to-night of my white medicine father's visit to his lodge; and the dark trapper vows harm against him if he sets foot over its threshold again," said the Indian maiden.

"Ha! is it so? Then must I be doubly cautious!" exclaimed the Hermit. "Since it will not serve to visit Paul Durand's cabin, I will write to Sabrey, and you, my good little Owenee, I am sure will bear her the message. You shall be the carrier-dove to fly between us," he said, smiling, and stroking her shining black hair.

"The heart of the Ottawa girl is in her hand to lay before the eagle or the white dove," was her ready reply.

"Thanks, my good Owenee," returned the Hermit. "Your devotion shall not go unrewarded. I will write a line to Sabrey." And, entering his cabin, he kindled a pine knot, and wrote by its glowing flame a moment on a slip of paper at his rude *escritoire*, then returned to place the folded note in the girl's hand. "You can devise some errand to the cabin of Paul Durand; and, should there be an answer, I will reward you well if you will row over to the island on the morrow and bring it to me."

"Owenee wants no thanks; her heart is to serve her white father," was her ready reply, with a dash of enthusiasm in her tones. Then, placing the note among the folds of the mantle over her bosom, she glided away till her graceful form was lost in the heavy shadows of the trees; and in another minute the soft dip of her oars was borne to the ears of the Hermit of Chicago, and the tuft of snowy feathers which decorated her raven tresses swayed in the light breeze that curled the waters of the lake as her canoe shot over its bosom.

And, a half hour later, as sweet Sabrey Durand sat in the moonlit silence at the window of her little room, looking out into the linden shadows, while bitter thoughts against Jacob Burt and the father who had planned this proposed hated union with the trapper filled her mind, the form of Owenee, the Indian girl, glided stealthily from out the shade near the cabin, and she tapped lightly against the window-pane, holding up to view a square of folded paper.

And Sabrey Durand softly raised the sash and received the precious note, whose characters she plainly discerned in the white moonlight; but when she turned to thank the messenger who had brought her assurances of faith that sent a flood of crimson to her cheek and a sparkle to her eye, the Indian maiden had flitted silently away among the shadows.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INN.

In the keeping-room of the tavern at the settlement town five miles from Paul Durand's cabin, sat Jacob Burt over a bowl of steaming whiskey. It was on the day succeeding his visit. Now that the acme of his desires, Sabrey Durand's hand, had been promised him, he could afford to enjoy that *dolce far niente* of a rude trapper's life—rest from his labors and his favorite beverage, which the landlord, Giles Jipson, mixed so famously.

Gathered at the table with him were two or three of his companions, who partook of his hospitality. An unusually large profit derived from the sale of his last stock of beaver-skins had made the trapper unwontedly liberal, and he had insisted on "treating" the whole group.

So busily were they engaged with their good cheer, that twilight stole on unobserved; and candles had been added to the light from the blazing wood fire on the broad hearth, when the landlord ushered a pair of new-comers by the evening stage into the keeping-room.

One of these was a woman, still young, though past the first flush of youth, with lustrous black hair and eyes, pale and worn countenance, and nervous, restless air; while her companion, a slight lad of twenty or thereabouts, with French accent, and respectful, *suave* air, addressed her as "my lady," evidently filling the capacity of faithful servant.

After carefully seating the lady by the blazing hearth, the lad went out to seek the landlord, to give directions for their evening repast and order an apartment to be put in readiness for his mistress; while she sat silent and almost motionless in the corner of the wooden settle where she had sunk wearidly down. As the fire flashed up fitfully, its light revealed a face which still bore traces of great beauty. Though the warmth had kindled a slight flush on the cheeks, yet they looked hollow and thin; and there were deeper lines across her low, Grecian forehead and about her scarlet lips—lips that had an unpleasant fulness—than her young womanhood would warrant. Her eyes were dusky, slumbrous, and almond-shaped; there, in the flattering firelight, one could not note, as by the common light of day, with what a painful brilliancy they glittered. On her face you might not have observed the palpable imprint of disease, but her hands were tell-tale; thin, white, and almost diaphanous—mocked by the flashing gems circling the slender fingers—they lay, clasped together, on the dark folds of her travelling cloak over her lap.

At first, sitting there by the fire, her gaze seemed abstracted, and she took no apparent notice of the group at the table in the keeping-room, who had continued the conversation interrupted momentarily by her entrance.

"How now, Burt," exclaimed one to the trapper who had proved more than ordinarily genial—"how comes on your courtship with old Durand's pretty daughter? Are you as lucky in *that* quarter as in trapping beavers? If you are, you're the happiest fellow—or ought to be—in this region of the lake country; for the purty 'wild rose of the clearing,' as the youngsters call her, *is* handsome as a picter."

The trapper answered with a laugh and in a boastful tone:

"O, purty Sabrey and I understands ourselves. And old Paul—wall, neighbors, you know, all on ye, *what* his god is"—and he struck his hand hard on his pocket, where a purse filled with coin clinked heavily—"and it takes a man with the needful to win his darter."

"Yes, the old miser—no offence, Burt," continued the other; "catch *him* lettin' anybody *without* the shiners come within speakin' distance of his cabin—so *that's* a lucky featur' in the case, neighbor. But, arter all, (assuming a facetious air) they do say that the gal's offish—allers was, from the time young Gladstane and the rest of her followers went off in clean despair when she turned a cold shoulder to 'em all; and it's *my* 'pinion that trappin' beavers, arter all, is easier work to ye than makin' love. Come, now, own up, neighbor."

"O, pshaw," replied the trapper, affecting the easiness of one secure of his position in his lady-love's affections, "comes nat'ral. The 'wild rose o' the clearin' is dutiful as she is purty, and has been brought up to like the man her father picks out for her. You wouldn't believe, mabbe, that's she's sot the weddin' day?"

"No. When? Do let us into the secret, Burt. But I'll bet ten coon-skins some young feller 'll cut you out before then;" and he winked facetiously to his companions. "Who do you think I see comin' out o' Durand's cabin t'other day when I was passin'? Couldn't guess, mabbe? Wall, then, 'twas no less a gallant than that strange feller they call 'the Hermit of Chicago.' Sing'lar now, Burt, aint it, how these purty gals 'll draw a man arter 'em? Now, to my sartain knowledge, that Hermit has lived there on the island goin' on to four years, and never came over here to town more'n a dozen times; and it looks mighty s'picious, seein' him round old Durand's cabin. Now I calkulate suthin' about a woman driv him there—and mabbe a woman 'll get him out o' sich a heathenish, Ingin way o' livin', all alone there by hisself. So jest look out for him, neighbor, for he's a mighty well-lookin' chap, to my thinkin', and and can't be more'n thirty—jest in the prime o' life; and there's no trustin' his hermit ways when a purty gal's in the case."

"Nonsense!" laughed the trapper, though his fists doubled and his heavy brows knitted. "You're on the wrong track, neighbor Dustin. Heard all about his visit at Paul's cabin. Never spoke to the gal in his life before; only called for a drink o' water. Don't believe he's spoke to a woman since he's lived on the island."

"A mighty lonesome way o' livin', that," spoke another of the party. "There's something sing'lar about his goin' there, I'll be bound. It's a nice, cozy cabin he's got there—rooms all fixed up pleasant, and books enough to read all through the dull weather. Have sot there by the hour and talked with him, and a sensibler, cleverer man Illinois can't show. Talks on any subject excepting his own life. Never speaks about himself; you can't git him to. S'pose he's a Catholic—keeps his cross hangin' up on the wall. Never speaks about a woman! There was a picter o' one—powerful handsome, black hair and eyes—hangin over his bed; didn't like to ask him any questions, but shouldn't wonder if 'twas the portrait o' some darter of Eve that had something to do with some trouble or other that sent him off there to live hermit-fashion."

"Most likely. That's my opinion," rejoined Dustin. "I'll bet five beaver-skins on it. I've allers noticed that a woman's at the bottom of all the mischief in this world—and a man's a fool to trouble himself for one of 'em."

"S'pose you're 'bout right, Dustin, shrewdly observed another, with a twinkle in his eye—a quiet, old, weather-beaten man, who had sat smoking his pipe in silence. "Speak from experience. A heap o' trouble *you've* had, if all accounts are true, with that vixenish better-half of yours."

This thrust effectually silenced the railer at woman. He retired in inglorious defeat from the field. The old man smiled, and, turning to the speaker who had recounted his visit to the island, said:

"It's a pity, though, that you hadn't asked the history o' that picter hangin' up in the Hermit's cabin. Joe Elwell was tellin' me about it once. Says he thought, sure, 'twas a live face lookin' down on him from the wall—the eyes seemed to look him through."

"Yes, and the cheeks are red as roses. Seems to be a veil or something on her head, and a chain with a red cross on her neck. Declare! it made me set and look——But, Lord! what's that?" starting, as a slight scream startled the group. "Declare, the woman's fainted, or fell in a fit!" and they sprang to the fireplace, where the stranger, with a half shriek, half moan, had sunk down prone on the tiled hearth.

CHAPTER V.

THE LADY CLAUDINE.

In an instant all was confusion in the apartment. The servant lad came rushing in with the landlord, who had been summoned, and, bending over the lady, raised her head, from which her scarlet travelling-hood had fallen, to his knee, and chafed vigorously her cold hands and wrists.

"*Ma lady* is *veri* weary; the ride was too long and cold," he said, with a strong French accent. "It is rest will restore her." And when she had partially recovered, opening her large dark eyes on the group around, she suffered herself to be led away by Jacques to the comfortable warmed upper room whither the landlord ushered them.

"*Ma pauvre Claudine c'est il?* What is it?" asked the lad, in a sympathizing tone, after he had seated her in a chair near the fire and removed her wrappings with the handiness of a woman. Producing a flask of rich Burgundy wine from a travelling case, he poured a draught into a little silver drinking-cup and held it to her lips. "You are ill, *ma lady*, and must tarry here till stronger."

"Nay, good Jacques, not till I have seen *him!*" she said, with wildest energy of manner, after quaffing the cup, her cheeks blazing crimson. "I am at last on the right track. O! do you know I heard something to-night?——those men below—let one of them be summoned!" and, sitting erect, she waved her hand to the door.

"Who, *ma lady?*" queried Jacques, in mystification. "Surely, you have not—

"Yes, Jacques, I *have found him*, I believe, at last!" she said, sharply, her eyes alit with wildest excitement. "They were talking of him below—those men. Go, summon one—either; they all know him."

Jacques went out, and descended to the kitchen. The group had all departed save Burt, who lingered with the landlord beside the fire; for a

storm had gathered with the nightfall, and drops of rain were beginning to beat against the inn windows.

"Will you be so *veri* good to walk up stairs, Monsieur? Ma lady would like to speak with you," asked the lad.

"Me? 'Your lady?' Do you mean *me*, mister?" asked Burt, roughly, thinking the French servant mistook him for the landlord.

"Yes, monsieur," replied Jacques, with his *sauve* bow. "Ma Lady Claudine bade me summon you."

"'My lady!' Wall, now, I calkelate that sounds purty 'ristocratic in this plain country!" exclaimed Jipson, *sotto voce*, as Burt hastened away, following Jacques. "But never mind, so long as they're my guests. S'pose they've got the needful, judgin' from their looks. Powerful handsome rings the woman wore. Looked sick, though, poor creetur!" and the good-hearted landlord ejaculated a sympathetic sigh.

When the trapper stood before the lady in her apartment, every vestige of her recent pallor had disappeared, and her cheeks glowed red as Province roses. She stood before the hearth; her travelling wrap had fallen, and the warm light of the wood fire revealed a symmetrical, elegant, though somewhat attenuated form, clad in a dark, rich, purple merino of finest texture, its folds falling about her like waves of flowing wine. Her hair, of ebon hue, was wound in lustrous coils about her head, drawn plainly above her small ears, transparent as the sea-shell, and fastened with a plain golden bodkin. Her hands were clasped nervously over her breast. Her feet were set firmly in the rug before the hearth. Altogether, her attitude and mien betokened repressed impatience and excitement; and her voice, when she spoke, was thick and husky, with the same foreign accent as her servant's.

The trapper had involuntarily made a low obeisance when he entered, for the sight of such elegance and beauty was new in that rude settlement town, and now he stood staring at her.

"Good sir," began the lady, "can you tell me more of him concerning whom you were speaking below?"

"The Hermit, ma'am?" asked Burt, after a moment's pause spent in recalling his scattered senses.

"*Oui*—yes, monsieur.

"Don't know a great sight about him, ma'am. Never have been over to his island, though most of the folks hereabouts have," he replied, bluntly.

"But you can tell me; he has lived there four years, I think you said?" and she bent forward anxiously.

"Yes'm—'bout that, I should reckon."

"And he has a picture, a portrait, hanging on his wall?"

"So they say, them that's been there."

"And he is—how old, monsieur?"

"'Bout thirty, or thereabouts, I recon. Young yet. Light hair, blue eyes, and comely lookin' enough—so the women folks say, I believe. 'Taint often I git a sight at him. He don't come over to the town often."

"I *must* see him!" The words fell slowly, one by one, from her lips. "People go there—cross in boats, do they not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you take me there?—and to-night?"

"*To-night?*—and a storm settin' in? Don't you hear the rain?" And Jacob Burt paused, while the big drops pattered against the window-pane, and the wind moaned sullenly with a rising sound down the chimney. "Why, Lord bless you, ma'am, the equinoxial is jest settin' in, and I wouldn't care to make the passage on a stormy day—much less in the nighttime! If you'll wait till the storm's over, ma'am, I shall be glad to take you over. Should like to see the island myself."

"*Wait!*" echoed the lady, impatiently, with great vehemence of manner. "I will pay you handsomely;" and she drew a heavy purse from her pocket.

"No, ma'am; 'taint no use offerin' money. An old settler in this country knows when 'taint safe to cross the lake. If you're willin' to wait till fair weather, and want my services then, you are welcome to 'em. To-morrow, if it fairs off—though most likely the storm 'll last a spell; but the fust fair day, at any rate, I'll come, if you say the word, ma'am."

The lady stood a moment in deep thought, clenching her slender fingers in a nervous manner. It was a hard task to curb her wild impatience.

"I will wait."

She uttered the words abruptly, then waived him from the chamber.

"Curious doin's," said the trapper, re-entering the kitchen. "Here's that woman crazy to go over to the Hermit's island to-night. Queer! She's a mighty handsome creeter! Did you notice her, Jipson?"

"Yes. Quality folks, I reckon," rejoined the landlord. "Some relation, mabbe, come to sarch him out. Or p'raps it's his sweetheart—who knows? Allers told 'em he was a runaway, or something o' the sort. We shall see! Howsomever, I go on the principle that every man's a right to his own way, and it's none o' *my* business."

"Wall, as soon as the storm holds up I've agreed to row her over to the island. Good-even', Jipson." And, buttoning up his coat, Burt left the tavern, replying to the landlord's invitation to spend the night—"Thank ye, Jipson—but Jake Burt has been out on the prairies too many a time in worse storms than this, to be afeared o' a little rain."

"Guess I wont stop in to-night," he muttered to himself, as he rapidly passed the clearing where the light streamed broadly from Paul Durand's cabin out into the darkness, revealing the wet tree-boughs swaying to and fro in the wind and rain, and Sabrey's shadow flitting to and fro before the window. "I'll give the gal time to get used to the thoughts on't; and, when next I go, she'll know better than to play offish. Derned if I wan't kind o' jealous about the Hermit—though of course it's all nonsense! Hope that woman will take him off with her, or settle down on the island with him herself. Queer looking woman she was—handsome, but kind o' pale, sick, or wild like. This storm 'll be a tough one," looking up to the sullen, starless sky.

And while the trapper pursued his lonely homeward way along the country road, the lady in the chamber of the rude settlement inn vainly courted slumber, and the faithful Jacques slept soundly on his pallet in an adjoining room. To and fro—to and fro the floor she paced, now clasping her fingers over her heart, as if to still its wild throbbings—now pressing them on her aching temples.

"*So near, at last—so near!*" she murmured. "I shall see him—I shall cast myself at his feet—and he will forgive me! My remorse must have atoned! The Virgin knows I have suffered!—if I have sinned, I have suffered! O, he *must* forgive!" And she sank wearily down, to dream a long reverie by the smouldering wood fire."

CHAPTER VI.

PHILLIPE DE LA ROCQUE.

The same night of storm that brought the strange lady and her attendant to the little settlement inn, brought also, at a later hour, a solitary traveller—a gentleman of apparently some fifty-five years, of noble countenance, gentle and winning address, and mild, musical voice.

Giving his horse into the care of the hostler, with careful directions for his grooming, he entered the keeping-room. Shaking the rain-drops from his elegant furred travelling-cloak, he took the landlord's proffered seat by the smouldering fire—for the night was wearing late when he arrived—and began rubbing his chilled hands over the coals, to which Boniface added a stout hickory log, which sent the sparks in a fiery torrent up the ample chimney.

"A stormy night, sir. Have you travelled far?" was his query.

"I have ridden ever since sunrise. I am a fur trader from Quebec, and set out some weeks ago to prosecute this journey, which I undertook partly on business matters, and partly for the recruital of my health, which is not strong."

The delicate cast of the pale, noble features, confirmed this.

The gentleman spoke in a singularly sweet voice, and with a slight foreign accent. Evidently he was of foreign extraction, or, from residence in the French-English city of Canada, and association with its mixed population, he had acquired this. The former supposition proved the correct one, for he gave his name to the landlord as Monsieur Phillipe de la Rocque.

"I designed to proceed to Green Bay—perhaps farther into the northwest," he went on; "but I fear I shall be forced to tarry awhile at your inn. All day long I have felt a strange dizziness and headache; and, though really unable to proceed, still I pressed on, hoping to conquer them. But my illness has increased with the afternoon, and this evening's rain has chilled me. I may have been imprudent in riding in it so far, but no sign of any inn reached me in my lonesome route; besides, I wished to gain your town, where I was told you have some fur traders, and where I shall probably tarry some days."

The landlord was profuse in his attentions to the new guest, and inwardly blessed his lucky stars that sent him two such apparently moneyed visitors as had that night sought his humble inn. With many regrets that his best lodging-chamber was just taken up by a lady who had arrived that evening, he ordered another to be got in readiness, and a blazing fire to be kindled therein for the gentleman.

"Yes, landlord, give me a good fire and a warm posset, for I am chilled through with riding in this rain, and my headache increases. Perhaps a good night's rest may restore me."

"Hope you aint a goin' to git the fever nagur on to you, stranger," said the landlord.

"I hope not, I am sure," echoed the gentleman, crossing himself devoutly, which act betrayed his Catholic faith. "I think the night's sleep will set me up again; and to-morrow, if I feel well enough, I must see some of your fur traders. You have some who do a good business, landlord?"

"There's old Jake Burt has trapped more beavers and otters in his life than you or I could count, stranger. Has made a mighty snug little fortin by the same. *He'll* suit ye to the skins, I reckon."

"Well, I'll see him to-morrow, if the storm subsides. Now I will be shown to my room," was the reply.

But the morrow brought, instead, to the French trader, a racking headache, sore throat, and aching limbs, which held him to his bed; and, in lieu of the fur dealers, was summoned the Galen of the settlement, who, examining the stranger's symptoms, pronounced him attacked by a form of low, lingering fever then prevalent in the lake country, and likely be detained some weeks at his present quarters.

Monsieur de la Rocque submitted, though, it must be confessed, somewhat reluctantly, to this decree; and, summoning Jipson—the rough, but kind-hearted and honest backwoodsman landlord—he gave his moneys and papers into his charge, saying:

"As I am likely to remain your guest a longer period than I intended, I appoint you my steward, and, in case anything should happen, my executor. But I hope for the best. Can you not procure me a good nurse, who will not only administer the powders and blue pills I forsee I shall be doomed to swallow, but also while away the time in reading to me, when this headache does not rack me?—for, as you will see by unlocking that little travelling-bag, there are two or three volumes I always carry with me on expeditions like this, to pass away the tardy hours when I am forced to lay by from storm or other hindrance; and quite often I read on horseback, riding through the lonely forests."

The landlord replied, after standing a moment in thought:

"There's purty little Sabrey Durand, old Durand's daughter; they live in a little cabin on a clearin' four or five miles norrard. Now *she'd* be the gal to read to ye, for nobody in these parts takes to book larnin' like she does. But they say she's goin' to marry Jake Burt, and I don't skasely believe the rich trapper'd want her to go out to sarvice like; though old Durand—the miser—derned little *he'd* care how the gal turned him a penny. But if it's only a good hand in sickness you want, jest to take keer on ye and nuss ye up, stranger—and, in *my* 'pinion, that's what ye'd better be thinkin' on, for this is a mighty oncomfortable fever anyhow—ye'd better have old Aunt Elsy Clay sent for; she's the reg'lar nuss in these regions."

"Well, as you please, good landlord; for, to tell the truth, this headache gains fast upon me," replied the gentleman, giving way at length to the disease which he now felt he could not shake off lightly. "Take the best care of me, and you shall be well paid for all your trouble."

The kind landlord gave his promise. And, with the revolution of another day, the invalid trader was in no condition to pronounce on the merits or demerits of old Aunt Elsy, who presided in state in his sick chamber, where the settlement doctor paid stated visits; for his brain wandered, and he muttered incoherently, in low, moaning words, while the fever racked his frame.

And the landlord, with an eye to business, inly concluding that discretion and caution was the better part of valor, resolved to withhold the knowledge that a sick man lay in his house from the strange lady, lest she should be become alarmed and leave his inn.

Thus days passed, while the fierce equinoctial storm raged through the low lake country, and still the French trader kept his bed; and the lady, wildly impatient at the elemental strife without, than which a wilder was going on in her own heart, awaited anxiously the termination of the storm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE FIELD OF SLAUGHTER.

BY J. ALFORD.

How vile the field of slaughter,
How base the trade of blood;
Ye parasites and tyrants,
Ambition is your god!

While madly raging nations
Rush on to furious fight,
I'll seek the silent moonbeams,
And wander by their light.

To me the balmy evening,
And curfew's soothing knell,
Like music on the waters,
Delightful stories tell.

Beneath some moss-clad mountains,
Where carnage comes not nigh,
I'll shun the trumpet's clangor,
And shouts of victory!

DIVING BELL.

The first use of the diving bell in Europe was at Toledo, in Spain, in the year 1588, before the Emperor Charles V., and ten thousand spectators. The experiment was made by two Greeks, who, taking a very large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, fixed planks in the middle of its concavity, upon which they placed themselves, and with a lighted candle gradually descended to a considerable depth.

In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith in America, formed a project for searching and unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. He represented his plan in such a plausible manner, that Charles II. gave him a ship, and furnished him with everything necessary for his undertaking; but, being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavored to procure another vessel from James II.; but, failing in this, he got a subscription opened for the purpose, to which the Duke of Albemarle largely contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of two hundred tons burthen to try his fortune once more, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first, all his labors proved fruitless; but, at last, when he seemed almost to despair of success, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of two hundred thousand pounds sterling. Of this sum he got about twenty thousand, and the duke ninety thousand pounds. Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present noble House of Mulgrave.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

Frederic the Great being informed of the death of one of his chaplains, a man of considerable learning and piety, determined to select a successor with the same qualifications, and took the following method of ascertaining the merit of one of the numerous candidates for the appointment. He told the applicant that he would furnish him with a text the following Sunday, when he was to preach at the Royal Chapel. The morning came, and the chapel was crowded to excess. The king arrived at the end of the prayers; and on the candidate ascending the pulpit, he was presented with a sealed paper by one of his majesty's aids-de-camp. The preacher opened it, and found nothing written. He did not, however, lose his presence of mind; but turning the paper on both sides, he said, "My brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things;" and proceeded to deliver a most eloquent discourse on the wonders of the creation.

PIRATE'S DEFENCE.

Alexander the Great was about to pass sentence of death on a noted pirate, but previously asked him, "Why dost thou trouble the seas?" "Why," rejoined the rover boldly, "dost thou trouble the whole world? I with one ship go in quest of solitary adventures, and am therefore called pirate; thou with a great army warrest against nations, and therefore art called emperor. Sir, there is no difference betwixt us but in the name and means of doing mischief." Alexander, so far from being displeased with the freedom of his culprit, was so impressed with the force of his appeal, that he dismissed him unpunished.

A man is the healthiest and happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle; it leaves easy work for the doctors.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE HEBREW MAID.

BY WILLIAM F. WOOD.

Dark-eyed daughter of Israel,
Fair relic of a fallen race!
The wrongs which you so deeply feel,
Are darkly pictured on thy face:
Outcast of earth and scourged of Heaven,
I mourn with thee, for I have known
No fairer form to mortal given,
Than that we hardly deem thy own.

Earth felt with awe the boundless power
Which Israel's God to Israel gave;
And hailed with joy the fatal hour
When all went darkling to the grave;
But e'en destruction could not hide
The pomp and power that once was theirs;
Nor scorn of ages quell the pride
That strengthens with the gathering years.

And in thy form and in thy face,
Thou haughty spirit, I descry
The glory of a seraph's grace,
The terror of a demon's eye:
Thy vanquished people suffer wrong,
Thy nation is in exile now,
But why that stubborn pride prolong?
Why veil with gloom thy seraph brow?

The prophet of thy people came,—
Thy nation scorned His living blood;
And e'en to-day 'twould be the same,
If other prophets' tones were heard.
Thy God hath not forsaken thee;
That prophet still in mercy says,
If thou wilt but acknowledge me,
The earth shall all resound thy praise.

With terror I have marked the power
Of that dark, dangerous eye of thine;
And in my anguish cursed the hour
I came a captive to thy shrine.
Had I a drop of Israel's blood
Within my veins, you'd hear my vow;
But O! my heart hath understood—
You scorn—you scorn—you scorn me now!

Farewell!—that bitter word hath rent
My heart in twain, as if the wrath
Of Israel's God had sternly sent
A thunderbolt across my path:
There is a demon in my soul—
A deathless demon, and it came
From thy dark eyes, mysterious roll,
Consuming with a ceaseless flame!

PRESENTIMENT AT THE WELL.

BY E. HOLDEN, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

ELISSA WALDRON was the only daughter of an honest and intelligent farmer, who resided a few miles from one of our largest cities. Their humble but neat cottage stood a little distance from the principal avenue leading out of the metropolis; and though the small farm of Mr. Waldron did not indicate wealth, it was admired by all who rode out to partake of the sweetness of the country, for the universal indication of thrift and industry that every where prevailed. Mr. Waldron was marked by the excellent qualities which form a good and an admired citizen, and the partner of his life was equally the pride of the rural neighborhood in which they dwelt. They had, by a life of industry and economy, placed themselves above want, though they never could be called rich. It was their constant care to inculcate correct principles in their only daughter. "If," said Mr. Waldron one day to Elissa, "you learn to be above the world, by knowing how to provide for yourself by your own hands, independence, my girl, will be your inheritance." It was in pursuance of this early implanted principle of self-reliance, we suppose, that induced Elissa to go to the city, when in her teens, in the capacity of domestic service. She lived in the family of an old friend of her father's for about two years, more like a daughter than a servant, for Mrs. Underwood was a good lady, and Elissa filled a large place in her heart. She was ever so attentive, intelligent and affectionate in the relation in which she occupied.

The estate of Mr. Underwood was situated a little distance from the dense portion of the city. In a large garden which was the pleasure of his home hours, he had a well for the double purpose of supplying the family with water, and sprinkling nutriment to the rare exotics of his hot-houses. Elissa went out one day, as she often did, to draw a pail of water. Mrs. Underwood was passing in a distant part of the garden, and she saw that Elissa was standing gazing in the well for some time, with an almost vacant stare. Her curiosity was excited, and walking towards the well, in a gentle tone she asked, "Why, Elissa, what do you see in the well?"

"Nothing, madam—only I am never going to draw any more water in this garden."

"What do you mean, Elissa—have I not treated you kindly?"

"Most tenderly—like a sister, madam; but I have had a presentiment since I looked into this well, and I am to see better days."

"Elissa, if I did not know you well, I should think you crazy."

"O, no, I'm not crazed, but I am to see better days; I've had a presentiment."

And nothing could persuade her to the contrary. That very day she had her trunk packed, accompanied by many a little present from the Underwoods, and took the stage for the rural home of her childhood. Not a word, however, did she utter to her parents of her strange presentiment, for she well knew that they would laugh much at her for indulging such a fancy. She kept it to herself; but so strong an impression had it made upon feelings that she never abandoned the thought, scarcely in her waking or sleeping moments.

CHAPTER II.

THE reader will recollect we have mentioned that the cottage of Mr. Waldron was situated but a little distance from the great avenue leading from the metropolis. Multitudes of carriages in the sweet-scented season of summer drove out that way, that their inmates might inhale the odors of the flowers and the fields. It was not long after the return of Elissa, that, one day, a gentleman's carriage was literally broken to atoms, by his horses having taken fright, and he was thrown out opposite the cottage of Mr. Waldron, having one of his hips dislocated, his left arm broken, and being otherwise so badly injured as to remain for a long time in a state of insensibility after he had been conveyed into the cottage of Mr. Waldron. The physician positively forbade his removal to his own home in the city; and Elissa and her kind-hearted mother struggled to outdo each other in attentive nursing of their accidental patient. By this unremitting kindness and the best skill of his surgeon, he was restored after a month or two so far as to be in a condition to remove in his carriage without risk to his life; but before leaving the place where his very existence had been preserved, he made a very liberal present to the worthy mother, to reward the constant toils of herself and Elissa towards him.

The family merely learned the name of the gentleman, and that he was very rich; and as they had done their duty to him, and he had begged to be permitted most liberally to reward Mrs. Waldron, they expected in parting with him on the morning of his removal that he would never again be seen by them.

CHAPTER III.

IT was well nigh one year from the time we have recorded the departure of the gentleman, that a carriage drove up to the Waldron cottage, and the footman announced the name of him who had been detained there by his wounds. The family were glad to receive him—that is, Mr. and Mrs. Waldron gave him a most cordial welcome, so gratified were they to find he had been almost entirely restored to health. Elissa had run to her room to readjust her toilet, when she heard a carriage approaching the court-yard.

"Where is Elissa?" asked Mr. Middleton—for that was the name of the gentleman.

"She will be here soon," quickly replied Mrs. Waldron.

"I trust she is well?" added Mr. Middleton.

"She is, sir, and has often said she would be most happy to hear how you were after leaving our house."

"I am glad of that, madam, for I this day visit you under very different feelings from those with which I was thrown upon your kindness and hospitality. I have come to ask the hand of your Elissa in marriage, if her love is not plighted to another."

"Sir!" said Mr. Waldron, indignantly, would you insult us, after we did all we could to save your life?"

"Not for the world, Mr. Waldron. I am a gentleman of honor, and of fortune. I am somewhat older than your daughter, but if she can forego that disparity, if you will but give me your permission, I will at once offer her my hand and heart."

"I know not what to think or what to say," replied Mr. Waldron. "But Elissa is of humble birth; and, though she is a dear child to us, she has none of the fine qualifications for a rich man's lady, and I dare not think you serious. If you are not honorable in your—"

"Pray, Mr. Waldron, give yourself no uneasiness on that account. I have not ventured to visit you to-day without preparation, and here, sir, is a letter from your old and intimate friend Granville, which, I trust, will satisfy you as to what right I have as a man of honor to make proposals of marriage to Elissa."

We need only add that the testimony was satisfactory; and that in a few weeks afterwards, Elissa was Mrs. Middleton, fulfilling, as she will have, (though it always raises a smile on her husband's lips) the presentiment which she experienced when she was drawing water from the well in the garden of the Underwoods.

In a little over a year and a half from that incident, she drove to the residence of Mrs. Underwood. The servants rang at the door, but as she alighted from her carriage her girlish feelings came over her, and she walked into the back parlor without ceremony. Mrs. Underwood soon entered, and passed the compliments of the morning with much embarrassment, unable to recollect the face of the lady who had honored her with a call, which she finally had to confess. "Why, not recollect Elissa? Well I suppose I am in disguise, for the presentiment has been fulfilled, and my husband awaits in the carriage to be introduced to my former mistress."

Mrs. Underwood is now one of the most intimate visitants at the Middletons, and the latter form one of the most wealthy, respectable and deservedly esteemed families in the city.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

LIFE'S UNCERTAINTY.

BY W. H. DAVIS.

The morn may open bright and fair,
Resplendent rise the king of day,
And softly blow the balmy air
While swiftly glides its hours away;
But though the morn may ope so bright,
So fair its hours appear to be,
Dark clouds may hide the day-king's light,
And fearful tempests sweep the lea,
Ere half the day be spent and gone,
And night's dark hours come creeping on.

So man doth oft begin the day
With not a thought of death in view—
With heart elate, and spirits gay,
Life's daily duties here pursue;
But ere the night's dead gloom comes on,
And earth is wrapt in darkness deep,
The day by him so fair begun
The eve in death may see him sleep;
For, such is life's uncertainty,
We know not when our end will be.

A FABLE AND A LESSON.

"An old lion, among other precepts that he gave his son, charged him that he should never fight with a man; because if he was not too strong, he would, at least, be too crafty. The young lion heard him, but regarded him not; and, therefore, as soon as ever he was full grown, hastens abroad to seek a man to be his enemy. He came into a field, and saw a yoke of oxen standing ready furnished to plough, and asking them if they were men, they said, 'No; but that a man had put those yokes upon them.' He left them, and went aside; and espying a horse bridled and tied to a tree, asked him if he were a man. He was answered, 'No; but that a man had bridled him, and would by-and-by come to ride him.' At last, he found a man cleaving wood, and asked him; and finding him to be so, told him that he must then prepare to fight with him. The man told him with all his heart; but first desired him to help to draw the wedge out of that tree, and then he would. The young lion thrusts in his paws, and a little opens the tree, till the wedge fell out, and the tree closed upon his feet by its returning violence. The man seeing the lion fastened, and the lion seeing himself entrapped, the man cried to his neighbors to come to his help; and the lion, to escape his danger, tore his feet from the tree, and left his nails and blood behind him; and returning with shame and smart to his old father, said to him: '*Mi Pater, si paruissem monitis tuis, unqulas non amississem.*' 'I had not lost my nails had I obeyed my papa's commands.'" O, for the foolish young lions and lionesses that are caught in the cleft sticks every day!

A man of cultivation and social attractiveness, especially if he holds some position of influence and distinction, as a journalist, a statesman, a professional man, is often little aware, because he has strangely forgotten the days of his boyhood; how wide and how permanent are the influences he leaves upon the society he passes through. What he says, may not be remembered; but what he is, will be. Many think of him with pleasure, and with a secret wish to know him and be guided by him, of whom he does not think at the time.

A SPECULATION.

The following incident actually took place in Baltimore, a few years since. As an evidence of the truth of the event, it is said that the companions of the young woman were not long in discovering that one of their number all of a sudden left their ranks.

"How do you sell these flowers?" said a good-looking stranger of one of the Southern States, to a pretty little damsel in the market, who had hitherto been compelled to sell pinks, posies, and similar notions, honestly to maintain herself and family.

"Twenty-five cents, sir," said the maiden, holding up to the gaze of the stranger, a sweet-scented bunch.

"Cheap," said the gentleman.

"Indeed, they are," said the maiden.

"So much so, that I cannot possibly conceive how you can make a living at the business."

"Ah, sir," said the pretty little damsel, "the times are so hard that we are compelled to do the best we can. By economy, sir, we do manage to get along. Did those who live in glittering palaces but know how severe is the lot of the poor and dejected, we might, perhaps, get a trifle more for our labor. But alas! sorry I am to be compelled to say it, truly, justice is blind, and dim indeed is the vision of opulence."

Here the stranger, touched by the powerful remarks of the pretty flower girl, was seen to drop his head, and let fall a tear of sorrow. Recovering, however, he continued as follows:

"Here, my pretty one, why not turn your attention to something more profitable?"

"I know not what, sir," said the girl.

"Why not turn your attention to speculation?"

"But I know not what kind, sir," said the girl, "and if I did, I am not possessed of the capital."

"Oh," said the gentleman, "there are some kinds of speculation in which to meet success a capital is not required."

"Name it, sir."

"Marriage."

"Sir," said the little maiden, "my chances in that kind of speculation are poor—poor indeed."

"Perhaps not so poor as you imagine."

"I have now on my hands a dear father and mother to support by my little earnings, and to marry a youth as poor as myself would only be heaping misfortune on our already over-burdened shoulders."

"But, perhaps, in the search you might fall in with some one who has more of this world's treasures than yourself."

"But to get him," modestly articulated the girl.

"'Twere an easy task, if he loves you."

"But where shall I find him? Which way shall I look?"

"Here, my pretty one," said the gentleman, at the same time throwing his eyes upon the young girl in such a manner as to leave no doubt on her mind that she was adored by the stranger.

* * * * The couple became more intimate with each other; the stranger bought the flowers of the maiden, and, as a compensation, he gave her a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars, with a written contract that himself should be thrown in to the bargain.

They are now man and wife—the aged parents are comforted in their declining years — the maiden is no longer obliged to vend her nose-gays—and the stranger doubtless blesses the hour he visited the city of monuments, and went to buy the blue-eyed maiden's charming flowers.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

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THE PORT OF YOUTH.

BY SEWALL FLY.

There's a beautiful port on the shores of time,
Where the waters are clear and deep,
And the winds and waves of that sunny clime
Would not wake an infant's sleep.

And daily and hourly the ships go out,
To traverse the waves so blue;
But they never return, whatever their route,
To anchor and land their crew.

They may coast in sight of the beautiful port,
And along where the watch towers frown;
But alas! e'en there by the rude winds sport,
Full many a bark goes down.

And some, perchance, may forget for a while,
The port whence they sallied forth,
And, touching at many a sunny isle,
Take new supplies of mirth.

But sooner or later, as years roll on,
To the watchman's dim old eye—
With masts in splinters, and sails all torn,—
A shattered bark goes by.

And all who may read my rhymes will say,
That what I have written is truth:
For none who launch on life's sea to-day,
Can re-enter the Port of Youth.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY MISS HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

It was a glorious eve—that of Christmas—fitting precursor of the day we celebrate in commemoration of the advent of the meek and lowly Saviour among men. The stars came out one by one, and looked down as peacefully and lovingly upon the earth as they did at the time when the Angel appeared unto the "Eastern shepherds" by night, while they were tending their flocks, and said to them—"Fear not: for behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Suddenly, we are told, a multitude of the heavenly host were with the Angel, singing—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men!" O, what a song was that, and how many of the dwellers on earth have sung it—how many are still singing it—how many who have "crossed the river" are singing it on "the other side!"

As I have previously said, the stars were out, and the coruscations upon the carpet of snow that spread the ground glistened like diamonds in the moonlight. The inhabitants of the city were full of life—such hurrying of men and women hither and thither, such dancing of children over the crusty snow, such gleesome shouts from the boys, who were hastening home to enjoy the festivities of the evening—such pleasant, happy faces were seldom seen. Then how proudly the sleighs swept along, the horses' feet keeping time to the merry chime of the bells. O, these were rare sights for the opening of the "holidays."

At your left is a portly gentleman with a cumbrous package, which the mind pictures as containing books, toys, and other Christmas gifts. Just beyond is another man, with a fine fat turkey and a brace of chickens; and yet another, with a shabby basket, whose gaping cover reveals a small cut of steak and a few vegetables. Now a woman glides past with a few small bundles, which she strives to hide under the folds of her scanty shawl, one containing a baker's roll, another a little brown sugar, and the third a *quarter of a pound of tea*, for she thinks "it will seem a *little more cosy and homelike* to have something warm for myself and Mary on the morrow!" We enter a jeweller's establishment, and the same lady adds to her little stock a penny thimble for her little Mary, and as she turns to go, a lady, robed in velvets and sable, enters. As she passes her poorer sister she draws her robes about her, lest they come in contact with her thin, faded garments. The shopkeeper is now all bows and smiles, as case after case of rich jewelry is displayed. A set of diamonds are selected, and there is no demurring at the price named, for are they not for the fair daughter Amelia, who, on the morrow night, makes her *debut* into the fashionable world! Now a boy, with slight figure and pale face, enters, and asks to be shown some plain gold rings. "One dollar and seventy-five cents," says the jeweller, as he shows them. The smile fades from the boy's face, for he has not so much money as that in the wide, wide world. The kind-hearted man divines his trouble, and adds, "Here are some marked one dollar—you may take one for seventy-five cents." The warm blood mounts into the boy's cheek, and his hand trembles with delight as he places one of the glittering rings upon his finger; there is a lumined light in his mild blue eye as he hands it to the kind shopkeeper, and with softened voice says—"Please mark it '*My Mother.*'" Comment is needless.

Now we are on G—— street. What a flood of light streams through the unclosed shutters of the beautiful dwellings. Ever and anon you catch a glimpse of a bright, sunny face, and your ear is met with strains of music and gushes of joyous laughter. You almost imagine the world is *all* sunshine, but come along a little further and you will be convinced that this idea is but a colored bubble, which a mere breath of reality will break!

Here is a boy of some nine summers, whose handsome face, shaded by brown curling locks, looks out from under his brimless cap; his clothes are clean and whole, but bear a marked resemblance to "Joseph's coat of many colors." He holds a girl of six years by the hand, whose dress is in keeping with his own, but her hair is flaxen, and falls from under her faded cambric hood in long curls. Her small, red mittenless hands hug her little cotton shawl around her.

"Willie," said the little girl, "don't you wish we were rich, and did'nt have to go 'chipping' and picking up coals any more?"

"I'll bet I do, Mollie; for I do hate to see you wear such old clothes, and hear the boys call you 'rag-a-muffin.' I wish I had some money to buy you mittens."

"But you've none, Willie, and the boys call you 'rag-a-muffin' the same as me."

"I know it, but I'm a boy and don't care; but when I get a little older I'll whip them for it, and nobody shall stop me!"

"It would be wicked, Willie;—but look there and see that great tree, in that beautiful house, all covered with candles! What is it, Willie?"

"That's a Christmas Tree—a real live Christmas Tree, now I'll bet—and I am bound to see it, so let me put you up on the fence, and then I'll come."

"O, I am afraid they will not like it," said Mollie, but now she was fairly on the fence and Willie by her side.

"O my! arn't it splendid, Mollie! Only see the dolls and books, and trumpets and pistols, and baskets all of silver, I really believe—and flowers, and—and—O my, I never saw so many pretty things in *all* my life put together! I only wish little Susie could see them; would'nt she crow, the little tyke! But there comes a lady to the window; my, is'nt she pretty, Mollie?"

Carrie Morgan looked in wonder upon the two strange looking children, and called her mamma to the window to see them.

"A pretty sight this!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan. "What will people think who are passing! Ring the bell, and send Thomas to drive them away."

"Dear mamma, let me tell them, and give them some nice little things, I pity them so, poor little children."

"Carrie, dear, it will not do to encourage such things. We should have our hands more than full if we do."

"O let us get down quickly, for there comes a man to drive us away."

"I'm bound to give three cheers for the Christmas Tree before I budge a step!" and here Willie swung his little brimless cap, and gave three hearty cheers, which performance he had just concluded when the man cried out:

"Down with you and be off, you dirty, ragged brats, or I'll call the police—disturbing respectable people in this way!"

The children scrambled from the fence, and hurried down the street. The glow upon Willie's face died away, and with it the pleasurable feeling he had enjoyed while under the excitement.

"I say, Mollie," at last he exclaimed. "I wish I was a dog! I'm tired of being called 'a dirty, ragged brat' and such like, and of hearing you called so. I say, Mollie, I wish I was dead—I do, this minute!"

"O, Willie, do not talk so—you make me cry," and the little girl raised, beseechingly, her large, blue eyes, brimming over with tears.

"Well, don't cry, Mollie, and I wont say it again. I'm a bad, bad boy, but *folks make me so.*"

"I wonder why 'Santa Claus' and 'Kriss Kringle' don't give us poor folks the nice things, for the rich folks have lots of money and can buy theirs?" querried Mollie, wiping her eyes on one corner of her shawl. "I mean to hang up my stocking to-night, and see if he'll not come."

"Don't you do it, Mollie; 'taint no use now, I can tell you. Santa Claus and Kriss Kringle, and everybody else, loves the rich folks best."

"God doesn't, Willie, for the bible says so."

"Well, I wish I believed it, Mollie, but I don't now—that's so!"

"But you must, Willie, just as I do. But what's that that shines so?"

"It's a three center, as sure as guns! Hurrah for the three cent primer, with the painted pictures! I guess Susie will crow some when she sees it, the darling tyke." This was Willie's favorite name for his little sister.

"I think Santa Claus heard what we said, and felt ashamed of being so stingy," said Mollie, in a tremble of delight. "I mean to hang up my stocking."

Soon the purchase was made, and the children on their way home.

"Mother, mother!" shouted Willie, "see what I bought for Susie!"

"Hush, Willie; not quite so loudly," said a pale, care-worn looking woman, who was sitting by the side of the bed, "for Susie is not quite well to-night. I'm afraid she has the croup. I have been so frightened about you, that I should have come out to search for you if Susie had not been sick."

A look of pitiful sorrow swept over the boy's face as he heard his mother's word, and bending over little Susie, he tenderly smoothed the brown clustering curls, so like his own, from her burning brow.

"I hope little Susie will not die, mamma, just like little Robert and Alice," and Mollie nestled closer to her mother, awaiting with tearful eyes her answer.

"I hope not," replied the doubting mother, with an effort at cheerfulness. "But come, children, eat your supper," continued Mrs. Howes.

There was nothing upon the table but a plate of dry bread and some cold water, but many an epicure might have envied those children the eager, healthful appetite with which they partook of the simple repast.

"This is not so bad a supper after all, Mollie, but we'll have a nice one to-morrow, for I'll get my pay for the coals I got in for Mrs. Brown."

"What, will we have a nice little chicken, Willie?" and Mollie's blue eyes opened wide at the anticipated luxury.

"O, no, not a chicken, Mollie, for I shall not have money enough for that, but we'll have a baker's roll and some nice large potatoes—two apiece—with salt on them, and some tea with sugar and milk in it, for mother promised us that a week ago. We'll take the cents Mrs. Lane promised us to-morrow morning, and buy the milk."

"But I do love candy, Willie, and I thought I would buy a roll of bright candy."

"Well, then, mother will have no milk for her tea, and some warm drink will be so nice."

"So it will, and I'll wait for my candy, and it will be nicer by-and-by," and the little childish face smiled through tears.

"I wish you did not have to work all the time, mother," said Willie.

"Well, I've often told you poor people must work. Hands were never made to be idle; besides, it is a pleasure for me to work for my own dear children. One of these days I'm expecting they'll repay me by taking care of me."

"That's what I will, I'll bet. I'll have heaps of money and buy a grand house, and Christmas day we'll have a big fat turkey, and a plum-pudding to top off on."

"And we'll have all the poor little children to come and help eat it, and make a Christmas Tree for them," interrupted Mollie.

"I'll bet we will, and—"

"Not I'll bet, my son, I do not like it."

"Well, then, *I'll bet* I won't say it again—there, I've said it, but I did not mean to. But I must tell you about that splendid 'Christmas Tree' we saw at the grand house."

Susie breathed more freely, and so the loving mother listened to the story of the "Christmas Tree," and her heart yearned with pity over her little ones when they told how heartlessly they had been driven from their post; but she wisely forbore to comment upon it. At last the story was concluded, and the children prepared themselves for bed, and kneeling by the side of their low "trundle," they repeated: "Our Father which art in Heaven," Willie's voice not betokening much devotion, while Mollie's seemed to come from the depths of her childish heart.

It seemed to Mollie that her mother would never go to sleep; but at last it was still, and she said:

"Willie, don't you think they are asleep?"

"I guess they be," said Willie, "but what makes you want to know?"

"Why, don't you know what I'm going to do with my stocking? I'm 'specting Santa Claus down chimney every moment! Come, Willie, hang up yours, too."

"No, Mollie, I don't want to, but you can."

"Well, Willie, he'll put lots of things in mine, I *know*, and I'll give you half of everything."

The little bare feet went pat-pat over the cold floor, and the small stocking was hung on a hook by the side of Susie's, which contained the "painted picture-book."

"Willie, let's go right to sleep, for Santa Claus never comes when folks are awake," and the little curly head pressed the pillow, but despite the injunction to Willie, the blue eyes of the girl kept winking and blinking, and ever and anon she would peep out to see if the "old fellow" hadn't made his appearance. But at last sleep came upon her, and with it dreams of "Christmas Trees," picture-books, dolls, baskets, flowers, and warm crimson worsted hoods, and above them all the sweet face of Carrie Morgan smiled down lovingly upon her. Dream on, dear child, for there is a sad *waking reality* in store for thee on the morrow!

The morning broke bright and cloudless, and the sun was shining cheerily in at the low window when the children awoke. There were no preparations going on for breakfast; but their mother sat before the fire, swinging to and fro, with little Susie in her arms, whose laborious breathing was distressing to hear.

Willie sprang from his bed, and no sooner did his eye rest upon his little sister, than he knew that a great change had come upon her. He spoke to her but she did not heed him—he tore the stocking from the hook, and held the painted picture-book before her, crying, "Speak to me, Susie, speak to brother Willie!" but the child did not heed him, and sinking upon his knees he groaned, "O, mother, mother, Susie will die, I know she will, and what shall we do without her!"

"God's will must be done, my boy."

"O, do not say *that*, mother. I do not want his will to be done. He just came and took away our little Robert and Alice, and now he wants *our Susie too.* I say I don't believe he loves or cares for us one bit, but likes to plague us all he can. O, Susie—Susie, dear little Susie, he shall not have you—he *shall not*, mother," and here the boy hid his face and sobbed more bitterly than before—poor child it was *all dark* to him.

"Willie, Willie, do not cry so," said Mollie, throwing her arms around his neck. "Kriss Kringle don't love us, and Santa Claus don't, but 'tis wicked to say God does not, for my Sunday School teacher says he loves the little birds, and the bits of flowers, and the homely worms, but that he loved us a *great deal gooder* than them, and I *know* he does!"

Sweet little teacher, many an older heart might take a lesson from thee! The mother felt the want of trust in the loving Father rebuked, and the boy raised his head and wiped his tears, while Mollie took her little *empty stocking* from the hook, and said not a word, but as she drew it upon her foot one round tear glistened, quivered, and fell upon the bare floor. Dear little Mollie Santa Claus had forgotten her!

That night when the "evening star" appeared, it looked through those low windows upon Susie with her long, chestnut curls floating down upon her coarse night-dress. The large brown eyes were closed, and their fringed lids rested upon the marble face, while the little dimpled hands were folded quietly over the pulseless bosom. Vain would have been any effort to have brought a smile to the eye, or a word from the lip, or a motion from the hand, for the child was no longer a dweller of earth—she had wandered far away to the shores of the beautiful "Unknown"—*unknown* to us *still*, though sometimes are wafted to us strains of celestial harmony, and we catch faint glimpses of its glory.

There was subdued sorrow in that little household, not such as was there in the morning, for Death's presence is too sacred to be entertained with boisterous grief. O, Death where art thou not! Truly has the poet said:

"There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one 'vacant chair';
There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!"

The morning sun shone as brightly through the window of Mrs. Howe's cottage as though no sorrow were there, and it was well, for should "mother Nature" sympathize with our sorrows, the world would be clad in mourning all the while.

"Come, Willie," said Mollie, "let us go out and pick some flowers to put in dear little Susie's hand and on her pillow, just like those we got for Robert and Carrie."

"There are none now, Mollie, not one. God has just come and killed them all, as he does *everything else we love*. I thought when I went to bed last night I would *try* to love him, but it's no use, I can't."

"O, you must not say so, Willie, it's wicked. I don't believe he's killed those beautiful flowers we saw at the grand house where the Christmas Tree was, and maybe that pretty lady who came to the window will give us some. You help me find the way there, and I'll ask."

The boy's face brightened as he said: "Well, Mollie, I'll go with you and hide down by the lamp-post while you ask her. Go get your shawl and hood."

In a few moments Mollie stood on the marble steps of Mr. Morgan's imposing dwelling. The little heart fluttered wildly under the faded shawl, and the little fingers trembled so violently that she could scarce pull the bell-knob, but love for "little Susie" lent her strength. A pleasant-looking Irish girl answered the summons.

"And what would the little Miss be afther having?"

"Please ma'am," replied Mollie, dropping a curtsy, "I would like to see the sweet, pretty lady with curls like mine, only smoother and shinier."

"The Holy Virgin bless the swate child, an' so ye's shall," and then her cheery voice was heard calling: "Carrie, Carrie, my swate young leddy, there's a little half frozen child at the door who'd be afther seeing you," and Carrie quickly obeyed the summons.

How kindly she spoke to Mollie! and as the child looked up into the gentle face of Carrie Morgan, she gathered courage and said:

"O, please pretty lady will you give me a few flowers, for—for our little Susie is dead." She could say no more, but bursting into tears she hid her face in the scanty folds of her cotton shawl.

"Poor little girl, come right in," and Carrie Morgan led the sobbing child into a tastefully furnished apartment, where her father and mother were seated.

"Well, well, Carrie, what new freak is this?" said the lady, placing the cup she had been sipping chocolate from upon the small silver salver, while her father glanced from over the "morning paper," first at the forlorn child, now seated before the glowing "anthracite," and then at Carrie, with a nod and smile of approval.

The warm color glowed in Carrie Morgan's cheek, and her voice was broken from unshed tears, as she told Mollie Howe's touching errand, and asked consent to accompany her home.

"Why Carrie, child, you must be crazy," exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, "to think of venturing out this cold day, and in that part of the city unprotected."

"Let her go, wife," said Mr. Morgan, as Carrie took her basket from the table to fill with flowers. "She's a blessing to this house, and I'm not afraid to trust her anywhere—angels protect such as she," and here he drew his hand across his eyes, and to appearance resumed his reading, but busy thoughts were at work in his heart.

Mrs. Morgan was not a cold-hearted woman, but she stood in great fear of the "Mrs. Grundy" of "fashionable society." However, in this instance her *heart* got the better of her *head*, and instead of opposing Carrie, she left the room and returned with a knit hood—the very one Mollie had dreamed of—a pair of mittens and a warm woolen shawl, and with gentle hand arrayed the needy child, while Mr. Morgan brushed his eyes more vigorously than before, and as he pressed a five dollar bill into her hand, he said in a husky voice:

"Wife, Heaven will bless you for your goodness to that poor child. Give her this, or perhaps Carrie had better take it to her mother."

Carrie Morgan helped robe Susie for the grave, with her own hands twining bright buds and blossoms amid the brown curls which had been the pride of Willie and Mollie. While she was engaged in her work of love, Mollie stole up to her side with a piece of rusty black ribbon which she had found, saying:

"Look at this ribbon which I have found for mamma's bonnet. I'm going to try if I can find another for my hood, because you know folks wears it on their bonnets when God takes away them they love."

The next night the stars looked down upon the grave of little Susie, for it will not do for the poor to sorrow long over "their dead." Carrie Morgan had accompanied them to the quiet burying spot—her simple, trusting faith had enabled the sorrowing mother to say more fully, "Thy will be done," and now that she had gone she felt that in that fair girl she had been entertaining one of "earth's angels," and even Willie began to think that God had not lost *all* his care for them.

Once more Christmas eve had come, and once more we will look in upon Mrs. Howes, Willie and Mollie.

They had removed to a pleasant little cottage. The floor of the room in which Mrs. Howes and Mollie were seated, had a nice homespun carpet upon it; the tea-table was spread with bread, nice and light, a ball of golden butter, a plate of tempting seed cakes, sugar and milk, while before the fire stood a smoking dish of toast and a shining tea-urn.

Mrs. Howe's face no longer wore the sorrowful look it did when we last saw her, and her dress was neat and even tasty; and Mollie in her blue Cashmere—a present from Carrie Morgan—with her long flaxen curls floating over her fair shoulders, and joyous expectation painting her cheeks and beaming from her eyes, formed a perfect picture of health and happiness, as she exclaimed:

"He's coming, mamma—Willie is coming!"

One year had done great things for Willie, for Carrie Morgan had prevailed upon her father to clothe him and send him to school, and as he stood there in his nicely fitting suit, with his proudly handsome face smiling upon his mother and sister, one could scarcely have identified him as the Willie Howe of a year ago.

He had a bundle in his hand, and going to the table-drawer, in a stealthy way he slid it out of sight, and as he thought that "Mollie's stocking would not be empty on the morrow," his heart leaped with joy, but just then his eye rested upon the "printed picture-book," procured for his little sister Susie one year ago, and a tear glistened in his eye, but brushing it away, he turned to his mother, who said soothingly:

"Dear little Susie is an angel now."

The tea-table had been cleared, and the children were apparently waiting the coming of some one, when a light step was heard in the hall, and Carrie Morgan's sweet face looked in upon the cheerful group. Ever and anon the door opened and admitted a bevy of children, until at last the sitting-room was quite full, and then the parlor door was thrown open and there was "a real live Christmas Tree," to quote Willie's words. Then what a tramping of little feet there was, and jostling of one another, in the eager haste to be the first one there, and what a gleesome ringing shout arose as they saw the tree with its many colored candles, with dolls, books, trumpets, guns, capes, caps, comforters and tippets, hanging on every bough. Willie's shout rose high and full above the rest, while Mollie nestled close to Carrie Morgan and pressed kiss after kiss upon her small white hand. Mrs. Howe had no words for the occasion, but her heart ascended in gratitude to the One who had raised up to them in their greatest extremity such friends as Mr. Morgan and his daughter.

Reader mine, the cold winter is coming upon us, and there are many of God's children suffering for the common comforts of life, and can we not from our abundance extend to them a share of that which has so kindly been imparted to us. These "sweet charities" help to make life beautiful, and with Carrie Morgan, in our hearts we shall find it is thrice more blessed to give than to receive.

FEMALE BEAUTY.—A cultivated mind and good heart will give an intelligent and even beautiful expression to the face. The features may be irregular, and the complexion bad, but if the heart is gentle, and the mind well-stored, the woman will be handsome. We have known women, who at first sight, were positively homely, yet, who became very handsome, even fascinating, upon further acquaintance.

EMINENT LIVING AUTHORS OF AMERICA.

[SEE ENGRAVINGS ON FOLLOWING PAGES.]

AT the head of our list of American Poets stands WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. He is at present some 65 years old, and has enjoyed large advantages from travel and study. Mr. Bryant is a native of Massachusetts. His name will ever be linked with those of Irving and Cooper as among the fathers of American letters. While his "Thanatopsis" will never be forgotten, neither will his "Lines to a Waterfowl," or his "Lines on Revisiting the Country," or his verses on behalf of "Green River." In fact, Mr. Bryant's earlier poems may still be called the popular favorites. They are all steeped in the tenderest love of nature, and hence reach and teach every heart.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is best known as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," by his contributions to the Atlantic Monthly. As a poet, few of American versifiers have managed to probe the excrescences of the age with a more skilful lancet, or "shoot folly as it flies" with a more unerring aim. He, too, is a native of Massachusetts, by profession a physician. His minor poems—pathetic and humorous—have travelled the land up and down, for quite a whole generation. His prose is pointed, sprightly, full of surprises, and entirely free from pedantry or affectation. He is 50 years of age.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE has been called a "poetic Webster." Deeper than *his* line no romance writer's lead has ever sounded. "The Scarlet Letter" at once gave him an abiding fame, which his previous and subsequent writings serve but to illustrate. His "Twice Told Tales," his "House of Seven Gables," his "Blithedale Romance," "Mosses from an Old Manse," and Juveniles, are all worthy of his genius and his fame. Mr. Hawthorne was appointed Consul to Liverpool by President Pierce, and has resided on the Continent chiefly since he vacated that office. He is said to be preparing another work, which his admirers look for with eagerness. His age is about 48.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS is one of the most brilliant *litterateurs* and successful lecturers we have in the country. He must have reached plump forty years. By no one performance in particular is he known, but by the manner in which he touches everything, whether a tale, an essay, an address, or records of his experience in travel. "The Nile Notes of a Howadji" first drew popular attention to him, and his "Potapher Papers" showed how well he deserved the praises he received. As a speaker none excel him on our platforms for grace and effectiveness of delivery, his musical voice, so skilfully managed, coming in to complete the charm.

WASHINGTON IRVING *was* a living author at the time our sketch was made, but has suddenly gone to his rest, at the noble age of 77 years. To mention his honored name is quite enough. No American pen could enlarge his renown as an American author. His fame has continually widened and deepened, from the day he penned the "Sketch Book," to that when he completed—worthy crowning of a worthy life—his biography of Washington. His works confer imperishable glory on his native land. In his life he was loved by all, as, in his death, by all is he lamented.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON has gone a little way over his fiftieth year, yet looks as fresh as a college youth still. He is called the "Concord Philosopher." He was formerly settled over the Hanover Street Church in Boston, but, resigning his office, devoted his life to study and the faithful reporting of Truth as it presented itself to him. His Essays are masterpieces, entirely individual, and therefore inimitable. His books are, beside two volumes of Essays, "Representative Men," "English Traits," "Nature," and a volume of Poems. He is a deep thinker, though the formulas of logic are with him subordinated to the truthfulness of his naked perceptions. He is a popular lecturer.

BAYARD TAYLOR is the greatest of living American travellers. His facile records of those travels form extremely popular reading, and his books are in constant and general demand. No lecturer in the country, either, will "draw" as well as Bayard Taylor. His style as a writer is simple and unornamented, though in his descriptions he often rises to the eloquence of enthusiasm. He has recently completed a highly successful lecturing tour in California, and appeared before an audience in Boston. Mr. Taylor is nearly 35 years of age, and has probably seen as much of the world as any man or woman living.

JOHN G. SAXE takes the first rank among the humorists and poets of America. He is a native of Vermont, and recently went through a political canvass there as candidate for governor. As a versifier he is polished in the extreme, pointed in expression, abounding with wit, humor and drollery, and a genuine poet at heart. He continually suggests Hood. A new volume of poems from his hand has just been published, and received with much favor. His services are in great demand as a lecturer, and the pleasure he gives an audience is abiding and unmistakable. Mr. Saxe has seen 43 years.

GEORGE P. MORRIS is best known as the song-writer of America, and a prouder title no man of letters need think to covet. His "Woodman, spare that tree," "On the Lake," and "Rockaway," will long be remembered. He does not possess the soul and the fire of Beranger, yet he has made his mark in our literature as a writer of Songs. Some writer says: "Give me the making of a people's songs, and I do not care who governs them," showing the power that is wrapped up in such seemingly slight effusions. Mr. Morris is one of the editors of the N. York *Home Journal*, and is about 58 years old.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS, the editorial *confrere* of Gen. Morris, is noted as a skilful writer, both of prose and verse. He lent a helping hand when our literature was yet in its earliest infancy. Willis is known as a writer to everybody. He has written poems, essays, sketches, tales, dramas, letters, and, perhaps, sermons (on health from Idlewild.) No man in America holds a more versatile and fantasic pen, nor writes with such laborious finish and point. Some charge his style with affectation, but all that may be the idiosyncrasy of his genius. Willis has seen all sides of life, and is at present 52 years of age.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW is a finished poet. His muse is sweet, and addicted to reflection, if not to sadness. He chooses foreign themes, that are embalmed in the traditions of age, and embroiders all with charming inventions of his highly cultivated fancy. His "Courtship of Miles Standish," however, is an American subject, and he has treated it with characteristic grace and beauty. Many of the images of Longfellow people the memory of the reader ever after becoming excited with them, and his rhymes contain pregnant phrases that linger on every lip. He is 52 years old, and a native of Maine.

RICHARD H. DANA, JR., inherits a literary name, and early proved himself worthy his noble inheritance. His "Two Years Before the Mast," is as fascinating as Robinson Crusoe. Mr. Dana has chiefly devoted himself to his profession—the law. He lately published an account of a run to Cuba, entitled "To Cuba and Back"—a very popular little book. He is at present travelling round the world for his health; and, not long since, encountered a fearful peril by the burning at sea of the ship on which he had embarked. He is a native of Massachusetts, and is about 45 years old.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is the worthy son of a worthy father. He writes exquisite verse, as his stanzas on a "Dandelion" attest. No writer of verse in the country has succeeded as well as he in hitting off the genuine New England talk and manners. His "Zekiel's Courtship" is a gem of the first water. The "Biglow Papers" cannot be surpassed. Mr. Lowell is at present a Professor in Harvard College, having taken the place vacated by Professor Longfellow. Like Dr. Holmes, he is a favorite at convivial assemblages where an original poem, full of humor and hits, is expected. He is 40 years old.

T. BUCHANAN READ is an artist as well as a poet. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and 38 years of age. He lived much in the West in the early part of his career, and studied his divine art in Cincinnati. Afterwards he came to Boston, where he remained some five years. Subsequently to this he moved to Philadelphia. Washington Alston gave him the benefit of his counsel when residing in Boston, and here, too, he published the first volume of his poems. His latest volumes are—"The New Pastoral," and "House by the Sea." The former is a fair illustration of his high poetic genius, and is rural from beginning to end.

THE MOST EMINENT AMERICAN LITERARY MEN NOW LIVING.—See Description on page 7.

THE MOST EMINENT AMERICAN LITERARY MEN NOW LIVING.—See Description on page 7.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

SONNET.

BY WM. L. SHOEMAKER.

When I am housed, some dismal winter night,
Within some chamber's warm and snug retreat,
Where friends, long known and loved, together meet,
Whose pleasant talk makes swifter time's sweet flight;
And where, perchance, some gentle ladies bright
Bring back fair summer with their presence sweet;
Then care I little for the season's flight,
And furious storms that the casement beat.
But when, returning home with hurrying feet,
The fierce winds fight me, and my late-pleased sight
The whirling snow-flakes blind, and every street,
Save by the watchman, is deserted quite;
Ah, then for summer-nights of tempered heat
I long, and winter ceases to delight.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE MAIDEN'S RUSE;

OR,

THE PIRATE'S DEFEAT.

BY CAPT. JAMES F. ALCORN.

"HAVE I the pleasure of being the first to congratulate you on your approaching marriage, my dear coz?" demanded Fred Vernon, as he entered his uncle's parlor, in which his lovely Cousin May was seated.

"My approaching marriage, Fred! What do you mean? Your words are an enigma."

"There, you should have been an actress, May. Your impersonification of surprise is perfect;" and the speaker laughed a merry peal, seating himself by the fair girl's side, while she rejoined:

"And it well may be, since it possesses the merit of reality. My marriage! What do you mean?"

"Is it possible that you are ignorant?"

"So ignorant that I can't for my life conceive what you are driving at, unless it be to inform me that Walter Langley has arrived. Speak,—is it so?"

"Do you love Walter, May?"

"Is that a reply to my question?" demanded the maiden, her cheeks suffusing with a deeper bloom.

"Ah, that tell-tale blush, May. But he is worthy of your love. No, he has not arrived, nor did I think of him in connection with the event I spoke of."

"Of whom then?"

"The Signor Andrea Vivalia."

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! I marry the Signor Vivalia! Nonsense! What engendered that idea?"

"And you are not engaged to him?"

"Not I."

"But he has proposed?"

"And if he has, does it follow that I have accepted him?"

"Of course not; but you have his proposal in consideration?"

"He has had his answer."

"And that was—"

"A rejection, of course. But what means this catechizing? I trust you have no designs on my hand, cousin *mio*."

"And if I had—"

"I fear you would fare no better than your foreign friend."

"Nay, not friend. By the mass, I disclaim the friendship of such as he! But if I have a design upon your hand—as you term it—'tis not for myself, but another—one, whom, I am assured, has long loved you fondly."

"Ah, and he is—"

"No matter whom," interrupted Vernon, hastily, while the rich blood again mantled to the cheek and brow of his fair companion. "But I am happy in your rejection of Vivalia, whom I have reason to hate."

"But you have not yet answered me. What engendered the idea in your brain, that I was about to marry him?"

"Your father so informed me in confidence to-day. In fact, he assured me the matter was settled. I confess I was somewhat staggered by the intelligence, and hastened hither to receive the confirmation from your lips."

"My father! Can it be that he would coerce me into a union with that odious foreigner?"

"Odious, indeed, May. Yet stern and unwavering as I know my uncle to be, I cannot think that he entertains a thought of coercion."

"Then why give rise to a report of my union?"

"I wish Walter Langley was in port."

"Why?"

"He would enter the lists against this Vivalia, and make at least one attempt to gain your father's favor."

"For what?"

"His suit for your hand."

"Pardon me, my dear cousin; but in guiding me clear of one rock, would you not lead me on another? How know you that I would favor Captain Langley more than the haughty signor?"

"I believe you would, and do, *ma belle* cousin."

"Presumption!"

"That may be. But frankly, is it not so? Grant me your confidence, dear May. I will not betray you; and if you love my friend will pledge my honor to serve your joint interests. I know that Walter loves you—has loved you long and devotedly. I have it from his own lips. He may have confessed the same to you. Is it so?"

"He has," murmured the maiden.

"And you—"

"Will not marry Signor Vivalia if I can help it."

"Bless you, my sweet cousin! You make me happy; for from your words I infer that Walter's honest love is reciprocated. But I have something to communicate. Vivalia is not what he seems. I have met the man before in society, the exact reverse of that in which he now reigns supreme. At least, I think I have. I am now on his track, and when I can produce the requisite proof of his identity, will unmask him. Nay; be content that argus eyes are upon his slightest movements; but any disclosure regarding him, at present, would be fatal to my design."

"Enough. I will not seek to know your secret, but your intelligence has filled me with a vague alarm. Do you know that Vivalia is my father's creditor to a large amount?"

"No; I was unaware of it."

"It is so, however. Ere father introduced him to the house, he informed me of the fact, and requested that every attention might be shown him on his visits. I obeyed, of course, and the result is—"

"A proposal for your hand. Ah, yes, I understand it perfectly. May Vernon, bewitching as an acquaintance, proved irresistible as an attentive hostess; but never mind, *ma belle*. His attention, countenanced by your father, may annoy you for a time; but the presence of Walter will effect a change, or my opinion is worthless. I must leave you now; but should your father interfere in behalf of the signor's suit, hesitate not to acquaint me with the fact, and rely upon me for aid and strategy to outwit him. *Au revoir!*" and with a low bow Fred Vernon disappeared.

For near a minute May Vernon remained in profound thought, when, rising, she was about to speak, as her glance rested on a letter at her feet, evidently dropped by her cousin. Stooping, she raised it, and glancing carefully at the heading, was in the act of refolding it, when her own name riveted her attention. Scarce conscious of the act, she turned the page to gain the address of the writer, a thrill of joy pervading every vein, as she read: "Ever your friend and fellow-captive, WALTER LANGLEY."

"Friend and fellow-captive!" she murmured. "O, how I long to read the contents of this letter! What can he have to say of me? 'Twill be no harm to glance over it, and I will tell Fred. He will not be angry, for he seldom has any secrets from me;" and opening the missive, she ran her eye carelessly down the page, turned it over, down its reverse, and transferred her glance to the next, when her attention was again riveted, and returning to the second page, she began to read:

"Strange as it may seem, Fred, 'tis nevertheless true, that I have met Pedro El Pasquez, the Moorish pirate, here in London. I recognized him in the Tower, whither I went with a party of friends one day; and anxious to learn under what assumed character he had visited the British metropolis, bribed a detective to dog his footsteps and unravel the mystery. The man succeeded. Twenty-four hours later I learned that he was the Signor Vivalia—an Italian of high birth and immense resources, travelling for pleasure and sojourning for a short time in London, from which he was to sail in a few days for New York, to make the tour of America. When you receive this, he will doubtless be a guest in your city; so you may look out for him. I would give much to bring the villain to justice, for I have not forgotten—neither have you—the kind (?) treatment we experienced at his hands and those of his ruffianly band.

"You must devise some method of keeping on his track. If you cannot, put the police on the scent; and if you find that he is about to leave the continent, trump up some charge to detain him till I arrive, when our joint evidence, with other proof in our possession, cannot fail to convict him of piracy and cold-blooded murder on the high seas.

"Heigho, Fred! What a pity the world is so unequally divided. If I only had a tithe of his wealth now, I might realize my life-long dream. But, ah me! there is no such fortune in store for the homeless wanderer of the wave. The love of sweet May Vernon will bless some more fortunate, though no more faithful lover. But this reminds me of the miniature of her you so adroitly abstracted from her, and so generously gave to me, when we were about to sail on that fatal voyage. How I tremble, lest it should have fallen into the hands of the pirate Pasquez. Should fortune favor him with a view of the lovely original. My God! I cannot—dare not anticipate the result.

"But my sheet is full, and I must close, enjoining you to secresy and vigilance, and until we meet, believe me, ever your friend and fellow-captive, WALTER LANGLEY.

"N. B. Pasquez has sailed for America. His yacht passed down the river this morning. If she reaches New York, you cannot fail to recognize her, despite her altered rig, as our old and but too successful antagonist—El Sarcareen.

"P. S. Did ever mortal experience such fortune? I have just received a note from the consignee, requiring me to prepare the ship for a cargo to Rio, which will extend my voyage over an additional period of at least six months. You will therefore have to watch and ward over our old jailor alone.

"Good-by, and Heaven bless you! Write me to Rio, and give full particulars. WALTER."

Such were the startling contents of that portion of the letter perused by our heroine, who partially stunned by the intelligence it contained, sank half unconscious into the seat, from which she had risen.

"The Signor Vivalia a pirate? Impossible! Yet mature reflection convinced her Captain Langley must have some foundation for the charge; beside, Fred had just told her the signor was not what he seemed. She was thoroughly conversant with every particular of the captivity referred to—had heard them from her cousin's lips a score of times, and from his graphic pictures of the heroic daring of his friend on the occasion of their escape, had learned to love the gallant youth who planned and conducted it successfully. And to that daring act, which had restored to his home and family her chivalrous cousin, Captain Langley owed his present command in her father's employ, with the firm friendship of the first.

But the fate of her long-lost miniature was news to her. She recollected its mysterious disappearance, and the many fruitless endeavors made to find it, blushing crimson even in the solitude surrounding her, as a conviction of the estimation in which she was held by its heroic custodian, forced itself upon her brain.

Such was the burthen of her bitter thought as she sat alone in the parlor during the next half hour, when she was aroused from her painful yet pleasant reverie by the re-entrance of her cousin, who came to seek the letter he had just missed, and perceiving it open in her hand, exclaimed:

"Ah, traitor! You have my secret!"

"But not intentionally, dear Fred. Believe me, I would not have been guilty had not my own name caught my eye. But, O dear, what a revelation! Can it be true?"

"What?—that Vivalia is a pirate? Yes, indeed,—but have you read all?"

"Only that portion which relates to him, with the close."

"You know all, then, and I must rely on your circumspection. 'Tis a monstrous secret for a woman to be charged with, May."

"Fear no disclosure by me, dear Fred. I have too much at stake."

"I have full confidence in you, dearest cousin; and to prove it, will add something you do not know. Signor Vivalia has even now a vessel cruising on this coast, and adding to his ill-gotten wealth. You know how anxious our commercial men are at present regarding the alleged appearance of a pirate in the Gulf, and the mysterious delay in the arrival of several richly freighted ships long since due. I could solve the mystery. Ships, boarded by El Sarcareen, never arrive at a home port, and seldom do their crews, or any number of them escape, to make known their fate."

The maiden shuddered, covering her face with her hands to shut out the fearful picture called up by his words. While leading her to a seat, he continued:

"Dearest May, I only lack the means to bring this villain's crimes home to him. I know of a vessel, fleet as the wind, and suitable in every respect for my purpose; but while possessing ample means to purchase her, I lack those requisite to her equipment for the service required. True, I could draw on your father, but the extent of the draft would alarm him, when he would demand an explanation, which 'twould be disastrous to give. Who to apply to I know not, nor can I place my secret in keeping of the government, which would not fail to give it that publicity which I dread. Woman's wit is ready, they say. Now, as you possess the secret, cannot you divine some method by which I may triumph over this difficulty? I did intend to await Walter's return; but the knowledge that my uncle is in the villain's power, spurs me to immediate exertion."

"And you would endeavor to capture his vessel?"

"Not only endeavor, but succeed. I know the El Sarcareen well; and profiting by that knowledge, with the vessel I mentioned and a competent crew, could not fail."

"Will ten thousand dollars be sufficient?"

"Ample, for my purpose. But where can I raise it?"

"You forget, cousin. You know I possess that amount by legacy from my aunt, and can place it at your disposal without my father's knowledge. It is yours."

"Thanks, dear May! I'll accept the loan with pleasure, and will repay you at no distant day. Hist! my uncle's footstep! What brings him home so soon! I will not meet him now. *Au revoir!*" and rising hastily, he passed to another apartment just in time to escape his uncle's notice.

"Ah, my dear! you did not expect me so early? But having nothing to detain me, I came home to indulge in a social chat with you."

"I am glad of it, papa. Had you been earlier, you might have met cousin Fred."

"I met him down town to-day. But never mind Fred. Have you seen the Signor Vivalia to-day?"

"No, papa."

"Nor yesterday?"

"Yes; he called and remained an hour."

"A fine man—a very fine man—and rich as a Crœsus, is this Signor Vivalia!" said the merchant, musingly, adding: "Yes, a noble fellow, and methinks has been very attentive to my pet latterly. Is it not so?"

The maiden blushed, shuddered, and averted her face, but made no reply.

"Nay, never be ashamed of it, darling. I know all about it, and congratulate you on securing the regard of a man of his standing in the commercial world. He will be here to-night, when I hope to prove to him that my little girl has a greater appreciation of her good fortune than he would have me believe."

"Father, what do you mean?" she demanded, earnestly, laying her hand on his arm and gazing into his eye with an earnestness which seemed to pierce his soul.

"Eh? What do I mean? Why, bless me, May! What's the matter?"

"Nothing; only tell me what you mean by my good fortune."

"Bless me! don't you know? Have I not told you already?"

"You hinted at Signor Vivalia's admiration, and—and something mysterious. What is it?"

"Has not Signor Vivalia proposed for your hand?"

"He has."

"And you—"

"Rejected him."

"But not seriously, my child. Do not tell me that you were serious in that rejection!" and the old man writhed as if in agony.

"Most serious, papa."

"Why, May! Do you know what you reject?—wealth untold, station, rank, such as the proudest dames of the old world would envy you possession of."

"I will, with your permission, spare them the pang. I have no desire to leave you, and least of all men for the Signor Vivalia."

"But if I desire it?"

"You would not desire my unhappiness, father?"

"No, May. Heaven knows I would not.—(Must I tell her?)—But why should you be unhappy as his bride?"

"Because I do not love him, father."

"You would learn to."

"Nay, I would not risk my happiness in the trial. Please drop the subject,—it pains me."

"One moment, May.—(I must throw myself on her generosity.)—If it was necessary, to save me from ruin, would you not marry him?"

"Is it necessary, father?" demanded the maiden, with a start.

"I did not say so, child. But if it were?"

"May Vernon would not be wanting in readiness to save her father's honor at the expense of her life."

"Or hand?" added the old man.

"My life includes all, father. Now please say no more."

"I will only say, my darling, that my case is in reality as I supposed it. I am the signor's debtor to nearly the full amount of my liabilities, which he has purchased; and now, since you have rejected him, demands as the price of his forbearance, your hand."

"My God! Can this be so?"

"'Tis as I have said."

"And you?"

"Promised to use my influence with you, in order that his suit might succeed."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing."

"Thank Heaven! Your honor shall be preserved, father."

"Bless you, May! I knew—"

"Nay, papa, please—" said the maiden, quickly, shrinking from his caress. "Let me retire now, and pray *do not* require my attendance this evening!"

"But I may tell him?"

"No—yes; tell him what you please, but *do not* ask me to meet him to-night!"

"As you will, darling. Bless you, May! you were ever a good child!" and the old man bent o'er the weeping girl and pressed his lips fondly on her alabaster brow ere she retired.

That same evening Fred Vernon received a note from his cousin, requesting his attendance at an early hour next day, when she placed in his hands notes and securities for the ten thousand dollars she had promised, urging him to be as expeditious as possible, and acquainting him with the scene of the preceding evening.

"Fear nothing, May. No time shall be wasted; and in the meantime, hold the villain at bay. Deception is no crime, when practised upon such as he."

"Yet my soul loathes it. O that—that—"

"Walter were here! Out with it at once. But I received a letter from him last night. He was to leave Rio on the twenty-fourth of last month, now ten days past, so that we may look for him in a month, or five weeks, at most."

Assured by the joyous sparkle of his cousin's eye how welcome was his intelligence, Fred Vernon took his leave, and ere the day closed, had purchased, paid for and registered as his property the clipper brig "Fleet Wing"—the fastest vessel that had ever skimmed the seas under the flag of the young republic.

At the period of which we write, private armed vessels were exempt from the suspicion of government, which rather encouraged the maintenance of a flotilla of that character, our navy being only in its infancy, and utterly inadequate to the protection of our growing commerce. Therefore the equipment of the "Fleet Wing" excited but little attention; and having but few obstacles to contend with, Vernon was enabled to report her ready for sea on the evening of the tenth day after she became his property.

"Is she not lovely, May?" he demanded, as with his fair cousin he stood leaning against the wooden rail which guarded the "Battery" seaward, in those good old days, while his gaze rested admiringly, ay, and proudly, on the gallant craft which rode at a single anchor a few hundred yards distant.

"She is, indeed, and I trust may prove as fortunate as lovely."

"Can you doubt it? But come, I sail with young ebb, and as I must leave you safe at home, have no time to spare."

"I do wish I was going with you, Fred. I dread to remain in the vicinity of that horrid signor."

"I wish you were, *ma belle*. Yet you will be safer here, even if you are in the society of Vivalia; for you may be assured the 'Fleet Wing's' cruise will prove no pleasure excursion."

Three hours later Frederic Vernon mounted the side and was received at the gangway of the "Fleet Wing" by his mate and the pilot, the latter demanding if he desired to get underweigh, adding: "'Tis an hour past high water, and you must make a straight wake or catch a stronger breeze if you cross the 'bar' before young flood."

"Up anchor at once, then, pilot. I must have an offing ere dawn. Are all hands on board, Mr. Philbrick?"

"Ay, ay, sir, and more than we bargained for. Two lads came off about an hour since, desirous to join. I told them we had a full complement, but they would not be denied, and avowed a determination to serve without pay, rather than leave the brig."

"Volunteers, eh! What did they look like?"

"Anything but sailors, though they mounted the side nimble enough. Shall I have them up?"

"No, not to-night. Let them go, if they wish to. We can make them serviceable so long as they have life enough to move;" and turning away, the young commander sought his cabin.

When the sun rose next morning, the Fleet Wing was far out at sea—so far that no land was visible, save the blue cloud-like "Highlands," which loomed up dim in the distance astern, and ere an hour had passed, they also vanished from view, while the gallant vessel, like a wild bird on the wing, was fast proving herself well worthy her name.

'Twas seven bells when Captain Vernon made his appearance on the quarter-deck, where his mate joined him, saying:

"Those volunteers of ours are suffering for their timidity this morning, sir."

"Ah, sea-sick?"

"Ay, as sea-sick as ladies in a Dover packet. One of them will have it that he's dying, and has requested to see the captain at least half a dozen times since sunrise. Will you go down, sir? I slung a hammock near the main-hatch for him this morning, he begged so hard for pure air."

"What the deuce sent him to sea, then? I fancy I should look well answering the call of a sea-sick baby."

"Better go, captain. I take it the lad's had a good bringing up, and feels so dreadfully out of his latitude that your refusal to visit him may operate unfavorably, and Heaven knows we want no hands on the sick-list."

"Humph! I must go, then; but by Jove, I think a trip to the mast-head would be of more efficacy than my visit;" and Captain Vernon sought the 'tween decks, fully resolved to read the sick youth a serious lecture on what he deemed his egregious folly.

But that resolution vanished when his glance rested upon the strictly Grecian profile of his sick volunteer, and starting back, he exclaimed:

"Great Heaven! you here, May? I must be dreaming!"

"'Tis no dream, Fred," said the invalid, half sadly. "I almost wish it was. But for pity's sake remove me, ere my rashness result in death."

Captain Vernon tarried to hear no more; but approaching the hammock, gently raised its penitent occupant, and wrapping the blanket round her shivering form, bore her up the ladder and to the cabin, where he speedily installed the steward in the office of nurse.

Sambo was an old and highly valued servant in the Vernon family, and much attached to May; consequently she could have received no tenderer care than he bestowed, and under the influence of which her sickness soon vanished, when, with her maid—her disguised companion—she proved quite an addition to Captain Vernon's band. Yet the latter would have given much had she been beneath her parents' roof, and he proposed to return and land her, and even urged the measure strongly; but by dint of entreaty she over-ruled his objections, and he proceeded on his cruise, assuring her, however, that he should hold her accountable for the failure of their enterprise if he encountered defeat.

On the evening of the sixth day out Captain Vernon made the land near Abaco, when he hauled on a wind, skirting the eastern edge of the Bahama Banks all night, and at daylight tacked to the northward, resolved to beat to windward, until he explored all the passages west of Grand Turk, if not west of the "Ship Rock."

This resolution he was carrying into effect on the third day subsequent, when he spoke a brig, which reported being chased the previous evening by a polacca-rigged craft, which only resigned the chase on the appearance of a larger prize, which hove in sight at sundown, standing at the northward, and for which she instantly bore up.

"How were they steering when last seen?" demanded Vernon.

"Northwest."

"And their positions?"

"The ship had the weather-guage and seemed to hold her own."

"Trim down and haul aft everything, Philbrick; we're on her track at last. Give her everything that will draw. Full and by to a hair, quarter-master!" and Fred Vernon sought the cabin and his cousin, betraying much more excitement than was his wont.

A brief study of his chart and computation of the course and distance made by the vessel just spoken, induced him to keep away a point and set studding-sails, when his gallant little craft fairly leaped from swell to swell, under the influence of the fresh trades.

As the day wore on Vernon began to manifest evident impatience, and when four bells in the afternoon watch struck, confident that he had missed the chase, he was about to haul on a wind again and tack to the southward, when the look-out aloft hailed:

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" he shouted, bounding into the main rigging.

"Three points on the lee-bow, sir."

"Ay, I have her!" he shouted from the main-top, "and the chase, too. By Jove, 'tis the rascal I seek! Ease off the sheets! In with those weather-braces, and keep her west, Mr. Philbrick!" and again Captain Vernon leveled his telescope at the strangers.

A minute later the dull boom of a gun fell faintly on the ear, when, starting, our hero exclaimed: "That tells the story! Clear ship for action, Mr. Philbrick! Hurrah! With a will now if you ever did! We must reach that fellow in time to strike one blow for the honor of America;" and hastening down from aloft he sought the cabin to report to his cousin the partial success of their cruise.

But a few minutes elapsed ere the report of a second gun summoned him to the quarter-deck, which he reached just in time to hear a third, more distinct than either of its predecessors, while a single glance in the direction of the sound assured him of the speed with which he was gaining on the chase and her pursuer.

Both vessels were visible down to their top-sail-yards from the Fleet Wing's quarter-deck, and an hour later the hulls of both were visible at every send of the sea.

When the bell struck eight she had approached within two miles of the pursuer, which was now directly astern of the chase, and using every endeavor to cripple her, which object she effected a few minutes later—the ship's mainmast going by the board in evidence of the accuracy of her antagonist's aim.

"Cast the guns adrift and beat to quarters, Mr. Philbrick!" exclaimed our hero, as he observed the chase fly up in the wind, adding: "Detach the sail-trimmers to shorten sail; top-sails and staysails will be sufficient for our purpose. What—May! This is no place for you now. Sambo will conduct you to the run."

But heedless of his words, his cousin demanded: "What ship is that, Fred?"

"How should I know? But away, my dear girl. Five minutes hence we will be within range and open on that scoundrel, when, if he should take a fancy to return the compliment, your life may be the penalty of its exposure. Come, I see you are inclined to be mutinous, and I must enforce my request by marshaling you to a place of safety."

"No, no! Do let me remain, at least till I can assure myself that my fears are true or well founded. O, cousin, I fear that Walter is there!"

"Walter? By Jove, I never thought of that!" and seizing his glass, he leveled it at the half-dismantled ship, which he scrutinized closely a moment, when dashing it wildly on deck, he shouted:

"Try the range, for God's sake! Try the range, Mr. Philbrick! We must cripple that scoundrel before he falls foul, and renders our shot fatal alike to friend and foe;" and turning to his cousin, he added: "Your fears are but too well founded, dearest May. 'Tis indeed the Beauchampe. But fear not, she is safe. Now let Sambo lead you to safety."

As he spoke one of the big guns was discharged, when he turned to mark the effect of the shot, which struck the pirate, knocking a few splinters from his quarter-rail.

At the instant May laid her hand on his arm, breathing an earnest entreaty for permission to remain.

"My God! you are mad, May! It cannot be! Sambo, bear her below!" and grasping, he raised and placed her in the arms of the faithful negro, who, heedless of her entreaties, bore her off.

A minute later the Fleet Wing yawed broad to windward, hurling the contents of her larboard guns against the pirate, doing some execution among his crew, but without arresting his progress.

"Lee braces! Up helm! Ready to starboard! Fire!" shouted Vernon, and in obedience to the word the brig's starboard guns leaped in board with the recoil, as their contents sped on their mission of destruction.

But that broadside also failed in its object, although a score of prostrate pirates marked the passage of the shot, while speeding on. Ere our hero could bring a third broadside to bear, she had fallen foul of her intended prey, and was pouring her ruthless crew upon the deck of her intended prize.

As she shot up on the larboard beam of the Beauchampe, which lay head to the northward, her crew were most effectually sheltered from our hero's fire, who attested his knowledge of the fact by shouting:

"Stand by to board! Sail-trimmers, stand by sheets and halyards! Lay us aboard on the starboard-quarter, quartermaster! So, steady! A small pull at the lee braces! Well! Belay all! Port a little, quartermaster! Steady! Sheets and halyards, let fly! Sail-trimmers, to grapnels! Heave! Boarders, away!" and bounding into the fore rigging, he leaped thence, landing on the Beauchampe's quarter with the first grapnel cast from the Fleet Wing.

He had scarce gained his equilibrium, when he found himself opposed by a large pirate, whom he engaged hand to hand, and with an impetuosity which bore his antagonist backward, until reinforced by his shipmates, who had already forced the crew aft.

The crew of the Fleet Wing speedily equalized the number of the contestants, however, when a most bloody conflict ensued, neither party retreating an inch, but knee to knee and breast to breast maintaining the bloody struggle.

The two friends met for the first time in the thickest of the fight, but were almost instantly borne asunder. Again they met, and side by side contended with the foe, until in their eagerness to ensure the victory to themselves, they found themselves separated from their men. Lion-hearted they were hewing their way back, when they found themselves opposed by the pirate leader and his lieutenant, whom they instantly recognized and engaged.

For a minute neither gained the vantage ground, when Captain Langley slipped, in leaping to avoid a thrust, and fell, bearing down his adversary's point, which had passed through the fleshy part of his arm, when the latter, jerking back the entangled weapon, bestrode his form, and pinioning his sword arm, shortened his own sword to give the fatal thrust.

At that instant a fearful shriek broke on every ear, instantly succeeded by the report of a pistol; and as the pirate reeled backward from his victim's form, May Vernon sank fainting beside it.

Walter Langley regained his feet in an instant, and clasping to his breast the form of her who had saved his life, stood at bay, while Vernon, triumphant, transfixed his antagonist—fairly pinning his body to the deck.

The maiden's sudden appearance, with their leader's fall, threw the pirates into confusion, when they gave way, and pursued by the victors, sought refuge in their own vessel. Thither the latter pursued them, and headed by the gallant Vernon, drove them below and clapped the hatches on, when, for the first time during their bloody career, the crew of El Sarcareen found themselves at the mercy of a conqueror.

An hour later they were in irons to a man, when they were divided equally among the three

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 15.]

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

EVENING MUSINGS.

BY NELLIE ATHERTON.

Night has drawn her purple mantle,
All star-gemmed, around me now,
And its stately queen serenely
Shines upon its placid brow.

Dreamily the gleaming river
Glides along its pebbly shore,
And I catch the distant echo
Of the softly dipping oar.

Every bird is hushed in slumber,
With its head beneath its wing;
Every flower its petals closing,
Waits to greet its glorious king.

And the air is still redolent
With the fragrance of the rose,
Wafted toward the king,—her bright sun,—
Ere its golden gates are closed.

I am rapt in dreams of beauty,
When the golden stars come out,—
And I sit in meditation
Mid the gathering clouds of doubt.

I've a star that's far more brilliant,—
Very lovely, dear and bright;
But I love to watch the coming
Of the witching star of night.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Up and down the streets he walked—alone in the midst of hurrying multitudes—homeless, though surrounded by homes.

Little Gerald Grant walked slowly onward, for it was warmer so than standing still. He could have no other motive, for among the thousands of homes that were all about him, there was none that awaited him.

The New Year's bells were ringing. It was a glad sound for thousands of children, for they knew that the New Year would bring them gifts and happy festive gatherings.

The toy-shops were full of purchasers. The light streamed from the windows upon the sidewalks, making it almost as light and cheerful as at noonday. There were groups of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen passing in different directions, selecting from the shops their annual offerings for the little ones at home.

None of them seemed to notice the thinly clad boy who kept on his way shivering, but with as stout a heart as he could manage to preserve under the disheartening circumstances; for Gerald could not quite forget that a year ago he had a home—not here, but in a distant city. His parents were in humble but comfortable circumstances. At length, in the hope of obtaining more profitable employment, they moved hither. But fortune proved unpropitious,—disease found them out, and never left them till both parents had fallen victims, and Gerald was left alone.

Since then—it was a month ago—he had lived as he could. Sometimes he obtained a little job—sometimes a charitable person gave him a meal—and for lodging, he did as so many houseless poor are obliged to do. More than once he had been without any roof than the sky above him.

But to-night a sense of unusual desolation came over him. The sight of the general joy in which he had no share, was well calculated to make him feel his own isolation.

He paused before a gaily illuminated shop window and looked wistfully in. He would like to have gone in a moment to enjoy the comfortable warmth that reigned within. But the clerks, who would have looked complacently upon him if he had been well-dressed, would have harshly ordered him out as an intruder if he had presented himself in his poverty-stricken attire.

A stout, comfortable looking man was walking briskly along the street. Everything looked bright and cheerful to him. He did not feel the cold. How could he, with his well-padded coat of Moscow beaver, his thick gloves and his fur mantle?

Besides, his heart was warm with the thoughts of the four children who were awaiting his return at home. Children with bright rosy cheeks, glowing with health and happiness, filling his home with merry, gladsome shouts—that was the home to which Randolph Percy was hastening.

I suppose it was because his mind was so preoccupied that he did not distinguish little Gerald, who stood before the window of the toy-shop in mute admiration of the paradise from which penury shut him out.

At any rate, he stumbled and nearly fell over the child, who turned a frightened glance towards him.

Now, there is always something ridiculous and irritating in the thought of falling in the street, and Mr. Percy was not proof against it.

"Don't you know any better than to place yourself in my way, you little ragamuffin? You nearly made me fall."

"I didn't mean to, sir," said the child, looking up in his face.

"Why don't you go home, then, where you won't be in people's way?"

"I have no home."

There was a world of pathos in this simple utterance, but Mr. Percy had not yet got over his irritation.

He resumed his homeward course, having in his heart only harsh thoughts for the poor child, who had at the least full as just cause of complaint as he.

But the anger of a kind-hearted man is brief. When the irritation of the moment was over, he could not help recalling with a feeling of pity the shivering little outcast whom he had but just encountered.

"Poor boy!" he murmured, compassionately, "and I allowed myself to call him a ragamuffin, as if that were his fault. I wish I had stopped and given him something, if only a quarter of a dollar. It would have made me feel more comfortable now. Happy New Year! I am afraid there isn't much happiness or even comfort in store for him. I declare, I shan't sleep so comfortably to-night for thinking of my cruelty to him. I believe—yes, I will go back and see if I can't find him, and offer him something. It isn't for those whom God has prospered as he has me to add to the unhappiness of those who are less favored."

Such were the reflections of the really kind-hearted Mr. Percy, as he deliberately turned about and retraced his steps to the toy-shop, in front of which he had encountered our hero. It was a full quarter of a mile—no slight trouble to take—but Mr. Percy would have felt amply repaid if he had but found the object of his search.

He looked all about him, up and down the street on both sides, but in vain. He looked into the shop, thinking it just possible that the boy might have gone in there to warm himself. But here, too, he was destined to be disappointed.

"I suppose I must give him up," he soliloquized. "I am sorry, very sorry, for it would have eased my conscience to do something for him."

However, as there seemed to be no likelihood of finding the boy, the merchant once again set his face homewards, where he soon arrived, and in the joy of a well-ordered home, soon forgot the hero of his little misadventure.

Meantime, what had become of little Gerald? Quite unconscious that he was drifting away from the only good fortune that he was likely to meet with for a long time, but keenly conscious of the cold, which was increasing, he kept moving. What a luxury, if somewhere in the great city he could have a home and a comfortable bed to go to.

But all this was as far beyond Gerald's anticipations—although he wished for them—as Aladdin's lamp is from the sober hopes of the children who form vague wishes that they had it.

Meanwhile, it was growing later. Nine o'clock had already struck, and Gerald began to feel sleepy. It had been a fatiguing day to him. From early morning he had been on his feet. All day long he had been moving on. There was not a square foot in the great city that belonged to him. He hadn't any business anywhere. That lesson he was not long in learning. If he remained in any one place any length of time, there was not wanting a rough voice to ask him what he was about—a harsh order to move on. So, with some anxiety, he began to consider how and where he should pass the night.

He had left the main thoroughfare. That was too brilliantly lighted. If he sank down in the shadow of a doorway the intrusive gaslight would find him out and reveal his whereabouts. He turned into a retired street—a street which business had not invaded—but which was appropriated to private residences. These, from their size and elegant exterior, were undoubtedly occupied by wealthy citizens. Here it was comparatively quiet. There were no hurrying crowds along the pavements—only here and there a passer-by, one, perhaps, who lived in one of these elegant houses, and was hastening to his comfortable home.

"I wonder if I couldn't find some place out of sight along here," thought Gerald. "I don't believe the watchmen would find me out. I'm *so* sleepy."

Just then the hearty ringing laughter of children, and the indistinct sound of merry voices floated out upon the air. There was something contagious in it. It even went to the heart of little Gerald, who looked all about him for the house from which these sounds proceeded. He did not have to look long. A fresh burst of laughter showed him that they issued from the house which he was then passing.

Then a sudden impulse seized Gerald—I think it must have been providential—to become a spectator of the merry scene of which he could hear the indications. He could remember when he had been merry and happy—it seemed a long time ago—some centuries at least—for misfortune makes the time pass slowly. He thought it might revive the memory of the happy past, if he could only see children enjoying themselves as he used to do.

Perhaps Gerald was not aware of all these reasons that influenced him. To his own mind it only seemed an impulse—a sudden impulse—to which he at once yielded.

"It won't be wrong, I don't think," he said to himself. "It can't do any harm, that I know of."

So he clambered up by the railing on the outside of the steps, and bending to one side, had a good chance to look in. It was a large and brilliantly-lighted double parlor. There was a thick carpet on the floor. Sofas and ottomans were scattered here and there, and in the midst of all were four happy, romping children.

It was New Year's eve, and on this occasion they had been allowed to remain up beyond their regular time of retiring. They were playing the good old-fashioned game named "Blind Man's Buff," and the merry shouts showed that they were enjoying it highly.

The parents were sitting on a sofa looking at the sports of their children with beaming faces. Gerald's attention, however, was confined to the children. He followed their sport with eager eyes and with keen enjoyment.

Just then one of the little ones noticed him and called out:

"Why, papa, there's a boy looking in at the window!"

Gerald swiftly slid down, but not till he had been seen.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Percy—for it was his house, and the children were his—"it's the very boy I tried to find to-night!"

He slipped on his hat, and without waiting for his coat, hastily left the house. He came quickly upon Gerald, who had not expected pursuit, and placed his hand on his shoulder.

Gerald looked up, and not without apprehension recognized the gentleman who had spoken harshly to him once that evening.

"I didn't mean any harm," said he quickly.

"Nor do I, my poor child," said Mr. Percy, gently. "But if you will come into the house with me, I may do you some good."

Hardly knowing what to think, Gerald followed Mr. Percy into the house. The children quickly gathered about him, and looked compassionately at his face and hands, red with the cold. They extended to him a cordial welcome, and even induced him to join in their merry play.

From that New Year's day little Gerald was no longer homeless. Mr. Percy assumed the expenses of his education, and the boy promises to do credit to his benefactor.

Dear reader, if some day Penury should present her face at the window of your heart, open wide the door and bid her enter.

ONE DAY'S COURTSHIP.

Last week a millionaire, named Scott, purchased a small pocket-book at a stationer's in Brompton. He was served by a young lady of great personal attractions. So smitten was Mr. Scott with her beauty, that, understanding she was single, he then and there made his fair enslaver an offer of his hand and heart. The sequel is to be found in the marriages announced as having taken place at a church of some Puseyite notoriety in the neighborhood, last Wednesday, when the pretty shop-woman stepped into a carriage, and £30,000 a year, after a courtship of only one day.—*London Court Circular.*

CURE FOR FITS.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds, without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work hard.

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse, or speak to the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced—

Who makes his bed of brier and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a Fit of Repining.—Look about for the halt, and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, and afflicted, and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a Fit of Ambition.—Go into the churchyard and read the grave-stones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister.

For a Fit of Despondency.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all Fits of Doubt, Perplexity and Fear.—Whether they respect the body or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician—"Cast thy burden on the Lord; he will sustain thee."

FORTUNE WELL TOLD.

A young lady, a native of Martinique, and a Creole, was on her voyage to France, with the design of being educated there, when the merchant vessel on board of which she was a passenger, was captured by an Algerine cruiser, and taken into Algiers. The fair captive was at first overwhelmed with affliction at the prospect of captivity before her; but as passion gave way to meditation, it came to her recollection that an old negress had predicted that she would one day become one of the princesses in the world.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, for superstition was in this instance but the handmaid of inclination, "it is doubtless so—I am to be a princess. Well, I must not quarrel with fortune. Who knows what may come out of this?"

So strong did this prepossession grow upon the young lady, that ere she reached the Barbary shore, she was as much a fatalist in point of resignation, as any devotee of Islamism could possibly be. The French consul at Algiers immediately offered to ransom his countrywoman; but no; the fair Creole would not be ransomed, for fear of offending fortune, by resorting to so vulgar a way of recovering her liberty. So to the Seraglio of the Dey of Algiers the lady went; and strange indeed to tell, from his highness' seraglio, she was sent as a present to the Grand Seignior, who was so struck with her beauty and manners (for in both she was excelling), that he elevated her to the dignity of his favorite Sultana! Such was the singular rise of the late Sultana Valide, who died in 1818, and was the mother of the present Grand Seignior.

NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT.

I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning, I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said: "See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning." Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say: "Take care, my children; remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."

NAVAL ORATORY.

Admiral Blake, when a captain, was sent with a small squadron to the West Indies, on a secret expedition against the Spanish settlements. It happened in an engagement, that one of the ships blew up, which damped the spirits of the crew; but Blake, who was not to be subdued by one unsuccessful occurrence, called out to his men: "Well, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up; and now let's see what figure a Spanish one will make in the same situation!" This well-timed harangue raised their spirits immediately, and in less than an hour he set his antagonist on fire. "There, my lads," said he, "I knew we should have our revenge soon."

A Frenchman being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason; stating, at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied with a shrug of the shoulder: "O, yes, he's very good *stand* for de business; by gar, me *stand* all day, for nobody come to make me move."

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

THE NEW YEAR.

To our numerous readers and friends, greeting: We wish you a Happy New Year! You behold us in a somewhat altered and greatly improved form, and we meet you all with a face as bright as that of the New Year itself. The twelvemonth just gone has had its varied experiences for every one of us, for none altogether joyous, and for many truly sad; what may lie hidden in the yet unopened future, it is of course best that we should not know. But joy may come ultimately out of it all, if we will but accept our experiences aright.

This is peculiarly the season of merrymaking, and of the exchange of kind feelings. Rightfully, too, is it made thus, although the hour is tinged with a strain of serious thoughtfulness at the breaking of another yearly link in the chain of time. For ourselves, we enter cordially into the feelings of our friends and readers, extending to them our warmest personal congratulations. As we have gone on together so amicably, and, let us hope, profitably, for the year that has drawn to a close, we hope we shall not be forced to part with a single friend during the year that is just at hand. Our sincere efforts to please and instruct the readers of the PICTORIAL have furnished us genuine satisfaction, which is still increased by the knowledge that we have in a great degree succeeded in what we aimed at. The enlargement and improved form of the PICTORIAL sprang from nothing but a continued wish to serve our many readers, and we are assured beforehand that our purpose has been successful. There is always a close, friendly relation subsisting between the reader and the publisher, which the latter, at least, must ever treasure as the most valuable portion of his capital.

We propose to ourselves extended literary enterprises for the coming year, an idea of which the reader will obtain from perusing other columns of this paper. That the field is wide for such a work as we have resolutely entered upon, is not to be questioned; and from our personal familiarity with the same, we are enabled to understand the public want, which we shall industriously exert ourselves to supply. And thus promising, our readers will not, we are sure, entertain any doubts as to the character of our achievements. We shall be heartily glad to have every one of our friends journey along with us through the new year. What it lies in our power to perform for their pleasure, refinement, and instruction, shall not be left undone. To this end, whatever of freshness, and novelty, and genuine life, suggests itself to our mind, we shall eagerly reproduce for the gratification of our friends, with all the skill and industry of pencil and pen. The world is too full of action to-day to be passed through in ignorance of what is going on. It is our province so to depict the different phases and scenes of that action, that the world shall seem to be brought home to every one's hearth and heart.

Kind friends, then, accept our sincere thanks for your pleasant company in the past. If it has proved profitable to you thus far, on our own behalf we crave a continuation of a friendship for which we shall ever feel grateful. Once more do we wish you, one and all, a "Happy New Year!" May life go pleasantly with you all, and uncounted benefits flock to you from every side!

A golden eagle was killed lately on the Lower St. Lawrence and brought to Quebec, having been shot while endeavoring to carry off a child about three years of age. This is the only bird in America that will attack the human species. They breed in the North, following at this season the birds and animals that seek a milder climate.

A Paris letter says the Empress's boudoir in the Tuileries, just completed, is modelled after one of the chambers in the Alhambra. Eugenie finds it sweet pretty, and we should think she would.

A grandson of John Jacob Astor has astonished the Fifth Avenue, N. Y., people by building his house of brick instead of freestone.

OUR NEW FORM.

The paper which we herewith present to our readers, in a greatly enlarged size, and with nearly double the former quantity of reading matter and illustrations, is a sample of what we shall give them each week for the future, except that we shall endeavor to improve on this, from time to time. The new form of our paper is a vast improvement on the first one, giving sixteen pages in room of eight; is, also, far more convenient for reading and preserving unsoiled; besides being, when bound, in much better shape for handling. We need not request our subscribers to carefully preserve each number, and have them bound at the close of every volume. All our cotemporaries express surprise at the very low price for which we furnish subscribers with our paper. It is only by publishing such an immense edition, that we are enabled to do so.

THE KNIGHTS
OF
The Golden Horse Shoe!

BY MAJOR B. PERLEY POORE.

We have the pleasure to announce that the above is the title of the leading story commenced in our *New Paper*, the

LITERARY COMPANION.

It is in the gallant Major's happiest style, and we most heartily recommend its perusal to those of our readers who would wish to while away an hour very pleasantly.

The first number of the *Literary Companion* is now ready and for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at only 4 cents per copy.

GIFTS.

This being the season for gifts of all kinds, many are at a loss sometimes to know upon what they shall decide, as the most appropriate token of their friendship and affection. In the first place, a great deal depends on the spirit manifested in the act of giving; if it be performed mechanically, whether from a sense of duty or the force of custom, it is of little worth or meaning. A gift is valuable only by reason of its meaning; if it has no significancy, it is plain that neither party receives a benefit. Hence a person must regard the tastes and feelings of the friend on whom he is to make a bestowal, quite as much as he does his own; it is of the first importance. In this day of reading and the general diffusion of intelligence, books are very proper tokens of esteem, and have, and are, therefore, very commonly employed as such. Likewise literary publications, other than books, literary newspapers—illustrated journals especially—that are faithful and vivid transcripts of the time, interesting always afterwards, and form elegant volumes themselves when subjected to the tasteful skill of the binder. Without egotism, we think we may suggest to our readers, that a more appropriate and beautiful present for the New Year—from one friend to another, especially from a gentleman to a lady—than the "PICTORIAL" for 1860, can hardly be found. When bound, it will be an ornament to any parlor table in the land. In making up their lists of gifts, we feel confident that our thousands of friends will not overlook the hint we throw out to them.

We are creatures of habit. Only let us do one thing regularly for some time, and the act of doing that will at length come to be almost a part of our nature. It is difficult to tell what custom is, or why we always do just as we do. A fine speaker said, lately, on this head: "Custom I must illustrate by an incident. Walking, one day, I met a servant girl with a perfectly beautiful child in her arms; its rosy cheeks, its beautiful blue eyes, its soft, downy skin, its lovely, heavenly smile, enchanted me. As I stopped to look at it in admiration and love, the mother came up with the ugliest pup in her arms that I ever set eyes on. This is custom."

Washington Irving leaves a large fortune to be divided amongst his nephews and nieces. For the last ten years he has received from his books alone an average annual income of $20,000.

Wayside Gatherings.

The true name of Blondin, the gentleman who crossed Niagara on a rope, is Gravelet.

The shipment of gold from California this year will probably be $40,000,000; about $36,000,000 have arrived.

For the sum of $100,000 H. W. Derby, of New York, has bought the Dusseldorf collection of paintings. They cost originally $80,000 more.

The ladies of the French Court are in open rebellion against the empress. It is said they do not at all like the "dethronement of crinoline" or short delaine dresses.

Bayard Taylor spent seven weeks in California, and delivered about two dozen lectures, with a clear profit, estimated by some of his acquaintances there at $5000.

A man hurt by a railway accident on a Canada line sued for $20,000 damages. As it was proved that he travelled with a free pass, he recovered only $4000.

There are five starch manufactories in the town of Stowe, Vt., each of which consumes from 17,000 to 20,000 bushels of potatoes yearly, yielding about eight pounds to a bushel.

A claim has been set up by the State of Kentucky to the north bank of the Ohio river below low-water mark, and suits have been brought to get possession of the landings in front of Cincinnati.

A San Francisco letter states that the late Senator Broderick's property in San Francisco seems likely to become a bone of contention and subject of litigation. The claims of the heirs are disputed.

Paper has been so scarce in Spain that several printing offices have had to suspend operations, and the journals press the government to allow foreign paper to be imported free, or at least at a greatly reduced rate.

Twenty thousand tuns of iron require to be replaced every year on railways, owing to "wear and tear;" and twenty-six million wooden sleepers require to be replaced annually from the same cause.

It is stated that Stieglitz, the great Russian banker, who is about to retire, has a capital of fifty-six million dollars. The house has been established fifty years, conducted all this time by father and son.

Under the title of the "Schiller Foundation," an association has been established by writers, publishers and professors of Germany, for the purpose of relieving literary men, especially poets, or their widows and orphans in distress.

A discovery of great importance has just been made by the State Geologist in Texas. It is no less than the discovery of vast bodies of iron ore, as well as tertiary coal or lignite, beds of limestone, pipe-clay, fire-rock and hydraulic limestone.

A woman who passed for a man for forty years was recently found drowned in the River Irwell. Her name was Harriet Stokes; she called herself Henry Stokes, under which name she served an apprenticeship as a bricklayer, and worked at the trade till the day of her death.

The Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, has been made to suffer the bitterest reproach by the mysterious and miserable death of the Count de Courtain, who was found suspended to a tree in the Bois de Boulogne a short time since, having been driven to the sad extremity by the sheerest misery and starvation.

Foreign Miscellany.

Reforms in the several governmental departments are actively going on in Vienna.

Naples desires to be represented at the approaching European Congress. So does the Pope.

The Great Eastern has been securely laid away for the winter. This time, there is no mistake.

Perfect accord would seem to exist between the Emperor of Russia and the Prince Regent of Prussia.

The American treaty with China is said to have been broken—virtually repudiated—by the faithless Chinese.

Paris papers are discussing the "problematical chances" of disembarking 100,000 men on the British shores and capturing London.

Lord Brougham does not think the peace of all Europe ought to be put in jeopardy, even for the prospect of the redemption of Italy.

Girardin had printed a pamphlet for circulation in France, but it was suppressed just before its publication, by the government authorities.

The new London paper, *The Dial*, will make its first appearance on Saturday, Jan. 7th, as a weekly paper. After a few months, it will become a daily.

The war between Spain and Morocco rages. Spain makes complaint that English officers have taught the Moors in military tactics and the skilful use of arms.

The tone of the English and French newspapers, one to the other, is anything but peaceable. Unless a better understanding is soon had, serious results are likely to threaten.

The Prince of Wales, now at Oxford, has reached his 18th year. In the event of his mother's death, therefore, he could come to the throne without any interposition of a regency.

Sands of Gold.

Genius is nothing more than the faculty of laboring to advantage.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know a little.

Proud looks alienate the hearts of men; but courteous words attach them.

Fly in all haste from the friend who will suffer you to teach him nothing.

Persecution, to persons in a high rank, stands them instead of eminent virtue.

Good counsel, when the fit is on us, is the very worst sort of impertinence.

A man should pursue in health the same line of conduct he proposes in sickness.

Popular pleasure is like a bundle; soon inflated, and soon reduced to nothing.

Opinionative men refuse to believe anything which they cannot fully comprehend.

Friendship is possible only between wise and good men; others are but companions.

If you would avoid being angry with your servants, wait as much as possible upon yourself.

Facility helps to accomplish, but does not accomplish anything; it goes faster, but never as far as labor.

It is perfectly delightful, the philosophy with which we reconcile ourselves to the misfortunes of our neighbors.

The cloudy weather melts at length into beauty, and the brightest smiles of the heart are born of its tears!

Joker's Olio.

The lady who took everybody's eye, must have quite a lot of 'em.

An omnibus horse has about an equal experience of wheel and wo.

"Don't eat a fellow up," as the Cape Cod girls say when they are kissed.

What is that that belongs to yourself, yet is used by everybody? Your name.

What did a blind wood-sawyer take to restore his sight? He took his horse, and saw.

Why is it always proper to take up a penny collection? Because there is some cents (sense) in it.

Bald-headed men take a joke more easily, because they are not at the trouble of "getting it through their hair."

"Shall I paint your cheeks for you, wife?" "No, husband, you have done it often enough by making me blush for you."

Mr. Haddock, a Billingsgate factor, sends his love to Miss Gillmore, and begs to say that one *Gill-more* will make him a happy *fish*.

A wag once remarked that the reason why unmarried ladies looked so often at the moon, was the vulgar belief that there was *a man in it*.

A stove has been invented for the comfort of travellers. It is put under the feet, and a mustard plaster upon the head, which draws the heat through the whole system.

At a concert, recently, at the conclusion of the song "There's a Good Time Coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed—"Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL
WEEKLY.

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F. GLEASON.

.n for Gleason's Pictorial.

.Y CLARE'S BRIDAL.

BY MRS. S. P. HAYES.

Christmas stars shone bright and clear,
.e Christmas wind blew cold and drear;
.'er hill and plain, o'er moor and height,
The snowflakes spread a mantle white;
While lights gleamed out from Gloster's halls,
And wreaths of holly decked its walls;
Gay, mirthful voices echoed there,
And music charmed the midnight air.

The Lady Clare, in maiden bower,
With smiles and blushes waits the hour
When hand and heart she would bestow
On one who won them long ago.
A gallant knight was he, I ween,
Noble and brave, with warrior's mien;
Well skilled in arts of war was he,
As any prince of chivalry.

A champion meet for Lady Fair
Was he who wooed the Lady Clare;
No danger daunts, by land or flood,
The knight who mates with Gloster's blood.
Castles and lands in her own right,
The Lady Clare this wedding night
Would yield, with all her charms to one,
Who won her for herself alone.

Proud Earl of Rothsay's tower and town,
A name well worthy of renown;
His sovereign's favorite well may dare
To wed stern Gloster's pride and heir;
And then, as ancient legends say,
The gracious monarch, to repay
His faithful subject's loyal care,
Would give his royal presence there:

And when the merrie Christmas bells
Rang cheerily o'er hills and dells,
His blessing gave, (let joy betide!)
With knightly kiss to blushing bride.
And well may abler pens relate
The joy and mirth, the pomp and state,
That graced the bridal, then and there;
Of Rothsay's Earl and Lady Clare.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THOMAS BLUMBLE.

AND HOW HE GOT MARRIED.

BY J. HENRY SYMONDS.

BLUMBLE boasted of being a confirmed bachelor, and took pride in being called a woman hater. I mean Thomas Blumble, of the importing and jobbing house of "Hood, Stiver & Blumble." He was very fond of letting people know that he disregarded the charms of the softer sex, and was frequently heard to say that he would like to see the woman that could get him under her thumb. There was a time of course, when Blumble was susceptible to the overtures of Cupid; because when he was plain "Tom," of fifteen years of age, and left "Rock Cove," came to the city and entered the employ of "Mensor, Tigby & Hood," he left behind him a young "Polly Ann," with many a sigh and tear, and more vows than both put together, to be "true till death." For two years he wrote constantly to his Polly Ann, repeating the manifold vows of boyhood love; then he was promoted from boy to entry-clerk, and soon after was introduced to a very bewitching young lady whom we may be allowed to call Hattie Elton. Then he forgot his Polly Ann down in Rock Cove, and became very attentive to Miss Elton; he accompanied her to the theatre and made her presents; he got trusted for his new coat, and with the money that should have paid for it, they took a sleigh-ride to Brighton, and feasted on hot chickens and champagne; to please her he learned to polka and waltz, the schottishe and varsoviana were not in vogue then. Things had sped along this way very smoothly for about a year; so Tom, thinking he may as well have the matter settled at once, popped the question. Miss Elton appeared very much surprised, for a moment she remained silent, then lifting up both hands, she exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Blumble,"—she had constantly called him "Tom," for six months previous—"I've been engaged these two years, didn't you know it?"

"Know it? No," replied Blumble, in utter astonishment.

"Why yes, I've been engaged to Charley Dultley for a long while, and I thought you knew all about it and was only paying attentions to me out of politeness. Charley is in New York now, but we are to be married next Christmas."

"Married next—". We may guess what Blumble was about to say, but we shall always be in doubt, for instead of finishing his sentence, he took his hat and rushed out of the house, not even waiting to make the parting salutation of "good evening." Perhaps he was afraid to trust his angered teeth, for fear they would change his well meant words into some wicked expression.

Tom, in the privacy of his own chamber, with his door locked, his elbows upon his light-stand, and his face buried in his hands, reverted to the year's time and the many dollars he had thrown away upon Miss Elton; then he thought of poor Polly Ann, whom he had "cut" so shamefully, down in Rock Cove, and he decided to write to her, to offer pressing business as an excuse for not having written before, to sue for pardon for past negligence, and to assert that his affections were still unaltered and unalterable. So he unburied his face, and penned the tender missive full of falsehoods and stale love, which he dispatched with the fullest confidence that Polly Ann would be very happy to receive it. But alas for human expectations, Polly Ann's letter came, it was very brief; she told Blumble that she had heard of his attentions to the city lady, that she had almost forgotten him, and was going to marry Jerry Smike, the village blacksmith, the next week. She returned to Tom his earliest efforts in love-letter writing, and a lock of his hair, and requested him to return to her sundry articles in that line that he had received from her.

From that day Blumble announced himself to the world as a woman hater. He had been false to one woman, and one woman had tricked him, so he cried down the whole sex. The time which Blumble had heretofore divided between love and business, was now devoted to business exclusively, and in consequence he received one after another promotion, until he had the pleasure of seeing his own name as the third on the sign over the door which he had first entered as an errand boy. I don't believe that he remembered that there were such persons in the world as Hattie Elton and Polly Ann, the first day that the new sign was raised.

It was, as the junior member of the firm, that Blumble travelled through the New England States two years ago last fall with samples, receiving orders. During this tour he remained in the pretty little village of P——, N. H., one fine night in October. He sat in the bar-room of the tavern after supper, smoking his cigar, until it became filled with the villagers, discussing politics, smoking their pipes, talking of their crops, and ogling him; all of which were uninteresting to him, so he concluded to walk out and view the village by moonlight. He had hardly stepped into the entry, and before he could close the door, he heard a voice inquire:

"Who is that gentleman?"

"His name is Blumble, he's from Boston," replied the landlord.

"Blumble, from Boston?" chimed in a third voice, and then added: "You don't say," followed by a long, low whistle of astonishment.

Blumble stepped off the piazza and walked up the village street. He had scarcely walked twenty rods before he was aware of being followed. Giving the matter but little thought, however, he turned from the road into a pleasant lane that wended its way toward some half dozen farm houses, until he came to a rustic seat upon which he threw himself, and was soon oblivious to all the world excepting the business affairs of "Hood, Stiver & Blumble." Here he sat until his cigar was consumed, when he was aroused to the world around him by the village clocks striking out ten. Buttoning his coat closely around him, he hurried down the lane toward the hotel; as he turned from the lane into the great road he was suddenly and not very softly seized by the throat, by the shoulders, and by the coat-tails, by at least a dozen hands. He was rather too much surprised to speak even if he had had a chance to, the hands so tightly clenched around his throat would have prevented his speaking if he had not been so greatly surprised. As he could not speak he listened very patiently to some half dozen exclamations of "Now we've got you."

Something desperate must be done, so Blumble struck the fellow that held him by the throat full in the face, knocking him down, and then cried out as though he expected that this would be the last chance he ever would have to speak:

"What the deuce are you about?"

This *striking* question had a miraculous effect upon the numerous hands distributed about his person, and they all instantly dropped, and Blumble was free. He waited a few moments to regain his breath, then looking around him, asked very energetically: "What does this all mean?"

"It means that if you don't promise to leave town and not go to see Mary Gay again, we'll just hide you, and then ride you out of town on a rail," said the young man, the recipient of the blow, who had regained his feet.

"Leave town? Mary Gay? Why, I don't understand what you mean," remarked Blumble, considerably mystified.

"Well, sir," interrupted another voice, "we mean that you've come up here from Boston to court Mary Gay, and you mean to cut out Bill Higdy here; now if you don't give up Mary and leave town to-night we'll pitch you into the mill pond."

"Hold on a moment," said Blumble, "I think you must have got hold of the wrong person, as I have not the acquaintance of Miss Gay, nor in fact of any other lady in this place. But I want you to understand one thing distinctly, and that is I shall not leave town until I get ready."

Something about Blumble's manner seemed to convince the young men that he was in earnest, for they uttered various expressions, such as: "That's a likely story!" "He's gassing!" "I don't believe that," etc. Men invariably express doubts when being convinced of something that they had rather not believe.

For a few moments the whole party remained in silence, then one of the young denizens of P—— broke the spell by asking, "Aint your name Blumble?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are from Boston?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you don't know Mary Gay?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that's strange, she said his name was Blumble, and that's your name, he belongs in Boston and so do you; now you've been right up by her house, and we believe you've been there to see her. Don't we, Bill?"

"Yes, we do," replied Higdy.

"Well, young men," said Blumble, "if you don't believe me, go ask the young lady herself."

This proposition was met with approval by the whole party, so Blumble started back up the lane accompanied by a large escort, before, behind, and on either side of him. They filed into the yard, and crowded on to the steps of a neat looking farm house, and Higdy knocked at the door. In a few moments one of the chamber windows was opened, and a protruding head asked, "Who's there?"

"Come down to the door a minute, will you, squire?" asked Bill.

"Why, what do you want?" inquired the voice in the chamber window above.

"We want to see Mary a minute," replied a voice from the crowd below.

"Why, she has been abed these two hours. Is it anything important?"

"Yes, we want to see her just a minute."

"Well, I'll speak to her."

In a few moments Mary appeared at the door. She was very good looking, notwithstanding being called out of her bed at such an unseasonable hour—so Blumble thought. For some moments the whole company remained speechless; at last Blumble, tiring of his conspicuous situation, and the "nothing to say" spirit of the party, broke the silence by asking the young lady if she had ever seen him before.

"Not that I remember of," she replied.

"I only asked you to satisfy these young men," said Blumble.

"Then he aint your city beau?" asked Higdy.

"No," as short as though it had but one letter.

"Then we were mistaken," said a voice in the yard, and two or three of the party slid out at the gate.

"I am very sorry to have been the indirect cause of this annoyance to you, but it is no fault of mine. This gentleman," pointing to Higdy, "and his party seized me, and would not allow me to proceed to my hotel until I had proved to them that I had not been visiting you. I must now leave them with you to make their own explanations, and bid you good evening."

"Good evening," said the young lady, in a very sweet voice.

Somehow Blumble didn't sleep very sound that night, he was in a strange place, and he kept constantly thinking of his strange adventure, and of the good looking, strange young lady; and the more he thought, the more he wondered who she was; and when at last he determined to inquire about her in the morning, he fell asleep and dreamed of her.

Blumble was an early riser—bachelors generally are—and the next morning before the villagers were astir, he had walked out and passed the house of Squire Gay; but he did not see Mary, so he returned to the hotel and inquired of the landlord concerning her. The landlord must have praised the girl, for the bachelor decided to remain another day and be introduced to her, then to remain a third, and finally he concluded that he may as well stop the week out, and so he wrote to his partners informing them that he should remain there a few days to rest himself. The professed woman hater walked up that same lane each evening, and walked into the house too; he was not disturbed again by Bill Higdy, for the squire had threatened if he came within gun shot of the house again to put a dose of cold lead into him. So the wise but jealous Higdy kept out of the way.

There was a great reform in the manner and habits of Thomas Blumble, merchant. He left his bachelor clubs, notwithstanding the jeers and laughs of his former companions, and he became very circumspect in his remarks on female character. For a number of months he spent his spare hours in writing to Mary, and choosing appropriate gifts for her, and for a long while while the Boston and P—— Express considered him o. of their best customers. On Thanksgiving eve there was a brilliant wedding party at the house of Squire Gay, and P—— lost her most charming belle, r Miss Gay became Mrs. Blumble. A few .eeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Blumble went down to Rock Cove and visited the old Blumble homestead; while there Mr. Blumble introduced his wife to Mr. Jerry Smike, Mrs. Polly Ann Smike, and the little Smikes. It would be impossible to tell which are the most contented with their lot, Thomas or Polly Ann. One thing more, and I am done. In answer to Blumble's advertisement for a chambermaid, who would assist in plain sewing, who do you think applied for the situation? You would never guess, so I'll tell you. It was Hattie Elton; her New York beau heard of her flirtations with Blumble, and for that reason broke his engagement with her; and she, who might have been Mrs. Thomas Blumble, must be content to be Mrs. Blumble's servant.

TICKLING A CROCODILE.

About sunrise on the morning on which we approached the old fort of Mullativoe, whilst riding over the sunny plain by which it is surrounded, we came suddenly upon a crocodile asleep under some bushes of the buffalo thorn, several hundred yards from the water. The terror of the poor wretch was extreme when he awoke and found himself discovered and completely surrounded. He was a hideous creature, upwards of ten feet long, and evidently of prodigious strength had he been in a condition to exert it, but his consternation completely paralyzed him. He started to his feet and turned round in a circle, hissing and clanking his bony jaws, with his ugly green eye intently fixed upon us. On receiving a ball through his neck he lay perfectly still and apparently dead. Presently he looked round cunningly and made a rush toward the water, but a second ball disabled his right fore leg, and he lay again motionless and feigning death. We tried to rouse him, but without effect; pulled his tail, slapped his back, struck his hard scales, and teased him in every way, but all in vain; nothing would induce him to move till accidentally one of the party tickled him gently under the arm, and in an instant he drew it close to his side, and turned to avoid a repetition of the experiment. Again he was touched under the other arm, and the same emotion was exhibited, the great monster twisting about like an infant to avoid being tickled. The scene was highly amusing, but the sun was high and we pursued our journey, leaving the crocodile to make his way to the adjoining lake.—*Tennent's Ceylon.*

PAT AND THE POST OFFICE.

The following colloquy actually took place at an eastern post-office:

PAT.—I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a litther for me.

P. M.—Who are you, my good sir?

PAT.—I'm meself, that's who I am.

P. M.—Well, what's your name?

PAT.—An' what do ye want wid the name? Isn't it on the litther?

P. M.—So I can find the letter if there is one for you.

PAT.—Well, Mary Burns, thin, if ye must have it.

P. M.—No, sir—there is none for Mary Burns.

PAT.—Is there no way to get in there but through this pane of glass?

P. M.—No, sir.

PAT.—It's well for ye there isn't. I'd teach ye bitter manners than to insist on a gintlemin's name; but ye didn't git it after all—so I'm aven wid ye; divil the bit is my name Burns!

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

MR. APPLETON'S BOARDERS.

BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

HIRAM APPLETON was fond of money, and, as he lived in the most economical manner, had managed to accumulate a considerable sum of it. As an instance of his economy, he had worn the same blue coat with brass buttons for ten years, to church and to muster, and there was considerable probability of its having to serve for as much longer. Hiram was a bachelor. He considered a wife an expensive luxury, from which he abstained from economical motives.

In the course of time, however, Hiram came to take a different view of the matter. He read somewhere that it was a saving to be married, as the work that a wife would do, would more than pay the expenses of her board and clothing. On reflection, Hiram considered that, under his circumstances, this was a consideration of some importance.

"Besides," thought he, "we might take boarders, as taking boarders is profitable if you dont keep 'em too well. I've heard that Aunt Jane Doolittle made a thousand dollars clear, in one year, from keeping boarders. And all the labor comes on the wimmen folks too. I guess I must be married."

Mr. Appleton decided, on the whole, to marry a widow.

We give his reason in his own words:

"It stands to reason," he soliloquized, "that a widow must have more experience about household matters than one who hasn't been married. Now, one that isn't experienced is very apt to waste things, and it takes a good deal of time to teach 'em better. Now a widow's already broken in to the ways of a household. I must be on the look-out for a widow."

Mr. Hiram Appleton, accordingly, began to look about him.

Just at this time there came into town a certain Widow Jones, on a visit to a relation.

As Mr. Appleton was well acquainted at the house where she was visiting, he soon found it in his way to "call round."

The widow was sitting in the "keeping-room," with Mrs. Felton, her relation.

"Mr. Appleton," said the latter, "let me introduce to you my cousin, Mrs. Jones."

Hiram bowed.

"I wonder whether she's a widow," he thought to himself.

When Mrs. Felton accompanied him to the door, he ventured to make the inquiry.

"Yes," said Mrs. Felton, "her husband died two years since."

"You see, Mrs. Felton, said Hiram in a business-like tone, "I've been thinking of getting married. I think, on the whole, it would be good policy. I guess I should prefer a smart, industrious, economical widow, if I could hear of one anywhere."

"Then," said Mrs. Felton, "I am quite sure that my cousin would suit you. She's as industrious a creetur as you ever saw. Always has work in her hand."

"There's one thing I want to know about," said Hiram anxiously. "Is she fond of dress? I don't know much about it, but I've heard that some wimmen spend a *sight* on their dress. Now I can't stand that anyhow. I calc'late that my wife, if I ever have any, shall dress decent; but as to silk dresses, and gold chains, and such, they won't come out of me."

Mrs. Felton assured the inquirer, that no one could be more simple in her tastes than her cousin,—an assurance which gratified Mr. Appleton exceedingly.

"You needn't tell her what I've been saying," said Hiram. "I'll come in again two or three times, and see how I like her ways, and if I do I'll propose pretty quick."

"You'd better," said Mrs. Felton, "for there's no knowing how soon some body else may pick her up."

Instead of regarding Hiram's injunction, Mrs. Felton straightway communicated the substance of the conference to the widow.

Now it so happened, for reasons which will appear, that the widow was by no means indisposed to a second marriage, and, on hearing that Hiram was a man of property, she concluded to "set her cap for him."

"You must appear to be very industrious and economical," said Mrs. Felton. "He laid particular stress on that."

"Don't fear for me," said her cousin. "It takes a widow to manage the men."

When Hiram made his second call, the widow Jones was arrayed in a very plain calico, which, at the utmost, could not have cost more than ninepence per yard.

"You must excuse the plainness of my dress, Mr. Appleton," said she, "but I don't approve of rich dresses. A calico is just as warm as a silk; or, at any rate, there isn't much difference, and there is a great deal of difference in the price."

Hiram was delighted.

"You're a sensible woman, Mrs. Jones," said he. "You've got a soul above the majority of your sex."

"Thank you, Mr. Appleton," said the widow demurely. "I don't take no credit to myself for it. It's natural to me. It makes me sick to see how fond most women are of flummery, and putting all they can earn on their back."

"That's a fact," said Hiram. "That's just the effect it has on me. "Now, Mrs. Jones," this he said in a confidential tone, "how long do you think I have made this coat do for best."

Mrs. Jones couldn't possibly tell.

"It's lasted ten years," said Hiram, with becoming pride. "Ten years, and it's a good coat yet."

"So it is," said the widow, "and I commend your prudence. Mr. Appleton, how long do you think it is since I bought this dress?"

Hiram ventured to guess "five years."

"You're wrong," said the widow shaking her head. "I had it just twelve years ago, come spring."

Mrs. Jones did not think it necessary to mention that, although it had been bought at that time, it had been cast aside some ten years since, and had only been resuscitated for the sake of producing an impression on Mr. Appleton.

"Twelve years!" exclaimed Hiram in a glow of admiration. "You're a perfect treasure, Mrs. Jones."

"La now, you don't mean it," said the widow, bashfully.

"Yes I do, and you're the woman I've been seeking for years for a wife. So lovely and so—*economical!* Dear Widow Jones, may I hope that you will favor me with your hand—that you will become Mrs. Appleton."

"This is so unexpected," murmured the widow, "and yet I feel that a man of your just sentiments, and prudent habits, is not to be slighted. I will accept your offer in the same spirit in which it is made."

"There is one other thing," said Hiram, after a short pause, "that I should like to mention. I am a straightforward man, and I want every thing to be understood. Would you have any objection to taking a few boarders after we are married?"

"Not the slightest," said the widow. "Indeed, I intended to mention something of the sort to you."

"Did you though, really?" inquired Hiram with delight.

"Yes. The fact is, Mr. Appleton, I am social by temperament, and it is rather agreeable than otherwise to have a large family about me."

Hiram began to think that the widow was an admirable woman, and that he could not have made a better match, if he had sought the world over.

"In the course of time," said he to himself, "I shouldn't wonder if it proved thousands of dollars in my pocket. If I could only have met with such a woman twenty years ago. However, better late than never."

Preparations were hastened for the wedding. Hiram feared that something would turn up to prevent the marriage, on which he had set his heart. As for the widow, she made no serious objections. And, accordingly, one morning they rode over to the minister's and were united without any display. Hiram wore the same blue coat with brass buttons which had served him so long and faithfully.

"It looks well enough," he said, "and there isn't any use in going to any foolish expense."

The widow was dressed in a plain de laine, with no ornaments.

"How much shall I give you?" asked Hiram of the clergyman who had united them.

"Whatever you please," said the clergyman, politely.

"How much does the law allow?" persisted Hiram.

"One dollar and a-quarter."

"Then," said Hiram, "here's a two, and you can give me back seventy-five cents in change."

The clergyman made change with as sober a face as he could, and the happy pair departed for home.

The next day Hiram broached the subject of boarders.

"There ain't any use in delaying the matter as I know of, said he. "We might as well begin first as last. Suppose we advertise."

"There isn't any need of that," said the new Mrs. Appleton. "I know of some friends, in the place where I used to live, who would be glad to come and board with us."

"Do you?" asked Hiram with eagerness. "That's a good idea. It will save the expense of advertising."

"Yes," said Mrs. Appleton. "That is very true. However, it will be necessary to go and see them, and that will cost something.

"How much?"

"A dollar and thirty-seven cents each way," returned his wife.

"That will make two seventy-five," said Hiram. "I'll give you a three. The extra quarter will do for miscellaneous expenses."

This was an unexampled stroke of generosity on the part of Mr. Appleton; but the thought of the profits which he was going to make, made him feel unusually generous.

"How long will you be gone?" asked Hiram.

"That will depend a little on circumstances. I think I can be back by the end of the week."

"And you feel pretty sure of bringing back some boarders?"

"I think I can promise you six at least," said his wife confidently.

"Six!" returned Hiram with satisfaction. "Six, at three dollars a week, will make eighteen dollars. Then the actual cost of boarding them need not be more than a dollar a piece. That will make twelve dollars clear weekly, or six hundred dollars a year."

This was a very gratifying calculation, and Hiram awaited his wife's return with eagerness.

On Saturday night the stage stopped at the door. It appeared to be unusually full.

Mrs. Appleton got out first. Then successively alighted three boys and three girls, varying in age from fifteen to five.

"So they're all children," said Hiram a little bewildered.

"Yes," said his wife. "Please help the driver in with their trunks."

"They won't eat so much as if they were grown," thought Hiram, as he proceeded to do what was assigned him.

At length they were all in the house—baggage and all, and the driver had departed.

"What are their names?" asked Hiram, looking about him.

"Their last name is Jones. They are my children by my first husband."

"What!" exclaimed Hiram aghast. "Aint they boarders?"

"Of course. This will be their home henceforth. Where should they board but with their new father?"

Poor "Hiram!" He raved and stormed, but to no effect. The widow and her children had gained a foot-hold, and they kept it.

Whenever anybody speaks to him, now, about the profits of keeping boarders, he shakes his head, and looks melancholy.

THE MAIDEN'S RUSE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.]

vessels, a crew being detailed from the Fleet Wing to take possession of the prize, under whose charge she was disentangled from the Beauchampe and bore up to the northward.

The last named vessel proved to be nearly unmanned in the conflict, so that Vernon was obliged to re-man her from his crew, when, having aided his friend to rig a jury-mast, they hauled on a wind in company, and at sunrise next morning were at least fifty miles to the northward and westward of the scene of their struggle.

Ten days later the three vessels entered New York Harbor, and anchored off the Battery soon after sundown, when Fred Vernon hastened to disembark with his cousin. They were joined at the landing by Walter Langley, who now enjoyed a second opportunity of expressing his gratitude to his lovely preserver, whom Fred resigned to his protection and convoy home, alleging the necessity that her father should be acquainted with her safety prior to her appearance, and hurrying on in advance to perform the task.

His uncle was overjoyed at his daughter's return, and rated his nephew soundly for beguiling her from home on a pleasure trip at such a time, jocularly warning him to beware of the Signor Vivalia's anger when they met.

"Which will be speedily,—to-night, if I can find him, uncle!" cried Vernon, impetuously.

"Bless me, boy, you're impatient! He spends the evening here, and should have been here ere now, but will be presently. Ah! that carriage stopped. It must be May!" and the merchant hurried from the parlor, where he had received his nephew, to meet his child.

As would seem from his conversation, as recorded, he deemed her just returned from a pleasure excursion; and such was the fact—a note left by her for him, informing him to that effect—and he now received her with a gentle chiding for non-betrayal of her interest, until she vanished.

She had just retired to her apartment when the Signor Vivalia was announced and entered. Recognizing Vernon, he saluted him, and turning to the elder Vernon, inquired for May, when Fred stole from the apartment, but soon returned, accompanied by Captain Langley, who was warmly welcomed by his employer, who presented him to the signor; and then, impatient to learn how he had fared, demanded:

"Are you safe?—no accidents, I trust?"

"No accidents, sir, but a long list of disasters. I have lost my crew, and almost lost the vessel."

"How?"

"I was attacked by pirates."

"By pirates!" exclaimed the merchant and Vivalia, simultaneously.

"Yes."

"But how did you escape?" demanded both.

"By capturing them."

"Capturing them! Do you mean that you have captured and brought in a pirate?"

"Not a pirate, but a score," rejoined Langley, smiling.

"And the vessel, leader and all—where are they?"

"The vessel lies anchored off the Battery. She is an old acquaintance of mine. Two of the leaders were killed in the action, I believe; but the chief was not with them."

"Ah, where was he—in another vessel?"

"No, here. He stands before you!"

"Where?" demanded the merchant, leaping from his chair in terror.

"Behold him in the Signor Vivalia!"

"Impossible!"

"Yet most true, dear uncle. Nay, one single step in that direction, Pedro El Pasquez, and you die!" exclaimed the younger Vernon, as he confronted the false Vivalia, menacing him with a pistol.

"Ha, ha, ha! Puny boy, do you think to bar my exit?"

"Ay! He and I escaped from your clutches once, and we can hold you in ours now. Do you wish to test the truth of my assertion? Behold!" and stamping thrice, the door was thrown wide open at the signal, when a score of armed watchmen entered.

El Pasquez ground his teeth in impotent rage, and plucking something from his breast, muttered, as he hurled it violently from him:

"Curses light on this bauble, and the beauty it portrays! To it I owe this fate!"

Walter Langley picked the bauble up, uttering an exclamation of surprise and joy as he recognized the miniature he had lost; and at the instant our heroine entered, already apprised of the scene transpiring, when she threw herself into her father's arms, exclaiming:

"Saved—saved, my father!"

Enough. The interest of our tale is spent, and we must therefore drop the curtain on the scene. Yet, lest our readers be dissatisfied, we deem it best to add that El Pasquez perished by his own hand in prison, while the majority of the survivors of his band expiated their crimes on the gallows; and also that quite a numerous family now exist bearing the name of Langley, who claim to be descendants of our fair heroine and her happy husband. By them that miniature and its history are still preserved. Go ask them, reader; and trust me, you will find the youngest well versed in that family legend of THE MAIDEN'S RUSE AND THE PIRATE'S DEFEAT!

ST. NICHOLAS.

The little old gentleman is at last before you. With his pipe in his mouth and one foot on the fender, he is stowing away his assortment of Christmas wares into the last stocking, and his rosy face twinkles with merry humor as he turns and feels conscious that you are looking at him. So-ho! but what a fluttering does not his annual coming down the chimney make with the hearts of all children! He is a roguish old fellow, this same St. Nick, and that even his little team of horses which he left standing on the roof know full well. *He* knew when the hands of the clock on the mantel yonder would meet over XII, or you would not have caught him as you did at the hearthstone, toasting his shins by the smouldering embers of the fire. All the good little children in the land will thank us for letting them behold, this year, their favorite Saint in person. He is a generous old man, though considerably given to waywardness in the bestowal of his gifts. If we use him well, they say he never forgets us. And so, hoping the whole army of our young friends may get their stockings full this time, we wish them all—and St. Nicholas, too—the merriest Christmas that ever came along. May the boys and girls find their hearts warmed towards the old gentleman by the gifts he so generously dispenses, and watch faithfully for his coming another year.

SANTA CLAUS, THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

SLEIGHING IN RUSSIA.

The graphic winter scene we present below, illustrating the mode of travel in Russia at the present season of the year, will interest every reader. The Russian sledge skims over the frozen snow with almost as airy a speed as the Laplander's, drawn by the fleet deer. One of the horses, which is the hard and steady trotter, is secured within the shafts, while the other is left to give his splendid limbs as free play as his native fire impels him to do. On looking at the steeds in the picture, one instinctively remembers "Mazeppa." They can scarcely be called ta[illegible] and on [illegible] are [illegible]ore [illegible]ing- [illegible] the [illegible]ers- [illegible]ow, [illegible]ion- [illegible] of five hun- [illegible]iles in length, [illegible]ledge like the [illegible]presented be- [illegible]would stir an [illegible]nal man's blood [illegible] as much as a [illegible] across the coun- [illegible]t upon a kingly locomotive. The sense of perfect freedom, as one spins along, must be exhilarating beyond description. As these almost wild animals travel over the Russian roads, they would inspire a stranger to their habits and temper with a sense of fear; but the Russians, well protected against the cold, enjoy it all as a necessary stimulus to their existence in a climate where nature is so rigorous and exacting.

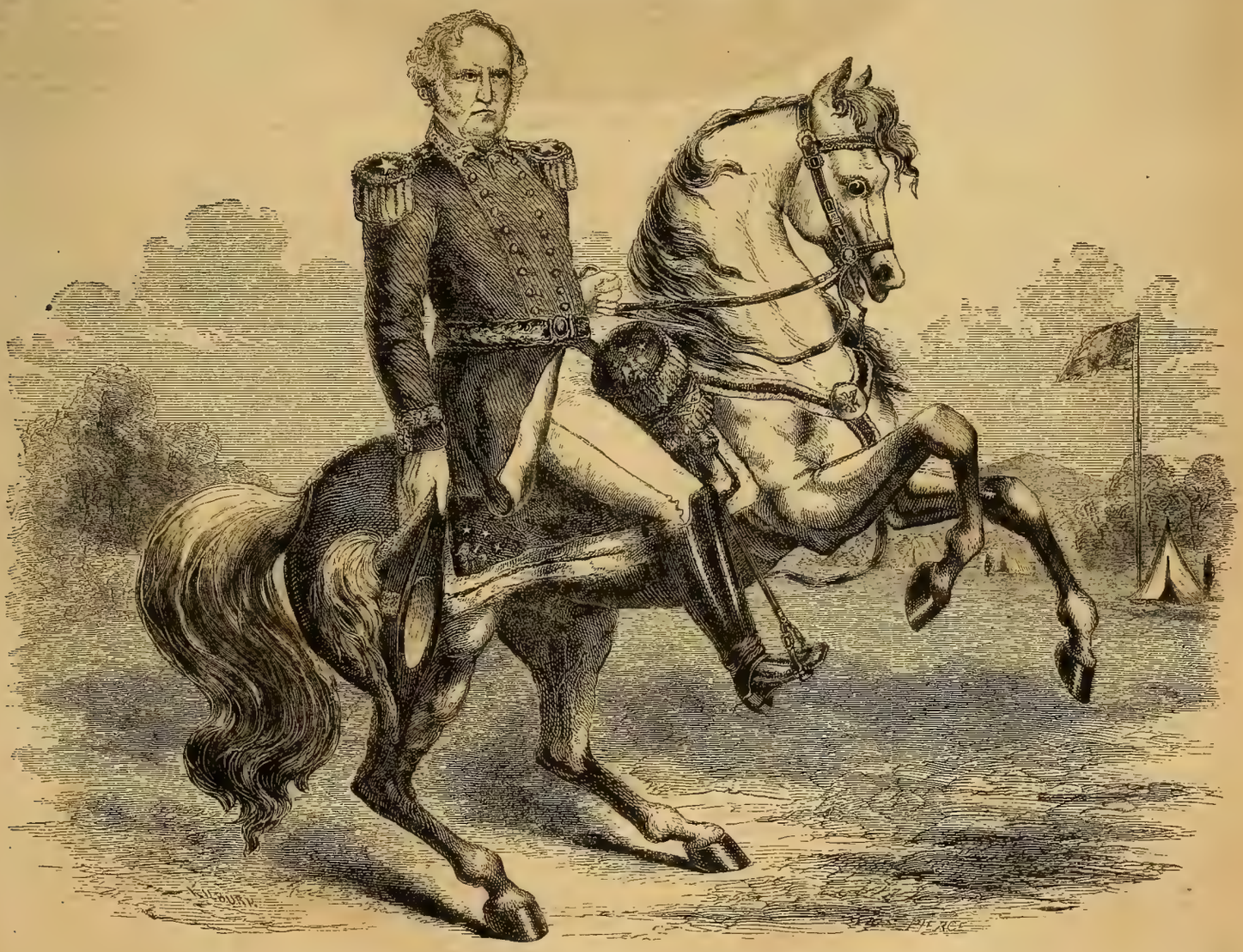
A WINTER SCENE—TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

V[illegible]—No. 2. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860. PRICE, FOUR CENTS.

LIEUT. GENERAL WIN[illegible]LD SCOTT.

The recent unexpected return of this war-worn veteran from the far Pacific Coast—as unexpected as his departure—after having been entirely successful i[illegible] mission on which he went, again brin[illegible] both in respect of his character and h[illegible]s, prominently before the public eye. [illegible]y does this noble old soldier enjoy the [illegible]e fame that generally comes only after a great man's decease. It is hazarding nothing to say that no soldier of America, except the immortal Washington himself, ever enjoyed to so universal a degree the respect and affection of his countrymen. Winfield Scott was born in Virginia on the 13th of June, 1786, and is therefore at the present time in his seventy-fourth year. Few men of his age would have thought they could have started off at a day's notice, as he did, for a voyage around the two sides of the North American Continent, to make peace in a locality where all the elements of horrid war had been thoroughly stirred; but he obeyed the summons of his Government with characteristic alacrity, starting with scarce any preparation, engaging with all the ardor of youth in the weighty business with which he was entrusted, and bringing negotiations with the British Governor to a speedy, honorable and successful issue. Scott first studied for the law, and was admitted to the bar when but twenty years of age. At twenty-two he was appointed a captain of artillery. During the war of 1812, having already made himself perfectly familiar by study with tactics in the meantime, he was made a lieutenant-colonel of artillery, and was ordered to the Northern frontier, near Buffalo. On the 13th of October, in that year, he fought the memorable battle of Queenstown Heights, at the head of 700 men against 1300 of the British; and though defeated and made a prisoner, he was soon released. On the 27th of May, 1813, he stormed and took Fort George. July 3d, 1824, he took Fort Erie. July 6th, he won the battle of Chippewa, and showed the world that the British bayonet was not always invincible. July 25th, he fought the battle and won the victory of Niagara and Lundy's Lane, though the odds against his force were enormous. Two horses were shot under him, and he was himself twice wounded with musket shot. It was many weeks ere his life was thought to be beyond danger. President Madison subsequently tendered him the Secretaryship of War, which, however, he declined, in deference to the seniority of Generals Brown and Jackson. After this he sailed for Europe, charged with important diplomatic trusts from the Department of State. His services were again in demand in the Black Hawk war, 1832–3; likewise in the Creek and Seminole wars. He was called to aid in quelling the Canada frontier disturbances of 1837–8, and was happily successful in so doing. In 1841 he was called to the entire command of the Army. The brilliant campaign in Mexico is familiar to the minds of all readers of the Pictorial. General Scott run for the Presidency, on the part of the Whig party, against Franklin Pierce, in 1852, and was defeated. During the administration of his more successful rival, he was created Lieutenant-General in consideration of his long and eminent services to his country, and honors the office by holding it.



EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE U. S. ARMY.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THOU ART GROWING OLD.

ANNIE AUSTIN.

Thou art growing old, my mother,
I know, for thy silver hair
Like a crown of glory resteth
On thy temples thin and fair.

Thou art growing old, for, when at even
We sing the parting hymn,
Thy voice like an aspen trembleth,
And thy sight is growing dim.

Thou art growing old, for fearfully
Thou walkest down the lea,
Where, when in girlhood's prime,
Thy step was glad and free.

Thou art growing old, for the willow
You planted, when a child at play,
Now is towering a forest giant
On the hill in the old highway.

Thou art growing old, my mother,
Yet as the shades appear,
The light of heaven grows nearer—
Thou needest not have one fear.

'Tis thy garment alone that is faded,
A garment of earthly mould;
Joy, joy for thee, my mother!
Thy heart can ne'er grow old.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

SNOW-FEATHER;
OR,
THE HERMIT OF CHICAGO.

BY MISS MARY W. JANVRIN

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO THE ISLAND.

A SOFT, moonlight evening succeeded the last stormy day of the equinoctial. For four long days had the rain fallen unceasingly; but on the fifth the winds sobbed themselves to silence, and, when the sunset fell, long rays of red light slanted through the hushed forest isles and dyed crimson the quivering surface of the lake.

And, later, the stars trembled out one by one; and then the fair young moon hung her silver crescent in the sky, casting down a mild, tender light on forest clearing, thick settlement, and towering trees and rippling water.

At an early hour in the evening the canoe of Owenee, the Ottawa girl, shot lightly out on the lake, bearing sweet Sabrey Durand whither her heart had already preceded her—away, over the waters, to that green island where dwelt one who latterly had become all the world to her.

This meeting had been requested in that little note which the Indian girl had conveyed to the cabin that night nearly a week before from the Hermit of the island; and it had required much management on Sabrey's part to effect it, so strict the guard old Paul Durand kept over her. But, that night, meeting the trapper on his way to the settlement to fulfil his appointment with the stranger lady—and thus learning that he should not visit their cabin that evening, but the next instead—Paul had graciously accorded Sabrey permission to enjoy a short walk, to breathe the evening air in the forest, with her Indian friend.

And, once free from the stifling walls of the cabin, but few steps were needed to gain the lake border, where Snow-Feather's little canoe lay moored; and then the two maidens were borne away under the lee of the sheltering islands near the shore, till, beyond range of ken from the cabin windows, they shot out swiftly across the lake.

The Hermit of Chicago stood at the landing, ready to receive them; for this long period of storm had been particularly irksome to him, and he had expected his visitors with the first return of fair weather, and on this calm, moonlight night.

With instinctive delicacy Snow-Feather turned away as he raised Sabrey's little hand to his lips; and, after tethering her canoe, she glided to a little knoll under the shade of a clump of lindens, lest she might become a listener to their tender converse.

And so, while Snow-Feather so silent that the 'broidered wampum belt scarce stirred with the beatings of her heart, and the tuft of snowy eagle plumes scarce nodded in her hair, the twain sat with interlocked hands and loving words, the moonlight sifting down through the tree-boughs over Sabrey's sweet face.

It was their first meeting as acknowledged lovers. Often, in Paul Durand's cabin, during his absence in the forest or at the settlement, had the acquaintance casually commenced by a meeting the past summer in the woodland path ripened into intimacy; and twice, during the same golden months, had the Hermit's skiff shot over the lake and Sabrey stolen out to meet him by the bank. But the note which Snow-Feather had placed in her hands had first told the story of his love; and now, under the soft, September moonlit sky, she listened to words which brought a crimson vivid as the flush on the maple's leaf to her cheek.

The knowledge of Jacob Burt's rivalry had made him bold, and that night the Hermit talked of his past, and also of his hopes for the future.

"Sabrey, I came hither to this woodland retreat a sad, disappointed man. I thought life could never again hold joy or happiness for me; I only desired to forget the world, and, by it, to be forgotten. I met you. Your hands brought the cup of balm to my lips; with you, I feel that I could again taste happiness. That man Burt shall never win you! I had thought of explaining my position to your father, and asking your hand; but that would be useless now. We must devise another plan. Sabrey, are you willing to trust your fate with mine?"

The girl softly uttered the sweetest syllable man ever hears from the lips of the beloved; it thrilled his heart, and he left a kiss upon her lips—lips with the cleft pomegranate's stain, and beyond its richness.

"I have thought of this plan," the Hermit went on: "my boat is staunch and my arm strong; meet me by the lake shore at to-morrow's midnight, and we will flee. There is another settlement town ten miles down southward, and there some holy father can unite us before pursuit can overtake us. Tell me, sweet Sabrey, do you fear to take this step?"

The pressure of the girl's hand was tender and firm as she softly replied—

"Anywhere, Henri, with *you!* But Jacob Burt—*he* may learn of this—he may prevent it. O, he is to be feared!" and she trembled.

"Nay, little one," replied the Hermit, in reassuring tones. "You are a timid dove. It is impossible. Once my wife, and you have nought to fear. Of course your father will be angry; but we can soon reconcile him, for I have learned that gold is a sure 'open Sesame' to his heart, and he shall learn that he whom men call 'the Hermit of Chicago' is not penniless. We will seek some quiet home, and live for each other. Do not tremble so! For once, I feel that my auguries will prove true. Love's prophecies are sometimes inspired, I will believe;" and he smiled half-sadly. "But here comes our trusty Indian friend (as Snow-Feather hastened toward them.) What or whom has she discovered?—for she lifts her hand in warning."

The Ottawa girl bounded to their sides, and said, in rapid whispers:

"Let the white dove flee, for lo, the vulture comes!" pointing out on the water, where her quick ears had heard the dip of approaching oars, and her eagle gaze detected the owner of the brawny arm who wielded them, though she knew not the accompanying figure which, muffled in the folds of a thick mantle, sat in the stern of the boat. "We may escape him! Come, let the white dove flee to the covert of the forest; and, when he seeks the lodge, we will steal in ambush away!" and she grasped Sabrey's hands.

"Snow-Feather is right. Yonder man at the shore looks like Jacob Burt," said the Hermit, returning from a little knoll which overlooked the landing, but a few rods distant, where the boat had drawn up. "But he has a companion. It is a strange visit. Do not tremble so, Sabrey; I cannot think he has discovered you. If so, I will throw him off the track, for he must not find you here. But go, now; keep in the shadow of the tree; trust to Snow-Feather, who will, I know, manage your escape in safety." And, with a hasty pressure of the hand, they separated, the Hermit remaining standing in the door of his cabin, ready to meet the new-comers.

The Indian girl caught Sabrey's hand and drew her among the heavy shadows, whence, by a swift route, they gained the bank of the lake a few moments after the visitors had disembarked from their boat at the landing.

Fortunately, Snow-Feather's little birchen skiff lay moored in a narrow inlet under the shadow of a thick, overhanging tree, where no other eye save her own could discern it; and, seating themselves therein, she quickly dipped her oars and rowed among the shadows along the shore, until at length, striking out boldly, they ventured across the lake. And while Jacob Burt loitered along the moonlit clearing, and the little canoe was hastening over the waters, the stranger lady tremblingly approached the cabin.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HERMIT AND CLAUDINE.

As the female figure advanced towards him—now pausing under the waving tree shadows, now coming out into the soft moonlight—the Hermit's manner grew strangely agitated, and a tremor ran through his frame.

For there was something in that slender, drooping form—in the turn of the queenly head—in her whole attitude, as she paused a few moments at a short distance from the Hermit, then sprang forward and flung herself at his feet.

"*Henri!*"

"*Claudine!*"

There were volumes in those two rapidly uttered names—the first expressed every shade of remorse and despair, and the latter eloquent of the suffering of a long-agonized heart.

The Hermit for a moment drew back over the cabin threshold, as if he fain would have shut out the sight of the kneeler before him—her beseeching attitude, and the imploring glance of her large, lambent black eye.

"Henri!"

Again she repeated that name. She did not follow—she did not cling to him, but remained humbly kneeling at the threshold, whereon she had fallen. But that word and her attitude recalled him. He were less than a gentleman if he had not gone forward and assisted her to rise. But the touch of his hand was like ice.

"Claudine, in the Virgin's name, why are you here?"

His voice was husky, and filled with trembling; but the demand had a tone of sternness in it.

The woman cowered down, and covered her face with her hands. *Why*, indeed, was she there—*she*, of all beings, in the presence of the man she had so wronged? A deep moan broke from her trembling lips.

"Claudine, why are you here? Are you not content with the unhappiness you once caused, without coming hither to stir up the dead ashes of the past when I had begun to taste peace again? Claudine, it were better for the sea to stand between us all our lives—the great sea of forgetfulness!"

"*Henri!*"

This time the word dropped pleadingly from her lips—lips that grew white and cold.

But his tones grew sterner—for his was a righteous indignation.

"Woman, whom once I loved with the love of a brother—ay, *more*, with the deep worship of a betrothed lover—woman, whose own hand severed the chain, whose own heart went roving after other and forbidden pleasures, till she looked in scorn upon him she had once chosen, and so went out from a desolated heart and home—why come you to seek me *now?* The memory of all those early years, when we were like brother and sister in our old home, and, above all, the memory of the deep wrong you did me later, when *more* than adopted brother and sister love bound us, should have forbidden this."

"O, Henri, be merciful!" She crept up nearer, and laid her hand beseechingly on his arm.

"Claudine, *who* had mercy in that hour when the spell of womanly faith and trust was broken? No, Claudine, I cannot! Go your way—you chose it then—and in the Virgin's name go quickly!"

"Henri, you are just, but O, temper justice with mercy! For the sake of all I have suffered—for the sake of my deep repentance, do not withhold forgiveness! Forgive, as you hope to be forgiven! By *this* I ask it!" and she held up a small golden crucifix, the symbol of their common faith.

The Hermit's face softened. With that sacred reminder of His agony who suffered that, through Him, all might live, he could not hold out in fierce anger against the pleader before him.

"Claudine, where is *he?*" he asked, in a constrained voice.

A crimson flush shot over her forehead.

"As the Virgin hears me, I know not; nor have I known for these three long, long years. O, Henri, you do not know how terrible my mistake—how soon my repentance!"

Again a softer expression deepened on his face. The woman perceived it, and ventured, very humbly—

"You *once* loved me, Henri!"

"The Virgin knows how truly!"

His voice was low and kind, for a vision of other days swept before him then.

"Alas, and it was my fault that I cast you from me!" sobbed the woman. "*Helas! helas!*" and she wrung her hands. Then her passionate burst of grief subsided, and she said in a sad, despairing voice, "Henri, I have crept back but to beg your forgiveness—then, *to die!* I only ask that you will not deny me the pleasure of looking on your face, and hearing your voice, in my dying hours. In the hollow cheeks, these brilliant eyes, these wasted hands, you will read it *all!*" and she held up the shrunken fingers, upon one of which glittered a blood-red ruby like a spot of fire. "You cannot believe me all bad, Henri, while I wear *this* ring! Jesu Maria, it was the seal of our betrothal!" and she broke into a tempest of convulsed sobs.

For a time the Hermit did not answer. His eye was introverted upon the past. A vision swept before him—Claudine, the beloved and beautiful—now, Claudine the disease-stricken and dying! All the intervening years of sorrow and misanthropy were blotted out—the white wing of forgiveness had covered them all. His heart was touched. If the old love did not rise, gentle Pity stood in its place. He raised Claudine; he bore her within, and seated her on a couch in his apartment. She scanned his face, as one reads his executioner's, for a gleam of pity.

"You will not send me from you?" she pleaded, sadly.

"I have decided," he replied, in a low voice. "Because of the days when you were my betrothed wife, and because of your after-repentance for the misery you have brought upon us, I cannot now send you away. God be my judge, and fail to grant me mercy in His great day if mine be not accorded now! But, Claudine, you came not hither alone?"

"Jacques has been my companion in all my wanderings," she replied.

"O, the faithful lad!" and a shade of emotion passed over the Hermit's face. "He is without?"

"No, over at the town yonder. I would see you first alone. A backwoodsman guided the boat hither."

"I know him—Jacob Burt. I will send him for Jacques." And, stepping to the door, he sought the trapper, who had lingered without.

"Sing'lar, now," said Burt, pausing a moment after his promise to fetch the French lad over—"no offense, I hope, neighbor—but pray, who might that lady be?—some relation, mabbe?"

"The lady is—is—my sister," replied the Hermit, who, in his generosity, resolved that Claudine's name should not suffer taint through him.

"Mighty queer, now," rejoined Burt. "Had got it all cut and dried that 'twas a woman driv you to these parts, and thought most likely the mystery was goin' to clear up now; but it 'pears she's only your sister, after all. No wonder, though, she up and fainted away when she heard us talkin' 'bout ye last night at Jipson's tavern. Was in hopes she was goin' to turn out a sweetheart, or something. Old Jake Burt can afford to git generous now, when he's got sich a purty little one of his own!" and with a sly smile he moved away.

A spasm of pain contracted the Hermit's lips as he re-entered the cabin.

"Only one fear kept haunting me through it it all, Henri," said the woman, lifting her head wearidly from the arm of the couch—"only one fear—that you had learned to love another."

"Claudine, let the past be dead—ay, dead and buried forever!" said the Hermit, in a hollow voice, bending his face on his hands, while a thick mist dimmed his eyes.

And the woman lay in silence, watching him, till, an hour later, the plash of oars coming up through the stillness announced the return of Burt.

The Hermit went out. The trapper did not land, but returned over the lake, while the lad advanced towards the cabin.

"A sad meeting, Monsieur Henri," he said, after a respectful salutation. "Is she within?"

"Yes, Jacques, in the inner room. I have devoted it to her use. You have been a faithful follower of her fortunes, my honest lad;" and the Hermit pressed the youth's hand.

"When my lady came and begged me to accompany her on her journey, I could not find it in my heart to refuse her. But, *helas!* she will not last long; she fails fast. All these years we have been searching for you I have seen it. I besought her to stay her journeyings; but '*non, non*—not until she had found you; then, she she would be glad to die!' It will not be long, monsieur;" and the faithful servant's tone was full of touching pathos.

The Hermit did not reply. But when he entered the inner room of the cabin, a moment before he sought his own pallet, he folded tenderly, as a mother would enwrap a child, a thick blanket over the exhausted sleeper on the couch.

The moonlight was shining through the little casement on a sharp, pallid face; the same moonlight stole up and smiled on a portrait on the wall—the one, Claudine in the flush of the beauty of other days—the other, alas, the Claudine of to-night!

CHAPTER IX.

THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING.

The sun rose red and unclouded above the little cabin in the clearing the morning after the visit to Hermit Island. Although the brilliant October had not yet taken up the sceptre of her reign, yet a prescience of her glories and the soft warmth of her breath betokened her approach. The balmy Indian Summer was abroad in the land.

The foliage was gorgeous with a thousand dyes. The kingly maple flaunted his banners of flame from the distant uplands; the burr oak showed a variety of shades, from the darkest green to palest yellow; and the walnut trees, already touched by the frost, shared the general transfiguration. Along the brown earth under the forest trees trailed wild vines, each leaf of brilliant scarlet contrasting strangely with the gloomy soil.

Since early dawn Sabrey Durand had been astir in the little cabin. There was a strange unrest in the girl's manner as she went about her daily duties, and anon a wild gayety, as she trilled little snatches of songs—French *chansons* her father Paul had taught her in her girlhood.

"Ay, that's right, Sabrey—sing away! The gal that's promised to the rich trapper ought to be merry as a bobolink," said the old man, nodding and smiling over the breakfast her plump hands had prepared.

"It is as well that my father thinks I am reconciled to his wishes," said the girl to herself, tripping from kitchen to larder; "it will put him off the track." And if a thought of filial undutifulness ever crossed her mind, the vision of Jacob Burt's repulsive face effectually put this to flight. "I would enter St. Mary's Convent and take the black veil before I became *his* wife," she mentally exclaimed. "But Henri—O, to marry *him!*" and a vivid crimson deepened the bloom of her pouting lips and rosy cheeks.

"Sabrey, I don't know but 'twould be as well for you to git ready and go over to the settlement with me to-day to buy your weddin' finery," said old Paul, re-entering the room where she sat at her sewing when the forenoon's sun had mounted higher in the unflecked blue sky. "I'm goin' over, and you'd better take the little black mare and ride over with me, too."

"O, not to-day, father; there's is so much to be done at home," urged Sabrey, in alarm.

"Wal, gal, have it your own way; womenkind is allers contrary," muttered Paul. "But Burt 'll be up to-night to talk matters and things over; and he'll hurry you up, most likely. You ought to thank your stars, Sabrey, that your futur' husband is generous enough to buy the weddin' gear and fit ye out like a queen; for what could your poor old father ha' done for ye?"

"O, father, I do see that Mr. Burt is very generous!" Sabrey could well afford to praise him now.

"Wal, I'm glad you're comin' to a sense o' your good fortin. But I must not stand here dallyin' ail day;" and Paul mounted his nag and jogged along the path leading from the clearing into the distant road.

What a long, long day was that to the girl left in the cabin. By turns she grew gayer than before, singing blithely—then strangely sad; for a shadowy presentiment of evil stole over her. For a few moments she would sit busy at her work, remodeling a dress of bright plaid she had taken from her wardrobe for the evening's wear; then she would gaze anxiously from the window, as if in expectation of some visitor.

But the day waned, and still Snow-Feather came not, as expected, with a message from her beloved. Love's sweet unrest grew stilled with the nightfall, for she whispered to her fears, "All is right; my visit was not discovered. A few hours more, and I shall be safe with *him*. I am over anxious. There are no tidings for Snow-Feather to bring."

And so she braided up her blonde hair before the little mirror on the wall of her chamber, wreathing therein a few sprays of scarlet leaves plucked from the frost-tinted creeper over the window, and donned the bright plaid merino, with its snowy frill of lace at the throat, which could not rival in whiteness the soft complexion it shaded. A necklace of coral, to which was attached a little cornelian cross, rose and fell with the soft undulations of her bosom; and the fair girl might well be pardoned the innocent vanity which tempted her to take one lingering look in the little glass to meet the reflection of cheeks and eyes brilliant with the glow of faith, hope, and love.

When Paul Durand returned at nightfall, he was accompanied by the trapper. A grim smile overspread Burt's face as he entered the cabin to find a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth, the evening meal arranged temptingly on the table, and Sabrey attired in gala dress, evidently to receive him; and he essayed an attempt at compliment which called the hot blood to her cheeks.

"Purty soon there'll be a smarter cabin than this to be mistress over, and smarter gowns than this for my purty Sabrey to wear. Do you know I have concluded it is best not to put off the weddin' much longer, my dear?" and he laid his rough hand familiarly on the girl's shoulder.

She shrank away from his touch, the pink burning into a hotter crimson on her cheeks. At this Burt laughed coarsely, jokingly asking her what need of coloring up so. It was with a great effort that Sabrey got through the evening. With the delicacy instinctive to her gentle nature, every sentiment of her soul revolted from the converse which she was forced to share; but, thinking of the blissful meeting that lay but a few hours later, she tamed down her heart's impatient throbbings and civilly answered the questions and jokes of the man she loathed.

At length the rude clock in the corner of the cabin kitchen pointed to nine, and the trapper rose to depart. With a sigh of relief Sabrey escaped to her own chamber.

Ten and eleven rung out in quick, sharp strokes, when a light tap came on her window. Noiselessly the girl sprang up, arrayed herself in a thick shawl and hood, and stole from the cabin. Snow-Feather glided to her side, grasped her hand, and the twain darted away into the forest.

Not a word was spoken for some time; then the Indian girl paused suddenly, and said in a low, constrained voice:

"It is best that the white dove go alone. She will find her mate yonder, by the oak opening. Owence will stay here and await her coming.

"But, Snow-Feather, you know I am not coming back again to-night. Hasn't he told you? I am going—going to be—married;" and she held out her hand. "You have been a good friend to me, dear Snow-Feather. I will repay you when we meet again."

The Indian girl did not reply, but stood leaning against the trunk of a tree, a strange expression of blended pity and sadness in her dusky eyes. How could she tell her *all?* for, that day, she had visited the island, and seen the strange lady domesticated there.

"Well, good-night, Snow-Feather. I shall see you again before many days," said Sabrey, gliding away to the oak openings.

CHAPTER X.

THE INTERVIEW AND PLAN.

When Sabrey Durand gained the trysting-place, the Hermit did not advance to meet her with the eagerness of a happy lover; instead, he remained leaning against a tree-trunk, his whole air listless, dejected, and gloomy.

"Henri!" and with a quick, glad cry of joy, the girl bounded forward to his side.

For an instant he held her fast in a close embrace—then put her from him, as though he had no right to retain her there.

"Sabrey,"—and his voice trembled as he led her to a seat upon a prostrate tree-trunk lying in an open space—"let us sit down here, and talk a little."

"But you forget, Henri! They may pursue us! *He* has been to the cabin to-night!" said Sabrey, excitedly.

"My poor girl,"—and the Hermit stroked her hair caressingly—"would to Heaven we might set out on our proposed journey; but, since I saw you last, strange things have happened, Sabrey, and not yet can I drink of the cup of happiness. I must talk calmly. I might have sent you a letter by our faithful Snow-Feather, but it is best I should come and tell you all, and that we look our fate in the face. Sabrey, I have already told you much of my past life; but you do not yet know that the boat we watched together last night brought to my island home her of whom I have spoken as connected with my sufferings—her whom I never expected to meet again—her who once came nigh owning the title I was this night about to bestow on you—my wife! Nay, don't start and tremble so, Sabrey! This night I only regard her with tender pity; love for her has long ago perished; but, for the sake of what *has* been, how could I refuse to shield her when she came—sick, dying, repentant—a beggar at my feet for forgiveness! *You* would not have had this so. I know your sweet womanhood would have shrunk from me, had I done this. Sabrey, I could not spurn the woman who was once dear to me! The hand of disease is upon her. She is dying! 'For the sake of our gentle Mary Mother, who ever intercedes for the penitent,'—so she pleaded. Sabrey, tell me, what would *you* have had me done?"

The girl trembled. Though all her sweet dreams were rudely dashed out, all the better feelings of her true womanhood prompted her answer:

"You did right!" But the words came with a burst of tears.

"Bless you, Sabrey, I knew you would say so!"

The tears died away in heavy sobs, then all was still. The girl already saw her future stretching out bleak and bare before her. The features of the loathed trapper swept before her mental gaze. She put her hands over her eyes as if to shut out a vision; she shuddered.

"Sabrey, all day long I have been devising a plan by which you might be relieved of the attentions of that hateful Burt. He has visited you to night? Does he press a hasty marriage?"

"Yes," replied Sabrey, in a slow shuddering whisper.

"It shall never take place, Sabrey!—*never!*" said the Hermit with shut teeth. "If I thought *that*, we would put the barrier between it by flight and marriage this very night, as I had proposed. But I have thought of a plan which I think will prove better for the present, till—till—" but he could not shape into words the thought that his happiness was to be builded upon a grave. Was it not wrong? was it not very wicked? he asked his heart for one bitter moment.

"I have thought of this plan," he went on at length. "For some little time it will be best for you to treat Burt with unwonted kindness; this will avert suspicion on his part—and thus, feeling secure, he will not press a hasty marriage if you urge a little delay. To-day I sent Jacques over to the settlement in quest of a physician and a nurse for *her*—Claudine. As the lad was hastening away, landlord Jipson spoke of a gentleman who is slowly convalescing from an illness at his tavern, and who has inquired for some one to sit with him and while away the slow hours by reading to him. Jipson urged Jacques to tarry at least an hour, and visit the gentleman's chamber—but he could not then delay. On his return to the island he mentioned this to me; and I have since caught at it as a providential circumstance. Could you not suggest it to your father, and urge him to allow you to become this gentleman's companion for a brief season? He is wealthy—landlord Jipson urged that, though Jacques forgot to inquire his name—and that fact might be of some weight with your father. Doctor Henshaw spoke of him as a fur trader from Canada—and as a benevolent and refined elderly man. He also said, that good nursing and agreeable companionship would bring him up in a few weeks. Now, what say you to my plan, Sabrey? Be assured that I would not advance this, if any other suggested itself whereby we might gain time and foil the trapper, but I can think of none."

Sabrey sat a moment in thought. "I could win my father's consent, but I fear Mr. Burt would never give his—and he would rule my father's mind against it," she said.

"Then we must at once proceed on the journey I had planned for to-night," replied the Hermit. "There is no other way—and Burt shall never make you his wife!"

"Go, and leave *her?* No, that would be wrong," said Sabrey decidedly. "I will save you that wrong step. Perhaps, after all, woman's persuasion may overcome him. I will pretend a return of affection, and put him off from time to time—but, ah! I have it!" and she spoke cheerfully, "I will go see this sick gentleman myself to-morrow, and engage my services to him—and then make excuse to Jacob Burt that I had rather earn my own wedding portion than receive it as a gift from him. That shall be my excuse—and he shall accept it! And then, I will put him off, and we will wait till—till—but oh, Henri, this seems wicked, to sit here and make plans like these! The Virgin forgive us, but we are waiting for *her* to *die!*" and she burst into tears.

The Hermit could not reply. In that hour, he saw how true were her words.

But Sabrey, with quick woman tact, penetrated his thoughts. It was her privilege to soothe him. Conquering her emotion, she said, calmly, "I vow by this," kissing the crucifix, "that, come what will, I will never marry Jacob Burt! Now go, Henri—go to her who has thrown herself on your mercy; be kind and tender to her, as you would that others, in sickness and trial, should be kind to you. Do not think of *me*. While *she* lives, we must not meet; it is better so. And faithful Snow-Feather from time to time will bring me word from the island. Now, adieu!" and before he had time to detain her, she bounded away through the wood.

The Indian girl awaited her where she had left her side. Sabrey did not speak, but placed her hand in her faithful guide's and followed her homeward through the forest. They glided on for awhile in a silence broken only by the soft tread of their feet on the brown earth; then Owence said in a low voice, passing her arm caressingly about Sabrey's waist:

"The eagle is not now ready for his mate, but by-and-by, when his nest is lonely, he will want her, and she will go to him. And the Ottawa girl will watch well all the moons that lie between, and drive the black vulture from the white dove's path.

Sabrey pressed her hand in silence, for her heart was too full for words; but when she glided, in the darkness and silence, into the little chamber she had left one hour before with such high hopes thrilling all her being, the sobs came freely, and, afterwards, when she sought her little bed, her pillow was stained by tears.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SICK CHAMBER.

"Come hither, my little nurse."

The speaker was the invalid fur-trader, Monsieur de la Rocque, who sat in an easy-chair beside the fire, enveloped in a comfortable flannel dressing-gown; and the nurse addressed was our friend Sabrey Durand, who had been for two weeks the convalescent gentleman's companion. She rose from her low seat by the window, where she had been reading aloud from the little Catholic Bible on her lap, and advanced towards him.

The apartment was very comfortable, for landlord Jipson paid every attention to the wants of his moneyed guest. A cheerful hickory fire burned on the tiled hearth; the domestic carpet was thick and warm; a neat bed stood in one corner, and the table close beside it had exchanged its vials of doctor's stuffs for bowls of savory broths and tempting jellies. Money is the grand procurer of comforts and attentions the world through.

But the wages paid little Sabrey Durand as the price of her pleasant services to the convalescent alone woke not the flame of gratitude, the deep respect, and almost daughterly affection she had learned to bestow upon him. Never had she known a happier home than had been hers these two weeks past; never had time passed so lightly to her—in reading passages he selected from his favorite book of poems, and most of all his cherished Bible, in ministering to his ease, or listening to his descriptions of the world beyond this rude region—a world to see which the girl had pined sometimes.

Loth as Paul Durand had been to spare her, the ample remuneration which the gentleman had authorized the landlord to offer his new half-nurse, half-companion, had stirred his miserly nature; while the trapper, who had strongly demurred at first, at length yielded to the expressed wishes of Sabrey, and, resting secure in her apparent acquiescence to their betrothal, bethought himself that he had yet time to make one more excursion to the beaver dams ere the cold weather set in and he devoted himself to his new bride. And so, for a brief season the girl was released from his hateful attentions; and, in the happy days she passed as the convalescent gentleman's companion, she put away all thoughts of the future.

And it seemed, indeed, a new life she lived there in the pleasant sick chamber of the trader—her duties so light as hardly to take the name of tasks; and, in the gradually increasing interest for his happiness which grew upon her she almost came to forget herself and all her trials. Such visions of new worlds of life and beauty as came to her in her daily readings!—for books were scarce in her wildwood home—such new ideas as dawned upon the girl who had hitherto known little beyond the limits of that rude new country region! And these thoughts were always of that world concerning which Henri had sometimes spoken—of that world where he had suffered so much, and to which, perhaps, he might sometimes return, and with her.

During those two weeks as the sick gentleman's companion, Sabrey had not seen her Indian friend; nor had tidings of the island or its occupants reached her. She knew nothing of the stranger lady—whether, happy in *his* presence, she had not begun to recover, or whether the hand of disease was pressing more heavily upon her.

In her gentle, pitying heart, Sabrey could not wish her to die, though her own life was withered. She recoiled from the thought that she was to gain Henri's arms over her grave; and yet, but for the constant companionship of the invalid and his demands on her thoughts, she would have been most unhappy. Of one thing she was sure—let Burt return when he might, she would never become his wife! She would sooner throw herself on the mercy of her new friend, the sick gentleman, and ask his counsel and protection. She had heard of nuns, who find a balm for their sorrows in their gentle, secluded life; and, sooner than become the wife of a man she loathed, she would implore admittance to their sisterhood, and forget her own woes in their quiet, holy life.

"My little nurse, come hither."

The girl went and stood beside the convalescent, starting from the little reverie into which she had fallen there, after the reading, with the Bible lying in her lap.

"Of what were you thinking, my child? for, if I mistook not, as I sat here watching you some plan has been brewing in this little head," asked Monsieur de la Rocque, fondly stroking her sunny braid.

"O, sir, I don't know—unless—unless—I were wishing I might become a nun," replied Sabrey, blushing and smiling.

"A nun! Why—the Virgin pardon us—but there are fair faces enough now under the ugly coifs of the sisterhood without adding yours, little one. But if that's all that troubles thee, I must tease thy parents to let me carry thee back with me to Quebec, where any of our good lady superiors would be glad to welcome thee to their folds. But thy parents would not be willing—thy mother, my child."

"I never knew her. She died when I was a baby," replied the girl, sadly.

"Poor child!" and he stroked her hair with a tender hand. "But thou hast a father? And your home—where is that?"

"We live in a little cabin on the clearing about five miles from here," answered Sabrey. "We have not always lived there. My father came over years ago from the mother country, *la belle* France. But I was a tiny child; I cannot remember it. A long time ago, monsieur."

"Ah! *la belle* France? My birthplace!" cried the gentleman, with great animation, his eyes sparkling at hearing the few words which Sabrey had uttered with pure accent. "And *votre pere* is of *mon pays—France, la belle?* I am delighted!" and he caressed her head fondly. "*Ma petite,* you must bring *votre pere* over here, and we can converse in the tongue *la Francaise.* It is good to meet one's own people anywhere in a strange land. *Parlez vous Francaise?*"

"*Un peu*—a little," replied Sabrey. "I have often wished to learn to read the tongue of my mother country, but had no books; and we are so far from cities where one might procure them."

"You shall have them. I will send you them when I go from here, if from no other motive than gratitude, for you have been the kindest little nurse since I have been detained in this strange place. I shall miss you, and I shall think of you often. How old are you, Sabrey?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Just *her* age—just so young, beautiful and tender would *she* have been had God spared her," he said, musingly, a mist dimming his eyes. "My child," he continued, after a little pause, during which his thin hand had wandered caressingly over Sabrey's soft hair, "I lost a daughter once, who, had she been spared, would have been to me all that you are to your father. O, had she lived—had she lived!" and an expression of deepest anguish broke over his noble features. "But I forget, my child, that she is far happier, and safer, gathered into the heavenly cloisters by the blessed Mary Mother. Ah, it needs a strong, true, Catholic faith to bring resignation!" And, leaning back in his chair, he closed his eyes wearidly, and went on in a low tone: "She was young when she died, but a wee baby—only three summers had passed over her little head; but I seem to feel the clasp of her tiny arms about my neck still. Her mother had died before her—she was my poor Marie's dying legacy—and then God took her. It is sweet to think that her feet, transplanted early, are now walking the blessed aisles of heaven; but the loss *here* has never been made up to me," and he laid his hand over his heart. "I have had other sorrows—God knows how bitter!" and he pressed his lips convulsively, with a quick spasm of pain; "but she—had *she* lived, I know that she would have proved loving, and kind, and dutiful. I left my country—I sought these distant shores—everything worldly has prospered with me—men call me rich; but, *helas, Je suis pauvre*—I am poor! All the love is gone, and I am lonely."

"Was she your only child?" asked Sabrey, sympathizingly, for her tender heart was stirred by his sorrow.

It was a common query, but it agitated that man strangely. His face flashed with a sudden red, then went ashen pale. He trembled like a reed; then, with a bitter, moaning cry, covered his face with his hands.

"*Helas! helas!* I had another. She *might* have been—she *was*—she *was*—God forgive her, I cannot!"

The voice was thick and husky which spoke these words, and his anguish must have been intense, for heavy beads of perspiration stood on his forehead.

Sabrey was distressed beyond measure at the sorrow she had unwittingly evoked. She put her little hand pleadingly on his shoulder.

"Forgive me, sir; I did not mean to wound your feelings—indeed I did not!"

"Surely you did not," replied Monsieur de la Rocque, at length mastering his emotion; "for how could you know?—how could you know?" and again that convulsed look of anguish crossed his countenance. "But I will tell you, my child, that there are some things which can wring a parent's heart worse than to behold the daughter he loves laid away under the coffin-lid. *That* is naught, to know that she lives, lost—*lost!*" And again he buried his face in his hands.

Long he sat there, his head bowed on his thin hands, those two words ringing like funeral knells through his brain—"Lost!—lost!"

And sweet Sabrey Durand, who, in her pure girlhood, had never encountered the Magdalen who had gone astray, stood there with tear-filled eyes, praying the Blessed Virgin to look pityingly down on this man's erring child, wherever abroad the wide earth she might be wandering.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OTTAWA GIRL.

It was a sunny forenoon late in October. Already the Banshee wail of sad November sounded in distant echoes through the land. The forests were getting brown and sere; the brilliant scarlet of the maples was fading fast, as the leaves fluttered down thickly in the woodland paths; the lindens were standing leafless and bare; and the eye might wander away for miles through the oak openings that bordered the lake, now fast losing their thick foliage.

The islands studding the clear lake had exchanged their emerald carpet for one of sere brown, though some showed crimson patches of frost-tinted, trailing wild vines; and now and then a stately pine lifted its proud coronal of green which winter cannot touch or wither high above the general desolation.

There was no other inhabited island in the lake save that where the Hermit had built his little cabin; and, on this late October morning, the white smoke curling upward in graceful wreaths contrasted with the dark blue sky through which it floated away into depths of ether.

In the little inner apartment, which, since Claudine's residence in the cabin, had been appropriated to her use, sat Snow-Feather that morning. Of late the Indian maiden had been a frequent visitor to the island, spending the hours which were formerly passed in Sabrey's company with the stranger pale-face lady—bringing her gifts of little baskets woven of the silver ash, dyed eagles' feathers, or bits of choice game.

These were all the Indian girl had to bestow, and thereby testify her friendship; but these attentions were very grateful to the poor woman, who, now the goal of her wishes was gained, slowly sank towards her grave. So surely does sin bring its own punishment along with it—either a terrible remorse whose iron fangs clutch the soul, or, oftener, disease and death.

On this morning, while Snow-Feather's little canoe lay moored at the landing, and she sat beside the lady, Claudine lay on a couch over which had been spread a thick, soft blanket, her head resting on a cushion, and the folds of a rich Indian shawl enveloping her thin shoulders. Although at fitful intervals she had seemed stronger than when she came to the island, yet it was but the deceptive illusion of her disease. A careless observer might not have seen what cruel fingers were plucking at her life-strings; but to one who sat beside her, as the Indian girl sat, noting the brilliant eye, the laboring breath, and the fierce rapidity of every gesture, it was only too evident that life was not long for her.

Snow-Feather sat on a low seat near the couch, which had been drawn up near the window; her basket of brilliant dye, half filled with green mosses, had fallen down to her feet, and her dusky hands were idly toying with the wampum necklace over her bosom.

Perhaps the bland softness of that pleasant morning in the late Indian Summer, the sadness of Nature's decay stealing over the landscape without, the low, melancholy piping of the birds in the seedy grass on the hither side of the lake floating up through the stillness of the quiet air, or, most of all, the brilliant bloom so like that which marked the death of Nature settling down on the being before her, produced feelings of sadness in that Ottawa girl's mind, for she began chanting a low, monotonous, dirge-like, yet musical song of her tribe. Out on the still air of the October morning floated the melancholy strains—so like a wail, that the lady on the couch started up with eager, excited air to listen, and, when it was finished, sank back with large tears forcing their way up into her mournful black eyes.

"I do not understand the words of your song, but I know it is very sad and touching, Owenee," she said, faintly.

"When the heart of the Ottawa girl makes moans, she talks in the language of her own people," replied the girl, lifting her eyes from the landscape without the window on which they had been fastened.

"And why should you be unhappy, my little friend?" asked the lady. "Only they who have sinned, or tasted deep sorrow, should suffer and be sad. Were *I* as innocent as you——" But the tears which again welled up into her eyes finished the sentence.

"It is sad, Owenee thinks, to look upon the empty nest where no bird sits brooding. The heart of the Ottawa girl is the empty nest; she is very lonely," she said, in a quiet, dreamy way.

In this simple, touching reply, that woman who lay upon the couch, and who had tasted largely of the experiences of life, read the desolation of this child of nature who yearned to meet woman's common lot—to be loved.

"Owenee," she said, "pine not for that which is like golden fruit to look upon, but like dead ashes on our lips. If your heart is empty, shut it up—seal it closely—do not admit what can only bring you unhappiness. But *I*—what am *I*, that I should teach you?" And a pang of self-abasement shot through her heart as she realized that that simple, untaught, dark-browed daughter of the forest, in her maidenly purity, was immeasurably above herself—the world-weary woman who had tasted pleasures that had, indeed, turned to poison on her lips.

For a moment she lay silent; then, desiring to comfort the sad Indian girl, she conquered her emotion and said, kindly, almost playfully:

"Owenee, there surely is some young brave of your tribe who would gladly win you to share his wigwam—or, mayhap, some pale-face hunter in these western wilds who would cull the sweet Ottawa rose to transplant to his own garden. You love the white people, Owenee—you love their society. If one like him,"—and she pointed out to where the Hermit stood at a little distance from the cabin—"should come and ask the wild rose to bloom for him alone, what would Owenee's heart answer?" for she began to think the girl had met with some pale-face lover, and that love had caused her moods of sadness.

"The heart of the Ottawa girl is the lonely nest. Owenee hath spoken," was her reply, and then she relapsed into silence.

After a long interval—while the lady on the couch lay murmuring a Latin prayer and counting the beads of a small rosary over her fingers, or reading short passages from a Catholic missal she took up from the rude table beside her—she laid aside her book, and lifted before her her thin, transparent hands, tracing with mournful eyes their shrunken, slender veins. Then she drew a small pocket-mirror from beneath her pillow, and gazed upon her face. It was the hour of her flattering disease when the splendid flush of crimson, more brilliant than painter's dye, was on her cheeks, and the brightest sparkle lit her eye. And perhaps the view of her radiant countenance deceived her, for she murmured:

"I surely am better; I feel stronger; I shall get well again. O, if I could but live to make atonement! Do you not think I am looking stronger to-day?—that I shall recover? Speak, and tell me truly, for they say you Indian people are skilled in disease—when shall I be well again?"

She sat erect on the couch before the girl; her cheeks blazed like crimson flame, her eyes gleamed like stars, and her ebon hair, unloosed from its heavy braids, floated over the rich drapery of her shawl like a heavy veil.

Mournfully Owenee gazed on the picture before her. She shook her head sadly till its coronal of white eagle feathers nodded. She spoke in a low, sad voice, as when some hand evokes a wail from a broken lute-string.

"Pale-face lady, yon maple leaves burn like fire;" and she pointed from the window to a tree upon whose branches still lingered a few late leaves like spots of flame; "but, ere the moon of the falling leaf is over, the cold storms will come, and they must fall, and fade, and wither."

"I am answered—O, I am answered!" moaned Claudine, burying her face in her hands with a passionate gesture and flinging herself down among the cushions. And, afterward, when the Indian girl had glided away, and the Hermit took her place, she lay with hands clasped over her eyes, moaning hopelessly, "Ere the moon of the falling leaf is past! O, I am answered!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOUNG LADIES WHO SING.

The following rules "for young ladies who sing," may afford some useful hints to our fair readers:

When asked to sing make no apology, but unobtrusively consent, considering it rather a compliment to be asked than not.

Never stop to correct any fault but when practising alone.

Use every exertion in the presence of friends; this will give you confidence.

Never cough before you begin a song, nor appear to make any embarrassing preliminaries, as it distresses the auditor and looks like affectation; but try to attain an easy confidence, as it is a very necessary feeling to sing with.

Take care that you get no particular manner, unless it is pleasing and graceful; be careful not to distort the features, or frown, as all these habits spoil the appearance of a singer, and are to be cured by very little attention.

Never take acids, such as lemon or vinegar; you feel the throat dry from exertion, nervousness or cold; be prepared with a little spermaciti powder and moist sugar or gum, and take a bit just before you sing. I name these as the best things, but do not advise a confirmed habit of them. For extreme hoarseness, pearl barley made the same as sago, with coarse moist sugar taken for supper, is an excellent remedy.

THE SNOW, THE SNOW!

BY J. E. KNIGHT.

The snow, the snow! I love the snow,
With its wild and frantic curl,
As it dances along on the frigid blast,
That flings it about as it whistles past
In many an eddying whirl!
O give me the snow, the white-winged snow,
That falls from the wintry sky,
That robes the earth in a vest of white,
And sparkles and shines in the sun's rich light
Like the starry arch on high!

The snow, the snow! I love the snow;
'Tis ever dear to me!
With the gladsome cry of the bright-cheeked boy,
Who hails its flight with a shout of joy—
With a shout *so* full of glee!
Then give me the snow, the white-winged snow,
That falls from the wintry sky,
That robes the earth in a vest of white,
And sparkles and shines in the sun's rich light,
Like the starry arch on high!

LIFE-LEAVES

FROM A ROVER'S LOG.

BY GEORGE H. THROOP.

'Tis a black night that lets no starlight through.—
KING OF THE COMMONS.

"BOAT ahoy!"

"Hello!"

"What vessel 's that in the stream?"

"The Portland."

"American?"

"Yes."

"Bound home!"

"Yes."

"Want a hand?"

"Wal, p'r'aps you'd 'bout as well ask the ole man."

"Where is he?"

"That ere's him with the papers in his flipper."

I advanced to the captain, and, removing my hat, with such seamanlike grace as I could command, I asked:

"Are you the captain of the Portland, sir?"

"Wal, so they say."

"Do you want a hand?"

"Can't say as I do."

"Can I work my passage home with you?"

"Wal, p'r'aps you mought. Where do you hail from?"

"Calcutta."

"Run away from yer ship?"

"Yes."

"Wal, that's straightfor'ard. What for?"

"Bad usage."

"Cap'n's name?"

"John Waters."

"Salem?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Wal, I don't blame ye. I *know* him. Jump into the boat. No man shall say that Cross Gifford ever left a countryman in distress in a furrin port. Cast off there, Jo! Ben, put the boy's bundle for'ard. Give way, now!"

And off we went towards the ship.

"What's your name, young man?" the captain asked.

"James Byerly."

"Wal, you'll hev to be called Jim. I hate long names. Got some money, I s'pose?"

"Yes, sir."

I had three dollars!

We were soon on board; and, as wind and tide both served, we got our anchor apeak, laid the foretopsail to the mast, hove up, made sail, got the anchor on the bows, and stood out to sea.

(I may as well say here that I am a native of a lovely village in Western New York. The name, I take it, is of no particular importance to the reader. I was a hot-tempered, and somewhat wayward boy—as some yet unwritten biographical facts might show. At the age of seventeen, I ran away from college; and, with the money obtained from a very unfinancial sale of my books and furniture, contrived to reach Boston, where I shipped on board the Haidee, East-Indiaman.)

The Portland was a fine sea-boat, and in an hour after sunset we were leaving St. George's Channel with a fresh northeaster, under royals and foretopmast studding-sail. The crew was made up entirely of Americans—a jovial, good-humored, sailor-like set, with whom I was soon on good terms. As the events of the voyage have nothing to do with my present story, I shall reserve all further details of Cross Gifford, his crew, and his ship, until I see how well the readers of this story like these life-leaves. Well, we anchored, late one night, after a passage of twenty-nine days, off Long Island Light. The next morning we hauled in to the wharf. The Portland was to be discharged by stevedores. It was not an hour later, therefore, that I had grasped the hand of the last of my shipmates, who had been somewhat more leisurely than the others in packing his chest, and had bidden him good-by. He turned back suddenly. I was standing, bundle in hand, on the wharf, looking sorrowfully at the noble vessel whose every timber I had learned to love. I could not help thinking, for the life of me, that she, too, had a forlorn and dejected look, made fast as she was to the wharf, like a hound to his kennel.

"Where're you goin', Jim?" asked my shipmate.

"Indeed, I don't know, Ben."

"Say you go to the Mariner's Home with me."

"Perhaps I will, by-and-by."

"Well, good-by, old fellow, if I don't see you again."

And he left me. I was alone, in a strange city, friendless, with only three dollars as the entire amount of funds available.

As I stood, utterly at a loss what to do, I received a rough, hearty slap on the shoulder.

"Hello! Got into the doldrums, Jim?" asked Captain Gifford.

"A trifle, sir."

"Tut! tut! What's in the wind? Out o' money?"

"No, sir."

"Wal, I don't want to question ye too close; but, ef you want any help afore I sail, why, call on me. You'll find me at the Lowell House. You've been a good hand, an', ef you want a berth next v'yge, you've only to ask for it. Good-by!"

"Good-by, sir!" I uttered, as well as my quivering lips would let me; and he walked away. He turned back once, as if to speak again; but seemed to change his purpose, and went on. Then, I was indeed alone.

As I turned to leave the ship, a carriage drove up in front of a large storehouse. Next door, a large box was being lowered from the loft. When about half-way down, the strap broke, and the box fell within a yard of the horses' heads. They instantly backed; and, in spite of every effort of the driver, went with the carriage, off the wharf. I heard a shriek, and caught a glimpse of a white dress, as the carriage fell; and, without pausing to think of the consequences, I plunged into the water. There being but about two fathoms alongside the wharf, the carriage rested on the bottom, and the horses floundered to the surface, as I dived beneath it. It was but the work of a moment to undo the door. I clasped a light form in my arms, rose with her to the surface, and, with a little exertion, contrived to get footing on the carriage. By this time, boats and ropes were at hand, and we were soon safe on the wharf. A tall, gray-haired, aristocratic-looking gentleman came running up to us.

It is my duty to say, here, that the young lady did not faint. Not a bit of it. On the contrary, though pale and manifestly frightened, she gave me one of the very bewitchingest hands in all the world, and said:

"I thank you! If you——"

"Why, Ellen, my daughter!—I——Hey?—how's this? God bless me, how frightened I was!" exclaimed the hatless, gray-haired old gentleman. "Where's the young man? Sir, I'm much obliged to you. James," added he, to a young man near him, "give this young man ten dollars. Egad! they've saved the horses!"

As he spoke, I turned to make my way through the crowd; not, however, without noticing a glance from the fair girl beside him, which haunted me for years.

"Is this your bundle?" asked a stranger.

"It is. Thank you, sir; I had forgotten it."

"Stingy!" "Mean!" were the epithets I heard, as I made my way through the crowd.

"Rich as a Jew, too!" exclaimed another.

"I say, shipmate," said this last person to me, "got a boardin' house?"

"No."

"Wal, come, go home with me. Good fare—cheap livin'—git ye a ship any time."

I went. I cannot now stop to tell the reader the loathsomeness of that miserable den. Another day will do as well. Well, as I sat by a rickety old table, with a Boston daily paper in my hand, asking myself what I should do, one of my shipmates came in.

"By the bones of old Davy!" he exclaimed,—"the very man I wanted to see! Good on your head, Jim! You did it well! Come, what will ye take?"

"I thank you, not anything."

"O, fudge! take somethin', man. You're all drippin' wet, an' you'll catch cold."

"O, *do!*" added the landlord.

I yielded; drank—to drunkenness!

* * * * *

Let me pass over the details of that night. I awoke, in the morning, with an aching head and swollen eyes; made my way to the bar-room, and called for a glass of brandy, to drown the agony of remorse.

"Hadn't you better jest hand your money to me?" asked the landlord, with a smile. "You spent three dollars, last night, in 'bout an hour; and you'd better let *me* keep the rest fur ye."

"Three dollars!" I exclaimed.

"Yes."

"My God! it was all I had!"

"Wal, then, all I've got to say, is, just take yerself out o' this house! When you kin raise a quarter, you kin hev this bundle."

Stupefied, sick, wretched, I walked away to the wharves. Hardly conscious of what I did, I went nearly to the end of a neighboring wharf, both sides of which were thronged with vessels. One of these, a dilapidated old thing, on which

"Cormorant, devouring Time,"

had apparently done his worst, was getting under way. Her mainsail was already up, and a man was casting off the stern-fasts. I heard him say, as he did so:

"P'r'aps we can git *this* chap, cap'n."

"Hello!" shouted the captain. "I say—you, stranger!"

"What do ye want?" said I, with an effort to look particularly sober.

"Want to ship?"

"Don't care if I do."

"Wal, come 'board."

"What's wages?"

"O, shares, ye know. Goin' a fishin'."

I staggered aboard, and sat down on the windlass.

"Where's yer dunnage?"

"Up to Taylor's."

"Run up and get it, Bill," said the captain.

Bill was not long away. He threw my bundle on deck, lifted the stern-fasts, and had gone to the other pile to cast off the bow-fasts, when Ben, one of my shipmates on board the Portland, came running up to me.

"Why, Jim, ye aint a goin' in this ere bloody old jigger, are ye?"

"Wal, he aint goin' to do nothin' else," replied the skipper, somewhat gruffly. "Cast off there, Bill."

"Well, if you must go, Jim, a pleasant v'yge to ye. Here's a paper for ye. You'll find so'thin' *marked* on't," added he, as Bill cast off the last fast, and leaped on board.

I have little recollection of that day. The captain gave me about half-a-pint of whiskey—such being the marine prescription in such cases—after which all is chaos. I awoke, a little before sunset, much refreshed by my long slumber. By Captain Holmes's suggestion, I then *took* a salt-water bath. This accomplished, I drank a cup of tea, and went on deck.

"Here's your paper," said the captain, handing me a copy. "'Pears to be so'thin' marked on it. Jest take notice to that ere."

I looked as he directed. An advertisement was marked all round with ink. With some difficulty, I made out the following:

"☞ INFORMATION WANTED.—If the young man who saved the young lady's life, yesterday, at —— Wharf, will call at No. —, Ashburton Place, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"Too late, now," suggested the skipper.

I nodded.

"Never mind; you're in a way to do better.

On the following day, we reached the fishing-ground, where, in a few weeks, we filled the schooner. Luckily for us, the price of fish was unusually high. We sold out at once. I had now become accustomed to the labor, and, accordingly, supposing that the young lady and her gray-haired father had forgotten me, I invested my earnings in another voyage. This, too, was successful. By constant reinvestments, and some fortunate speculations, I had accumulated, at the end of three years, some five thousand dollars. At that time, the land and lumber mania in Maine was at its height. Buying to the full extent of my means, and selling again as soon as I had fair offers, I found myself, at the end of a single year, the master of thirty thousand dollars.

I returned to Boston, and I can truly say that, as I received on every hand the attention and courtesy which wealth commands, the happiest thought connected with my wonderful success was, that I could now meet a certain elderly gentleman and a certain well-remembered young lady—if, indeed, it should ever be my lot to meet them at all—without giving to either the power to question my motives. Putting divers tradesmen into requisition, I was speedily in a condition to have been presented at court.

And now came a difficulty. It had, indeed, occurred to me before, but assuredly never with the same startling force. Supposing that a certain lady were married?"

While I was very gravely pondering that important question (I was at the Albion) a friend tapped me on the shoulder.

"Byerly."

"Well."

"Let's go to the theatre."

"What's the bill?"

"Richelieu—Forrest plays."

We went. (Bless me! how I have to hurry over the particulars!) At the end of the second act, we rose to our feet, and were in a familiar chat, when I caught the eye of Ellen. Her father was with her, but just then in conversation with a provokingly handsome man by his side, in the same box. I bowed. The bow was most graciously returned.

"Who is that lady?" asked I of my companion.

"Ellen M——."

"Introduce me."

"Certainly."

Ellen blushed as her eye met mine. Her father seeme fidgety, until I was also presented to him.

"Mr. Byerly!" he exclaimed. "From Bangor?"

"The same."

"Sir, I am delighted to make your acquaintance. Fred—this is my son, sir—give my friend Byerly your seat."

"Mr. M——," said I, when we were seated—with as much gravity as I could command—"I believe you owe me ten dollars."

"What? How? Really, I—"

"Was your carriage ever thrown off —— wharf?"

"Oho—o—o—o! It was *you*, eh? Tut, tut! none o' that; not another word! Talk to Ellen awhile, if you please."

I did so. A month from that day there was a wedding in Ashburton place.

By the time a young woman is old enough to enter into a serious engagement, she has generally become so accustomed to receive the flattery and the homage of men, that she would feel it an insult to be treated with perfect honesty and candor; while, on the other hand, her lover redoubles his assiduity to convince her, that if not actually a goddess, she is at least the most charming of her sex. Need we be surprised, if there should often be a fearful awakening from this state of delusion?

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MODERN CHARITY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"Mr. Germain, here's Deacon Clarke,
The treasurer of our church;
Now, do be ready with your part!
You're always in the lurch!
They've got a paper out, you know,
To aid the heathen lands,
And, for safe keeping, all the funds
Are in the deacon's hands.
Our pastor preached to us, last night,
Of those benighted souls,
Those Ingomanian-Ghain men,
Who live in caves and holes!
And then he told (it made me weep)
Of filthy things they eat,
With not a coat upon their backs,
Or, stocking to their feet!

"Only to think of it! dear John!
The women wear no clothes,
Except a blanket round the waist,
And ring within the nose!
No hoops! nor flounces! mercy me!
None of the joys of life!—
Each man a privilege to love
His neighbor's fickle wife!
No sewing meetings; no lovers!
No churches, books, or schools—
No wonder that these hapless folks
Grow up such natural fools!
And Parson Grimshaw says we ought,
By all our hopes of grace,
To send a thousand dollars out
To this God-scorning place!

"Ha! Bridget! what's the matter now?"
"Shure, marm, there's at the door,
A little girl, as says that she
Is starving, she's so poor!
Her mither's dying, too, she says,
And not a stick of wood—
Ochone! and not a praties left!
And niver any food!
She's begged of all the pious folks,
And shure, they've bid her *start!*
And now, she says, she blaves she'll die,
With sich an aching heart!
She wants to know—may she come in?
The mistress she would see;
She's heered 'em speak so much of you,
And your swate charity!"

"A foul impostor! gracious heaven!
'Tis strange how bold is sin!
This brass-faced girl would steal my eyes,
If she could but get in!
Thank fortune! I can judge between
The real and the feigned!
Tell her if she don't quit the steps,
She'll be, forthwith, arraigned
As a street nuisance; begging is
Against the city law;
I'll have her up on that grave charge
Before Chief Justice Shaw!
Oh John! a Christian woman's life
Is a hard-earned renown—
But for each trial, here, I hope
To wear a brighter crown!"

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

HELEN DUDLEY.

A HEROINE OF 1775.

BY J. HENRY SYMONDS.

NOTE.—A house which stands upon the Lowell road in Concord, bore, during the late military encampment in that town, the following inscription—"Here were deposited the stores which the British troops were sent out to destroy. April 19, 1775." This house is the scene of my present sketch, and in it I gained the incidents from which it is woven. The house is now occupied by descendants of Col. James Barrett.

IN the early part of 1775, the colonists in Massachusetts were in great excitement. Gen. Gage, who had been in command in Boston nearly a year, had increased his forces to 10,000 men; and the patriots who had agreed to the "Solemn League and Covenant," were in council often. So while the general with his army was determined to reduce the rebellious colonists to submission, the handful of brave men were equally determined not to submit.

When Gen. Gage succeeded Thomas Hutchinson as Governor of Massachusetts, he took into his service a young woman belonging in Concord, named Helen Dudley. Helen was the eldest daughter of a poor farmer who was blessed with more children than dollars; and as the mouths increased faster than the meat to put into them, it was decided that Helen must go out to service, and the next time he was in town her father engaged her to Gen. Gage. Helen disliked to leave the home of her childhood, although it was humble, and the idea of entering the service of the great British general only increased the dislike, for she was quite a rebel, and had coaxed hard to have her father attend the meeting of the colonists at Capt. Barrett's; but her greatest objection was that she would have to leave behind her a lover in a very precarious situation.

Richard Davis, the son of Albert Davis, the rich man of the town, had been very attentive to Helen for a number of years, and no one would have been surprised if they had been published in the church and cried from the pulpit at any time. No apple-paring, quilting-bee or corn-husking would have been thought complete without them; and, in fact—though but very few knew it—they were debating the time of publishing their bans, when the "Stamp Act" and the "Colonial Congress" created such an excitement and divided the citizens of His Majesty's Colony. Albert Davis favored the king, and when he learned that Helen talked rebellion, and had induced her father to join the minute-men, and was trying to induce his son to, he forbade Richard visiting her or the Barretts, and told him if he did not obey him he'd cut him off with a ha'-penny.

Since the edict had been issued by the elder Davis, the lovers had scarcely met until within a few weeks, but Mrs. Barrett had arranged two or three clandestine meetings between them and Helen had just began to have some hopes of converting her betrothed, when her father returned from town with the news that he had engaged her to live out. Getting married then, was out of the question, as Richard was not quite twenty-one, and of course his father would forbid the banns; so there was nothing for Helen to do but to go to her place, and the lovers parted, agreeing to write—the letters to pass through the hands of Mrs. Barrett. Helen said she'd wait a year or two, and Richard promised not to be a tory.

After Helen went to Boston, Davis forgot to watch his son, thinking that all danger was out of the way, and Richard often met with the minute-men and advised with them, and wrote to Helen of their meetings; and she in return advised him, and through him her townsmen, who were patriots, of what was going on at head-quarters. In this way the minute-men were informed of the intended visit of a body of the red-coats to Salem in February, for the purpose of seizing a lot of cannon. The minute-men carried word to Salem, and that is why the Britons found nothing dangerous there after their tedious march, which very much surprised Gen. Gage and caused him to swear loudly, but he never suspected Helen.

The intended march to Concord for the purpose of seizing military stores which were known to be lodged there, was kept a strict secret; and it was not until the morning before the scout that Helen learned anything about it. She then overheard part of a conversation between the general and Col. Smith, from which she learned that a body of troop would leave the town that night and march to Concord, and that the troops would be under the command of Col. Smith. There was but very little time for action. It would be impossible to get a letter to Capt. Barrett before the British forces would be there. So, after thinking the matter over a few moments, she decided to ask for leave of absence to visit a sick friend in Charlestown and remain there over night. Gen. Gage, who was too much perplexed with the cares of his office, answered "yes," hardly knowing what was asked, and the glad girl threw on her hood and shawl and hurried through the streets towards Charlestown. She had an uncle residing there, of whom she borrowed a horse, and mounting without a saddle, she was soon galloping on the road to Concord. Passing through Lexington, she stopped at the house of an old friend of her father's, who was one of the minute-men, and warning him of the intended march that night, she drove on to Concord. The sun was yet some three hours high as she galloped down the streets of her native town. There had been but little change during the ten months of her absence, and she nodded to one after another of the villagers as she passed them, and they looked back upon her with surprise. She feared meeting Albert Davis, but hoped to meet Richard. She saw neither one, however, but drove direct to the house of Capt. Barrett.

The astonishment of the Barretts may be imagined, when they saw Helen gallop up to their door. She quickly dismounted and was soon sitting by the fire warming herself, telling her mission and eating a hastily prepared meal. Her recital of the intended march against Concord by the British troops, was listened to with interest, and when she had concluded she was asked scores of questions in regard to the number of troops that were coming, how and when they were to come, and who was to command them—all of which she answered to the best of her ability, and then ran off to see her father and mother. That evening the minute-men held a council in the village school-house. Some proposed to meet the invaders as they should march into town; but that idea was not entertained, because they could scarcely muster a hundred men, while the British would come with six hundred strong. Capt. Barrett proposed that the stores be secreted. He offered his farm and buildings to hide anything that the patriots had got. The guns and carriages could be taken into the woods beyond the swamp back of his house, and one or two of them that were unfit for service might be left in the bushes in the swamp. The powder and bullets he'd trust his women folks with, he said. After some discussion the captain's offer was accepted, and the brave-hearted men worked with a will, transporting their stores to the Barrett farm. The guns and the serviceable carriages were carried into the woods, and the others left in the swamp. The powder, by the advice of Mrs. Barrett, was carried into the corn-barn and buried under the corn-meal; but the half-barrel of bullets were not so easily disposed of. Finally, by the advice of Helen, they were carried into the garret and the barrel filled up with feathers.

When the work was all accomplished, Helen was making preparations to return to Boston; but to this young Davis objected, and he was seconded in his objections by Mr. Dudley; so the horse was led back to the barn and she laid aside her hood and shawl. One after another of the men quaffed a mug of Capt. Barrett's cider, lit their pipes by the kitchen fire and started home, believing everything secure; but Richard Davis and Helen—either because they feared that there was danger, or for some other reason, concluded to sit by the fire awhile and watch. We presume, however, that they finally concluded there was no cause for apprehension, as Richard went whistling towards his father's farm a few hours before daylight and a few minutes after the last light was extinguished in the Barrett house, and the town was as quiet as though the story of approaching troops had not reached them. The villagers slept soundly, for their trusty and rusty fire-locks had been cleaned and loaded, ready for the morrow. Let us leave quiet, sleeping Concord a few minutes, and return to the camp at Boston.

Some three hours before young Davis bade Helen "good night," a body of British troops, six hundred and fifty strong, under the command of Col. Smith and Major Pitcairn, marched silently out of the town of Boston. About daybreak, as they were marching through Lexington, some seventy minute-men were discovered assembled on the Common. Col. Smith, construing this into an insult to his lord and king, ordered that they be dislodged; and Major Pitcairn, at the head of three companies, rode up to them, crying: "Disperse, disperse, you rebels!"

"Go home, red-coats!" "No taxation!" "Down with the king!" replied different voices in the crowd.

"Fire at them!" ordered the valiant major, as he discharged his pistol, which was followed by the report of one hunded and sixty pieces of musketry. The musket-balls killed eight and wounded eleven others of the patriots; the pistol-ball went far above their heads. Then the brave troops marched on, content with their first great victory.

Col. Smith marched his forces into the town of Concord during the forenoon. In vain they searched for the contraband stores; they could not be found; and he was on the point of marching back when one of the king's supporters advised him to divide his troops and scour the outskirts of the town, as he was confident the rebels had cannon and powder. To this proposition the colonel acceded, and in compliance with it companies were dispatched to different parts of the town, and among others, one was sent to the barn of James Barrett. The captain marched his men to the house, and after stationing a guard, took the remainder of his men in at the easterly door of the house (the one in the L.) and demanded something to eat for himself and men. Mrs. Barrett, her daughter and Helen furnished the soldiers with bread and milk, after which squads were sent into the fields, barns and outbuildings to search, while he, with three men, searched the house. The kitchen and cellar were overhauled; then the parlors; then the chambers, and last the garret; and Helen accompanied them everywhere with a musket in her hand, explaining and showing them everything.

"This," said she, when they came to the garret, "is a barrel of dried apples; this is dried pumpkin; there's a bag of rags; these are quilting frames; that's sheep's wool, and here's some spun yarn; this is a barrel of feathers"—taking some up in her hand and letting them drop back into the barrel—"this is a chist of empty drawers; there's a broken spinning-wheel; and that's a chist of pewter plate."

The chest of pewter plate was of course a suspicious article, so the captain hefted it, and while he was doing that one of the soldiers undertook to move the barrel of feathers. Finding it extremely heavy, he asked: "What's this, captain?"

The captain, thinking he had got an immense prize, pulled the man from the barrel, saying:

"Didn't the girl tell you they were feathers, you —— fool? Go get me an axe to burst this chest open!" accompanying the first part of his sentence with a very strong oath, and the last part with a very strong kick, which latter sent the man nearly half way down stairs.

"That chist is full of pewter plates and tankards, which belong to my aunt; and if you bust it open, I'll blow your brains out!" said Helen, raising her musket.

The captain was startled; the resolute and determined air of the girl completely cowed him. For a few moments he remained silent, then stammered out: "Well, girl, I don't think you'd lie; the chest shan't be touched. Leave the house, men."

"But the feathers!" persisted the man who had been kicked.

"But the —— you fool!" said the captain, with another oath and another kick, which sent the poor soldier down stairs exceedingly quick.

The squads were soon called in and their reports given. The one which scoured the fields had found and destroyed a number of gun carriages, which were hid in the thickets of the swamp; but the other squad could find nothing. So his majesty's troops "fell in," and marched back to the rendezvous in the village covered with glory, having knocked to pieces three gun-carriages, which, if they had left undisturbed a few weeks longer, would have fallen apart of themselves. When they reached the rendezvous they found that the other parties had all returned before them, and that the village was alive with excitement; for the other parties, not being able to find any worn-out gun-carriages to knock to pieces, nor any chests of pewter to excite their suspicions, had robbed dairies and hen-roosts, killed pet animals, grossly insulted females, and wantonly destroyed private property; and the exasperated citizens were collecting in large numbers, bringing their muskets with them, and there were strong symptoms of trouble.

Col. Smith, thinking no doubt that discretion was the better part of valor, put his command under marching orders as quickly as possible, but the patriots had already commenced to fire upon them from behind trees, clumps of bushes, and stone walls. This irregular firing continued until the troops arrived at the bridge, when quite a battle ensued, which was converted into a sort of running fight, and was continued for a number of miles, with some loss on both sides. Richard Davis was one of the first of the colonists to resist the insults of the British soldiery, and he had done good execution with his trusty musket in thinning the ranks of Col. Smith's forces. He stood behind a tree, and was reloading his piece, when he became aware of having a companion, and looking up, he saw his father.

"Well, well, Richard, what are you doing here?" asked the elder Davis.

"Hullo, father, where did you come from?" responded the son.

"Why, these infernal red-coats have killed the Widow Lee's cow, and stole her hens; so I come out to help whip them," replied the father.

"So did I," said Richard, then both fired.

"Dick, I hear that Helen Dudley frightened one of these English captains out of Barrett's house," said the father, while they were loading.

"Scared him almost to death, sir."

"She's a brave girl," added the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"And quite good looking."

"Yes, sir."

"And very smart."

"Yes, sir;" and both fired.

"Dick," said the senior, putting in a charge of powder, "I think that you had better marry that girl."

"So do I, sir."

"I think you respect the girl more than you do the king."

"So do I, sir; and I don't think you respect his majesty as much as you used to."

"Well, Dick, if King George the Third countenances the actions of his troops to-day, then I cease to respect and support him."

So they continued following in the rear of the royal troops, talking and firing, until their ammunition was all spent; then they shouldered their muskets and walked home, chatting as they went, of Helen.

"You'd better be published next Sunday," said the elder Davis. "We'll put you up a house just below the four corners; there's a good spring handy, and you can dig a well after planting is through. You may have all the land you can get seed into, and you can get what wood you want out of the lower piece. You can take Filly and the red steers to do your work with, and after you get a barn up I'll give you a couple of cows; perhaps you can buy some sheep and a pig or two of Captain Barrett. I sold all I could spare to those thieving red-coats."

"Thank you, sir. Helen has got three or four sheep and a couple of shoats, besides some sixty hard pounds."

"Well, boy, I think that she will make you a good wife, and I hope that you'll be a good husband to her."

"I mean to, sir."

"Who's that coming down the road?"

"Why, that's Helen, I guess."

"Well, I'll go home across the lots; it's nearer, and your mother may be worrying about us;" and the kind-hearted old man sprang over the wall and left the lovers to meet alone.

The conversation of lovers is generally void of interest to the public, and this one was no exception to the rule. Richard told Helen that his father had turned patriot and had given his consent that they should be married; and Helen told Mrs. Barrett; and she told her husband, and he told the minute-men, and the next day half the village wished Richard and Helen a long and happy life. They were published the next Sabbath, and a new house was built below the four corners soon after; it was the merriest raising there ever was in Concord—so those said that were there.

There was no pomp nor show at the marriage of Richard Davis and Helen Dudley, but there was true love, and holy vows were uttered from the heart. A few months after their marriage, a call was made upon the colonies for men, and Richard and his father went out with others to fight their country's battles. Meanwhile Helen took charge of the farm; and when the war was over, among the heroes who returned to the quiet of their homes were Capt. Richard Davis and Col. James Barrett.

GENERAL SCOTT'S VALET.

The general's valet is no inconsiderable personage, although he is a foil to his master—one is a giant, the other a dwarf. The latter hovers around the general as a wasp does around a cow. Why great men should thus secure such puny efforts I know not, but our dwarf is a consequential personage. He dresses the general; buzzes around him with a whisp; dusts him off; seizes his hat, and brushes up the general's few remaining gray hairs; wipes the nap of the hat, replaces the same, and the whole duty is conducted in silence. These attentions are repeated three or four times a day, and the general takes the same as a matter of course. He never replies or thanks—it is a matter of course—and the little tiger, with his gray military cap and garrotte collar, struts around as important an individual as any one.

BEAUTY ON SKATES.

Let the girls mount the swift skate. It is just as healthy for them as for the lads; and what a charming thing it will be to see five hundred cherry-cheeked, healthy beauties—goddesses in crinoline and mortals in plumptitudinous loveliness—gliding, whiling, and now and then sitting down, without exactly intending it, on the slippery ice. Let the ladies patronize the skating-ponds. They can make themselves adorable enough in Polish skating costume to drive all the men and boys mad.

WINTER SUNSET.

The sinking sun has left his robes of red
On the zero vale, and on the mountain spread;
One summit towering as in regal might,
Claims for itself a richer glow of light:
Look! how the clouds, his bright attendants, rest
In gorgeous hues along the glowing west,
As if they'd robbed our cold earth of her charms,
Gathered the sunshine of her summer bowers,
Stolen the bright tints from her fruits and flowers,
And held them folded in their vapory arms.
Slowly thou art withdrawing from our sight,
Retiring day—kindly thy cheering light
Lingers on leafless groves and ice-bound streams,
And earth is smiling in thy farewell beams,
Like the sweet echo of some woodland lay,
In mournful beauty giving back the ray.

THE LADY BLANCHE.

"Adieu, my dear husband, adieu; think often of your devoted Blanche, and the little Emogene, when far away in the Holy Land."

The words came convulsively and low from a beautiful lady as she parted from her husband on the drawbridge of a large and commodious castle. Well might she weep and sob, for he, the chosen of her heart, and the companion of her young days, now parted from her for the first time. He had been called, partly by his own heart, and partly by his sovereign's will, to tear himself away from his dearly loved wife and child, to take up arms in defence of the Holy Land.

"Farewell, my only beloved; God bless you! It is unmanly in me to weep, dear Blanche, but my heart misgives me, and sinks within me. But see! my retainers are approaching, and they must not witness my emotion."

He gave his wife one long, last embrace, the young Emogene a hurried kiss, and then the Baron von Erstein turned away his head, to hide a burning tear which trickled down his manly face.

A noble black steed, richly caparisoned and prancing gaily, was brought to him by a faithful servant, and he involuntarily mounted it.

"Stay one moment," he cried to his followers; "I would speak with my steward."

The good old Wilhelm approached his young master's side and looked up, while a single tear from his over-charged heart glistened in his eye.

"What is my lord's command?" asked the old retainer, mournfully.

The baron bent his head to Wilhelm's ear, and for a few moments conversed with him. There were but a few words audible, and those were:

"Guard her well. Keep her from all harm."

"I will, my kind master. But when will you return?"

"In a twelvemonth; or, at the longest, two twelvemonths. If I come not then, count me with the dead." Once more his words were inaudible; but he soon resumed his haughty carriage, while the good Wilhelm murmured from his heart—

"God bless thee, good Lord Adelbert!"

The baron turned once more to the Lady Blanche, waved a broidered scarf in the air, then turned his head and gave some words of command to his followers.

The company, numbering some hundreds, swept over the drawbridge, through the gate, and then over the open country. The Lady von Erstein stood at the upper casement in the castle, watching the noble form in armor that moved at the head, until it faded from her sight over the hills of Germany. She was aroused from the reverie into which she had fallen by the entrance of the little Emogene, who was sobbing grievously at the departure of her father. Lady Blanche turned to her daughter, who was henceforth to be her only care, and soon succeeded in comforting her.

A twelvemonth rolled by, and during that time Lady von Erstein heard from her husband but once; but those tidings were comforting, for he sent by the bearer many a valuable relic from Palestine, and, dearest of all—a letter. She read it many times to Emogene and to herself—for the contents brought joy to her heart. There would probably be but one more battle—so it read—and then he would return to his native land again, and rejoice in the smiles of his Blanche. From the messenger she also learned that her Adelbert was the foremost in every skirmish and every battle; and that it was his own hand that had planted the Christian banner on Mount Calvary; and his own troop drove the Turks from the Holy Sepulchre. Lady Blanche was almost happy by the intelligence she received; but still she feared the result of the battle to come; yet she looked forward with joy to the expected return of the baron.

A half year flew by, but although Lady von Erstein expected her husband daily, no tidings came of the absent one; and she gradually gave herself up to despair. She remained in her private apartments, refusing to see any, save Wilhelm and her young daughter, who was her constant companion.

One evening—a cool, delightful German twilight—the Lady Blanche and Emogene were seated at a casement, silent and thoughtful, when the sound of a cithern caused them to start with surprise. But they were much more surprised when a manly voice commenced a sweet and thrilling strain in the following words:

"He bade me tell his lady bright,
He ne'er should greet her mortal sight;
But far away in spirit land,
They'd mingle with the angel band!"

A wild cry of agony burst from the livid lips of Lady Blanche as she sunk back from the casement, fainting. The beautiful Emogene, terrified and aghast at the corpse-like look of her mother, fled from the apartment and communicated the circumstance to Wilhelm, who hurried to her side and exhausted himself in attempts to revive his mistress. Gradually she uttered a few incoherent words, and slowly recovered; but a fit of long and alarming sickness was the consequence of the minstrel's rashness. Emogene and Wilhelm were her constant attendants, and all that tender and devoted love could do, was done for her. At length the fever left her, but she seemed hardly like the same Blanche von Erstein she did two years before. The light of her eyes had somewhat faded, and the joyous expression of her face had given way to one of a mournful cast.

No gay sounds were heard now, as of yore, in the castle, but it seemed rather as a tomb of buried hopes. There were no signs of its being inhabited, save occasionally a fair young face would peer, almost phantom-like, from an upper casement; or a sylph-like form be seen flying along over the frowning battlements; and even these, after some years, were considered by the ignorant and superstitious yoemanry as spirits of another world. The castle was shunned by all who loved not strange company, and Lady Blanche, with her lovely Emogene and the trusty Wilhelm, were left alone in each other's company.

Thus eight years passed on; when one evening a weary man of a strong and athletic frame, presented himself at the porter's gate for admission. Wilhelm admitted him; and as the stranger's eyes fell upon him, he seemed strangely agitated.

"Tell me," he said, hurriedly, "does Lady von Erstein and her daughter still live?"

"They do," replied the steward, surprised at the stranger's eager manner. "But, sir, you seem strangely interested."

"Would you not, if it were your wife and child?"

"What mean you? You surprise me!" cried Wilhelm, his heart divining the truth.

"I mean but this, my good Wilhelm: I am Adelbert von Erstein, returned to my castle after a lapse of ten years!"

It is impossible to describe the joy and wonder of Wilhelm, as he knelt by his side, and taking one of his hands bathed it with tears; while Aldebert related to him his capture and confinement by the Turks and final escape. The minstrel had been sent by the revengeful Turks to inform the Lady von Erstein that her husband was dead. This was the cause of his misery, and he only wished to die; but he escaped from the horrid dungeon in which he was confined, and fled to his native land.

Gently did the faithful Wilhelm break to his mistress the joyful tidings of his master's return. We will not attempt a description of the meeting between the fair Blanche and her long-lost husband; suffice it to say, that von Erstein never more parted from his beloved wife; and when the beautiful Emogene was united to the man of her choice, and a new generation sprang up around them, he glided peacefully down the stream of life with the Lady Blanche.

Crinoline not yet Dethroned.—The fate of crinoline is not yet decided. The Empress has only ostracised it during the hunting season at Compiegne, and there are certainly sufficient reasons why she should have done so during such a period. Her delicacy peeps out in this, and her legs certainly would did it not. Crinoline and hunting will not well admit of proper mixing.

TRIFLES.

THE ECHO

If I address the echo yonder,
What will its answer be—I wonder?
Echo.—I wonder!

Oh wondrous echo! tell me, bless ye,
Am I for marriage or—celibacy?
Echo.—Silly Bessy.

If, then, to woo the maid I try,
Shall I find her—a property?
Echo.—A proper lie

If neither being grave nor funny
Should win the maid to ma—rimony?
Echo.—Try money.

If, then, I try to gain her heart,
Should I go plain, or—rather smart?
Echo.—Rather smart.

Perhaps she mayn't love dress, and then
I may be too smart, she'll complain then
Echo.—Come plain, then.

If, then, by talking I displease her,
What if such naughty tricks should seize her?
Echo.—You'll see, sir.

If, then, to marry me I tease her,
What will she say if that should—please her?
Echo.—Please her.

If, after wed, her love should flicker,
And she loves me far less—than liquor?
Echo.—Then lick her.

To leave me then I can't compel her,
Though every woman else—excel her.
Echo.—Then sell her.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

POVERTY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

We often hear persons complain of poverty, and so often has the same strain struck upon our ears that we have made up our mind to analyze it. What is Poverty? We call ourselves poor; what of it! Thousands are in the same condition. Who is rich? If we take their own valuation, not one! No matter if all the priceless treasures of earth and sea were laid at their feet, they would still be striving for more. The rich man—so called by the world—who owns his millions, still continues to toil, to save, and to struggle, to add another million to it; and the humble mechanic who obtains but a dollar a day does the same.

The rich are not one whit better off than the poor. The same air is breathed; the same water is drank; they both enjoy alike the beauties of nature; the same sun shines upon them, and the same blue sky is above all. Throw aside all the false ideas of riches, and the advantage is with the poor. They are not troubled about their possessions; their health is not ruined by artificial luxuries; their appetite is not impaired, and their repose is not disturbed by visions of robbers and fire. Let no one, then, repine because he is poor. Our blessed Lord was poor, and had not a place where to lay his head. The best men of every age have been in the same situation. It is the height of folly, nay, of madness, to murmur and complain because the goddess of fortune does not scatter diamonds on your path. For what do we live? Is there not a holier purpose in view than the mere acquisition of gold? Our natural wants are supplied. We are blessed with a home. We have shelter and we have raiment. Let us then be thankful; let us thank God that he has so blessed us, and, in the enjoyment that springs from a contented mind, we shall not complain of being poor.

It is a sad sight indeed, that of a man worth his millions, bitterly complaining because he has no more. Suppose he had more—what could he do with it? Is gold worth looking at? Of what mortal use would it be to a man whose every daily want is satisfied? Not one use could he make of it, and, for all practicable purposes, it might just as well be buried in the sea.

Dear reader, if you are what the world calls poor, do not grieve or lament. Trust in God. He has kept the wolf from your door so far; why should you doubt Him in the future? If you but know it, you are blest, yea, doubly so; therefore, enjoy what you have; and if stars of gold do not drop down upon your head, or if golden trees fail to spring up in your garden of life, do not murmur, but fall upon your knees and thank your God for the blessings you possess already. If you are poor, begin this day to be rich—*rich in contentment.* Fret not yourself about trifles; labor diligently; keep a clear conscience; love your neighbor; and, let the world style you what they please, you will say in the fulness of your heart, "I am rich."

The shortest answer is doing the thing.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

THE EUROPEAN POTENTATES.

Above are faithful representations of the four individuals who this day exercise practical control over the affairs of Europe. To each is given authority to express the sentiments of his own people, subject of course, to the modifications of current events. Francis Joseph, the present Emperor of Austria is not more than twenty-five or six years of age, and, though he betrays no signs of superior force or sagacity as a ruler, he possesses a certain steadfastness of resolution that people everywhere respect. That was a severe experience he went through in the course of the Italian campaign of last year, and especially its culmination in the memorable battle of Solferino; but, after the well-known meeting of the two Emperors at Villafranca, alone in that humble room, he seemed to have learned what he never knew before. Since that day his entire policy appears to have been modified, if not changed. He promises his people many reforms, and is bestowing his attention chiefly on the interests of his empire. He may yet live to prove himself a wise, sagacious and benevolent ruler of his millions of people.

Louis Napoleon is probably more talked about this day, all over the civilized world, than any man living. An exile for about a quarter of a century, he carried with him into the position he occupies an experience such as no ruler of modern times ever called in to his personal aid. He it is who has, both directly and indirectly, led Europe into her present condition, and from being patronized by England, has more than once successfully placed her at a disadvantage. By the force of his single will he has not merely fought his way into the ranks of legitimacy, but he has done what is better—taught crowned heads that there was another and a stronger claim to power than the old claim of

THE KING OF SARDINIA. THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

inheritance. Napoleon is more than fifty years of age, and though frequently spoken of as likely to sink beneath disease which is ever the penalty, late in life, of a youth of folly, nevertheless holds his ground ably against all these reports and rumors. For a wise purpose he has been placed where he is, and there will he remain till that purpose is subserved.

Victor Emanuel, the brilliant and brave King of Sardinia, needs no more than a "mere mention," to call his character up vividly before the minds of all readers. His conduct in the late war was heroic and self-forgetful to the last degree. He placed himself at the head of the valiant Sardinian army, and where Austrian blows fell thickest and hardest, there was he found courting danger on behalf of his devoted people. His conduct furnished many brilliant episodes in the history of that brief but remarkably active campaign. Many thought that after the peace of Villafranca, and the withdrawal of the Austrian troops from Northern Italy, Victor Emanuel would place himself at the head of the confederated States of the Italian peninsula; but political knots have to be untied and disentangled sometimes, rather than cut with the sword of the soldier.

Alexander of Russia succeeded his father, the late Emperor Nicholas, at a critical hour in the history of that vast power; his policy, however, has thus far been peaceful, tending to the physical benefit and greater freedom of his subjects, and on the whole promising much for the advance of civilization into Eastern Europe. He unquestionably favors the French Emperor in his general plans and movements, which the not distant future will more fully reveal. Alexander is still a young man, in the neighborhood of thirty years old. The above likenesses are all accurate, and especially interesting at this time.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY WILLIAM F. WOOD.

My soul is dreaming of the hour,
When in Missouri's sweetest vale,
'Mid warbling groves and dewy bower
I breathe love's tender, touching tale,
To one whose soul, like morning's grove,
Was gemmed with nature's pearls and flowers;
But ah, that spirit, born of love,
Charms now a brighter world than ours!

When I remember all the bliss
Her pure young spirit shed abroad,
I long to tempt death's dark abyss,
And be alone with her and God.
On Eden's sweet and balmy air,
Are heard the songs that once were ours,—
And holy spirits gathered there,
Have crowned her with immortal flowers.

More pure and beautiful she seemed
Than earth had ever known before;
And as her image round us gleamed,
Our souls, enraptured more and more,
Were lost in love's delicious maze—
Bewildered by her seraph eyes;
But now, alas, to heaven we gaze,
And with vain longings search the skies.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

HARD A-STARBOARD;

OR,

THE CABIN GIRL'S REVENGE.

BY LIEUT. CHARLES P. MORGAN, U. S. N.

CHAPTER I.

A SAILOR'S life is as full of romance, as full of novelty, as full of fun, and quite as full of sublimity as it is full of pure reality. As an humble illustration of the general truth of these remarks, we give the following authentic story, most of the incidents of which occurred on board the American ship Catherine, whilst that vessel was engaged some fifteen years ago upon a trading voyage among the islands of the South Pacific.

After cruising a year or more among the Fijis, and collecting as much *beche le mer* as could possibly be obtained there for the Chinese market, Captain Clawson, the commander of the Catherine, finding his vessel short-handed, and also short of provisions and other necessary articles, determined, before proceeding to Whampoa, upon a recruiting visit to the "Bay of Islands," then the most noted and convenient seaport of the New Zealand coast.

The day after his arrival at the place just designated, Clawson succeeded in shipping two foremast hands, the one a sprightly son of the Emerald Isle, who was a good sailor, but greatly addicted to the voluntary and excessive use of ardent spirits, whilst the other, who was a hard-favored, weather-beaten looking man, about forty years of age, called his name John Cameron, and hailed from Edinburg.

When a sailor is discovered to have any marked peculiarity of action or manner, it is a common thing for his shipmates to give him a name which to them appears most naturally suggestive of its bearing, and as Cameron had a peculiar habit of introducing the phrase, "Hard a-starboard," into his general conversation upon all topics, he was duly christened with that expressive appellation by the people of the Catherine before that vessel was a week at sea, upon her passage to Whampoa.

On being quizzed by one of his shipmates as to the reason of his frequent use of the term in question, Cameron said:

"There's a best and a worst side, my covies, to every thing. Therefore, as a sailor, I call the best, starboard. And so long as you are 'hard a-starboard,' you are of course as far on the best side as you can get."

"By the pilot that led howly Moses through the Red Sea," interposed Phelim O'Brien, (the Irish sailor before alluded to), "what yer have just said, Jack, is like one of father O'Lefferty's Sunday sermons, there's no makin' head or tail of it, at all at all."

"Then I'll try to make it plainer," answered Cameron. "Doesn't the starboard side of the quarter deck belong especially to the captain, and isn't he the best man a-board?"

"Settin' aside mesilf and all the rest of us, perhaps he is," replied O'Brien.

"This being the fact," continued Cameron, without at all heeding O'Brien, "he, the captain, so far as the ship is concerned, and so far as we are concerned, is completely 'hard a-starboard,' and as far on the best side as it is possible for him to get."

"By all the swamp aingils in the bogs of Dunlary," said Phelim, "that'll do, Jack. I give it up. The divil a bit do I know about it now more nor I did afore you spoke at all."

"Nor wouldn't if I was to talk all night," returned Cameron.

"True, for a lot of grog," responded Phelim, and nothing more was said until after the watch was set for the night, when finding himself alone with his shipmates, O'Brien resumed the conversation by saying:

"Upon me sowl, Jack, but I'd like to be afther knowin' yer past history."

"The story of my life, I presume you mean?"

"Of course—it aint the story of yer death I mane," replied Phelim, "seein' that purty little thing hasn't happened to yer yet."

"Then I'll give it you in short hand," resumed Cameron. "I was born some fifty years ago in the city of Edinburg. My father was a rich tradesman, and gave me a good and respectable education."

"Faith an' I thought so, althought it's morthal little of it yer show in yer talk," interrupted Phelim.

"I purposely keep from doing so," replied Cameron, "because in the first place I should be laughed at, and in the next should not be understood. Therefore being a sailor, I try to act, look and talk like one, especially when on shipboard. But to go on with my story. Soon after I left school at the age of seventeen, my father and myself had high words together, which ended in my getting pretty severely flogged by that worthy gentleman. My Scotch blood would not stand that, so I packed up my duds and ran away, first to London and then to sea in a vessel bound to Sydney. After arriving there I got reckless, wild and dissipated, and remained so till I fell in love with a handsome girl and finally married her."

"Then yer were 'hard a-starboard' sure enough," interposed O'Brien.

"Ay, but very soon fell to leeward," replied Cameron, "for in less than two years she ran away from me."

"And what did she do that nate little bit of a job for?" inquired Phelim.

"That is more than I can tell."

"An' wasn't it on account of bad thratement she did it?"

"Not at all," replied Cameron, somewhat indignantly. "I loved her and always allowed her to do just as she pleased."

"And by me sowl," interposed Phelim, "that was the very worst kind of thratement yer could have given her, so it was. It would spile the best woman in the world. Now suppose meself was marrid to the purtiest girl in Ireland. The first time she undertook to have her own way in spite of mine, I should say: 'Holy darlin, yer can't have it.' 'O, but I will now,' says she. Then I should jist black her starboard eye, after the latest and natest Tipperary style, an' if she resisted, as of course she would, I'd black the lee one in the same beautiful manner. An' by the powers of mud, if that didn't bring her to, I'd run away from *her* if she didn't from me, bekase I'd know well, thin, that she couldn't tell what good thratement was, at all at all."

"Do you call *that* good treatment to a woman?" asked Cameron.

"Faith an' I do thin," answered Phelim, "and in nine cases out of ten it will make 'em tame as kittens, an' they'll come coaxin' round and want to make up with a feller, an' of course I'd make up wid her, and we'd live a reg'lar swate potaty kind of life till she wanted her own way agin, which wouldn't be in a hurry now, I tell yer. But bad luck to yer woman, she run away, and what thin?"

"She left behind a husband almost distracted," replied Cameron, "and an infant daughter."

"And where the divil's the daughter?" inquired O'Brien.

"Alas, I cannot tell," responded Cameron, "even at this time whether she is living or dead. Soon after my wife absconded I was obliged to go to sea, (being then employed in government service), and was consequently forced to leave my child in the care of an old woman, who I supposed was honest but who proved otherwise, for when after an absence of six months I returned to Sydney, I learned that she with the babe had absconded also. Thus I found myself alone, and have since been wandering from place to place, always as a sailor, without any aim or end except a dim and distant hope that before my last cruise is ended and my body anchored in the depths below, my eyes may be once more suffered to rest upon the features of my only child."

"By my sowl, Jack," said the generous Irishman, "an' it's mesilf would be afther showin' her to yer this blessid minnit if I only knew where she was, so it is."

Unfortunately, however, Phelim did not know anything about the child, so Cameron was obliged to take the will for the deed, which he did by silently shaking O'Brien's hand, after which the watch being out, they both went below and retired to rest.

The conversation just narrated took place on board the Catherine, when she was about ten days out upon her passage from New Zealand to Whampoa. About a fortnight after that, as the ship, driven onward by a stiff but fair breeze, at the rate of nine knots, the watch that went below at midnight, was suddenly aroused from their slumbers about one in the morning, by a concussion which threw some of them unceremoniously out of their berths, and sent them all upon deck with the quickest possible despatch.

Jack Cameron, as he reached the deck, perceived at once that the ship had run into some smaller vessel, the fitful gleaming of whose white sails through the dense darkness of the night was the only signal of her existence.

Meanwhile the second mate, who was officer of the deck when the collision occurred, had caused the ship to be hove to, which was accomplished just as Captain Clawson reached the deck, and ordered the jolly-boat to be lowered and manned, with the idea of saving such of the strange vessel's company as they might haply be able to discover struggling for life with the wild waves of the boisterous ocean.

Manned by the chief mate and four seamen, (two of which were Jack Cameron and his chum O'Brien), the boat was pulled off on her benevolent mission, but had got but a short distance from the ship's side when Phelim exclaimed:

"Howly Mother, what's that white thing jist ahead of us, bobbin' up and down like an unasy ghoust?"

"Pull up to it with a will and find out," said the officer of the boat.

"By me sowl but I believe it's the ghoust of a woman," said Phelim, as an efficient stroke of the oars brought the boat close alongside the "white thing" before alluded to.

"It is rather heavy for a genuine ghost," replied Jack Cameron, as he reached over the side, and soon succeeded in raising by main strength from the dark waters a female form, which being beyond the power of speech was carefully deposited in the bottom of the boat, which, after as long a search as was practicable had been unsuccessfully made for other victims, was pulled back again to the ship, on board of which the rescued female soon recovered so as to be able to give the statement which is to form the opening of our second chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THINKING it somewhat strange that the vessel the Catherine had run into kept off on her course as if nothing extraordinary had happened, Captain Clawson, on finding his strange passenger in talking condition, addressed her thus:

"I am very anxious to know, miss, the extent of damages which the vessel you was on board of suffered in the late collision."

"All I can say about it is this, sir," replied the stranger, who was quite a handsome girl, some eighteen years of age, "that I was standing on the quarter deck looking over the rail into the water, when I heard a swift whizzing noise from the other side—then came a violent shock and terrific crash, which I thought had capsized us, and after that I remember nothing except being in the water, and finding myself on board your ship."

"Was the vessel you speak of a ship, brig or schooner?" inquired the captain.

"A brig, sir."

"Where from and where bound?"

"From Callao to China, and thence to Sydney, where she belongs."

"And her name?"

"The Niobe, sir."

"Were you a passenger on board?"

"No, sir, I was her cabin girl."

"Her what?" returned the captain.

"Cabin girl, sir. That is, I acted the part of a steward."

"I have often heard of and sailed with cabin *boys*," replied the captain, "but a cabin *girl* is something I never before heard of."

"Nevertheless, sir, that is what I have been termed ever since I have followed the sea."

"Permit me to ask how long you have followed the sea?" responded Captain Clawson.

"At intervals about eight years, sir."

"I do not wish to be thought too inquisitive," said Clawson, after a slight pause, "but since we have been thrown thus suddenly together, I cannot help feeling a deep interest in your welfare, and a desire to hear as much of your past history as you may be pleased to communicate."

"All the principal events of my past life can be very briefly told," resumed the stranger. "I was born in Sydney, and am now but just past the eighteenth year of my age. My name is Ella Merwington. My parents when I was about four months old took me with them from Sydney to St. Helena, where my father held a petty office under the government. After we had resided there till I was five years of age, my father and mother for some reason or other not being able to agree, separated; immediately after which, the former threw up his appointment and returned with me to Sydney. Being a sailor by profession, he then commenced going to sea, leaving me in the care of a brother's wife, who treated me so badly I was obliged to leave her. After this I boarded in various places and went to school till I was about ten years of age, when being of an adventurous turn, I begged father to take me with him to sea. As father was nothing at that time but a common sailor, I was forced to go if I went at all in a common capacity, so I went as cabin girl, and at such I have always sailed."

"And always with your father?" inquired the captain.

"Always in the same vessel, sir. He is second mate of the brig which your vessel so unfortunately run into."

"Therefore, I presume," said Clawson, "that you feel quite anxious for his safety?"

"God knows I do, sir," replied Ella, earnestly. "Do you think your ship will overtake his vessel?"

"In accordance with my orders," answered Clawson, "she is trying to do so as hard as she can. Is the Niobe a fast sailer?"

"She has the reputation of being remarkably so," responded Ella.

"Then the chance of our overtaking her is very slim. But whether we do so or not, you can rest assured, Miss Merwington, that the vessel your father was in has providentially received no material damage, and also that you are perfectly welcome to the hospitalities of my ship as long as you may stand in need of them."

With these words Captain Clawson left the cabin, whilst Ella immediately retired to the state-room that had previously been appropriated to her use.

At daylight next morning the brig was not to be seen, but whether she had altered her course or outsailed the Catherine, or gone down, was with Clawson a matter of some doubt. As the first of these alternatives, however, was to his judgment the most plausible, he finally concluded it was the true one, and so informed Ella when she appeared at breakfast.

A few days after the occurrence just narrated, as Cameron and O'Brien were working together aloft upon the ship's rigging, the latter said:

"Upon me sowl, Jack, but that's turned out to be a nate, swate and purty little craft yer hauled out of the big dhrink the other night. Faith thin yer was 'hard a-starboard,' or yer heart was, when yer did that little job. Did yer mind the sparklin' blue eyes of her, and the gowlden hair, and the dillikut face that's one part red and five white."

"She has kept below so much since she has been aboard," said Cameron, "that I have hardly had a chance to get a fair look at her."

"Nor I," replied O'Brien, "but I took the divil's own care though to make the best of all the chance I had. By the bull that jumped backward over Barney's gate, I'd set me hat for her as the ladies say, if I hadn't had a little former experience in coortin, that makes me as shy of a woman as the divil is of howly wather."

"Did you ever court any girl?" asked Cameron, bluntly.

"Faith and it's mesilf did that same," replied O'Brien.

"When and where?"

"About this time sivin years ago, in the town of Ballinslary, county of Tipperary."

"And it was a pretty girl of course?" suggested Cameron.

"An' yer may well say that widout stretchin' the thruth the divil a hair. There isn't a Vanus livin' could howld a candle to her."

"Was she tall or short?"

"Betwixt and betwane—that is, nuther one nor tuther. She stood about five feet sivin in her stockins, was clane limbed, rosy chaked, red haired, wid a little bald spot on the top of her head, that shone like a strake of silver in a furniss of fire."

"What was her name?" continued Cameron.

"Kate O'Leary," returned O'Brien.

"As we have got a pretty long job here, suppose you spin us a yarn about your wooing."

"By me sowl I will, though it makes me head ache jist the thinkin' of it. Well, yer must know thin, that I fell in love wid Kate at a fair, where I got as purty a pair of black eyes as iver yer saw, fightin' wid Lary Monagon, bekase he jist hinted that she wasn't good lookin'. She fell in love wid me too, or said she did, and I used to mate her by moonlight alone jist forninst Pat Murphy's pig-sty, and we used to have the divil's own time togather anyhow. Finally, Kate began to blather about a praste and marriage and sich sort of nonsense, till I promised to see her father in order to git his consent. Well, one Sunday night I rigged mesilf all out in a new suit, from clue to earing, and went to see ould Misther O'Leary. Finding him in the room wid Katy and his ould woman, I says:

"'The top o' the avenin' to yer, Misther O'Leary.'

"'Same to yersilf,' says he, as grouty as a hog wid the masles.

"'I've come to ask your consint to marry yer dawther,' says I.

"'The divil yer have,' says he. 'An' what have yer got to do it wid?'

"'A pair of strong hands and willin' hearts,' says I, 'and the big fortin' I'm expectin' from a rich uncle now lyin' so close to death's door he can asily pape through the openin'.'

"'Git out of my house, you lyin' dog,' said the ould man, 'for isn't mesilf that knowed that yer niver had the divil an uncle in the world, or father ayther.'

"In a minnit all the bould blood of the O'Brien's of twinty ginerations rushed into my fists, and I hit the ould sinner a clout under the ear that nearly knocked him into the fire. Then Kate, bad luck to the likes of her, took the dasher out of a churn of buttermilk that was standin' by, and hit me a wipe on the head that would have stundid an ellefunt—whilst the ould woman threw a hod full of hot ashes in me face, and I boulted for home widout me hat, and almost widout me head. Thin I swore a morthal big oath that I'd niver coort the divil a girl afther that, and I hope the Howly Mother will always help me kape me word, so I do."

"So do I," responded Cameron, and thus the conversation ended.

After she had been about a week on board the Catherine, Ella noticed with pain of heart that Captain Clawson's attentions towards her, were much more assiduous than was agreeable or in fact proper. The only line of policy she could pursue in the premises, was to avoid being alone with him, and this she managed to do until the day in question, when, whilst she was busily engaged in the cabin, he stole upon her unawares, and addressed her thus:

"Miss Merwington, I have been so charmed by your wit and overpowered by your beauty as to be almost bereft of my senses."

"Such language to me, sir," answered Ella, "is from you, sir, both insulting and improper, and I hope and wish to be persecuted by it no more."

"Then all my kindness to you goes for nothing, I presume?" said the captain.

"For that, sir," answered Ella, "I feel deeply and truly grateful, and am willing to do anything suitable for a maiden like me to do, in order to testify my gratitude."

"Then you can easily consent to be mine."

"Never, sir. I am already betrothed. Allow me, if you please, to leave the cabin."

So saying, she immediately left the captain's presence, when that worthy individual, after saying: "By heavens she *shall* be mine!" followed her to the deck.

Towards sunset the look-out at the masthead, reported a dismasted vessel in sight about two points off the lee bow. On hearing this, Clawson kept his ship off a little and ran down towards the wreck as near as prudence would permit, then hove to and showed a light, which was soon answered by the appearance of another on board the stranger.

Judging from this that the strange vessel was in distress, Captain Clawson despatched a boat well manned and commanded by the chief mate, to her assistance. After being absent more than two hours, the boat returned bringing a woman and two male passengers, and a report that the strange vessel (which was an English barque) had been dismasted in a typhoon that occurred a few days previous, had since sprung aleak, and was now in a sinking condition.

On hearing this Clawson sent the boat back again for the officers and crew, and then immediately went below.

It so happened that the person stationed at the gangway to assist the strange lady from the wreck in getting on board the Catharine, was Jack Cameron, who no sooner saw her face and heard her voice, than he exclaimed.

"Good God! it is my wife, Ella Cameron!"

As she instantly recognized her injured husband, the woman fell fainting to the deck without uttering a word. Then honest Jack, remembering nothing at the time but the old love of his early married life, took the sinning wife gently in his arms once more, and bore her to the forecastle, where she soon recovered sufficiently to say that in an evil hour she had been lured from her wifely allegiance by a certain Captain Merwington, and been induced by him to desert her husband, soon after which he took her away to St. Helena, although she did not sail for that place, until he got possession of her child, which in the absence of Cameron was an easy matter. But after the great sin came the greater sin and more terrible retribution. After she arrived at St. Helena she was cruelly maltreated by her paramour, so that she was in a short time obliged to live separate from him, and soon after that he threw up his appointment and with her child mysteriously absconded from the island.

And she had suffered on that lonely spot seven years, in bitter destitution, when the captain of a barque bound to Sydney, by way of China, kindly offered her a passage. Whilst on her way, however, to the latter place, the barque was dismasted in the manner before related, and the guilty wife and injured husband were thus again brought providentially together, the one repentant and suing for pardon, the other forgiving and ready to grant it.

Meanwhile a scene of a somewhat different description had been enacted in the cabin. Knowing that Ella Merwington had retired early to her state-room, Captain Clawson, on trying the door and finding it fastened, imperiously demanded admittance. On its being opened by Ella, Clawson, seizing her with one hand, pointed a loaded pistol to her head with another, exclaiming: "Consent to be mine or die."

"God helping me I shall do neither," replied Ella, as she fearlessly snatched the pistol from his hand, and immediately turned the key of the state-room door. Then deliberately pointing the loaded weapon at the intruder's head, she was about to speak, when Clawson anticipated her by saying:

"Now it is your turn. I presume you seek revenge?"

"Ay, and intend to have it. Please to kneel."

Awed by the cool and determined manner of his fair antagonist, Clawson tremblingly obeyed.

"Now, sir," continued Ella, "I wish you solemnly to swear as you expect to enter into the immediate presence of your Maker, that you will never whilst you live insult any one of my sex, either by word or deed, whilst I on my part agree to keep this affair a profound secret."

"Can it be possible *such* is the revenge you seek?" inquired the bewildered culprit.

"Do you swear?" impressively responded Ella Merwington.

"Most solemnly I do," returned the captain.

"I believe you. Acting upon a blessed principle I learned but a short time ago from the best of all Books, which leads me to return good for evil, I, depending upon your honor as a man to keep the solemn oath you have just taken, unlock the door of this room, return your pistol, and set you at perfect liberty. Thus is the poor cabin girl truly *revenged*.

Without a word of reply, Clawson left the presence of his intended victim, and ever after religiously kept his oath, and lived a Christian and exemplary life.

An adequate description of the reunion of Ella Merwington with her *own* father and mother, which took place next day, is more than we can give, and consequently we must leave it to the reader's imagination.

As soon as O'Brien got a fair inkling of the facts in the case, he slapped Cameron on the shoulder and said:

"Arrah, me son of wax, you'll surely be HARD A-STARBOAD all yer life afther this."

About a year after the occurrence of the events just related, Cameron with his wife and daughter arrived in Sydney, where the latter was soon after married to a thriving tradesman, and it is from her son that the author obtained the main incidents of this story.

TO A SNOW FLAKE.

Emblem of innocence, we hail
  Thy visit to the earth;
Thy courier, the northern gale,
  Companion of thy birth.

White as the down on seraphs' wings,
  And light, and bright, and pure;
Thou'dst be a type of holier things,
  Was thy continuance sure.

But no; the sun, with envious eye,
  Looks down upon thy birth,
And all thy short lived beauties die;
  Thou art too pure for earth.

Another foe awaits thee here,
  To rob thee of thy charms;
Zephyr, who comes the spring to cheer,
  Expels thee from earth's arms.

Emblem of innocence thou art,
  For virtue never dies,
But exhaled like thy aqueous part,
  Mounts upward to the skies.

THE NOBLE COOKS.

It happened some years ago that a lady of the highest rank in Paris, named Madame B——, had assembled in her chateau sixty distinguished personages. The entertainment was given in honor of the Prussian ambassador; and the Luxembourg, the Palais-Bourbon, and the diplomatic body, all had their representatives among the guests. Every one had arrived, and "the trying half-hour" before dinner passed in brilliant chat. A consul-general recounted some scenes in the private life of Ibrahim Pacha; while a deputy from Languedoc drew laughter—loud as ever came from lips polite—from the group who surrounded him, as he read aloud a letter just received from one of his electors. The worthy informed him he had two camels, which he knew not what to do with, and modestly requested the deputy to sell them at a high price to government for the Garden of Plants. "It won't cost the country much," he added, "and will secure you my vote!"

Madame B—— was passing from one to another of her guests with the most bewitching grace, when suddenly she perceived her head butler making telegraphic signals towards her from behind the door.

"What's the matter?" said she, approaching him.

"Ah, madame, a great mishap!" cried he, clasping his hands.

"What is it?"

"The cook is tipsy—indeed so very drunk, that he has not even caused fires to be lighted. If he could even set about preparing dinner now, it would take four hours to make ready."

By this time the guests' appetites had become sharp, and diplomatic stomachs were in question. Madame B—— remained calm and serene. It was impossible to avoid the difficulty; so she met it with a smiling face.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said she, addressing the company, "I invited you to dinner, but there is no dinner to be had: I have this moment learned that my cook is intoxicated; and if we want to have the table covered, we must turn cooks ourselves."

The proposal was received with enthusiastic applause. The Prussian ambassador immediately turned up his sleeves; all the others followed his example, and amid merry peals of laughter they descended *en masse* to the kitchen.

The cook was seated in an arm-chair, looking as red as a turkey-cock, and as immovable as a sphinx. Around him were plenty of saucepans and stewpans, but not a vestige of anything eatable. "Conquer or die!" was their motto; and they conquered.

A peer of the realm was placed in charge of the spit; two ministerial deputies watched the frying-pans; three secretaries to the embassy were promoted to mix the sauces; and two presidents of the courts royal were set to skim the pot. Seven or eight admirals and generals waged valiant warfare on the poultry-yard, and came off victorious with twenty-dozen eggs, and chickens and ducks innumerable.

All the ladies declared that they were perfectly versed in making omelets; accordingly there was no end to these dainties. The most remarkable were, an omelet with rum by a duchess, an omelet with truffles by a marchioness, an omelet with asparagus by a viscountess, and a sweet omelet by a baroness.

Madame B—— maintained order in all departments of the service; she reserved to herself the seasoning of the ragouts. And how they did laugh!

"Where's the vinegar?" cried a consul.

"A little parsley for my capon!" shouted a charge d'affaires.

"Salt and pepper, if you please!" demanded a secretary of state.

"Flour for me!" vociferated the attorney-general.

After the omelets, there still remained so many eggs, that the ladies set to work and prepared fried eggs, boiled eggs, sliced eggs, and eggs beaten up in froth.

While these active preparations were progressing, the cook tried now and then to rise, but sank down again with a heavy sigh. Then he would follow with his drooping eyes the gentlemen in black coats, and the ladies in satin robes, all protected with napkins, feeling totally unable to comprehend this invasion of his empire.

At ten o'clock Madame B—— announced, in the midst of general enthusiasm, that dinner was ready; and shortly after they all sat down to table.

Every one had earned a dinner and an appetite, and the dishes were pronounced by acclamation excellent. Seldom was a banquet so thoroughly enjoyed; and at a late hour the illustrious guests separated, in good-humor with each other, with their hostess, and with themselves.

GALLANTRY IN JAPAN.

The first vision of hoops, ribbons and silk raiment that ever dawned on the astonished eyes of the Japanese public, was most curiously received by the *beau monde* there. Mrs. Allock, the wife of the English Minister to Japan, was the only European lady who had visited those barbaric shores, and when the distinguished band landed at Jeddo, they were escorted to the residence plenipotentiary by several officials, followed by a multitude of no less than three thousand Japanese, whose attention was almost exclusively directed to Mrs. Allock, to the total neglect of the rest of the party. To them, with her expansive crinoline and brilliantly-trimmed bonnet, she was an object of the most lively curiosity, being eyed by all the crowd, who would run ahead of her, and post themselves favorably so as to look her in the face when she came up, some of them fingering her dress and taking hold of it. This ungentlemanly conduct she very properly resented, by giving the offenders a pretty heavy blow on the head with her parasol. Mrs. Allock had been living for some time in Canton, before her procedure to Japan, and was thus prepared, by wholesome experience, for the Japanese heathen. They were totally unused to such a specimen of civilization and crinoline as the minister's fair wife.

TEACHING A COW.

A gentleman riding near his own house in Ireland, saw a cow's head and fore feet appear at the top of a ditch, through a gap in the hedge on the roadside; he heard a voice alternately threatening and encouraging the cow; he was induced to ride up close to the scene of action, when he saw a boy's head appear behind the cow. "My good boy," said he, "that's a fine cow." "Och, that she is," replied the boy, "and I am teaching her how to get her own living, plase yer honor." The gentleman did not precisely understand the meaning of the expression, and had he directly asked for an explanation, would probably have died in ignorance; but the boy, proud of his cow, encouraged an exhibition of her talents; she was made to jump across the ditch several times, and this adroitness in breaking through fences was termed "getting her own living." Thus, as soon as a cow's education is finished, she may be sent loose into the world to provide for herself; turned to graze in the poorest pasture, she will be able and willing to live upon the fat of the land.

Happy Days.—A paper was found after the death of Abderama III., one of the Moorish kings of Spain, who died at Cordova, in 961, after a reign of fifty years, with these words, written by himself:—"Fifty years have passed since I became caliph. I have enjoyed riches, honors, and pleasures; Heaven has showered upon me all the gifts that man could desire. In this long space of apparent felicity, I have kept an account of how many happy days I have passed; their number is fourteen. Consider then, mortals, what is grandeur, what is the world, and what is life?"

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

A LYRIC OF LOVE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

In praise of one I frame my song
Whose earnest love has made me strong;
Whose truth and faith to me belong.

The lily's life is spanned by hours,
And they who wait in pleasant bowers
Find bliss with fleetness like the flowers.

And he who seeks fame's crown to win
Amid Ambition's ceaseless din,
Will find, when he would enter in,—

The way backed up by traitorous schemes,
Until, within oblivion's streams
He ends his daring and his dreams.

But when we at affection's gate
The coming of the loved await
And find we have not come too late,

O, then the heart that pleasure feels
Which only on love's current steals,
And but responds to love's appeals.

And so in praise of one, my song
I frame; her love hath made me strong;
Her truth and faith to me belong.

In the sweet sunlight of her eyes
I look, and from their depths arise
The signs to which my heart replies.

In all young manhood's pride I stand;
And say, the love that I command,
Can rival any in the land.

It is a shield to ward off ill,
A guide to tame my wayward will,
Has power life's cup of bliss to fill.

And as beneath the spell I bend,
Her sweet love in my verse I blend;
And to the wooed this message send:

In praise of one who fills my song,
Whose earnest love hath made me strong,
Whose truth and faith to me belong.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

OLD GRAY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"MARY," said Ralph Elliott to his wife, "I've just received a letter from your brother Henry. He has agreed to take our John as an apprentice, and wishes him to commence the first of next week."

"I am afraid it will be sad news for John, he had his mind so set upon going to college."

"Yes, it is I know a grievous disappointment," said Mr. Elliott, sighing, "but what can I do? Under any circumstances there is not a possibility of my being able to defray the expenses of a college education. You know our income is hardly sufficient to defray our own necessary expenses."

"Yes, I know that, but John is such a smart scholar," said the mother, proudly. "The teacher told me, only yesterday, that he is superior in scholarship to any member of his class. And yet they will enter college next commencement, while our boy will be condemned to hard labor at the carpenter's bench."

"Still he will find his acquirements even in that situation a source of pleasure, and he will have some leisure to devote to increasing them."

"At the best it will be a great sacrifice."

A few words are needed to explain the position of the Elliotts. The head of the family was a clerk on a small salary, which by economy was made sufficient to maintain the family in comfort. But this was all. He was unable to give his children a start in life beyond a moderate education and a good trade. His oldest son John was now a lad of sixteen, and of much promise. He was very fond of study, and his progress had been so rapid as to gratify and encourage alike his parents and teachers. But he had now arrived at an age when it was essential that he should begin to do something for himself. At this juncture, his uncle Henry, living in the next town, had offered to teach him his own trade, that of a carpenter, and his father did not feel that his circumstances would justify him in declining the offer. He was to commence his apprenticeship, as has already been intimated, the following week.

Shortly after the conversation recorded above, John Elliott entered the house and came into the sitting-room, bearing a pile of books under his arm.

"So you've brought your books home, John," said his mother.

"Yes, mother, and it almost brought the tears to my eyes when I turned away from the academy where I have passed so many happy days. Good-by, Virgil," he continued, as he lay down a copy of that classic author. "You must give my farewell respects to Æneas and the rest, for I don't expect I shall have much to do with them henceforth. And you, Cicero, are a fine old fellow—I'd like to keep company with you longer, but I am afraid I can't."

These words were said half playfully, half sadly.

"Your uncle expects you to come to-morrow. He thinks next week will be a good time to commence your apprenticeship."

"As good as any, I suppose. But don't let's talk about disagreeable subjects, mother. Is supper ready? I'm as hungry as a bear."

Supper was ready, and ample justice was done by the hungry lad to his mother's cookery. Shortly after the meal, John announced his intention of going out skating for a short time.

"Don't be gone long, John. You know this is your last night at home," said his mother.

"I shan't be gone above an hour," was the reply.

"Poor boy! he feels it a good deal," said his mother to herself. "I only wish something would turn up so that his wishes might be gratified. If the fairies only lived in these times I would just tease them for money enough to pay John's expenses through college."

"Hard work is the only fairy now-a-days," said her husband, who had overheard her words.

"Yes, I suppose so," returned his wife. "And yet I can't help feeling as if something or other was going to turn up, so that John needn't go to a trade."

"You are a little like Micawber," said Mr. Elliott, smiling. "He was always waiting for something to turn up."

"And something did at last," said Mrs. Elliott.

"It isn't safe to build one's hopes on a story," returned her husband.

Meanwhile something had turned up. An adventure had befallen John, but as to its profiting him that was very problematical.

He was on his way home from the pond about eight o'clock, with his skates hanging over his shoulders, when he heard the ringing of bells behind him. Looking back he saw a horse and sleigh rapidly approaching. There was a young man in the sleigh, but his swaying form indicated that he was not in a state to have much control over the horse. He was so far intoxicated as to be in a very jubilant state, and was shouting to his horse to proceed.

Walking along in the very path which the sleigh was taking, John saw an old man, clad in a long, blue camlet cloak, reaching to his feet. He looked shabby enough, and John had no difficulty in recognizing in him Old Gray, as he was usually termed, a miserly old man who had lived in the neighborhood for years.

At present the chance of his being run over and seriously injured seemed very great. The intoxicated driver was not likely to turn out for him, and Old Gray was quite deaf, so that he probably would not perceive his danger until it was too late. All this flashed in an instant on John's mind, and he at once began to run with all his speed towards the old man, in order to avert the danger. He reached him just in time. Seizing him unceremoniously by the arm he dragged him to the side of the road just as the sleigh whirled by.

"What do you mean, boy?" exclaimed Old Gray, wrathfully, not at first understanding the cause of his violence.

John pointed to the receding sleigh. Old Gray understood, and muttered a half recognition of his services. This happened within a few rods of Mr. Elliott's house.

"Won't you call in, Mr. Gray?" asked John, without the most distant idea that the invitation would be accepted.

"I don't know but I will," said Old Gray, hesitatingly.

Endeavoring to conceal his astonishment at this sudden acceptance of a civility by one who was well known to be very unsocial, John led the way.

"Father," said he, opening the door of the sitting-room, "I have invited Mr. Gray to step into the house. He has just had a narrow escape from being run over."

Mr. Elliott rose from his seat, and though not a little surprised, received his visitor politely.

"It is a very cold evening," he suggested, not knowing how far his sociality would be met by his guest.

"Yes," said the old man, briefly, leaning his chin on his stick, and looking intently into the fire. He began to rub his hands stealthily, as if the influences of the comfortable room had already began to affect him pleasantly.

Fine furniture cannot impart an air of comfort to a room. Mr. Elliott's sitting-room was furnished simply enough. A cheap Kidderminster carpet, already well-worn, covered the floor, a small table stood in the centre, a home-made lounge, covered with patch, was drawn up in front of the fire, a few cane-bottomed chairs stood about the room; there was a set of bookshelves, containing a few well-used books, and a solitary picture looked down from the mantel. The room was certainly not luxurious in its appointments, yet to Old Gray it seemed a Paradise compared with his own bleak, cheerless and solitary home.

One accustomed to solitude is an embarrassing companion. Access to their minds has been closed in so many ways that it is difficult to select topics suitable or likely to draw them out. However, Mr. Elliott undertook to draw Old Gray into conversation.

"John tells me that you have had a narrow escape from being run over."

"Yes," said Old Gray, with the same abruptness as before, still looking into the fire. Then after a pause, he inquired:

"How old is he?"

"Do you mean John?"

"Your son."

"He is sixteen."

"What's he going to do?"

Mr. Elliott was a little surprised at this indication of interest on the part of Old Gray.

"He is going to leave us to-morrow to become an apprentice to his uncle, who is a carpenter."

"Humph—where?"

"In B——."

"Does he want to go?"

"No. He is very fond of his studies, and would like very much to go to college with his class, but the expenses attending a college course are so great that it is quite impossible for me to send him. It is a great disappointment to me as well as to him," Mr. Elliott added, half to himself, for he had no reason to suppose that Old Gray would feel particularly interested in his relation.

"Humph!" said Old Gray, in a tone which it was very difficult to interpret.

Soon after he rose from his seat, and turned towards the door as if about to go.

"Mr. Gray," said Mrs. Elliott, hastily, "I hope you won't go just yet, I am going to have some cake and apples brought in directly. It will give us great pleasure to have you partake with us. You surely won't refuse."

Old Gray sank back into his seat, apparently half surprised at his own inclination to remain. As his movement was taken for assent, Mrs. Elliott directed the cake and apples to be brought in immediately.

"Skating gives me a prime appetite," remarked John, helping himself abundantly. "Did you ever skate, Mr. Gray?"

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott looked at each other as if they regarded this as a daring remark on the part of John. Singularly, however, it seemed to wake up Old Gray to a degree of life and animation.

"I remember the time," said he, "when I could outstrip all the boys of my age in skating."

"Then I only wish you were young again," said John, laughing. "I'd give you a pretty hard tug."

Old Gray smiled—actually his sombre features were lighted up with a smile. Who knows what thoughts of the almost forgotten past thronged into his mind? But he quickly added:

"I shall never skate again."

Not long afterwards he rose to leave, not so abrubtly as at first, however. Turning to John, as he passed through the door-way, he said:

"Will you come over to my house to-morrow morning?"

John promised to do so, not without a measure of surprise. True to his promise he set out immediately after breakfast for Old Gray's residence. Haunt I should call it, for it was an old battered and weather-beaten house of one story, in the last stages of neglect. John found Old Gray at home.

"You want to go to college, don't you?" commenced the old man, abruptly.

"I should like to very much," said John, "but I don't see any prospect of it. My father is too poor."

"Apply to your friends."

"I have none that are able to furnish me the money sufficient."

"There is one that you have not applied to, and who is able."

"Who is that, sir?"

"The boys about the village call him Old Gray."

"What!" exclaimed John, starting with astonishment. "You!"

"Yes, I. They call me a miser. I suppose I am. But I have taken a fancy to you. Tell your father that I will be responsible for your college expenses, and that he need trouble himself no farther on that point."

"How can I thank you, Mr. Gray, for your generosity.

"By saying nothing about it."

"You will let me come and see you now and then. You must be so lonely."

"If you really wish it," said Old Gray, looking pleased.

So John went to college, and not even his parents took a greater interest in his progress than Old Gray. It was the beginning of a new life to the old man, who now felt that he had something to live for, and threw off some of his unsocial reserve. The epithet "old" has fallen into gradual disuse, and he is now known as Mr. Gray. Mrs. Elliott sometimes declares that if the fairies *are* all dead, they have found a worthy successor in Old Gray.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is defined as the joining of one man and the same quantity of femality for life, for better or for worse, "forever an dever," till death do them part—Amen.

Who, to attend a wedding party, would for even one second suppose that the happy bride and ecstatic groom would be into each other's hair and eyes before the expiration of a quarter? Who could imagine that that loving, blooming mother-in-law would be stirring up the most outrageous family quarrels, and unmakeupable domestic fights in less than a month? And who would dream that the "happy couple" might possibly be fighting over the children, and sueing for divorces by the end of two years, hating each other like cat and rat, and attempting the one to ruin the reputation of the other? What causes such astonishing and confounding changes? Well, they do say the mother-in-law is a curse to the marriage state. She on the son's side "does up" the jealousy for the husband; and she on that of the daughter stirs up the idea of neglect in the wife. Then come the demand for explanations; the grand exhibitions of independence and scorn; coldness from the head of the house, and sulkiness from the other side, to which succeed muffled oaths from him; oceans of tears and regrets from her; slamming of doors; ferociousness of looks, slapping, hair-pulling, tea-cup throwing, furniture smashing, and a general hullaballoo. Happiness and peace have departed, and misery and mother's-in-law have arrived, and the only hope remaining is that these personages will fight themselves and kill each other, or get married again, and move to the city of Jericho.

Independent of these causes, late hours on the part of the husband, and neglect of home by the wife, tend greatly to make it unhappy; and where there is distrust and cruelty from him, joined to hatefulness and gabble in her, there will always be sufficient racket and bang kept up to cause the ears of the uninitiated to hum till the crack of doom.

"O, wouldn't you like to marry?"

A NEW HALF DOLLAR.

A new half dollar has been got up at the United States Mint, to be submitted to government for its approval. The new coin, although of the same diameter as that now in circulation, is much thicker at the rim, in consequence of the deeper sinking of the die, and hence much more durable. On one side is a medallion portrait of Washington, with the head wreathed with laurel; the word Liberty upon a scroll over the bust; at the bottom the date, 1859; and around the whole the words United States of America, in plain, well adapted raised letters. On the reverse side, a wreath of grain envelopes the words Half Dollar, in the same beautiful letters. The coin is very handsome.

DOGS A ROYALTY.

In an English parish, while the minister was reading that part of the litany which specially petitions for the members of the reigning family, he was annoyed by the yelping and running about of some dogs, whom no one chose to attend to. He had begun, "For the prince royal, the royal princes and princesses—(and here, irritated by the noise, he thundered out this treasonous desire)—*turn out those dogs*—and all the royal family," continued he, resuming the text, and causing a general titter at the expense of that august family.

WOMAN'S DIGNITY.—It is impossible to love where we cannot esteem; and no woman can be esteemed by a man who has sense, if she makes herself cheap in the eye of a fool.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We are exceedingly grateful to our numerous friends in all parts of the country, who have sent us Clubs for "GLEASON'S PICTORIAL." In reply to the frequent inquiries made of us in reference to certain points, we take this opportunity to make a standing answer to one and all, as follows:—

1st.—Those who have got, or are getting up Clubs for us, are at liberty to add *one or more* subscribers to their Clubs, *at any time during the year*, at the usual Club rates;—

2d.—They may take subscribers *in other towns besides their own*, as it makes no difference how many post-offices we send our papers to; and,—

3d.—They are at liberty to add to their Pictorial Clubs the names of such as prefer to take the "Literary Companion," at the usual Club rates; and they may likewise order the "Literary Companion" for one or more members of their Pictorial Clubs, at the same Club rates.

We return this general answer to our numerous correspondents, instead of a separate one to each individual, and thus save ourselves much time and trouble.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

The press of England, led on by the Thunderer is determined to have it that Louis Napoleon lies awake nights, planning a sudden invasion of that "fast anchored isle," with chasseurs, voltigeurs, zouaves, rifled cannon and all. An immense amount of hub-bub is raised over the suspicion, and the population on both sides of the strait are really getting worked into an excitement. It is not certain that it is dangerous now, but unless this surplus bile is drawn off in some other way, and these occasional ugly words are vented upon some other less irascible object, we wouldn't undertake to guarantee the peaceful relations of the two countries for a twelvemonth. It is these continued irritations, no matter how trifling each may be in itself, that finally make the mischief. It is often difficult to tell what the exact trouble is, but the grain of sand meantime keeps worrying the organ of vision, till the whole brain becomes at length inflamed with a blind and furious passion.

England has virtually declined to go into an European Congress already. France feels such a slight, and construes it into a rebuke. England taunts Napoleon with not doing what he set out to do in Italy: Napoleon keeps his temper, but gnashes his teeth under his moustache, and probably (who does, or does not know?) swears that Waterloo shall be avenged. England is arming at all points to-day; the navy of France is getting ready, as fast as it can, to dispute the supremacy of the former on the ocean. On both sides, the press is blowing hard at the fires. As things are progressing, there *must* be a safety-valve for all this pent-up passion and prejudice to escape. But in what direction? At what time? On what specific pretext? *This* is the great European question now, and not that merely of Italian nationality. Louis Napoleon, though he may be called the greatest agitator in all Europe, is admitted to be the most comprehensive and far-seeing statesman also. He has it in his power to say when, and for what cause, England shall fight France, and the press of the former nation are unwittingly putting the whole of the play into his hands.

We have enjoyed bits and snatches of sleighing, this winter, and when that has run low, the skating has come up. These may be considered our standard winter sports. In Greenland, now, the natives hybernate and suck lubber; but *our* natives dash out, full of resoluteness and glee, into the frosty air, and get up rosy cheeks and steamy breaths in no time. If the frost *does* pinch a little, now and then, we have our compensation in brighter eyes and lips of a still more ruby red. Nobody need say that winter isn't good for us, for it is.

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.

It gratifies us to make the announcement that the first edition of our new paper, the "LITERARY COMPANION," numbering 120,000 copies, was exhausted even earlier than we had anticipated, making it necessary for us to set about printing another edition of that number with all possible despatch. Our patrons, therefore, will consider this a sufficient excuse for the temporary delay with which their orders are served. Our presses are running day and night, and the public shall experience no further delay in obtaining copies of that number to any extent. So *overwhelming* an evidence of favor on the part of our readers and friends places it out of our power properly to express our thanks. The "LITERARY COMPANION" is a splendid success at the start, and will aim thoroughly to deserve it.

THE POWER OF TALK.

In the recent interesting and inimitable eulogy upon Rufus Choate by Theophilus Parsons, Esq., Professor of the Law School at Harvard College, occurs the following amusing anecdote: At a dinner party at Sir Robert Peel's, whom he was visiting, with a large company, he engaged in a controversy with Dr. Buckland upon some question of geology, and the Doctor silenced him soon and easily. After the dinner he fell in with Sir William Follett, then the leading lawyer of England, and complained to him of his defeat. "It is too bad," said he, "for I know I was right, and if I had only Buckland's power of words, I should have made it appear." Follett amused himself with mastering the points and principles of the question, and the next day at dinner, the subject was again brought up, and Follett joined in the conversation, and very speedily and effectually baffled and silenced Buckland. "What do you say to that, Mr. Stevenson?" said Sir Robert Peel. "Why," said he, "I will say only this, that of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to me no power so great as the gift of the gab."

We shall very soon have telegraphic communication direct across the continent, which will but pave the way for the inevitable railroad to the Pacific. Mr. Charles M. Stebbins and his associates of the Western Union Telegraph Company have commenced the construction of a telegraph from St. Louis to San Francisco. The line on the Eastern end has been completed nearly 300 miles West of St. Louis, and on the Western about 250 miles from San Francisco. This enterprise is under the patronage of the New York Associated Press, together with other presses in the Atlantic States, and the San Francisco Bulletin and the Sacramento Union.

What is *reasonably* intoxicated? It seems to be a question for argument. A Richmond reporter, describing a recent murder in that city, says of the culprit, that at the time of the assault he had been drinking, but was not "unreasonably intoxicated." What does the reporter consider reasonably drunk? The point is worth settling—among drunkards.

During the late trial in Paris of Madamoiselle Leonie Chereau, for the abduction of a child, the audience was several times moved to tears by the touching letters of Leonie, addressed to her hard-hearted lover. It has been discovered that these letters were copied entire from young Dumas' celebrated play of the "Dame aux Camelias."

The last advices from Hayti state that the drawing of "*The Grand Lottery of Divine Providence*" took place on the 3d of November, at Jacmel, the aggregate value of the twenty prizes amounting to two thousand dollars.

Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, has raised specimens of Egyptian cotton this year on his plantation. The plant grows from six to eight feet high, and will produce a thousand pounds of clean lint to the acre.

If you have a friend whom you desire to remain a friend, get in debt to him. He'll never leave you; he'll haunt you, and "in fond remembrance" ever cherish your virtues and the amount of your indebtedness to him!

Victor Hugo, who never wrote a profitless word, says: "A great man is like the sun—never more beautiful than when he touches the earth, at his rising and at his setting.

Wayside Gatherings.

Bristol Bill, the burglar, has been pardoned out of the Vermont State Prison.

The people in Amsterdam have got up a "crystal palace," 400 x 200.

In Australia, the pride of ancestry, it appears, is in having had a convict for a father.

A machine has been invented which will pick the feathers from forty-five geese in an hour.

The November earnings of the New York Central Railroad will probably amount to $675,000.

When last heard from they were loading guano at the Chincha Islands at the rate of 1500 tons a day, and sixty-five vessels in port.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Texas authorizing a reward of $10,000 for the capture of Cortinas.

A New York paper asserts that the costs to Mr. Forrest by the case of Forrest vs. Forrest, will form a grand total of $100,000.

"Chicken Disputes" are very popular in sporting circles in Hartford, Conn. Fortunes are made and lost there on cock-fights.

Madame Lagrange has recently appeared at Rio Janeiro in Lombardi, but according to some of the papers made a fiasco.

London papers announce that Mr. Buckle has nearly ready for publication the second volume of his History of Civilization.

M. Camille Vert, a Parisian, has invented a flying machine in the shape of a fish, which, while in the air, he can guide in any direction.

Sporting authorities assert that Mr. Ten Broeck made over three hundred thousand dollars by his American horses in England.

Prentice thinks grace at a poor man's table is exceedingly graceful; and he thinks also the most beautiful poems "are written in flesh and blood."

The Aroostook, Me., *Pioneer*, tells of a bright-eyed little girl, three years old, who said she could not blow her nose, but she could blow the melodeon!

The people of Woburn, Mass., are very unhappy—says the *Budget*—because their town-clock is "froze up." Very impolite in the clock, to go and get froze.

It is announced as a cheering sign of progress of civilization among the Indians, that the Cherokee nation have a debt and are unable to pay the interest upon it!

Spurgeon, the great London sensation preacher, is represented as quite a young looking man, with fair skin and puffy cheeks. He wears a white neckcloth, and parts his hair in the middle.

At the funeral of Mrs. Wood, the wife of the mayor elect of New York, it is estimated that between seven and eight thousand people participated in the ceremonies.

Several cowardly rowdies assaulted a French sea-captain in the streets of New York, recently. He, justifiably, shot one fatally. A promenade in New York without a revolver seems to be hazardous.

Quicksands have been discovered on Staten Island. Railroad building there has been retarded by a quicksand morass, which absorbs the cart-loads of dirt as fast as they are emptied upon it.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* wishes to know what has become of De Sauty? and in reply says, De Sauty returned to Europe several months ago, unseen and mysterious as ever.

Foreign Miscellany.

The Zurich treaties are published in the European journals.

There are 50,000 men under arms in the States of Central Italy.

The European Congress is expected to take place at Paris, early in the present month.

It is reported that England has withdrawn her objections to the Suez canal project.

The English journals scout the idea of England's disarming, as proposed by the Emperor of France.

The death of Nena Sahib was not credited. It is reported that he is still at the head of six thousand men in Nepaul.

A dreadful storm had occurred in the Black Sea, in which some eighty vessels had been wrecked and many lives lost.

The French expedition to China was preparing with a vigor which inspired renewed confidence in the maintenance of good relations between the allies.

Garibaldi has issued a proclamation to his comrades of the army of Central Italy, advising them not to lay down their arms until their objects are accomplished.

The French government contemplates the construction of a canal between the Atlantic and Mediterranean, large enough to enable ships of great size to pass through, and thus avoid passing Gibraltar.

The Japanese Government continue to throw obstructions in the way of a friendly trade. It is rumored that the Russians have taken advantage of the dispute to exact the cession of the important island of Saghalien.

The Moors continue their attacks upon the fortress of Centa. The Spanish expedition was crossing the Straits. The force is to consist of 48,000 men. It was reported that a battle had been fought with considerable loss on both sides.

Sands of Gold.

Better to be alone than in bad company.

Nature, time and patience, are the three greatest physicians.

One loses all the time which he can employ better.

Of all the enemies of idleness, want is the most uncompromising foe.

The character that needs law to mend it, is hardly worth the tinkering.

If you would have sweet and pleasant dreams, keep a clear conscience and get a good wife. A never-falling receipt.

A million of blades of grass make a meadow, and millions and millions of grains of sand make a mountain; the ocean is made up of drops of water, and life of minutes.

It is not pleasure which corrupts men, it is men who corrupt pleasure. Pleasure is good in itself. It is the seasoning which God, the all-wise and the all-good, gives to useful things and needful acts, in order that we may seek them.

We pass for what we are. Character reaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emits breath every moment.

Pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men; seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him also to appear equally little to others.

Joker's Olio.

We often hear of a man being in advance of his age, but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament.

To spin and weave, to knit and sew, was Knickerbocker girls' employment, but now to dress and catch a beau is all they call enjoyment.

It is said that a lady, on putting on her corsets, is like a man who drinks to drown his grief, because in so-lacing herself she is getting tight.

A young lady of New Orleans, who recently performed a remarkable feat in rowing, has been presented with a beautiful yawl. A *smack* would have been more appropriate.

We advise you, girls, when dashing young fellows make love to you, never to believe that they really love you until they prove it by committing suicide on your account.

Papa reading in hearing of an intelligsnt child: "The men were mustered on the deck preparatory to the disembarkation." "Oh, papa," said the child, "how funny the men must have looked all over mustard!"

A bumpkin once dining with the Governor of Rhode Island, where part of the entertainment consisted of champagne and preserved limes, was asked, at the conclusion, by his host, how he liked his dinner. He replied: "Well, Guvner, your *cider 's very good, but darn your pickles.*"

The servant of a Prussian officer one day met with a crony, who inquired how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellently," answered the servant; "we live on very friendly terms—every morning we beat each other's coats. He takes his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on."

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Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

ELIZA'S BRIDAL WREATH.

BY J. ALFORD.

In fancy I have twined a wreath,
To deck thy spotless brow;
When thou at Hymen's altar kneel'st
To plight the nuptial vow.

Though from imaginary flowers
I draw my moral lay;
They're such as time alone hath power
To wither and decay.

Not like those blooms so fair and bright,
Which, ere to-morrow's sun,
A shrivelled, scentless group appear,
And drooping one by one.

Thy smiles their beauty can restore,
Reserve each fading sweet;
Nay, make them lovelier than before,
Their perfume more complete.

Such, dear Eliza—gentle girl,
I wish thy latest day
May be as bright as summer flowers,
Whose sweets can ne'er decay.

And should my humble tribute please,
To me it will appear;
The flowers with which I've twined thy wreath
A double value bear.

May those who've watched thy orphan years
With fond paternal care,
Thy gratitude, and tender love
Continue still to share.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

ROBERT LEE'S TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

CHAPTER I.

The Christmas revel was over. The quaint silver wassail-bowl had been drained, and the Christmas tree stripped of its glittering fruitage. The "yule log" was burning itself out on the broad hearth-stone; the tall, waxen tapers in the massive candelabra shed but a dim light around; the hot-house blossoms, with which lavish hands had crowded the costly vases, were beginning to droop, and only the holly-boughs, with their ruby-like berries, looked fresh and bright.

Old Ralph Harcourt had kept Christmas in right English fashion; and now that the guests were gone, was toasting his feet and supping his last draught of ale by the glowing grate in his own chamber; but Catherine, his peerless daughter, yet lingered in the great drawing-room.

Catherine, beautiful Catherine Harcourt! I wish I had the pencil of a Copley, or a Vandyke, that I might portray her to you, as she stood there, listening to the tall and distingue-looking naval officer, who was suing for her hand. Her superb figure, robed in crimson velvet, her hair braided up with rubies and diamonds, the rare jewels blazing on her arms and neck—all formed a dazzling picture—a picture which accorded well with the aspect of that grand old room. Philip Sinclair was pouring forth words of fire, but his passionate declaration did not deepen the glow on her cheek, nor kindle new light in her large, brown eyes; her attitude did not change, and there was not even a tremor of the white-gloved hands, clasped with such careless grace. Her reply was a gentle but firm rejection; and as the proud officer turned on his heel, she drew a long sigh of relief, and leaning against a fluted pillow, seemed to lose herself in a delightful reverie.

The Christmas tree in the opposite corner had borne many a splendid gift for her, but her gaze did not turn to the mosaic table, on which they lay in a gorgeous heap. She drew from her bouquet-holder a bunch of simple flowers—heliotropes, verbenas, geraniums, and one white moss-rose bud, just opening its spotless heart. This bouquet, which had drooped from a bough of the "gift-tree," the petted heiress of all Ralph Harcourt's wealth proved a thousand times more than the costly offerings brought by her "dear five hundred friends" of the Fifth Avenue aristocracy.

As she remembered the eager gaze Robert Lee had cast on her when he saw that she had exchanged a bouquet of the costliest exotics for those flowers, the crimson surged over her beautiful face, her eyes flashed like stars in the shadow of their heavy lids—her red, ripe lips grew tremulous. Lovingly her fingers wandered over the gift, while her young heart beat high with hope.

"Catherine!" exclaimed a deep-toned voice, and she started like a guilty thing, and thrust the blossoms out of sight.

"Catherine! Catherine!" and now there was a world of emotion in his tones, and the speaker hastened to her side.

Robert Lee was a young and handsome man, with the seal of genius on his broad brow, and eyes full of thought and feeling; but there was a touching sadness in their clear depths, and his face was very pale.

"Catherine," he continued, "I have come to bid you good-by. I am going."

"Going?" cried the girl, and she sprang forward and stood before him as pale as the marble statue hard by. "Going, Mr. Lee?"

"Yes; your father and I have quarreled."

"How—what?" gasped Catherine.

"Because I have dared tell him what I have never till now spoken, save in looks and acts—that I, the poor secretary, have presumed to lift my eyes to Catherine Harcourt—that I love her as we can love but once in a life-time! Catherine, Catherine, he bade me leave his home forever! But I could not go without seeing you once more. Over the wall which the Harcourt pride has raised between us, my heart must speak to yours to-night. What have you to say to my confession—could you learn to love me if there were no barrier to separate us? Tell me frankly, dearest, for in this hour there should be no disguises."

"That lesson is already learned," murmured the girl, blushing and trembling as if he were a prince, and she a poor peasant maid—"you are dearer to me than aught else in the wide world."

"Catherine!" was all Robert Lee in his great joy could summon strength to say; but that little word from his lips was far more eloquent than Philip Sinclair's vehement protestations, and Catherine's whole frame thrilled with delight. The next moment she was folded in a strong embrace; his lips reverently touched her cheek and brow; his voice murmured words never to be forgotten. For a half hour, perhaps, they stood thus, abandoning themselves fully to the bliss of "love's young dream;" then Lee appeared to recollect himself, and said:

"Well, Catherine, if we must part, the memory of this interview will brighten the darkest hours. I have no right to ask anything more. Though I yearn to call you my betrothed, I leave you free. I am going out into the world to battle with its stern realities. If I succeed—if I win fame and fortune, and you are yet unmarried, I will lay them at your feet. If I do not, you and I shall never meet again till we reach the spirit-land. Farewell, Catherine! Good-by seems too cold a word for such a parting as ours."

Once more he held her close to his brave, true heart; once more kissed her, and then, with a half-smothered "God bless you!" turned away.

CHAPTER II.

"Bread, bread, Robert!" moaned young Lee's crippled brother, and he held up his wasted little hands, and looked the very picture of sorrowful entreaty.

"Bread, child? Yes, I will get it;" and the young man started from the pine table, on which he was copying some law papers, and hurrying to a closet, brought forth a scanty crust.

"O, it is hard! I cannot eat it. Find me a better piece, Robert," cried the boy; "and mind—a large piece, a whole slice, Robert."

An expression of intense pain passed over Robert Lee's face, as he rejoined:

"Indeed, it is all there is—the last crust, Arthur! Gnaw away upon it till I finish my copying, and then you shall have some more."

"It will be a great while to wait," said the invalid. "Why not run round the corner and get it now?"

"To tell you the truth, dear Arthur, I haven't a penny, and shan't have till the work is done, unless I beg or steal!"

The crippled boy did not speak, but hot tears rained over his wan face and fell on the bread he was gnawing.

"Robert," called a voice, a sweet faint voice from a nook in the room, screened by a loose calico curtain—"is the gruel ready? I am so weak and sick I must have something to revive me!" The young man darted across the room, lifted the curtain, and flung himself down beside a straw pallet, on which lay a woman, evidently in the last stages of consumption.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" he cried; "I have toiled day and night, hoping that my slender funds would not be exhausted till the copying was finished, but the last cent has gone, and the work will not be completed till noon, and we have neither food nor coal, nor even a basket of shavings. I have tried to get other employment, but in vain! I cannot steal, but it is no crime to beg! I am going out, and God helping me, ere I come back, I will have something for your own and Arthur's comfort!" Fondly he kissed both the invalids, murmured a few more cheering words, and descended to the street. But though he had spoken hopefully to them, his heart was heavy, his eye mournful, his brow knit, his face haggard. As he stood on the street crossing, waiting for carriage after carriage to pass, a splendid equipage came whirling toward him. He knew the spirited blood-horses, the black servants in livery outside, the portly man and beautiful girl within. The next instant the carriage was stopped, the footman sprang to the ground, and putting his head in at the open window, cried:

"Look der, Massa Harcourt—dar's de man man you'se been huntin' arter—dair Mr. Lee!"

The merchant prince and his daughter both gave a sudden start, and Catherine's cheek crimsoned as she glanced in the direction indicated.

"Jove! that is Robert Lee!" exclaimed the old man. "Run and ask him if he will be kind enough to join us, Cæsar!"

"Yes, massa," and the menial hastened to do his master's bidding.

"Ralph Harcourt wishes to see me"—ejaculated the discarded secretary as the servant delivered the message. "Do I hear aright? There must be some mistake—I am not the person for whom he has sent."

"Yes, yes, you'se de bery one we'se been sarchin' for all the mornin'! De carriage is waitin' yender, and Massa Harcourt and Miss Catherine too!"

At this allusion Robert Lee's heart beat fast, and in a few moments more he stood face to face with Catherine Harcourt, for the first time since their memorable parting.

Never had he met her, clad in such rusty garments and wearing such a forlorn aspect; for while employed by her father, his salary had been sufficient to afford him and those dependent on him, the comforts of life. But Catherine, though dressed like a queen, thought not of his threadbare suit; every faculty was absorbed in the joy of meeting him once more! She could not speak, for strong emotion choked her utterance; but she extended her hand with childish eagerness, and her brown eyes grew humid with happy tears.

"Ah! we've found you at last!" cried her father. "And zounds! Lee, I'm confounded glad to see you!"

"I assure you, Mr. Harcourt," said the young man—"I assure you, that I am happy to see you and your daughter once more; 'tis a pleasure I scarcely dared expect after what passed at your house Christmas night.

The old merchant colored, and nervously played with the glove he had drawn off.

"Why," he continued—"I cannot do without you; and, as for Catherine, she can speak for herself some other time.

The girl blushed and smiled, and Robert Lee's face began to grow radiant with the reflection of the sunshine on hers.

"Let the past be forgotten," said the old man, grasping the arm of his secretary; "'tis a rare thing for Ralph Harcourt to beg any man's pardon, but I do yours! Forgive me, Robert Lee!"

"I do, sir—there's my hand upon it!" Harcourt seized the proffered hand, pressed it warmly and resumed—"We are friends then—friends, young man. But where is your law office now? I want to send Catherine home and have some private conversation with you! We went to the place where you used to have an office when you acted as my secretary, but could find no trace of you till Cæsar spied you."

"The hard times drove me from that place," replied Lee. "I have had a terrible struggle since I left you; and at present my office, the sick chamber of my mother and brother, our 'parlor, kitchen and hall,' are comprised in one attic. You did not look high enough for my sign—there it is!" And he pointed to the dingy old building, where away up, up, up, beneath the eaves might be seen the words—'Robert Lee—Attorney and Counsellor at Law.'"

"Well, well," said Harcourt, "I am sorry to hear you've been driven into such narrow quarters, but never mind! If you and I can agree, you'll soon find yourself in a very different position. But there must be no listeners to our talk—not even Catherine can be admitted to our confidence yet. How shall we manage it? Ah! I have it! Catherine has long been wishing to become acquainted with your family—she can stay with the invalids, while you drive down to the counting-room with me! Will that suit you, Kate?"

"Suit me, papa? O! I shall be so glad to remain here," replied the girl.

Robert Lee felt like one moving in a dream, as he assisted Catherine from the carriage, and led her up the creaking stairs leading to that comfortless attic. What could her father's manner portend? What important topic did he wish to discuss with him? These queries haunted him, and he longed to have them answered. As he threw open the shattered door and ushered his companion into the dismal room, he said, somewhat bitterly:

"This is a wretched place for you to visit, Catherine!"

"But it is your home, Robert," murmured the girl. "I never entered the stateliest mansion with the wild joy that thrills me now, for I am by your side—my father has consented to my coming, and I feel sure our troubles are at an end."

"God bless you for those words!" exclaimed Lee, lifting her hand to his tremulous lips. "God make me worthy of such love as yours!" and he drew back the calico curtain, which separated his mother's couch from the place where he toiled at his copying.

What a scene was that thus revealed to the high-born girl! There lay the two invalids, clasped in each other's arms. The woman's pale face still bore traces of the beauty, which, in her girlhood, had made her the "pride of the village," but cheek and brow were deeply furrowed, the golden sheen of her hair was almost lost in the frosts of premature age, and her large blue eyes sparkled with unnatural lustre. The crippled boy had a head and face, which reminded Catherine of the picture of Guido's cherubs she had seen in Rome, save that an expression of habitual pain hung about the sweet mouth and slightly contracted the marble brow. The pillows of the couch, and its only counterpane, were scrupulously clean, but they had been patched and re-patched, and Catherine's heart ached as she looked at them. Both invalids glanced at Robert in surprise, as he entered with that richly-dressed lady leaning on his arm; but all at once a smile broke over the woman's wan countenance, and she exclaimed—

"My son, this is Catherine—I know it is Catherine!"

"Yes. I am Catherine Harcourt," and the beautiful girl sank down, sobbing, by the bedside.

Robert Lee waited to hear no more; the next moment he was in Ralph Harcourt's carriage, and soon afterward he found himself in the counting-room of the firm, of which Catherine's father was the senior partner.

"And now let us proceed to business," said the old man, as he turned the key in the massive lock; "it is as a legal adviser I have sought you this morning. We have been sued for fifty-thousand dollars, by the widow and children of a partner who died at Paris. Of course we shan't pay a cent, and so we've told their agent, but he declares he will stand us a law-suit! You are just the man we need for our attorney; you not only have a thorough knowledge of your profession, but from having been my secretary, are familiar with all the crooks and turns of our business! You have long been anxious for some case which would bring you before the public eye—here it is! If you undertake it I know you will succeed; and, when that case is gained, half the sum you save us, together with Catherine's hand, shall be your reward!"

Robert Lee sprang to his feet, and began to pace the room; his fine face flushed, his thoughtful eyes kindled. "O! sir, you are too kind!" he said earnestly—"give me all the necessary papers, and I will begin to look into the case at once"

Ralph Harcourt smiled triumphantly, thrust a retaining fee into his hand, gave him a formidable pile of papers, and then drove back with him to the narrow street where he had taken up his abode. When Lee reached his home, he found a bright fire burning on the hearth, a comfortable meal smoking on the

table, and his mother leaning against Catherine and sipping the gruel she had prepared. The young man's heart was too full for speech, but Catherine read his happiness in his eloquent eyes, and once more "Hope, gentlest astrologer," whispered bright prophecies in her ear.

As Lee handed her into the carriage, her father gave him a cordial invitation to visit them often, and Catherine's glance said more than the old man's words.

CHAPTER III.

With a thousand bright dreams of the future Robert Lee began his task; but, as he proceeded, the truth forced itself upon him, that Ralph Harcourt had required his aid in an unjust cause. The claims of the dead merchant's family were well grounded, and withholding the sum for which they had sued would be a base fraud. Could he—the high-souled, generous, and strictly upright Robert Lee, lend his assistance to a villanous scheme, which would wrest away the inheritance of a family that might be suffering like his own?

The young man's heart sank as he saw to what his client would fain lead him, and for a whole week a great struggle was going on in his mind. Should he succeed, and he saw nothing to prevent it, competence would be his—the dear ones, starving, would be surrounded with luxury, and Catherine, Catherine, in her superb beauty, would be his bride. O, Robert Lee's temptation was great, but the right conquered. In the hush of the winter's night, he sat down and wrote as follows:

"Mr. Harcourt,—Dear Sir:—I have examined the papers you put in my possession, and decided to resign the case. I love my poor mother and crippled brother—I love Catherine with the strong love of manhood; but I cannot for their sakes consent to rob the widow and the fatherless. Thank Heaven! I have not been obliged to spend a dollar of the retaining fee, with which you would have bought my honor! I return it, hoping that you may see the wrong you contemplate in its true light.

Robert Lee."

Another letter—a letter full of yearning love and sorrows, but with the high principles of the writer stamped on every line—told Catherine Harcourt all, and bade her a long farewell.

A month went by, during which want stared the Lees in the face; then a benevolent Quaker, who had heard in some way of old Ralph Harcourt's proposal and its rejection, found his way to the little office where Robert had toiled and suffered, and engaged him as counsel in a just and important cause. From that time the young lawyer's star was in the ascendant; his management of John Broten's case won him his first laurels, and was the stepping-stone to fortune. The attic was exchanged for a pleasant home in the suburbs, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the bloom come back to his mother's cheek, and the crippled Arthur surrounded by everything that could minister to his comfort. But there was a void in Robert Lee's soul—Catherine and he seemed almost as completely separated as if seas rolled between them.

It was on a clear frosty night that he sat in his chamber at the Astor House, for he and his mother had been spending the Christmas holidays in the city. Suddenly the cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" sent him to his feet; then the clang-or of bells swelled out on the air, and the rattling of engines and shouts of the firemen filled the street with a wild tumult. Lee flung up the windows and leaned forth.

"Where is't!—where's the fire?" cried one.

"Old Ralph Harcourt's house on Sixth Avenue is all in flames! Fire, fire, fire!"

Robert Lee's heart gave a sudden bound, and then stood still with dread.

"Catherine! O, Catherine!" he gasped, and darted away with the speed of a winged creature. Ten minutes later he stood before the burning mansion. What a grand and terrible sight it was! The fire had crept up over the sand-stone walls; the iron balconies, the arched windows, the slated roof, and the next moment Catherine's home was wrapped in a mantle of flame. And where was she—she whom he had loved so fondly? Clouds of smoke hung heavy around the mansion, but in another instant he saw her standing at the observatory casement, her auburn hair sweeping around her like a veil, her face wearing an expression that appalled him.

"Save me and my poor old father! We are burning to death!"

Such was the wild cry which came ringing down to Robert Lee, and quick as thought he plunged into the ruin. Along tottering corridors and through fiery chambers he flew, till he gained the observatory and stood beside Catherine and her father, whom she had drawn up with her.

"Throw us a rope-ladder!" he shouted. The call was obeyed, and in a few moments Catherine and the old man had reached the street. Lee called a carriage, and ere long they were safe in his suite of rooms at the Astor, and he and his mother ministering to their wants.

"Well, you didn't love my girl well enough to take that case, and I lost it," said Ralph Harcourt, "but you've saved our lives at the risk of your own."

"I would give my life for her," replied Lee, "but not my honor!" and Catherine's tremulous lips warmly spoke her approval.

From that night's injuries her father never recovered, and on his death-bed he gave his consent to the union of those whom his will had separated so long. When the year of mourning had expired, Catherine Harcourt became the young lawyer's bride, and now they often tell their sons and daughters the story of Robert Lee's Temptation.

AN EXCITING ESCAPE.

Capt. Thompson, one of the two persons who survived after the escape from Cawnpore, has written an account of the siege and capture of that place, and of the atrocities committed there. The description of the escape of the fortunate few—four in number at first, but two have since died—is very exciting. Assailed by a mob of Sepoys, they took refuge in a temple, which the mob surrounded; and, having piled up fagots at the entrance, they cut off their retreat. When the pile of fagots had reached the doorway, or nearly so, they set them on fire, expecting to suffocate us; but a strong breeze kindly sent the great body of the smoke away from the interior of the temple. Fearing that the suffocating atmosphere would be soon insupportable, I proposed to the men to sell their lives as dear as possible; but we stood until the wood had sunk down into a pile of embers, and we began to hope that we might brave out their torture until night (apparently the only friend left us) would let us get our food and attempted escape. But their next expedient compelled an evacuation; for they brought bags of gunpowder, and threw them upon the red-hot ashes.

Delay would have been certain suffocation, so out we rushed. The burning wood terribly marred our bare feet, but it was no time to think of trifles. Jumping the parapet, we were in the thick of the rabble in an instant; we fired a volley and run a muck with the bayonet. Seven of our number succeeded in reaching the bank of the river, and we first threw in our guns and then threw in ourselves. The weight of ammunition we had in our pouches carried us under water. While we were thus submerged, we escaped the first volley that they fired. We slipped off the belts, rose again and swam; and by the time they had loaded a second time, there were only heads for them to aim at. I turned round and saw the banks of the river thronged with the black multitude, yelling, howling and firing at us, while others of their party rifled the bodies of the six poor fellows we left behind.

Presently two more poor fellows were shot in the head; and one private, Byan, almost sinking from exhaustion, swam into a sandbank, and was knocked on the head by two or three ruffians waiting to receive him. These villains had first promised Lieutenant Delafosse and private Murphy, if they would come to the shore they should be protected and have food given them. They were so much inclined to yield that they made towards the bank, but suddenly and wisely altered their determination. Infuriated with disappointment, one of them threw his club at Delafosse, but, in the height of his energy, lost his balance and fell into deep water; the other aimed at Murphy and struck him on the head. For two or three hours we continued swimming, often changing our position, and the current helping our progress. At length our pursuers gave up the chase; a sowar on horseback was the last we saw of them.

REMARKABLE ECLIPSE.

Next July there will be an important total eclipse, at least to men of science. At the moment of obscuration, Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, and Saturn will appear in the vicinity of the eclipsed sun as a rhomboidal figure. This phenomenon is of great rarity, occurring only once during many centuries. Darkness will commence and terminate on the land in California and on the shores of the Red Sea. Between these extreme points the eclipse will be visible in North America, from whence the moon's shadow will pass across the Atlantic, and traverse Spain—total darkness including several important towns in that country. The line of totality will then cross the Mediterranean and enter Africa, passing across Algiers, Bezan, Tozer, Spekna, Sebha, Goddona and Mourzuk. It will be visible in Spain and some parts of Africa.

WINTRY FLOWERS.

BY MRS. M. ST. L. LOUD.

Lov'd of my heart are the flowers that bloom,
Through the long dark days of the winter's gloom;
Filling the air with their fragrant breath,
When the blossoms of summer are sunk in death,

Oh, summer hath many a sunny hour,
And summer hath many a gentle shower;
To cherish and nurture each delicate thing,
And call into beauty the buds of spring.

But ye are born, amid darkness and storm;
No dews fall on ye—nor sunshine warm;
Ye feel not the breeze of the summer day,
From the sweet southwest, 'mong yon leaves at play.

Ye speak to my heart, with the voice of truth:
When vanished, are all the bright dreams of youth;
Cling to the hope, that fades not away,
Which will gild the gloom of life's latest day:

That when age steals on with its moments dark,
And the frame grows stiff like an ice bound bark,
The soul may renew its youthful prime,
Unchill'd by the frosts of life's winter time.

THE GLADIATOR.

Stillness reigned in the vast amphitheatre, and from the countless thousands that thronged the spacious enclosure, not a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with suspense, and every eye strained with anxiety towards the fatal portal, where the gladiator was momentarily expected to enter. At length the trumpet sounded, and they led him forth into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo, firm and unbending as the rigid oak. His fine proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

"And I am here," he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, "to glut the savage eyes of Rome's proud populace. Ay, like a dog you throw me to a beast; and what is my offence? Why, forsooth, I am a Christian. But know, vain fools! ye cannot fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than the adamantine rock. Know, fools! whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I swear, I would not change conditions with the blood-stained Nero, crowned though he be,—not for the wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready."

The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was heard to proceed from the cage of a half-famished Numidian lion, situated at the farthest end of the arena. The growl soon deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enormous edifice to its very centre. At that moment the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprung from his den with one mighty bound, to the opposite side of the arena. His eye blazed with the brilliancy of fire, as he slowly drew his length along the sand and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eye quailed not; his lip paled not; but he stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

At length the lion crouched himself into an attitude for springing, and with the quickness of lightning, leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and bounding lightly on one side, his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again resounded through the spacious amphitheatre, as the enraged animal, mad with anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round, and sprung a second time at the Nazarene. Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary; but so sudden had been the second attack, that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knee. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder, and he felt his hot fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide-distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his wary foe, aware of his design, precipitating himself upon him, threw him with violence to the ground.

The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's triumph as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy. But it was of short duration: the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over, across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice. The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprung with the velocity of thought from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist, and regaining his falchion, which had fallen to the ground, in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound; but it was too late; the last blow had been driven home to the centre of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

CONDENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.

About 280 years B. C., Hero of Alexandria formed a toy which exhibited one of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 540, Anthemius, an architect, arranged several cauldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leathern tube, which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the cauldrons, and the house was shaken by the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17, Blasco de Caroy tried a steamboat, of 200 tons, with tolerable success, at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a cauldron of boiling water and a movable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable.

The first idea of a steam-engine in England was in the Marquis of Worcester's "History of Inventions," A. D. 1663.

In 1710 Newcomen made the first steam-engine in England.

In 1718 patents were granted to Savery for the first application of the steam-engine.

In 1736 Jonathan Hulls first set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1764 James Watt made the first perfect steam-engine in England.

In 1778 Thomas Paine first proposed this application in America.

In 1781 Marquis Jouffroy constructed one on the Saone.

In 1785 two Americans published a work on it.

In 1789 William Symington made a voyage in one on the Forth and Clyde Canal.

In 1802 this experiment was repeated.

In 1782 Ramsey propelled a boat by steam at New York.

In 1783 John Fitch, of Philadelphia, navigated a boat by a steam-engine on the Delaware.

In 1793 Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1793 Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a locomotive steam-engine to travel on a turnpike road.

The first steam-vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic was the "Savannah," in June, 1819, from Charleston to Liverpool.

WELL, IT'S TIME YOU HAD.

Ursula Wolcott, afterwards the wife of the first Gov. Griswold, was a lady of superior intellect and accomplishments, and perhaps unequalled in the State for sagacity and shrewdness. Notwithstanding the superiority of her endowments and the shining excellence of her character, she remained unmarried until about the age of thirty. Finding it at length indispensably necessary to turn her attention to matrimony, or become in fact, what she already was in name, an old maid, she remarked to her friends that she had come to the conclusion of spending a few weeks at Lyme, for the purpose of courting her cousin Matthew.

On her arrival at Lyme, she found her cousin Matthew, who was also considered an old bachelor, more disposed to devote his attention to his Coke and Littleton, than to his cousin Ursula; but she was determined at all events to bring him to the point. She occasionally would meet him in the hall or on the stairs, and after carelessly passing him turn round and eagerly inquired, "*What's that you said?*" to which he would reply, that he hadn't said anything. After several unsuccessful attempts to make him understand, she met him one day on the stairs, and after making the usual inquiry and receiving the usual answer, she hastily replied, "*Well, I think it's time you had!*" Matthew could not avoid taking the hint, and a short time after, they became one of the most happy and respectable couples in Connecticut.

THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

In religion the Britons were Deists, or disciples of the druids; the Romans introduced the gods of the Grecian Mythology; the Saxons were idolators, and called the days of the week after the objects and gods of their worship. In 597, Pope Gregory sent Augustine to preach Christianity in the South, and Paulinus in the North. It spread till Adelfrid, King of Deiri, or Northumbria, which included *Maxima Cæsariensis*, sustained the Saxon religion, and made conquests on all sides, slaying no less than 1200 monks in a battle near Chester. Being afterwards defeated and succeeded by Edwin, he became a convert to Paulinus; and, after struggles for a century, Christianity prevailed.

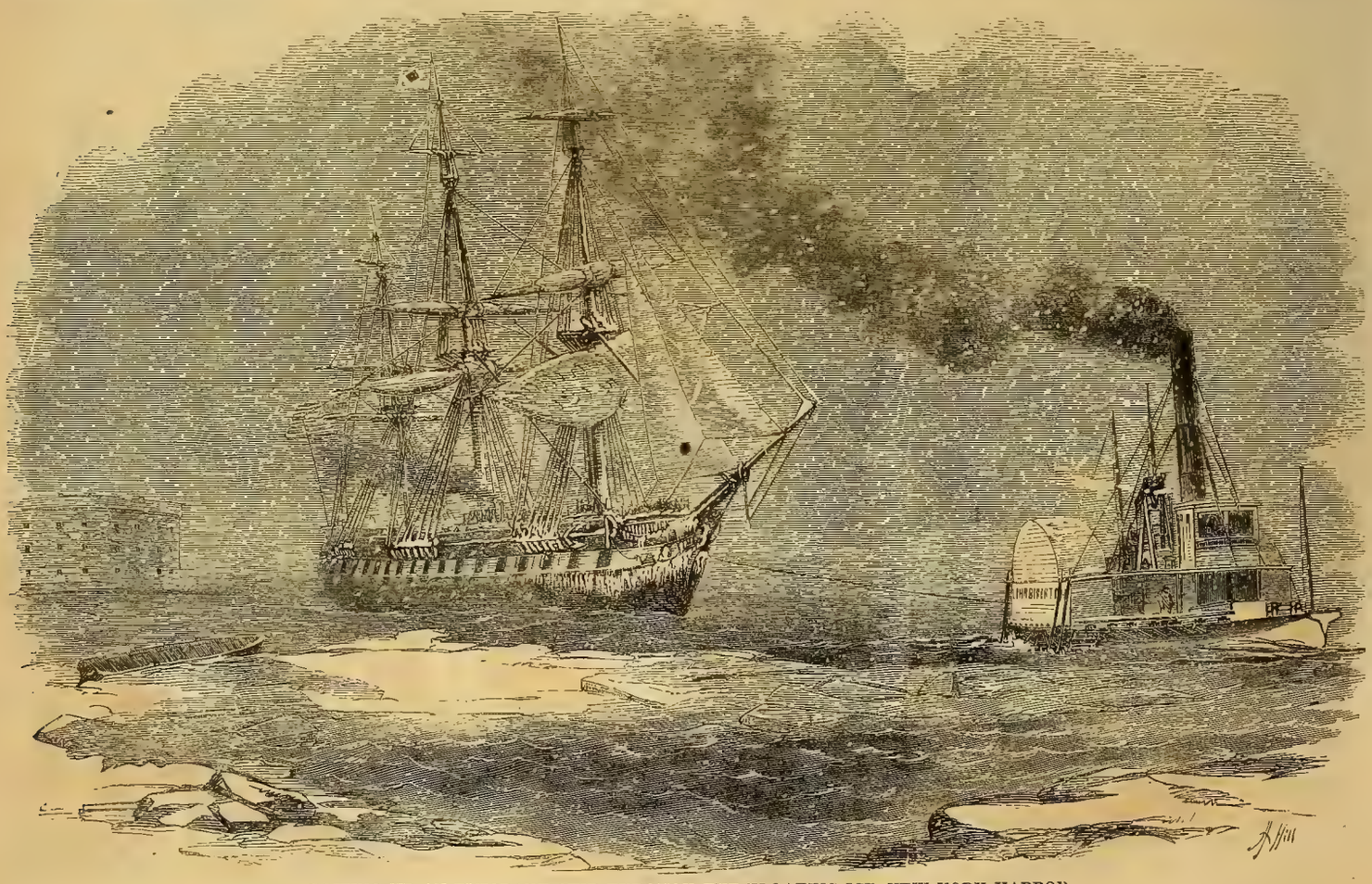
NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL IN THE WEST INDIES.

WEST INDIA FESTIVAL.

The blacks are given to fun, if they do not love work. In the West India Islands they make great things of New Year, and their dances and mirthful manifestations are always worth going miles to witness. The accompanying picture tells its own story. All its points are prominent. The queer dresses, the musical instruments, the exaggerated style of manners, and the indiscriminate fun of the hour call for laughter, which every reader will furnish in spite of the grimmest resolution he may set up to the contrary.

EMIGRANT SHIP AND FLOATING ICE.

Glad enough is the weary emigrant to feast his eyes with the shores for which he has longed, even though they are enveloped in the dismal drapery of Winter. In the picture below is seen an emigrant ship, towing up New York harbor, and at the mouth of Hudson River. The floating ice grates harshly against her sides, while her bows are heavily coated with frozen spray. The Castle stands to the left. The new comer must experience a down-hearted sensation at beholding America under such gloomy auspices.



TOWING UP AN EMIGRANT SHIP THROUGH THE FLOATING ICE, NEW YORK HARBOR.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

Vol. II.—No. 3. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860. Price Four Cents.

SKATING ON JAMAICA POND.

We believe that the ladies' skating fever in Americafirst broke out in this vicinity. Until recently there had been no out-of-door winter sports and exercises for the gentler sex, custom and propriety requiring them to remain close within doors, or, if venturing out, then merely to make and return formal calls, in carriages, and almost universally in enticing weather. But now how changed! Since new ideas respecting physical health and beauty for woman have begun to take root and spread, it seems as if all the avenues to ruddy and invigorating pleasure had been suddenly thrown open to her. Now she swims, she skates, she rides on horseback, and she even rows boats in the ponds and rivers. Fragility and pallor are no longer essentials for beauty, but a little stoutness of figure, good development, a clear eye and a ruddy complexion, are coming to be thought more of than anything else. It is a good symptom, and of good promise for the generations that are to follow after our own. The newly-introduced fashion among American ladies of gliding swiftly over the frozen surface of a pond upon skates, can nowhere be seen to such advantage as in the vicinity of Boston. Jamaica Pond—a famed spot at other seasons of the year—has become hardly less so at this. On clear afternoons, when the condition of the icy flooring permits, the surface of the pond is covered with restless skaters, both male and female, and the picture below furnishes a very graphic illustration of the same. Some of the ladies present are indeed fine skaters. A Boston girl has recently been challenged to a skating-match by a New York belle, and has promptly accepted the challenge. We do not think that better skaters are to be found anywhere among the ladies of the country than may be seen, any afternoon at this season, on Jamaica Pond. The intense cold of a few weeks back served to freeze up all the bays, ponds and estuaries as tight as drums; there seemed to be no other amusement at hand for our belles and young people, sleighing being quite out of the question—except, as a cotemporary says, "in the horse cars"—and resort to the skates and skating was a matter of course. So there has been a lively time of it. Not the young only, but their elders have freely engaged in this most healthy sport. The ponds have seemed to monopolize all the gaiety. Drawing-rooms are put quite out of countenance; and, as a consequence, we meet with many more fresh and healthy faces on the street, and see figures that really put us in mind again of the long-banished graces. In the striking picture below, the wooded point visible in the foreground is Pine Bank—a most charming spot, whether in summer or winter. There are several specimens of very dexterous skaters, of both sexes, to be seen in the general mixing up of them, and it is quite apparent with what admiration the spectators *without* irons contemplate their many graceful gyrations. Fleet and beautiful as a deer is a lady on skates; and, if graceful and self-possessed in her motions, almost as attractive and worshipful a sight as when on horseback, beneath the tantalizing shadow of a sweeping dark plume. The Dutch ladies are natural skaters, and then we do not see why the American ladies may not as safely be accounted so, too. If an Amsterdam belle is so sure to captivate the eyes of the other sex with her grace on steel runners, it would be a thousand pities if one of our own matchless belles fell behind in comparison.

SKATERS ON JAMAICA POND, NEAR BOSTON

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

WOMAN'S EYES.

BY JOHN H. BAILEY.

I own I love the beautiful
In every thing I see,
From all that's great and wonderful
To tender infancy.

Far, far above all other sights
I've seen below the skies,
There's none that me so much delights
As lovely woman's eyes.

And when with these I find a heart
That's good and kind and true,
A mind without deceit and art,
And cultivated too,

Then doth my cup with joy o'erflow,
My soul with rapture fills,
I fancy heaven's begun below,
Despite all human ills.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

SNOW-FEATHER;

OR,

THE HERMIT OF CHICAGO.

BY MISS MARY W. JANVRIN.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

CLAUDINE'S CONFESSION.

When she had wept herself calm, Claudine looked up to meet a tender, pitying gaze resting upon her.

"Why is this? Why do you thus distress yourself?" asked the Hermit, in a kind, sympathizing tone, bending over the couch. Looking upon her thin, emaciated figure, in that hour, how gladly, had it been in his power, would he have held the cup of health to her lips.

At that moment the nurse, old Elsy Clay, who had been procured from the town to attend to the sick woman's wants, entered the apartment from the kitchen, without where she had been preparing a nourishing drink for the invalid. Quaffing the draught, Claudine motioned her from the chamber; then, turning to the Hermit, said:

"The Indian girl, Owenee, has been singing a plaintive air which unnerved me. Do not let her come again. But, Henri, do you know that for a long time I have been wishing to speak to you of the past?" and she shaded her eyes with her hands.

"Is it not better to bury that in its grave, and never evoke it again?" he asked, with a pained air.

"It might be—yet surely, you will listen, and I shall then die happier, for, Henri, I know now that ere long my feet will enter a new path. Do not look so sadly upon me, for *this* will bring me peace," and she drew her Catholic Bible from the pillows of her couch. "The Mary Mother will receive her poor, erring wanderer to her bosom, and when the summons comes I shall not fear to go. And you will let me speak now of my past, Henri—of my fatal mistake when I threw away your true, honest love. Ah, how soon I awoke from the dream I had woven about me! Henri, in this hour you will believe my words honest ones—there is no blinding veil before my eyes *now* as in that hour when I broke my plighted faith and fled with *him*," and the sobs which rent her frame attested to the truth of her confession.

"When I first betrothed myself to Henri Le Clare, my dear adopted brother and my father's ward," she went on, when calmer, "I was very, very happy. It is useless here to linger over those days—you know all, Henri—our love and happiness. And to know that, but for my mad ambition, which first prompted my listening to the vows of a gay nobleman, I might this day be filling the station of your honored, happy wife. Ah, Henri, *that* is the thought which rends my heart," and she wept unrestrainedly.

"Claudine, spare yourself the recital!" The Hermit's voice was calm, but his lips worked convulsively and deepest agitation marked his features.

"Nay, Henri, let me relate all! I would not spare myself," urged the sick woman, with energy. "I listened, I forgot my vows—alas, I left my home, my faithful lover, my kind father, the pleasant old chateau, where we had passed all our happy years, to follow the fortunes of this fascinating man. In a secluded way-side church, at midnight, we stood before the altar and were wedded—yes, Henri, we were wedded—then journeyed rapidly on to the great city. For a time all was gay and bright in the whirl of Parisian life, and I fancied myself happy; then came the terrible ennui, the sickness of the soul, which all the pageantries and shows of *la belle* city could not cure. But all this time he was kind, and carried me hither and thither, to rout, and theatre, and *le bal masque*, to make me forget. But all those weary months I had never dared once ask about you, or *mon pere*, or the old home. I drove everything from my mind save the whirl of giddy pleasure. Then my mood changed. I grew to regard him with dislike as great as had been the fascination with which I had loved him. I hated him as an enemy—a serpent who had crept into my Eden, and put poisonous fruit to my lips. This, I think he saw, for he grew cold and careless. We lived much apart—there were days when we did not meet. This lasted many weeks. Then I went to him, and bade him let me go from him. I would enter some refuge for the world-weary and unhappy—in the convent cell I would lead a quiet life, and offer expiation to the Mary Mother. Then came a terrible blow. 'Go,' he said, with bitter scorn. 'When those who contract a *laisson* grow weary of each other they part. Go! ours was but a mock marriage—I will give you gold, and our fates shall be severed.' This was terrible. Henri, I believe in my heart he coined a lie and met me with it, but I had no strength to refute it. I only wanted to get far from him. I went out from his presence. But a new resolve awoke in my heart. First of all, before I sought the convent shelter, would I kneel before those I had wronged and ask forgiveness, then in my solitude would I do penance for my sin. I sought our olden home. The chateau was desolate. In disguise, from a poor peasant I learned the story of your long-gone flight, none knew whither—then listened to the tale of my father's sale of his ancestral home, to seek peace and forgetfulness beyond the sea in the Western World. O, Jesu Maria, that was a sad blow! But my determination was unchanged. I would search the world through, that I might find you. I had my jewels—the sale of these would defray the needs of my journey. There was one faithful friend on the old place, the lad Jacques, who loved me because I had been kind to his dead mother. I revealed myself to him, and he kissed the crucifix and swore to follow me. We took passage from Marseilles and crossed the ocean. Since that day have I been roaming in quest of you. And thus I wandered on, now tarrying weeks in some great city, now journeying to and fro. Where *mon pere* has made his home I know not; none knew there at the old place, save that he had left the clime where his child had cast disgrace on his honored name—for *helas*, Henri, the wicked man who fascinated me had never told any other than the credulous Claudine that she was his wife. But, Henri, I believe that his name is legally mine—yet *helas*, trusting and confiding then, I have forgotten the name of the priest who said the rite in that little way-side chapel, and I am forsaken now. Ah! you cannot believe me all bad, Henri?" and she caught his hands with imploring gaze.

"Claudine, I believe you are the victim of wrong," was his reply.

"And you do not, you will not regard me as an unforgiven intruder here?" she asked, the tears dropping on the hands she held. "At last—the Virgin be praised—I was guided to you; and now, Henri, erring though I have been, cannot my sufferings atone? Let your lips speak my pardon, Henri!"

"The Virgin knows that though the meeting at first was painful, I can say truly now I am glad you came hither. Let all the past be forgiven and forgotten."

These words seemed to cast an inexpressible amount of happiness into Claudine's soul. She kissed his hands rapturously; she uttered ejaculations of thanks to Jesus in heaven. "O, if *mon pere*, my father, could bless and forgive me ere I die!" she breathed earnestly.

"Would, indeed, he might look upon his daughter," exclaimed the Hermit. "But I am ignorant as yourself of his present home; for, in my first anguish of disappointment, I left behind me all associations of the country where I had experienced such overwhelming sorrow. But let us talk no more at this time, Claudine—try and sleep now." And he folded the shawl over her, and stooping, pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

It was the first kiss he had imprinted there since she came to him. It brought the tears into her eyes. It was the seal of peace between them. Her eyelids drooped over sweet tears, she turned her face to the wall, and, clasping his hand, fell into a soft slumber.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WOOING.

When the Ottawa girl left the cabin she went musingly down toward the landing where her birchen canoe lay moored in a small inlet. As she was about unloosing it a sudden step among the bushes close by caused her to turn, and a vivid red broke up through her dusky cheek as she perceived Jacques, the French lad, advancing to meet her.

Quite a friendship had sprung up between the youth and the dusky daughter of the forest since his sojourn on the island, and many an hour, while she sat at the door of her wigwam in the wood some two miles distant, weaving baskets from the strips of the silver ash her brother procured her, had he paused beside her to relate some tale of his distant country beyond the big water, and note the varying expressions of interest which played over her beautiful face. And at length, this friendship had deepened into more than common admiration on his part, though as yet the maiden knew not of its existence. And, mayhap, some sentiment of the same nature had been awakened in the heart of the simple forest girl, prompting those feelings of loneliness she had just expressed in her conversation with Claudine in the cabin; at least, by the tell-tale flush which reddened her cheek on his approach, the lad found courage to put into execution his newly-formed resolve as he watched her leaving the cabin. What more fitting method to betray his sentiments, he had thought, than in bestowing upon her those gay gifts that usually please her race? And so, urging her to tarry a moment, he spread out before her a piece of gay silken stuff and a chain of bead-work which would have excited the envy of any maiden of her tribe.

For a moment Owenee's dusky eyes glistened with the true instinct of her race, but looking up to catch the eager expression of admiration with which the youth was regarding her, and reading therein the secret of her sway, quite like any pale-face maiden at her wooing, she tossed her head coquettishly, saying with affected coldness:

"And why does the pale-face show these to the Ottawa girl?"

"Because he would like her to accept and wear them. If you will but deign to take them they are yours, pretty Owenee. I bought them yesterday over at the town for you," said Jacques, gallantly, throwing the chain across her shoulders.

"But he will want a price for them, and the Ottawa girl has not enough wampum to give in pay," she replied, fingering the necklace in a coveting sort of way.

"How stupid! She might understand me if she would," said the lad, mentally, and with a little chagrin, for his spruce figure and jaunty air had never hitherto failed to make impression on maiden's heart. But he boldly summoned courage for the declaration.

"Pretty flower of the Ottawas, the price I want is *this*," and he suddenly seized her plump, brown hand, and raised it to his lips.

A vivid scarlet overspread the girl's dusky face, then died away, leaving her pale as many an English-born maiden. It was the blush of love. But, with the true spirit of a woman secure of her power, she was not quite ready to surrender.

"The white brave would not want to build his home in a last year's nest? How knows he but the Indian girl already loves one of her own people?" she asked.

Poor Jacques stood in deepest perplexity. He had not counted on a refusal.

"I had thought you could love me, *ma petite* forest rose. I would take you to my own people, and you should dwell in a better lodge than an Ottawa wigwam. Ah, *ma petite, can* you not love me a little? There is not one of your own tribe cares half so much for Owenee's smile as Jacques," and his mobile French features lighting up eloquently with his passion, he pressed her little hand. "I would not *buy* the Ottawa girl's love with gifts like these," he said proudly, "but let her heart speak in my behalf, and I will abide content," and he looked deep into her eyes.

The Indian girl stood a moment, seemingly revolving his words. It was a pretty picture—her youth, her beauty, and her perplexity. But ah, little Snow-Feather, the lessons of the drawing-room could not have taught thee deeper lore in the art of coquetry than beamed from lip and eye ere you quite decided to bless your lover and——*yourself!*

She paused many moments, as if in thought—bent on him a kindly, but pitying glance, as though about to temper her refusal with compassion—then suddenly, while the blush deepened on her cheek and a saucy gleam danced from under her heavily fringed lids, she said *naively:*

"The Ottawa girl would be sorry did the light of her eyes kindle a fire she could not make burn with her breath. If the pale-face bids the wild bird sing in his nest, she will follow him; if he seeks her for his squaw, she will sit in his lodge, and cook his venison, and sing him songs when he comes home at nightfall. Owenee hath spoken!" and darting away, she sprang into her canoe and bounded over the waters.

Ah, little Owenee, thy heart is no longer the unfilled nest where no bird sits brooding! At least so Jacques, the French lad, thinks, as he follows the graceful bend to the oar-dip, with smiling lip and tender eyes.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TRAPPER AND PAUL DURAND.

Let us now retrograde a little, and look after other characters connected with our tale.

Two days previous to the incidents detailed in our last chapter, the evening closed in with a heavy rain beating against the windows of the little cabin where Paul Durand sat hovering over his scanty kitchen fire. Since Sabrey had been tarrying at the distant settlement, as the invalid gentleman's companion, the old man had been rather lonely; but remembering how amply her services were likely to be remunerated—for landlord Jipson had represented his guest as a very Cræsus in wealth and a miracle of generosity—he had, with true miserly spirit, inwardly gloated over the girl's "luck," as he termed it.

As he sat, hovering over the hearth and warming his wrinkled hands over the feeble blaze, a heavy foot came upon the threshold of the cabin, and the door opened to admit Jacob Burt, who brought with him a cold gust of outer air.

"Ah, good even, neighbor!" exclaimed Paul, laying down his pipe and advancing to meet his guest, who shook the rain from his hat brim. "Jest from the beaver dam? what luck?" and he handed a chair.

"Luck enough!" growled the trapper. "Better be catching beavers and otters than bein' made a fool of by that gal o' yours, Durand. Curses! I don't like the way the wind sets. Here she was, playin' saint and angel before I went away, pretending that when I got back from this trip she'd be ready to marry me; and now, to-night, when I jest called to see her down to Jipson's tavern, she seemed offish-like and don't appear any too willin' to act up to her promise. It's no use, neighbor! The gal's *got* to come to it—ready or no! I'm tired o' wai'ing, and I've taken my last tramp before I'm a married man—that's sartain. And to-morrow you jest go and bring that darter o' yours home, and tell her to make haste for the weddin'. Jake Burt aint the man to be fooled with, and whether he's made a bargain for a wife or a bundle o' beaver skins, he calkalates to stick to it," and he brought down his hand heavily on the deal table.

"Of course the gal's got to come home when you want her," said Durand, in soothing tones. "'Twas some folderol or other about her earnin' her own weddin' gown that sent her over there—a prudent little wife, you see, she'll make you, neighbor. The gal's independent like, and don't want to be beholden to the man she marries for favors beforehand. She wouldn't take a dollar out o' that purse you gave her to buy her finery."

"Independent, hum! there's such a thing as bein' too much o' that," growled the trapper. "She'd no business to be there at all—readin' and tendin', and playin' Sister o' Mercy to a man no older than her future husband. I tell you, Paul Durand, if she aint home here to-morrow night, I'll go and fetch her. Mighty hard if a man that's been two weeks or so in the woods,

can't find his sweetheart ready to welcome him when he gits back agin!"

"Don't worry, Burt. Sabrey shall be home to-morrow night," said Durand.

"Who is that old fellow over there at Jipson's, I should like to know!" muttered Burt. "A fur dealer from Quebec, they say. Jipson says he wants some dealins with me before he leaves the settlement. I've forgotten his name—remember it, Burt?"

"No. I don't know as I heard Sabrey mention it when I carried her over, and I've been so busy here I haven't been over there since she left. I'll find out to-morrow. I only know what Jipson said when the gal wanted to go—'he is rich as a Jew, and don't mind spendin' his money more'n water.' Wish *I* had a little of it, neighbor," and the old man rubbed his wrinkled hands together over the fire.

"As poor as ever, old Paul," hoarsely laughed the trapper. "I've allers heard that the more a man gits the more he wants, and anybody to hear you talk would ra'aly think you the poorest settler in these parts, when they do say you must a' been worth money when you come, and when *I* know—waal, it won't do to tell *all* I know, old friend!"

"Hush!" said the old miser, glancing round with a frightened air. "Walls have ears, they say, you know; and a poor old man might be robbed of the little store he has spent all his life in scrapin' together. Ah, I've been a hard worker in my day, neighbor—toilin' early and late on my little clearin', and savin' up—"

"Yes, no question about the savin' part, Durand," interrupted the trapper, with rough good humor, the cheerful blaze of the fire, which he had replenished with an ample log of hickory, restoring his geniality. "But no matter about this now, seein' I don't ask any of your 'hard earnins' for your daughter's portion. All I want is the gal herself, and be sure you go over to town for her to-morrow. Tell her Jake Burt is ready and waitin'—and he don't believe in long courtships. 'Bout next Tuesday week I'll speak to the parson—s'pose Sabrey'll want the priest—to splice us, and bid the neighbors to a real old-fashioned break-down," and a grim smile of satisfaction sat on his bearded lips. "Must be goin' now, neighbor. Shall be round this way to-morrow, when I'll expect to find 'the rose o' the clearin',' as the youngsters have named her, home agin and ready for her future husband. Wild night out—but reckon this storm won't hold on long, for the wind was gettin' round to the south'ard when I come in," and, lifting the latch, he went out into the night.

And old Paul Durand sat over the fire a few moments after the trapper's departure, then securing the door and fastening anew the windows, lifted the candle and went to the rude, old-fashioned desk in one corner of the kitchen.

For a long time he counted and recounted his cherished hoard—coins which lay snugly tucked away in old leathern pouches, or carefully wrapped in folded papers—a look of intense delight overspreading every feature of his wrinkled, pinched face; then he laid them back again in their repository, and securely relocked the desk.

Presently, raking the ashes over the coals on the hearth, and carefully extinguishing the last spark of the candle wick, the old man sought his pillow, to dream of his hoarded treasure, and the cabin in the clearing was shrouded in darkness.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RECOGNITION.

"MISS SABREY, your father is down stairs waitin' to see you," said the landlord, looking into the chamber where the girl sat reading aloud to the convalescent.

She sprang up, and her cheek grew pale, for Sabrey Durand knew that the time had come when she must be recalled to her cabin home to become Jacob Burt's wife.

"I must go down," she said, in evident agitation and alarm, her whole form trembling as she essayed to walk to the door.

"Cannot the interview with your father take place here?" asked Monsieur de la Rocque, who could not fail to observe her extreme agitation. "Show Mr. Durand up," he said, recalling the landlord. "My child, why do you dread to meet your father?" he asked, in a kind, soothing voice, after Jipson had withdrawn. "Are you in any trouble? You may confide in me," and he smoothed her hair with fatherly kindness of manner.

"I do not wish to return with my father," said Sabrey, with starting tears.

"Is not your home pleasant to you?" he asked.

"It is not *that*. He will force me to marry a man I hate," sobbed poor Sabrey.

"Who is this man?"

"Jacob Burt, the trapper."

"Ah, that rough man I saw from my window yesterday, and with whom I am to have dealings! Were you not summoned down to talk with him then? Why did you not tell me this sooner? But it is not too late. I must see to this, and reason with this cruel parent of yours, for my little nurse has contributed too much to my pleasure during this long illness, for me to depart and leave her unhappy. Be calm, dry your tears, I will talk with your father, my child."

Steps were now heard approaching, and in another moment Paul Durand had entered the room. With a low bow to the gentleman who sat near the window, and a hasty greeting to his daughter, the old man took the seat to which monsieur pointed.

"And so you have come for your daughter, Mr. Durand?" he said, closely scanning the face of the man before him—the pinched features, the thin, compressed lips, on which were plainly stamped the seal of avarice, the overhanging, bushy eyebrows, and small, piercing eyes that glanced furtively around.

There must have been something strangely familiar in the sound of the gentleman's voice, for with its first accent Paul started and changed countenance, fixing his keen gray eyes on his face, while he trembled in extremest agitation; but at length, banishing his embarrassment—for such it evidently was—he collected himself to give an affirmative answer to the question.

"I am sorry to lose my little nurse," said monsieur, "and I hope to be able to change your resolution. Sabrey does not seem to like this man to whom she is promised. Do you not think it wrong to force her inclinations, my friend?"

"Jacob Burt is an honest neighbor, and—"

"And a *rich* man?" interrupted the gentleman.

"Is a poor backwoods settler to blame for wishing his daughter to make the likeliest match in this section?" deprecatingly ventured Durand, still settling uncomfortably in his chair in strange agitation of manner.

"I am sure I am much obliged for your kind wishes, sir; but I reckon Sabrey'd better be thinkin' 'bout the home cabin;" and he rose from his seat in singular haste. "Be ready soon as ye can, child; I've got to go and 'tend to a little bargainin', fust, in the village."

The invalid gentleman did not reply; for, during those last few moments, his eyes had been scanning the old man's face; and this it was that created still further uneasiness on the part of Paul Durand, who now pulled his hat down over his eyes—eyes that glanced furtively from under their bushy brows. It was a way he had of looking at one, as by stealth, and never gazing directly in his face.

But his evident haste to escape from the chamber, his restless air, and the agitation which he betrayed, were not lost upon the fur-trader, who never once removed his eyes from him.

"Stay—don't hasten. Sit down, and let us have a friendly chat. You are from the old country, my good friend, beyond the water—France?" said monsieur.

Had a ball struck through the old man's heart, he could not have turned paler, or staggered more quickly against the wall. He turned an appealing, despairing, hopeless look upon his questioner, put out his hands, as though to ward off a sudden blow, then, rapidly flinging a glance of defiance towards him, he turned, and would have rushed from the room.

But the emotions imprinted by turns upon the old man's face had completed the already partly-made revelation to Monsieur de la Rocque. With the strength of an athletic man, that gentleman started from his chair, gained the door before Durand had time to open it, turned the key in the lock, and confronted him.

It was enough. That gaze was sufficient without the words that followed. *They knew each other!*

"What is it—are you sick?" asked Sabrey, starting up in affright, and gazing from one pale face to another. "Can I do anything?"

"Will you go down and ask the landlord to step up a moment, my child?" said Monsieur de la Rocque, unfastening the door for her to pass out.

Paul Durand watched his movements with a fixed gaze, like one in a dream; and when the girl glided through the open door, he essayed to pass him also.

But the grasp of the hand laid on his shoulder was like iron. He sank down in despair. Then his mood changed; and a sudden fit of trembling passed over him, and shook his frame till his teeth chattered as with intense cold.

"Pierre Duvalle, we know each other, it seems?"

The tones were full of indignant sternness.

"Mercy!" pleaded the old man, wringing his hands. "Let me go, and I will restore all! *Merci!*"

"Hush!" said the gentleman. "Landlord, (as Jipson appeared, in haste) I only called you to say that *Mr. Durand* (and he emphasized the name with a curling lip) will have his horses put up, as he will not return to his cabin to-night. He will remain, my guest, with me in my room."

"Yes, sir," replied Jipson, hastening away, and murmuring his surprise and ejaculations to himself.

"And Sabrey, my child, the roses are getting faded on your cheeks, and you had better tie on your hat and take a pleasant walk into the forest, this sunny morning. Your father and I have turned our old acquaintances, who knew each other in earlier days, in France; and, as you may well suppose, there is much concerning old times to be talked over between us. Go, *ma petite;* who knows but I may even persuade him to release you from this dreaded marriage." And with a strange smile—half sarcasm, half sternness—he turned from the girl, who, with a look of wonder in her eyes, quietly obeyed him, to the trembling old man cowering down in his seat and hiding his face in his shaking hands.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MEETING IN THE FOREST.

SABREY walked slowly and thoughtfully along, quite bewildered, yet pleased by the turn affairs had taken. Revolving these over in her mind, she hardly noticed that she was wandering some distance from the town; nor did she observe this until the sound of crackling twigs indicated an approaching footstep.

Stepping aside, that the comer might pass, she uttered an exclamation of pleasure when Snow-Feather emerged from the woods and bounded forward to greet her. The Indian maiden was just on her way from her visit to the Hermit's Island, where she had, scarce an hour before, replied to the lad Jacques' proffered affection.

"Whither were you going, Snow-Feather—to see me?" asked Sabrey, with animated tone. "It is a long time since I have seen you."

"Ay, the heart of the Ottawa girl has been lonely, and she pined for her white sister," naively replied the maiden, fondly stroking Sabrey's fair hand, which she had taken between her own dusky ones. "It is lonely, too, at the cabin in the clearing, and the wood-paths have lost their sweetest flower. When will my white sister come back to her home in the forest?"

Tears sprang into Sabrey's eyes at these affectionate words. There was some one who loved her still. This faithful regard of her Indian friend was very grateful to her.

"Perhaps I may go home again very soon, Snow-Feather," she replied. "The gentleman has nearly recovered, and will soon leave, I suppose."

"My white sister is tasting sorrow," said the Indian girl, who had been keenly scrutinizing Sabrey's face as they paused under an opening in the wood. "Her cheek is pale, and the rose has died; and her eye is troubled, like the thick waters of the lake when a storm darkens the sky. Will not the white dove lay her burden on Owenee's bosom? She is strong to bear it, and will give her counsel."

It was true that Sabrey's anxiety had left its imprint on her countenance usually so sunny and so serene. But already her kind Indian friend had been made the participant of enough of her sorrows; she would not again make her unhappy.

"It is nothing, Snow-Feather," she said, evasively. "I suppose the confinement to the sick gentleman's room has made me look a little pale; but exercise will bring the roses back again. I came out for fresh air and a long walk this morning. My father is over at the settlement, and maybap I shall return home with him to-night or to-morrow, when he goes. But I have already walked far from the village; let us go back; and, as we walk along, you shall tell me something of yourself—what you have been doing since I saw you last—how many baskets you have woven—how much game your brother has brought home to your lodge—and everything that has passed since we met; for I have heard but little news in the sick chamber, Snow-Feather."

It was a pleasant picture framed there in the forest that sunny October morning—the dense growth of burr oak and maple stretching away into a dim perspective, and the two young maidens, linked arm in arm, advancing slowly along the woodland path lighted in bright patches by the sunbeams stealing down through the rifted tree-branches interlaced overhead.

The Ottawa girl's dress was of the brilliant hues in which maidens of her race love so to array themselves—a bright dyed kirtle, wampum belt, and embroidered moccasins laced over an instep arching and delicate as a Spanish lady's; and, in addition to the basket of moss whose tribute she had borne to the sick chamber of the poor Claudine on the island, she now carried, slung over her shoulder, a string of little baskets woven from the tender white ash, which always accompanied her in her excursions to the settlement, to be exchanged for money or many a little bit of finery to be added to her wardrobe. The snowy tuft of feathers fastened to her ebon braids nodded and vibrated in the light morning breeze; and a spray of scarlet leaves, which she had plucked from some frost-touched shrub skirting the path as she walked along, had been added to her head-dress, the brilliant leaves contrasting vividly with her raven hair.

Sabrey's attire was a dress of neat gray stuff, cut high in the throat, where it was edged by a dainty bit of soft, white lace, and, fitting closely, it revealed the outlines of a slender, yet undulating form, just budding into womanhood. The cross of cornelian hung pendant from the coral chain that circled her white throat: this was her only ornament, if we except the hair, that now, arrayed in long, flossy, golden curls, escaped from under her chip hat, and gave a peculiarly soft and infantile grace to her appearance.

There could have been no more decided contrast between night and morning, as represented by the painter's brush on canvas, than between this dusky Ottawa girl gliding softly through the forest path, and the sweet youthful blonde beside her.

And well might the titles "Rose of the Clearing" and "White Dove of the Forest," which had been bestowed on Sabrey Durand, denote her gentle beauty.

"What have you been doing, Snow-Feather, since I saw you last—braiding these, to sell at the village?" she asked, glancing at the graceful little baskets. "They are very pretty."

"Owenee's fingers have been busy in her own lodge, but her heart has been with her white sister," was the reply.

"Then you have not been abroad much! Haven't you found time to—"

But Sabrey checked herself in her inquiry, a sudden blush mounting to her forehead.

"Ay, the Ottawa girl found time to row her canoe over yonder," replied Snow-Feather, understanding Sabrey's meaning and pointing westward, where lay the lake beyond the forest whose paths they were treading. "She has come thence this morning, ere the sun had journeyed high as now."

"And *she*—how is the sick lady?" ventured Sabrey, after a little silence. "I heard at the village that she was getting strong again. Some women were talking of her as I came along on my walk this morning."

The Indian girl paused, and, stooping in the path, picked up a small, blood-red maple leaf which had just fluttered down from an almost naked bough to her feet. It was singularly beautiful, with glowing tints like flame, and veined and streaked with delicate grace and wonderful mechanism.

Laying it out on the palm of her little dusky hand, where it looked like a tiny oval pool of crimson blood, she said:

"Let my white sister look on this, then yonder," pointing to a withered heap of dead brown leaves lying across the pathway. "To-day, with the fire-spot on her cheeks—to-morrow, dead! The moon of snows will rise above her grave."

As they walked along, a faint sob from Sabrey's tender bosom smote upon the silence.

Was it pity for the poor consumptive lady?—for him across whose heart the black shadows of sorrow were to be flung anew? Both; for the gentle promptings of true womanhood were too strong in the girl's breast to admit of any other feelings, in that hour, than tender sympathy.

"Her white dove's heart is of softer stuff than the Ottawa girl's," said Owenee, breaking the silence. "*Her* tears turn to flint-stone in her breast."

Very mournful was the voice which uttered these words, and it floated out on the still October air like the wail of melancholy music.

"Owenee thinks, sometimes, her heart is a brave's, though her flesh is like a woman's. The Ottawa girl never weeps."

Sabrey did not reply, but walked on, as in a dreamy reverie; and the Indian girl glided silently at her side, her dusky eyes bent on the ground, no word passing her lips.

Each were too busy with their own thoughts to disturb the silence. Birds sang blithely in the tree boughs overhead, seeming to follow their way; squirrels leaped across their path; and a shy little white rabbit ran, frightened, before their feet, then scampered away among the thick undergrowth. The sun flung down beams through openings in the wood that had a fervid summer warmth in them; but neither the companionship of animate nature, nor the beauties of the bland October day, betrayed the two maidens from their own engrossing thoughts.

When they emerged from the forest and came in sight of the settlement, they parted—Sabrey to proceed to the tavern, and the Indian girl taking a path leading to some scattered settlers' huts on the outskirts of the town where she was to offer her baskets for sale.

"Shall you return home to-night?" asked Sabrey, pausing a moment ere she left her.

"The harvest moon will light the Ottawa girl's homeward trail."

"Come over to Jipson's tavern before you go, wont you, Snow-Feather? The gentleman will purchase some baskets of you, I know. I have told him of you, and he would like to see you."

Owenee gave her promise, and struck into her path; while Sabrey, wondering what had passed meantime between her father and Monsieur de la Rocque, returned to the tavern.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAUL DURAND'S REVELATION.

After Sabrey had left the chamber, the French gentleman paused near his companion; and for many minutes no word was spoken between them. Paul Durand sat with his head bowed and his face buried in his hands. The sudden recognition seemed to have stunned him; all his habitual courage appeared to have deserted him, and abject fear to have taken possession of every faculty.

Now that the secret, hoarded so carefully for fifteen years, was discovered, he lost all self-control, and rocked his body to and fro, moaning and sobbing piteously.

"Pierre Duvalle," said the gentleman at length, in stern tones, "you did not count on *this* meeting when, fifteen years ago, you robbed your master of ten thousand francs and fled from his employ. Nor did I ever expect to see you again. The hand of Providence has brought about this event—that I should fall sick at this little settlement—that your daughter should become my nurse—and you and I should meet. Fifteen years, it is true, have left neither of us younger; but they have not so changed you, Pierre Duvalle, but I should have recognized you. You wear another name, it seems, than when you were my old clerk and accountant in Lyons; but that, even, has not saved you. It was the hand of Providence which led me here. For your daughter's sake, I pity you, miserable man!"

The old man rocked to and fro, uttering broken sobs, and ejaculatory calls on the Holy Virgin and all good saints in the calendar for aid.

"*Helas*, monsieur, you will not send me to prison! The money—I will repay it all, every *sou*, every *centime*—only do not send me to the prison!" abjectly pleaded Durand.

"Aha! then you are not so poor as it would seem, Pierre?" said the gentleman, sarcastically. "If I remember the habits of my old accountant, he was never any too liberal of his salary; and I dare say he has a snug fortune tucked away in his cabin."

"O, I am poor—poor as a church mouse, master!" whined the old man. "I am very poor—*un pauvre homme!*"

"How, then, are you going to repay me the stolen ten thousand francs?" coolly answered Monsieur de la Rocque, a curl of contempt playing over his lips, for he knew this man's miserly habits years before. "That is no small sum to raise in this backwoods country to save a man from prison."

At this last word, an expression of abject fear again came over the old man's countenance, and he exclaimed, in terror:

"O, I would borrow it—sell my cabin to obtain it! Jacob Burt is going to marry my daughter—" But here his gray eyes drooped; he trembled unaccountably, while his face grew lividly pale, as with some new agitation, and his voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "But he is a good neighbor—a good friend—and he would surely lend it to me to save me from—from—prison—you know;" and his teeth chattered audibly.

"Nonsense, Pierre Duvalle! You know I do not believe you. I dare say you have double the sum you stole from my employ in good gold hoarded away in your cabin; and the officers I shall send over there will search it out."

"O, *merci! merci!* You would not rob a poor old man of his earnings here in the wilderness?" And the miser flung himself at his old master's feet, embracing his knees.

"Rise!" said Monsieur de la Rocque, in stern and imperative tones. "Let me hear no more of this mummery, or I will summon the officers instantly to lead you to the jail. I want to speak now concerning your daughter. Do you know that I have decided that she is too young, too lovely and too innocent to be bartered away to a rough, unlettered man like him to whom you would force her? Pierre Duvalle, she shall not marry him!"

"But what will become of me? O, *Jesu Maria!* I have promised him; he has already advanced a purse of gold to buy the wedding wardrobe. He is not the man I would like to be mine enemy. O, monsieur, you will ruin us!" ejaculated the old man.

"Ha! *gold* again? So you would not scruple to sell your own child, even? This is worse than robbing your master!" and a dark frown rested on the gentleman's noble features. "Pierre, you are a double-dyed villain!"

"*Merci*, master! Let me pay you back your gold! I will pay it all—every *sou!* Will you go away and leave us? You will ruin us!"

"Pierre, not another word of this. We will settle this affair of Sabrey's, then talk about money matters afterwards; and, look to't, it's your own fault if you go to prison. You must return the purse to that man who would wed an unwilling wife, and blot out that bargain. Can you write? Ah, yes; I remember you were a good penman of old. Here, take this pen, and on this paper inscribe what I direct. What is this man's name? Burt—Jacob Burt? Write:

"'Jacob Burt: My daughter cannot become your wife. I send back to you your purse of gold, and you must never speak to her again on the subject of marriage.'"

"There, sign your name—no, not 'Paul Durand,' but your real name, 'Pierre Duvalle.' I will send for this man to come here, and explain all." And he stood over the trembling old man till he had, with shaking hand, executed his orders.

When the paper was finished, Durand sank back in his chair, groaning aloud. The gentleman folded the note, with an expression of benevolence irradiating his countenance at the satisfaction of having performed a good deed in releasing poor Sabrey from her hateful betrothal.

Full five minutes went by, while the old man rocked and moaned; then he suddenly grew still. Dropping his hands from his face, which, on a sudden, was alit with some new and singular resolve, apparently born of desperation, he suddenly rose from his chair, flung himself at Monsieur de la Rocque's feet, and said in a desperate tone:

"Master, if you will give me up that paper, I will tell you a secret worth more to you than ten thousand francs—more than all your fortune."

"But this paper relates to the happiness of your daughter, and I do not see fit to resign it," was the answer.

"Ah; it is as well, perhaps," murmured the old man. "You will not summon him when you know all; you will destroy it."

"Certainly, if Sabrey's release can be effected by any other method. But your secret, Pierre?" said monsieur, a little impatiently.

"Master, (and Durand's voice grew subdued, and his eye fell) you have not forgotten the little three-year old girl who died there in the old country—Hortense?"

"*Hortense! ma belle—ma petite!*" groaned the gentleman, covering his eyes with his hands. "Touch not *that* wound Pierre!" he cried, in agitation.

"Pardon, my master, but I must speak of those days; and, by this, (kissing the small crucifix he drew from beneath his worn vest) I swear to speak truly.

"Master, I have done you a greater wrong than to steal your gold. I was always wicked, from the time when I first went into your employ—I, the poor accountant, you, the wealthy merchant. I always hated you for your wealth, and coveted it for my own. I said, 'Why was *I* not born the rich man? Why could *I* not leave to my children a great legacy and name?'

"When I saw your beautiful elder daughter growing up, so courted and caressed, I said, bitterly, 'My children, if God sends them, will be forced to toil for their bread; or if, indeed, should their father save them a little fortune from his salary, they can never rise above their scale of humble artisan life.'

"You remember the time when your lady died, and left her baby, Hortense? My Clemence also died in childbirth, leaving me her gift of a baby girl. A wild idea occurred to me: I could exchange these children—they differed but a few hours in age! Could I substitute my own child for yours, no one would know it, and *my* daughter might be brought up to all the indulgencies of a station I had so coveted. The plan burned in my brain like fire; it would not let me rest. One night, when *la bonne* had left your baby's cradle—and I had managed that the *femme* I had hired to bring up mine should be absent—I wrapped my baby in her blanket, and, stealing softly in at the window of the room where yours lay, placed mine in her stead, then snatched yours in my arms and crept away. The plan was fulfilled. If your nurse ever noted the difference in the children's apparel, she kept her own secret. The penalty for her neglect, which would have visited her had she betrayed it, shut her tongue against the revelation. Everything passed on as before. I knew this would be so."

The French gentleman sat gazing wildly into the speaker's face. He uttered no word of interruption; his tongue seemed paralyzed with astonishment. Paul Durand went on rapidly, as though to lighten his conscience by his confession:

"Months passed in security. Daily, when I went on my homeward way past your mansion, I saw my child in the nurse's arms at the window or in the garden, clothed in richest embroideries, growing up beautiful, petted, and in the station I had so desired. I exulted in the thought. I treated yours kindly, for her winning ways grew upon me; but all my pride was secretly in the child the world called yours. I gloated over her at my desk, at my toils.

"But, *Jesu Maria!* three years went by—then, God avenged me! Hortense sickened and died. That was terrible! I dared not reveal. Nobody pitied me; they only said, 'How monsieur suffers! He is to be pited!' *Helas!* who pitied me?

"Then despair seized me. I grew moody—silent; I had nobody to live for now. My old love of money came back. A wicked thought came to me. You had sent me to the bank with *le cheque* for ten thousand francs. I said, 'It is my master's child I am supporting; it is but right I should take some of his wealth.' I fled with the gold over the seas to America. This is all. You have found me here; you have seen Sabrey. Master, you will not send me to the prison, now I have restored you your daughter!" And the old man again embraced his knees, that old expression of abject fear resting on every feature of his pinched, pale face.

Monsieur de la Rocque rose from his seat, lifted the terror-stricken man, and said in a thick voice, the tears coursing down his cheeks:

"The Virgin cease to intercede for me, if I could do harm to the man who has brought something for my lonely heart to love! Mary, mother of Jesus, this is wonderful! My child is risen as from the dead! Pierre, you are free to go where you list. Do you want *gold?*" and, going to a travelling-sack, he unlocked it, and took thence a heavily-filled purse. "Take this, and leave me now. This is so strange, I must think before *she* comes;" and putting his hand on his forehead, he crossed the apartment.

Eagerly clutching the purse, the old look of avarice again settling over his features and its cold gleam glittering in his eyes, the miser crept away.

"More'n enough to pay Burt back—more'n enough!" he muttered, as, a few minutes afterwards, he rode away from the landlord's curious gaze. "And better for Sabrey, too, after all, than to be his wife. What could you have done better, old Paul? *Jesu Maria!* but this is heavy. A good day's work—a good day's work—eh, old Paul!" and chuckling over his new gains, he rode onward. "More'n enough to pay Burt;" and he eyed it greedily.

"Sabrey, my own daughter! Blessed be God! Somebody to live for—somebody to love! Mary, mother of Jesus, I bless thee for this day!" and Monsieur de la Rocque kissed the crucifix fervently.

When Sabrey entered from her walk in the forest, she found him on his knees.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

HOW MIKE GOT EVEN WITH THE MILLER.

"Old Squire M———," now dead, lived some few years since in one of the numerous pleasant villages of the "land of steady habits," and had in his employ one of the most complete specimens of an Irishman ever produced by the "jim o' the say." At the same time one Deacon Tinker held the post of town miller, and the grist for miles around all came to his mill, the deacon taking his toll out of every bag of meal in payment for the grinding, as is the New England custom, but to which our "broth of a boy," Mike, was an entire stranger.

One day the old squire sent Mike with a horse and wagon to the mill, to bring home some grain which had been sent to the deacon to grind. Mike performed his task with tolerable dispatch; but when he got back an air of mystery, not unmixed with satisfaction, hung around him, and he evidently had something on his mind. Noticing his manner, the squire began to question him, whereupon, after some show of reluctance, Mike "propels" in "the manner following, that is to say:"

"Well, thin, squire, what sort av a man is that Daycon Tinker, at all, at all?"

"Why, Mike, he's a most excellent, worthy man in every way; as honest a man as there is in the country. Why do you ask?"

"Well, thin, it's the quare kind av an honest man he is entirely," said Mike. "So, here's how it was. I dhruv up, an' I hitchit the horse, an' I wint into the mill, an' I axed him which was the squire's mule? an' shure he pinted it out wid de finger av him, an' sez he to me, sez he, go out, Mickey, boy, an' let doon the tail-piece to the wagin, sez he, an' I'll be afther helpin' ye wid de bags, sez he. Many thanks, Mister Tinker, sez I to him; and wid that, throth, I wint out as he bid me, an' be-gorrah! jist as I was afther lettin' doon the tail-piece I look't over my shoulder, an' bedad av I didn't mind the ould spelpeen gon' all the bags an' takin' three quarts av male out av ivry blessed wan av them, an' puttin' it in a bag av his own that stud furninst him in the corner. Ho, ho! is it there ye are, ye are, ye ould thafe o' the world! sez I to meself; I'll be aven wid ye, sez I. An' wid that I went back, sez I to him, don't be afther throublin' yourself fur the likes av me, sez I; shure it's not weighty they are at all, at all—more's the pity! sez I. I'll pit 'em in meself an' ye'll be wantin' to mind the mill, sez I. Well, with that he jist turned round and up stairs agin to the chamber above, an' wid that I jest wint to his thavin' ould bag in the corner beyant, an' *it's six quarts apace I put back agin for ivry three the ould villain tuck out!* Ho, ho, thin' it's aven wid ye, I am, now thin, sez I, an' that's how it was. Throth, it's the quare soort av an honest man is that Daycon Tinker, intirely!"

The story was too good to keep and Mike was the village lion for some time to come.

HOME.

It is when the influences at home are pure and good, that they are sublime and holy; but when they are impure and vicious, how wretched and fearful must be the result! The heart carries out into the world fond recollections of kind monitions, encircled with the glorious halo of a father and mother's love, has an inward fountain of happiness, as pure and generous as the gushing tide from Horeb to the famished children. It was this that gave the inspiration to the author of "Home, Sweet Home," to indite those lines so dear to the weary children of toil in this busy work day world, although he was a wanderer upon the broad face of the earth, without a spot which he could dedicate as the sanctuary of the heart, "Home, Sweet Home."

"'Tis home where'er the heart is,
Where'er its living treasures dwell,
In cabin or in princely hall,
In forest haunt or hermit cell.

"The heart gives life its beauty,
Its warmth, its radiance and its power;
'Tis sunlight to the rippling stream,
And soft dew to the drooping flower."

How careful, then, should we be with our Home-Ties—not rudely break those golden cords that bind other hearts to our own.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

A RETROSPECT.

BY U. T. HOLMES.

Dashing, moaning round our dwelling
Comes the wintry blast;
And its sighs, so loudly swelling,
Revocate the past.

By the firelight I sit musing
Of the long-ago,
When, with hope my heart infusing,
Care I did not know.

When, without a thought of sadness,
I, a careless child,
Sported in my infant gladness,
Frolicsome and wild.

Thinking not upon the morrow—
Soon, alas! I learned
I must drain the cup of sorrow
And be shunned and spurned!

Thoughts are rising like a mountain,—
Thoughts too deep for tears;
But they seem to ope the fountain
Sealed for many years.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE FAMILY FEUD.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

JOHN HOLBROOK and Ephraim Brown were near neighbors, and for ten years had been close friends. Scarcely a day passed that one or more members of each family did not "run in" to the house of the other. But this interchange of neighborly courtesies was destined to be interrupted. A little difference of opinion sprung up one night in conversation between the heads of the two households, both became excited, and the upshot of it was that the two separated with looks of defiance and feelings of hatred.

From this cause arose the family feud. Henceforth no member of either household passed the threshold of the other. The young Holbrooks were informed that if they entered the next house they would be visited with condign punishment, and this being heard of by the Browns, they at once issued a proclamation to their children. It could hardly be said that either party was the happier for this cessation of intercourse. On the contrary much of the past light-hearted cheerfulness was lost.

John Holbrook used to sit in the chimney corner yawning, after he had finished the perusal of the evening papers, and feeling that heaviest of all burdens—the burden of time which he didn't know how to employ. The evening is peculiarly adapted to pleasant social intercourse, and before this dispute he would have told his wife to put on her things and go over to "Brown's." But that time had passed.

"I wouldn't go into the house of a man that has insulted me," he would say bitterly to his wife. "If we are ever to be friends again, Brown must make the first advances."

He wished in his heart that Brown would do so, for there was no other family in which he cared to stand in the same intimate relations. His neighbor's feelings were pretty much the same. Now that the warm impulse which led to their discussion had passed, he felt that after all it was of very little importance compared with the good-will of his neighbor. But the bitter words had been spoken. He remembered them, and with those in his memory he could not be expected to offer his hand in friendship, not knowing how it would be received. If Holbrook would make the first advance, he would gladly meet him half-way; "but as for going down on my knees to him," he said, decidedly, "I wont do it for any man. If he's waiting for that, he may wait to all eternity. He'll find that Ephraim Brown has got some pride of his own as well as himself. I aint going to be trampled under foot by nobody."

The existence of the feud manifested itself in many ways. When it commenced they occupied contiguous pews in church. After service they had been accustomed to indulge in friendly recognitions, and and this nearness was a source of pleasure to each. Now it was quite different. In fact it proved so disagreeable that John Holbrook called one Monday forenoon on Manasseh Raymond, who occupied a pew at the other side of the house which would be generally considered less advantageous, and offered to exchange even. Raymond though surprised at this offer, not knowing the motive which actuated John Holbrook, was very glad to take up with his offer, and consequently the next Sunday found the Holbrooks sitting in their new pew. Meanwhile, by a curious chance, Ephraim Brown, to whom also the contiguity had proved disagreeable, had also determined, not having heard of his neighbor's move, on a similar change. The pew he had fixed upon was the one *directly in front* of Manasseh Raymond's. Brown waited upon the owner, a man named Hunt, and prepared to exchange.

"Exchange, on what terms?" demanded Hunt.

"Even," was the reply.

"I'll do it," was the prompt reply, "and I'm ready to draw up the papers at once."

After this transfer was made, Hunt remarked, "I believe, neighbor Brown, I've made the best of the bargain. I can't see for my part what could have induced you to make me such an offer. Your pew being on the middle aisle is a more valuable one than mine."

"I know it," said Brown.

"And yet you proposed to exchange," said the other, surprised.

"I had my reasons," said Brown, in a manner which did not encourage further inquiry.

This double exchange took place the same week, and it so happened that neither party heard of the other. They congratulated themselves on the change they had made, and with considerable satisfaction anticipated their opponent's chagrin and surprise.

The next Sunday the Holbrooks went early to meeting, and took their places in their new pew. They had hardly had time to seat themselves when the Browns appeared and ranged themselves in the pew directly in front.

John Holbrook's face flushed, and the hymn-book was held in a tremulous grasp. His first thought was, that the Browns had taken the front pew to spite him, but a little consideration convinced him that he had been actuated by a feeling akin to his own. Of course the story leaked out, and both parties felt that they had made themselves ridiculous, a feeling which was not adapted to soften their mutual resentment.

Now a not inconsiderable share of the conversation in the two households consisted in criticism of their neighbors.

"Did you notice how dowdy Mrs. Brown looked to day?" asked Mrs. Holbrook, over a Sunday dinner. "Her dress was in the very worst taste. Strange that people can't see themselves as others see them."

"Holbrook made a speech at the district meeting last night," said Mr. Brown, the same morning. "It's a pity he attempts to speak. He always makes himself ridiculous."

This was unjust. The speech was not a brilliant one, but it was straightforward and to the point—a thing which cannot always be said of more ambitious attempts often-times. The course which Mr. Holbrook had advocated would, if proposed by anybody else, have obtained the support, as it secretly met the approbation, of his neighbor. But of course there was only one thing to do under the circumstances—to vote against it. This he did as prominently as he could, and his neighbor did not fail to remark it.

So things continued for a year, in the course of which neither party showed any sign of relenting. At this time, however, an incident happened which re-established the long interrupted harmony.

Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook had gone out to spend the afternoon at the house of a relative, leaving the three children at home.

One of these was an infant, who, with a girl to attend it, occupied a room in the second story. The others were a girl and a boy, respectively six and eight years of age. These were left to their own devices in the lower part of the house. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that they should have got into mischief.

They secured a package of matches, and amused themselves with lighting one and another, watching with interest the curling flame. Finally they lit a whole card at once, and having extinguished it as they thought, threw it aside and went out to play.

But the matches, as mischance would have it, dropped on a small pile of shavings, and the children had hardly been out of the house five minutes before they were in a flame. The house was a wooden one, and the flame speedily caught the sides of the house. Not long afterwards Hannah, the girl in attendance on the child in the room above, had occasion to come down stairs, and found to her great consternation that the house was on fire. It was already too far advanced for her to quench it unaided, even if she had retained sufficient self-possession for that. But such was not the case. She quite lost the possession of her faculties, and without thinking of the child ran screaming "Fire" to the village half a mile distant.

Of course no time was lost in getting out and manning the fire-engine, which at once proceeded to the scene of the conflagration.

In the country a fire is a great event, and for the time every one suspends his employment, and hastens to contribute what help he can.

Mr. Brown was a prominent member of the fire company, and as such was promptly on the ground. His own feelings of friendship all came back when he saw the misfortunes which had befallen his neighbor, and he could not have labored more assiduously in his own behalf than he now did for him towards whom half an hour since he had felt little kindness.

By the time the engine reached the ground, on account of the delay occasioned by Hannah's journey to the village, the fire had made great headway. The house was one sheet of flame.

At this moment John Holbrook and his wife came on the ground. Of course their first thought was, not for the property that was so rapidly being destroyed, but for their children.

The two oldest were standing at a little distance crying bitterly, partly in awe at the fierce fury of the flames, partly from the thought that they should be without a home.

Their mother looked at them and thanked Heaven that they were safe.

Her next thought was for the babe.

"Hannah has taken it out," said some one.

But no! There stood Hannah in open-mouthed astonishment gazing at the pile, and now and then venting exclamations of sorrow at the loss of a certain silk dress—the pride of her heart—which was hanging up in her chamber in the upper part of the building.

"Where is the baby?" screamed Mrs. Holbrook, with agonizing apprehension.

"O lor, Mrs. Holbrook, he's up in his cradle. I never thought of him," confessed the conscience-stricken handmaid.

"My baby! My baby! Save my baby," entreated Mrs. Holbrook, wildly.

The firemen looked at the building and at each other—whoever should undertake the deliverance of the child would incur a fearful risk. The fire, assisted by the wind, raged fearfully.

"Will no one go?" asked the agonized mother. "Then I must."

But a strong arm drew her back, and a frank, hearty voice said: "Mrs. Holbrook, if it is possible to save the child, I will do it."

It was the voice of Ephraim Brown, with whom she and her family had been at feud for the last twelve months.

The intrepid man seized a ladder and placed it against the side of the house. The front was a complete sheet of flame, but at the side the fire was less active. Still it was a very dangerous undertaking. Every instant it was likely that the front would fall in, and the blazing rafters would be scattered about. But Ephraim Brown did not stop to think of this. He only thought of the mother's grief, and ascended the ladder on a run.

It was fortunate for his purpose that the cradle was standing close by the window.

When he came in sight of it a brand had just fallen into the cradle, and the clothes had caught fire. The baby, terrified at the blaze, was crying. He snatched it with one hand, and with the other steadied himself while accomplishing the descent. He was just in time!

As he stepped upon the ground, a beam came crashing down from above, which hurled the ladder to the ground.

His progress had been watched with the greatest excitement and interest by the crowd, and particularly by the mother who stood with hands clasped.

"God bless you!" she exclaimed with streaming eyes.

The next moment John Holbrook seized Brown with both hands.

"Old friend," said he, "you have acted nobly. You must forget and forgive my unworthy conduct. Henceforth let us be as brothers."

"With all my heart!" said Ephraim Brown, cordially. "I too have been wrong and foolish, but all is right now."

And that was the last of the family feud! Henceforth no families were more closely united than the Holbrooks and Browns.

A SONG.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

The maiden, in doubt,
Said to Love, with a pout,
"I shall weigh you with Wealth ere I take you!"
"Ah!" said Cupid, "take care!
Little Beauty, beware!
Lest Love should for ever forsake you!"

She tossed back her curls,
Braided lightly with pearls,—
"So saucy, young sir! I defy you!"
Then in one scale she rolled
Half a million of gold,
"Come hither, you rogue! let me try you!"

Love sighed and Love smiled,
Love's a very queer child;
"Come, come now! Jump in!" said the maid;
But she coaxed him in vain;
For he flew from her chain,
Singing—"Love will not stay to be weighed!"

Then since my heart's offer,
With Wealth's shining coffer,
You balance,—remember, fair maid!
It were idle,—'twere naught,
It was not worth a thought,
The love, that would stay to be weighed!

YANKEE STRATAGEM.

During the war a large body of privateers were manned and sent out by different individuals, and all met with more or less success. One of the most successful, was named the Hancock, a small privateer belonging to Philadelphia. During one of her cruises, the Hancock, being at the time poorly manned, having only about twenty men on board, met with a large ship, (carrying fourteen guns, the same number as the H.,) having on board seven hundred hhds. of sugar, and two hundred do. of rum, besides other valuable articles. The captain of the H. was sorely puzzled how to proceed, as he was certain the ship was more than a match for him in his present condition—his disposition blended all of the requisite desideratum in a commander, in perfect harmony one with the other. His resolves were soon taken—the command was given, and instantly obeyed—the union flag of Britain was hoisted to the mast-head—the object was attained—the officers of the ship were thrown off their guard—they were delighted to meet a friend in one they had suspected of being an enemy. Capt. C., of the H., was invited to partake of breakfast on board the ship Cora, (the name of the vessel). Capt. C. replied that his hands were so few and sick, that he had not enough to man his boat and work the vessel, but that he would be pleased to have his friend dine with him on board the H. In the intermediate time all the preparations for decoying the unwary Britains were completed. At the hour appointed, the Cora's boats were manned by about twenty men—on reaching the H. they were all requested to enter the cabin of the captain—again the order was given and obeyed—the hatches were closed, and the men made prisoners. The H. commenced a heavy cannonade against her enemy—the fire was returned for a few minutes, when the English flag at the Cora's peak was lowered, and she surrendered to the subtle power of the pleasant commander of the H. The Cora shortly afterward entered the port of Portsmouth, under the command of the prize master of the H. Thus was a large ship of 14 guns and 50 men captured by a small vessel of the same number of guns, and only 20 men. The officers and men of the H. were well recompensed for their successful effort in capturing this vessel—each individual securing to himself a snug little sum of prize money.

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VIOLA.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Her merry, gushing tones awoke
A spell that bound me long,
When first her voice, so bird-like, broke
Upon my ear in song.
'Twas morn within a lovely dell,
Where oft my footsteps strayed,
I waited there to bid farewell
To Viola the village belle,—
A beauteous little maid.

I saw her first beside a stream
That murmured through the wood;
Alas! 'twere hard for me to deem
My glance as understood.
We met; we spoke; for many days
I sought the spot in vain;
And wandered there with anxious gaze,
Nor listened to the songsters' lays,
Till she came back again.

One eve I heard her gentle voice,
In accents low and sweet;
I bade my trembling heart rejoice,
And entered the retreat.
My tongue refused to utter then
The language it would speak;
She gaily laughed and fled the glen,
And never had I dared since then,
Her presence more to seek.

But love uneasy dwells within,
Unless its fate be known;
And true affection free of sin,
My heart had deeply sown!
At last the firm resolve I made,
To meet her glance once more;
I sadly sought the sylvan shade,
Where the unresting fountain played,
And low winds whispered o'er.

An hour passed, the maiden came,
More lovely than before;
I strove to boldly speak her name,
But stammered all the more!
And what I said I hardly know,
Nor what was slyly done;
But hastily she did *not go*;—
And now *for once*, kind reader, know,
"Faint heart a maiden won!"

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

FLORIBEL;

OR,

THE SEA-FLOWER OF THE CAPE.

BY LIEUT. CHARLES T. MORGAN, U. S. N.

EARLY one morning in the middle of September, 1816, a large barque lay becalmed, about fifty miles S. S. E. of Cape Cod. She was called the Malaga, and was last from Genoa, bound to Boston. Beside her officers and crew, she had on board three passengers, consisting of a middle-aged gentleman and lady, and a lovely girl, then about twenty years of age, their only daughter. It was for the purpose of improving the health of their beloved and delicate Floribel, that Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore had, about a year previous to the time just spoken of, taken her to Italy, from whence they were now on their homeward passage to New York.

On account of head-winds and other impediments naturally peculiar to the sea, the Malaga's passage had thus far been unusually long and tedious; but the arduous duties of the seamen had been greatly lightened by the assiduous attention bestowed by Floribel Dinsmore upon their comfort and general convenience. In illustration of this, Larry Marline, a jolly and good humored son of the Emerald Isle, said to one of his shipmates as he came out of the cabin on the morning our story commences, with a small parcel rolled up in his hand—

"By the howly powher, Harry jist be afther looken at these now."

"Look'n at what now?" inquired Harry, who was seated near the booby-hatch, busily employed in "pointing" the end of a cable.

"These purty new stockins," replied Larry, as he exultingly unrolled the aforesaid parcel directly before Harry's face and eyes.

"Them *is* beauties, that's a fact," said Harry, after a brief examination of the articles in question. "Who give you them?"

"Jist the one that's been a mendin and makin for some one or the other of us poor divils of sailors all the voyage."

"Miss Floribel?" asked Harry.

"Jist that same, God bless the ginrus sowl of her. Yer know, Harry, that when I came aboard at Genoa, I had but jist clothes enough to make a dacent appearance in, and not the divil a rag fit for cowld feet or a stormy day."

"That was your own fault," suggested Harry.

"Not the divole a ha'porth," replied Marline.

"Whose was it then?"

"That of the murdherin whiskey, bad luck to the likes of it, and them that made and sowld it," answered Larry. "It took me out of a first-rate ship, took all the clothes off my back, got me into the Calaboose and very handsomely flogged in the bargin."

"You had no business to drink it then," replied Harry.

"Yer have no bisness to swear nayther," retorted Marline, "but yer *do* though, more nor any chap in the barque."

As there was more truth than poetry in the assertion thus bluntly put forth, Harry was unable to answer it, and consequently remained silent, whilst the loquacious Irishman thus continued:

"The divil a bit does it matther whose fault it was or wasn't that I lost me dunnage ashore and came aboard the barque in a sufferin state. That's the way I *did* come, and that's the shape I found myself in afther I got out on blue wather, and if it hadn't been for Miss Floribel, Heaven help the blessed likes of her to dodge the divil and purgatory forever, I'd have suffered from the cowld and wet the whole passage. But she has mended me jacket and trowsn's and shirts, and made me drawers and guv me blankits, and thrated me altogether as if I was her own blood relation."

"Yes, and she's done a great deal for the rest of us foremast hands," replied Harry, "and I can safely and truly swear, that if ever there was a true and sincere sailor's friend, Floribel Dinsmore is that very rare individual."

At this point the conversation between the sailors was closed by an order from the officer of the deck to "trim sails," which, as a fair breeze had at length sprang up, was a highly necessary and judicious proceeding. Then as the barque sailed on at the rate of about seven knots (or miles) an hour, all hands were busily engaged in rejoicing with each other in anticipation of a speedy arrival at the port which many of them were destined never to reach.

Nevertheless, the hearts of the passengers, officers and crew sailed gaily on with the doomed vessel, and not a despairing murmur was heard on board, until, after passing the pitch of the Cape, the wind suddenly veered to N. E. by E., and blew a perfect hurricane.

Then, as the order was given to shorten sail, and one after another of those useful and indispensable articles were blown in wild disorder from their respective yards, Larry Marline said to Harry Gibson, his particular chum, as they were both engaged in close-reefing the main-topsail—

"By the howly name of St. Patrick, we are lost sinners now, at all events."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Harry.

"I jist mane," returned Marline, "that we are too far inside the Cape to stand out agin, although the skipper is tryin his best to do it, and as we can't beat in, we shall have to go ashore in spite of the divil."

At this stage of the conversation the captain shouted—

"Aloft there."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Lay down on deck, every soul of you."

"Ay, ay, sir," and immediately every man upon the yards obeyed the order.

All hands being then called aft, the captain from the quarter deck addressed them thus:

"I may as well tell you, boys, first as last, that this barque must go ashore. We are so far out as not to be able to get a pilot, and so far in as not to be able to get to sea. Consequently, unless the gale suddenly abates, of which at present there is no prospect, I wish you to get both boats ready for launching—to be cool, obedient and resolute, and do the best you can towards saving each others' lives in the dreadful emergency that now appears to be so near upon us."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the characteristic reply, after which the sailors went forward and stood huddled together upon the forecastle, waiting patiently for further orders.

But instead of abating the gale increased in violence, till even the close-reefed main-topsail and storm staysail were blown away, and the man on the lookout forward sung out—

"Breakers ahead!"

"God help us then, or we are surely lost," exclaimed the captain.

"O, captain," said Mrs. Dinsmore, who was standing in company with her husband beside him at the time upon the quarter deck, "do not say that, if you do I shall go distracted."

"Dear mother," said Floribel, who was also one of the party, "I pray you be calm, ever remembering there is a power above who, if He pleases, can say to the fierce winds and wildly raging sea, 'Peace, be still!'"

"Ah, Floribel," replied the mother, "you are a queer child, and always have been from your earliest infancy to the present time. Who could ever think that a girl, brought up as you have been to have her own way in everything, with an almost unlimited supply of money to cover the expense, should, in the first place as soon as she came of age, fall in love with a poor artisan,—then finally devote her precious time to the comfort and convenience of common sailors."

"Who are the very men we have now to depend upon for the safety, under God, of our lives," interposed Floribel.

At this interesting moment the ship struck the beach, and rebounded with a force that upset the equilibrium of all hands and threw them instantly upon their backs, whereupon they were naturally thrown into the most dire and fearful consternation, with the single exception of Floribel Dinsmore, who, in the beautiful consciousness of maiden innocence and an abiding faith in the Great Father, 'who doeth all things well,' stood amidst all the din and tumult of that terrific scene, looking the threatened death calmly in the face, as if awaiting its dread approach as a sure harbinger of her speedy entrance through the portals of heaven.

And yet Floribel Dinsmore, distinct as were her general characteristics from the majority of her sex, possessed, like most of them, a loving heart, which in all its maiden purity she had thoughtlessly ventured to bestow upon a poor but deserving young man named Herbert Congdon, some three years previous to the time now in question. She had met Herbert accidentally when upon a benevolent mission to the poor, and met him doing all he could, in a simple and unostentatious manner, to alleviate their distressing wants. Seeing him thus engaged, a young and noble looking specimen of his kind, Floribel, without inquiring about his antecedents, (as all sensible young ladies of the present day would be sure to do,) placed her heart in his keeping forever, and took his, that was given up frankly and without reserve, into her sure and continued keeping. Then, with the innocent simplicity that seemed to be inherent in her youthful mind, Floribel laid the whole affair before her astonished parents, and humbly asked for their unqualified approval.

This being at once and indignantly refused, Floribel became sick and was taken to Europe for cure, whilst the plebeian lover remained secure from their discovery in his common and original obscurity. But Floribel, being a girl of strong mind and average intellect, although she sickened on account of her disappointment, did neither pine away or die, but instead thereof, patiently resigned herself to her parent's will—went with them to Europe, visited and admired, if she did not duly appreciate, the sculpture, statuary and pictures of the Italian States, and is now in the height of an American northeaster serenely awaiting her future destiny.

At the time alluded to in the preceding columns of our story, there resided near the town of Truro, on the peninsula of Cape Cod, an humble and honest fisherman named Jesse Edwards. He had a wife and two twin children, the one a wild, daring and handsome boy, the other a girl, the feebleness of whose mind and intellect was more than overbalanced by the extreme beauty of her person, which had caused her to be familiarly designated by the inhabitants of the region round about, the Sea-Flower of the Cape.

And now, whilst the raging waves are beating wildly upon the beach in front of Edwards' house, all is snug and cozy within. It is evening, and the inmates of that humble abode are gathered around the family altar, to submit unto their Heavenly Father the humble orisons of the coming night. These being over the fisherman's wife, speaking to her husband, says:

"Jesse, this is a fearful night, and I greatly fear for the safety of sailors who may be inward bound."

"I," answered Jesse, "am in great fear, for sailors always, let them be either inward or outward bound, for my experience has taught me they are a noble-hearted, wild, reckless, good set of fellows, who considering themselves entirely out of the pale of common humanity, care not at all, when on shore, either for themselves or any one else."

"But God cares for the sailors, don't he father?" inquired Mitty Edwards, the Sea-Flower of the Cape.

"Yes, even as he does for you my child—and—"

"My brother Tom?" interposed Mitty.

"Ay, your brother Tom, Mitty, and every one in the wide world besides."

"Then he is a good God, and I shall always love him, because he loves me and brother Tom," answered the pure and simple-minded girl, and what an infinity of common sense and sound judgment was contained in those humble words.

"Uncle Jesse," said a tall, knock-kneed and somewhat ungainly individual who rejoiced in the name of Ezebiel Slabbers, and was the fisherman's country nephew, "if I didn't think, no, confound it, I won't say that, but if I didn't know that ere gal of your'n was an aingil rite strait out of heaven, I'd begin to spark her to-morrer mornin."

"She'll never be married, Zebye," replied the fisherman, "she's too good for that."

"I rayther immadgin that's the case with me," returned Zeb, for none of the gals I ever knowed would have the leastest word tew say tew me at all."

"Perhaps because you hadn't spunk enough to say anything to them," suggested Mrs. Edwards.

Here the conversation was suddenly interrupted by a loud rap at the door, upon the opening of which, a short, thick-set, and handsome young man, presented himself to Mr. Edwards and said:

"The unparalleled severity of the storm compels me to ask of you a mere shelter for the night."

"Eout kind of late, ain't ye?" inquired Mr. Slabbers.

"It may be so, or may not," replied the stranger, "I know nothing about the hour at all. The fact of the matter, so far as I am concerned, is that I came down here a day or two ago upon a gunning and fishing excursion, from Boston. In my enthusiastic eagerness to pursue the sport I lost sight of my companions, and can only now humbly repeat the request I just proffered."

"Although our house is small," said Mrs. Edwards, "and our accommodations necessarily limited, you can stop here to-night."

"Hark! what's that?" exclaimed Mrs. Edwards.

"What's *what?*" responded Mr. Slabbers.

"I—I thought I heard something that sounded like a scream."

"It was nothing but the wind, wife," said Mr. Edwards, "you are getting fidgetty."

"Am I—what do you call *that?*" returned the matron, as a shrill shriek, sounding high above the wind, fell upon the astonished ears of the whole household.

"That *is* a ginywine scream," said Mr. Slabbers, "and no mistake at all about it."

"So it is, father," continued Mitty, "and I am going out to see where it or who it comes from."

"Stay in the heouse, yew gal, and let us men folks go eout," said Mr. Slabbers, but before the words were well out of his mouth the Sea-Flower of the Cape, with her brother Tom, were hurrying down the bank towards the open sea.

"Light aboy! where the divil is everybody," exclaimed Larry Marline, who, dragging a female figure, was met by Mitty Edwards and her brother, making the best of his way towards her father's house.

"Who in thunder are yew, any how?" asked Mr. Ezebiel Slabbers, who had closely followed the twins to the beach.

"Who the divil should I be, but a poor unfortnit ship'rackt sailor," returned Larry, "wid a faint woman in me arms, more preshus than her wait in gold."

"Yew are an Irishey, I know by the way yew talk," responded Zeb.

"Come up to our house," interposed Mitty, "and father, I'm sure, will do all he can for you."

"Of course he will," responded Mr. Edwards, who, amid the murky darkness of the night, had joined the party unperceived. "What vessel is it that has been wrecked?"

"The barque Malaga, from Genoa, bound to Boston."

"Is that a female who now appears to be lying insensible in your arms?"

"She is that same," replied Larry, "and one of the best, too, that ever breathed the breath of morthal life."

"Allow me to assist you in taking her to the house?" said Mr. Edwards in reply.

"By the howly poker, an it's meself will be glad for yer to do that same," responded Larry, "for I've been dead wid the cowld and wet for more nor an hour back."

As Larry ceased to speak, Jesse Edwards took the lifeless female in his stalwart arms, and closely followed by each and every person on the beach, carried it into his humble cottage, and giving it in charge of his wife, observed—

"My dear, it *was* a scream you heard, and here is its lovely author."

"O, father, if she lives, let her be my sister, won't you now?" interposed the Sea-Flower of the Cape.

"I—I am living,—but where I know not," said the strange female, as she opened her eyes and looked wildly around the room.

On hearing this, the strange young man, who had previously sought shelter for the night, and had in the meantime been sleeping on a settle near the kitchen-fire, rushed forward and exclaimed—

"It is—*no—yes*, it cannot be, and yet I know it is my Floribel."

So it was, kind reader, and he was Herbert Congdon, and a wise but mysterious Providence had thus brought them together, never more in this world to be separated.

Next morning some pieces of ship-timber and a few dead bodies found upon the sandy beach, were the only tokens left to show that such a vessel as the Malaga had ever sailed upon the ocean's bosom.

As Mr. Edwards prophesied, the "Sea-Flower of the Cape" never did get married, but is now busily engaged in training up the children of Herbert Congdon and Floribel his wife, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

A good woman in New Jersey was sadly annoyed by a termagant neighbor who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common-sense to his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney-corner when next visited, take the tongs in hand, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs, *without uttering a word*.

A day or two afterwards the woman came again to her pastor, with a bright and laughing face, to communicate the effect of this new antidote for scolding. Her troubler had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade. Snap went the tongs. Another volley. Snap. Another still. Snap.

"Why don't you speak?" said the termagant, more enraged.

Snap.

"Do speak; I shall split if you don't speak," and away she went, cured of her malady by the magic of silence.

It is hard work fighting a Quaker. It is poor work scolding a deaf man; it is profitless beating the air. One-sided controversies do not last long, and generally end in victory for the silent party.

FIGHTING QUAKER.

In the American war, a New York trader was chased by a small French privateer, and having four guns with plenty of small arms, it was agreed to stand a brush with the enemy rather than be taken prisoners. Among several other passengers was an athletic Quaker, who though he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking backwards and forwards on the deck, without any apparent fear, the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. At length, the vessels having approached close to each other, a disposition to board was manifested by the French, which was very soon put in execution; and the Quaker being on the lookout, unexpectedly sprang towards the first man that jumped on board, and grappling him forcibly by the collar, coolly said, "Friend, thou hast no business here," at the same time hoisting him over the ship's side.

Don't hug that stove, oh, young man! We have seen more warmth, and life, and animation, encircled in crinoline and mounted on a pair of skates, than ever was contained in all the stoves of Christendom. To be in proximity with one of these beings on a cold winter's day, or moonlight evening, will make the check glow, the heart light, and keep you warmer than if enjoying a ride "round the heater" in June. If doubtful, try it, as the patent medicine venders say, and we shall be believed.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The Northern sky is filled with fires,
But not of lurid glow;
White in the air like icy spires
That shoot from banks of snow,
The rays from piled-up clouds ascend
And pour a silver light,
When o Heaven's eternal arches bend
Above the halls of Night.

In vain have mortals toiled to scale
Those high and brilliant hills;
Sealed are the fountains, pure and pale,
Of all their frozen rills.
No eagle's wing can soar so far,
No sun can melt the chain,
Let down in links from star to star
To bind them to the main.

Mysterious, solemn, cold and clear,
Their shapes majestic rise,
Like barriers round this earthly sphere,
Like gates of Paradise.
And when, at times, a glory streams
Along the shrouded land,
Like Eden's flaming sword it seems
Waved by an angel's hand.

Ye wonderous fires—that seldom give
Your splendor to our clime,
But in your Artic region live
Through all revolving time—
Well may Imagination faint
Before your sacred blaze,
And baffled Science fail to paint
The source of Heavenly rays!

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

One beautiful Sunday afternoon, I was walking the quarter-deck of a fine ship running down the northeast trades. Wm. Thornton, an old, weather-beaten sailor, was at the wheel, and I could hear him, occasionally, humming the air of "Black eyed Susan," when my back was towards him. He was an excellent helmsman, and kept the ship to her course true as the needle to the poles. Although it is still, as it was then, contrary to rule to enter into conversation with the man at the wheel, yet upon observing William smile and raise his hat upon "nine hairs," I asked him, sympathetically, "What are you thinking about, William?" "About my sweetheart, sir." "Are you going to get married again when you return?" "I was never married, sir, nor never will be, if I should live a thousand years; yet I have a sweetheart. It's just forty years this day since I saw her, and I never saw her but once. But what interest can you have in an old salt's love-dreams?" "Go ahead, William; tell me about this sweetheart. I'm in love myself, and can sympathize with you."

"Well, sir, it is just forty years this day since I strolled into one of the biggest churches in Broadway, and was invited to a seat in a grand pew by an elderly gentleman. There were two ladies with him. One of them, the moment our eyes met, said as plainly as eyes could speak, 'I'm glad to see you again.' I was sure I had seen her before; I felt that we were old playmates, but for the soul of me I could not tell where. I could hardly take my eyes off her, she looked so good. When the services commenced, she put a prayer-book in my hand, and pointed to the lesson for the day. I was young, then, sir, and good-looking, too, and had about as much self-conceit as most young men, but the more I looked at that sweet girl, the less I thought of myself. When the services were over, I followed her to the door of the carriage, and could not help saying, as the gentleman handed her in, 'God bless you, my sweet angel!' And to my surprise, instead of being offended, she replied, 'Thank you, sir; and may He bless you, too.' The gentleman raised his hat to me and smiled. 'Good-by, Jack,' he said; 'good luck to you.' It was the voice of a sailor; he was, no doubt, a retired sea captain. Both the ladies, though I had neglected one entirely, bowed to me out of the carriage window. In a moment they were gone, and I never saw them from that time to this, yet from that day I have truly loved that sweet girl."

"Did you ever try to find out who she was?" I inquired.

"No, sir; what was the use? I felt myself a poor, ignorant sailor, hardly able to write my own name, and I was not silly enough to think that such a lovely girl would care anything about me. Thinking about her took all the self-conceit out of me."

"But you said you thought you had seen her before; how was that?"

"I was only a dream, sir. I never saw her before. Now, as I am growing old, I have been thinking seriously about trying to be good, that I may meet her in heaven. Every Sunday for forty years has the scene in that church been before me, and every time I think upon my sweet girl she looks more lovely than before. I could never think of marrying with her image ever present in my mind. Do you think, sir, it is possible for an old sinner like me to be good enough to go to Heaven?"

"Why not, William?"

"I'll tell you why. About eight years ago I left the sea, for then I dreamed that I saw my dear angel go to Heaven, and tried to be good. I worked along shore with niggers and stevedores, and had over two thousand dollars that I saved, so I got along very comfortably. I joined a church, and thought I had got religion, when a rascally deacon cheated me out of fifty dollars. I was so thundering mad that I gave the fellow an awful hiding, and before he could get the law dogs on me, I was at sea again. I think now that I did very wrong, but I'm so hard-hearted that I can't, in my soul, forgive the fellow, even to this day.

"My sweet angel tells me in my dreams that I must forgive him, and that if I wish to join her I must be good."

He said much more, but the above affords a glance at his inner life, and shows the purity of his soul. It must not be thought that he was a whining old fool; on the contrary, he was a man of dauntless courage; bold even to recklessness, and quick to resent an insult. No men are thrown more upon their resources for mental food than seamen. For weeks, and even months, sky and water are their only companions; and on long voyages, when they have watch-and-watch, their labor is very light. It is then their minds dwell upon the pleasant scenes of the past and make the dross of earth appear divine.

Bill Thornton's case is not singular. Almost every sailor has some beauteous love-dream, and hence the reason why so few of them marry. The ideal has more charms for them than the real.

With all their faults, sailors are not bad men. As a class, in a rude way, they love the true, the beautiful and the good, and are proverbial for their generosity. May they all go to Heaven at last!

MEXICAN YOUTHS.

After the death of Montezuma, the Mexicans took possession of a high tower in the great temple which overlooked the Spanish quarters, and placing there a garrison of their principal warriors, not a Spaniard could stir without being exposed to their missile weapons From this post it was necessary to dislodge them at any risk. Juan de Escobar thrice made the attempt, but was repulsed. Fernando Cortes, sensible that not only the reputation, but the safety of his army, depended on the success of the assault, ordered a buckler to be tied to his arm, as he could not manage it with his wounded hand, and rushed with his drawn sword into the thickest of the combatants. Encouraged by the presence of their general, the Spaniards returned to the charge with such vigor, that they gradually forced their way up the steps, and drove the Mexicans to the platform at the top of the tower. There a dreadful carnage began; when two young Mexicans, of high rank, observing Cortes as he animated his soldiers by his voice and example, resolved to sacrifice their own lives, in order to cut off the author of all the calamities which desolated their country. They approached him in a suppliant posture, as if they had intended to lay down their arms: and seizing him in a moment, hurried him towards the walls, over which they threw themselves headlong, in hopes of dragging him along to be dashed to pieces by the same fall. But Cortes, by his strength and agility, broke loose from their grasp; and the gallant youths perished in this generous though unsuccessful attempt to save their country.

RUSSIAN DISCIPLINE.

In September, 1777, there happened at St. Petersburg a sudden inundation of a very considerable extent. The empress seeing from her balcony that the water came within reach of the sentinel placed before the palace, called out to him to retire within doors, which the soldier refused to do. The empress asked him if he knew her; the man replied in the affirmative, and that though he knew her majesty, no one but his corporal could relieve him. The waters increased, and reached the sentinel's knees. The empress sent several messengers to him, but all to no purpose. It now became requisite to call the corporal, who was found asleep in the guard-house, and he was almost obliged to swim to relieve the honest private, who by that time had only his head and shoulders above water, and would composedly have suffered himself to be drowned, notwithstanding the formal and repeated orders of his sovereign.

A GAME DINNER.

Shortly after the war with Great Britain, an aristocratic English gentleman built a fine residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he enclosed his grounds with a high, tight fence. Here he lived like an old English gentleman—one of the olden time—with the exception that none but the *elite* of the Province and the officers of the neighboring garrison, were allowed to pass his gate. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap, who stuttered terribly, was very fond of hunting, and who was always getting into some sort of mischief.

One day this chap took the small boat that lay moored at the foot of the walls of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore for a hunt. He wandered over several miles in the rear of Fort George, but without meeting any game, and, on his return, seeing a crow on a tree within the enclosure of the aristocratic Englishman, he scaled the high fence, fired, and brought down his game. Colonel, or whatever his title may have been, (we call him colonel, anyhow), witnessed the transaction, and advanced while our soldier was reloading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with his loaded gun in his hand, he gulped down his passion for a moment, and merely asked him if he killed the crow. The Yankee replied that he did. "I am very sorry," said the colonel, "for he was a pet. By the by, that is a very pretty gun—will you be so kind as to let me look at it?" The soldier complied with the request. The Englishman took the gun, stepped back a few paces, took deliberate aim, then broke forth in a tirade of abuse, concluding with an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow, or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized and entreated. It was of no use.

There was shoot in the Englishman's eye—there was no help for it—and the stuttering soldier stooped and took a bite of the crow, but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast—his dinner the day before, and it really appeared as if he would throw up his toe-nails. The Englishman gloated on the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional heave. When he had got through vomiting, and had wiped his eyes, the colonel handed him the gun, with this remark, "Now, you rascal, that will teach you how to poach on a gentleman's enclosure."

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and the colonel might have seen the devil in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back, he took aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Angry expostulations, prayers, and entreaties were useless things. There was shoot in the American eye then, as there had been in the English before. There was no help at hand and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough to send all the good dinners he had eaten lately on the same journey with the garrison of the soldier, and while the Englishman was in the agony of sickness, Jonathan escaped to the American shore.

The next morning, early, the commandant of Fort Niagara was sitting in his quarters, when Colonel ——— was announced.

"Sir," said Colonel ———, "I come to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage."

"We have three hundred men here, and it would be difficult for me to know who it is you mean," said the officer.

The Englishman described him as a long, dangling, stuttering, stoop-shouldered, ugly devil.

"Ah! I know whom you mean," said the officer, "he is always getting into mischief. Orderly, call Tom."

In a few minutes Tom entered, and stood as straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible on his countenance.

"Tom," said the officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir."

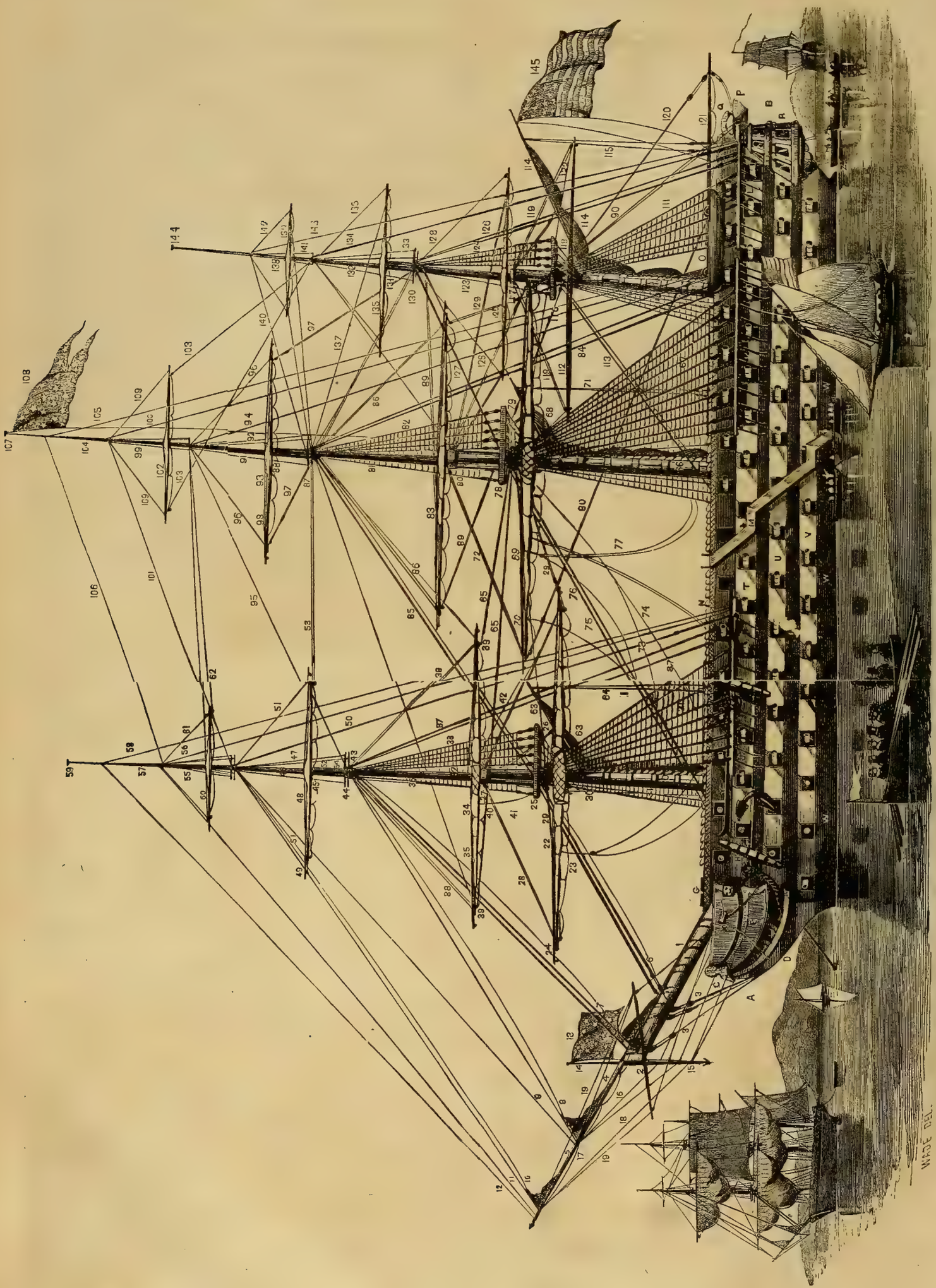
"Where did you see him before?"

"I-I-I I," said Tom, stuttering awfully, but retaining the grave expression natural to his face; "I di-di-dined with him yesterday."

We believe Tom was not punished.

ANECDOTE OF A TURTLE.

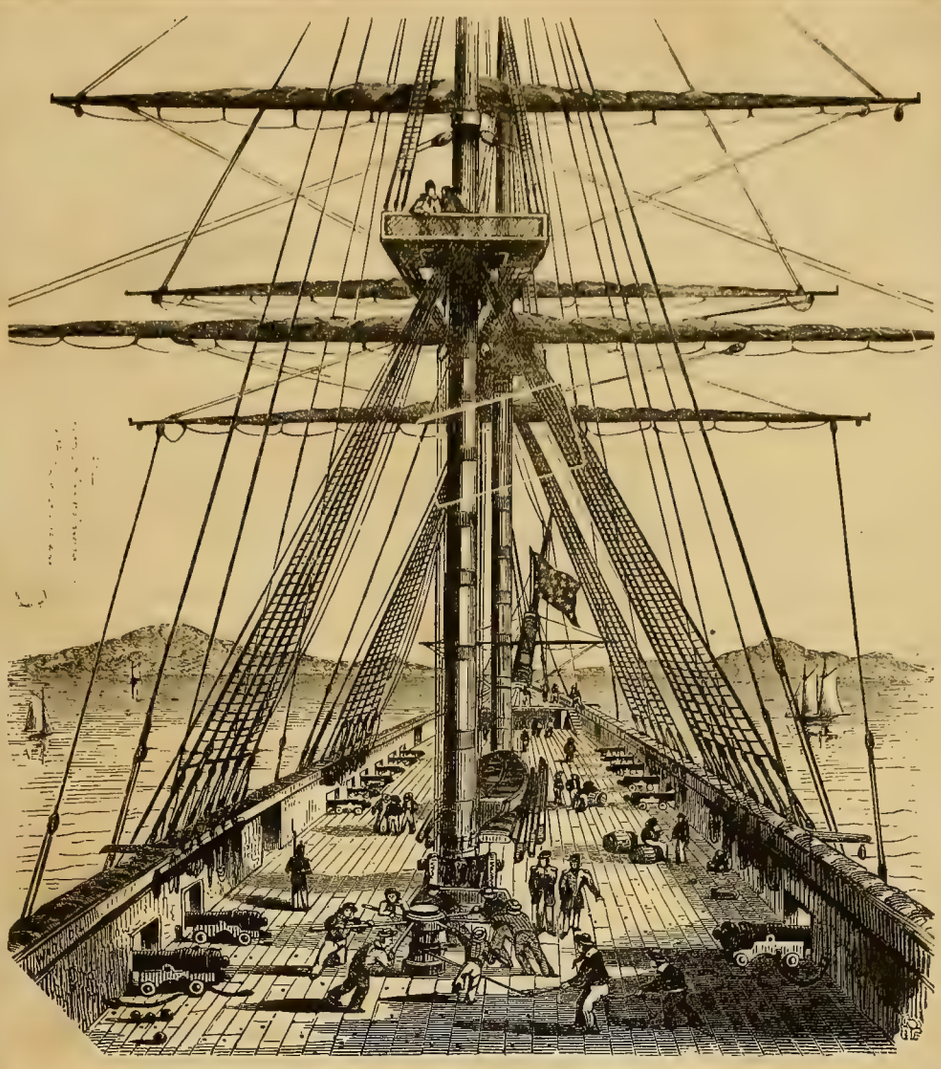
A British officer, on board of a ship which touched at the island of Ascension on her way to England, informed me that they took in several large turtles, and amongst others, one which from some accident had only three fins. The sailors on board called it "Lord Nelson," and it was marked in the usual way, by having certain initials and number burnt upon its under shell with a hot iron, which marks are never to be obliterated. Owing to various causes the ship was delayed on her voyage, many of the turtles died, and others became sickly. This was the case of Lord Nelson, and it was so near death when the ship arrived in the British Channel, that the sailors threw it overboard, in order, as they said, to give it a chance. Its native element, however, appears to have revived it; for two years afterwards the very same turtle was again found at its old haunts in the island of Ascension. The proofs brought forward of the accuracy of the statement places the fact beyond doubt, and affords a wonderful instance of the instinct of the fish.



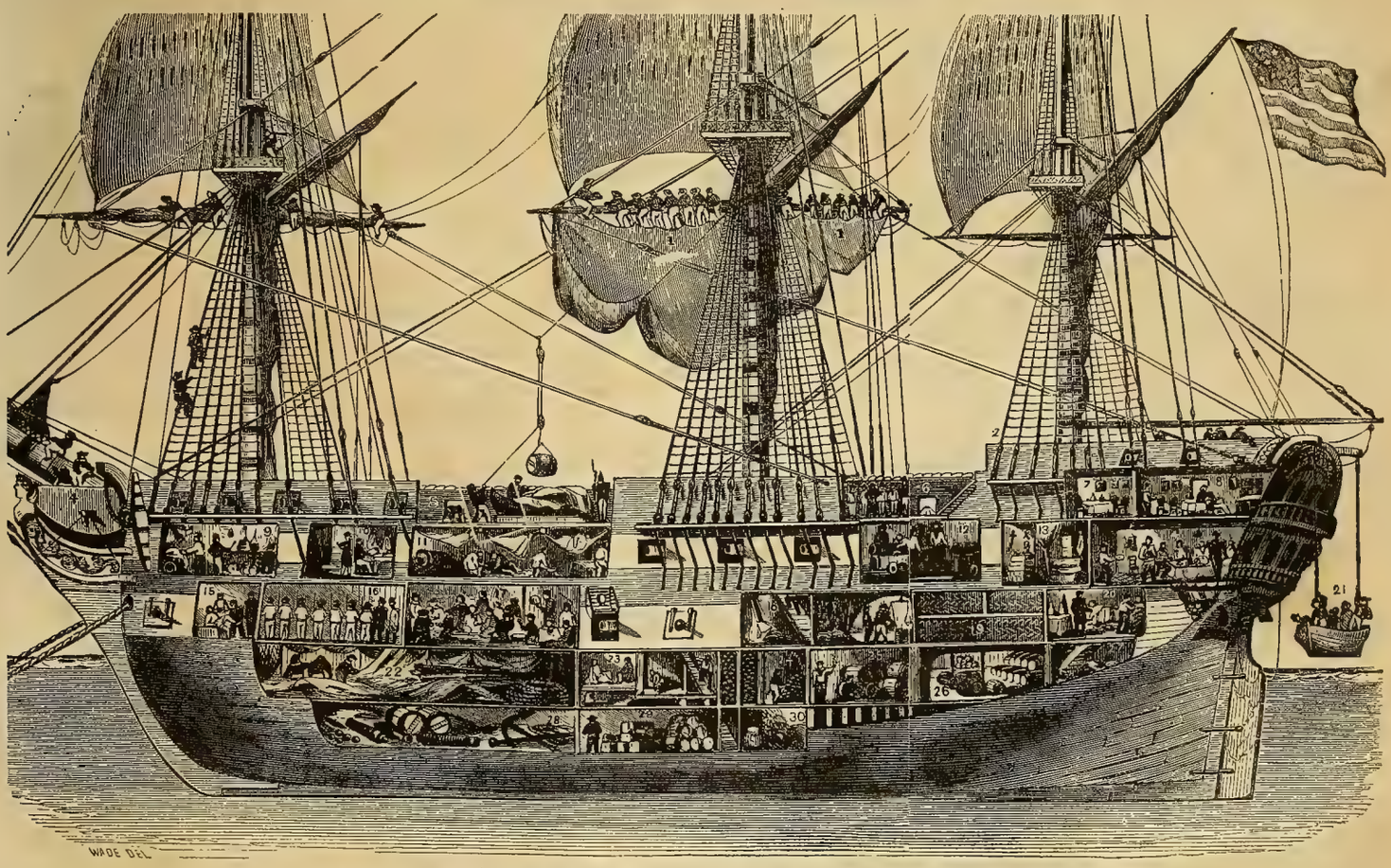
REPRESENTATION OF AN AMERICAN LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP, WITH EXPLANATION OF ITS PARTS.

LINE-OF-BATTLE-SHIP.

On the opposite page we give an elaborate engraving of a full-rigged American line-of-battle ship. Numbers, corresponding to those on the picture, will be found below, and thus a correct key is afforded to the whole complicated tracery of masts, ropes, and portions of the leviathan ship. The two engravings on this page are given in connection with that on the opposite page, and cannot but prove interesting and instructive. Hull—A, Bow; B, Stern; C, Figure-head; E, Head-boards and Trail; F, Cat-head; G, Knight-head; H, Anchor; J, Fore-channels; K, Main-channels; L, Mizzen-channels; M, Gangway; N, Netting and Hammocks; O, Quarter-boat; P, Stern-boat; Q, Stern-davits; R, Quarter-galleries; S, Spar, or Main-deck; T, Berth-deck; U, Upper Gun-deck; V, Lower Gun-deck; W, Orlop-deck; X, Bumpkin; Y, Lower Studdingsail-boom; Z. Rudder.——1, *Bowsprit*—2, Yard and Sail; 3, Bobstay; 4, Jibboom; 5, Flying-jibboom; 6, Fore-stay, Preventer-stay, and Lanyard; 7, Foretop-mast-stay, Staysail and Halyards; 8, Jib-stay, Jib, and Halyard; 9, Foretop-gallant Stay; 10, Flying-jib, Stay and Halyard; 11, Royal-stay; 12, Skysail-stay; 13, Union Jack; 14, Jack-staff; 15, Martingale; 16, Martingale-guys; 17, Foot-ropes; 18, Martingale-guys; 19, Spritsail-guys. 20, *Foremast*—21, Shrouds; 22, Fore-yard and Foresail; 23, Foot-ropes; 24, Studdingsail-boom; 25, Foretop; 26, Futtock-shrouds; 27, Cap; 28, Lifts; 29, Braces and Pendants; 30, Sheets; 31, Bowlines and Bridles, 32, *Foretop-mast*—33, shrouds and Halyards; 34, Foretop-yard and Foretop-sail; 35, Studding-sail-boom; 36, Runner; 37, Foretop-backstays; 38, Lifts; 39, Horses; 40, Clewlines; 41, Bowlines and Bridles; 42, Sheets; 43, Buntlines; 44, Cross-trees; 45, Cap. 46, *Foretop-gallant-mast*—47, Shrouds and Lanyards; 48, Foretop-gallant-yard and Sails; 49, Studdingsail-boom; 50, Foretop-gallant-backstay; 51, Foretop-gallant-lifts; 52, Clew lines; 53, Braces, and Pendants; 54, Bowlines and Bridles. 55, *Royal-mast*—56, Royal-backstay; 57, Skysail-mast; 58, Skysail-backstay; 59, Truck; 60, Royal-yard and sail; 61, Lifts; 62, Royal-braces; 63, Fore-spencer Gaff; 64, Fore-spencer Guys; 65, Foretopsail-braces and Pendants. 66, *Mainmast*—67, Shrouds; 68, Main-spencer; 69, Main-yard and Sail; 70, Studdingsail-boom; 71, Main-spencer Guy; 72, Main-lifts; 73, Guy and Garnet. 74, Fall of Garnet; 75, Main-stay and Sail; 76, Preventer-stay; 77, Stay-tackle; 78, Top; 79, Futtock-shrouds; 80, Cap. 81, *Maintop-mast*—82, Main-top-shrouds and Halyards; 83, Main-yard and Sail, and Studding-sail-boom; 84, Maintop-mast-back-stay; 85, Maintop-mast-stay, Stay-sail and Halyards; 86, Maintop-lifts; 87, Cross-trees; 88, Cap; 89, Braces and Halyards; 90, Main-braces. 91, *Maintop-gallant-mast*—92, Maintop-shrouds; 93, Maintop-gallant-yard and Sail; 94, Main-top-gallant-backstay; 95, Maintop-stay and sail; 96, Maintop-lifts; 97, Maintop-braces; 98, Maintop-studdingsail-boom. 99, *Main-royal-mast*—100, Main-royal-backstay; 101, Main-royal-stay; 102, Main-royal-yard and Sail; 103, Main-royal-braces; 104, Main-royal-sky-sail-mast; 105, Main-royal-back-stay; 106, Main-royal-stay; 107, Main-truck; 108, Commodore's Pendant; 109, Royal Lifts. 110 *Mizzenmast*—111, Shrouds; 112, Crossjack-yard; 113, Stay; 114, Spanker-gaff and Sail; 115, do Guy; 116, Top; 117, Cap; 118, Futtock-shrouds; 119, Crossjack-lifts; 120, Spanker-top-lift; 121, Spanker-boom; 122, Crossjack-braces. 123, *Mizzentop-mast*—124, Shrouds; 125, Yard and Sail; 126, Backstay; 127, Stay; 128, Lifts; 129, Braces and Pendants; 130, Cross-trees; 131, Cap. 132, *Mizzen-top-gallant-mast*—133, Shrouds; 134, Backstay; 135, Yard and Sail; 136, Lifts; 137, Braces. 138, *Mizzen-royal-mast*—139, Yard and Sail; 140, Stay; 141, Shrouds; 142, Lifts; 143, Backstay; 144, Truck; 145, The American Ensign. Very few objects which are so common as a ship are so little understood by people generally, for they are in detail really monsters of intricacy. It is, therefore, a subject upon which a little literal and practical knowledge cannot but prove a really interesting and valuable acquisition.



THE DECK OF AN AMERICAN LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.



THE HULL OF AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR CUT OPEN AMIDSHIPS, FROM STEM TO STERN.

1. Sailors furling Sails.
2. Poop or Quarter-Deck.
3. Bob-Stays.
4. Figure-Head.
5. Sailors lowering a Cask.
6. Surgical inspection.
7. Captain's Cabin.
8. Dining-Room.
9. Cook's Galley.
10. Midshipman's Cabin.
11. Sailors' Berths.
12. Exercising the Guns.
13. Officers' Cabins.
14. Dining-Room of Officers.
15. Dressing a Wound.
16. Musket Exercise.
17. Sailors' Mess Room.
18. Mending Sails.
19. Provision Room.
20. Sick Bay or Hospital.
21. Lowering a Boat.
22. Sail and Cordage Room.
23. The Prison.
24. Shot Magazine.
25. Spirit-Room.
26. Powder Magazine.
27. Blocks, Pulleys, etc.
28. General Store-Room.
29. Casks and Tanks.
30. Dunage.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THOSE PRETTY BLUE EYES.

(BALLAD.)

BY J. ALFORD.

There is heaven in the glance of those pretty blue eyes,
And those eyes, my dear Mary, are thine;
They a language convey to the depth of my heart,
And the language to me is divine.
Thou art gentle and kind, every accent is sweet,
There is bliss in thy love-breathing sighs;
All the charms of this life are evinced in thy smiles,
And a heaven in those pretty blue eyes.

I behold with delight, in thy fairy-like form,
All the graces of nature combined;
Yet, surpassing all these, dearest Mary, to me
Are the beauties adorning thy mind.
For, thou'rt gentle and kind, ev'ry accent is sweet,
And there's bliss in thy love-breathing sighs;
All the charms of this life are evinced in thy smiles,
And a heaven in those pretty blue eyes.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE

CRUISER OF THE RED SEA.

A TALE OF ARABIAN LIFE AND MANNERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONSPIRACY OF JIDDAH.—THE RIVAL CIDS.—ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

On the evening of the 14th of June, 1858, about a score of armed and resolute men were gathered on the shore of the Bay of Palms, two miles north of Jiddah, the port of Mecca, on the Red Sea. They consisted of a motley collection of Arabs, with a couple of Jews and a Malay, all met as conspirators against the Turkish rule in general, and against the sway of Ouli Hassac, the Turkish Governor of Jiddah, in particular. They were seated in an open space among the trees, from which the little bay derives its name—all save Ben-Idden, their leader, a young Arab of noble appearance and refined intelligence, who was walking thoughtfully to and fro on the low and sandy beach in front of his men, as if awaiting an arrival, while they conversed lightly with one another.

The time was twilight. The scene presented by these individuals resembled much a warlike encampment; and especially did the bearing of the youthful commander attest that no vain purpose had brought those hardy men together. A proud light was sparkling in his eyes, and every footstep was as firm and decided as if it was designed to cover a spot whereon to stand at bay. In everything that makes up an attractive and manly *personel*, he was quite the opposite of another person, also an Arab, who was crouching under the rocks in which one of the projecting headlands forming the bay terminated, and at no great distance from the object of his earnest regard.

The position of this concealed personage was such that he could not have been seen by any of the conspirators, even had they bent their keenest glances in the direction of the spot. He was also safe from the observation of the commander, for the brow of the cliff was covered with low bushes, among the branches and foliage of which he could lift his head and peer forth as long and earnestly as he pleased, without any possibility of being detected in the act. And this he had been doing for some time—perhaps from the very moment of the leader's arrival on the ground, and all of the while with features gradually darkening, and with eyes acquiring a more and more expressive expression, until his dark and forbidding visage might have readily passed for that of a fiend.

"We never love the strange and *outre* sons of distant lands," were the thoughts breaking from the lips of Ben-Idden, "because we do not know them. Without that real and intimate knowledge of a people which comes from travelling among them, they are as a sealed, if not a forbidding book. In the lands of western civilization, for example, what is the prevailing opinion respecting the Arabs and the other nations of the East? On the one hand, we have such unearthly creations as Moore's 'Lalla Rookhs,' and those other peris of which no mortal eye has ever seen either the original or the imitation; on the other hand, there is the current belief that the Arabs are stupid and degraded, living willingly and contentedly in the slavery where they have been placed by foreign oppression. And thus, between the two classes, the romance readers and the matter-of-fact students of school-geographies, the English and Americans have not done us justice. But I can tell them all, that here, among the Arabs, as ignorant as they are, as down-trodden as they have been for three hundred years, there are high aspirations and nobler souls, affectionate dispositions, hearts that would do honor to any name or condition, and even loves as holy and elevating as those which have been immortalized by the poets of the West! Our people possess a chivalric virtue and a deathless beauty, even in their every-day relations and in humbler life, which have never been realized or described by those who have professed to record our merits and characteristics; and O, for a book which shall do us justice—which shall make our women neither peris nor the slaves of passion, but loving and lovable *woman;* which shall give a true picture to western nations of Arabian life and manners!"

It was easy to see that the speaker was the possessor of no common mind. His eyes flashed with a keen and restless intelligence, even as his features fairly shone with the glow of a spiritual beauty and gentleness which had ennobled his soul. The very tones of his voice, so deep and ringing, yet clear, would have told a listener that he was noble and generous—one of those master-spirits who are divinely raised up to quicken and guide their fellows. He was young—a mere youth, not more than twenty years of age—but yet a fully-developed man. He was dressed in a rich and tasty costume—half Arabian, half French, with a revolver in a belt at his waist—the business costume of those native editors who have lately undertaken the regeneration of Cairo and Egypt by means of the weekly press.

It was not long ere the emotions experienced by the individual concealed behind the rocks found vent in words.

"He and I are both in love with the same woman," he whispered, in a choked and hissing tone, as his eyes followed every movement of the chief. "I am the rejected lover—he is the chosen of her heart. It follows that there can only be a fierce and bitter rivalry between us—ay, a rivalry which must end in blood! One of us must die!"

He left his concealment, going down to the beach, and sauntered up the sands in such a way as to near the object of his remarks.

"Ah, there is Orlo," said Ben-Idden, as his eyes rested upon the new comer. "An honor to his race, and the noblest person with whom I could have been associated in the direction of the great conspiracy which for several months has been preparing throughout Arabia, and has even reached into Egypt."

These words were sufficient to show that the high-minded young chief was laboring under a mistake in regard to the character and disposition of his confederate. It is the easiest thing in the world for a noble nature to be abused, and it was this misfortune that was now breeding under errors and evils in the path of Ben-Idden, as we shall soon see.

Forcing back the dark feelings which had arisen in his heart, the person alluded to as Orlo—the concealed watcher of the rocks—saluted the chief in a warm and respectful manner, saying:

"Well, captain, we begin to look quite warlike, I must declare;" and his eyes passed over the forms of the assembled Arabs and the surrounding scene. I hope we shall be able in a few days to strike the meditated blow."

"And I. But we must wait for advices from abroad, as well as for the complete maturing of our plans at home. We must know not only how our efforts to throw off the yoke of Turkey will be regarded by foreign powers, but just exactly what are the resources and capabilities of our own people. I need not remind you how important it is for us to conduct the convention in such a way as to acquire the good will of England and France and the other nations of the West. The greatest fear I have is this,—that the fanaticism and private revenge of our followers will break out in some sudden manner, and in such a way as to work us an injury, if not ensure our defeat, and inflict a lasting stigma upon the cause so dear to our hearts. There are, for instance, a number of men in yonder group who have experienced deadly wrongs at the hands of the Turkish Governor of Jiddah—Ouli Hassac—and there is no telling how small an amount of reformatory addresses might arouse them to a premature attack upon the hated officials of the port. For these reasons, we must look well to our followers, taking care that they do not break over the line indicated by an enlightened policy and a judicious zeal."

"You are right, Ben-Idden. But, speaking of Ouli Hassac, I have been told that you yourself have cause of complaint against that infamous ruler and persecutor of our people."

"I have. A cause of complaint, Orlo, which would cover even the life of that evil doer, so long as innocent blood shall cry for redress unto heaven. Listen: Seven months ago, Ouli Hassac, or his infamous daughter—it matters little which—caused my sister Zada to be arrested by a brace of Turkish minions, at our humble home, and forthwith conveyed to the governor's castle, and from that hour I have not been able to gain the least tidings of her fate."

"Indeed!"

"No; but the character of the governor does not inspire me with any hope of proper treatment from *him*. That of the daughter is as little a security for a helpless daughter of our race. The one has made my Zada a slave—the victim of every caprice which can possess such a proud and imperious beauty's heart—perhaps has already killed her with cruelty and oppression—or else the infamous father, Ouli Hassac, has meted out to her a fate worse than death! O, my sister—my poor sister!" he added, with a wild burst of grief, as he threw up his hands in an agony of feeling. Shall I never see thee more? Shall I never know how you have been treated at the governor's castle, prison and harem—for his residence may well answer to all of these names. Art thou still living, or has thy gentle and fragile form been forced by wrong and brutal outrage into an untimely grave?"

"Peace, Ben-Idden,—be calm! Let us trust in the goodness of Allah, that everything will yet be well. No wonder that you are so impatient to make a demonstration against the rule of such a tyrant, when you have such deep personal wrongs to avenge. I should have expected, from your fiery spirit, that you would have been in the castle, searching for your sister, long ere this time."

"I have been, Orlo. Disguised as an itinerant dealer in trinkets, I managed to make my way into the interior of the castle, in hopes of seeing Zada. Vain attempt! I saw nothing of my sister—could not even acquire the least information concerning her fate. Besides, I was detected—my disguise penetrated—my motive divined—and I escaped only with a severe beating, and the assurance that I would be hanged like a dog if I was ever found in that vicinity again."

"These are indeed terrible wrongs. Believe me, Ben-Idden, I feel for you as keenly as if I were your own brother."

"Thanks, Orlo, thanks. I have always regarded you as my best friend, and do so still."

The listener turned away to hide the sneer which curled his lips, as he said:

"More than ever do I now perceive that Ouli Hassac must die, and the sooner we are at work the better."

"Yes; but we must wait the arrival of the specie which has been collected throughout the provinces, for it is upon the shores of the Red Sea, and among the everlasting mountains behind us, that we shall find the tabernacles of our revolution. We must also wait for the more complete organization of our forces, for the accession of volunteers, and for the dissemination among our people of intelligent sentiments respecting the objects to be attained by the struggle. Then, every preparation duly made, let us rise like lions in our strength, and pause not till the Turk is driven to the mountains of Armenia, if not beyond the Bosphorus."

"That is the plan, Ben-Idden, and I will now go and express these views to our men, while you are conversing with Zulah, whom I see coming up this way around the rocks."

The eyes of Ben-Idden were instantly fixed in the direction indicated, with an eager expression.

"Lovely Zulah," added Orlo, "as I am soon to be married, I hope to have the pleasure of her attendance on my bride."

"Indeed, Orlo—are you thinking of such a step? It gladdens my heart to hear it, for I was half suspicious once that you and I were rivals in love, as well as in the leadership of this conspiracy."

"Nonsense. I regard Zulah with no other feelings than those of a friend, and nothing will give me more pleasure than to see your fate happily blended with her's."

"Ah, thanks, Orlo. I am glad to hear you say this, for Zulah feared that your sentiments were not so honorable to your head and heart. Since you are as deeply in love with some other fair one as I am with Zulah, I trust our mutual happiness will be consummated in the same hour. What say you to a double wedding?"

"With all my heart," rejoined Orlo, turning away his face, however, to hide the fierce scowl he could not prevent from showing itself thereon. "Here she comes, as blooming as a Mayflower, and I will leave you to greet her and make the compliments of my friendship the more readily, as there is no company at all when two persons out of the number chance to be of our sex. Adieu, for the moment."

He turned and walked away, going to the encampment and to the centre of the largest group of conspirators, where he was received in a manner befitting a leader whom all delighted to honor.

The maiden whose arrival had hastened the retreat of Orlo, was a fair realization of Araby's daughter, as found in the villages along the western shores of Arabia proper. She was naturally intelligent, and had received a good education, not only reading and writing Arabic fluently, but had acquired some knowledge of foreign languages and nations, particularly French. She could also perform any labor appertaining to a woman's sphere, and had other accomplishments which made her presence acceptable to those rude men by whom we find her surrounded, as the beautiful rifle in her hand and the knife and pistol at her waist, might have shown. To say that she was beautiful does not hardly do her justice, for her's was that gorgeous loveliness which dazzles and excites, except when, as in her case, it is modified by the purity and gentleness of feeling which appears through it all. Her complexion had that dark tinge which belongs to the children of her race, even in their infancy, but it was clear and radiant, and seemed only the highly-colored mirror of a fervent soul.

That this lovely being, exhibiting at once so much of the queen and the fairy, was the chosen one of Ben-Idden, was evident from the manner in which they met.

"How glad I am to see thee!" exclaimed our hero, after he had pressed her to his heart and impressed a warm kiss upon her lips. "Perhaps my joy is greater now, inasmuch as I know that it is not envied by Orlo, as I feared. But see! there is a sail coming up the sea, headed for the port—a felucca, I should say—in fact, the well-known craft of Antang the Malay!"

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAITOR—THE BLOOD-STAR—THE RESOLVE.

The vessel which had attracted the attention of Ben-Idden was soon seen to be a felucca, carrying the single lateen sail so common in Arabian and Indian waters. She was skimming lightly over the sea about two miles distant, impelled by quite a breeze from the south-west, and she was speedily perceived to be heading for the Bay of Palms rather than for Jiddah, as the young Arab had first supposed. She carried no flag to denote her nation or calling, and not a shadow was visible beneath her snow-white sail, now glistening in the rays of the rising moon, to show what was the number of her crew, or their race and character.

"And who is Antang the Malay?" asked Zulah.

"A panderer to the Governor of Jiddah," was the reply, somewhat bitterly uttered. "He makes a business of stealing young girls in the Malacian islands, though a Malay himself, and of bringing them here and selling them to Ouli Hassac and the other Turkish officials. I dare say there are now a dozen young girls aboard of that felucca who have been torn from their homes and parents, and are now destined to a fate worse than death, as soon as they arrive at the port."

"See! the felucca is coming this way, evidently intending to land its living freight at this point, perhaps owing to some reform of public opinion which the kidnapper has lately encountered in our city. If so, shall we not take occasion to look into his affairs, dearest?"

"If such a side-issue does not militate against the great purpose we have in view. Let us retire to the edge of the palm-grove, where we can see without being observed, and where we can converse more at our ease, in having less eyes upon us."

As the lovers made their way up the beach, tenderly conversing together, Orlo was carrying

out the traitorous design he had conceived—that of coming between the conspirators and Ben-Idden. He had called the most reliable of their number around him—those he had reason to consider as his personal friends—and he was now endeavoring to insidiously poison their minds against the chief, so that, as a natural consequence, they would look to Orlo himself for the leadership of the revolution.

"I should be sorry, my friends," he said, in a low and insinuating voice, "to say anything against Ben-Idden, but I must remark, as a confidence between ourselves, that he does not seem to be quite so able and energetic in this cause as he ought to be, nor so much so as he was a short time ago. In fact, as you can see for yourselves," and he glanced towards the lovers, who at this moment were retreating towards the grove, "our leader has become ensnared in a love which makes him insensible to the claims of our country upon him. For me, I am disgusted with so much billing and cooing, when there are such mighty interests depending upon us, and heartily tired of the delays which have already occurred in our uprising. If we are ever going to do anything for the emancipation of Arabia, let us do it now."

One of the listeners, an elderly and intelligent Arab, took occasion to say that the delays of Ben-Idden were necessary and indicative of wisdom; but he found no approbation among his companions, and soon withdrew.

Orlo then went on to say:

"I am glad to see, my friends, that you appreciate my remarks, and will so far presume on the fact as to make you all confidants of a discovery I have made. In the eternal flight of our world through space, we sometimes pass near stars and planets, which exercise a controlling power upon the inhabitants of our sphere. So much is our race controlled by these influences, that any one who should be enabled to read the mighty book of the heavens, would be able to tell, if not what the nations *ought* to do, just what they *would* do; and hence would become prophets of their race. For my part, I do not profess so much power in this respect as could be desired, but I have learned that we have been approaching, with fearful velocity, during the last few months of our progress across the heavens, one of those gigantic *blood-stars* whose influence provokes all manner of strife and contention among the people of this earth. Look there!"

He pointed towards the fiery planet Mars, which—at the time of which we write—was an evening star, and was then visible about thirty degrees above the newly-risen moon.

"There is the red light which urges us forward, and will urge other nations onward, to the shedding of blood," said the conspirator-in-chief, with a glow of fanaticism on his features. He knew that none of those men had ever learned enough concerning the heavens to offer a remark in opposition to his pretended science, and continued in the same exciting strain he had before used:

"There is the light of our path, and we must act ere it shall wane and descend to the unseen regions beneath the earth. See you the farmer consulting the season when he shall sow? Then learn ye that the influences of the heavens are not confined to making grass grow and to producing all manner of fruits, but that they are brought to bear directly upon the actions of mankind—one celestial messenger promoting peace, another provoking war, and so on with all the manifestations we see in the world."

All this looked so plausible to those unlearned men, that they began to murmur among themselves, and to almost suspect him of being a prophet. The crafty speaker saw the power he had gained, and had sense enough to close his address with a single sentence to rivet the approbation he had received:

"So, brethren, since a *blood-star* now rules the world, it remains for us to act properly under its sway, and the passage of our world through its influence will not have been in vain."

The oracle of the blood-star then sat down, while the fiery Mars came in for the earnest scrutiny of those who had listened to his words.

"I have heard that the Turks had a war-star, which looked redder than all the others," said one of the two Jews, "but I never understood the principle of the thing till now, when aided by the clear explanation of our chief. My voice is for action—instant action—the more especially if the heavens are in favor of such a course."

This idea was approved, and Orlo smiled genially at seeing how easily he had gained those rude spirits quite exclusively to himself.

"Yes," he said, "the blood-star shall light us to glory, as to honor and profit. We will redeem and protect our people, and they shall reward us in a befitting manner. After I have consulted Ben-Idden—for we must have his approbation in all proceedings of a national character—we shall be able, I expect, to announce a speedy settlement of our accounts with our Turkish oppressors, particularly the Governor of Jiddah."

At the mention of that name, more than one of those men grew stern—even solemn.

"It is well, begone Cid!" said a voice, and several voices repeated together:

"It is well!"

"Confer together, then, while I have some further conversation with Ben-Idden, and we will soon see you again."

With his eyes fixed upon the lovers, who were seated beneath a large palm-tree, the traitorous Orlo retreated from the midst of his followers, and disappeared among the stunted shrubs growing underneath the palms. A savage look overspread his face the instant he was alone, and he clutched a weapon in a manner which showed that the most deadly feelings were working in his evil heart.

"Any lie," he said, "any absurdity—any deed of violence—I care not what, so long as I can secure possession of the beauteous Zulah! How I hate Ben-Idden ever since I learned that Zulah loves him! he has become more odious to me than any reptile that crawls under the face of the heavens! My policy is to take the power out of his hands, as I have just succeeded in doing with those ignorant devils, and then I shall be able to carry out my wishes. Destroy him if I choose—take possession of the beauteous Zulah—and, perhaps, build myself up quite a position as a redeemer and champion of my people. In the first place I think I had better murder Ben-Idden, and carry Zulah off to some place of security—perhaps to the old Tomb of Eve—thereafter giving out that they have fled to some distant country, there to enjoy their silly loves! Not one in fifty of the Arabs are capable of appreciating the high toned virtue and noble devotion of Ben-Idden, and will as soon believe such a fiction as anything else. Yes! I must make such a disposition of the lovers, and then I shall have things all my own way!"

He now became silent, and proceeded with the stealthiness of a tiger, as he knew that he was near the spot where the lovers were seated, conversing together.

"Yes, Zulah—my beautiful, my own," he heard Ben-Idden say, with all the earnestness of love. "Next to the deliverance of Arabia from her oppressors, your happiness is the great object to which I shall devote my life!"

"That happiness will be easily assured," was the reply, "since I require only thy smiles, thy love and thy presence. I would be always with thee, even though thy path should be one of peril, for it is only in the light of its altar that love may be truly said to live. And, oh! how blessed it is for two beings to develop an earthly love in their souls like this, one which is reared so far and so grandly towards the skies, that we may ascend by it into heaven!"

"Blessed, indeed, dearest gal, and thy blessedness is the ordained and necessary result of true love, such as we now bear each other. By those who have reached the position we occupy, that of loving and being beloved, the cardinal glory of life has been attained, the holiest duty fulfilled. For each has thus become to the other a shrine which all the storms of the world cannot overthrow, and an unfailing assurance of future bliss, since this earthly love bears the same relation to that of the blest spirits, as a blossom bears to the fruit!"

"Yes, Allah has permitted a love in this world, which is the befitting foundation of that we hope to experience within the temples of everlasting life. And, oh! I would have all our thoughts holy, and all our communion ennobling, for it is only by so doing that we can attain unto the fulness of the joy there is in human love!"

The listener, though well educated and naturally intelligent, could not appreciate such a refined passion as the words of the lovers indicated—perhaps, because of the jealousy by which he was consumed—and so, his eye chancing to rest upon the felucca, he gave utterance to an abrupt exclamation, thus announcing his vicinage:

"There is the treasure ship from Medina," he cried, passing out of his concealment and appearing to the view of the lovers—"the capital, Ben-Idden, we require to set ourselves up in a commanding manner!"

"No, Orlo, I think not," rejoined our hero, arising and advancing, with Zulah by his side. "It is hardly time for the offering of our friends to arrive; and, besides, I am sure that the felucca is that of Antang the Malay."

"Indeed!" and he bestowed a stealthy glance upon Zulah. "Then I may get him to do me a favor!"

"Not to run away with the young lady of whom you were speaking," said Ben-Idden with a smile. "I have told Zulah the news, and it really adds to her happiness to know that your's is secure; but is dying to know the name of the chosen one—women, you know, are such curious creatures!"

"Well, it is Zulah—ha, ha! the same name as her own! Blast that sneaking, blear-eyed Antang! What business has he to come up here, with his crimes and enormities, and make use of the sea of Cayal and the pure breeze as freely as if he were something more than a human toad! If I had my long-range rifle, I'd like to sit here and pop him over, sink his infamous craft—free his captives—and play thunder and lightning all the way from Medina to Mecca!"

The Cid laughed.

"Don't be so excited, good Orlo," he said in a voice meant to be consoling. The course to pursue in order to do away with him, is to do away with his business, and that can be done by commencing at the fountain-head—only by banishing these Turkish officials from our land.

"Well, they shall go! If I had a hundred men as reliable as myself, I would sound the death-knell of all such wretches as I could find within a circumference of twenty leagues, this very night!"

"Nay, Orlo—we must have patience. We are not yet ready!"

The jealous man bowed his acknowledgments of the remark, and passed on his way down the sands towards that part of the beach to which the felucca had shaped its course.

"No, not ready for war," he muttered, "but ready and impatient to take that fair enchantress from your arms! But I must be crafty and cautious—proceeding with all the care and surety of a master-spirit, as such I will soon prove myself to be. What to me is a mad plot for the deliverance of Arabia from her oppressors? Nothing, in comparison with my desire to secure possession of Zulah. I cannot appreciate that spirit of devotion which would prompt Ben-Idden to die for his country, when one half of his countrymen do not even know in what their true interest consists; but I *can* appreciate that peculiar insanity, which seeks to secure so lovely a girl as Zulah to itself! I hardly see my way clear though—do not know whose aid I shall invoke, nor what course I shall adopt; but one thing is certain—that the fair maiden shall soon be my bride. I see clearly that she would fear me as the prince of darkness and of evil, if I had not thrown out the hint about loving some one else. Ha!"

The conspirator suddenly started, as if a new idea had struck him, soon adding:

"How it fetters a man's judgment and good sense for him to become involved in the meshes of love! Fool that I am! why should I think of carrying her off by violence, except in a way which will not show my hand in the matter? Why not proceed in a reasonable manner?—retain the good opinion Ben-Idden has of me, by avoiding suspicion, and then I can condole with him on his heavy affliction—ha, ha!"

CHAPTER III.

THE FELUCCA.—ANTANG, THE MALAY.—THE SCHEMES OF ORLO.

THE felucca, continuing to be favored by the breeze which seemed to be coming up with it, was now so near to the entrance of the bay that several persons, who had appeared during the last few moments, were quite distinctly visible upon her deck. With the clear light of the moon and stars, and assisted by its usual reflection from the Red Sea, owing to the phosphorescence of the water, an eye familiar with that sort of craft would have readily seen that the felucca was about fifty feet long by twelve feet beam, and not more than four or five feet in depth, even within the raised cabin which occupied the centre and prow of the little vessel, this covering forming what we have termed the deck.

The conspirators were so placed among the palm-trees that none of them would have been visible from the felucca, even had there been every close scrutiny of the shores on the part of the commander and crew. The lovers had returned to their former position, so cosily sheltered beneath the ancient palm, and Orlo had also thrown himself among the low bushes, lying flat on the ground, so that none of them were likely to give any alarm to the new comers. Indeed, it might have been suspected, from the manner in which several of the conspirators placed their hands upon their weapons, that they had formed a plan which did not bode the Malay any good, and this suspicion would have been confirmed had the remark of one of their numbers been heard, as he muttered:

"The truth is, the felucca is loaded down with spices and silks, and all the productions of the East Indies; to say nothing of ten or a dozen Malay women, whose smiles would rate heavily if prized by sensible eyes. We must secure possession of vessel and all, boys—for we shall need all her treasures in the war we are about to commence."

A general expression of approbation followed.

All eyes continued fixed upon the felucca, and soon she was between the headlands of the bay, when, suddenly, a strange and shrill cry arose from some part of the palm-grove, resounding far and near among the leaves and branches, and echoing so much that it seemed impossible to tell where it originated.

"What is that?" asked several voices, as the speakers looked around in some alarm.

The strange cry was evidently intended as a warning for the felucca not to run in to the land, for there was a moment of excitement and confusion among the former gathered upon the deck, and then the felucca wore around, commencing to creep off from the shore.

"There is a traitor among us," said Orlo, who had not overheard the designs of his followers, but only knew that the shrill cry had made that sudden change in the course of the felucca.

He had scarcely uttered the words, when one of the Arabs was seen dragging forth the Malay, whom we formerly mentioned as being among the conspirators, from a dense collection of palms, having taken him somewhat rudely by the ear the better to accelerate his progress.

"Here he is!" cried the man. "He does not want the felucca to fall into our hands. Stand up there, traitor! We will dispose of your case in a very summary fashion."

The Malay suddenly grew weak about the knees, groaning and pleading for his life, for he saw that mercy was not expressed in any of the eyes fixed upon him.

In fact, a moment later he fell backwards to the ground, apparently dead, and pierced by a number of bullets.

"He's dead enough," said the Arab who had first suggested the seizure of the felucca, "but that does not give us the prize. Hush! there's Ben-Idden, looking as savage as a hungry lion. Wonder if he has smelt out our design?"

The cause of our hero's coming forth, and the look of displeasure on his face, was the fact that Orlo had quietly run down to the water and was swimming off in the direction of the felucca. At the same instant the Malay's vessel was seen to lower its huge sail by the run, thus losing her speed but without coming to an anchor, and this, as it appeared, before the movement of Orlo had been noticed by any one on board.

Ben-Idden was puzzled.

"It may be," he muttered, "that the Malay has hove to, in good faith, to await further signals from his confederate ashore. Perhaps, too, he means to anchor, for she has lowered the sail, when a good seaman, if only pausing a moment, would have run his vessel into the wind, all a-flapping. But how should Orlo have known of the intended pause? and how dare he venture so boldly out to the Malay's craft?"

Not another word was said by any of the observers until they saw Orlo reach the felucca and climb up on to the covered prow. Perhaps, even then, they would have continued in their silence, had not the sail of the little vessel been suddenly raised, and the prow headed for the shore.

This movement occasioned a murmur of surprise.

A few moments of wondering observation, however, and the mystery was cleared up.

It was the Malay's vessel, but not the Malay himself. The explanation, as given by the leader, was this, that the treasure-ship from Medina had been attacked by the Malays, and so injured as to sink, but not 'till the Arabs had gained a victory over the Malays, transferred the treasure to their vessel, and deposited every remaining Malay in the depths of the sea!

Arabs and friends, therefore, were aboard of the felucca, and Orlo had been the first to perceive the situation of affairs—that was all.

"But why," he instantly asked, while the conspirators were expressing their satisfaction at his swim to the felucca, "why did you pay any attention to the traitorous Malay's signal?"

"Signal? I did not know it was a signal," replied the leader of the Medinians. "I heard an infernal noise, and merely hove to to see what under heaven it was!"

A look of secret intelligence, passing between Orlo and the chief from Medina, seemed of more importance to them than words.

"Then I am sorry for the poor Malay," said Orlo, as he kicked the supposed body of the defunct. "Shot by mistake."

The body writhed beneath the kicking, and took occasion, as soon as all eyes were busy elsewhere, to spring up and make a retreat into the palm-grove—going with such decided motive force, that not the slightest sign of that Malay was ever again seen by any of the conspirators!

"And so," said Ben-Idden, as he walked apart with the chief from Medina, "the treasure intended for our use is safe?"

"Yes—aboard of the felucca, and half a dozen bright-eyed Malay beauties—"

"Hush! not a word about them—they will not be properly treated by our men. I suppose you found them in the cabin after you had taken possession."

"Yes, and I assured them that they were no longer captive; that they might return home, or go where they pleased, whereupon they begun to cry!"

"Cry?"

"Wept like Chinese tars on short allowance! It seems that the yellow devil, that—old what's his name—Bang-Whang I think they call him—had so thoroughly infused the idea into them that they were to be set up as great ladies on their arrival in Arabia, that they considered me a most villanous character for having interrupted their benefactor in his travels; called me all manner of disrespectful names, and finally became so uproarious that I was at a loss what to do, as it went against my chivalry to tie them up. At last, one of my sailors proposed to supply them with a plenty of Muscatel—which I instantly did, with such splendid effect—that every one of them is now as thoroughly soaked as a sponge, and lying helplessly on the cabin floor."

"Six—eight," said Ben-Idden. "You have quite a crew, and a hardy looking set of men. If you could only join us, remaining here—"

"Such is our design. I will anchor here or go up to the Port, as you think best."

"You had better leave the felucca here, Malay beauties and all. But whom can you trust in command, while you go with me to the town?"

"Oh, I have a man here—a faithful fellow. It will not require more than one if we take the treasure ashore."

"The money must go to our treasury, which, for the present, is a strong box in the old tomb purporting to contain the relics of the mother of the race, and commonly called the Tomb of Eve."

"Yes, I know where it is, having been in this vicinity before. We will attend to the removal of the specie at once."

The arrangements were soon made in accordance with these observations, and then it only remained for the new-comers and the conspirators to dispose of themselves until the day of action should arrive. The men from Medina were soon distributed among those who resided in Jiddah, and took their departure towards the town with their new friends, one detachment after another, 'till only our hero and Zulah, with Orlo and the Medina chief, were all the persons remaining on the shores of the bay, if we except the Arab in charge of the felucca and the insensible beauties in its cabin.

And now it was that Orlo seemed to be in his element—at home. For many years had he resided in Jiddah; but without giving any clue to his history, and without creating any ties, other than those of policy and interest. It was only known that he had suddenly appeared in Jiddah, one day, several years before, and had been in the vicinity ever since. Once, he had been surprised in reading a Turkish paper, and some suspicions had arisen about his being an Arab; but the question had soon died away, so humble was his life and unpretending his manner. He had passed in Jiddah as a sort of student, and always had means enough to defray his current expenses, though the source from which he received his funds never could be traced. All in all, there was a depth and a secrecy about him which led most persons to distrust him, while our hero had made him a leader in the conspiracy solely on that account.

We have said that Orlo, at the moment he found the conspirators gone, seemed to be in his element; by which we mean that he, for one, seemed to feel at liberty to assume a bearing in keeping with his haughty nature. For once he grew sternly dignified and proudly sullen. To have seen him pace to and fro upon the beach, with head erect and nostrils dilated, with eyes flashing and with hands firmly clutching his weapons, one would have said that his character had at that moment arrived at a certain point of growth, and culminated in some eternal principle, upon which it had based itself, with the solidity of iron or of marble.

What was the mystery of this change?

"Come, Orlo, are you going back to the town?" asked Ben-Idden, as he and Zulah, both attended by the Medina chief, crossed his path on their way across the beach.

"No, I am not going—not at present. I wish you all good night!"

Ben-Idden offered some friendly remonstrance, but soon saw that it was useless, and accordingly uttered his adieus. He and his beloved, as well as their friend, were not long in disappearing in the direction of the town.

Orlo continued pacing to and fro on the beach till his late companions had all vanished from the scene. He then placed his knife under his cloak in such a way as to have it ready to his hand, and again entered the water, this time, as before, directing his course towards the felucca.

The moon had now ascended some ten or a dozen degrees up the heavens, and never smiled upon a more glorious night or upon a lovelier scene, than that presented by this little Bay of Palms. Not a cloud could be seen, nor even the slightest gathering of haze, and the blue vault of the sky was so resplendent with the eternal lamps hanging therein, and the almost waveless sea lay so bright and sparkling in their light, that a poet or a painter would not have known how to transfer its living beauty to paper or canvas.

The conspirator swam out rapidly from the beach, and was soon at the felucca. On ascending to the deck, with the assistance of the Arab who had been left in possession, he seated himself upon the deck as if to recover from the exertion he had made.

"Just such a night as that on which, six years ago," he muttered: "I swam across the Golden Horn, from the sultan's palace to Scutari! Shall I ever forget it? Never, till that sultan's power has retreated beyond the spot where I landed on that night of fearful peril!'

The Arab had been looking closely at his visitor as if he deemed his actions suspicious, but he took courage from the recollection that he, on landing with his master, had seen this personage addressed as an equal by Ben-Idden. Still he could not refrain from inquiring, by way of getting the cue of the visitor's proceedings:

"Have you come to take possession? Do you wish me to go ashore?"

Orlo started, as his eyes rested upon the man's visage.

"No," he replied, springing up, with a wild look on his face and in his eyes, as he drew his naked weapon. "I wish you to remain here, and mean that you shall!"

With a single back-handed blow he plunged the weapon to the hilt in the heart of the guard, at the same time pushing him over backwards, weapon and all, so that the blood might not stain the deck, thus causing him to fall into the water.

A single wild cry disturbed the silence, and then all was still.

"I suppose I may as well get some of the ballast out of the well, there, by the stern, and sink the body," remarked the assassin, as he saw that his victim was dead. "I will do so!"

This task was soon done.

"And now," added the murderer, "I may as well make a survey of the craft of which I find myself the commander, and which I have resolved to make my residence for a few weeks to come!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOUNG CASABIANCA.

On the fatal explosion of the Orient at the battle of the Nile, the conduct and death of Admiral Casabianca's son, a boy whose age did not exceed thirteen, were singularly remarkable. Stationed among the guns, he encouraged the gunners and sailors; and when the firing happened to be impeded in the heat of the action, through excess of zeal and agitation, he restored order and tranquility by a coolness which was quite astonishing for his age; he made the gunners and sailors sensible of their inadvertencies, and took care that each gun was served with cartridges suited to its calibre.

He did not know that his father had been mortally wounded; and when the fire broke out on board the Orient, and the guns were abandoned, this courageous child remained by himself, and called loudly on his father to tell him, if he could quit his post like the rest without dishonor. The fire was making dreadful ravages, yet he still waited for his father's answer; but in vain! At length an old sailor informed him of the mi-fortune of Casabianca, and told him that he was ordered to save his son's life by surrendering. He refused, and ran to the gun-room. When he perceived his father, he threw himself upon him, held him in his close embrace, and declared that he would never quit him. In vain his father entreated him and threatened him; in vain the old sailor, who felt an attachment to the captain, wished to render him this last service. "I must die, I will die with my father!" answered the generous child. "There is but a moment remaining,' observed the sailor; "I shall have a great difficulty in saving myself; adieu." The flame reaching the powder, the vessel blew up, with the young Casabianca, who in vain covered with his body the mutilated remains of his father. Such is what the old sailor related to General Kleber and Louis Bonaparte, on landing at Alexandria.

THE MISER PUNISHED.

Under the reign of the first khaliphs, there was a merchant at Bagdad, equally rich and avaricious. One day he bargained with a porter to carry home for him a large basket of porcelain vases for ten paras. As they went along, he said to the man:

"My friend, you are young, and I am old—you can still earn plenty—strike off, I entreat you, a para from your hire."

"Willingly," replied the porter.

This request was repeated again and again, until, when they reached the house, the porter had only a single para to receive. As they went up the stairs, the merchant said:

"If you will resign the last para, I will give you three pieces of advice."

"Be it so," said the porter.

"Well, then," said the merchant, "if any one tells you it is better to be fasting than feasting, do not believe him; if any one tells you it is better to be poor than rich, do not believe him; if any one tells you it is better to walk than ride, do not believe him."

"My good sir," replied the astonished porter, "I knew these things before, but if you will listen to me I will give you advice such as you never heard."

The merchant turned round, and the porter, throwing the basket down the staircase, said to him:

"If any one tells you that one of your vases remains unbroken, do not believe him."

Before the miser could reply, the porter had made his escape.

CHINESE PHYSICIANS.

The physicians of China, by feeling the arms of a sick man in three places—to observe the slowness, the increase, or quickness of the pulse—can judge of the cause, the nature, the danger, and the duration of the disorder. Without their patient's speaking, they reveal infallibly what part is affected. They are at once physicians and apothecaries, composing the remedies they prescribe. They are paid when they have completed a cure; but they receive nothing when their remedies do not take effect. European physicians, it must be confessed, are by no means so skilful as the Chinese; but in one thing they have the advantage over them, which is in taking their fees before they have performed the cure. Thus unlearned physicians ride in their chariots in London; while learned ones walk on foot in Pekin.

A good brother in an Eastern church had a call to preach. Being unable to read, he employed a friend to read the Scripture lesson. On one occasion the chapter selected was Genesis xxii, which contains the words—"These eight did Milcah bear to Nahor, Abraham's brother." The preacher discoursed therefrom as follows: "Brethren and sisters, let us consider our blessings. Morning and evening our wives and daughters milk the cows, and our wants are all supplied. In the days of good old Abraham, as you have heard, it took eight to *milk* a bear, and they did not get much at that."

THE LAND OF WASHINGTON.

I glory in the sages,
Who, in the days of yore,
In combat met the foemen,
And drove them from our shore;
Who flung our banner's starry field,
In triumph to the breeze,
And spread broad maps of cities where
Once waved the forest trees.
—Hurrah!—

I glory in the spirit
Which goaded them to rise
And found a mighty nation
Beneath the western skies.
No clime so bright and beautiful
As that where sets the sun;
No land so fertile, fair and free
As that of Washington.
—Hurrah!—

CORAL FORMATIONS.

Hills have been leveled, valleys filled up, and cities built by the might of man, and his works have been justly considered as great and mighty productions. But if man has built proud cities, he may justly feel humbled in comparing his works with the little coraline insects of the sea, who have built islands in the deep ocean with no other material for their walls than the matter held in solution by the waters. Coral is a stony product of the sea resembling the productions of the garden, rivaling trees and shrubs in the gracefulness and delicacy of their forms. In olden times it was believed that coral was a petrified vegetable production, as it was well known that vegetation could produce stately forests and minute plants; and when it was first suggested that it was the work of little jelly-like animals, by the naturalist, Peysonnel, in 1751, scientific men pronounced the idea absurd. It is well known that coral is the stony frames belonging to coraline insects, and a piece of it may be said to be composed of millions of their skeletons. We have received a large specimen of this marine marble flora, sent to us by George E. Harkness, engineer of Fort Jefferson, Fla. It is of the kind found at the Tortugas Islands, and is very beautiful, branching out into broad leaves, rivaling in their tiny tracery the works of the most skilful sculptors. Coral is principally composed of lime; the insects secrete it from the waters of the sea, and as each generation expires, its successors continue the building until it arises from the ocean as floral rocks and islands. The operations of these marine insects are principally confined to the warmer waters of the ocean, such as in the Gulf of Florida, and the Indian and Pacific oceans. It is remarkable that, at fifty miles back from the sea-coast, in the Carolinas, as perfect specimens of coral are frequently dug from the marl pits as those obtained fresh from the sea. The limestone of New Jersey and of Missouri give evidence of their coraline origin, thus affording proof that many extensive tracks of this country were once under the waters of the great deep, and that these little creatures were the builders of many of the rocks and much of the dry land. But the coral insects perform another great office besides increasing the boundaries of the land. It is well known that silica, lime, magnesia, alumina, oxyds of iron, and other soluble impurities, are carried down into the ocean by the waters from rivers. The little coralines act the part of scavengers of the sea, as they secrete only the impurities and refuse the salts of sodium, and thus they build their houses from the very materials which otherwise would accumulate and render the ocean waters as bitter as those of the sea of Sodom. The coral insects and marine shell-fish store away the excess of lime water in the sea and tend to purify its waters, in the same manner that trees and vegetation absorb carbonic acid from the atmosphere and keep it pure for the welfare of man. It is thus that the operations of nature are conducted upon a wise, simple and sublime plan by the great Author of Creation.

A CURE FOR LUMBAGO.

The following amusing though somewhat painful incident actually occurred at a farm-house not a great many miles from the village of Capetown. All are subject to the ills of the flesh, and a worthy and highly respected man was very severely afflicted with that painful complaint, lumbago; so much so that he could not stand erect, and could walk with great difficulty. As is common in such cases, it was thought desirable to rub the afflicted part with some spirituous compound; and that the application might be more effectual, the good man was turned with his back to the fire, while the good wife gave sweet relief, now applying the spirituous oil, now warming her palm over the cherry blaze, and again chaffing the afflicted part. While thus engaged, it unfortunately happened that, without the good dame observing it, the spirit upon her hand took fire, and with a magnetic pass, she at once set the old gentleman's back in a flame. The effects produced were akin to the miraculous. He bounded up with a new-born energy; he yelled and rushed round the house, uttering a string of expletives totally unworthy of a deacon. Fortunately, the fuel that supplied the fire was soon exhausted. Tired and sore, he was put to bed, and we are happy to add, cured of his lumbago, and has never had it since.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

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FREDERICK GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

NO. 1 OF THE "COMPANION."

Now ready, another edition of No. 1 of the "LITERARY COMPANION." Those of our friends who were disappointed in getting a copy of the first number of our new paper, the "Literary Companion," can now be supplied at any periodical depot in the United States, at *four cents* per copy. Although we issued 120,000 of the first number, every copy was sold within two days afterwards, and we were obliged to go to press with another large edition, which is now ready. We have a double set of hands at work, and our powerful steam presses are kept running day and night. We hope, therefore, to be fully able to supply the increasing demand for the "COMPANION." The beauty of the paper, its large size, unusual number of pages, and choice stories, have taken every one by surprise.

HABITS.

A habit, in itself considered, is a very little thing; working with such silence all along through the life, and so secretly beneath the surface of the being; now whispering a hint for the conduct, and again drawing in the reins or letting them out; watching, as from an interested motive, at every turn and corner where the individual may be suddenly addressed with the greatest effectiveness; gradually enlisting all the other elements and forces of the character in its favor; and, at last, asserting its single supremacy in a crisis of temptation and trial, as if to prove that it had not been so silent and so busy all this time to no visible advantage.

Nobody can predict where the present yielding to a questionable habit, no matter how apparently trifling it is, may land him. It either masters him entirely, or he must master it. There is no half-way work about these things. From the moment a man voluntarily surrenders up his own will, the propensity that accepts such a surrender becomes greater than he, and thenceforth controls him. If he once shake hands with it, it is not that he may secure peace, but rather that he may thus give tokens of his inferiority. We are not of those who love to look on life as nothing finer or sweeter than a perpetual battle, with no chance for the healthy development of the more spiritual and gentle qualities of the nature; yet in respect to the matter of undermining habits, there is no question, practically considered, that warfare alone, at least for certain seasons of time, is the natural and safe condition of growth and permanent safety.

The first condition, however, of the removal of evil habits, whether of thought or of practice, is that the mind shall be supplied with something better and more exalted to take their place. For all conduct, until it becomes so habitual as not to cost a single thought, is of necessity the fruit of reflection and a projected purpose; and if a man would endeavor to make his conduct high and pure, he must needs invite the loftiest and purest sentiments to step in and take possession of his mind. It is just like everything else; nothing proceeds but from a known cause, and to that secret cause it behooves us all to turn our early attention. It is a much more natural and radical way of reforming or redeeming the character, to furnish the mind with good thoughts, than to be in a state of eternal warfare with evil habits, and without the strong moral support of those thoughts to assist you. It is to be remembered that the human mind is always active, and the conduct never fails to take the shape and coloring of its secret operations; if this is busy with grossness and corruption, the conduct corresponds to it with a marvellous exactitude; so that, if there is any single receipt for eradicating unfortunate habits, it is by introducing and encouraging good and beautiful thoughts. The open life will not be long in publishing the character of the sentiments that are secretly cherished within.

The Hon. Edward Stanley, of California, is about to become a candidate for holy orders. Many years since he was a representative in Congress from North Carolina.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

We desire the public fully to understand that we employ no travelling agent, either for the PICTORIAL or the LITERARY COMPANION. If, therefore, any one subscribes through a stranger, representing himself as our agent, ten to one he is swindled, though any one has a right to send us subscribers in accordance with our published terms. In addition to the above, we would here state that we have no connection whatsoever with a party now travelling in the State of Maine, under the firm of "Spalding & Crosby," engaged in a Gift Enterprise, who are getting subscribers for our paper. All we have to say of them is, that if they, or any one else, send us subscribers according to our advertised terms, we are in duty bound to take them, and to send our papers accordingly. But if they fail in doing so, subscribers must look to the party they subscribe to, for we shall not be responsible for the doings of strangers. If any one desires to subscribe for either of our papers, it must be done by addressing us direct, or through such of our friends as have been kind enough to form clubs, with whom he must of course be acquainted.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

It appears that among the Russians, the parents of a child may not stand sponsors to it, nor even be present at its baptism. The godfather and godmother, by answering for the child, become related to it and to each other, and a lady and gentleman who have stood as sponsors to the same child are not allowed to marry each other. In christening, the priest takes the child, which is quite naked, and holding it by the head so that his thumb and finger stop the orifices of the ears, he dips it thrice into water; he cuts off a small portion of the hair, which he twists up with a little wax from the tapers, and throws it into the font; then, annointing the baby's breast, hands and feet with the holy oil, and making the sign of the cross with the same on the forehead, he concludes by a prayer and benediction.

WHAT WE OFFER.

In addition to the numerous other attractions offered in the "LITERARY COMPANION," we give, each week, a fresh instalment of the brilliant novelette by Major Ben Perley Poore, entitled "The Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe," which challenges universal admiration. It is a story full of incident, adventure and excitement, perhaps the best that ever proceeded from his fertile pen. Then there are those exquisite "Household Dramas," by that favorite authoress, Mrs. Mary W. Denison,—an entirely new thing in newspaper literature. Both of these are strong attractions for the reading community. The other stories, essays, poems and miscellany, make the "COMPANION" a perfect wonder in the way of literary publications.

A London correspondent of the N. Y. *Crayon* says photography is becoming a nuisance. The stereoscope in the hands of some persons is a serious infliction. The writer knows many houses where you cannot decently make your escape without staring at and admiring at least two dozen pictures—groups of foolish people at a wedding—hungry people eating cold chicken—smart people dancing—quiet people drinking tea, and other ineffable trash, besides continuous series of family pictures; for no well-regulated family is happy now, unless all their portraits are taken by photograph at least once a quarter.

NEWSPAPERDOM IN EXCITEMENT.—The New Year furnishes at least *one* fresh and beautiful creation, and that is Gleason's "*Literary Companion.*" It is a genuine nonpareil—crammed full with tales, poems, and essays; containing sixteen elegant pages, as open and fair as any reader's eye would desire to feast upon; the matter all original, and of the first literary quality; the paper white, smooth, and inviting. Boston may congratulate herself that she has got Gleason back into the publishing field again, for he sent her name far and wide over the continent. His mammoth publishing establishment, from which "Gleason's Pictorial" is sent forth, as well as the "Literary Companion," is one of our local curiosities, and well worthy of a visit.—*Boston Evening Traveller.*

To be calm and cool in inferior things is better than zeal. "A man of understanding is of an excellent spirit;" in the Hebrew, a *cool* spirit. Injuries do not fret him into a flame, neither does any occurrence heat him into a height of joy, grief or anger.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Legislature of Vermont has passed a law against billiards.

American Proverb.—Sherry-cobbler mends no shoes.—*Punch.*

Another Great Suspension.—The big chandelier at the Boston Theatre.

There were fifteen murders in New York city last year and fifty-nine suicides.

While moose-hunting, Moses Titus, 19 years of age, was frozen to death in the Penobscot woods.

It is stated that there have been ninety expeditions to the North Pole, at a total cost of $850,000.

The number of sea-going vessels lost last month was 46, larger than any month except November.

Concha, late Governor General of Cuba, made a fortune of seven millions of dollars during his administration.

The London *Times* contains a powerful leader advocating a grant of £10,000,000 sterling for the defences of England.

A piece of brown paper folded and placed between the upper lip and the gum, will stop bleeding at the nose.

The cheapest gas in the United States is sold in Pittsburg, at $1 50 per thousand feet. In Boston the gas is much more expensive.

A match between a New York and a Philadelphia steam fire engine for $2,000 has been arranged, the loftiest stream to take the money.

A French millinery establishment in Cincinnati was robbed of $2,000 worth of goods and $140 in money. The milliner was chloroformed.

The small boys celebrated New Year's (Sunday) in New York, by blowing tin-horns about the streets; the men by skating in the Central Park.

A proposition to hang a portrait of Thomas Paine in Independence Hall, has encountered violent opposition in the Philadelphia Select Council.

Punch thinks "The Four Brokers of Liverpool" (who wrote to Louis Napoleon) ought to do a good business with the lots of "assurance" they have.

The N. Y. Superior Court has fixed the amount of Mrs. Catharine Forrest's alimony at $3,000 a year—$1,000 less than the award of the referee.

Beautiful jewelry and sparkling diamonds, worth $15,000, were recovered by the New York police after they had been stolen from a Broadway jeweller.

Jenny Lind has made up her mind to endow and erect an asylum for decayed singers. Otto, her husband, it is said, renders her uneasy—he "fights the tiger."

A brigand has been captured in Sardinia, who is known to have perpetrated sixty murders. He was followed at all times by three enormous mastiffs, fed, according to the tradition of the peasantry, upon human flesh.

When Mr. Jefferson was asked respecting his religion, his memorable answer was as follows: "It is known to God and myself. Its evidence before the world is to be known in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which regulated it cannot be a bad one."

The wearing of rings is very ancient. It was prohibited in Rome to all mechanics, and men of mean condition, to wear rings of gold, so that granting a license for any person to wear a ring was as much as to make him a gentleman The usage of sealing with rings is also of great antiquity.

Foreign Miscellany.

Smallpox is epidemic in Paris.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte is probably near his end.

The European Congress is all ready for its operations.

Italian matters are in *statu quo.* Garibaldi has gone upon his farm.

The Moors never make prisoners. They put to death if they capture.

The affairs of the European Continent are slumbering, just at present.

Girardin has written another powerful pamphlet on the policy of Napoleon.

Prince Metternich of Austria has been officially received at the Tuilleries.

Austria is acting very boldly, if not recklessly, in her arrest of Hungarian nobles.

The Suez Canal is the leading question, just now, among the powers of Europe.

A new literary journal is to be published in Edinburg, to be styled "Good Words."

The war against Morocco is progressing The Moors fight better than was expected.

The Spaniards complain that Great Britain is helping on the Moors in the present war.

Many of the merchants of England have publicly signified their desire to settle the China difficulty without war.

A dense fog in London, recently, caused people to lose their way, and many were run down by carts and omnibuses.

Sands of Gold.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

God reaches us good things by our hands.

Our conduct in life is within our own control; our destiny is that of Providence.

Remember that recreation must not be your business, but a preparation for it.

It is the tinsel and gilding of men that has disguised the simplicity of faith.

Marriage is a feast where the grace is something better than the dinner.

Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Never answer a calumniator. If you will only give a rattlesnake time enough, he will sting himself and die of his own venom.

Those who reprove us are more valuable friends than those who flatter us. True progress requires either faithful friends or severe enemies.

Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.

When injured by any one we should remember that God presents to us the most glorious opportunity of showing forth his own image—mercy and forgiveness.

How small a portion of our lives is that we truly enjoy! In youth we are looking forward for things that are to come; in old age we look backwards to things that are past.

Joker's Olio.

Isn't it rather an odd fact in natural history, that the *softest* water is caught when it rains the *hardest?*

"Massa, one ob your oxen is dead; 'toder too. 'Fraid to tell you of boff at once, for fear you couldn't bore it."

"When did father Adam meet with his first loss in business?" "Why, in the *fall* trade," was the answer.

"Whose son are you, my little boy?" "I aint nobody's son just now; I'm Mr. Thompson's nephew, sir."

"Have you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman. "Yes, there is a good eel in it," was the rather slippery reply.

A poet says: "O, she was fair, but Sorrow came, and left his traces there." What became of the balance of the harness he does not state.

An editor says that the only reason why his house was not blown away during the late gale was, because there was a heavy mortgage upon it!

An individual was arrested the other day in Cincinnati, while endeavoring to pick a gentleman's pocket. He said he wasn't used to the business, and was just trying to *get his hand in.*

A lady waited on a doctor to purchase some fashionable remedy that was to cure everything. "Lose no time, my dear madam, in using it," said the doctor, "for in less than a week it will be out of fashion."

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F. GLEASON.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

LITTLE ZELMA.

BY CARRIE CALDERWOOD.

Her bright blue eyes, her smile so arch—
Her merry little face—
Her fairy form and nimble step
Throw round her wondrous grace;
And all I *fear*, is that with years
These charms will all be o'er—
That she'll no longer be the same
Sweet little child of *four*.

Youth's beautiful in after years,
But Childhood's far more fair,
Before upon the sunny brow
There rests one mark of care.
If, when life's freshness all is gone,
Thy *native grace* be o'er,
Then, Zelma, shall we seek in vain
The winning charms of *four*.

They tell us 'tis the *inward heart*
That stamps the outward form—
The smile is sunny while the heart
Is beating true and warm.
But if comes care, or grief, or sin,
Such beauty all is o'er,
And then the face has scarce a trace
Of all that charmed before.

And if the watchful eye may read
The secrets of the heart,
Then would I wish, my little friend,
When childhood's years depart,
To read thy brow as I do now,
And read thy speaking eyes,—
O, Zelma, keep your heart still true
As you grow old and wise!

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

LOTTIE LISLE'S
SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY FANNY BUFFUM.

Sweet Lottie Lisle. How shall I describe her as she appeared in the exquisite loveliness of her seventeenth year. I can picture to you her fresh blooming complexion, blending lily whiteness and the delicate blush of the rose, her brown hair tossing in ringlets over her white shoulders, her red pouting lips and her soft blue eyes now twinkling with suppressed roguery, anon swimming in tears at the sorrows of another, or melting in tender affection when any of her dearly loved friends were by. Yes, I can picture all this to you, and not much will you then know of my lively little heroine. Her fascination dwelt not in the regularity of her features but in their expression, and her sweet disposition made her a general favorite among the young ladies assembled in W—— Seminary, who in speaking of her always employed a diminutive, rather as a term of endearment and also on account of her child-like confiding ways, than as having any reference to her petite size. Even the very learned Professor, who officiated as our President, relaxed somewhat from his usual gravity when his eyes fell upon her sunny countenance, and he bestowed upon her the sobriquet of "Miss Ringlets" and confidentially informed Madame C——, his chief assistant, that he could more easily refuse the school, en masse, a petition than Lottie alone, with her coaxing, teazing and pouting.

But passing over all the happy, joyous days of our two years' sojourn at the academy of W——, I come to the eve of our final departure from school.

Clusters of girls were grouped about the high broad windows of one of the recitation rooms, discussing their plans for the future, and giving parting charges to each other. Lottie was in gay mood or pretended to be, and had been entertaining a dozen of us with a full account of the cunning coaxings by which she would win papa's consent to her spending the summer months in Newport, and the merry times she would have there, when the further disclosure of her plans was interrupted by the arrival of the evening mail. She hastily tore off the envelope of the missive which was handed her and found that it contained two letters. One from her father's only sister, filled with expressions of kindness and love, and inviting her to spend the summer months with her at her farm house in B——. The other from her father, saying that he had received a request, to the same point from his sister, to which he had at once returned an affirmative answer, and that he would himself come to W—— on the morrow, to accompany his daughter to the home of their relatives.

Poor Lottie! In vain did she stamp her tiny foot and declare she "would not go," she "would not give up dear, delightful, Newport, its gay company and brilliant parties, to mope away all the pleasant summer days in a farm house with no one to speak to, but old fashioned Uncle Will and Aunt Mary, (though she did love them dearly,) or staid, learned Cousin Herbert, (if indeed he should condescend to give her a word now and then,") that she "should be sick, run away, die or *do something desperate* before a week had passed." There was no help for it. Cruel papa had settled the matter, and wisely left himself out of the influence of pleadings and tears until too late to alter his decision.

The morrow came, and the hundred and twenty girls who had so long sojourned together beneath the same roof, in the pleasant city of W—— were scattered never to meet again on earth, an unbroken band.

Mr. Lisle came as he had written. And Lottie, overjoyed to see her father, after this six months' separation, forgot the tragic part she was to act, to show her entire disapproval of the disposition he had made of her for the summer, without her consent and flew to meet him, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, her beautiful face all aglow with excitement, and her sweet lips wreathed with smiles. Little she then looked like the funny figure our mirror had reflected all the morning as she stood rehearsing, in quite an extravagant manner, the part of injured innocence, sulky and sullen, putting on the darkest frown imaginable and her most indignant pout, then joining us in our laugh at her fierce visage.

Yet I felt no misgivings about the happiness of my sweet room mate when I bade her good-by, for I well knew that she had been acting the mock heroic to amuse her companions, and to drive away the gloomy feelings we might be inclined to indulge, in view of our separation, and that much as she might enjoy company and scenes of gayety, yet she anticipated her coming visit with the liveliest feelings of pleasure. Often had she described to me the pleasant homestead of her uncle Clayton, where she had passed four happy years of her childhood; for her Aunt Amy had taken her when she was left a little motherless child of eight to her home, and had cared for her as if she had been her own until at the end of four years, her father by a second marriage, had again provided a home for his child at his own fireside.

Lottie's descriptions had been so vivid and minute, that at any time I could easily bring to mind a picture of the quiet farm house and its surroundings. I could see the large white mansion, with the woodbine creeping over the front porch, the lilacs shading the parlor windows and the running roses clustering about the chamber casements. I could see the smooth grass plat before the dwelling, and best of all that noble old elm in the centre, shading the whole yard and spreading its long graceful arms protectingly over the house. This tree had been set there by Lottie's great-grandfather, the very year that Uncle Will was born, and in this picture of my fancy, it stood as a monument to the departed old man upon which I gazed with reverence. To complete the scene, at the left of the house was the spacious garden, one corner covered with flower beds, another with herbs, a large space allotted to currants and various kinds of berries, and the rest filled with vegetables. A neat white fence enclosed the whole. At the right were various buildings, the dairy house, carriage house, barns and sheds, all spacious and convenient. In front were luxuriant clover fields stretching over acres, till they reached the borders of a small stream, winding its zigzag course through the green meadows. Behind was the fruit orchard, and a little beyond a flourishing grove of sugar maples, while in the distance, a magnificent woodland formed a fitting background. With equal accuracy might I go through the interior of the house and give you its plan from cellar to garret, from remotest back room to the distant guest chamber, but I hasten on to speak of the inmates of this country mansion. Mr. Clayton was a tall muscular person, with a fine open countenance, browned by the exposure to sun and wind inseparable from his occupation. He was a man of much practical good sense and rare good nature.

His neighbors placed much reliance on his judgment, and often consulted him in matters of importance. The poor appealed not in vain to his benevolence, and the sorrow-stricken found in him a true sympathizer. He had received a severe blow in the death of an only and idolized daughter, who was stricken down by a fever many years before, and he never seemed fully to recover from the shock. Aunt Amy had been a belle in her youth, and even now her skin was so fair and smooth, her hair though gray, so soft and abundant and her eyes still so black and brilliant, that one could well believe that in *earlier* years she had been "queen of beauty," in her native town. And then Uncle Will was wont to assert, looking at her roguishly the while, that he "had married her for beauty,"—though it was true,—but marriage had proved that her fair face had been her *last* recommendation, for she was a true helpmeet to the good man, a tender mother, a skilful housewife, and an efficient aid in all his benevolent projects.

Herbert, their sole surviving child, was at the time our sketch commences, twenty-eight years old. When his cousin Lottie was a resident of the farm house, he was pursuing his collegiate course at a distant university, and during the short vacations he had passed at home, the timid little girl had looked upon the tall young student with such feelings of awe, and the sly peeps she had stolen into huge volumes, over which she had seen him poring, had revealed to her such strange and unintelligible characters, that she always alluded to him as "my staid and learned Cousin Herbert," and now evidently did not think she could feel quite at ease in the presence of such a *superior* being.

But it is time that we again turn our attention to Lottie and her father, who did not reach B—— until the evening of the second day after leaving W——. For Mr. Lisle had chosen to make the journey in his carriage, that they might enjoy the delightful scenery, which the close, dusty cars, would have whirled them too rapidly through. So as I before stated, at the close of the second day, their carriage stopped before the woodbine covered porch of their relatives' dwelling. As Lottie alighted she was clasped in Aunt Amy's arms, who gave her not only kisses but tears of welcome, and could hardly resign her to Uncle Will's embrace. How cordial was the hearty shake of the hand he gave her, and the warm kiss he pressed upon her brow, and how natural his cheerful laugh as he stood aside, saying, "Your turn now, Herbert!" And a tall gentleman, who had been standing in the back ground, stepped forward, raised her hand to his lips, and with a pleasant smile, said, we are *all* very glad to welcome you among us once more, Cousin Lottie."

As soon as the guests had laid aside their travelling garments and rearranged their toilets, after their long journey, the family assembled around the loaded tea table which had been spread for sometime awaiting their arrival.

How luscious seeemed the beautiful repast to the hungry school girl, those can appreciate who have been partakers for a length of time of the poor, scanty fair of a boarding school table, and have exchanged that place for a seat at a country board, piled with all the luxuries which a farm supplies.

While her aunt filled her plate with delicacies, and pressed her to eat, while she looked in her uncle's fresh, good humored face, heard his hearty tones in conversation with her father, and noticed his old familiar nod of assent, she felt like a child again in the old place, and rejoiced that she had come back. She looked at Herbert, sitting opposite to her, with something of the old time awe, thinking what she never noticed in those days that he was very noble looking. And Lottie was not the first maiden who had come to the same conclusion. More than one young lady in B—— had looked upon Herbert Clayton admiringly, and well they might. He had his father's tall, manly form, and dark waving hair, his mother's soft black eyes, and his own peculiar smile. He might not be called handsome, but his massive brow betokened intellect, his dreamy eyes thought, and his smile a kind and honest purpose. So no wonder if there was a slight flutter of feminine hearts when he was present,—such qualities being more valuable from their very scarcity. Yet unscathed, he had moved among the beauties of B——, kind and gentlemanly to all, but particularly attentive to none. He had passed two years in travelling after completing his studies, and since had remained at home, assisting his father and devoting his leisure to literary pursuits.

After this digression, perhaps I cannot better resume the thread of my narrative than by here giving a short extract from a letter I receieved from Lottie, the second week of her visit. After narrating various incidents of their journey and arrival, the letter continues thus: "I was so weary with riding and excitement, that I was glad to retire early. But, dear Maggie, when I entered my old chamber, everything looked so familiar that I was wide awake enough I assure you, and could not think of sleeping until I had examined every well remembered article. Why, I shouldn't think a single thing had been moved in all these years. Here is the same blue and white carpet upon the floor, a specimen of Aunt Amy's maiden handiwork. The white muslin curtains are looped back in apparently the same folds as of old. The same high bed is here with its white spread and snowy linen, and those funny pictures that I have told you about so many times, are still hanging upon the walls. All the presidents from Washington to Van Buren, inclusive, besides Franklin and Bonaparte. What an august assemblage to watch over the slumbers of a poor tired school girl! They used to look very solemn and dignified to my childish eyes, and not much less so now to my older vision. Then there are paintings of two gaily dressed young ladies *label'd*, the one Elizabeth, the other Julia. I used to gaze admiringly upon their huge curls and gaudy dresses, but now I laughed aloud at the quaint figures. Yet I was glad to see them all again, and sank to slumber, feeling that I was in the midst of friends; and so I lie down every night and awaken every morning, with their great staring eyes upon me. I cannot begin to tell you all that I do and enjoy here. Papa remained a week and really seemed to grow young again among these rural scenes. Uncle and aunt are unceasingly kind and tender to me, and Herbert is always ready and seems to enjoy going with me to gather lilies upon the pond, to search for berries in the fields, to ramble by the river-side or to take our favorite horseback rides through the winding paths of the noble woods. Then in the evening he reads to me, tells me of his journeyings in other lands, and we practise singing together,—for papa has sent out my piano,—and we have an admiring audience in uncle and aunt. Cousin Herbert has a fine library. He invited me into his study the day after I came here, and showed me his books and some fine paintings and curiosities he had collected in foreign countries, telling me at the same time, to come there whenever it pleased me. It pleases me to go every morning and dust, put things in order and arrange fresh roses in the vases on his study table. You see I am certain, that there never was a girl before that had such a dear good cousin as mine. And how little I can do for him in return for his countless favors to me! One thing troubles me a little, however. He has never called me cousin since that first night, but he is not sparing of pet names nevertheless. There, he calls now, "Lottie, little one, it's time for our ride," and I go, so good-by, my precious Maggie, for to-day."

Lottie's letters after this said less and less concerning her cousin, though I knew by their tone that she was very happy. Sweet girl, all unconsciously she was cherishing a far deeper than cousinly affection, for her young relative. Swiftly flew the hours she passed with him. She never wearied of listening to the tales he told or the books he read to her. She liked to feel the caressing touch of his hand drawing back the curls from her brow as she stood by his side listening to some wild legend, little dreaming in her inexperience, that they were rehearsing the world-old story of "heart clinging to heart, and one ever choosing one."

But not thus unconscious was Herbert Clayton. Well he knew *why* he taxed his memory to recall incidents which might draw her to his side and give him an excuse to look into the depths of those blue eyes which had haunted his slumber every night since that beautiful vision of maidenhood had burst upon his astonished sight in the person of his cousin. He remembered the fair child who had dwelt with them years before, but had forgotten that childhood's graces must have ripened into woman's charms by that time. No wonder that his dreams, the first night of her second visit, were of soft eyes, brown ringlets, and a sweet young face. No wonder that he declared in his heart that never again could he call her *cousin*, but if possible, he would win the right ere long, to call her by a far sweeter, dearer name—wife. But week after week passed by and yet he shrank from making the avowal, which if it should not give him the boon he craved, must

lose him the free frank intercourse and confidence of the present time. For once rejected as a lover and a return to the claims of cousinship was impossible. So his love strengthened in silence, and Lottie guessed not the wealth of affection lavished upon her. She never imagined how Herbert listened for the sound of her light footsteps and her clear voice, as she went singing about the house, how passionately he had kissed the spray of moss rose-buds she had laid across the open book on his study table, nor how he had put them aside with his most precious treasures, because her hand had gathered them, and her eye had rested upon their beauty. She did not imagine when he sat by her side and talked with her so calmly, how he longed to clasp her in his arms and pour the whole burthen of his hopes and fears into her ear. And yet all this time she had been growing into a new and deeper life. She was not less happy than before, though her merry laugh did not ring out as often. She loved to sit quietly and look out upon the dewy landscape of evening until her whole soul was filled with its calmness and silent beauty. Life seemed more mysterious, holy and desirable, and nature more enchantingly lovely. Uncle Will and Aunt Amy observed the *symptoms*, and smiled with satisfaction, as every day appeared to bring nearer the accomplishment of their dearest wishes. They were too wise to spoil the romance by interference, so they waited patiently the denouement, which they saw could not be long delayed. And it came in this wise. Herbert and Lottie had gone for their usual ride one afternoon, and had chosen their favorite drive, where the path wound under magnificent hemlocks, along the edge of a ravine, whose descent was somewhat jagged and precipitous, and at the bottom of which wound a clear stream, where many a luckless trout had been captured.

As they came within the shadows of the tall trees, our equestrians had slackened their pace and lapsed into silence somewhat ominous. In fact, Herbert had decided to try his fate and end his suspense, and was just opening his lips to divulge the secret, when the sharp ring of a rifle was heard through the forest and ere Lottie could grasp the reins, which were hanging loosely on her horse's neck, the frightened steed had given one quick plunge, which threw the helpless girl down the steep bank and sped away. In a moment Herbert had thrown himself from his horse, dashed down the craggy side to where Lottie lay and raised her in his arms. Her blue eyes were closed, and her sweet face white as snow, save where a little stream of blood trickled from one fair temple. With cheeks as colorless as her own, he bore her to the brook-side, and dashed the cool water upon her brow. Still no breath parted her pale lips, and her eyelids refused to open. Then clasping her to him, with a strength of which he was not aware, he showered passionate kisses upon her still lips, and in agony besought her by every endearing title, to look upon him, to speak to him once more. The cold water upon her face had partially aroused Lottie from her insensibility, and though yet too weak to move a limb or raise her eyelids, she was conscious of the strong clasp in which she lay, felt the tumultuous throbbings of the heart to which she was pressed, and the wild kisses which fell upon her lips, and she heard the voice which she so much loved crying "Lottie, my little one, do not leave me! Look up, my darling, my love, for I cannot live without you!" And at that call her eyes opened, the hot blood flashed over cheeks and brow, and with sudden shyness, she endeavored to free herself from the arms which encircled her. But Herbert drew the young head back to his breast, while he poured out the full tide of his love in words of fervid eloquence, and Lottie awoke to a knowledge that the affection which she had cherished, was no cousinly feeling, but the love which should stand her in place of all other earthly ties, and without which her life must indeed be desolate.

And so Herbert Clayton, won sweet Lottie Lisle for his bride.

A few years later Clayton was elected to Congress, and I then met them in Washington. Lottie wore the same winning, happy expression which had been so fascinating in the maiden, and I needed no further proof that her married life had never caused a regret, that she had spent that summer in the country.

Envy shooteth at others and hits herself.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

SONG.

BY WM. H. DAVIS.

Swift as the morning's rosy light,
Quick as the lightning's flash I see,
Swift as the swallow's arrowy flight
Across the bosom of the sea,—
So, dearest, fly my thoughts to thee,
Thou more on earth than friend to me!

Swift as the arrow cuts the air,
When flies it from the bended bow,
Swift as the swiftest things there are
Above, or on the earth below,—
So, dearest fly my thoughts to thee,
Thou more on earth than friend to me!

The sweet expression of thy face,
The mildness of thy deep blue eye,
Are but endearments where I trace
A soul of heavenly purity.
Thus fly my thoughts to thee and thee,
Thou more on earth than friend to me!

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

The wind blew a terrible southeaster; the rain drifted fearfully along, and fell in rushing torrents against the shattered casements and rattling windows of the old tenement occupied by the Moselys. The night too, was as dark and gloomy as clouds and storms could make it:—frightful sounds were heard howling along the blast, and wails of the tree-toad from the roof, seemed ominous of some tragic catastrophe. Mosely himself had gone from home, leaving his wife and eldest daughter, a girl of fourteen, to manage affairs in his absence.

When night came on, the younger children to the number of three or four, were put to bed in the chamber, and Mrs. Mosely, notwithstanding her fears, which had increased to such a degree that she hardly dared to breathe, after securing all the doors, retired to her bed, in company with her eldest daughter.

Mrs. Mosely was a devout believer in apparitions and supernatural appearances, and her imagination readily supplied her with numberless instances, in which visitants from another world had chosen to make their appearance in the midst of precisely such storms and tempests. The house, too, had the reputation of being haunted—strange sights had been seen by the neighbors flitting about the mansion during the time it was uninhabited, and numberless were the times in which a rumbling noise similar to drawing a heavy body over the floor, had commenced at the southeast corner of the kitchen chamber and with a hesitating movement, advanced to the top of the stairs, and sometimes even descended them. As these noises were heard in the night, and a profound silence invariably followed, except that sometimes a light step was heard in the kitchen, it was generally believed that some unfortunate person had been murdered in that corner of the house where the cries commenced, and had been dragged across the chamber, and down stairs; how it was afterwards disposed of, no one knew.

The storm continued to increase, and the oak which stood in the yard, and had braved the storms of centuries, groaned to its very centre, while the ends of the branches which were leaning on the house, as if for support, by their rattling sweep added not a little to the din and uproar without. Mrs. Mosely previous to her going to bed, had gone up stairs to see if all was safe, and finding every thing right, just as in descending the stairs her head came on a level with the floor, her eye caught a glimpse of some white object in the suspicious corner, and to add to her distress, a sudden gust of wind which made the old house rock, extinguished her light and left her in total darkness. Sufficiently frightened, she hastened to where the little fire she had left made the darkness and gloom around, visible, and without daring to look behind her, crept into bed. Scarcely had she been able to draw the bed clothes over her head when the noise which had given so much alarm at previous times, again commenced; it crossed the chamber, descended the stairs, and—all was silence, except the storm raging without. Mrs. Mosely trembled in every joint, the bed shook as though she had been seized with a fit of ague. At that moment another blast swept by the old mansion, and such a rolling, rumbling, doleful noise, as the Breton peasant hears before his door when he is warned that his final hour is come, commenced at the southern extremity of a long low black shed, back of the kitchen, and proceeded till it seemed to stop with a sudden hollow sound at the kitchen door. Instantly a loud and struggling noise attended with a heavy crash, was heard in the kitchen, which lasted but a moment, when a slow heavy thump, thump, thump, was heard proceeding from the kitchen towards the room in which Mrs. Mosely and her daughter were in bed. They heard the noise but escape was hopeless; the fire had gone out, and it was as dark in as out doors; if during their lives they had never before prayed, they begged heartily now, but in vain; the noise advanced; it passed the threshold, thump, thump, thump; it turned to the bed; Mrs. Mosely screamed loud, but the relentless apparition stopped not till it was fairly at the bedside, struggling, groaning, and thumping.

Mrs. Mosely was frightened to desperation; she called aloud for mercy and help, and springing from the bed, raised the window, and calling on her daughter to follow, leaped into the street, and midst the peltings of the storm made her way a quarter of a mile to farmer Hodge's, where she arrived almost dead with fright, cold, and rain. As soon as she recovered sufficient breath, she gave her astonished neighbors the reason of so unusual a visit, and entreated Hodge to save if possible, the children she had left at home—from she knew not what. Hodge was an honest fellow, and possessed on such occasions of an exuberant degree of courage, and the storm was so violent, and so many frightful stories crowded at once on his recollection, that Hodge scratched his head, and would have willingly declined a contest that would have tested the prowess of Hooker himself. It was but for a moment however, and his humanity, and pity for the good woman's distress prevailed: he seized his lantern, and wielding in one hand a sound walnut cudgel, which had formerly served for a hand staff, accompanied by Mrs. Mosely who had put on some of Mrs. Hodge's clothes, and whom no entreaties could prevail upon to remain, he sallied forth ready to meet whatever might dare him to the encounter.

They reached the house—it remained as they had left it. They cautiously and tremblingly entered the room where Mrs. Mosely slept, when the first thing that saluted their eyes was, thump—thump—thump, accompanied by the frightful strangling noise which had given so much alarm, appearing to come from under the bed they had just quitted. Hodge involuntarily shrunk back, but opening his lantern, with a palpitating heart, he ventured to the bed and cautiously raised the coverlet which hung nearly to the floor, peeped under, when, merciful Heaven! what a scene presented itself to his horror-struck vision! There was no ghost, no apparition, no spectre from the murderous grave, no straggler from the "vasty deep;" but a real, white, huge, bloody and ferocious cat! with his head wedged into Mrs. Mosely's large, pewter, quart cup, which had been left half full of milk, standing on the kitchen table! Hodge relieved the cat in the same way that "Paddy from Cork," did his dog, when caught in similar circumstances—cut off his head to extricate it from the mug.

The fright having subsided, the whole mystery was developed and a worthy family delivered from their fears of hobgoblins, spooks, and apparitions. It was found that a branch of the oak had displaced a clapboard, and made a hole through which the cat, a wild prowler of the woods, had for a long time found its way into the house. On that night he entered in the usual manner, and finding it all still, descended to the kitchen. The mug had been left in the manner stated, and with considerable difficulty he introduced his head and began his feast. At that moment the force of the wind drove the large brass kettle from its moorings, rolled it the whole length of the shed, and brought it up with violence against the kitchen door. Frightened in his turn, Grimalkin attempted to extricate his head, but it was impossible, and in the struggle, he came to the floor, where the mug was still lessened in its dimensions by falling on the edge of the chair. Half suffocated in the milk, he endeavored to make his retreat but was unable, and as fortune would have it, found his way thumping his pewter mug upon the floor at every step, to the apartment occupied by Mrs. Mosely and her daughter.

To conclude the whole, the oak limb was dismembered—the clapboard replaced—and ghosts and apparitions forever banished the neighborhood.

FURS AND THEIR VALUE.

This is the season when furs are in fashion, and, what is better, are of use. By consulting an account of the fur-trade of the Hudson Bay Company, which is the principal source of supply, we find that the furs and peltries of the company comprize fox of various colors, black and brown bear, sable, otter, lynx, beaver, raccoon, minx, musquash, wolf, fur-seal, marten, squirrel and ermine. The most important in this list is sable, of which muffs and tippets are mostly made. Of these 125,000 are collected by the Hudson Bay Company annually.

We find it recorded in history that a wreath of black sable, which was presented to Henry I., in the early part of the eleventh century, by the Bishop of London, cost not less than £100, which in those days was a very great sum.

The Russian or Siberian sable is more esteemed than the American, however, being softer and more silky than the latter; and of these Russia annually produces 20,000. This is why those luxuries are so costly; so few of these furs, in proportion to the number who wear them, are produced annually. This may account also for the great risk of getting an imitation or spurious article for your money. The price of the real sable corresponds with the abundance and glossy blackness of the upper coat.

Of marten skins the Hudson Bay Company gathered in one year, we are told, 14,000, and the French free-traders in Canada exported 30,000 of them in the same year. A good many of these are worn as linings and trimmings by the ladies, and gloves are lined with them, in large numbers.

The black or silver fox is a rare fur and a valuable one, a single skin often commanding at wholesale $200, and even $600. About one thousand of these are annually collected by the company, and nearly all of them go to Russia or China, for lining and trimmings to dresses. The fur of the sea otter is mostly used for caps, collars and robes, and about 15,000 or 20,000 of these are annually collected, and go in great abundance to China, where a single otter skin sells for seventy-five dollars. Yet others go to Russia, Turkey and Greece. Of wolf-skins, the Russians make sleigh-robes. Beaver has become a drug, since other materials have superceded it for hats. Military caps and pistol-holders are made of this skin.

The skin of the squirrel is used in immense quantities all over Europe, and the Hudson Bay Company export vast quantities to the continent. It is this fur, dyed very cunningly, which you are in great danger of being persuaded to purchase as the real Russian sable. It is extremely light—in weight—and though not worth an eighth part as much as the sables, is sold at sable prices in great quantities.

The ermine, too, is very often counterfeited, but an expert detects the cheat at a touch and a glance. This fur is taken from a little animal, about as big as a weasel, and is pure white all over, except the tip end of his tail, which is black. The Siberian ermine is intensely and spotlessly white. About 20,000 of these are entrapped annually by the Hudson Bay Company.

It is a historical fact, that, for more than a thousand years, the ermine has been associated with the dignity of throne and bench. It is called in heraldry, minever. Of it the coronation robes of kings and queens are made. It is also an attribute of the bench, and has come to mean, what its spotless white should indicate, judicial purity.

A FEW SHORT SENTENCES OF ADVICE.

Never divulge a thing confided to you.
Let nothing ruffle your temper.
Never neglect small matters and expenses.
Keep your own secrets.
Deceive him who attempts to deceive you.
Be prudent and circumspect in all you say and do.
Beware of being duped—the world is full of knaves.
Let all your actions be manly.
In every thing be cool, determined, and vigorous.
All comparisons are odious and should be avoided.
He scatters enjoyment who can enjoy much.
Make no one your confidant.
Consult with feeling, and act with vigor.
Never interfere in other people's concerns.
Never put implicit faith in a man who has once deceived you.
To the poor owe nothing.
Of the rich ask nothing.
Neither flatter nor censure the vain.
Never believe the flatterer.
To the blabber, speak not.
To the silent, open yourself with caution.
Attempt not to curb a madman or to make a fool wise.
Think of what you are doing.
Man may live content in any situation.
Observe the three grand properties—time, place and persons.
Say little—but say that little well.
Never disgrace yourself in order to do honor to any one living.
Whatever you undertake—persevere in:—but consider well before you do undertake a thing.
Be always punctual to your engagements.
Be industrious and frugal and you will be rich.
Let nothing throw you off your guard.
Be cautious and reserved with people you do not know.
Never give your opinion if it be likely to be contrary to that of any one present.

WINTER COSTUMES OF THE BRITISH TROOPS IN CANADA.

BRITISH TROOPS IN CANADA IN WINTER COSTUME.

Sir Francis Head, the brilliant English writer of travels, speaks in this way of the intense cold of a Canada winter: "The cold of a Canada winter must be felt to be imagined, and, when felt, can no more be described by words than colors to a blind man, or music to a deaf one. Even under bright sunshine, and in a most exhilarating air, the biting effect of the cold upon the portion of our face that is exposed to it, resembles the application of a strong acid; and the healthy grin which the countenance assumes, requires—as I often observed on those who for many minutes had been in a warm room waiting to see me—a considerable time to relax. In a calm, almost any degree of cold is bearable; but the application of successive doses of it to the face, by wind, becomes, occasionally, almost unbearable; indeed, I remember seeing the left cheeks of nearly twenty of our soldiers simultaneously frost-bitten in marching about a hundred yards across a bleak, open place, completely exposed to a strong and bitterly cold north-west wind that was blowing upon us all. The remedy for this intense cold, to which many Canadians and others have occasionally recourse, is—at least to my feelings it always appeared—infinitely worse than the disease. On entering, for instance, the small harbor of a little inn, a number of strong, able-bodied fellows are discovered holding their hands a few inches before their faces and sitting in silence immediately in front of a stove of such excruciating power, that it really feels as if it would roast the very eyes in their sockets." The accompanying figures give the reader a correct idea of the mode of dress made necessary to the British troops in Canada, during the long and severe winters. A Canada winter is something that even we in New England do not quite understand, tough as are some specimens of our own. The soldiers and officers of the British army that are then quartered there, have a hard time indeed of it. The snow in the streets of Quebec lies three and four feet deep. The St. Lawrence is frozen almost to the bottom, wedging up huge masses of ice in shapeless confusion. The travelling in Canada is performed altogether in sleighs. The costumes of the people are generally of fur, hides and blankets, with warm, thick hoods to cover and protect the entire head except the face. Water will freeze several inches in a night. Sometimes, too, the streets are so slippery as to make pedestrianism impossible, save with "corks," which are pronged bars of iron, securely strapped across the foot. Moccasins are likewise very commonly worn over the feet. In the several spirited illustrations on this page, the various costumes of the British troops are given with exactness and care, so that the reader can easily judge through what perilous straits of wintry weather they are usually compelled to pass, and even then, not always unscathed. To be stationed for a year in Canada, can be no very pleasant thought to the British soldier who may last have eaten his salt and porridge in a warmer clime—say in India. But after the experiment has been fairly tried, and gone through successfully with the aid of furs, blankets and wrappers, we believe the soldier generally reverts to his severe boreal experience with the utmost glee. It afforded him a sort of long frolic, and was so different from any experience in soldiering he ever had before Quebec lies in the same latitude with London; but the climates of the two cities are not to be compared, even by those who can say they know them through and through. We should prefer, on many accounts, to take our chance in London, fog and all.

REGULATION WINTER DRESS FOR OFFICERS OF THE LINE.

HIGHLAND PIPER.

OFFICER OF THE 71ST HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

OFFICER, SERGEANT, AND PRIVATE OF THE 71ST HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

OFFICERS AND PRIVATES OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

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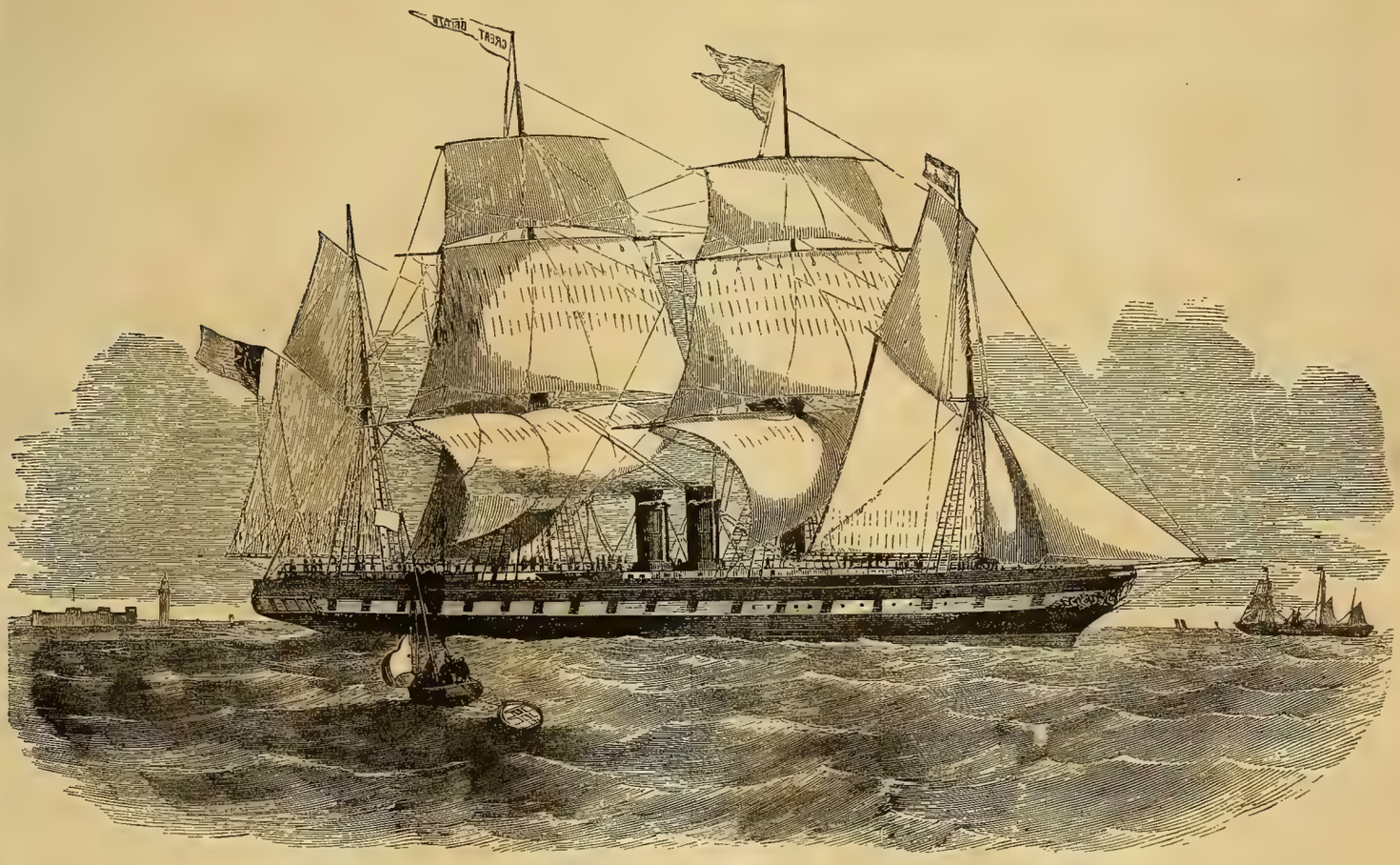
STEAMSHIP GREAT BRITAIN.

Since the day when this fine screw-steamer was launched at Bristol, in the year 1845, mammoth enterprises, and even *mastodon* enterprises, in the way of the building of steamships, have multiplied on every hand. The problem seems to be, with builders, to combine speed with steadiness. Our American fleet of ocean steamers, the Collins line, challenged the admiration of the world in one or both of these particulars, and the ambitious and praiseworthy aims of the founders of the line promised to be nearly realized in the build and dimensions of the noble Adriatic; a ship that, unfortunately, never yet had an opportunity to prove her magnificent qualities as they deserved, by a passage across the stormy Atlantic. She was deemed a sort of sea-monster, beside which few other vessels of the same character would have ventured to rank themselves. But since we have had the Great Eastern on the docket, all former ideas of mammoth vessels, the ark of Noah not excepted, have dwindled, and become in a degree infinitesimal. The Great Eastern is the culmination of all efforts and designs; and it is still a matter of doubt if even she can be brought into such working shape as to realize the main intentions and desires of the enterprising company that laid her immense keel on the stocks. The Great Britain, however, having been built several years ago—for only the last decade, in these rapid times, seems very remote—was considered quite a monster craft for that day of ship building. She was launched, as before stated, in Bristol, Eng. It will be recollected that she found almost insuperable difficulty in leaving Dundrum, and was released only after the most persevering exertions and the lapse of considerable time, so that she did not make her first appearance in Liverpool till 1847. The hard experience attendant on launching and clearing her well nigh discouraged her owners, and they suffered her to lie in the docks, almost without care, and certainly without any other thought than that of chagrin. But her very idleness drew attention to her again. It was thought to be a thousand pities that a ship of such artistic lines and exquisite naval proportions, and possessed withal of such noble working capacities, should thus lie a condemned and practically degraded hulk. Something besides a thought of the money put into her entered the brains of admiring beholders, and a plan was soon got on foot to repair her from stem to stern, and put her in perfect order to perform the service for which she had been originally called into being. Immediately the necessary contracts were made; money was forthcoming; a new and energetic company was formed; and at length, with almost superhuman effort, she was, as it were, saved from what would have been many times worse than a "watery grave." Her tonnage was increased, by the alterations made in her, some thousand tons. After she was put in order, her dimensions were recorded as follows: Length over all, 330 feet; beam, 41 feet 6 inches; depth from promenade deck, 40 feet 10 1-2 inches; capacity for cargo, 3100 tons; ditto for coals, 1200 tons. She at first had five masts, but the number was reduced to four; but upon these she is able to spread 10,000 square yards of canvas. The two centre masts are rigged as in a ship, carrying sails as high as "royals," and the first and last masts are rigged with fore-and-aft sails, as in a schooner. She has been fitted with a pair of oscillating engines, of the collective power of 500 horses. The cylinders are 82 1-2 inches in diameter, and six feet length of stroke; and by the intervention of cog-wheels the screw will make three revolutions to one of the engine. The screw, or fan, has three arms or blades, and is 15 feet 6 inches in diameter, and 19 feet pitch. There are six boilers, either of which can be used independently of the other, if necessary. The engines are of the most beautiful workmanship. To lessen the vibration formerly experienced from the motion of the screw and machinery, eighteen wrought-iron beams have been placed transversely through the vessel, which lock her sides firmly together. The bases on which the machinery rests are much stronger than formerly, and she has further been strengthened by the addition of massive iron entablature beams to the engines, which again are buttressed by a framing of teak-wood, each piece being 20 inches deep and 3 feet wide, running on each side of the engine, transversely and diagonally, to the sides of the ship, (the distance in which this solid timber extends being 17 feet 6 inches on each side of the engine) and the whole bolted together, and through the sides of the ship, by wrought-iron bolts. So that it may be said that the Great Britain steamer has not her superior in strength and beauty anywhere afloat.



THE STEAMSHIP "GREAT BRITAIN."

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE LOST SOUL.

BY WM. F. WOOD.

The soul was darkling on the shore
Of wild disaster, stern and deep,
Where the lost spirits evermore
On desolation's pinions sweep;
In vain its rayless, drooping wings
Beat back the darkly rolling storm,
Whose frowning cloud in anger flings
Its thousand folds around his form.

Sad, shrouded soul! the day is lost;
Thy glory gone, thy light decayed,
And on Oblivion's rayless coast
Without a tear thy form is laid.
Tempt not, O soul, the wrath of heaven;
Defy not ye the Almighty's power;
Your sins, though great, may be forgiven,
And glory crown the final hour!

Bear witness, heaven, and earth, and sea;
Bear witness, all ye orbs that roll
Through chaos dark eternally,
Bear witness to the Lord's control!
What power can stay the smiting rod,
Descending from his throne on high!
Go, ask the mountains when they nod,
And howling tempests rend the sky!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

SNOW-FEATHER;
OR,
THE HERMIT OF CHICAGO.

BY MISS MARY W. JANVRIN.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HERMIT AND MONSIEUR DE LA ROCQUE.

EARLY on the morning following the day whose incidents were related in our last chapter, the little canoe of the Ottawa girl shot out over the lake in the direction of the Hermit's Island.

The glowing red of the sunrise cast a rosy gleam on the rushes and sedge grass along the shore, till they seemed a fringe of flame skirting the sleeping waters.

Already the Hermit stood on a little landing in front of his island home, about to unloose his boat to row over to the mainland.

He looked up to greet his early visitor with a kind "Good-morning, Owenee," as she approached. "You are hither early. I am just going over to the town."

She replied by taking a little billet from her embroidered belt and putting it into his hand. That note had been given her the preceding afternoon, when she visited the tavern to bid Sabrey good-by, and with a charge to convey it to the Hermit as soon as possible next day. It was evidently written under the wildest excitement—betrayed in its unsteady, though delicate chirography.

"The strangest discovery has been made, Henri!" So the note ran. "I am not Paul Durand's daughter; but the gentleman whom I have been tending in his convalescence—Monsieur Philippe de la Rocque—is my father! And he is going to take me home with him, to the great city of Quebec, where I am to live with him, he says, his *chere fille*—his dear daughter. O, Henri, all is so new, so strange! I love him already, he is so good, so noble! And he says he has known sorrow, and I am to make him happy again.

"But I could not go without letting you know this strange discovery. If I could only see you once before I leave, I should go with a happier heart. Is it wrong for me to ask this? Your own feelings shall decide, not mine. We go to-morrow, my new father and I.

"I scarce know what I have written; this strange news has made me half wild. Snow-Feather will bear this to you. Be kind to her, for my sake, when I am gone.

"SABREY."

All the blood in his heart seemed to rush in one tide to Henri Le Clare's face as he read this note, then swept back as suddenly, leaving him deathly pale.

"Monsieur de la Rocque—Holy Mary!—*her* father! What means this? How can this be? *He* here! I must go to him, Owenee."

"The Ottawa girl listens to her white medicine father."

"Do you know what our fair rose of the clearing has written here? Did she tell you that she is going far away, with her new-found father, to dwell in a great city on the distant St. Lawrence? She goes to-day."

"Owenee has heard it from her pale sister's lips."

Whatever the Indian girl's grief at the thought of her loss, she did not betray it in her impassive reply.

"How is the sick pale-face lady?" she asked, pointing to the cabin.

A shake of the head was the Hermit's reply.

At that moment Jacques appeared from the forest with a bundle of wood for firing, and Owenee blushed scarlet red. The Hermit smiled, for the loves of the French youth and the forest girl had not escaped his observation.

"I thank you, my child, for being the faithful bearer of this message. I would not have missed it for much. How can I repay you?"

"The Ottawa girl will not take wampum from her white medicine father, but will he give her this?" and she touched a small agate cross pendant from a chain he wore.

"With pleasure," replied the Hermit, gratified that the ornament had struck her fancy, detaching it from his neck and placing it in her hand.

She closed her fingers over her new decoration, and turned away to her canoe, whither she was followed by her lover, who now reappeared from the cabin. They were soon lost from view among the islands of the lake.

Henri Le Clare remained pacing the shore in greatest agitation. Surprise was depicted on every feature.

"So near all this time—*Sabrey* his companion—and unknown to me! Shall I tell Claudine now?" and he glanced towards the cabin. "No, it is not best till I have seen him." And with this decision, he unloosed his boat and turned its prow across the lake towards the settlement.

When Henri gained the inn, Sabrey de la Rocque—as we shall now call her—was sitting on her father's knee, parting the soft locks streaked with gray hair from his forehead, and charming him with her tender, winning ways, while the fur-trader looked younger and happier than he had for many years. Already his new-found daughter had become all the world to the lonely man; and the fissures of a heart that had been rent first by the ruthless hand of death, then pierced anew by that which is crueller far than death can ever be—the stab of disgrace, inflicted by one we have loved—the fissures of that heart were fast closing up under the gentle touch of his new-found treasure.

Therefore it was with a gesture of impatience at the interruption, that he turned to meet the stranger whom the landlord ushered into the apartment.

Sabrey glided from his arms with a rosy blush, exclaiming, "Henri!" then turned to present him to her father.

But Monsieur de la Rocque sprang to his feet with an expression of astonishment and recognition on every feature.

"*Henri!* and *here?* *Mon Dieu!* what strange revelations! First my daughter—now you! *She* may come next;" and a name trembled on his lips he could not utter.

"She *is* here, or close at hand, *mon pere,*" said Henri Le Clare. "Will you go to her? Ill, and dying, you surely will forgive her, and soothe her last moments?" And he took the trembling man's hand.

"Here! Forgive! And have *you* forgiven her?" asked Monsieur de la Rocque, in quivering accents.

"I have."

"Then, surely, if the injured lover has done this, the father will not hold back. Let me go to her. This is so new—all is so new and strange, I begin to think I am one walking in a dream;" and he put his hand to his forehead. "Let me go to her."

"And Sabrey, too?" said Henri Le Clare, "You, too, will visit your poor, repentant, dying sister. For Claudine, your father's eldest-born—surely he has told you of her—was to have been *my wife.*"

Comprehending all now, with tears suffusing her sweet blue eyes, and tender pity at her heart, Sabrey put her hand in her father's, saying, "O, yes, let me go."

CHAPTER XX.

DEATH AT THE HERMITAGE.

IT was high noon when the little boat containing the trio arrived at the island. A soft, golden haze slept in the atmosphere, and hung like a gauzy veil above the water. Lake and shore all blended in one dreamy, indistinct vision: the delicious Indian summer had not faded, although Nature was slowly groping to her death.

Death without, and death within; for when Henri Le Clare bade his visitors tarry in the outer apartment, and entered the chamber where Claudine lay, with Jacques administering a cordial to the pale lips, a thrill struck to his heart. There was an unnatural, fitful brilliancy in her eyes—the last flash of the taper ere it goes out in darkness.

She lay propped up by the pillows of the couch; and the still air of the warm noon, floating in through the open window near, failed to give freedom to the laboring lungs.

"Lift me higher, Henri," she said, faintly, fixing on him a bright, welcoming glance.

Taking Jacques' station by the bedside, he sent the lad out, and, obeying her request, asked:

"Do you suffer much, Claudine?"

"Only this strange oppression here;" and she placed her hand upon her throat. "I cannot last long, Henri;" and she threw up a strange look into his face. "Let Jacques go for a priest. There is one over at the village, he says."

"It shall be as you wish;" and recalling the lad, he bade him hasten on his errand; for Henri Le Clare could not fail to see that the end was approaching.

"I have been thinking all the morning, while I lay here," whispered Claudine, "that I could go in peace if but one desire of my heart were fulfilled."

"What is that?"

"To see *him, mon pere*—my father!" replied she, crushing a tear under her eyelids.

"Would you be happier, Claudine?" asked Henri, trembling.

"O, I could die so happy, with his forgiveness in my ears! It is hard that he cannot know my repentance. You will find him, Henri? You will go in search of him sometime, perhaps?"

"Claudine, be calm. Could you bear it if I were to tell you something—that perhaps he *can* come to you?" ventured Henri.

"*Jesu!* what do you mean?" and she started up, grasping his hand, the two hectic spots on her cheeks glowing crimson. "How can he come in time? O, do not mock me!" And she sank back upon the pillows, a rain of tears falling fast from her eyes.

"Do not be agitated," said Henri, soothingly, striving to break the tidings in such a manner as best befitted her extreme weakness. "Your father has been travelling in this region; I have learned that he is near; I have seen him—"

"Henri, he is here! I feel it—I know it!"

Claudine started upright. Unnatural strength seemed given her with the utterance of these words; her eyes gleamed like stars; her lips parted in intensest expectation; she looked beseechingly towards the door.

"Henri, he is here; and will he not enter?"

"*Claudine, my daughter!*"

Her father knelt at her side—parent and child—the forgiver and forgiven—each tearful, yet happy, were locked in each other's arms. There were few words—and small need for them there. Sorrow is a softener and sanctifier; when the shadow of Azrael's wings are flung over the head which has once lain upon our breast in tender days of yore, faults, bitterness and reproaches turn to blessings on our lips. Then, and thus, Claudine, the repentant, expressed her readiness to die.

"And who is this?" she whispered, smiling faintly, as Sabrey came stealing in and knelt beside her couch to stroke the shining bands of raven hair, and kiss the forehead whereon the death-damps were gathering. "She looks at me with soft blue eyes, like an angel's. They are the eyes of *ma mere*—my mother."

In a few rapid words Monsieur de la Rocque told her all.

Claudine heard, and smiled, as one who comprehends but is too weak to make reply.

Sabrey held a cordial to her lips.

"She will be more to you, *mon pere,* than I ever was," said the dying woman, feebly. Then turning with a rapid gaze to Henri, and perhaps reading his heart with the strange intuition of the dying, she seized his hand, and, joining it with Sabrey's, said, in prophetic tones:

"She will fill *my* place in your heart. She will bring you peace. Sister, make him happy; my death will atone. Forgive—all—Henri—*mon pere! Jesu Maria!—c'est mort*—this is death!" And, essaying to lift the crucifix to her lips, her hands fell, and her head sank heavily on her father's bosom.

When the afternoon wore later, and the returning Jacques brought the priest—who entered that humble cabin with a "Benedicte, my children"—there was no need of extreme unction, holy water, or Catholic prayer, for the spirit had passed before—the spirit of the poor, earth-weary, suffering, yet repentant Claudine—to the tender bosom of the Mary Mother in heaven.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PARTING WITH THE ISLAND GRAVE.

THE burial services of Claudine de la Rocque were over. They had been held at the Hermitage on the second day after her death, Father Ralle, the Catholic priest of the settlement, reading prayers for the repose of her soul. A great crowd had come over on the occasion from the mainland; and there were a hundred exciting stories afloat concerning the sickness and death of the beautiful stranger lady, as well as of the new-found relationship between the gentleman who had been tarrying at the settlement and Sabrey Durand, "the Rose of the Clearing."

When the last boat had taken its homeward departure from the island, bearing the priest, who had lingered latest, Sabrey stole out and sought the new-made grave, which had been hollowed in a little grove of burr oaks near the cabin. She was surprised to find her Indian friend sitting there, her eyes bent on the fresh mound, where lay a little basket crowded with fresh mosses and trailing myrtle vines.

Sabrey's heart was touched at this delicate tribute to the dead.

"Why, Snow-Feather, have you been here ever since the service?" she said, seating herself beside her at the foot of a gnarled tree. "And you are thinking of her?" pointing to the grave.

The Indian girl nodded assent.

"Is the sick lady *well* now?" she asked at length, abruptly.

"Yes, I trust so. In the land where she is gone, we read, 'there is neither sickness nor death,'" replied Sabrey.

"Gone to the pale-face's happy hunting-grounds," said Snow-Feather, in a low, musing tone. "Did the good Great Spirit call her home?" she asked.

"We hope so, dear Snow-Feather," answered Sabrey, through her tears. "Jesus is all merciful, and the blessed Virgin sits at his right hand to intercede for us!" and she kissed her crucifix, and made the sacred symbol on her forehead.

"The Ottawa girl wears soul-medicine, like her white sister's," said Snow-Feather, drawing forth from her bosom, where it hung from a chain of braided silk of brilliant hue, the little agate cross, the Hermit's gift, and which, in her simple faith, she had mystically invested with power to heal the sin-sick soul.

"Why, I have seen Henri wear a cross like that," said Sabrey.

"Her white medicine-father gave it to Owenee. She can whisper to it, and it will tell her of the pale face's Great Spirit, and if He will love the Indian girl as well as her white sister;" and she pressed the cross to her lips, as she had seen Sabrey often kiss hers.

Sabrey was touched by this simple act of reverence and the poetical conceit of the artless child of the forest, who fancied the symbol of their faith a mysterious agent of the "Great Spirit," by means of which she might hold converse with him.

"The Ottawa girl would not yet like to make her bed in the forest, and go to the Great Spirit's hunting-grounds, while her eye is bright and her foot fleet as the young deer's. The pale-face lady was not old, but the fever of the heart had burnt out her life, and the ashes had fallen thick down over her. How many moons of snows had risen for her?" she asked.

"Claudine was twenty-eight; just ten years older than I," remarked Sabrey, with tear-filled eyes.

"It was the fever of the heart. It burnt on her cheeks, and kindled a fire in her eye. Owenee would not like to sleep here in the lonely island. Poor white lady!" And, kneeling over the new-made grave, the Indian girl scattered soft green mosses over the sod with tender hand, chanting the while a low, musical dirge of her tribe. Then, rising and turning away, she laid her hand in Sabrey's, saying:

"Let my white sister seek her lodge now, for

the dark is falling fast; while Owenee will turn her canoe over the lake waters for she must sleep in her own wigwam to-night. The Ottawa brave will miss his sister on the morrow in the home of the people."

"Jacques seems very happy," said Sabrey, as they walked along. "I am glad, Snow-Feather, you are going to accompany us to our new home. I shall feel that I take with me a breath from the wilderness when I look upon you or hear your voice."

"The Ottawa girl goes where her heart leads her, but she will never forget her own rivers and lakes, or the home of her people," answered Owenee, with all the tenderness of her woman heart shining through her dark eyes.

"Poor Claudine! It is hard to go and leave her here, but it is best to get papa away from the sorrowful spot," said Sabrey, looking back towards the grave (and she took the mantle from her shoulders and threw it over her companion's); "and will you give me one of those white feathers from your hair. Whenever I look upon it I shall think of poor Claudine's grave and our watch beside it.

The Indian girl unbound from her head the velvet fillet enwrought with beads and ornamented with snowy plumes. "Owenee knows where the young eaglet has made his nest, and she will get many more!" she said, placing it in Sabrey's hand. "But the night comes on, and she must hasten, for she must sleep in her own wigwam to-night ere she sets out on her long northern trail."

They parted at the grave near the cabin—Sabrey to pass her last night in the Hermit's habitation, and Snow-Feather to row her canoe over the lake toward her forest home she was on the morrow to bid adieu.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DESERTED CABIN.

In the darkness of a rainy evening, the trapper, Jacob Burt, entered the cabin of Paul Durand. Stumbling over the threshold—for no light shone cheeringly from the windows out into the little area in front, as it was wont to shine—and lifting the latch, he muttered curses against the inhosp table owner.

His heart was full of bitterness and hate, for the events of the last few days had not failed to reach his ears in his visits to the settlement; and vainly had he endeavored to obtain, by stealth or stratagem, an interview with Sabrey.

On the evening succeeding that of his last interview with Durand, he had visited the cabin as agreed upon; but, finding no one there, and the place enveloped in darkness, he turned away, supposing Paul had gone over to the town after his daughter, and some unforeseen circumstance had delayed them to pass that night at the tavern.

But the next day also brought them not; then he turned his feet toward the town, and there, the story which was in the mouths of all regarding Sabrey's new-found parent, was repeated to him. With curses, "not loud but deep," he lingered about, vainly trying to procure an interview with his lost love; but Monsieur de la Rocque, fearing intervention on his part, had cautioned her against leaving the inn. So, from her window, Sabrey saw him come and depart; and thanked the Holy Virgin and all good saints that she was delivered from the loathed fate Durand had appointed her, and that she soon should be beyond sight and hearing of that evil man.

Discomfitted and foiled in all his plans, Burt's rage naturally turned upon old Paul Durand.

"He shall give me back every dollar of my gold—the villain!" he said with an oath. "Ten to one he made a better bargain with that cursed French fur-trader, and got better pay for his daughter! 'His child!' Don't believe it! Some lie trumped up to cheat me of my wife.—And what if she *was*?—hadn't Paul Durand the claim to her after he'd brought her up? hadn't *I* the best right to her—her promised husband?—This is the worst luck that ever fell to Jake Burt? Fool—fool that I was—not to have married her a month ago? and then, let who would come to turn up her father, what good would it a' done?" and he stamped his foot with rage.

Such thoughts as these were working in the trapper's mind as he approached the cabin.

Opening the door, which yielded to his touch, he groped through the dark into the kitchen. No fire burned on the hearth—not a sound of life reached his ear—even the very tick of the old clock in the corner was dumb. He spoke, and only his own voice echoed through the room with a hollow sound.

Striking a match which he drew from his pocket, the trapper searched about till he found and lighted a half-burnt candle on the rude mantel-shelf. He gazed around. All was desolation. Thick, gray ashes lay scattered out all over the tiled hearth, whirled hither and thither by the gusty wind whistling down the wide-mouthed chimney; the furniture was in its accustomed places; but a lonely, deserted air reigned supreme.

He stepped across the floor, and entered the little room adjoining, that had been habited as the old man's bed-chamber. It was disarranged and tenantless. The clothes were gone from the pegs where they had hung on the wall; his chest stood with uplifted lid, and empty.

He crossed the little entry, and looked into the room that had been Sabrey's. Nothing there betokened the presence that had once filled the cabin in the clearing with sunshine. Jacob Burt muttered a deep execration and withdrew.

Going back to the kitchen, he essayed to open the desk where he knew Paul Durand kept his papers and moneys. To his surprise, the lid yielded readily to his touch. The key was left in a small inner drawer in which he had often seen the old man hoard away his beloved treasures. He turned it; the drawer stood open—*it was empty!*

The truth flashed over him—Paul Durand *had flown!* He had carried with him all his hoard; he had taken *his* purse of gold—the price paid for Sabrey!

For once, the keen trapper had been outwitted. The miser had fled, and with *his* gold! The hard-earned price of many a beaver skin, taken from their dams on the rivers flowing downward into Lake Michigan, instead of purchasing wedding finery for the trapper's youthful bride, the fair "rose of the clearing," had gone to enrich a miserly, miserable old man!

Rage and invectives were futile; and curses only sounded hollowly on the air of the empty rooms, or were flung back to his lips by the hoarse voice of the wind whirling round the corners of the cabin without. The beat of the rain against the windows seemed like the hoofs of an army of wild horses trampling on his heart; the sound of the rising storm, like the mocking laughs of their mad riders hurling back *her* name in his face—"Sabrey! Sabrey!"

With a shudder, Jacob Burt set down the candle, which had burnt low in its socket and flickered out into darkness. For the first time in his life, a sense of loneliness and fear crept over him. He groped his way over the threshold—pulled to the door behind him with a sound that echoed hollowly through the rooms—and left the cabin in the clearing to darkness and desolation.

And Paul Durand, the wretched miser, was miles and miles away—gloating over his ill-got gains.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TRANSGRESSOR'S END.

Reader, before we draw these chapters to a close let us cross the blue seas on the pinion of Imagination; and, in sunny, *la belle* France, look upon one character who has figured, though behind the scenes, among the *dramatis personæ* of our tale.

Let us visit a sumptuous chamber of an elegant hotel situated upon the Rue de ——, Paris. There is wealth and luxury here; in the great *salon* beyond, are velvet tapestries, brocaded hangings, chairs of rosewood of unique pattern, tables of the cerulean lapis lazuli, pictures of wondrous beauty leaning down from oval frames on the walls, Etruscan vases crowded with rarest blossoms, costly *bijoux* and books of richest binding; and this little bed-chamber fitted up so luxuriously seems a temple wherein Morpheus might fold his wings and shower rosiest dreams over the lace-bordered pillows. But alas! another than the dreamy-eyed angel of sleep broods here to-night; there are other shadows than the waxen tapers flitting into the dusky corner where the low, graceful bed holds its occupant; for Azrael, the Angel of Death, twin-brother to Slumber, has entered within these chamber walls. He who lies upon the pillow is a rich and honored man as the world goes; he wears a title and the blood of a line of nobles in his veins; but now, he would exchange every honor he has so proudly worn for a lease of that life which breathes through the nostrils of the poorest beggar in the city streets.

The gay whirl of Parisian life goes on—he cannot mingle in it now; the Boulevards are alive with mirth, and the Champs Elysees hold their throngs of pleasure-seekers—his feet are stayed from both; the Theatre Royale is a glare of light, the "bravas" swell out, and a rain of flowers fall at the feet of some worshipped *cantatrice* or *prima donna*—but his hand, pale, nerveless, cold, cannot join in the enthusiastic chorus.

In fashionable *salons* bright eyes sparkle, light feet trip in the mazy dance, Beauty's voice entrances, and the swell of music bends men's hearts to its softened sway—but the man of Pleasure is not there.

Stricken down suddenly in the midst of his gay career by the hand of a disease no physician could allay, he must exchange the cup of pleasure for a bitterer draught—even the cup which the black-winged angel pressed to his lips. It was an unwelcome potion; but who can put it aside when it is brought for him to drink? None: nor could the sufferer in the lace-bordered pillows in that sumptuous chamber.

In that dying hour, when every sense was sharpened to intensest acuteness before finally dulled, all the past life of this man rose before him—its scenes passing in review like a panoramic display. His had been the career of the selfish voluptuary. All that ministered to his gratification had been his; the æsthetic nature had been smothered in the sensual; and it cannot be supposed that the retrospection afforded satisfaction at a period when the gauds and tinsels of earth appear, oh, how insignificant!

As memory's pale fingers shifted the scenes in the picture, one passage was brought before him before which he averted his gaze and groaned with anguish of spirit. There was a pale, remorseful face before his own—a shrinking form, cowering down as from a sudden blow—and eyes whose reproachful glances gazed upon him now as they had followed and haunted him everywhere these four long years of his later life. He put his hands over his eyes as if to shut out the distracting vision. O, why had he committed that great wrong? why uttered that cruel falsehood? why, when wearied of the sad face and remorse-stricken air of his companion, had he sent her forth with a specious lie upon his lips, and turned again to sinful pleasures?

Ah, what had his life been from early manhood until now but a miserable cheat, a delusive mockery? And this was the end of it all! An imposing funeral pageant, a grave in *Pere la Chaise*, a sculptured monument emblazoned with the arms and crest of a noble line, and the inscription: "*Le Marquis Eugene Deligny: Age* 35."

He moaned aloud. Then, while the picture slowly rolled away, Remorse came and stood beside him and dipped her iron finger into his quickened conscience. "O, if I could, in some degree, make atonement," he said. "If I could but make restitution! And yet, *helas*, what can restore peace to an injured heart? what bring happiness to a sorrow-stricken hearth?"

Long he lay in deep thought. At length a low tap at the door roused him from his reverie.

"*C'est le notaire, Monsieur le Marquise*," said the nurse, admitting the man of the law who had been summoned to draw up the dying man's last will and testament.

The marquis sat up in bed with sudden strength. In those last few moments' thought he had decided, as much as lay in his power, to make amends for the one wickedest act of his life. He was the last of his line; he might found a *hospitale* or *ecole*—he might endow a convent or *hospice* for monks—the mother church stood eager to grasp his estates—but he had other intention now. The voice of justice should be obeyed. "*Notaire*, draw up the will," he said.

The scrivener obeyed. For a few minutes nought was heard but the clear voice of the dying, and the swift skating of the notary's pen over the paper.

"I, Eugene, Marquis Deligny, do give and bequeath all my notes, bonds, moneys—my town hotel and chateau, with surrounding estates in Provence, to my lawful wife, *le Marquise* Claudine de la Rocque Deligny, or in case of her decease, the same shall revert to her former lover and father's ward, Monsieur Henri Le Clare, now thought to be in America. And I do appoint and instruct Lucien Dumas, *notaire*, executor to my last will and testament, and to proceed in action thereupon in accordance with the laws of France."

The will concluded, it received the seal and signature of the dying man, with the names of the attendant priest and physician as witnesses. Then the marquis sank back. There was a long pause, the silence broken only by the voice of prayer, followed by the administration of the sacred rites of the church—then Azrael's black wings folded closer over the pillows as the night wore on, and when the great bell of the cathedral *Notre Dame* told the hour of midnight, and the heart-throbs of the great city beat quieter, the pulse of the dying man suddenly flickered slower, then went out in silence; and the black shadow of Azrael's wing drooped down heavily over all.

The Marquis Deligny—the man of the world, who had lived for himself and his own pleasures—was dead in his early prime. So surely does sin carry its own punishment along with it. Truly "the way of the transgressor is hard."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BRIDAL.

A year has passed since we last looked upon the island in the lake, or the western settlement town.

In her father's stately mansion in the city of Quebec, sits Sabrey de la Rocque upon her bridal night. Every appliance of ease and luxury had been gathered around her by her doting father, in the new home over which she was installed as mistress. Teachers had been procured for her instruction; books, with their treasures of science, song and story, had been brought; servants came and went at her bidding; the tenderest love had girt her round about as the bird is shielded in its parent nest.

During that year of affluent life, Sabrey's sweet, childish grace had bloomed into the dignified beauty of the elegant woman. The fair "rose of the clearing" had exchanged her title for that of the peerless "Lily of Quebec," wearing a soft, blonde beauty to which the dark, sparkling belles of the walled Canadian city were strangers.

But never once during all the adulation that was lavished upon the elegant daughter of the wealthy fur-merchant, had she failed in her troth plighted erewhile in the western wilderness to Henri Le Clare. Though the width of the blue ocean had laid between them—for Henri had found it necessary to proceed to France to assist in the adjustment of the late Marquis Deligny's estate—still she had been faithful to her vows and lessened the pain of separation by the exchange of kindly letters.

No word of love had been spoken between them since Claudine's death, but there existed a tacit acknowledgment in each heart that at some time in their future, her dying prophecy should be fulfilled, and Sabrey should bring peace to the heart which had erewhile been entered by the shafts of sorrow. And that day had now arrived. The settlement of his affairs completed, Henri had again returned to Quebec, and there was nought to further delay the consummation of their union.

Had Henri Le Clare accepted his heirship of the estates of the late Marquis Deligny, he would have been wealthy beyond compeer; but he possessed too sensitive feelings and too independent a spirit to accept aught from the man who had once so outraged his heart.

"Not one *sou* of his legacy will I ever apply for my own use," he said. "But there are hundreds of needy and perishing in the great world of Paris upon whom aid will fall like a benediction. And the wealth of this misguided marquis shall thus be made a means of good."

And so, in lieu of entering into possession of one of the finest estates in Provence, Henri Le Clare instructed Monsieur Dumas, executor, to appropriate its revenues to the endowment of a fund for the relief of indigent merit and misfortune. How many an unfortunate, needy artisan has thus been succored—how many an aged one who has outlived their day and generation to feel the biting frosts of poverty or the stings of neglect—how many a poor, despairing, yet repentant Magdalen has been aided to set her feet anew in virtue's path, by the aid of this noble charity, let the annals of Parisian life record this day.

And then, this mission over, Henri Le Clare again retraced his steps to the city of his adoption, fair Quebec, where his heart had lingered behind him in his journey across the ocean.

And so the year has circled round, and his bridal night has come. The troth plighted by

the lake-shore in the western wilderness is now to be redeemed, the sweet "rose of the clearing" is now to be transplanted to his bosom and bloom for him alone. At length, through sorrow and "hope deferred," had he gained his reward.

Sabrey stands before the silver-framed toilet mirror in her elegantly appointed chamber. Folds of rich white lustring drape her form. A veil of point Brussels is fastened among her sunny braids by sprays of orange blossoms, and sweeps in fleecy folds to the thick Persian carpet, into whose imbedded roses her dainty satin-slippered feet sink deeply. She wears no jewels on her bridal night; the knot of blossoms upon her bosom, and the sweet, maidenly beauty which begirts her, is better than costliest gems in choicest golden setting.

The robing is complete, and standing one moment before the mirror to blush at the reflection of the face framed there, she is turning away. One of the bridesmaids, in lifting her fan from the dressing table, displaced a jewel-casket, from whose opened lid fell out a carefully folded paper. Something fell from its loosened folds, fluttering down to the carpet.

"How pretty! it looks like an Indian's head-dress!" was the bridesmaid's exclamation, as she lifted it from the carpet. It was a bead-embroidered velvet fillet, with two enwrought snowy eagle plumes.

Sabrey took it from her hand. For a moment the tears sprang into her eyes, for the familiar gift recalled a vision of the lonely grave on the distant western island; but she subdued her emotion, and replied:

"Yes, Owence—Jacques' wife, you know, Lorette—used to wear it in her hair."

When Henri entered the apartment he smiled as that relic of other days in the wilderness met his view. Then he drew Sabrey's hand within his arm and pressed it tenderly, as, with softened, chastened hearts, they went below, to utter before the priest, the vows that sealed their union and merged two lives into one.

A few moments more, and, among her guests, given away by her father's hand, the fair "rose of the clearing" stood Sabrey de la Rocque no longer, but Sabrey Le Clare.

CHAPTER XXV.

FINALE.

A DISPOSAL of the various characters who have figured in this our "ower true tale," and you and I, dear reader, part company in the pleasant path we have trodden awhile together.

In his distant western home, the trapper, Jacob Burt, still pursues his rough backwoods life—now making long journeys to the beaver dams, now burying himself for days and weeks in the seclusion of his cabin. He is older and grayer than when we saw him last, for years have passed since then; but no wife has ever been brought to cheer his solitude—the memory of the sweet "rose of the clearing" has never faded from his heart.

The cabin of Paul Durand has long fallen into decay. Only once came to Sabrey, at Quebec, a letter traced in his hand, assuring her of his health and of his wishes for her happiness in her new home. And doubtless, afar by the western prairies, he still lives and hugs his gold with tenacious grasp. It has been his best-loved companion—it will be his last; for, some day he will sleep and waken not again, and those who find him will write "miser" on his memory.

The grave of Claudine still rises—a slender mound—on "Hermit's Island," in the western lake, and every summer a trio of visitors make it the sacred Mecca to their pilgrimage. In their own happiness they have not forgotten the beloved, lonely sleeper there.

Algonquin, the Ottawa brave, and brother to Snow-Feather, has bent his way with the remnant of his tribe toward the land of the setting sun. A squaw sits in his cabin, cooks his moose-meat, and bears his children, and when at nightfall he comes weary from the hunt, a young and dusky-eyed Owence climbs his knee.

The little settlement town on the borders of the western lake has become a flourishing city. Chicago sits fair and queenly in her nest by the blue waters of the Michigan, and many a fur-trader has made his home with genial landlord Jipson in his prosperous inn since the days when Monsieur de la Rocque was his guest.

Jacques, grown older and manlier, though losing none of his sprightly vivacity, is still in Henri Le Clare's service; and in his happy home a troop of dusky-eyed, olive-cheeked children call him father.

Snow-Feather never pines for the lakes and forests of her western home. The love which fills her simple, trusting heart, makes all places home where Jacques walks beside her.

Monsieur de la Rocque, the prosperous Quebec merchant, is very happy in the affection of his children and the companionship of his latest-born grandchild, a dark-eyed little fellow who bears the name of Phillipe, and climbs his knee to stroke his face, pull his spectacles, and call him "grandpapa."

To Sabrey and Henri Le Clare the years pass like a pleasant, gliding stream, on which their life-barks float gently downward to the blissful haven of rest. But, amid the enjoyments of their happy career, they never forget the days of yore in the western wilderness, when Sabrey bloomed the fair "rose of the clearing"—when Snow-Feather proved herself the faithful, ready friend—and when Henri strove to forget his sorrows in the lonely Island-home of the "Hermit of Chicago."

ENGLAND EIGHTY YEARS SINCE.

Leisure is gone—gone where the spinning-wheels are gone, and the pack-horses, and the slow wagons, and the peddlers who brought bargains to the door on sunny afternoons. Ingenious philosophers tell you, perhaps, that the great work of the steam-engine is to create leisure for mankind. Do not believe them; it only creates a vacuum for eager thought to rush in. Even idleness is eager now—eager for amusement; prone to excursion trains, art-museums, periodicals, literature, and exciting novels; prone even to scientific theorizing and cursory peeps through microscopes. Old Leisure was a different personage; he only read one newspaper innocent of leaders, and was free from the periodicity of sensations which we call post-time. He was a contemplative, rather stout old gentleman, of excellent digestion; of quiet perceptions, undiscased by hypothesis; happy in his inability to know the causes of things, preferring the things themselves. He lived chiefly in the country, among pleasant seats and homesteads, and was fond of sauntering by the fruit-tree walls, and scenting the apricots when they were warmed by the morning sunshine, or sheltering himself under the orchard boughs at noon, when the summer pears were falling. He knew nothing of week-day services, and thought none the worse of the sermon if it allowed him to sleep from the text to the blessing; liking the afternoon service best, because the prayers were the shortest, and not ashamed to say so; for he had an easy, jolly conscience, broad-backed, like himself, and able to carry a great deal of beer and port wine, not being made squeamish by doubts and qualms and lofty aspirations. Life was not a task to him, but a sinecure; he fingered the guineas in his pocket, and ate his dinners, and slept the sleep of the irresponsible—for has he not kept up his character by going to church on Sunday afternoons? Fine old Leisure! Do not be severe upon him, and judge him by our modern standard. He never went to Exeter Hall, or heard a popular preacher, or read tracts for the times, or *Sartor Resartus*.—*Adam Bede.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The apartment at the Athenæum Gallery, in which Church's fine picture, "The Heart of the Andes," is now on exhibition, is divided by a screen or temporary partition. In the fore part of the room hangs that magnificent failure of Allston's, entitled "Belshazzar's Feast." The other day a gentleman from the interior—a representative to the General Court, we believe—came to see the show, bringing a half dozen friends with him, whom he magnanimously treated to tickets. The great "unfinished,"—why don't the directors take it down and stow it away?—first caught their attention; they thought that to be the picture on exhibition. "Which one of that 'ere crowd is the Heart of the Andes?" queried a companion. "Wal, I can't rightly tell for sartin,"—replied the pillar of our State,—"for I never see the picture afore; however, I should rayther think it might be that 'ere tall chap, (Daniel,) he'd measure about four axe-handles in length, I'd reckon; besides he looks big and plucky enough to be called the Heart of that 'ere crowd." Another thought it might be the lady in purple with her dress "finified" off, and a crown on her head;—his opinion seemed to gain the most favor, until the fair janitor perceiving their mistake, took compassion upon them, and smiling most graciously, directed them to the other side of the screen, where the real "Heart of the Andes" greeted their astonished eyes, glowing in the rich sunlight of a fine Winter's day.—*Boston Post.*

FORMS OF EXPRESSION.—People say that they *shell* peas, when they *un*-shell them; that they *husk* corn, when they *un*-husk it; that they *dust* the furniture, when they *un*-dust it, or take the dust from it; that they *skin* a calf, when they *un*-skin it; and that they *scale* fishes, when they *un*-scale them. I have heard many men say they were going to weed their gardens, when I thought their gardens were weedy enough already.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

BY FANNY BELL.

Sleep, sweet innocent! the sleep of death;
Night draws her veil upon thy lowly bed:
Sweet here on earth, but bright in heaven shall be,
Saviour! oh, take the child I give to thee!

Parting with thee, I part with all I love—
No comfort now awaits me here on earth;
Thy spirit wavers on the verge of time—
Angels are hailing from that world sublime!

He's dying, and he calls me by my name—
"Mother! here place thy hand beneath my head;
I long to see my Saviour in the sky—
I bid adieu to all,—I long to fly.

"On angel wings my spirit soon shall soar
To that blest realm where now I long to be,
'Tis my last parting word—Mother, adieu!
I bid farewell to all on earth, *and you!*"

Farewell! my darling; God has called thee home;
And angel forms are beck'ning unto thee;
Waft thee away to brighter realms above,
Where angels sing eternal—*God is love!*

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

JACK'S SATURDAY NIGHT;

OR,

THE MERMAID OF THE REEF.

BY LIEUT. CHARLES P. MORGAN, U. S. N.

IT is, or at least was a few years ago, a general custom on board of English merchantmen, on the occurrence of Saturday night at sea, to allow the sailors an extra lot of grog, and relax the usual discipline of the ship as much as circumstances will permit, so that the sailors can toast their sweethearts and wives, spin all sorts of yarns, and have what is termed a "good time generally all round."

Taking the reader without farther ceremony, on one of these occasions, into the forecastle of the ship Calypso, (which at the time alluded to, some five years ago, was laying off and on the Island of Maui, in the Pacific Ocean), he will find all hands, except those necessarily engaged on deck, whose turn will surely come by and by, enjoying themselves with an "*abandon*" which is a general and perfect characteristic of a true sailor's character.

It is a common truism that Yankees are to be found everywhere, and to this the forecastle of the Calypso was by no means an exception. There he sits upon a large sea chest, (we beg the reader to mark how well), a tall, stout, muscular individual, whose general appearance denotes an odd mixture of awkwardness and humor, that is the peculiar characteristic not only of the man but the species.

But there he sits busily engaged in whittling a thole-pin for a boat, whilst his shipmates are smoking and spinning yarns of the toughest and most marvellous description.

"'Taint no kind of use talkin' such blasted nonsense to me," says one of a group seated on another chest, "for I don't believe the first word of it."

"Fust word of what, Tom," inquired the Yankee in question, whose name, by the way, was Micajah Chudkins.

"What Bill Barton's been a sayin' about a mermaid."

"What did he have tew say about it, hey?" inquired the Yankee.

"Says he's seen one, the blasted liar does."

"So have I seen one tew," said Chudkins.

"Who's that says I'm a liar?" exclaimed Barton, jumping up from the opposite end of the chest. "Was it you, Tom Carlin?"

"It wasn't anybody else," gruffly replied Carlin. "What are you goin' to do about it, eh?"

"Give you a lother under the lug that'll make you see shootin' stars for the next fortnit," answered Barton, as he brandished his fists after the most approved prize-fighting fashion.

"Shet up yewer gabs the pair on ye," interposed Micajah, "or I'll pitch intew yew both like a thousand of burnt bricks. Do yew set deown, Barton, and dew yew look here, Carlin."

"Where?"

"At me, consarn yewer harslet, and 'tend tew what I say. Neow Barton says he's seen a mermaid. *Yew* say yew don't believe it. I say *I've* seen one tew."

"What! a half woman and half fish?" said Carlin.

"*Yes*, the raall giniwine, reglar, identical critter," returned Chudkins. "Fresh and fair, flappin' an' hearty, jest as she or he or both was ketched at the Fidgitty Islands."

"Fijii's you mean," suggested Barton.

"Yes, I guess I dew. It sounded like fidgitty, though, when I heerd it."

"Where did you see it?" asked Carlin.

"At Barnum's, in New York city."

"Who the deuce is he?"

"The man that's made forty millions of money spekkalatin in everything in creashun, from 'a German wisole tew a penny fleute.' He's jest the greatest critter on all sorts of spekkalashun yew ever heerd tell on. He keeps a mewseum in New York, and keeps everthing on show, tickets twenty-five cents—no half price. Didn't yew ever hear of him, though?"

"Not that I know on," replied Tom.

"Then yew can't begin tew immadgin heow confeounded ignorant yew air."

"Perhaps I am," responded Tom, "but tellin' about museums, that New York one of your'n aint to be compared at all with the great London one."

"Get cout. What in thunder yew talkin' abeout, hey? Come neow, let's hear what some of the great cewriossities air in the Londown mewseum."

"One on 'em is a hoss with eight legs," said Tom.

"Don't call that anything remarkable, dew yew. Barnum's got a span of 'em in his place, one of which has got seven heads and ten horns, and the other's got seven horns and ten heads. Them is some of the horses, I tell yew. What else is there yew call cewrious in the British mewseum?"

"They've got a woman there a hundred and thirty years old."

"Get cout," replied Chudkins, "that aint no age at all. Barnum's got one of them same sort of critters at his 'stablishment, that was born jest a fortnight afore Adam was. Why, there was a great mathewmatishun engaged tew count her age in a year, and lost money 'cause he wasn't able tew dew it. She's so tarnal old her face looks like burnt leather, and her eyes are sunk so fur intew her head that when she wants tew see anything she has to fish arter 'em with a deep sea line. Try agin, Tom."

"In *our* museum," continued Carlin, "there's a snake they call a Boa Constructor that's forty foot long from stern to starn, and has to be fed with a whole sheep at a time."

"Barnum's got one of the same sort," responded Chudkins, "that has tew be measured in jints by a surveyor of lumber, and has tew be fed on young elephants."

"There, Tom," interposed Barton, "you may as well give it up after that load. 'Cajar's determined his country shan't be beat anywheres nor in anything. But, going back to the mermaid again, I said I'd seen one and so I have."

"Where?" inquired Chudkins.

"In the same ocean we are now sailing over."

"Tell us heow it was and all abeout it, will ye?"

"I will, though it aint much of a yarn after all," said Barton. "'Twas about six years ago when the good ship Alexander, whilst on her passage from Oahu to Sydney, lay becalmed one night in just about the same latitude we are in now."

"'Twant the same place, though, was it?" interrupted Micajah Chudkins.

"No, it was a good deal farther to the eastward. But as I was going to say, I was one of the crew of that ship, and had the first watch on deck the night that she was becalmed. The weather was clear as a bell. There wasn't a cloud to be seen. After a while the mate who had charge of the watch, came for'ard, and seeing a part of the flyin' jib, which was farled at the time, had got loosed from the gasket, sent me out to put it to rights. Well, as I jumped out as spry as a cat—"

"Dead cat, I 'spose you mean?" growled Carlin.

"Shet up, Tom, or I'll knock off spinning the yarn at once," replied Barton.

"If he don't put a tackle on his jaw and keep it fast, I'll make him," interposed Micajah. "Go on with your yarn, Barton."

"Let me see, where was I?" inquired Barton.

"Goin' out tew fix the flyin' jib," said Chudkins.

"Well, just as I got out clear of the bowsprit and on to the main jibboom foot-ropes," continued Barton, "I heard a kind of a smoth-

ered shriek, and on looking down saw a woman with her head and shoulders out of the water, just as plain as I see you now. For a minnit I shook and trembled, and felt as though I was goin' to drop off the foot-rope, then I thought of Mary Booth, a handsome little sweetheart I had left at home, and then went in as quick as I could into the forecastle.

"'What is the reason,' said the mate, who was standing at the end of the windlass, 'you didn't furl that flyin' jib?'

"'Because I couldn't get out on to the boom, sir.'

"'Why not?'

"'Because I saw a woman in the water, sir.'

"'If you'd had any rum, Bill,' replied the mate, 'I should say you was essentially drunk, but as it is, I can only look on you as a crazy man. Hark, what's that!' he continued, as a shriek similar to that I had before heard sounded in our ears again.

"'That's from the woman in the water, sir,' said I.

"'Shiver my timbers, but I'll see about it any how,' replied the mate, as he ran quickly out upon the bowsprit. And he did see about it, pretty soon too, for he came in about a minute afterwards as pale as a ghost, and said:

"'I've seen it.'

"'Isn't it a woman, sir?' asked I.

"'No,' he answered, 'it's the Mermaid of the Reef! I must call the captain.'

"So he hurried down into the cabin, and a short time afterwards the old man came up with nothing on but his shirt and trowses, turned the hands up and had all sail taken in as quick as it could possibly be done. When the captain did this we all thought *he* was crazy, sure enough, but in less than two hours we found out he was right enough, for in the course of that time a squall came upon us accompanied by a whirlwind, that took all three of the ship's topmasts clean out of her. After the squall passed over, the mate told me that the chap that first saw a mermaid at any time, was sure either to lose his life or some of his dearest friends, and ordered me therefore to look out for breakers. I kind of laughed at this, but it turned out just as true as the Bible, for when I got home to Southampton, where I belonged, about a year afterwards, I found that Mary Booth, whilst riding out on horseback, which she was at times in the habit of doing, was thrown to the ground and instantly killed, at a time that corresponded exactly with that when I saw the Mermaid of the Reef, from the jibboom of the Alexander. There's the yarn just as everything it tells of happened, and I am ready and willing at any time to swear to its perfect truth."

"It's kind of cewrius that is any heow," said Chudkins, "and if I hadn't seen one of the critters myself, I should think it was all immadginashun."

"None of your family didn't die in consequence, did they?" inquired Carlin.

"No, but my dad come darn'd near dyin' a laffin when I told of it. He's one of them tarnal obstinit critters, jest like yew, Carlin, that won't believe nothin' except he sees it, nor then nether not always. 'Neow,' says dad tew me, says he, 'I wouldn't believe there was sich a thing in the world as a half woman and half fish, not till I see the fins, darn'd if I would.'

"Good on his head for a sensible man. I wouldn't either," said Tom Carlin.

Notwithstanding the incredulity thus expressed, it soon became evident that Barton's yarn had impressed a sort of indefinable dread upon his mind, as it had upon the minds of all hands then present in the forecastle, as they all after hearing it, from noisy and uproarious mirth, subsided into comparative quiet, which was finally broken by the voice of the mate, calling all hands on deck.

"I wonder what is up now?" said Barton, as in response to this call, he made his appearance in front of the windlass.

"We're up, sartin," responded Chudkins.

"Yes, and going into the harbor," interposed one of the boat's crew who had been on shore in the boat which had but just returned.

"How's that?" inquired Carlin.

"The old man's going to take some missionary passengers to New Zealand," was the reply.

This being the fact, the ship, which was then near the mouth of the harbor, and being put off directly before the wind, soon arrived inside and anchored directly under the lee of a point of land thickly wooded with cocoa-nut trees, that almost completely hid the chief town or settlement of the island from the small bay that formed its harbor.

Then, after an anchor watch was set, consisting of Micajah Chudkins and Tom Carlin, the rest of the "Jacks" were allowed to go below, and finish out their Saturday night in such a manner as might best comport with their several inclinations.

Pretty soon after this, as Chudkins and Carlin was walking fore and aft the deck, the latter stopped short, and after looking intently for a moment over the side, exclaimed:

"By the lord-harry, I've seen it now!"

"Seen what?" inquired Chudkins.

"The—the—the mer—mermaid!" stammered out Carlin, as he turned and made tracks for the forecastle forthwith.

Looking over the side, Micajah saw, sure enough the head of a woman, with its long dark hair streaming in wild disorder over her neck, whilst her arms were paddling in the water, as if she were indeed endeavoring to attract notice from the ship.

"Darn'd if it aint the raal article of mermaid and no mistake," soliloquized Chudkins. "I don't know heow they ketch 'em though, whether it's with a hook and line, same as they dew a fish or not, and by thunder I never shall if I don't try tew larn."

A slight scream from the supposed mermaid, at this point, ended our hero's soliloquy, and the next moment, after alarming the second mate, who happened to be asleep on the hencoop, he jumped into the water, passed an arm around the mermaid's waist, and with the other propelled himself as well as he was able towards the ship.

By the time he got alongside, a boat was in the water, into which Chudkins and his strange freight was unceremoniously pulled, and soon found themselves safe on board the Calypso, when, as Chudkins gazed intently upon the lovely features of a young girl, he exclaimed:

"I've caught the maid without the *mer*, darn'd if I aint neow."

Sure enough he had—the young lady in question being the daughter of an English trader, a resident on the island, who having undertaken to paddle a canoe round the point, (a feat she had often previously accomplished), had ventured a little too far out and been capsized, when, being kept up by the buoyancy of her dress, she naturally swam for the ship, but had sank exhausted twice, and was near going down the third time when she was fortunately rescued by Micajah Chudkins, whom she afterwards married, whether from motives of gratitude or love, or both combined, this deponent, as he does not know, of course will not pretend to say.

THE WIFE.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth—these, and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair.

O! may woman, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollection of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awaken and keep alive the promise she so kindly gave. And though she may be the injured, not the forgetting wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man, will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years of matchless bliss—loved, loving and content—the source of comfort and the spring of joy.

HOW THE MAN LOOKED.

Miss Custis, afterwards Mrs. Law, (she having married Mr. Law, the brother of Lord Ellenborough), Washington's grand-daughter, on a visit to Mrs. Stuart, after the death of Washington, said to Mrs. Stuart that she was with the general during his sitting for his portrait by her husband, and that at his last sitting she was asked to examine it carefully, and to say whether she could see anything which required alteration. At her request the general seated himself at the side of the picture, and Miss Custis said it seemed like a reflection in a looking-glass. General Washington was then asked what he thought of it, and he replied—"It looks like a man I see when I shave."

A sneer is the weapon of the weak. Like other devils' weapons, it is always cunningly ready to our hand, and there is more poison in the handle than in the point. But how many noble hearts have withered with its venomous stab, and festered with its subtle malignity.

NAPOLEON'S WAR-HORSE.

Everybody has seen a copy, in some form, of the famous painting, "Napoleon crossing the Alps," and everybody doubtless remembers the noble-looking white horse in the foreground, which bears upon his back the young general of the army of Italy, who leans upon the neck of his rearing steed, and points to the long line of soldiers climbing by tortuous paths the steep and rocky passes of the Alps. The horse is not a mere artist's ideal, but was intended as a portrait of Napoleon's horse Superb. This beautiful animal was a light gray Arabian, about 15 1-2 hands high, slightly, but compactly built, possessing remarkable intelligence and great muscular power, combined with a nervous active temperament, and a strong, vigorous constitution.

Superb was a great favorite with Napoleon, and accompanied him in many of his most successful campaigns. In 1813, during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, he was captured by the Russian general Orloff, who kept him at St. Petersburg till 1834, when he was presented to the father of M. Tourmiaire, then manager of the imperial circus, a passionate lover and accomplished trainer of horses, and well-known for his devoted attachment to the memory of the great Napoleon. General Orloff, in presenting the horse, said, "Jaques Tourmiaire, you were greatly attached to the late Emperor of the French, and your attachment honors you. You are known to be a favorite among horses; and, satisfied of the care he will receive at your hands, to you I confide this, my greatest favorite. Superb is too slight for my use. I have grown too heavy for him. To sell him to a strange master is a fate to which I cannot think of subjecting him. To you, therefore, I entrust him, and as you loved him to whom he first belonged, you will, I am sure, cherish Superb for the memory of his owner, as well as for his own sake." The horse was well cared for by his new master, who brought him upon the stage, and taught him to perform some light parts in pieces performed in the circus. Jacques Tourmiaire died in 1839, and left Superb to his son, who treated the veteran still with the tenderest care. He was subsequently exhibited in London, and other large cities, and died in 1844, having lived to the extraordinary age of *thirty-nine* years.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY SUSANNA F. MOORE.

Wanderer, where'er thou rovest,
We are thinking of thee now;
Though afar from all thou lovest,
Still we gaze upon thy brow!

All so lifelike thou appearest,
That we fancy thou canst speak;
Fancy, too, that thou now hearest,
By the glow upon thy cheek.

On thy brow a cloud of sadness
Rests, where sunbeams once did play,
As if in an hour of gladness
Earth's best hopes were swept away.

To the churchyard next we wander—
Pause beside a lettered stone—
Where the marble plainly tells us
Thou wast left in life alone.

Wife and babes together sleeping
In the grave's dark, narrow bed;
Thou, a wanderer, art weeping
Over hopes forever fled.

O, bethink thee, restless wanderer,
Others sorrow's path have trod;
And the loved ones have been taken
But to call us home to God.

EXERCISE FOR LADIES.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* ridicules the censure against feminine skating, and says "they order these things better abroad. Ladies of established position, whose genuine modesty no one would think of questioning, and who belong to families which have been the best in the country for hundreds of years, engage in robust exercises from which many of our *soi-disant* ladies would shrink as vulgar. They drive spirited horses along all the beautiful lanes and by the blossoming hedge-rows of merry England. They ride on horseback with brilliant cavalcades to visit all the spots sacred to historic fame and old romance. They think nothing—even a Lady Arabella or an Honorable Geraldine—of walking five miles in the country, suitably dressed and *chaussees* for the purpose. They are skilled in archery. They even ride after the hounds, and row pleasure boats in a style that would captivate the hearts of our whole Schuylkill fleet."

ANGELS.

Angel is one of the most extravagant words which love applies to woman; and the mad kind of love which uses such strong epithets generally is the soonest to cool down into a chilling indifference. Erasmus almost inhumanly says—"The angel that we have loved with the most amorous folly, becomes in time an old devil that we detest." But still the idea is not to be ridiculed that the fondest, intensest love, sees in its dear object all the graces and charms of angels; and it depends upon the purity and truth of the one that loves, as much as of the one that is loved, to say how long the sweet religion of the passion shall last.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

MARY MOORE.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

Mary Moore, Mary Moore,
Standing in the cottage door,
On this golden afternoon,
Listening to the robin's tune:
Pray give me your promise true,
And I will o'er watch over you.

Mary Moore, Mary Moore,
Standing in the cottage door;
Come give me your promise true,
Ere again shall fall the dew;
For my heart is wounded sore,
For your love, sweet Mary Moore.

Mary Moore, Mary Moore,
Standing in the cottage door,
Let me follow you within,
And kiss your lips and dimple chin;
Come, give me your promise true,
And I'll ever watch o'er you.

Mary Moore, Mary Moore,
Standing in the cottage door;
Your heart has spoken out aright,
And you shall be my bride to-night;
Come, let me hie with you,
The priest shall bind our promise true.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE WONDER-WISHES.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

On the outskirts of a town called Christianstadt, in Sweden, many years ago, there dwelt an honest burgher by the name of Hans Sclaghel. A buxom wife, three cherry-checked daughters and two sons, composed his family. For many years, death nor disappointment ventured near the dwelling of the burgher. His house was nearly paid for, his children were healthy.

But on one evil day, Stein, the eldest son, came to his father and declared that he had decided on his vocation.

"I am going to sea," he said.

Hans replied nothing for some time, but sat sorrowfully gazing towards the long gray line in the far distance that told where the great ocean met the horizon. Stein was his favorite, and he did not like to part with him, even for a day—how much less when his absence could date for months instead of hours. But the old man had often said that he would not interfere with the choice of his sons. He himself had been disappointed in the dearest wish of his heart, it had been his ambition to be more exalted in the world; at present he was a dyer.

"It is a life full of hardship, my Stein," at length he said slowly, looking up to the sturdy, broad-shouldered youth, who stood cap in hand, his blue eye downcast.

"I know it, father, and am prepared," was the reply.

"Hast told thy mother?"

The young man shook his head.

"Do the girls know it,—or, more than all, Karina?"

Redly the cheeks flushed as the young man answered in the negative. A moment after he said:

"I shall go to sea and obtain a thorough knowledge of navigation. Then—who knows—I shall be first a mate, after that a captain? Perhaps before my beard is gray, I shall own a ship."

"Perhaps sleep fathoms down," cried the old father, in his heart.

"Very well, Stein," he said aloud—and that was all.

There was a great stir in the household when his three sisters found that they should lose their brother; they had never thought of such a thing.

Franchin, the youngest, a child of eleven and of heavenly beauty, burst into the room where Theolin, the second brother, was daubing a canvas with rich colors.

"O! Theo!" she cried, sobbing so that the young man threw down his brush. She fell upon his bosom screaming out, "Stein is going to leave us! Stein is going to sea!"

"Stein, our brother," ejaculated the youth; "why, I never heard of it."

"He has told none of us till this morning," sobbed the child. "He will perish in that frightful ocean. I wish I had died before ever Stein had left us."

"Hush! that is wicked," said the young man. "I will talk with Stein—I will persuade him.

He is the pride of our family—we must not let him go."

But all the talk—all the eloquence of the mother, and brother and sisters combined, (Hans said nothing,) could not alter Stein's determination. For years and years he had brooded over the idea in his heart, and his decision was irrevocable.

Stein went to sea, and for months there were but few smiles in the household of Hans Selaghel. It seemed as if nothing after that went right. Hans broke his arm one day by the falling of some timber, and as he had no partner, and Franchin was not old enough to superintend his dye-works, the business suffered. No sooner had he gained the use of his arm than a terrible fever appeared in the neighborhood, and soon became epidemic. Hans escaped, but, successively, all his children and his wife became dangerously ill. This brought on a fearful expense, and kept him so disquieted and perplexed, fearing that one or another would die, that he could not mind his business as well as it needed. He ran behindhand, a rival dyer set up another establishment, no news come from Stein, the house was mortgaged, and ruin and disaster seemed in a fair way to take the family by storm.

To crown all misfortune with a gigantic evil, Gretchen, the mother who had brought up this excellent family, found that when the illness had left her, her eyesight was gone. This was an evil entirely unlooked for. The mother had been the head and heart of the household for thirty years. None of her daughters were so capable. The blow fell most heavily upon Hans. "Alas!" said he, "in my old age I shall see the wrong side of life. I thought I was building up prosperity. I shall dig only graves. My daughters will be portionless—my son must give up the best wish of his heart; he will never be a painter."

It was quite near Christmas when there fell the shadow of more trouble in the household of Hans. News came that the vessel in which Stein made his voyage had not been heard from; that it was probably lost, so that all on board had perished.

"I shall never keep Christmas again," said Hans, as he bowed his head, now fast becoming gray.

"I can never be a painter, now," sighed Theolin, weeping for his brother. "My father is failing, my brother is gone, and I would seek some employment by which we may have bread enough."

Thamar, the eldest daughter, took the bright ribbons out of her braids, weeping all the time, and tied them with strings of black. "I must not think of marrying," she said, sighing, "for I am eyes and hands to my mother; she will not be able to do without me, now that we are going to be poor."

Christianna only, said nothing of her hopes and wishes. Her face was a shade paler, her smile somewhat sadder—but she washed and folded the linen with her usual industry, made the brasses shine, waxed the ancient furniture, and set the table for their meals as quietly and neatly as ever—but little Franchin exclaimed in her heart, "Alas! now I can never marry the Elector's son, and make my father rich, for if we are all to work very hard, I shall grow up a fright, and a gentleman's son could never love me."

One bright, cold day when the snow was crisp, Thamar came to her father.

"Are we so poor," she asked, in a low, trembling voice, "that we cannot keep Christmas?"

"Ah! my child," he replied, "little you know my trials. Do not tell my good Gretchen what it breaks my heart to say—we are going to lose this house in which I was born. Some evil destiny persists in striving to wrench it from a family that have never disgraced its walls. Twice my grandfather was on the eve of parting with it, twice my father, and once myself. Some good fortune, however, always intervened and prevented the catastrophe. Now, however, it is inevitable; we can only trust in the good Lord, who will not surely see us come to hunger and nakedness. No, I cannot keep Christmas with my heavy heart, besides we have only money enough to buy bread, not toys and ornaments. Alas! alas! my soul has grown weak like that of a child."

Poor Thamar heard this sad speech with unutterable misgivings. It was long that night before her restless mind lost itself in sleep. Then she thought she was wondering in a forest, far beyond Christianstadt, and it was the winter time, but the trees were covered with foliage that was whitened by glittering frost, and the roses grew all around her, though they shone under webs like those of diamond dust. As she walked along, it seemed to her that suddenly there stood before her an odd little woman, dressed from head to foot in red. The little creature had a homely but kindly face, and her eyes twinkled as if they, too, had the glitter of frost in them.

"It is near Christmas day," said the little woman in red.

"I know it," said Thamar, sorrowfully.

"Then why are you not at home? Go keep it," said the woman in red.

"My mother is blind, she cannot see it; my father is poor, he cannot afford it—and it will go well with us if we can have bread enough to eat on that day. The next, we shall lose the house, and none of us dare tell my mother."

"All nonsense," said the little woman in red, with an extraordinary grimace, "all nonsense, I say. Didn't I save the house twice for your great-grandfather, and twice for your grandfather, and shall I not clutch it the fifth time from the hands of merciless creditors? Go home and put meats in the oven, and bake puddings and pies. Take with you some of this evergreen and make wreaths. I am the genius of your family, and I tell you the blind shall see and the dead come to life again; go home, I say—keep Christmas, and trust God."

This was said with an imperious wave of the little hand and a stamp of the tiny foot, and then—Thamar woke up.

It was broad sunlight. Her sister yet slept, and the dear old beams overhead, whitewashed and rough though they were, glittered as she had thought the trees and the flowers did in the forest. Doubly precious seemed the great room, with its deep window-seats and diamond-paned windows, over which the frost had built kingdoms of silver in the night.

"Christianna," cried Thamar, "wake up; it is the day before Christmas."

"Alas! why did you rouse me?" cried her sister, "I was having such a blissful dream. I thought I saw a ship come in, and our dear Stein stood on the deck, her captain. O! I was so happy and proud, and Stein looked so handsome!"

"I, too, had pleasant dreams, that have made me happier," said Thamar, "and I think now, we shall keep Christmas."

"Keep Christmas!" exclaimed Christianna, "keep Christmas! impossible!"

"I know we have no money," returned Thamar, "but I am determined to have courage and a thankful heart, and by some means we may get money enough to keep Christmas. Let us try to be cheerful before our poor father, whose soul is heavy."

The girls met Theolin in the hall; he was trying to hurry past them, but they detained him. He had never looked so before. His beautiful eyes, usually so gentle and dreamy, were filled with melancholy, and even appeared as if he had been weeping. In his hand was a square package.

"Theo, you must not go out so early," said Thamar, gently.

"Yes, my dear sister, I engaged to finish some sketches and have them ready by nine—it is eight now."

"At least let us see them before you take them away," said Christianna.

Theolin carried them to a better light.

"They are beautiful! most beautiful!" cried Thamar. "O! Theolin, you *are* a painter—God made you for nothing else."

"I have, nevertheless, taken an eternal farewell," cried Theolin, passionately, the red mounting to his cheeks. "All night long I have been at work, and those are my last. A shopkeeper in the town wants a clerk of my age; I shall apprentice myself to him.

The sisters protested—Thamar with tears.

"It is useless," he said, sadly, "I can get but little for the work I do, and I can pay no master to teach me. Do not try to shake my resolve; we are very poor, and I must bring something into the family. But I have a secret," he added, smiling somewhat like his old self. "With the money which these will bring, I am going to get a Christmas dinner. Say nothing to our father; it shall be a surprise."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Thamar. "I was wondering where we should get the money, and had resolved to hire it, or put something in pawn. Dear Theolin, I think better days are dawning—God will bless us again; He will will make the old age of our parents happy."

Theolin did not answer, but after one long, regretful look at his beautiful sketches, as if, indeed, he was saying an eternal farewell to the art that engrossed all his soul, he put them up and hastened from the house.

Thamar was a very handsome girl. Her cheeks were rose-red, her lashes very long, and veiling eyes of a rich blue; her lips were full, deeply colored and finely shaped; her hair, of a bright auburn, curled from her brow to her shoulders, and her form was one of the most perfect that could be seen. She was very much beloved by many men; but above all by Alsand Durer, the new young rector, who, when he consented to take upon himself the duties of a parish that could pay him only two hundred a year, never thought of adding a wife to his list of wants. Thamar listened to him from Sabbath to Sabbath, half in peace, half in anguish. She suspected he loved her—she knew she loved him—but even should he declare himself, she could not marry now, and there were plenty of girls with large dowers who were ready, at any moment, to become mistress of the little rectory. It seemed as if all her hopes were but the merest visions. A thousand times she tried to steel her heat against the witchery of his dark eye—the low, clear, rich tones of his voice; but alas! in vain. It was, however, more than likely that he would be in to see her father, on Christmas night, and it was this thought that kept her cheeks so red and her eyes so shining all the day before.

Christmas came in with a bluster. Never was there known, scarcely, such a storm of wind and snow, and hail, as commenced at exactly the first hour of the holy day,

"I am almost glad there is a storm," said Hans, gloomily, as he arose from his breakfast. "It pleases me better on an empty Christmas, than if I heard all the bells ringing on the sleighs, and saw the sun shining as it shone yesterday. Besides, *she* could not see it," and he turned to his patient wife.

"But father," said Franchin, "we *shall* keep holiday."

"What do you tell me?" asked the old man.

She laughed and whispered, and pulled him to a pantry, where, on looking in, he saw fowls whose breasts were fair as the snow without; pies sprinkled with white sugar—cakes, nuts and raisins.

"Hush! hush!" cried Franchin, "my sisters would scold me if they knew I told you. Is it not beautiful? Theo bought them all; he painted some excellent pictures, I expect, and with the money we are to have Christmas. Are you glad?"

Tears stood in the old man's eyes, but, nevertheless, he was happier at sight of this good cheer than he had been before. It seemed like a revival of old times, albeit he knew he should certainly lose his house unless his debts could be paid—and who was there to pay them?

All the morning Theolin was busy in his little studio. He had gathered his beloved paints and pencils, and stored them carefully away in an upper closet. He had folded his easel and carried it to the garret—still, as he could not bear that the spider-webs or dust should envelop it, he covered it with a linen cloth. He proceeded in the same manner with his portfolio of sketches, and carried his own paintings about the house, tacking them against the walls that others might enjoy them. After he was all through, and seated at his table writing his letter of acceptance to the shopkeeper who wanted a clerk, Thamar put her head in the door. She had come to call him down to dinner.

"What have you been doing?" she cried, in astonishment.

"You know Franchin always coveted this room; she shall have it after this," was the reply.

"You have not really given it up?"

Thamar was dismayed, and stood sorrowfully inside the room.

"I have, really, given it up, as I told you," replied Theolin, signing his name to the letter which he gave her to read.

"No, no; Theo," exclaimed the beautiful girl, the tears gathering in her eyes, "God made you for a painter, not a shopkeeper."

"But he has made our father poor and our mother blind. Thamar, my duty is plain. Stein is gone—we shall never more have his help. I should despise myself were I content to live on the charity of others. As to the painting, I shall get over it—the passion will wear off as the passion of love does sometimes, perhaps."

He ended with a sigh. Thamar had been gazing, thoughtfully, towards the window.

"I have a plan," she said. "At any rate, don't send your letter till to-morrow. Will you promise me that?"

"I promise," said Theolin, folding the missive and laying it on one side.

Thamar had lately been asked in marriage of a rich old burgher, sixty years of age. He was a good and respectable man; he loved and admired this young girl of nineteen. He promised her all her heart could wish—offered to buy the old house of the creditors and present it to her father—offered to educate Theolin for a painter—Franchin for any station.

"If Theo can make sacrifices," thought poor Thamar, "so can I. I do not love him, but neither do I despise him, and duty will make the way pleasant. Before to-morrow night I shall see how we stand. It may be this was what the little woman in red foresaw; if so, I must submit. Alsand will find some one who can make him happier than I could—it would be impossible for me to marry him these many long years." Then she looked up, smiling strangely, for she had to choke the tears back—

"Come, Theolin," she cried in a cheerful voice, "let us cast aside all care and trust in Heaven. The dinner smokes upon the table—father and mother wait for us."

One would have thought, to look on the cheerful group, that sorrow had never touched them. How they laughed and chatted—cracked nuts and jokes! Even the mother, who was getting used to her blindness, smiled more than was her wont, and Franchin—the wish-bone falling to her lot—divided it with Theolin.

"I can guess what Theolin wished, but he never can think of my wish," cried the merry little girl.

"What was mine?" asked Theolin, throwing a nut-shell that lodged in her bright curls.

"That you might be a great painter," laughed Franchin; "now what was mine?"

"That you might marry the Elector's son," shouted Theolin, looking very funny.

Franchin's cheeks, young as she was, crimsoned. She did not reply, but cast a half-reproving glance at Theolin, for he had betrayed her little secret. She had told him in childish confidence that it was the aspiration of her heart to wed the only son of the great Elector, a rich and powerful man. Theo returned her look with another laugh.

Just as they had finished dinner a sleigh drove up to the door, and there entered a pale young woman, exceedingly pretty, but looking as if some deep heart-care had made her its prey. Franchin sprang towards her, helped her off with her heavy furs and drew a chair for her to the fire.

"I was lonesome at home," said Karina Brugen. As she spoke her lip quivered.

"Welcome," said Hans, in a deep voice, while Gretchen stretched forth her hand and clasped that of the young girl.

"Poor thing!" said Christianna, aside to Theolin. "She was to have been married to-night if Stein had come home. How sadly she must feel!"

It was, indeed, Stein's betrothed, she who had mourned him almost a year—who had loved him too sincerely to look upon another suitor.

Still the storm increased at a most fearful rate. The old house shook, the winds whistled—a gray whiteness overspread the earth and sky.

Franchin, like a child as she was, cried out that they must have some Christmas games that evening—the rest could not bear to disappoint her, so the great room was cleared. The apartment where they had passed so many happy days, merits a description. It was the length and nearly the breadth of the old house, full of nooks and funny angles, garnished with odd little cupboards, hanging shelves and projections that seemed intended neither for use nor ornament, but rather the tricky development of some queer fancy of less modern times. All a-down one side was placed settees, tall-backed black oaken chairs, ponderous tables, and at the farthest extremity a hand-loom. On the other were deep closets, filled with stone-ware and fifty shining tiers that wore a silvery whiteness and brightness. Then came rows of jars, all in exact order, and reaching to the immense fireplace, around which stood a fender three feet in height,

backed by hand-irons of like proportion. Near this was an innovation—a fancy of Thamar's, who was extremely lady-like in all her tastes—a wide piece of thick tapestry carpeting, quite a luxury, and four yards square. Back of that stood a table, a handsome work-basket, a chair, covered also with tapestry, and a little, old-fashioned guitar, upon which Theolin thummed sometimes; and next came a deep, home-made lounge, which of evenings was always wheeled up to the fire for the accommodation of the blind mother. Several fine pictures and two mirrors, in narrow oaken frames, completed the adornments of this cheerful room, especially cheerful when the crimson flames leaped up the great, wide-mouthed chimney.

The evening shut in very suddenly. Thamar lighted four candles and placed them in four high, shining candle-sticks; then she went to the windows to fasten the inner blinds. The snow drove against the panes outside; it had drifted quite up to half the window, and lay dead-white, like a sheeted body against the glass.

"I pity any poor traveller to-night," said Christianna, shuddering as the sound of the tempest wailed higher.

Thamar shook her head. She was very uneasy, she scarcely knew why. She had thought all day that maybe the young rector would call in this evening, but how could she expect him in this storm! Still her mind would revert to him, and she caught herself saying several times—"If he comes to-night, he certainly loves me; I will make it a test." With these feelings she enjoyed a few Christmas games, but indifferently, and Franchin was just reproaching her for her inattention, when thump sounded the ponderous knocks at the door. Instantly Thamar's face grew as crimson as her boddice; they all started to their feet, but Theolin went to the door. What a sight greeted them! There stood the young rector, white as a ghost, wrapped in a snowy winding-sheet, his hair pendant with icicles, and withal a certain half-frozen look, made him ghastly.

"I must have some help," he said hurriedly, bestowing a salutation on all. "A man lies freezing in the road between this and the Voest-house. I did not think of venturing in this storm, but"—his eye sought Thamar—"God, doubtless, put it in my heart to come. The man, I judged by a buffalo-robe in the road and some trappings, had been in a sleigh—the horse had probably taken fright and he was thrown out; at any rate, he was senseless."

All this time everybody there was astir. Theolin throwing on wrappings and finding a flask of brandy—Thamar hurriedly preparing lanterns—Christianna dragging blankets from some deep drawer—even little Franchin warming her father's fur mittens at the fire, while Hans drew on his stout overcoat, and the blind woman with Karina Brugen's hand in hers, praying audibly. The rector took one of the lanterns from Thamar—his hand touched hers—their eyes met—O! after that thrilling glance, could the fair girl tolerate the thought of the rich, respectable old burgher?

"What if he should be dead!" exclaimed little Franchin.

It did not seem long before voices were heard again; a moment of suspense intervened—the door was opened. Three men, snow-covered, appeared bringing in what seemed to be a dead body. It was that of a man somewhat advanced in years, of noble features, well-dressed, and, as Franchin said, "from his frilled-linen, he must be a gentleman." Hans declared that he still felt his heart beat, and there was warmth yet in the temples. All was bustle and confusion; the man was placed near the fire, friction used, medicated-wine forced between his lips, and in less than fifteen minutes the stranger sat up, conscious and slowly recovering from the stupor into which he had been thrown.

"My friends," he said, "it was a mad attempt to dare the fury of this storm, and I am punished—yet God has permitted me to live. Perhaps my life was spared for some good thing—I trust so. On my way, however, I gave a seat in my sleigh to a weary traveller from the seaport. When my horse took fright and overthrew us, I know not what became of him. Doubtless he perished.

"Another!" cried Hans, starting to his feet, "we must search."

"My friend you dare your fate to go out again in such a storm," said the traveller.

"I do not know that it is our duty, father?" responded Theolin—"I am chilled to my heart."

"Besides," added the young rector, who stood by the fire near Thamar, "it is possible that he was carried yet farther by the horses, and it would be a fruitless search; we must leave him with God."

"Amen," said the stranger reverently, and as his strength came, he began to look around him. I have interrupted your Christmas festivities, I fear;" he said, after they had installed him in a large, comfortable chair. "Do not let me be a check upon your enjoyment."

For a moment no one spoke—then cried little Franchin—"Yes, let us at all events play at 'wishes' once—we shall have the whole year to see them out in."

Thamar shook her head at the thoughtless child, but still Franchin persisted. She, sitting there with her pink cheeks, sparkling eyes and floss-like curls, knew but little of her father's trouble, or even of that which made Theolin so serious. As for Thamar, she was in a blissful perplexity, until she made a resolve in her mind to think nothing of her contemplated sacrifice, at least while the dark eyes of the rector were so often bent upon her.

"If I can have a voice in the matter;" said the stranger—"I would ask that this charming little girl be gratified. Nothing would please me more than to see the old game which in my childhood, I have often played. And if you will allow me, I will constitute myself the arbiter for the evening. I would ask however, that the old style should be somewhat altered. Children generally ask that which they think may be easy of fulfilment by their parents. I should like that each one here without regard to age, wish for whatever would seem to be most desirous in every respect for their happiness. Who knows but some good fairy may take cognizance of these wishes, and crown them with corresponding answers."

All were silent, yet smiling. The proposition seemed to please them.

"It could do no harm;" said Theolin, eagerly, while Franchin's eyes sparkled with delight.

"It is settled then;" said the stranger, speaking like one accustomed to command, while he took the little blank book that Theolin had made for the occasion, and sat more uprightly, pencil in hand.

"Who is to commence?" Hans asked, his aged cheek glowing—the memories of his youth reviving.

"I determine that the youngest shall enter the list first; now then, little Miss Franchin," said the stranger.

The girl looked down—cast a sidelong look at Theolin, then spoke up in a little but determined voice:

"I wish then, that by and by I might marry the elector's son."

"Franchin!" exclaimed Theolin, while her sisters seemed abashed, and Hans said apologetically—"she is but a child, sir."

"And an innocent one," said the stranger, casting a curious, yet amused look at the pretty creature, whose cheeks were now like blush roses—whose shining eyes were veiled by the long lashes, and her pretty fingers twisted together, while she knew not whether to shed tears or smiles.

"The gentleman should know," said Gretchen, in a soft voice, "that some months ago the son of our good elector, (whom heaven bless,) saved a youth who was drowning in the harbor. From that time Franchin has admired his nobleness, and wished to know him—but her wish was beyond her years or knowledge."

"It was a good wish—a capital wish!" exclaimed the stranger, "and I have taken it down. I should not wonder if it turned out the easiest of fulfilment," he added, laughing. "Well, whose comes next?"

Christianna turned towards her mother; her own sweet eyes became dim, as she gazed earnestly upon those sightless orbs. Her answer was almost a sob.

"I wish that my mother might only see again."

The stranger noted this in silence; the mother turned her head away. Theolin came next. He had been looking in the fire with clasped hands, as if he saw a picture there. He started as his name was pronounced, and glanced dreamily around him.

"Ah! that I might but be a painter! such an one as heaven blesses—at the head of my profession. But alas! to study and to travel, would take much money—and I have not——"

He paused, suddenly, conscious that all eyes were upon him—that he was exposing his poverty—his pride prevented him from finishing the sentence.

The stranger wrote rapidly, and with an appearance of strong interest. When he had done—his eyes called for Thamar, who in vain endeavored to hide her agitation. She longed to speak her wish aloud, yet her gentleness, her modesty forbade her. She spoke low and falteringly, yet with earnestness.

"I wish only for the happiness of those around me."

"But have you not something definite to ask for yourself."

"Only that I may not be compelled,"—she paused a moment—"to a duty which I would rather,"—her voice failed her; she hid her blushing face in her hands. The stranger comprehended, or thought he did. He had been watching the young rector closely—he had also watched Thamar. He wrote on, still rapidly, appearing not to notice the confusion and turned to Hans. The old man pursed up his lips—straightened himself, and said slowly:—

"If it might but be granted, I know of no boon I would sooner ask, than to spend my last days in the house where we sit together, this Christmas night,"

"And I wish, good husband," spoke up Gretchen, "that some unforseen providence may interpose, that you will not be obliged to sell our dear, beloved home."

"The young rector came next on the list." In a quiet way he said, "I hear that the rectory in Lockselt, is to be vacated—I wish, if God pleases, that I might have the living."

The wishes were now all recorded, all but that of the pale maiden, who mourned her head. She had been sitting, looking sadly on, and even when she smiled, it seemed with a heart-broken expression.

Her hands were clasped listlessly—her lip quivered now and then; her neat little cap sat smoothly over the glossy, braided hair, her eyes were seldom lifted. Now the stranger turned to her. She started as if it were an unlooked-for intrusion, then exclaimed with wondrous pathos, "I wish—oh! I only wish that my Stein were alive;" and burst into tears. The sisters gathered round her with words of sympathy, when of a sudden, came loud stamps and heavy blows against the door.

Breathless—for he had heard a voice that made his heart stand still—Theolin sprang to the entrance.

"Heaven be praised!" cried the new comer, throwing the snow in all directions, "Mother—father—sisters! brother!"

O! what a voice was that! How quickly the open arms were filled! As for the sad-hearted maiden—she sprang to her feet—white, white as the frosty ground without, then with a cry so full of joy, that it was almost pain to hear—she flew towards him, and laid upon his breast.

"What!" exclaimed the stranger—this is the man who journeyed with me till my horses took fright.

"Stein! our boy—our wanderer, whom we thought dead? Can it be possible?" exclaimed old Hans, overcome with emotion. "Now let the old house go! Thank God! I have my son again; "and the old man wept like a child, laying on his son's shoulder."

"Ay, sir, till the accident, and longer too;" answered Stein, replying to the stranger. After you were thrown out, I succeeded in holding on to the reins—no man could have checked the beasts, who drew madly, never stopping till we were nearly three miles off at the lodge of the Vœst House. Then they were fairly wearied out, and I obtained help, fed the animals, turned their heads, and in spite of the storm which blew in our faces, have driven to my father's door."

The stranger caught his hands as he said—"I had a presentiment that you were a noble fellow. I share the joy of your parents."

Remains of the feast were brought out, and spread before the fire on the best table—the best damask cloth, and all grief, all trouble were forgotten. They crowded around Stein who had grown darker and still handsomer, and who told wonderful stories that challenged their surprise, and admiration. The horses were cared for, and the happy party sat up till long after midnight—while none questioned the social standing of the stranger in their midst. Indeed, he was never once appealed to in any way that might throw light upon his profession or his family.

On the following day he departed leaving his thanks, and his blessing. He had too fine a perception of the fitness of things, to offer them money.

What is this? cried Hans, reading a letter, the postman had brought him some two days after Christmas. Wife, am I dreaming? listen.

"Mr. Hans Sclaghel,—We withdraw all claims against you,—your accounts with us being settled up to date."

"Signed by our creditor's wife—I am in amaze—what can it mean! what can it mean!"

Just then, Theolin came hurrying in, holding a letter in his hand. His eyes sparkled—intense happiness made his cheeks rose-red.

"I have my wish, father!" he exclaimed. "See—Langwell, the famous artist, world-renowned, offers me a place in his studio. He says I was recommended by a friend. Who could it be, my father! None but a man of influence could obtain a place with Langwell."

"I know not, my son," replied Hans, not yet recovered from the effects of his letter. "Some one stops at our door; go and see who it is, Franchin."

Franchin danced to the door—came back again, led by the hand of a tall, venerable looking gentleman, who was also followed by Alsand the young rector, whose face sparkled.

"I am an occulist," said the venerable man.

Hans led him to his wife. So rapidly were events happening, that he was speechless. Alsand sought Thamar, who was busy in household affairs.

"What think you!" he exclaimed: "I am to have the rectory in Lockselt, in just three months from to-day."

"That is good news," said Thamar, still looking down as she spoke.

"Good news! glorious! I want only one thing more to complete my happiness."

Thamar looked up; her eyes fell so suddenly, however, that they seemed to close—but before that the question had been read in them—"what is it that you want?"

He spoke low, rapidly, passionately:

"I want a wife—you."

The silence that followed was eloquent enough—at least to the young rector, whose heart exulted.

Meantime, the tall occulist had ascertained that it was possible to restore the eyes from which all light had departed, seemingly forever. In a week he would return, he said, and operate. He bid them hope everything, for he was confident of success. Only little Franchin looked serious. She wished there was a letter for her, all the rest seemed so happy.

"I had forgotten, completely," cried Theolin, "here is a small note. It was enclosed in mine, and is addressed to Franchin. The child sprang eagerly towards him, gained possession of the letter, and ensconced herself in a window seat. She was seized with delight, and stricken with terror at the same time, for thus it read:

"Miss Franchin,—*My dear little girl,*—You are twelve years old, I think you told me. My son is thirteen. In the innocence of your heart, you told me your wish on Christmas. I only hope my son may wear so beautiful a pearl upon his bosom. I wish to send you to school—to educate you in fact as I would my own daughter, were I blest with one. What will your parents say to this? Fritz is exceedingly anxious to see the dear child, of whom I talk so much. I tell him you shall be introduced to each other four years from the last Christmas. Will that do? I await the consent of your parents. Farewell. The Elector."

This threw the whole household into a tremor. It was he, then, the great, good and powerful man whom they had made as one of them. He was the originator, under God, of those great blessings.

The house was theirs again. Hans entered with fresh courage upon his business. Theolin studied with unwonted enthusiasm. Stein was married and intended still to go to sea, under promise of a captaincy on board one of the elector's own vessels, as soon as he should be competent. Thamar went to a beautiful parsonage—the happiest of women, and Christianna married a merchant of Stockholm. Gretchen recovered the use of her sight, and lived to see her darling daughter, little Franchin, the wife of the elector's noble son.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

PURSER. MASTER. MIDSHIPMAN. CAPTAIN. PASSED MIDSHIPMAN. LIEUTENANT.

FULL UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

UNIFORM AND DRESS OF U. S. NAVY AND MARINE.

The present regulations for uniforming the Navy of the United States cannot fail to offer decided interest to the readers of the Pictorial in all parts of the country. These regulations are comparatively new, having been adopted in the year 1852, and may be said to correspond to the new regulations for the Army uniform. On this and the following page, therefore, may be seen the styles of dress peculiar to all the grades of naval service; from which styles may be understood, better than from any minute description, the differences that exist between one grade and another.

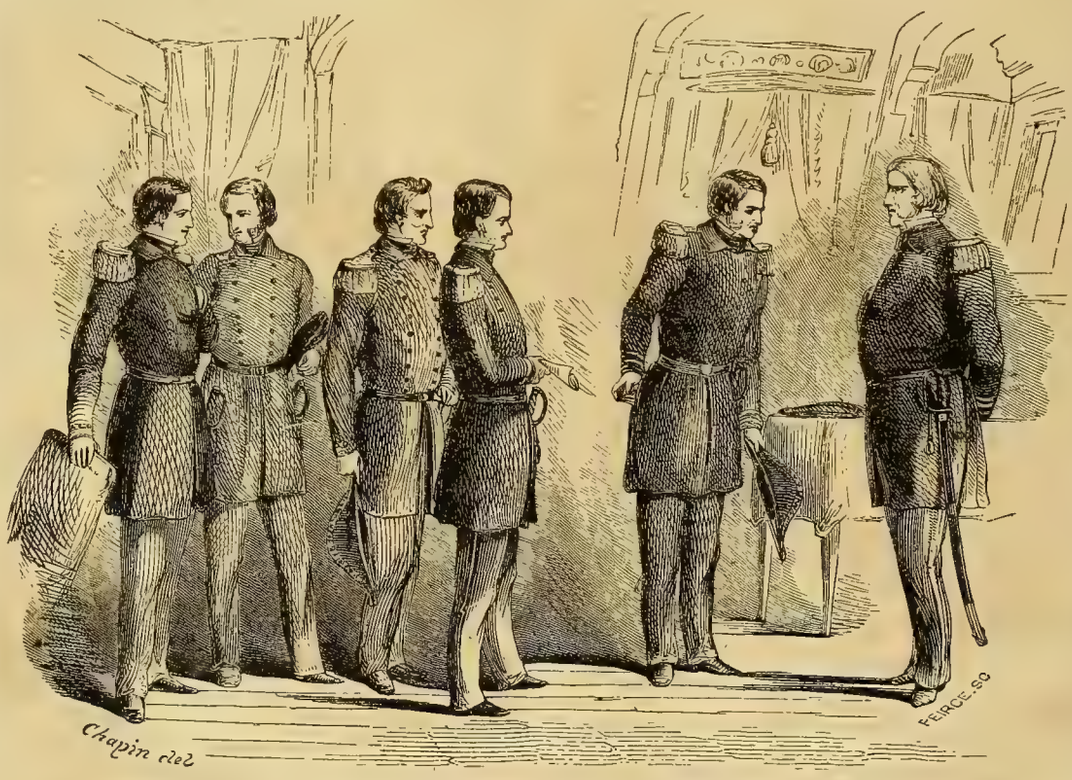
The full uniform consists of a dress-coat and pants, of navy blue cloth, with lace on the pants, epaulets, sword and knot, and cocked-hat. The undress, of frock-coat, epaulets, sword and knot, cocked-hat, and pantaloons without lace or cord. The service dress is the same as the undress, except that the prescribed cap is worn instead of the cocked-hat; epaulets and swords, or either, may be worn or dispensed with at the pleasure of the wearer, or as the occasion may require. Officers are ordered to wear their uniform, either full dress or undress, whenever they make *official* visits to the President of the United States, or to the Secretary of the Navy, or to foreign ships of war or cities. They also wear their undress uniform when acting as members of courts-martial, or courts of inquiry, or of special boards, or whenever attending such courts as witnesses, or in any other capacity, unless the officer ordering the same shall especially order the full dress to be worn. Officers constituting or appearing before boards of examination also wear their undress uniform, and whenever it shall be ordered by their commanding officer. At other times the service dress may be worn. "The hair of all persons belonging to the navy, when in actual service, is to be kept short. No part of the beard is to be worn long, and the whiskers shall not descend more than two inches below the ear, except at sea, in high latitudes, when the regulation may, for the time, be dispensed with by order of the commander of a squadron, or of a vessel acting under separate orders. *Neither moustaches nor imperials are to be worn* by officers or men on any pretence whatever." Rather arbitrary that. "Officers on furlough are required not to wear their uniforms, except on special public occasions of ceremony. Officers are strictly prohibited wearing any part of their uniform, whilst suspended from duty by sentence of court martial." The distinctions of uniform between officers of various grades may be thought to be very slight, and are so to an inexperienced eye. We will attempt to explain the difference, which will be the more readily observed by reference to the illustrations herewith given.

The cocked-hat is the same for all officers, except the captain and commander; each have one row of bullion more over the cockade. The epaulets are nearly the same for all officers, except that on the strap or upper part a captain wears a silver eagle and anchor, and a small silver star. A commander wears two crossed foul anchors. Lieutenants, one foul anchor; and a master's epaulets are plain. Surgeons and assistants have the letters M. D. in old English characters. Pursers, the letters P. D.; and chief-engineers, E. in the same, on the frog of the epaulet. Passed midshipmen wear a strip of gold lace on each shoulder, while midshipmen wear nothing.

In the uniform coat the distinction is as follows: *A Captain* wears a strip of lace one inch and a half wide round the upper edge and down the front of the collar, with a strip half an inch wide round the lower edge. Two rows of navy buttons down the front, nine in each row. On the cuff there are three strips of lace with corresponding buttons between. The pocket-flaps edged round with lace. *A Commander*—the same in all respects, except the lace on the collar is a quarter of an inch narrower, and there are two strips only round the cuff, and the pocket-flaps are without lace. *Lieutenants* the same, except the lace on the collar is only one inch wide, and there is only one strip around the cuff. *A Master* is the same as a lieutenant, except there are three buttons around the wrist, instead of lace. *Past Midshipmen* and *Midshipmen* are the same, except that the former has no second strip or lace around the bottom of the collar, and the latter, instead of the lace, has a foul anchor embroidered thereon. *Surgeons* and *Pursers* have embroidered on the collar a sprig of live-oak. *A Chaplain's* coat is a single-breasted, and has a collar and cuffs of black velvet, with one row of nine buttons. *A Chief Engineer's* is also single-breasted, with an anchor and wreath embroidered on the collar, and three buttons around the wrist. The pantaloons are the same for all officers, except that *Captains* wear a strip of lace one and a half inch wide, *Commanders* a strip one and a quarter inch, and *Lieutenants* one inch wide down the outer seam. *Passed Midshipmen* and *Masters* wear a strip of cord; all others are plain. The sword for all officers is a cut and thrust, half-basket hilt, grip white: scabbards of black leather, mountings of yellow gilt. The sword-knot for *Captains* and *Commanders* is a cord and tassel of blue and gold; all other officers, a strap of gold somewhat smaller. In the undress the same distinctions are preserved throughout, except that the collar is turned over, and has no embroidery upon it.

The service dress is the same as the undress, except that a cap, such as is shown in the engravings on the opposite page, is worn, with the distinctive marks of the various grades embroidered upon its front. Captains, Commanders, Lieutenants and Masters wear a band of gold lace of their respective widths around the band of the cap; all other officers have the band plain. When the epaulets are dispensed with, shoulder-straps are worn, with the devices of the various grades embroidered thereon. The pantaloons of all officers in service dress are plain. When in undress, plain or laced pantaloons are worn at pleasure.

On the following page we also give a group of officers, etc., in the uniform of the marine corps, as reported by the Secretary of the Navy. In this arm of the service the coat is of navy blue, and the pantaloons of sky-blue cloth. In summer, or when in warm climates, white pantaloons are worn, and in some instances white jackets, which is the summer fatigue dress. The band wear red coats and blue pants, with the same fatigue as the marines in summer. Where there are so many distinctions in rank and grade as there must be in this service, it would be impossible for us to minutely describe them all, nor would it be interesting to the reader. We will therefore refer him to the engravings, which will give him better ideas of the various uniforms, etc., than the most lengthy and elaborate description can portray them. A picture tells a story at once; while the best description may fail.

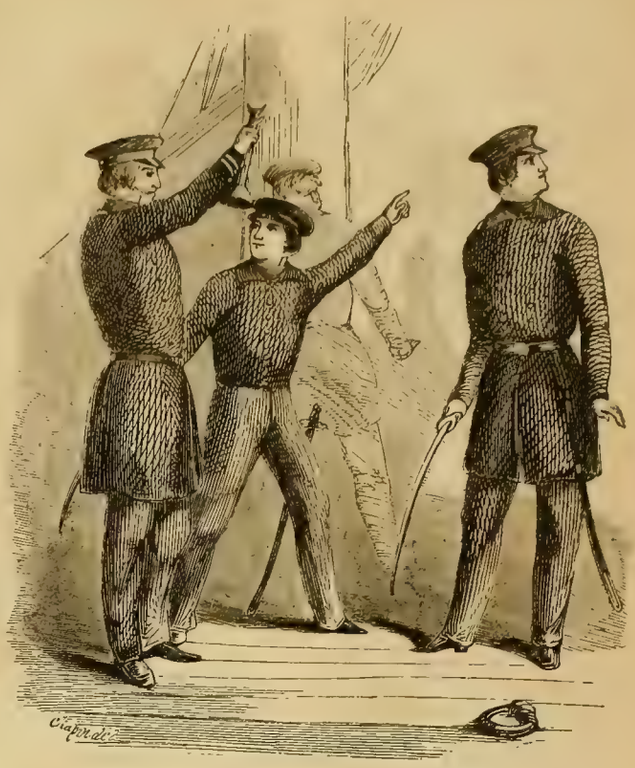


SURGEON. PASSED MIDSHIPMEN. MASTER LIEUTENANT. COMMANDER. CAPTAIN.

UNDRESS UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

CAPTAIN. MASTER. CHIEF ENGINEER.

SERVICE DRESS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.



COMMANDER. MIDSHIPMAN. PASSED MIDSHIPMAN.

SERVICE DRESS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

Inasmuch as we have had considerable additions made to our gallant little navy within a few years past—though nothing like what the extent and value of our world-wide commerce demand, nor yet anything like what is commensurate with our national name—still our sea force is really respectable in its number and size of vessels, and no American but feels a deep interest in reading of its achievements, whether commissioned on errands of mercy and peace, or of violence and war. It was not long ago that the talk of an ocean brush with our ancient friend and ally, France, was considerably earnest, and very general inquiry was made by the people relative to our ability to cope with such an adversary. That affair, however, fortunately blew over. We have since then indulged in similar discussions respecting the chances of bellicose relations with England, and at times it did appear as if we would quite as soon go to war as not. In that case, we should have found to our cost what a sad deficiency of naval force was ours, and it would have taken us many years to build up the tonnage requisite to assure ourselves against further disgrace and disaster. Though there would seem to be a good objection against raising and upholding a standing army in this republican country, we confess we cannot give the same consideration and weight to an argument against an increase of the navy. We are as essentially a commercial, as we are an agricultural nation; and that wide-spread commerce cannot be considered safe without the protecting convoy of an adequate navy. Our little navy has done us gallant service hitherto, and there is no question about its large influence in publishing and maintaining our name among the nations of the earth. It may be amusing to some of our readers to have us give place in this connection to a sailor's description of a naval fight; for the regular routine of duty is as much set down and followed by rule, as that of the nicest mechanical operation. Assuming the advantage of the weather-gage, let us prepare for action. Topsails, topgallant-s a i l s, jib and spanker, with the courses hauled up, ready to be set again, are good sails to fight under, for with them your ship is under perfect command to advance, manœuvre, or lie to. If there is an appearance of squally weather, it is well to have a reef in the topsails, in anticipation. The crew are called to quarters by beat of drum, every man going to the station which has been rendered familiar to him by frequent training, under the eye of his officers. The commander, standing in a conspicuous station on the quarter-deck, watches his own ship and the enemy, and conveys the order that the occasion may require, by voice or through the medium of his aids. Under him, the first lieutenant commands the offensive and defensive operations, and effects the various evolutions which he may direct, in relation to the position of the ship. The clues are stoppered, to keep the sails spread in the event of the sheets being shot away, and the yards are hung in chains, to obviate a like inconvenience from the cutting away of the ties. The carpenter rigs the pumps to prepare for a leak, collects shot-plugs to stop holes in the side, and fishes of wood to strengthen a mast or yard, that may be wounded, and in danger of falling. The surgeon prepares, in the cockpit, to relieve the wounded. Tubs of water are collected in the tops, channels, and on deck, to be ready to extinguish fire; the decks are wet to prevent the explosion of powder, and put out sparks that may fall there, and also sanded, to prevent the men from slipping when splashy with blood or water. Finally, plenty of wads and shot, round, grape and canister, are collected beside the guns, and the magazine is opened and lit by the gunner and his crew, who prepare to pass the cartridges to the powder-boys. And now, having given three cheers, you bear down upon the enemy. It is a great object to rake your enemy, if possible; that is, to get across his bow, or stern, out of reach of his guns, whilst you sweep the whole length of his deck with fatal execution. If it is desirable to rake your enemy, it is equally so to avoid being raked in return. This double advantage can only be attained by superior sailing, or by great skill in manœuvering. In directing your fire, it is best to aim between wind and water, and also in the direction of the masts, for in this way the enemy may be soonest disabled, and victory gained with little loss of life.

LIEUTENANT. STAFF OFFICER. CAPTAIN. COLONEL. SERGEANT. PRIVATE. BAND.

UNIFORM OF THE MARINE CORPS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

I dreamed—I saw a little rosy child,
With flaxen ringlets in a garden playing;
Now stopping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.
'Twas changed. One summer's day I stepped aside,
To let him pass; his face had manhood's seeming,
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden whom he called "his bride!"
Once more; 'twas autumn, and the cheerful fire
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding,
And in the midst I marked the smiling sire.
The heavens were clouded?—and I heard the tone
Of a slow moving bell—the white haired man was gone.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE

CRUISER OF THE RED SEA.

A TALE OF ARABIAN LIFE AND MANNERS.

CHAPTER IV.

[CONTINUED.]

BEN IDDEN'S RETURN.—ARRIVAL OF OULI HASSAC.—SEIZURE OF ZULAH!

WALKING along the deck of the felucca till he came to the little steps descending to the spot he had denominated the well, Orlo opened the door of the cabin and passed within. A regular ship's light was burning near the prow, being attached to the mast, and it enabled the sinister visitor to see all objects around him, and enough to show that the conspirators had not been mistaken in supposing that the felucca would be something of a prize to their hands.

"It's all mine now," the visitor muttered, as he threw himself on to a rude lounge at one side of the little cabin. "The cargo is small it is true, but it comprises those costly articles of luxury which only the East can furnish, and it would all form a very befitting outfit for a new governor or a prince—ha, ha! even including these beauties, who are sleeping and snoring here in such an unromantic and unangelic manner!"

He permitted his eyes to rest carelessly for a moment upon the Malay girls, who were thus sleeping there. All were young, and some of them pretty, if judged by their own standard; but the observer did not seem to be very strongly smitten by their appearance, or else he had some purposes in his mind which were powerful enough to put down all irrelevant ideas.

A shout, as if the voice of a person hailing the felucca from the shore, suddenly aroused Orlo from the reverie into which he had fallen, and he hurried out of the cabin.

"Hilloa!" came over the water. Can't you come ashore in some way?" and Orlo saw that a couple of forms were standing on the beach.

"Ben-Idden and Zulah!" he muttered, recognizing them. Then he raised his voice, shouting back his reply: "Yes!"

He plunged into the water, and was soon at the beach.

"The fact is," explained our hero, "a yacht is coming up this way from the Port, and one which looks very much like that belonging to Governor Ouli Hassac. I did not know but that the old Turk, brought up this way by some tangible fact or some mysterious fatality, might interfere with our little beauty, and so I thought Zulah and I would come back and take a view of things, as a great deal of time will not, in all probability be required. How can we go off to the felucca?"

"You cannot, unless you swim as I did. And why will it not be better for us all to remain ashore? No, that will not do. I will remain there with the guard, and you and Zulah can remain in concealment here."

"Or, rather, as I have not yet seen our prize, I will go off to the felucca and you can remain here as protector of Zulah. Your Arab, the guard, I suppose—"

"Oh, he has also come ashore," interrupted Orlo. "Gone over to the other cape to see—in fact, he thought he heard some sort of a craft below the point and wished to see what it was—doubtless, the same you have seen. But he will soon be back again."

"Well, I think I will swim off and take a look at the prize, and that will occupy time enough for us to know the result of the governor's cruise. If the new comer is indeed the Turk, I have no fear of being captured or molested; but should there be any trouble I will call for help. Strange how fast the tides come in on the shores of the Red Sea! When our friends anchored the felucca, they came ashore without wetting higher than their knees, and now it is quite a swim! The bay, too, is twice its former size. Remain with our friend, dear Zulah, and see if your woman's art cannot learn something from him, by way of passing away the time, concerning that fair one he is about to marry!"

The genuine smile we have seen once or twice passing over the face of Orlo now appeared thereon, as our hero waded into the water and swam off to the felucca, leaving his heart's idol alone with his confederate. Not a word was said till Ben-Idden reached the vessel, and then Orlo said, with that politeness it was possible for him to assume:

"Had we not better retreat a few rods—there, to the shadow of the palms? The light is so clear upon the beach that we may be seen by the new comers—who, by the way, are just heaving in sight around the point!"

The maiden complied with the suggestion without observing how the eyes of the speaker glared upon her.

In the meantime Ben-Idden had examined the cabin of the felucca and its treasures to his satisfaction, and extinguished the light.

"I see that Ouli Hassac is near by," he said, "and there is no use of hanging out a signal for his guidance. I will just close and fasten the cabin door, and take my stand, knife in hand, in the darkness, just by these little sky-lights, so that I can hear and see all that is going on without, should he conclude, as I suppose he will, to come aboard of the Felucca. The fact is, the vessel was Antang's, and as such is known to the Turk, so that he will not do it any damage, whatever the purport of his visit in this quarter."

These arrangements were soon made.

A few moments of some anxiety, and Ben-Idden knew that the little yacht of the governor was close aboard, and soon came alongside, with a slight shock, and two or three persons—the first of them, the Governor of Jeddah—leaped upon the felucca's deck.

"Yes," cried Ouli Hassac, in his hoarse tones and with a rude oath, "I was right! It *is* the craft belonging to Antang, but where is the Malay? All dark, all closed up," and he rattled the cabin door. "Ah! the captain has gone up to the castle to see me, and so we must hurry back, Bossoon, as he doubtless has a present we shall be glad to see. We will hurry on our way, deposit the treasure as soon as we can, and then back again?"

"But will your excellency not tell me the reason why you are hiding so much treasure up here in Eve's Tomb?"

"Well, seeing it's you, Bossoon, my faithful confidant, I do not care if I do. Listen:—Six years ago, Alid-Said, first-born of the reigning Sultan of Turkey—conceived the idea of taking the government out of his father's hands by the usual process—that is, by murdering the old man—though he's not so old—and usurping the throne. But the young ruffian was detected—arrested—and condemned to be drowned in the Bosphorous in front of the sultan's palace—drowned in a sack, securely tied up, in the usual way. The agents chosen for this business thought they had fully performed their duty; but it now appears that the young villain made out to loosen the fastenings of the sack, kick it off, arise to the surface, and swim ashore in some direction—thereafter making his way to Arabia, where he has been trying ever since, in some disguise or other, to build up some project which shall rob his father of his most valuable possessions, namely, Egypt and Arabia!"

"And it is because you fear the usurping of your kingdom by this person, that your excellency is laying up treasures against the day of trouble?"

"That is one reason. In addition, the Arabs are becoming very uneasy of late, and look to me very treacherous and active. I should not wonder if they are meditating trouble. Besides, I am liable to lose my position, if not my life, at any moment by authority from Constantinople, so that you see there is sound reason and good policy in securing all the wealth I can to mitigate my sorrows, should any of this possible trouble arise."

"Ah! I understand it all now. Let us go and add this treasure to the rest, and then return to the town?"

"Yes, that we will do!"

The governor returned with his servants to the yacht, and pushed off from the felucca. The Cid opened the door of the cabin as they commenced running in under easy sail to the shore, for he wished to keep his eye upon them.

"So," he muttered, "It seems that Ouli Hassac has also got a pile of money stowed away in the tomb? I must make a little examination the next time I visit the spot, satisfying myself whether his treasure is safe from *our* discovery, or whether our deposits are entirely out of all danger from *him!*"

He continued watching the governor and his servants, as did Orlo and Zulah from the beach, while they conveyed their bags of treasure ashore, and until they had disappeared in the direction of the place of deposit.

"All right," muttered Ben-Idden, and he seated himself on the low taffrail of the felucca to await the Turk's return.

It was not more than fifteen or twenty minutes ere they came back, got their yacht under way, and stood out of the little bay.

Ben-Idden then swam ashore, and Zulah and Orlo came down from the palms to meet him. With the departure of the Turk, he was dismissed from their minds.

The trio seated themselves upon the tufty beach, just beyond high-water mark, and Zulah exclaimed to her lover, in a coquettish voice, and with a laugh:

"You do not know what a good time Orlo and I have had conversing together! I could not find out anything about his intended bride; only that he loves her sincerely and that he intends to marry her soon, and will demand our presence at the wedding!"

"I am glad to hear you say so," and Ben-Idden drew her close to his breast and fondled her glowing tresses with all the pretty abstractedness of a lover. "But methinks your conversation did not prove very inspiriting to Orlo in my absence, for he looks as solemn and sad as if he had lost his last friend!"

"That's because I am seriously thinking of a serious proposition I have to make to you," replied Orlo.

"Let us hear it!"

"We are about to be married—two couples of us—and I cannot help but think that we ought to precede this ceremony by an attempt to rescue your sister Zada, it would be such a crowning joy for us to have her present at our double wedding!"

The face of Ben-Idden became thoughtful. "It would—it would!" he said.

"Then let us make the attempt. Two hours is all we require for an effort, and it may succeed, as I have gathered some information of late about the governor's castle, where she is now confined—if living. Two hours only of manly and fearless trial—"

"Let us go! I feel rebuked that such a proposition should emanate from you instead of myself; feel as if I had been selfish and neglectful in the joy this dear one has conferred upon me. Let us go!"

"In the meantime," said Orlo, "Zulah can go to her father's in the town."

"No, no," interrupted the maiden, "I had rather remain here. If you should rescue Zada, you will desire to bring her to this retreat, to take passage in the felucca beyond the reach of the tyrant. It is here that I will await your return, whether you are successful or not, as it will not be late, even then, in here beneath these protecting palms!"

"But you will be lonely here, dearest, for there is no one."

"I shall only be alone with Allah! I have such a hope of your success, and my thoughts are so bound up therein, that I shall not mind the solitude of the place and the hour. Go, go, my dear friend Orlo—go, my dear Cid, and may the blessing of Allah be upon your efforts!"

Never had Zulah seemed so beautiful to her lover as now, when she stood there with the light of a holy solicitude or sympathy in her dark eyes.

"Had you not better go home?" he asked, pressing her to his heart—"you will be so lonely here!"

"No—no, dearest! I prefer to remain; I shall be such a comfort to Zada in case you should bring her!"

"Alas—alas! Allah only knows whether she is in the land of the living, even now when we are speaking of taking her again to our arms!"

"Let us hope for the best. Go, darling! go, esteemed friend! I shall think of your virtues and your purpose, and all the grand beauties and pleasures in our lives until you return. Here, with such ennobling thoughts in my soul, and such glories above me, forever calling me upwards to truth and beauty," and she waved her hands towards the everlasting stars—"I shall not be alone!"

With tears, but with noble and unselfish firmness, did that brave and true-hearted girl see her lover and Orlo depart.

She then seated herself beneath the grim old palm, remaining motionless there—but not thoughtless nor prayerless—for the space of two hours.

Orlo then came back, suddenly presenting himself to her view; but not from the direction in which he had gone, nor in that where she was anxiously looking for the appearance of her lover.

He was alone, was Orlo—how terribly alone did he appear to her!—and his face was covered with blood!

"Orlo! *Orlo!* and *alone!*"

As she thus cried, starting up, Orlo seized that helpless maid rudely by the arm, and laughed so long, so loudly and so strangely, that she feared he had become insane!

"'Orlo!' ha, ha!"

CHAPTER V.

AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE—A STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED ASSISTANCE.

BEN-IDDEN, attended by his friend Orlo, stood in front of his father's house, in the western suburbs of the town of Jiddah. They had come by the most direct route after taking their leave of Zulah, and our hero had conversed only a little on the way, his heart having been rendered so sad by his painful parting with his maiden, and because of the weighty purpose which now occupied his thoughts. But as he found himself so near his home, and presumed by the feeble light shining from the windows of the rude cottage that his parents had not retired, he remarked:

"Remain where you are a moment, Orlo. I wish to see if the Medina chieftain, whom I dismissed by himself when I saw the yacht of Hassac going towards the bay—I wish to see if he has found my father, by the directions I gave him, and whether he has made himself comfortable and very much at home, as I told him to be sure and do."

He entered the house as he ceased speaking, and was absent about a minute. When he came back, it was with a somewhat troubled look upon his features.

"My father has not seen anything of the Medina chieftain," he said, "and I do not know where he has gone!"

A sinister gleam appeared in the eyes of Orlo, and a peculiar look of satisfaction flitted over his visage, but he did not make any reply to the information.

"Do you suppose that he can have missed the way? I am sure that he could not have mistaken such plain directions as I gave him!"

The conspirator was still silent.

"Well, I have not time to solve the mystery. It is not so late but that he may be along yet, and he will be well received by my father and mother if such should be the case. Let us go!"

He took the arm of his treacherous companion and both proceeded on their way down the street, in the direction of the governor's residence, palace, or whatever else the travelled reader should choose to call the somewhat singular looking building of which we write.

"Jiddah," remarked Ben-Idden, as they passed along, "is not the most attractive place in the world. You see that the streets are not paved, that the houses are small and of mean appearance, most of them being but one story. The land around the town is poor, in some places almost or quite barren, so that the labor of the husbandman are ill requited. We have not the agreeable and fruitful climate of other nations, that which is varied to vegetation by alternate sunshine and moisture, and we could never acquire rank hereabouts as an agricultural people, and, therefore, never can lay the cornerstone of true political greatness, and individual freedom and enjoyment. We bring our water from afar, and suffer so many other inconveniencies and privations, that I will not pretend to recount them all lest I weary your patience. But there is one fact which redeems Jiddah from all the evils and disadvantages enumerated, as far as I am concerned, and makes it the dearest and the loveliest spot on earth to my eyes—*it is my home!*"

"I suppose the place of our birth does always

possess something of a charm for us," replied Orlo, in an abstracted manner, as if his thoughts were strangely reverting to the past.

"It is here," continued Ben-Idden, "that my parents were born before me, and it is here that I would like to live and die! With a little dwelling, and a chance to secure a respectable living by the honest labor of my hands—with my darling Zulah ever near me, to cheer me with her blessed eyes and gladden me with her sweet voice—and, more than all, if it were possible for it to be so! with my nation free and prosperous and honored among the nations of the earth—I should have reached the goal of my ambition. I have no wish for applause, and for all the strife and contention with which vain minded men love to lift themselves into notice—but I would seek, if permitted to choose my own destiny, the humble and happy lot I have described. I have no ambition of being more than a good citizen; and should retreat from the position into which I have lately been forced by events, did I not feel that the sacrifice of my own repose may result in the benefit of our common country."

The companion of our hero did not pay but little attention to these remarks, seeming to be lost in schemes for the future or recollections of the past. Seeing that he was not listened to very attentively, Ben-Idden relapsed into silence, and did not speak again till both men had arrived immediately in front of the governor's residence. Our hero then said:

"Here we are, Orlo, at our destination—the governor's palace."

The words seemed to recall the abstracted conspirator from his reveries of the past, and to interest him in the present.

"Well, it is true. Just look around you, and see that the coast is clear."

The young Arab had too often gazed upon the gloomy structure since the supposed incarceration of his beloved sister therein, for him to now bestow very much attention upon it.

"I see no guards, no Turkish soldiers," he said. "But the gates are all shut, and how are we to get in?"

"That is a matter our energy and resolution must decide. There is a way by which we could enter, if it has not been lately closed up—a sort of a secret passage—but I do not know as it would be safe to attempt it now. It will surprise you, doubtless—the declaration I am about to make—but I assure you that I have often been within these walls about this hour by the secret way to which I allude, and have not returned till morning."

"Then I shall look to you for the ways and means of effecting an entrance."

"Hist! there comes a soldier,—no, it's an Arab, and we need not fear. It will be as well, however, for us to keep a little closer in the shadow of the building, now that the moon is so bright. Suppose you go down by the double gates—there, just beneath the spot where you see those lights gleaming down upon the street. You can go and come back in a moment. Should you see anybody, or anything worthy of notice, or get the least sign of admittance, come right back and tell me—otherwise I will rejoin you, and we will see what can be done."

Ben-Idden went to the spot indicated, pausing beside the huge gates and underneath the stone lattice from which that light was gleaming down. He had scarcely taken up this position ere he saw a female face presented at the aperture, while a slave flashed the light—that of a reflecting lamp—down upon the street. This female, as Ben-Idden saw at a glance, was Letta, the proud and queenly daughter of the governor of Jiddah; and he trembled as he saw that she had obtained, with the aid of the lamp, a full view of his face and person, as he stood there, thus crouching beneath the gate.

"O, it is Ben-Idden!" came down to our hero in a musical but somewhat imperious voice. "I am glad to see him so near me, at the very moment when he was present in my thoughts."

She looked down again as if to make sure that the object of her remarks had not changed his position.

In fact, our hero did not know what to do in this unexpected state of affairs.

"Go down, Lula," said Letta, addressing her slave, "and admit the young man; but take good care that no one sees you. Conduct him up to my chamber by the secret stair-case."

The slave turned and withdrew with a profound obesiance, her shadow, as she did so, coming down on to the street in such frightful and distorted magnitude as to startle our hero.

He turned and fled, hastening to the place where he had left Orlo, and relating to him all he had seen.

"Very well," said that personage, as he proceeded to wrap his face up in a huge black handkerchief, and to turn his cloak inside out—thus presenting the most fearful appearance he could without especial trouble. "You can go back to the gate, and I will go with you. If the slave commands you to go in and see her mistress, I will go also. What you see, I will see, and whatever peril you are called upon to encounter, that shall also be my portion."

"Thanks, Orlo. With thy friendly presence to cheer me, I will not shrink from any reasonable hazard, so long as there is the probability of hearing something concerning my poor sister. Come."

They took their way to the gate.

The daughter of the Turk had disappeared from the stone-lattice, and the aperture was now entirely closed or covered by a blind.

The slave had already reached the street, coming out of a little door in the gate. She soon made known the orders she had received, addressing the young Arab in a respectful and quite intelligent manner, which argued well for his reception by the mistress herself.

Our hero felt the arm of Orlo tremble in his own as the demand for his presence in the castle was uttered. In fact, a curse left Orlo's lips.

"But we will go in," he said, in a low and husky whisper. "Go on."

The slave placed herself in the way, as if she did not desire the presence of Orlo.

"It's only a friend of mine," observed Ben-Idden, blandly. "I wish him to go in with me."

"No use of talking to that black devil in Arabic," said Orlo. "Her mistress always speaks Turkish to her, for she is a Turk, and the ugliest nigger that could be found in Constantinople. I have often seen her before, and she would know me now but for this convenient disguise and for my speech in a language she does not know. Only the understanding of a speaker's words will enable you to recognize his voice, if you have heard it before. You would not know the tones of your own father if he should put his head in a barrel and call you a booby in pure Hebrew!"

"Well, are we going in?"

"*Lil zulajen cep Lulu!*" thundered Orlo, with a glance of lightning at the slave-girl, and these words of her own language had an instant effect. She sprang up as much as three feet into the air, with a shriek which would have been called a roar or a squeak if uttered by anything but a human being, and then she turned and bounded up the stairs.

"In and follow her," said Orlo. "Keep hold of her dress, for I do not mean to give her a chance to betray me to her mistress. Have you got her fast?"

"Yes."

Orlo proceeded to close the door in the gate, and then, taking the hand of our hero, he was conducted up the stairs, this way and that way, then up more stairs, and afterwards along a corridor of considerable length—the whole journey in total darkness—and then the slave-girl ushered them into the apartment where the Lady Letta, in all her beauty and magnificence, was seated.

She started at beholding two persons where she had expected to see but one.

"Pardon me, lady," said our hero, in his blandest voice, and with his profoundest bow. "My friend was with me, and as we have some further business to transact together, I took the liberty of bringing him along. He is an odd and humorous genius, as your ladyship can see by his appearance."

The lady glanced sharply at Orlo, but his grotesque appearance caused her features to relax, and she burst into a hearty laugh.

"Your friend is quite welcome," she said, addressing our hero. "I pray you be seated. So, Lula," she added, addressing the slave, as she saw that that masterpiece of blackness had taken the liberty of lingering, and was glancing from her to her visitors, "Go!"

Lula retired, and the two gentlemen took the proffered seats.

"Anything to drive away this horrible ennui," said the lady, smiling. "I am quite sure, Ben-Idden, that you can entertain me, for you are handsome, intelligent and accomplished."

"Your lady-ship is pleased to flatter."

"Flatter! No; nothing is farther from my thoughts. I have long been desirous of seeing you, for I have heard you praised by more than one person of my sex whose opinion is of weight. To be frank with you—for I have no doubt but that your comical friend is as honorable as yourself—I have long looked upon you, Ben-Idden, with eyes of love."

"On *me*, my lady?" cried our hero, as much in fear as astonishment.

"Yes. I not only love, but respect you—which is more than I can say of all the men I have known hitherto. I have long borne you this affection, and I have now sent for you, in order to have you love *me!*"

CHAPTER VI.

A SYREN'S APPEAL—THE BLOOD-STAR PROPHET—OUR HERO IN A DUNGEON.

The words of Lady Letta were uttered with that commingled seriousness and playfulness which characterizes the conduct of a tigress when she amuses herself with her prey, ere she has acquired the appetite to destroy. On realizing that they were really addressed to his own self, by that splendid lady, from out of the depths of those silks and laces, and all that magnificence, Ben-Idden fairly trembled, and also observed that the arm of his companion manifested that strange tremor he had before noticed.

"Yes, I love you, Ben-Idden," repeated the beautiful woman, "and nothing would give me so much joy as to be loved by you in return."

She left her chair and crossed the room, seating herself by the side of our hero—so near to him that her flowing tresses swept his face and rested upon his bosom, while her eyes were fixed raptly upon his features.

Again Orlo trembled, and more violently than before. As closely as his face was muffled up, the lady could have seen, had she not been so much engaged elsewhere, that there was a sullen look of hate and rage in his eyes.

"I can hardly realize," finally said Ben-Idden, with modest politeness, "that your ladyship is addressing those words to me. We have never had an interview before, and I have not had that acquaintance with your ladyship which is necessary to the development of love."

"True, true; but you shall have. I do not mean that you shall leave this room till you love me better than everything else in the world."

Again our hero started, while his companion continued to be shaken by that strange tremor of emotion.

"Pardon me, Lady Letta, but if you speak to me thus plainly, I must speak to you with equal frankness; and, in the first place, I have to inform you that I am in love with another."

The proud and splendid lady grew pale.

"But you don't mean it," she soon said, endeavoring to smile away the fear which had suddenly chilled her heart. "You only say it to tease me."

"Lady, I have more important affairs on my hands and mind than the teasing of you or any one else. What I said, I repeat, that I love another than you, truly and forever, and for this reason cannot return the affection you are pleased to declare."

Lady Letta seemed to be swallowing some choking substance, and her voice was husky when she spoke.

"Are you quite sure that you can never love me—I, who am so rich and influential—I, who could make your life one of such happiness and ease?"

"Quite sure. Another than you has already made my happiness, and I am as rich as there is any present necessity of being."

"Strange, but noble man! I love you more than ever!"

She kept close to his side and endeavored to pass her arms around his neck. Her eyes were fixed earnestly upon him, and her balmy breath was on his cheeks. He raised his hands to repulse her, and she nestled on his bosom.

"Away, wretched woman!" cried Orlo, in a hoarse voice of rage and scorn, as he seized that magnificent woman in a rude grasp and tore her away, at the same time tearing off his disguise. "Look at me, female, and see a man you have more than once regarded with just such airy nothings as these!"

"Orlo!" gasped Letta. "Is it really you, thus stealing into my presence?"

"Yes, me—your old lover, your present hater—perhaps your future *destroyer!*" and he raised his voice at every word, fixing a savage glance upon her. "Why should you make yourself ridiculous, in seeking for a love which can never be yours? They who trample on their first love, treating it as some may treat pearls, they shall never find it again! Though they search through all the wide world, restlessly and in despair, their hearts shall never more be blessed with such a gift as love—never, never—but shall find only hate, and such bitter and burning hate as I now bear you!"

The lady sat down in her weakness as Orlo arose in his excitement, continuing:

"It is the punishment of false hearts, that they shall vainly search for true ones! You, an impure and lying woman, would seek a pure and truthful soul, and still continue to seek, after repeated disappointments, as if it were impossible for you to realize the blackness and immensity of the gulf which has come between you and such purity forever! Go, woman! You would make a fine queen—*you*, after these abasements before one who might have been your slave, had you but remained true to me, and proved the being it once fondly imagined you to be! Haven't you talked of finding heaven in my love before now?—haven't you been as infatuated with me as you now profess to be with Ben-Idden? True, I was not then so worthy as this man—I confess it—but then, too, you had not become such a keen judge of honest manliness and moral beauty."

There was a bitter sneer in these words, and the whole address of the young man had been so impetuous that she did not feel able to oppose or interrupt him.

"Well, if you have injured me," he added, "I am avenged by two circumstances—that I myself hate you, that you are despised by *him!*"

This assurance of being despised by our hero brought her to herself.

"If he does not love me," she said, "he may do so, despite your slanders. My dear Ben-Idden—"

"Lady, this interview is becoming painful to me. I beg leave to retire from your presence. I should not have come here at all but for a wild hope of learning something concerning my poor sister!"

"Ah, your sister!" and the proud lady fairly screamed the word, such was her excitement. "You hoped to see her by coming? Well, *she is here*, and you shall see her,—she shall be restored to you, if you will only love me as I deserve—as I love you."

The young Arab gazed fixedly, even sternly, upon her. A sneer—he did not mean to be so moved, but he could not help it—a sneer of bitter scorn curled his lips.

"And so," sneered Orlo, "you would seek to win the love of the brother by reminding him of the injuries you have done to his only sister, and in promising to forego those barbarities! Fool—fool! Do you not see that it is morally and everlastingly impossible for this man to love you, or even respect you? You have tortured his sister and agonized his own heart beyond all expression, and you now smile all your worn-out smiles and charm him with all your thrice-old charms, and expect to see him at your feet calling you an angel of light. Bah!"

Lady Letta realized, by the aid of these vivid words, the nature of the gulf between her and the love she sought. As would have been expected, however, she passed from those smiles and those words of endearment to the most frenzied hate.

"I would kill you, Orlo," she hissed, with flashing eyes, "if I was not afraid you would contrive to live long enough to betray our secrets to my father, and thus accomplish my own ruin!"

"What are those secrets?" thought our hero. "What secrets should there be between my confederate and such a woman as this?"

For the first time in his life he felt a suspicion—but a vague and undefined one—creeping into his heart, to the lasting detriment of his companion-in-arms.

"Therefore," added Letta, "because I fear while I despise, I will not seek to hinder your departure. Go!"

She touched a bell, and the slave-girl made her appearance. A word to her, and two or three stout male servants were soon seen at the entrance—the only entrance of the room.

"Show this man to the street," commanded Lady Letta, indicating Orlo with her finger.

"No, no, you will not go, Orlo!" cried our hero, seeing that he seemed destined to be left behind. "You will not leave me!"

The conspirator turned towards the distressed lover with a smile that fairly froze his soul—one that looked horrifying.

"You see," he said, flippantly, "that her ladyship desires me to go."

"But Zulah—"

"Ah, yes—poor girl! she will doubtless feel very bad at your non-return, but I will give her all the consolation in my power."

Our hero made a dash for the door, but was instantly seized by the slaves, and soon found it vain to struggle against their united strength.

Then a wild cry of agony escaped him, for he thought of poor Zulah's vigil, out there under the palms!

"Help!" he cried. "Mercy! Help me, Orlo! Do not leave me a prisoner in such hands!"

"But, my dear boy, have patience. You see that I can do nothing. I am obliged to go, it being the express desire of this lady, who, as you see, has the means to enforce her wishes. Sorry, my dear Ben-Idden, but I will try to take good care of your Zulah till you regain your freedom."

"Orlo, there is a sneer upon your face like that of a fiend. On my soul—by my life—I mistrust you!"

"Ha, ha! I cannot help it. It is the lot of most friends to have a falling out, sooner or later. Good-by. You see with your own eyes, that I am compelled to go. I can only tell your beloved Zulah that you are soon coming!"

"Never while I live!" cried Lady Letta, jealously, and savagely, in a voice husky with her conflicting emotion. "I will keep him here till you—till I, till he and she—till all mankind are dead!"

"Indeed! Then I shall have quite a season of consolation for the afflicted one!"

"Go, wretch!" commanded the governor's daughter, remembering her authority, and turning fiercely upon him. "Out to the street with him—this minute, slaves!"

"Good-by, Ben-Idden," cried the villain, again, as the slave-girl forced him backwards towards the door. "You see that I am compelled to leave you—that I am going—gone!"

The door closed upon him.

Ben-Idden uttered a despairing groan, sinking back into a chair, weak and sick at heart—for he had intelligence enough to receive the fury a woman can bear the man by whom she has been scorned.

"Let me go," he pleaded, "and I will bless you, and try to requite you for the deed! Free me, and I will try to love you as you deserve!"

"I do not want your love," she replied, coldly—her weakness or her goodness, whatever it was, being past. "I can very well live without it—quite as well as she can live without *you!*"

"But it is not *my* fault nor *her* fault that we love each other,—our affection was ordained and consecrated by Allah. For every person there is provided, or has been, a kindred soul."

"I believe it. I also believe that I despised and rejected, in my vain pride, that kindred one, some years ago. That is why I shall never be loved again,—that is why I am so unrestful and so desolate. But," she added, with a wild gleam in her eyes, "if I am miserable myself, others shall not be happy. If I cannot enjoy your love, you shall not be happy in *her's!*"

"Demoness! I hate and despise you!"

The words were forced up to his lips by the strong agony of his soul, although their sound had not died away in the room ere he regretted that they had been uttered.

The woman laughed bitterly.

"We will see who has cause to weep or to laugh!" she said, and then she made signal for her slaves to enter. They accordingly came in—those three huge negroes, all ready for her work.

"Carry him to a dungeon," she commanded, "and do not give him anything to eat till I give you orders to do so. Go!"

A storm of denunciations, mingled with frantic appeals, left the lips of our hero, but all in vain. Those slaves bore him away in the darkness, and he soon found himself thrust rudely into a dungeon and locked in, the slaves retreating and leaving him to the silence and gloom.

CHAPTER VII.

AN EXCITING REVELATION—THE ESCAPE.

Not a ray of light reached the dark and damp abode in which Ben-Idden had been placed, so that he could not see how large was the cell, how strong were the bolts and bars, and what possibility there was of his effecting an escape. In fact, he did not have a thought respecting any of these problems, for all the emotions of his soul were bound up in one overwhelming horror—that of finding himself thus separated from the object of his affection, and of realizing the situation in which she was placed.

No word left his lips in regard to the treachery of Orlo—for he was quite calm now—though it was that terrible calmness which veils despair. He knew that he had been fearfully deceived in that person, yet he did not by any means comprehend the utter baseness and wickedness of the man who had so abused his noble and confiding nature. All the disastrous events we have described had come so suddenly upon him, that he was not capable of realizing all their stings in one moment, nor could he so far control his thoughts as to look seriously and uniquely at all the horrors of his lot.

How dark it was!

If he could have only found some chair, some sort of a bed to sit down upon, he would have felt better. It was not so entirely the absence of light that pained him, but the absence of everything else by which he could quicken his realization of still being in the living and breathing world.

He commenced a search of the stone apartment, walking around with hands extended, and gained a tolerable idea of the length and width of the dungeon. As to the height, he knew that very well, for at every movement he hit his head against the wall overhead—it was so inconvenient to remain stooping down.

Suddenly, while thus groping around the narrow cell, our hero's feet came in contact with a yielding form, and a groan smote upon his ears.

"What—a companion?" he cried. "Surely, she cannot have ordered Orlo to be placed here! Sir, who are you?"

The person—to judge by the noise he made—was endeavoring to arise to his feet.

"I am a prisoner like yourself," was the reply. "What is your name?"

For a moment Ben-Idden hesitated. He soon realized, however, that the confidence could not injure him, and therefore made himself known.

"Ben-Idden?" said the man. "I know you well. I am John Ledder!"

"What! The handsome and rich young man who disappeared from Jiddah so mysteriously two or three months ago?"

"The same. I disappeared to this place, and I have been here ever since."

"At whose orders?"

"Need you ask? There is only one person in the world who would be such a fiend as to inflict the torments I have suffered here."

"And that one is Lady Letta, the daughter of Governor Hassac."

"Allah! You have said."

"What is the prospect of getting out?"

The man arose, coming close to the side of our hero and taking his arm.

"Don't say anything about getting out," he whispered. "There may be some of those murderous niggers on the watch. By-and-by, if all's right, I'll tell you a secret you will be glad to hear."

"What do you have to eat?"

"Bread and water, twice a day."

"Do you ever see the daylight?"

"O yes. It's light enough here in the daytime for me to work."

Ledder was silent, as if debating some proposition in his mind.

"It's lucky that you were put in here with me," he said.

"Why so?"

"I have got everything arranged for a speedy departure from the place."

Our hero fairly held his breath.

"Torture me not with any false hope," he said, "but O, tell me if you really have any chance of regaining your freedom!"

"I have got the wall all loose at the end of the room—here, beside the door—and can get out into the corridor without any trouble. I suppose you are here for being handsome and accomplished?"

"I presume so, since my inability to requite Lady Letta's affection is the cause."

"Oh, the fiend! Talk of her affection! If she is affectionate, tigers and lions are absolutely holy! I told her that I was not already in love, but that she had taken the wrong method of inspiring me with the gentle passion. Hence the treatment I have received."

"It's infamous! Does her father know of her high-handed proceedings?"

"Doubtless, to some extent. But they are birds of a feather. I have learned that she had even conspired, with one of her lovers, to assassinate Ouli Hassac, in order to secure the treasures in his possession, or as a part of a general insurrection in the East."

"That she is capable of such an act, no one can doubt after our experience. Listen now. If you are ready for an attempted flight, we will make the trial soon."

These last words were spoken in a mere whisper, and Ledder muttered his approval.

Throwing themselves upon the cold stone floor, the captives waited for a long time in silence. Not a sound was heard save the tread of a distant sentinel, and the occasional call of Letta to her slaves, far up among the apartments of the palace, they could not tell exactly where.

Ledder finally started up again, whispering:

"We will make the trial now. Have you any weapons?"

"Nothing but a knife."

"I have not even that. That tigress not only took away all of my weapons, but my purse. But I have been at work, and have had patience to work without tools, and to work so well, that my departure from this cell has been a proceeding of constant occurrence for the last two or three weeks."

"Indeed! You go about the palace, then, as a sort of a ghost?"

"Every night. I should have made an effort to get wholly off some days ago, had I not become so interested in a lady—a captive of the governor's or of his daughter—the firm is all one—whose acquaintance I have had the pleasure of making since my arrival in these shades. I wish to take her with me when I go, and have already made a hole in the wall of her cell nearly large enough to admit of her coming out. The particular trouble I have encountered, is that of keeping the wall pasted up with the fragments removed during the day, when there is a sort of a twilight and visits from the keepers to encounter. Thus far, however, I have been favored, and I hope to carry off my beloved to-night, especially if you will give me your assistance!"

"Your beloved?"

"Yes—this lady. I have become her most devoted lover since we met, three weeks ago, the first night I succeeded in getting out into the corridor, and I have had the good fortune to win her affection."

"Is it possible!"

"Take care! When you have been shut up in such a place as this as long as I have, you will not have life enough to utter such an exclamation as that. A sort of a leaden apathy takes possession of your faculties, a terrible calm, and then, whether it's thunder and lightning, hail or rain, it's all the same to you."

"But who is the lady?"

"It's your sister Zada!"

The announcement came like a thunderbolt upon Ben-Idden, who tottered backwards, and sank down again on the floor.

"Pshaw! that's nothing! I have all along realized the relationship ever since you told me your name, but I can see no vivid significance in the fact—my faculties have been so blunted by the rough usage I have received."

"But how could you love, or inspire love, if such is the case?"

I don't know. Love, you are aware, is superior to madness—existing as purely and devotedly in the mind of an insane person as elsewhere. Does not that prove the superiority of love over the decay of reason? We even love in our dotage."

"But I should have thought the perils hanging over you both"—

"That was nothing! We were both in the same peril, both in the same misery, and—since love is omnipotent and superior to all human sorrow, and all other emotions—why may there not be love as well between two spirits in hell as between two angels in Heaven? Not that we—Zada and me—are either class just now, but merely mortals, and very unhappy ones at that."

"But your appearance must have been so changed by confinement, that you would appear to sad disadvantage in the eyes of a lady! Your beard, your hair, your dress—even your manners"—

"Ben-Idden, I look like the devil!" said Ledder, bluntly. "I saw my face in the water yesterday, and was surprised—absolutely frightened—at my appearance."

"Then—excuse the remark—I should think you would not have surprised Zada"—

"*O, she looks as bad as I do!*"

Ben-Idden groaned, and his stout frame shook with emotion.

"Quite as unearthly, quite as unlike herself, quite as haggard! I am sure that you would not recognize her by the form or features. But the immortal mind, Ben-Idden—there is her beauty, as it is mine—there is the charm which does not perish—there is the glory which cannot pass away from us, till it passes to Heaven! There is the foundation of our love! Our spirits—that of your sister and mine, Ben-Idden—were never more lovely and more attractive than now! There never was a purer and a more lasting affection than that we bear each other!"

A tear dimmed our hero's eyes. In fact, there was something so touching in the thought of the love of these two captives, that he could not restrain his emotions. Their lonely meeting in these walls—their sufferings—their little confidances—and then the discovery, by nightly acquaintance, of those beauties which shone forever in the soul of each—all these things rose up vividly to his mind, for he had not yet been in that dreary place long enough to lose the keenness of his sensibilities and feelings.

"And, my sister," he murmured. "Is she well? Is she in the world yet, in spirit and aspiration—is this world her home?"

"She is well. I need not tell you that she is hopeful, having told you that she loves. Since I knew her, she has lost the great burden of her sorrow, even as I have lost mine. Love is the divine elixir which sustains us amid these mortal ills. It is by love's light that we safely cross all the abysses which can possibly beset a soul in its pilgrimage. Though in dungeons, Zada and I have been free—though in affliction, we have been happy!"

"I am rejoiced to know all this, and to feel that she has a friend and protector. Has she not been insulted or aggrieved personally by the governor or his daughter?"

"The Lady Letta has been, and is even now engaged in a process which she calls 'breaking her spirit.' One day she takes Zada out of her cell on trial, the next she shuts her up again for some fault. So it goes. Twice—two nights—has Zada been gone from her dungeon, when I have been to see her, but she told me afterwards that the Lady Letta had been trying to win her over by fair means. One thing I must not forget to mention, that Letta offered her her freedom if she would write a letter to bring *you* here, and has also stood between your sister and the brutality of her father!"

"And her soul is still pure and hopeful? Allah be praised for that. I suppose you know where she is, and how to reach her, and"—

"All—everything! I have not been quite so lifeless and joyless during the last three weeks as the Lady Letta might imagine. And, now that the situation of affairs is explained to you, we will commence our withdrawal from these hospitalities without any further delay."

"Yes, let us do so," rejoined our hero, trembling at a wild and piercing shriek of distress—in a female's voice, and one he deemed his sister's—which suddenly resounded through the depths of the palace.

"Listen!" said Ledder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GOOD WIFE.

A good wife should be like three things—which three things she should not be like;—First—she should be like a snail, always keep within her house, but she should not be like a snail to carry all she has upon her back: Secondly—she should be like an echo, speak when spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Thirdly—she should be like a town-clock, always keep time and regularity; but not to speak so loud that all the town may hear her; and which, that it may be better remembered, has been thus turned into verse:

A wife, domestic, good and pure,
Like *snail* should keep within her door;
But not like *snail* in silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her *back*.

A wife should be like *echo* true,
Nor speak but when she's spoken to;
But not like *echo*, still be heard
Contending for the *final word*.

Like a *town clock* a wife should be,
Keep *time* and *regularity;*
But not like *clock* harangue so clear,
That all the town *her voice may hear*.

If you attempt to please everybody you will probably please nobody, but will most assuredly displease somebody; your best plan, therefore, is to please yourself—you may perchance please somebody, and nobody has a right to censure you

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

WINTER PLEASURES.

Nothing decisive can ever be arrived at in contrasting the enjoyments of the winter with those of the summer season, as to the relative value of the two, for there will always be some to prefer the one for no better reason than temperament, and others who will choose the latter on just about the same grounds. In fact, it is not easy for anybody to say which is the more full of delightful gifts. The only way is to try each, and extract from it all the pleasures with which it is known to abound. And thus considered, we are safe in assuming this very season through which we are now working our way, cold and cheerless and dreary as it appears externally, to be one of the most attractive of all the changing train of the year. It is crowded with opportunities for the cheerfullest, and even gayest sociability. Its days and nights echo with the sound of happy voices and the ring of musical bells. Light hearts dance, and dance again, at the thought of its many merry-makings. Its splendid traceries of frostwork on the windows of our houses are not more fine to contemplate, than are the corresponding peaks and pinnacles and spires of fanciful pleasures that are so gaily interwoven with the passing of the season.

Cold and biting as it is outside, Winter is a beautiful and most genial season, after all. Pleasure, that would, under blander skies, run riot over green grass-plots and up and down vistas of alluring foliage, is at this season shut up within doors; or, if it venture out into the nipping and frosty air, it is with bells and laughter and warm robes, as if to make the best of a hard bargain, snap its fingers in the face of old Boreas, and hurry back again to lighted rooms and warmer quarters. The old country fun, we suspect, is departed—at least for a time; for the haste to be rich has infected even the minds of staid ruralists with its rapid poison, and to waste much time now in nothing but enjoyment is altogether out of the question. Quarter-balls are not as much in vogue as they once were, and to "shake the foot" as it *used* to be shaken, is voted to be altogether too troublesome. Sleigh-rides are, to be sure, indulged in now and then, but none too often, and not so frequently or heartily as in the olden time. We suspect that the introduction of stoves, and the thinning out of our woodlands, has more or less to do with this phenomenon; if so, then there is no visible remedy for it.

But among the solid and enduring delights of the winter season, none are to be reckoned before those at the domestic board and fireside. During these long evenings, when friends and families are not out exchanging calls, attending lectures, or varying life with theatrical or operatic entertainments, the volumes that may be gone through to permanent profit and pleasure, are not to be more than hinted at. The one great pleasure of the winter season, beyond and before all others, is its evenings. These are its glory. Within them are packed away stores of delight, from reflection, from reading, from studies that will furnish us untold solace through the coming year, and from free and unrestrained social converse from the early lighting of the lamps till late bed-time. What sweet and enduring experiences are these all, treasured away in the heart for all time! What truly golden hours, priceless through the whole life, cluster now about these few short months of outward desolation! Of a truth do all things have their compensating side; and cold winter is packed with joys to which those of the summer seem gossamer and cobwebs.

The St. Louis correspondent of the *Post* writes funnily about the scarcity of ladies in that delightful location. "And for our *men*," says he, "a witty lady recently declared to me that they are infinitely more brilliant and interesting than your eastern bachelors; for, sir," said she, "they can't fall back on the scarcity of the article!"

How to read our Papers.—Open them—pin or stitch them in the middle—cut the leaves with a paper-cutter or a knife—and you can read them "just like a book."

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We are exceedingly grateful to our numerous friends in all parts of the country, who have sent us clubs for "Gleason's Pictorial." In reply to the frequent inquiries made of us in reference to certain points, we take this opportunity to make a standing answer to one and all, as follows:

1st—Those who have got, or are getting up Clubs for us, are at liberty to add *one or more* subscribers to their Clubs, *at any time during the year*, at the usual Club rates;—

2d.—They may take subscribers *in other towns besides their own*, as it makes no difference how many post-offices we send our papers to; and,—

3.—They are at liberty to add to their Pictorial Clubs the names of such as prefer to take the "Literary Companion," at the usual Club rates; and they may likewise order the "Literary Companion" for one or more members of their Pictorial Clubs, at the same Club rates.

We return this general answer to our numerous correspondents, instead of a separate one to each individual, and thus save ourselves much time and trouble.

THE STYLE OF HATS.

The felt or the stove-pipe,—that is the question. Whether 'tis as yet quite "the thing" to dress, for what is styled *full dress*, with the soft hat or the hard, the conical or the circular. Comfort votes for the Kossuth, with its half-reckless style as a coronal, and taste certainly ought to subscribe with both hands also; but tyrannical *fashion* flings in its sullen censorship, the more crabbed because so out of all bounds of reason, and after that none who would be thought *au fait* in matters of dress and personal embellishment need think to rebel. But why do we hold on so to the stove-pipes—those stiff, awkward, head-aching inventions of some creature who had a thick skull to protect him? The hard hat is English, and that is all one can say of it; but the soft hat, with its graceful lines and decidedly picturesque proportions, is a thing of the East, and suggests only those ideas of comfort, ease and luxury that originate in that quarter. We wish, in this respect, our countrymen were a good deal more Eastern than they prove themselves to be Western.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

We made allusion in No. 3 of our paper to a firm in Maine, entitled "Crosby & Spalding," who were engaged in a Gift Enterprise and also in obtaining subscribers for us. We need not again repeat that we have no *travelling agents* in any part of the country; still, every one who chooses is at liberty to make up Clubs for us, or send us individual names in accordance with our published terms. So far as Mr. Spalding—one of the above firm—is concerned, we have good reason to believe that he has acted in good faith and honorably toward us. We have no connection or acquaintance with his "Enterprise," but he assures us that the prizes he has announced in connection with it will be certainly forthcoming.

The following is as original a mode of asking for an office as anything that came to light in the days of "Old Hickory." It is a petition received not long since by the Emperor Napoleon:—"Sire, I received under your dear uncle two wounds, which are the ornament of my life—one in my left thigh, and the other at Wagram. If these two arguments—in support of which I enclose ample certificates—should appear susceptible of a permission to keep a tobacco-shop, either at Sevres or elsewhere, I thank you beforehand for your amiability. Please post pay your answer."

Literary Companion.—Such is the chaste and modest title of Mr. Gleason's new weekly—his pet, we should judge, from the language used at its advent. We thought the Line-of-Battle Ship very neat, very beautiful; we thought the new Pictorial of sixteen pages, which we noticed last week, still neater, still more beautiful; but the Literary Companion, as a work of art, fills our eye, and is neatness, beauty and symmetry—a trinity of excellences—incarnated. Like the Pictorial, it has sixteen pages weekly. The first number opens with a new story, by Major B. Perley Poore, entitled "The Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe." Its success is sure. —*Daily Times, Bath, Me.*

Not long since, a gentleman, asked by his wife to procure for her a copy of Household Words, called at a bookstore and inquired for the Caudle Lectures. A little too bad!

Wayside Gatherings.

They have already had fresh shad in Charleston, S. C. Let's see—when are they due here?

It was so cold in Madrid one day a few weeks ago that a theological professor fell dead in the streets.

W. H. Senter, the husband of Anne Senter, the actress, died in New Orleans on the same day that the lady's mother died in Buffalo.

The Missouri State Legislature unanimously passed a bill appropriating $2500 for a monument to the late Colonel Benton.

Speaking of Louisville, Prentice "supposes" there is quite as large an amount of *craft* upon the land as there is upon the water.

The Alabama Legislature has passed a law imposing a fine of $500 on all spirit mediums who give public sittings.

Edward Macready, a son of the eminent tragedian, made his debut on the stage recently as Claude Melnotte, and with but poor success.

A western paper states that from May 1st to January 1st, the amount of gold dust exported from the Pike's Peak region is estimated to be from one and a-half to two millions of dollars.

The California steamer Baltic took out from New York several hundred hives of bees, mostly collected from the interior of the State. They are sold on the Pacific coast with great pecuniary advantage.

One of the Rev. Starr King's lectures is entitled, "The Laws of Disorder." Wouldn't "The Disorder of Laws" be quite as suggestive and pregnant a theme for a lecture?

A citizen of Buffalo performed the ceremony of giving New Year's presents in a peculiarly handsome manner. Each of his four children received five thousand dollars.

An observer from New England, having made the tour of the Continent, has remarked that the celebrated Leaning Tower of Pisa "slopes off" without moving.

Eight persons, in Jackson, Michigan, including several old residents, were recently arrested on a charge of counterfeiting. They belonged to an extensive gang, but stoutly proclaimed the charge spurious.

A church is about to be erected by the Russian government near Inkermann, the funds for which are supplied by the sale of cannon balls which have been picked up at Inkermann and Sebastapol.

There are in Pennsylvania 11,485 public schools, 14,071 teachers, and 634,651 pupils. Including Philadelphia, the cost of tuition was $2,047,661 92; of building expenses $531,513 81, and the whole expense of the system for the year $2,579,075 77.

Indian arrow-root is a native plant of South America, and cultivated in the East Indies. It is a creeping root, with stalks about two feet high, and the roots pounded and bleached, make the starch which is used as nutritious food. It was supposed to be an antidote to the poison of Indian arrows, and hence its odd name.

In Brazil ants are almost masters of the country; and in Africa not less formidable. M. Haubert saw a regular engagement between two species of ants, in which they drew up in lines of battle, with reserves, etc., and fought for four hours, taking prisoners, and removing the wounded.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, weddings among persons of the lower classes were always public, and the bride and bridegroom were accompanied to church by their friends and neighbors, a band of music playing before them, and a troop of young maidens following, crowned with flowers, and bearing large bride-cakes, to distribute among the crowd.

Foreign Miscellany.

Prince Jerome may get well, after all.

The death of Washington Irving is fitly noticed by the English press.

Austria is taking steps to completely disarm herself.

The English press are quite satisfied with the recent pamphlet of the French Emperor.

The enrolment of Rifle Volunteers is going forward rapidly in England.

Garibaldi has issued a proclamation to the ladies of Italy.

The Spaniards are not allowed by the Moors to take the offensive.

The thermometer in Paris has indicated eleven degrees below zero, recently.

Upwards of four hundred French vessels were wrecked during the month of November.

Francis Joseph, of Austria, is not going to abdicate. He will hold on.

Roger, the eminent French singer, made his appearance in Opera at Paris, for the first time since he lost his arm.

Metternich, the representative of Austria at the French Court, is made more of than any other minister.

It is certain that Spain has at least thrown Gibraltar in a sort of eclipse, by her military occupation of Ceuta opposite.

The pamphlet that has lately appeared in Paris on the "Pope and the Congress," forms the chief topic of discussion at present in the political circles of Europe.

Sands of Gold.

Taste is the mind's tact.

Cleanliness is the elegance of the poor.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

He is truly wise who can endure evil and enjoy good.

A thought that lives is only a deed struggling into birth.

Pride that dines on vanity, sups as surely on contempt.

You may imitate a good man, but never counterfeit him.

Rashness is the faithful but unhappy parent of misfortune.

Man is partly a creature and partly a creator of circumstances.

In order to deserve a true friend, we must learn first to be one.

Idleness and intemperance are disciples of one master, and their mission is ruin.

Let the slandered take comfort; it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones.

It is the ordinary way of the world, to keep folly at the helm and wit under hatches.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

Tart words make no friends; a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.

Some day it will be found that to bring up a man with a genial nature, a good temper, and a happy frame of mind, is a greater effort than to perfect him in many accomplishments.

Joker's Olio.

Women are like horses—the gayer the harness they have on, the better they feel.

Prentice suggests if the Mexicans want to learn the secret of *stable government*, perhaps they had better send for Mr. Rarey.

Sir William Draper claimed to be descended from Pepin the French king, and traced the pedigree thus: Pepin, Pipkin, Napkin, Diaper, Draper.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," said a mother to a child. "Well, then, mamma, let us eat the cranberry pie that is in the safe."

Punch exclaims—"By Jove, French women were fair enough before; but now, ever since this abominable Crinoline came in, they are not even *passable!*"

"I never come late to a friend's dinner," says Boileau, "for I have observed that when a company is waiting for a man, they make use of that time to load him with abuse."

"The least said the soonest mended," does not refer to one's shirt, when it wants repairing; for if one says ever so little about it, you will not find it any the sooner mended for all that.

A "wise man of Gotham" made his servant sleep in a chamber adjoining his own. He cried out to him on one occasion, "George, am I asleep?" "Yes, sir," replied the conscientious George. "Ah, good!"

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Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE SOUL PICTURE.

BY SYBIL PARK.

I can hear a gentle dashing
Of the waters along the sand;
I can see the sunlight flashing
Over all the pleasant land.
While a shining mist is creeping
O'er the green and leafy bowers,
Love and Hope, and Faith, are sleeping—
White robed angels 'mid the flowers.

Down among the drooping willows
Light-winged zephyrs come and go,
Gayly singing with the billows,
As they wander to and fro.
Never fading—never dying
Are the Eden-blossoms there;
And no sound of grief or sighing
Floats upon the balmy air.

Holy music, upward stealing,
Lends an influence to the scene,
Like some sacred heart-revealing
Of the spirit's inmost dream:
And the sweet bird Fancy singeth
All the day long amid the leaves—
Beautiful the song she bringeth—
Beautiful the web she weaves.

Sunny land of spirit-dreaming!
Blessed haven! Realm of light!
In thy radiant glory beaming,
Softly on my upturned sighs,
Wilt thou linger thus forever,
Vivid picture as thou art?
Leave, oh leave the sad earth never,
While it claims one throbbing heart!

ALFRED, THE GIPSY.

BY PROF. J. H. INGRAHAM.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE, then, lies Rome!"

The setting sun was pouring his golden beams through rifts in a gorgeous cloud that hung low in the west, flinging them in many a level arrow of crimson light, far across the Campana, that, like a lap, holds the eternal city, and lighting up the summits of the hundred towers of the "mistress of the world," as if a spire of flame blazed on each lofty pinnacle.

"There, then, lies Rome!" repeated the speaker, who, having at length reached the top of the ridges that shut in the Campana from the rest of the world, and which command a wide pospect of the magnificent plain outstretched beneath, stood leaning on his staff, gazing with enchanted vision, on the scene which, at all times beautiful, now under the reflection of the sunset glory of an Italian sky, was invested with surpassing loveliness. He was a mere youth, scarcely having entered his nineteenth year; his skin brown as a berry, but glowing with the rich blood of health. His hair was of a dark chestnut color, and parted on his forehead, fell down on either side about his shoulders, in shining waves. His features were very fine, of an intellectual and manly cast, and seemed eloquent with the inspiration of genius. He was a traveller, as his soiled dress, the staff in his hand, and the little bundle strapped at his shoulders, indicated. He was of humble degree, also, for he not only travelled on foot, which, of itself, in Europe, might not always prove lowliness of condition, but his garments were coarse, though very neat. He was dressed in a closely fitting jacket of green stuff, and calico trowsers, and a dust-worn, black velvet cap, covered his head; while, in his hand, doubtless as much for economy's sake as to relieve his swollen feet, he carried a pair of well-worn shoes, of the rudest fabric. To the bundle at his back was swung a painter's palette, and from one of the pockets of his jacket, protruded the ends of a bundle of painter's brushes; while the staff on which he leaned, bore some resemblance to the "rest," with which artists support the wrist when at work. It was apparent that he was a young painter going to Rome to study.

"Yonder, then, is the mother of nations, with her throne upon the seven hills—the mistress of the world—the eternal city! Wonderful spot! The theatre of events how great! How vast the thoughts—how full of awe, the emotions that fill my mind! Most mighty city! Subject of all past history—theme of terrible prophecy! It is overpowering to the senses to contemplate thee—for, at one thought, the acts and mighty deeds of half the world's age rush upon my soul, overwhelming, crushing, prostrating its powers with their suffocating weight!"

The fine countenance of the youth glowed as he thus apostrophised a spot upon which no civilized human eye can, for the first time, look without the deepest emotion. Every eloquent feature bore testimony to the existence of the feeling in his own bosom, to which his lips had given utterance.

"Alas, how art thou fallen!" he continued, after a few moments' silence; "thy glory is taken from thee, and thou art become a mighty wreck of the past—thy honors, thy glories, thy noblest associations are by-gone! Thy brightness has, indeed, become dim, and thy gold, brass. Once, teacher of art and arms to the world—the school of warriors and of statesmen, what art thou now? The sword of steel is converted into the pencil—thy armies into troops of singers—and thy statesmen into gowned priests! Nay, but imperishable art remains with thee; and while thou dost continue to contain all that is beautiful or great in painting and sculpture—while every ruin upon thy green bosom, Italy, is a Pharos to light genius to the altars where it loves to worship—while thy palaces are temples of art, and thy decaying cities, schools for painters and sculptors, thou art still living—still great—still Rome! Physical Rome may exist no longer, her political empire may be ended, but the imperishable spirit of thy greatness lingers about thee, holding over the hearts and minds of men, an intellectual sway that shall even eclipse thine ancient glory."

He paused and gazed thoughtfully upon the far city, following, mentally, the current of thought he had given language to, when an English travelling-chariot, with a coronet and ducal arms emblazoned on the panels, and attended by the usual retinue, in plain liveries, gained the top of the hill, and the exclamation, "Rome, Rome!" in a voice of thrilling sweetness, to which surprise and emotion gave depth and richness, caught his ear. He turned his head in time only to see the carriage roll swiftly past him, though not without having caught sight of the fine contour of a woman's bonnetless head and shoulders, and the profile of a noble-looking gentleman beside her, both having their gaze directed eagerly toward the capital. In a few seconds, the carriage was hid by a winding in the descent, but shortly afterward re-appeared rolling over the Campana towards the gate of Rome. He followed it with his eye till only a faint cloud of dust indicated its position, and then saddening spake, giving a key to the meditations that evidently had more recently occupied his mind.

"How rich that voice! It was but a single word it articulated—but that word was full of sweet music! Its melody will vibrate through my soul in undying cadence. She must be beautiful; such a voice could belong to none but earth's loveliest! And the superb head and neck! She must be beautiful! Oh, it was a very sweet voice. But I will walk on and forget it—for she must be noble—and what has a poor student to do with noble maidens, be they fair or frae!"

With a sigh which he soon changed to a light-hearted whistle, he settled his pack to his shoulders, grasped his staff, and with a free step, descended the hill into the Campana.

CHAPTER II.

IN a recess of one of the galleries resorted to by the numerous students that, from all parts of the world, throng to Rome to seize upon the fast-fading glories of an era when genius seemed to have chosen Italy for the throne of her empire, there sat, in front of an exquisite Madonna of Titian, a young artist, with his easel before him, intently engaged in transferring the picture, with a skill little less than his whom he imitated, to his canvas. He was attired in a close green jacket, and calico trowsers, and beside him lying on the floor, was an old and much worn velvet cap. His dark, hazel eyes, were filled with the light of genius, and his handsome face glowed with the passion of his art as he sat and copied. He was apart from the other students who frequented the gallery, and seemed to be wholly indifferent to the gay crowd that promenaded the saloon, of whom, now and then, some connoisseur, attracted by his silent industry, would turn his eyes toward the subject of his attention, and with the self-assured look of a savant, lisp out, "a Titian," and pass on—otherwise, the young painter pursued his labors alone and unnoticed. That he is the youthful pilgrim whom we first saw looking down upon the Campana, may be gathered, perhaps, from his costume, as well as his pursuit. This is the ninth day he has been in Rome.

It was near the hour for closing the gallery, and but a few persons remained, when an elderly gentleman of noble exterior, and with the courtly air of a man of high birth, passed near the position occupied by the painter, a lovely young creature leaning on his arm, and a tall, beautiful, but somewhat haughty young lady, preceding them a few steps in advance. The attention of the latter was instantly arrested by the animated countenance of the youthful student, as he caught at the same time inspiration equally in religion and in his art, from the subject and its painter, and approaching him, she unconsciously began to gaze on his face as if he had been one of the inanimate heads that hung around her.

"Why, Eleanor, what has fascinated you so?" cried the young lady on the arm of the gentleman, after watching her, for an instant, in amazed wonder.

The lady addressed instantly recovered herself, blushingly changed the direction of her eyes, and for a few seconds seemed to study, with persevering attention, an old landscape upon the wall. Scarcely were the words spoken that produced this effect, when the young painter, who had hitherto, seemed insensible to any external impression, started back from his canvas with the involuntary exclamation—

"The same voice!"

His eyes, as he spoke, were riveted on the lovely speaker, who, in her turn, regarded him with surprise. But her face appeared to have an electric effect upon him; for, no sooner did he see it, than clapping his hands together, he said with astonishing vehemence, fixing, the while, his full gaze upon her angelic countenance—

"Titian's Madonna!"

"What can he mean, cousin? Uncle, ask him," cried the young lady, who had been addressed as Eleanor, retreating to them with some alarm at this sudden outbreak.

"He is, certainly, a strange young man," said the gentleman; "one of the eccentricities, doubtless, of his pursuit."

"He is, certainly, very handsome," said the young lady who had leaned upon him. The next moment she added, "His gaze confuses me! Father, shall we go?"

But, regardless of the surprise of one, and the embarrassment of the other, the painter continued to gaze upon the maiden till she dropped her head in confusion, and turned to fly. Then he silently pointed to the canvas on the easel before him. The gentleman had scarcely cast a glance upon it ere he exclaimed with undisguised astonishment—

"My daughter's portrait! Laura, Lady Eleanor, look here!"

"Can I believe my own eyes?" said the latter; and after looking for a few moments at the painting, she turned and gave a puzzled look first at her cousin, and then at the handsome young artist, who seemed no less surprised than the opposite party.

"How came you by this portrait, sir?" demanded the gentleman, somewhat haughtily.

The youth pointed silently to the original on the wall.

"It is the same," was the remark of the astonished beholder. "A Titian, is it not?"

"None other," was the calm reply.

"Wonderful coincidence! And this is your copy?"

"I have this moment completed it."

"And did no knowledge of its resemblance to my fair cousin, here, prompt you to begin it?" asked Lady Eleanor, glancing with playful irony at the maiden.

"My surprise, lady, at the discovery, is no less than your own."

"The copy is the most like you, my child," said the gentleman, after contemplating both awhile; the colors being fresher, and retaining more of the tint of life. I will purchase it of you, sir."

The young painter, whose eyes had not ceased to dwell on the lovely personification of his copy, each moment drinking into his soul her beauty, like new wine, till he was intoxicated with love, either did not hear, or was too absorbed in his daring and newly-awakened passion to regard the proposition; and when the moment afterwards it was repeated, he replied in a tone so decided as to partake of rudeness.

"Buy! Buy it? No, sir. It is sacred!"

"It is a Madonna, indeed—but Madonnas may be purchased, for a trifle, in every stall in Rome," responded the gentleman with some asperity. "I will pay you one hundred guineas for the piece—'tis but a hasty sketch, at the best, and you—you"—he hesitated as he glanced over his coarse apparel, and then added quickly, "it is, perhaps, much more than you are in the habit of getting for simple copies."

"It is a hundred guineas more than I get for any picture. This is the first I have attempted for myself."

"Do you subsist by this profession?"

"I hope to do so, sir."

"And refuse the ample remuneration for what you say is your first piece. Will you dispose of it?"

"No, sir."

"Know, young man, that the portrait you refuse to give up, is, by a miracle, that of Lady Laura Linton, daughter of the Earl of Linton, who now addresses you."

"My lord," said the youth, firmly, but respectfully, "I will not part with it. So much more noble as is the fair being with whom it resembles, so much more sacred does it become to me." As he spoke, his eyes rested modestly and reverently on the cast-down face of the maiden. "Through this accidental resemblance, it possesses, in my eyes, a far holier character, my lord, than it can challenge as an image of the Mary Mother. The spirit of a new Divinity has now descended upon it, and inspires each lovely lineament. No, my lord, I will not part with it."

Lady Laura well understood the plain, bold words he uttered, and though she felt that she ought to resent the attitude he assumed, yet she found herself unable, nay, disinclined to reprove, even with a look, a compliment so sincere, and originating from a coincidence so singular as that conveyed in his determination to keep her portrait.

"Is it for myself alone, or for the strangeness of the circumstances, that influence this resolution?" she asked of herself; but before she could receive a satisfactory reply, the old nobleman, who was not blind to this little passage of gallantry, on the score of the humble student, muttering something reflecting on the impertinence of the young Italian painters "that exist on a maravedi a month," drew her arm within his; then accompanied by his niece, Lady Eleanor, he left the gallery. On their way to the carriage, the latter, who was the only daughter of the powerful Duke of Calwallader, travelling in Italy under Lord Linton's protection, made herself both witty and merry, as much to the annoyance of the father as daughter, on the conquest of Lady Laura over the poor student, but the conversation, naturally, soon turned upon the extraordinary coincidence which they had just witnessed.

The youth listened until he heard the carriage move away from the door, when, rolling up his canvas, he left the gallery, and sought his humble lodgings.

CHAPTER III.

IT was the third day of the carnival, and grown men and women became, once more, children. The streets were filled with fantastic pageants, strangely mingled with religious processions. The discordant music of the *charaveri* resounded through the streets which, centuries before, gave back the notes of the warlike trumpet and the scarcely less war-like shouts that attended triumphal entries. Every man and woman in Rome, now had license to play the fool. Balconies were thronged with lovely women, with their heads tastefully dressed, with dark eyes and snowy hands, filling the air with musical laughter, while they cast flowers concealing a heavy sugar-plum within their leaves, eggs beautifully dyed, and filled with scented waters, and handfulls of bon-bons in showers upon the passing cavaliers, whether on foot or horseback. And many was the gay gallant, who, assaying to scale the balconies and avenge himself, according to immemorial usage, on the lips of the fairest of its defenders, was forced back to the ground by the brisk discharge of sugared missiles, that descended into his face and eyes, like grape-shot. The whole city was a scene of gaiety and dazzling confusion. Strangers from all parts of Europe, and from the United States, rode through the thronged streets in their carriages, to behold the various spectacles, adding, by the splendor of their equipages, to the brilliancy of the scene.

It happened, that as an English chariot and pair, containing a gentleman and two young ladies, was crossing the area encompassing Trajan's pillar, one of those perfumed missiles, missing its original aim, struck one of the spirited horses in the eye, and so terrified the animal, that bounding to a great height in his traces, he broke from the carriage and his fellow, and dragging the coachman to the ground, dashed through the crowded thoroughfare, at the wildest rate, the fragments of his broken harness flying about his heels. The noise they made, as well as the pain they inflicted, added wings to his mad speed, and every where his presence changed the sounds of merriment to cries of terror and alarm. The remaining horse plunged terrifically for a few seconds, without offering to run, during which interval, the gentleman, who was the Earl of Linton, leaped to the ground, succeeded in assisting Lady Eleanor to alight, and was in the act of extending his arms, as the danger grew imminent, imploringly towards his daughter, entreating her, as she stood undecided, to risk the jump, when, with a mad leap, the single horse started forward with the chariot, throwing the maiden back again, upon the seat, where, with her hands clasped together, a colorless cheek, and an air of calm resignation, such as woman only can wear in extremest peril, she awaited, what appeared to every beholder, inevitable death. But her eyes were cool and steady, and she appeared to survey the road along which she was borne as if on the wings of the wind; and to weigh, with something like the calculations of hope, the chances of escape.

At a speed that defied all hope of check, even to the boldest that saw the vehicle whirled past them, the horse flew with the chariot in the direction of the Via Appia, overturning every obstacle in his progress, and emerging into a square thronged with revellers, and surrounded by gay booths which opened on the Tiber, he took his course, maddened to fury by the shouts that followed him, directly across the space towards the river, which at the point he aimed for, was several feet lower than the quay, and covered with small boats. He was within a few yards of the water, and in a second or two, would have leaped, with the carriage, into the midst of the crowded stream, when a young man, in the dress of a student of the galleries, sprang from a booth in which he had been bargaining for painter's colors, and struck the enraged animal smartly on the right side of the head with a long staff. At the same instant, at the imminent risk of his life, he threw himself forward in the direction the horse was flying, and fastening his grasp on the bit, pulled him short round with a dexterity and skill that seemed above mortal means, and turned him from his fatal course, while the air rung with the applauding shouts of the multitude. His speed, however, was not lessened by this diversion from his former line of flight; and, though no longer moving in the direction of the Tiber, he now strove to press forward in an opposite one. But the youth, with a hand on each side of his mouth, held him with a grasp that governed his motions, so that, restrained in every endeavor to bound forward, his movements became confined to a circle, in which he whirled the carriage with fearful velocity, dragging the resolute youth at his bit, whose whole strength and presence of mind were required to keep him to the centre, from which, every instant he threatened to bolt. The excitement of the multitude now became intense. The lady in the carriage, in whom, at the first glance, on emerging from the booth, the young painter had recognized the original of his copy, sat with her eyes fixed on him, full of gratitude and hope, while all fear seemed to be turned from herself to him. Round and round in a ring that each moment decreased in diameter, the chariot flew, while, at his head, his body braced outward almost horizontally, and his whole weight thrown inward, hung the young student, with a hold, that death alone could unloose—for he knew, with every soul present, that the life of the maiden depended solely an his coolness, courage and perseverance. Altogether it was a spectacle of terrific sublimity; the mighty efforts of the horse to break away from the centre, about which the youth resolved that he should exhaust his fire; his swelled muscles, foaming mouth, and bloodshot eyes, and the powerful action of his thundering hoof; the dizzy whirl of the scarcely visible wheels; the hope against hope that animated the face of the noble girl; and the resolute air—the fixed eye—compressed lips—the full veins of the forehead, seemingly bursting with blood, and the bared right arm, on which the chords stood out like rods of iron of the master spirit of the scene! The interest of the throng, in the fate of the gallant youth, seemed, at one time, to take the place of their sympathy for the lady—for gallantry, in the eye of human admiration, often presents claims superior to those of beauty.

"Let him loose and save yourself!" cried one among the crowd.

"You will never check him, young man, but sacrifice your own life," shouted a French marquis from his horse.

"Hold on for your life, my good lad," cried an American naval officer, near; "he begins to flag."

"You will soon break him down, young man, if you can hold out a few moments longer," cried an Englishman.

But the student heard them not; his whole soul being intent on subduing the energies of the furious animal; and by the expression of his eye, it was plain that he had confidence in himself, and knew that he must gain the mastery. For full ten minutes the horse maintained his mettle; he then began to show that he felt the weight and pressure at his head, and to evince signs of giving out. The circle to which his antagonist kept him, momentarily grew narrower, and he found less and less room for his movements; the sweat, at length, ran like water from his glossy skin, his breath came shorter and quicker, and his limbs trembled; and now each revolution he made, the shouts of the multitude became louder and louder, for at every round, he showed himself weaker than at the preceding, and ready to yield to the superiority (not of strength, but of human intelligence) of the young student. He, himself, was not unobservant of these symptoms of surrender, and watching his time, suddenly pressed the animal's nose to the ground while yet he was going at considerable speed; then throwing his whole weight upon his shoulders, he dragged him, bodily, to his knees, and, as he intended to do, overset the chariot. But thought is not quicker than the bound he made to its side, as it was falling over, and ere she reached the ground, the maiden was caught in his arms.

"My dear child!" cried the Earl of Linton, springing forward bareheaded and breathless, receiving her from him to fold her in his paternal embrace.

"Dear father, I am safe," she could only articulate, and swooned away.

For a few moments her situation engaged the attention of the numerous ladies and gentlemen who had reached the spot, expecting to find the young lady injured, if not dashed to pieces. When, at length, her restoration gave the nobleman time to look around him for the youth, whose praises were in all men's mouths, he was no where to be seen.

For several days, every inquiry was made for the student; the galleries visited; the public promenades watched, and even rewards offered for information respecting him—for the gratitude of Lord Linton and his daughter, was a load too great to be lightly thrown off, without a commensurate effort to find the individual who had laid it upon them. It was apparent that he must have quitted Rome, for Florence, probably, or some one of the numerous schools of art that abound in southern Italy; and the search having proved ineffectual, was finally abandoned, though reluctantly, by the fair Lady Laura, who had permitted, besides gratitude, another emotion, near akin to it, to take root in her heart. Although the Earl ceased to think of him, save when the circumstance of her escape was mentioned, the memory of the young painter was warmly cherished by both cousins, for his gallantry had even won over the admiration of the haughty Lady Eleanor; besides, there was a mystery thrown around him, independent of his personal conduct, which lent a new and peculiar interest to him in their eyes, not the less strong that both his name and country were alike unknown.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

AIMING AT THE WRONG END.

Teacher.—Come here, you young scamp, and get a sound spanking.

Scholar.—You haint got no right to spank me, and the copy you just set me says so.

Teacher.—I should like to hear you read that copy.

Scholar.—You shall. (Reads) Let all the *ends* thou aimest at be thy country's, and so forth, and so forth; and when you're spanking me you aint aiming at no such *end*.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

BY NELLIE ATHERTON.

There is in Germany, on the river Rhine, a ruined castle of most romantic and picturesque appearance, on whose lofty turrets and crumbling towers, the ivy clings with touching fondness. The castle was once the property of a German nobleman, whose oriental taste, and almost fabulous wealth, enabled him to procure every luxury, and fill the garden with rare exotics. But there was a rumor that the castle was haunted, which gained ground and credence so speedily, that the owner, who was naturally superstitious, deserted his beautiful home, and it is now fast crumbling away, and has lost much of its former beauty; yet sufficient remains to constitute it an interesting object to travellers. It is still believed to be haunted; and any one who is obliged to pass it after dark, is not molested, and supposed to be endowed with some rare virtue, or charm, and can pass unharmed through all the dangers of life. The author has made a faint attempt to give a poetical description of THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

A river wound in beauty
Around a mansion fair,
Whose rich and rare exotics
With fragrance filled the air;
The lavish hand of wealth and taste,
Had spread new beauties round,
Until it seemed a fairer home
On some enchanted ground.
The ringing laugh of gladness
Was heard the livelong day,
And music, mirth and pleasure,
Chased the evening gloom away.

Now the walks are all mouldy,
The trellis decayed,
And the owl and the raven
Inhabit the shade.
But why this neglect
Of a mansion so grand,
Once richest and proudest
Of all in the land?
Say why are its garden walks
So overgrown,
And why is it left
In its beauty, alone?

Why does the traveller
Suddenly pale,
As a sweet sound is wafted
Upon the soft gale?
And glance at the house
Then swift hurry by,
Like the sea-gull, affrighted
When the tempest is nigh?

Ah! listen to me,
And I will disclose
Why the lily oft changes
Its place with the rose;
And why this rich mansion
In ruins is found,
And the owner has left
Uncultured the ground.

They say that strange sights
And strange sounds are known,
Whispered at eve, in a hushed under-tone,
And wild revels are held
In those kingly halls,
And spiritual servants
Come at the calls
Of ghostly masters;
And all is gay
In this ruined mansion,
Ere dawn of day.

But long ere the sun
Appears in the east,
The ghostly partakers
Of this sumptuous feast,
Disappear, as strangely,
And quick as they came;
And leave this fair mansion
Its sad haunted name.

Dr. Franklin having noticed that a certain mechanic, who worked near his office, was always smiling and happy, ventured to ask him for the secret of his constant cheerfulness. "No secret, doctor," he replied, "I have one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and the tea is sure to be ready; and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."

The Paris papers speak of a new industry that has arisen in France from the exigencies of the times, and one which is destined to supply one of the necessities of that rage for destruction which is becoming so apparent. Government has ordered the systematic gathering of the sea-weed which is washed on the rocks of the coasts of Normandy and Brittany to serve as wadding for artillery—it being found to answer the purpose admirably—keeping the iron cool, and not liable to ignition—like the cotton wad hitherto in use.

Man is like a snow ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny face of prosperity, and all that's good in him melts like butter; but kick him around, and he gathers strength with every revolution, until he grows into an avalanche. To succeed you must keep moving.

PHILADELPHIA FISH-MARKET.

[*See engraving on the next page.*]

The markets of Philadelphia are noted all over the country. On the two very busy mornings of the week, they are really worth the study of any observing lounger. The entire extent of these markets is enormous. The accompanying picture represents the Fish Market only. This was first erected in 1710, and within twenty years was continued up as far as Third street. Here could be seen, in close contiguity, the pillory and the whipping-post, placed where culprits would most surely be exposed to public derision or pity. The last punishment ever inflicted here is said to have been that of a dashing store-keeper, (he would be styled a "merchant" now,) who was convicted of the crime of forgery. The mob assembled to deride him enjoyed themselves by pelting him with rotten eggs, and the sheriff very deliberately clipped his ears. There is a very different sensation produced upon one going through a large and well-supplied fish-market, and rows of stalls containing fruits and vegetables. What it is, matters not; but the sight and smell of fresh fish, those scaly beauties of the deep, excites a class of associations that have no relation to vegetables, much less to flowers and fruits. The hues of the various fish are often beautiful in the highest sense, being prismatic and combined after exquisitely delicate rules. But we have no fish-market in our American cities like the famous Billingsgate of London, whose fishwomen Dr. Johnson once set out deliberately to assail with words they did not know the meaning of, by calling one a "noun," and another an "adjective," and stirring up their blind passions till he was compelled to seek safety in flight. Yet we think we eat as good *fish* as are brought to London, flavored as rarely, as fine of fibre, as gay of color, and as noble specimens as part the water with caudal or pectoral fin.

A PARISIAN INCIDENT.

In Paris, the gallery of the theatre is called Paradise. The Duchess of Orleans took a fancy to go to the play one night with only a fille de chambre, and to sit there. A young officer sat next her, was very free in his addresses, and, when the play was over, concluded by offering her a supper, which she seemed to accept. He accompanied her down stairs, but was confounded when he saw her attendants and equipage, and heard her name. Recovering, however, his presence of mind, he handed her into her carriage, bowed in silence, and was retiring, when she called out, "where is the supper you promised?" He bowed and replied, "In Paradise we are all equals; but I am not insensible of the respect I owe you, madame, on earth." This prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the Duchess' carriage, and at her table.

There is a good story told of an old deacon of Newburyport, who upon returning home from church one Sunday, found the boys had made up an egg-nogg manufacturing company, instead of attending divine service. He at once gave them a severe reprimand for such conduct. The worthy deacon then whispered to the eldest boy:

"John is there any left?" Probably the good deacon meant to spill it—somewhere!

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JANUARY.

JANUARY IN THE COUNTRY.

A perfect Winter Scene is always as acceptable as one that raises a picture of June. The one we give herewith is, to our own view, particularly graphic. It suggests nothing but rural peace, plenty and contentment. There are the cattle, knee-deep in the newly fallen snow, impatiently coming out of the warm shed to greet the farmer who is up betimes to feed them. He carries in his arms fresh hay for a morning bite, while his ruddy boy comes hurrying after, duly armed with a bundle of cornstalks, for "fodder," which he has shouldered with the aid of a pitchfork. The hens are hunting about for the stray seeds that fall from their loads, and the doves are out, printing pretty tracks in the white snow upon the roof. And how like cider-down lies the snow, that has fallen during the night! The posts and fences are all "ridged with pearl." No paths have yet been broken out, and the roads are buried up. Even the desolation suggested by the leafless trees is relieved by the beauty of the tufted snow, which seems to have caught and shut in all the warmer and more domestic feelings of the heart, and kept them snug for escape again when the spring advances. A farmer's life is indeed an object of envy. What long, quiet evenings he has, with his happy family around him. The fire blazes and burns as city fires know nothing about. Wife and children sit around the centre table, busy with knitting and sewing. Some one of the circle reads the paper or an interesting book aloud, while the rest listen and are improved. Now his day's work is done. His cattle are housed and fed. All things without are snug and comfortable. He need envy no man, for who can be more independent than he? His home is his earthly Paradise, where grow the fairest flowers.

REPRESENTATION OF THE PHILADELPHIA FISH MARKET.

[For description, see page 3 .]

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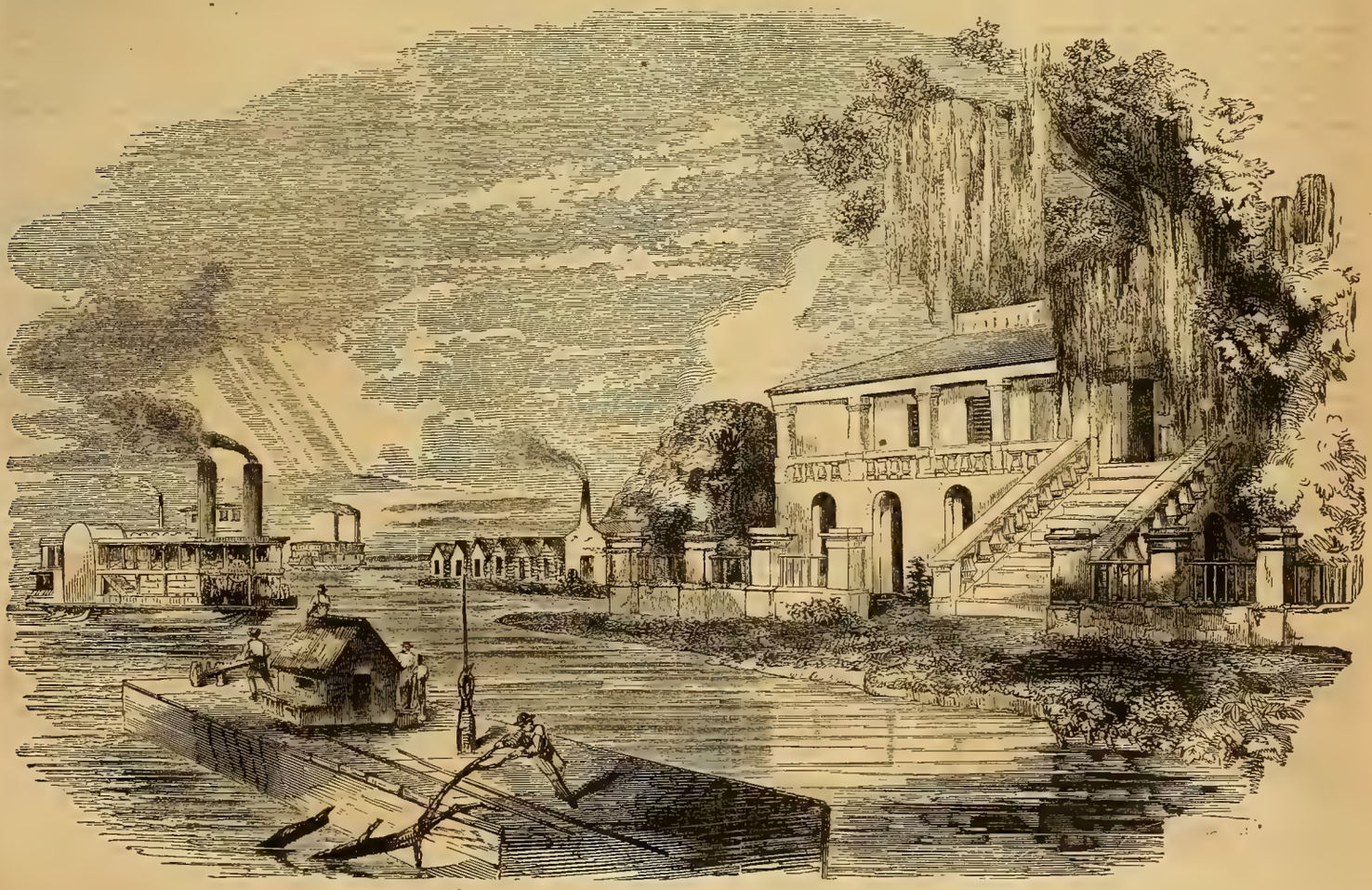
PLANTER'S RESIDENCE.

In all the high-colored readings the poets give us of residences by Lake Leman and Lake Como, and the marble walls that glisten in the deeps of other charming bodies of water on the European Continent, there is nothing that may not be paralelled, and more too, in many and many a locality on our own continent and in our own country. The ideal home of the unfortunate Blennerhasset, on his beautiful island in the Ohio, was something to be remembered, not only of itself but for its most poetic description at the hands of the distinguished William Wirt. Other men have gone and selected picturesque spots for their homes, since his day, and built upon them. Our artists, our literary men, our wealthy merchants—with taste and without—and our well-to-do agriculturists. But we think there are two classes of our people, in particular, who are most likely to select and appropriate the natural elysiums that are to be found by the eye that is trained in their search—agriculturists and manufacturers. Both of them are forced to make forays into the domains of nature, in the way of their occupation; and when they come to look around for that one site, dearer than all others to their eyes and hearts, where Home is to stand while life shall keep alive their affection for any earthly object, they have it in their power to select that which all other men shall, on beholding it, call unsurpassingly beautiful. On the banks of the noble Mississippi, so well named the "Father of Waters," there are sites for houses not to be excelled by anything that European lakes or rivers furnish. Especially is this remark true of the lower banks of that river, or near its approach to the city of New Orleans. This is indeed the planters' metropolis, whose single royal hotel, the St. Charles, affords to the stranger guest some of the most various and pleasing observations he shall meet with anywhere in the world; furnishing as marked a contrast to one of the mammoth Chicago hotels as it is possible to imagine. To New Orleans the wealthy planter, who has made and marketed his cotton or his sugar crop, comes with almost undeviating regularity every winter, accompanied by his family and such servants as are necessary to the enjoyment of all. With the earliest notes of preparation for the Spring operations, however, migration commences to the home, up or down the river again. Once established there in the airy, capacious, cool, and picturesque dwellings, whether of one or two stories, and the placid life of the plantation is begun again. It is not at all difficult for any one who possesses a warm fancy to invest such a planter's residence as our artist has well depicted below, with all the many-hued charms of poetry. The river flowing by so grandly and with such a ceaseless tone of majesty; the tall tropical trees, plumed at their tops, like specimens of curious exotics; the long gray moss that trails from the decayed branches of the oaks, festooning the trees with a truly melancholy looking web, which planters call the "death's-veil"; the bright, fresh moonlights, when shore and river are wrapped in a single fold of silver beauty, fairer and purer and daintier than any imaginary gossamer; the midnight song of the unequalled mocking-bird from some dead branch in the heart of the solitude, pouring out its little soul to heaven as if it were some lost Peri that would fain thus sing its redemption back within the gates of Paradise; all these sights and sounds may be readily conceived to make the planter's home on the banks of the Mississippi a spot where the spirit of poetry would be glad to dwell, for there the magnolia and the myrtle bloom together. Of course, life on a sugar plantation itself would require a different description; we have offered our readers only a transcript of the spot—and a gem of a spot it is too—where the planter dwells in peace and quietness with his gathered family. He comes more frequently in contact with nature, at all hours and moments of his life, than if he dwelt on a higher parallel. In truth, his days are passed almost entirely out of doors, or, if screened from the sultry heats of summer, it is not with tight-shut doors and windows, but by deep recesses of verandahs and pavilions, and halls that extend through the body of the mansion. The domicil must needs be constructed obediently to the demands of sky and climate; and not until America adopts the lamented Downing's oft-repeated hints on this point, will she produce a single architect who can call himself anything more than a patchy imitator of Orientalism, Italianism, Chinese, Gothic, French and English combined. For the climate, therefore, and the needs of its occupants, the planter's home which is so truthfully represented below, may be called the luxury of living.



A PLANTER'S HOUSE AND SUGAR PLANTATION ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

O, TELL ME YOU LOVE ME!

BY MAUD IRVING.

O, tell me you love me, when the soft summer air
Is tossing the locks of your long waving hair,
And stoops gently to kiss the most fragrant of flowers
That blossom where beauty erects her fair bowers!

O, tell me you love me, when the soft shades of night
Have gathered o'er all, and the sunbeams take flight;
When the stars fill their place in the blue vaults above—
'Tis then I would list to the soft tale of love!

O, tell me you love me, when the light of the moon
Sheds her rays on the earth, dispelling all gloom;
When the dewdrop falls light on the opening flower,—
O, tell me of love at the calm moonlit hour!

O, tell me you love me, when all friends have fled,
And the hopes of my heart lie withered and dead;
When the landscape of life looks denuded and drear,—
O, tell me you love me, and with joy will I hear!

THE BANDITTI
OF THE
CASTLE OF HARDAYNE.

BY H. L. STEVENS.

CHAPTER I.

——————Distracted in his mind,
Forsook by heaven—forsaking human kind;
Wide o'er the Aleian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way.
POPE'S HOMER.

FROM the bleak summit of a wild chain of mountains, on which he had long wandered, Giraldus began to descend: the plain below exhibited nothing but dreary heath, and stretched in distance till it was lost in the lowering gloom. Deeply absorbed in painful reflection, he was heedless of the way, and the slightly beaten sheep track alone guided his unconscious steps.

At length the near approach of night roused him from the deep reverie into which he sunk. Black and heavy clouds totally obscured the face of heaven, and the widely extended plain promised him no place of shelter or repose.

Often would fatigue tempt him to throw himself on the unfriendly heath, to rest his wearied limbs, and as often would the recollection of his unsheltered situation, and the bleakness of the wind force him to exert himself, ere the threatening storm should commence. But though sorely oppressed with bodily fatigue, which a whole day's unceasing ramble had rendered extreme, yet was the anguish arising from mental cares still more severe—the remembrance of parting with all he held dear, would, with every attendant circumstance, rush on his mind, and for a time obliterate all consciousness of present sufferings.

Thus wandered the hopeless Giraldus, the victim of despair and grief, till the shades of night enveloped the dreary scene, and rendered the doubtful path too obscure to be traced. With uncertainty and hesitation he continued to pursue his painful journey; still no object presented itself to his strained sight; not a tree, not a shrub; all was dreary, dark, and comfortless. He listened—no sound caught his ear but the shrieking of the night raven; no light struck his eye, save the faint glimmering of an *Ignis Fatuus*, that pointed out a marshy waste below.

The storm, which had long been gathering, now suddenly burst upon him; the hail, driven by the furious blast, descended with violence, and the vivid lightning blazed around the dreary scene; while the quick succeeding thunder reverberated from the neighboring mountains in awful hollow sounds.

"Surely," said he, as he stood the image of woe, "my savage relation could not behold me in this dreadful situation, without feeling some remorse at having thus abandoned me! And thou, dearest Elvina! how would thy tender bosom heave with sympathetic sorrow, didst thou but know the anguish I now feel. Yet why should I expect that she will still remember me, destitute and unfriended as I am. How can I hope to claim an interest in that heart, which thousands, the most opulent, would glory to obtain? Rather let me endeavor to act a part more consistent with my situation and her's, and, drowning all recollection of past scenes, endeavor only to acquire fortitude to look forward to that time when, favored by fortune, some happy rival, blessed with her enchanting smiles—but soft, that way leads to distraction; I must not pursue it."

"Here, then," he cried, with a phrenzied voice, as he threw himself violently on the earth; "here let me finish an existence, which heaven and earth seem to have conspired together to render miserable."

Overwhelmed and stupefied with sorrow, he remained for some time in this position, till at length aroused by a tremendous peal of thunder, he suddenly started up. The lightning had fired the heath at a short distance from him, and as his recollection returned, he stopped to view the grand though awful effect exhibited by it. The flame and sparks, whirled to an amazing height by the sudden gusts of wind; the total darkness of the night, only interrupted by the momentary flashes of lightning, and the dreary scene, partially illuminated by the blazing heath, altogether contributed to form a picture wildly sublime. By the light which it afforded, he could for some time discern his way; he went forward, till distance once more involved it in total obscurity, and chance only directed his uncertain steps. Suddenly he found himself among what appeared to be the ruins of an extensive edifice. Two high turrets, that frowned with deeper gloom on the darkness of the night, directed his way to a large gateway, and with cautious steps he slowly passed on to an inner court. A flash of lightning, which now shot athwart the gloom, yielded a transient view of the desolation that reigned throughout the extensive area. Some buildings on the east side, and the end opposite to him, appeared most entire, though nearly overgrown with moss and ivy; the rest exhibited nothing but an immense pile of ruins. To the former therefore he bent his course, resolving there to take up his abode for the night. The frequent piles of rubbish, intermixed with weeds and closely woven brambles, greatly impeded his progress, while the owls and daws, alarmed at the unusual intrusion, flew round the court with mournful and incessant screams, and seemed to indicate the entire desertion of the place by every human being.

He now entered an extensive hall, and was struck with the awful gloom and silence that prevailed; he crossed to a door, which he could just perceive on the opposite side. It opened to a passage narrow and totally dark; fear of uncovered vaults made him tread with slow and cautious steps, and though the sorrow which overwhelmed his heart almost obliterated every apprehension of personal danger, yet he began to feel a secret horror stealing over his mind, and impressing it with a superstitious dread, which the lonely desolation of the place seemed formed for inspiring. He now passed through an extensive range of rooms; in most of them an air of grandeur prevailed, but the windows broken and dismantled, left them entirely exposed to the driving storm. At length he came to an inner apartment, that seemed more habitable than those he had passed, and here he determined to stop. Feeling round the room, which he found was wainscotted, he came to a corner where some loose boards lay; he took some of these to stop the entrance, through which the wind blew extremely bleak, and then returning, laid himself quietly down on the remainder.

Anxiety, over-fatigue, and the hardness of his bed, kept him for some time awake, but he was just sinking into a state of insensibility, when he was roused by a slight noise. He lifted up his head, and beheld something that gave a glittering light in an opposite corner; as he eagerly gazed at it, he thought he saw the figure of a man, though faintly and imperfectly shadowed out. He started in terror and surprise, immediately arose, and drawing his sword, advanced to the corner where he had beheld it; but notwithstanding his quickness, it had disappeared in the instant, and no visible means of its entrance or retreat could be discovered. Giraldus looked wildly round for something that might remove or confirm the terrors, which, spite of reason, arose in his mind; the boards which he had placed at the door remained in the same position, and he felt himself utterly at a loss to account for its escape. In fearful expectation he paced the room for some time, but every thing remained quiet as before; he went to the window, to try if he could discern any object, but though the storm had ceased, all was buried in profound darkness. He now began to think he must have been mistaken, and that the appearance was only one of those illusions of fancy that the disturbed imagination will at times seem to represent. The thought somewhat satisfied him; he endeavored to calm his perturbed mind, and removing some of the boards to form a more commodious bed, he again laid himself gently down. Fatigue at length overcame the terrors and doubts which would frequently arise, and he once more was sinking into a state of insensibility, when a deep and hollow groan, which seemed to proceed from a place immediately under him, made him give a violent and involuntary start, when instantly the board on which he lay snapped in two, and he fell through the opening.

Stunned by the fall, Giraldus remained for some time insensible, and returning recollection opened with such complicated wretchedness, that eternal insensibility seemed preferable. He however rose to feel the nature of the place into whice he had fallen, for not the faintest gleam of light could he observe to lend its friendly aid. Advancing one step, his foot struck against something. He stooped down, but his blood chilled with horror, when his extended hand rested on the cheek of a man, who seemed, by the yet trickling blood, to have been recently murdered and thrown in o this place.

There is a point in affliction, at which when the human mind arrives, seared by a train of continued misfortune, it grows incapable of feeling more, and, with a calmness borrowed from despair, awaits in torpid apathy the worst that may ensue.

Such was the state of Giraldus while he stood musing over the body. He ran over the misfortunes of this eventful day, and his situation now appeared quite hopeless—fallen, he doubted not, into some deep well, whence, from the lonely situation of the castle, it was probable no person might ever arrive to free him; there, famishing through want, and doomed to wear out the lingering remains of life under every circumstance of wretchedness, with the bloody and mangled object that lay before him. Yet while these dreadful ideas passed through his imagination, he felt no pain; a gloomy calmness took possession of his mind, and he resigned himself to his fate without a sigh or murmur.

He involuntarily shuddered while he again stooped to try if any life yet remained in the miserable object. His arm was cold as death; but on opening his waistcoat, and applying his hand to the breast, he felt the heart still vibrate, though the pulsation was so slight and irregular, that the springs of life seemed verging to their lowest ebb.

Overjoyed at the discovery of even the little that remained, he instantly began to apply such remedies as his situation would admit of. A deep wound on the side of the head appeared to be the principal; to this, therefore, he applied his handkerchief, as a bandage, to prevent the unhappy sufferer's bleeding to death before any further assistance could be given him; then, as gently as possible, he raised him up, and laid him on some of the boards that had fallen. The motion seemed to revive the stranger from his fainting; he gave a deep groan, and Giraldus felt extremely happy at this symptom of returning life.

"If," said he, "my misfortunes can be made the means of saving the life of a human being, left with all these marks of cruelty to die in this miserable place, I shall bless the hand of providence, that by such a train of uncommon events hath guided me hither."

The more he dwelt on these events, so much the more did every circumstance seem to conspire to render him the instrument of preservation to the unfortunate stranger.

Sometimes he felt inclined to suppose that the appearance he had seen above, was in some way connected with this bloody transaction; it might probably be the perpetrator himself, who had been led by remorse to see if life still remained in the miserable victim, but the manner of his entrance or exit was to him wholly unknown and inexplicable. Several circumstances led him to imagine that the castle was inhabited, though, from the specimen he had already seen, it could only be the refuge of banditti; and yet a single person, wandering at the hour of midnight through these dreary apartments, did not seem altogether to accord with the manners of such ferocious beings, hardened by custom to every scene of cruelty and bloodshed.

Thus in unsatisfactory conjectures did G[illegible]dus wear away the remains of a long and t[illegible] night, in which the death-like silence wa[illegible] interrupted by the deep groans of the w[illegible]man.

At length the day broke, and never did its returning light bring more joy to the heart of the benighted and lost traveller, wandering on the brink of some unseen precipice, than it did to that of Giraldus, who, while he anxiously traced its progressive increase, felt his heart dilate with gratitude for a blessing, of which, till then, he had never known the full value.

When the light grew sufficiently strong, he perceived his companion was a young man of a very genteel form; his countenance appeared interesting, though overspread with the paleness of death; his dress denoted him to be a person of rank, but the blood which flowed down it had almost obliterated its former color. Giraldus now set himself to examine the nature of his wounds, and found that though he had several, none appeared dangerous except that on his head, which, from the violence of the contusion, seemed to have been given with a bludgeon, and had been the means of depriving him of his senses.

After binding them up with all possible care, he began to survey the place into which he had fallen, and discovered it to be, as he had before conjectured, an old well, choked, and partly filled with rubbish, though still of a considerable depth from the floor.

While he stood contriving means to extricate himself, he perceived an opening on one side, about half way up, that seemed large enough to admit him. As he did not doubt his being able to attain to that height, he immediately set himself to work with additional spirit, by pulling out the looser stones, and placing two pieces of board alternately in the crevices, he at length contrived, with great difficulty, to work himself up to the aperture. This he perceived was an old drain, and sufficiently large to admit him on his hands and knees. As he thought it probable it might open into some part of the castle, he made no scruple at entering it, but had not proceeded far, ere he found himself obliged to return, the stagnant air having almost suffocated him. As he crawled back to regain the entrance, he perceived another branch on his right hand; this he followed, and after a variety of turnings, to his inexpressible joy it at length opened into the vaults of the castle, and from these he quickly made his way to the upper court.

The happiness which Giraldus felt at his deliverance was much allayed by the recollection of the situation in which he had left his companion. Without stopping, therefore, to view the buildings, he directly hurried away to procure such assistance as would extricate him from it. When he passed the gateway, the only habitation which appeared in view was a lonely beacon, situated on an abrupt and rocky promontory, which jutted out from between two of the neighboring mountains, and to this he accordingly hastened with all the speed he could exert.

The peasant who attended the beacon, and his wife, were at breakfast, when Giraldus arrived. Without preface he briefly related to him the situation in which he had left the young man, and begged his immediate assistance. The peasant heard him in silence, mixed with curiosity and wonder, and Giraldus repeated his request.

"Why, master," said he, "if you was at the castle last night, you may go down on your knees and thank God you ever got out again alive. Why there's nothing but devils, and robbers, and screech owls, and them kind of things, that lives there; and then there has been such strange things seen and heard, that it has frightened all the people about here out of their wits. For my part, I don't care to go within a mile of it. Sit down a bit and I'll tell you a story about it. You must know, Tom Brown, who lives at the next village—"

"Prithee," said Giraldus, interrupting him, "do not trifle, friend, with these silly tales. Consider, while you are talking here, the poor young man is bleeding to death."

He then, in the most pathetic manner, described the miserable circumstances in which he had been left, and concluded with observing, that should they now omit to use every possible means in their power for his preservation, by suffering ideal terrors to get the better of their humanity, they would, in fact, have nearly as much to answer for, as if they had been pre[illegible]iously concerned in the murder.

This last argument seemed to have more [illegible]eight with the peasant than any of the rest. [illegible]tched his head, however, and appeared [illegible] reply, but his wife, more perfectly [illegible]econded the solicitations of Giraldus [illegible]mands, and he at length consented

to go, though evidently with great reluctance, muttering indistinctly the words fool-hardy and Tom Brown. He now went out to fetch his son, a stout young man, who was cutting heath at a small distance, and thus reinforced, they immediately, after providing all things necessary, set out to the castle.

As they approached the gateway the countenances of both father and son became evidently impressed with the symptoms of terror, and Giraldus greatly feared they would desert him at last. When they arrived at the mouth of the well, their agitation increased, and at the proposal of descending into it, they both turned pale as ashes, but he quickly set aside their fears on this head, by informing them that he meant to descend alone, by means of the ropes which they had brought with them. To this they did not seem to object, but immediately lent their aid to lower him down.

On coming to the bottom he found the young man nearly in the same state in which he had been left, pale and quite insensible. Having, with all the tenderness in his power, fixed the ropes, he gave the peasants directions to draw him slowly and carefully up. They obeyed, till having drawn him near the surface, the ghastly and bloody object which presented itself to their view had such an effect upon them, that they both gave a sudden scream, and stood in momentary suspense, whether they should draw him up or let him down again. Giraldus feared the latter, and, in the utmost anxiety lest they should dash all his hopes to the ground, loudly denounced vengeance against them if they did not instantly draw him up. The menace brought them to their senses; they immediately proceeded, and having laid the wounded man carefully on the floor, they again let fall the rope, and Giraldus, fixing it upon himself, was quickly drawn up.

At the recollection of what he had seen in this room on the preceding evening, he looked carefully around, but every thing only conspired to increase his surprise. The boards had remained at the door as he himself had placed them, and the windows were so situated that no person could have made his escape through them without being perceived by him. It seemed most probable, therefore, that there was some private door in the wainscot; but as this was not a proper time for examination, he determined to take an early opportunity of investigating it alone. Having therefore placed the wounded man in an arm chair, which they had brought with them for the purpose, and each assisting, they immediately set off for the beacon, to the no small joy of the peasants, who had been so much terrified, that they scarcely dared to breathe during the whole time they had remained at the castle.

CHAPTER II.

This is the man should do the bloody deed.
SHAKSPEARE.

In proportion as the distance of the castle increased, did the courage of the peasants return. The old man, who had been hitherto silent, now seemed anxious to communicate some of the wonderful tales he had heard related of the castle, though from the apparent incredulity of Giraldus, he scarcely knew how to introduce the subject. After several attempts, he thus began:

"Poor young man, how pale he looks, it would have been a pity indeed to let him die in that horrid place; but if he had," continued he, with a countenance in which faith and a dread of ridicule were whimsically associated, "do you think he would have walked afterwards?"

"No," replied Giraldus, smiling, "I think it most probable he would not."

"Every man to his own opinion," said the peasant, somewhat piqued at hearing what he thought a serious affair treated so lightly. "If he would not, others have, and do yet; mayhap you don't believe that; no more did Tom Brown; he used to say, 'a fiddle for all the ghosts in Christendom; it was all a foolish notion, and there was no such thing,' and such like; but egad, Tom won't say so now."

"And what," said Giraldus, "induced him to alter his opinion?"

"That," said the peasant, "is what I am going to tell you, if you will be patient. Why, you must know, as I was saying, Tom was the boldest man in the village; so he went to a fair about four miles off—there he got a little drink, and then nothing would serve him but he must go home by the castle, because forsooth it was the nearest way; he might have had company enough if he would have gone the other road, and it was only two miles further; but Tom was fool-hardy. I never knew one who got any good by fool-hardiness," continued the peasant, looking earnestly at Giraldus, who nodding assent, he went on.

"So, when he came to the castle-gate, the devil put it into his head to take up a stone and throw it as hard as he could against the wall, to show that he did not value the place a fig; and with that down comes a whole shoal of owls and jackdaws about his ears, and at that instant he saw something like a man, in black, on the other side of the court. Tom fancies it gave a leap to the place where he stood, for he directly felt something give him a slap on the shoulder; he did not wait to see what it was, but ran away as fast as his legs could carry him, and the faster he ran the more the thing kept slapping him on the back; at last he grew so faint that he was determined to turn round and face it, let it be what it would; so when he turned round he saw nothing, and by that Tom knew it must be the devil, and nobody else—God bless us—and so he ran again, faster than before, till he got home. He looked so wild that his wife thought he had been mad, and asked him what in the name of God ailed him, and what he had got on his back. I don't know, said Tom, dropping down on the floor almost breathless, I believe it is the devil. Some of the neighbors who were there, and pretended to be wiser than anybody else, said it was nothing in the world but a young owl who had fixed his claws so fast in his jacket that it could not get loose again. But all the world shan't make me believe that it was anything but a young devil; for as soon as it got loose, it flew directly into a large fire, and was never heard or seen again."

"Mercy on us," continued the peasant, terrified at his own tale, "I would not venture to sleep at that place, or even go near it in the night, if they would make me master of the castle for my pains."

By this time they had arrived at the beacon, and Giraldus immediately despatched the peasant's son for a surgeon, who, as he dwelt at the distance of five miles, did not arrive till late in the afternoon.

Having examined his patient, and been informed of the state in which he was found, he observed, that under such circumstances it was next to a miracle he yet remained alive; but at the same time declared his chief danger proceeded from the great loss of blood which he had sustained, as he apprehended no very bad consequences from the contusion on his head, and that was by far the worst wound.

After giving proper directions respecting his treatment, he took his leave, with a promise of returning early on the following morning.

The young gentleman passed so good a night, that when the surgeon arrived, he found him far better than he expected, but his languor and weakness were still extreme; he therefore desired he might be kept as quiet as possible, and no person suffered to talk with him, if he should seem inclined. This Giraldus promised, and then entered into conversation with him respecting the castle.

From him he learned that it was now considered as the temporary station of a party of banditti, who frequently committed depredations throughout the whole country, and who had hitherto eluded every effort to bring them to justice.

"The history of its former possessors, or why it has thus been totally abandoned," said he, "are circumstances that I, who have lived near six years in this neighborhood, have never been able to discriminate from the mass of absurd and nonsensical tales, with which the superstitious villagers answer all inquiries. All that I have been able to learn," continued he, "is, that it is now near twenty years since it was inhabited, and that it was called the Castle of Hardayne."

Giraldus thanked him for the information, and immediately proceeded to the castle, fully determined to find out, if possible, whether the person he had seen was one of the banditti, who had lingered behind after his companions were gone, or if he yet remained an inhabitant of the castle.

The buildings had an ancient and grand appearance—the gateway was in the richest style of Gothic architecture, very large, and opening immediately to the great court; round this a Gothic arcade with a terrace had formerly ran, but it was now so much ruined that it was difficult to trace out the original design. The shattered walls were stained with a variety of beautiful mosses, or shadowed with the broad masses of ivy, through which the gray tint of Gothic ornaments would sometimes peep, and give a pleasant relief to the deep green shades. The court was very extensive, but almost entirely overgrown with weeds and brambles, and the remains of an equestrian statue on a pedestal stood in the centre.

Of the eastern side, into which he now entered, some of the apartments seemed to have been very magnificent, and others bore evident traces of fire; a gloomy solemnity reigned throughout them, which the ivy and shrubs, that deeply shaded the windows, contributed to heighten. At length he came to the room in which he had taken up his abode on the night of his arrival, and commenced a diligent and strict search for the private door; but in vain he tried every crevice, in vain he sounded every panel—not the least trace of any such door could he find. He then observed the windows and the door again, but the more he considered them the more he was convinced there must have been some other way for the person to escape, or otherwise, that it was a supernatural being who had appeared to him. This he was very unwilling to grant, and therefore renewed his search with even more circumspection than before; all his endeavors, however, proved fruitless, and with great reluctance he at length relinquished his design.

As he was determined not to leave the young gentleman until he should have gained sufficient strength to be removed, and as that might probably take some time, it now struck him that he might appropriate a part of each day that he remained at the beacon, to this pursuit, and by concealing himself in an obscure part of the ruins, watch if any person came in or went out; for it was evident if any person was concealed, he must at times emerge from that concealment, were it only for provisions.

Fully satisfied with this scheme, he returned to the court, and, as the evening was approaching, he walked slowly toward the gateway; when suddenly turning his head he beheld a man glide swiftly along amongst the ruins of the arcade, in the corner of the wing which he had just left.

Elated with this discovery, which bid fair to terminate the adventure at once, he instantly pursued with such expedition as again to catch a glimpse of him as he entered a dark passage. Giraldus continued to follow, and soon found himself at the staircase that descended into the vaults; while he made his way down this with all the haste the nature of the place would admit of, a door below was shut with violence, and the hollow echoes resounded through the distant vaults—he paused a few moments—but the hopes of completing his discovery impelled him forward; he again descended, and soon found himself at the door which had startled him so much; he endeavored to force it, but his efforts were ineffectual, it seemed strongly fastened on the inside; and, after many unsuccessful struggles, he quitted it in despair, and returned the way he came.

The sun had now descended to the verge of the horizon, and the lingering rays rested on the tufted ivy and Gothic spires of the gateway—the brilliant illumination of these parts were finely contrasted by the gloom that overspread the court below; Giraldus stood some time admiring the grandeur of the scene, till the splendid tints gradually died away, and the solemn deepening gloom warned him it was time to depart.

He now quitted the castle and slowly returned towards the beacon, absorbed in a variety of conjectures on the cause of all this secrecy and mystery. As it was hardly probable he could obtain the assistance of the peasants, he sometimes thought of procuring some instrument to force open the door; but when he reflected on the imprudence of such an action, that he should thus in the darkness of the vaults expose himself to the unseen dagger of a person who must have some weighty motive for such strict concealment, he abandoned the idea, and determined to follow the method he had first thought of, to hide himself among the ruins, till he should have an opportunity of more particularly observing the manners of this person, when unconscious of being seen; and by those he imagined he might be enabled to form, at least, a better idea of the reasons for his thus shutting himself up from society.

He found the peasants at his return extremely uneasy; they had observed him take his course towards the castle in the morning, and they feared by his long stay some ill had befallen him, they therefore welcomed him back with unfeigned joy, and crowded round him to know what he had seen.

"O, sir!" cried the old man, "we have been so much alarmed at your long stay; why will you go to that cursed place? You should consider if any harm was to happen to you, there is none of our people dare to go and look for you." He then gave him a short lecture on prudence and fool-hardiness, and concluded with hoping he had satisfied his curiosity, and would go there no more.

Giraldus smiled; "I thank you, my good friend," said he, "for the kind concern you express for my welfare, but believe me, there is nothing in the castle to hurt either you or me."

He then inquired how the young gentleman was, and had the satisfaction to hear that he was much better.

"He wanted sadly to speak to my mistress this afternoon," said the peasant, "but she told him she would not hear him, for the doctor had ordered him to be kept quiet."

"She did well," said Giraldus, "do you know whether he is awake now?" They answered he was, and he took the candle and went softly into the room.

The stranger turned his head as he entered, "O, sir!" said he, in a faint voice, "will you inform me where I am, and how I came hither, for I am quite unable to form the least idea; all late events appear to me like a dream, and the woman who attends me will give me no information."

"As to the first," replied Giraldus, "be assured you are now in the hands of persons who will treat you with the greatest care and attention; for the other, I can in part best explain it to you—the rest we can have from yourself only; but as it is absolutely necesary you should be kept quiet for some time, I cannot give you the information you wish at present—we must wait till you are sufficiently recovered; in the mean time, all I wish to be informed of is, whether you have any friends near, to whom we could send advice of your safety, lest they should be under apprehensions at your absence."

"My name," replied the young gentleman, "is Albert; I am the son of the Earl of Glenderwen, who resides at the castle of Melbourne, about fifty miles from hence; that is, if I am near the place where I was attacked and wounded; and if you can despatch any person to inform him of my present situation, you will greatly oblige both him and me."

"I will take care," said Giraldus, "that a person shall be sent off early to-morrow morning, and I must now request in return that you keep as still as possible, it being very essential to your speedy recovery." He then wished him a good night, and retired to take some refreshment, of which he stood in great need, having fasted since the morning.

The next day he despatched the peasant's son with a short note to the castle of Melbourne, and soon after the surgeon arrived, who, after examining his patient, pronounced him, unless some unforseen circumstance should occur, entirely out of danger.

Giraldus felt great joy at this intelligence, and as soon as the surgeon was gone, he once more walked towards the castle, resolved to put into execution the plan of the preceding day.

The morning was gloomy and lowering, and an unusual dejection of spirits came over him as he entered the gateway: to this he gave no heed, further than attributing it to the dulness of the weather. Having stationed himself among the ruins on the opposite side of the court to that where he had seen the man on the last evening, he waited some time with great patience; but nobody appeared. As his situation was quite concealed, so that he might see and not be seen, he doubted not but that the event would fully repay him for his trouble.

The hopes of discovering the cause of a seclusion hitherto so inexplicable, which must have something very extraordinary, probably very bad, for its foundation—and perhaps the person who had been concerned in wounding Lord Albert, particularly the latter—was sufficient to induce him to continue his watching for a considerable length of time, during which no circumstance occurred to favor his views.

He had insensibly sunk into a deep reverie on this subject, when he was suddenly roused by a slight noise. Turning his head, he beheld to his great amazement a man with a drawn sword a-

most close to him. His countenance bore such traces of villany that it was impossible to mistake his design; he flew towards Giraldus, who with great difficulty parried his first blow, which wounded him slightly in the arm. The assassin pressed on, and aimed a furious stroke, which, had it taken effect, must instantly have decided the contest; but Giraldus stepped quickly aside, evaded the blow, and, before the other could recover himself, returned it with a deep and deadly wound in his breast. Immediately the blood forsook his cheeks, and rushed in a torrent from his wound; he staggered a few paces, and fell.

"O, cursed fate!" he exclaimed; "thus have I been ever made the instrument of others' crimes, and thus am I rewarded! Vengeance has overtaken me at last, and by the hands of him whom I have most injured! Fly this castle!" cried he, in a voice scarcely human; "fly this country! Other daggers are pointed to thy breast; some may succeed, though mine has failed. Beware! Does blood drop from thine arm? 'tis not the first of thine that has stained these stones. O, could I expiate by revealing all; but even that I feel is now too late. Mark me: beneath yon pedestal a scene, a bloody scene—"

He would have proceeded, but his voice became inarticulate, and soon died away; a convulsive shuddering now seized him, a ghastly horror overspread his countenance, and with a deep groan he expired.

Giraldus turned from the dismal object, and immediately quitted the castle, where prudence forbade his longer stay. His mind was in such a state of confusion that he doubted whether the the circumstances to which he had so lately been witness were real; the whole transaction had been so sudden and unexpected, the work of a few moments only, that it seemed far more like the effect of a vision, than a reality.

With difficulty he collected his scattered thoughts to dwell on this extraordinary event; the recollection of the words of the dying man involved him in a labyrinth of mystery, from which he found it impossible to extricate himself. From them it appeared that some person pursued his life with the most mortal hatred; but, unconscious of having given offence to any one, he racked his memory without effect, and his mind with fruitless conjectures. Why a man of power and consequence—for such the emissaries he employed proved him to be—should thus pursue one utterly destitute of either, and almost friendless, appeared equally difficult to solve; but when to these he added the horrible intelligence, which the man had partly communicated, of the bloody scene that had been performed there, on some person so nearly allied to him that the expression of "your blood" had been adopted, he was at once convinced he had been mistaken for some other person.

This conviction no sooner flashed on his mind, than he made an application of all the circumstances to Lord Albert, and thought it beyond a probability, from the little he knew of his story, and from the former attempt that had been made on his life, that he, and he only, was the devoted man.

At all events, he determined to inform him of every circumstance the first opportunity; and as the surgeon would be there the next morning, then, he conceived, would be the most proper time, when they might concert such measures for his safety as should baffle every attempt to surprise him, till the return of the messenger from the castle of Melbourne.

CHAPTER III.

Our youth is like the dream of the hunter on the heath; he sleeps in the mild beams of the sun, but awakes amidst a storm; the red lightning flies around, and the trees shake their heads to the wind. He looks back with joy to the day of the sun, and the pleasant dreams of his rest.—POEMS OF OSSIAN.

GIRALDUS passed an uneasy night. In vain he courted sleep to his weary eye-lids; the images of the preceding day haunted his mind, and roused him from momentary slumbers.

Convinced that his own story was totally inadequate to explain this mystery, his imagination formed a thousand conjectures in regard to Lord Albert, for whose safety he now felt the most anxious solicitude—a solicitude heightened by the satisfaction he he had already felt in having been so instrumental in his preservation.

When the surgeon arrived the next morning, Giraldus called him aside, and after informing him of the events of the preceding day, solicited his advice how to act in a situation of such moment.

The sentiments of the surgeon accorded with his; he saw the probability of the young gentleman's being the intended victim, and thought it would be highly improper to neglect making him immediately acquainted with all the circumstances, that they might together frame such measures as should effectually screen him from any similar attempt. As soon, therefore, as the surgeon had examined his patient's wounds, Giraldus seated himself at his bed-side, and proceeded to lay before him the circumstances he had so lately witnessed, relating his providential guidance to the castle for shelter, his having taken up his abode in the room over the well, and the subsequent events till he was conveyed to the beacon. He then informed him of his visits to the castle, and the consequences of the last, and concluded with hinting his apprehensions that he, Lord Albert, was the person thus singled out for assassination.

The young gentleman heard these circumstances with the greatest surprise. He expressed the most unbounded gratitude to Giraldus for his timely exertions, and lamented how inadequate all he could offer was to express his sense of the obligation; and at the same time he assured them it was impossible he could be the person aimed at, notwithstanding the circumstances in which he had been found at the castle, whereon they had particularly dwelt.

"That affair," said he, "I can sufficiently explain to you. Early on that morning I left the house of a friend, with whom I had been on a visit. The evening was approaching when I entered the heath, and the black, lowering clouds seemed to threaten a heavy storm. I just then recollected some things of consequence which I had left at a small village where I dined, and immediately despatched my servant for them, with strict injunctions to exert all his speed, and endeavor to overtake me, while I went slowly forward.

"As I approached the castle, its magnificence caught my attention, and I remained for some time contemplating its desolated grandeur, when on a sudden a number of armed men rushed from the ruins and surrounded me. I knew them to be a party of banditti, who had made frequent and great depredations round the adjacent country, often committing acts of the most ferocious barbarity, and seldom sparing the lives of those who were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. I had no alternative but either to submit to their mercy, or endeavor to break my way through them. Determined on the latter, I spurred my horse violently, and with my sword nearly severed the arm of him who had seized my bridle, but was instantly felled to the ground by a blow from behind, which deprived me of all sensation, and blotted out the knowledge of every subsequent transaction.

"Thus you may clearly perceive, that this casual incident can by no means explain what must have been the result of long premeditated villany; and every other of my life would be still less capable of solving this mystery. But while I am thus endeavoring to convince you how groundless your fears in regard to me have been, I cannot, on my part, help feeling the most serious apprehensions for the safety of one to whom I am so greatly indebted. I must, therefore, entreat you to be cautious. I much fear, from the confident manner in which the man spoke, he was not mistaken. Believe me, my dear friend," he continued, "the request does not proceed from mere curiosity, when I beg, if the obligation is not too great to add to those I am already under, you would favor me with a recital of your history. The events by which you were, through Providence, directed to the castle for my preservation, must surely have something remarkable in them; and perhaps some circumstance which has at present escaped your memory may be brought back to your recollection, and tend to throw some light on the late mysterious transaction."

"I am very willing," replied Giraldus, "to recite to you the chief events of my life, though I much fear they will prove as uninteresting, as I am sure they will inadequate, to explain that affair.

"The satisfaction and comforts which are derived from the affectionate solicitude of a parent, I was doomed never to feel. Mine were both snatched away ere I had sense to discern their kindness or regret their loss. My father, who was engaged in some mercantile concerns, had occasion to cross the seas to a distant country. I was deemed too young to undertake the voyage, and my mother, who accompanied my father, was, with great difficulty, at length persuaded to leave me behind, in the care of an uncle, who had an independent though small fortune.

"In that fatal voyage I lost the tenderest of parents. It was supposed the ship had foundered at sea, as no tidings of her ever reached England. This information I received from my uncle, many years after the event.

"It would be tedious and unnecessary to infringe on your time with a recital of the trivial events of childhood—yet dear and ever to be regreted days, when youthful innocence knew no care, no thought of the morrow, no retrospect of the past, no melancholy anticipation of the future, had power to embitter the happy tranquility of the moment. All was calm, unruffled serenity, like the peaceful bosom of the lake when every rude breeze is hushed to repose.

"My uncle, ever of a morose disposition, was the only alloy to that happiness. Cruel, selfish, and sordid, abjectly fawning to his superiors, haughty and overbearing to his inferiors and dependants, his disposition seemed an assemblage of all that a generous heart should abhor. But let me draw a veil over the frailties of a relation whose conduct, if I cannot palliate, I ought perhaps to conceal, and strive to forget what I cannot justify.

"In the neighborhood of our habitation dwelt a baron, a gentleman of considerable fortune. He had a son and daughter nearly of my age, and during the years of childhood, my visits to my young companions at the castle were almost daily. As we advanced in age, that friendship which had dawned in infancy became expanded and ardent. In every pursuit and pleasure Henry was my constant companion, and when our sports were of a nature that the delicacy of her sex did not prevent her participating, his sister Elvina would ever make one of the party.

"I will not attempt to describe this lady to you. My powers of description are totally inadequate to give you even a faint idea of her perfections. Suffice it to say, the beauties of her person were only equalled by the angelic sweetness of her disposition. Surely I cannot deserve censure if I did not remain insensible to so many charms. I loved her with a degree of fervency little short of adoration, and my youthful heart, unconscious of the ways of the world, was lost ere I dreamed of impropriety.

"But when experience had taught me to consider the insuperable distance fortune had placed between us, I shuddered with horror at the situation of my heart. Reason pointed to the only resource, and I at length determined, if possible, to obliterate her image from my heart.

"This triumph of reason over passion was not obtained without a very severe struggle; it was an exertion that was not unattended with moments of the bitterest anguish. Yet, when all circumstances were considered, I found the sacrifice had far more of necessity than merit in it. If even I could flatter myself with a small portion of her regard, if hope pointed out the possibility of that partiality being increased to a degree of love equal to mine, still how repugnant to every principle of honor did it seem, to pursue a conduct which must ultimately tend to bring only affliction to her whose happiness I would have freely died to promote. These reflections determined me to subdue a passion which every way seemed only to lead to despair and misery. But if the task of forming these resolutions was painful, far more so was that of putting them in execution. How little cause has reason to exult in her fancied triumphs! Though fortified with every prudent resolve, and strengthened by a formidable train of consequences, let but passion appear in full force, she quits her seat, and trembling yields the empire to her powerful adversary.

"No one had ever more occasion to observe the justness of this remark, than I had the succeeding day. All the prudential resolutions which I had formed with such pain, gave way and vanished in her presence, and succeeding ones were entered into only to undergo a similar fate.

"Still mindful, however, of the sacrifice which every moment's cool reflection seemed to render more indispensably necessary, I seriously resolved to deny myself every gratification arising from her bewitching society, and at length began to flatter myself I had so far succeeded, that my ardent passion had abated to a mere common friendship. I endeavored to pursuade myself that I could now behold her unmoved, and that it was to her brother only my visits were made. But the entire fallacy of this persuasion a very short time unfolded, and convinced me how little I had gained.

"It had been resolved for some time that Henry should make an extensive tour. It was proposed he should visit the French and German courts, and his absence was expected to continue a considerable time. Preparations were now making, and as we had ever loved each other as brothers, our grief and anxiety, as the time of his departure drew nigh, was mutual and sincere.

"One afternoon we had strolled into the park, both pensive and dejected. We walked on, and while he mused in profound silence, I saw the tear trickle down his cheek. Deeply affected with this mark of sensibility, I could not restrain mine. At length, starting from his reverie and seizing my hand, he exclaimed:

"What, my dear Giraldus, prevents your accompanying me in this expedition: Your uncle, I dare say, would not object, and if you are willing I will this instant go and make the proposal to my father."

"This idea had never before entered my mind; but I found it so desirable in every point of view, that I accepted his proposal without hesitation. He scarcely waited for my answer, but hurried back to the castle with all the speed he could exert, leaving me highly pleased with his kind offer. But the pleasure was short-lived. The recollection of his sister, which my first surprise had driven from my mind, now returned in full force, and aided with the thoughts of a separation so long, with all the probable train of events that might happen during my absence, almost overwhelmed me with affliction.

"I now saw clearly how erroneous all my late judgments had been on the state of my heart. My affection, instead of being subdued, was, if possible, augmented. Again I called reason to my aid, and passing all those arguments in review on which I had so often formed my wavering resolutions, dwelt on the opportunity I should now have, by a long absence, of endeavoring to overcome a passion which nothing else seemed capable of accomplishing. This last consideration so far contributed to tranquilize my mind, that when Henry returned I received the intelligence of his having obtained his father's consent, with some share of that unbounded joy he expressed in the communication.

"All that remained now was to gain my uncle's approbation, and of that I made so sure, that it did not for a moment interrupt my thoughts, now wholly employed in anticipations of the hour that was to separate me from her whom I loved above all the earth contained.

"I returned home sooner than usual to make preparations for my intended journey. My uncle was out, and I employed the interval of his absence in forming a list of those things which I should stand in need. I had nearly finished it when he returned, and I then immediately made him acquainted with Henry's proposal and the kind permission of the baron.

"He heard my request with a frown, and angrily returning the list I had presented to him, told me I might save myself that unnecessary trouble, for I might rest assured he should never grant me his permission to go.

"A refusal so unexpected astonished me to that degree, that I stood for some moments quite confounded; at length recovering myself, I endeavored to set forth the advantages that would result to me from the expedition, and asked his reasons for refusing me an opportunity so eligible of seeing the world. 'Seek not my reasons,' said he haughtily, 'let it suffice to know that my determination is unalterable.'

"With difficulty I preserved my temper at this capricious and arbitrary exertion of his authority. It was in vain that I calmly urged my request; he suddenly broke from me with a solemn charge, never to mention the subject more to him under pain of his eternal displeasure.

"Afraid of irritating him beyond all hopes of compliance I said no more that evening, but determined in the morning, to request the baron's interposition with him in my behalf.

"My uncle had ever, for what reason I could form no idea, looked on my visits to the castle with visible jealousy and illhumor; as the friendship which I had formed with Henry increased, this unaccountable prejudice was proportionably augmented.

"This conduct had almost estranged the love I felt for him in my infancy, when the loss of my parents had taught me to look up to him as

a father. If I related to him any of our infantine amusements at the castle, or spoke of the kindness of the baron, it never failed to throw a gloomy reserve over his countenance and behavior; latterly he had more than once forbade my visits there, yet to the baron, who when I absented myself constantly came to inquire the cause, his excuses were trivial and unmeaning, and generally ended with an ungracious permission of my return.

"To him therefore, the following morning, I communicated my uncle's strange refusal, and requested his interposition. He kindly consented, and I made myself perfectly easy, not in the least doubting his influence. But in this I was once more mistaken; his solicitations were as ineffectual as mine, and he returned somewhat ruffled at his obstinate refusal, for which he had not urged one resonable plea.

"Thus compelled to relinquish a journey that seemed so necessary to fix my wavering resolutions, I saw the departure of my companion with mingled grief and indignation at my uncle's obduracy.

"Although, particularly from the recent circumstances, my home had become almost insupportable; I found it absolutely necessary to abridge the frequency of my visits to the castle, the absence of my companion seemed a good excuse, and I availed myself of it, determining at the same time to acquaint Elvina with my motives the first opportunity that should offer.

"Hard indeed was the task I had imposed upon myself; whenever I wandered out, my steps involuntarily moved towards the castle. Frequently lost in thought on the pleasures of my infancy, have I strayed, unconscious of my path, till suddenly I have found myself within its precincts; then, by an exertion of fortitude, which I never after failed to approve, have I torn myself away and returned home.

"My uncle, perceiving my visits were discontinued, became more placid, and treated me with far less harshness than he had been wont to do. This change is his behavior might probably in time have rendered his house somewhat more agreeable to me, had not an event, which happened shortly after, placed an insuperable bar to our reconciliation, by separating us for ever.

"The castle of the baron was situated in a beautiful and well wooded park, at the bottom of which a broad and winding sheet of water reflected the thick foliage that fringed its banks. Close by its side on an eminence, stood a small temple, simple in its construction; its chief beauty was derived from the situation, placed as it were by the hand of nature, to afford a refreshing shelter from meridian suns. Thither, in my youthful days, with my cheerful companions, was I wont to stray; there enjoy those happy moments uncorroded by care, which maturer reason seeks in vain. And now, when happiness had faded on my view, would I endeavor to recall her by dwelling on the recollection of the pleasures I had there enjoyed.

"The beauty of an autumnal morning tempted me to walk out very early. The eastern rays just trembled on the surface of the lake, and gilded the foliage of the woods. I walked on towards the temple to enjoy the charming scene, often stopping to view the varying beauties of the light fleecy clouds. I had not long remained there, when, to my great surprise, Elvina entered. Led by the sweetness of the morning, she, like me, had risen early to enjoy its fragrance. She started at the appearance of a man, and was retiring, but perceiving as I turned about who it was, she immediately came forward and giving me her hand with a charming frankness, inquired why I had so long absented myself from the society of my friends. 'The castle, I suppose,' said she, 'has no attraction for you, since my brother has left it.'

"This opportunity seemed the properest for putting my late resolution into execution, and I determined to embrace it.

"'That attraction, that powerful attraction that still remains,' said I, 'is the only cause that prevents my indulging myself in a continuance of those supreme pleasures which I have so frequently enjoyed there; but prudence commands me to quit them, and I bow to her decision. Miserable wretch that I am, thus doomed to forego every thing that is capable of giving me joy and happiness; to quit the society of friends most dear to me, and seek peace by endeavoring to drown reflection! Pardon me, dearest Elvina, pardon my presumption, and forgive my laying open to you a heart torn with anguish.'

"She remained silent, and I proceeded to describe the progress of my passion, the severe struggles I had undergone, and my final resolution to abstain from visiting at the castle.

"She heard my declaration with a kind complacency, on which the pride of birth threw no shade. She seemed, I thought, to pity my sufferings, and a tear once stole into her eye. At length she replied, 'I cannot but acquiesce in the prudence of your determination. It is perhaps necessary, on every account, that we should part; but do not quit us abruptly. My father will be surprised at it, and seek your reasons. For heaven's sake,' continued she, 'let no idea of the purport of this morning's conversation be ever brought to his mind; for though I am sincerely determined never to act in any concern of importance without his concurrence, yet would I not for the world, give the least shadow or cause of uneasiness to so kind and tender a parent. For you,' she continued, 'with whom I have been brought up, in terms of intimacy since my childhood, I have ever had, and shall ever retain the sincerest esteem; and let your future fate be what it may, my best wishes will ever attend you, and my heart will truly sympathize in all your afflictions and in all your sorrows.'

"Overcome with so much goodness, I threw myself at her feet in a transport of gratitude. 'Dearest Elvina,' I cried, 'may Heaven shower its blessings upon you, and make your happiness equal to the consummate virtue with which it has endowed you.' I pressed her hand with fervency to my lips. She arose. 'Let us go,' said she, 'I shall be missed at the castle.'

"I led her out, and in a few moments saw my uncle hastily crossing the path we were in. He did not appear to observe either of us, and the thickness of the grove soon hid him from our view.

"Without further noticing the incident, I accompanied Elvina to the castle, where her father gently chid me for my long absence, but attributed it to the loss of my companion. After breakfast I bade Elvina adieu, and with a heavy heart returned home. Alas! that heaviness was but a presage of my having seen her for the last time.

"When I arrived at the house, I found my uncle boiling with rage and indignation against me; and so vehement was his passion, that it was sometime ere I could discover the cause. At length he informed me, that he had overheard my conversation at the temple in the morning, that he had long suspected my motives for visiting at the castle, and had taken that method to convince himself of my baseness—so he termed it. 'And now,' continued he, 'now that I am assured how ill a return you have made to all the kindness I have shown you, my house shall no longer afford shelter to one so very worthless; and should you again appear in this neighborhood, I shall not fail to make the baron acquainted with your artful designs on his daughter, who will, doubtless, take proper measures to prevent such a disgrace from falling on his family.'

"It was in vain I endeavored to convince him that I had never mentioned the subject to Elvina before, and that my latter resolutions, which I had taken that opportunity of acquainting her with, to account for my unusual absence from the castle—deserved more of praise than censure. He remained obstinately deaf to all that I could say, and, as it were, pre-determined not to be convinced.

"At length, irritated in my turn, 'I clearly see,' said I, 'you only seek occasion to dismiss me from your house. If that is your intention, you have given yourself unnecessary trouble. A single intimation of your will would at any time have been sufficient. For my part, I only regret I have so long meanly submitted and made myself a slave to your caprice. Yet do not call me ungrateful. Something whispers me, I am not at all indebted to you for what I have hitherto received.' He started, and looked wildly, asked me 'what I meant.' ''Tis no matter,' I replied, 'for were you now to make me an offer of all you possess to remain longer, I would reject it with scorn.'

"Confusion overspread his countenance. He eagerly sought an explanation; but without answering him I arose in haste and quitted the house, overcome with the variety of emotions which together assailed my heart. I went immediately to the summer-house; there, as I did not dare to trust myself with another interview. I left a note for Elvina, giving her an account of the circumstances that had happened since I saw her, and bidding her, I feared, an eternal adieu.

"From the mean selfish disposition which my uncle had on all occasions exhibited, I was led to conclude that he would never have undertaken the care of my education, and the consequent expense, unless something adequate had been left for the purpose by my father, and the emotion he betrayed when I hinted at it, was a striking confirmation of my conjectures.

"I have little recollection of the remaining events of that day. I wandered about, half distracted, till night obliged me to seek shelter at a miserable mountain cottage, where, on a bed of straw I watched through the tedious night. The next morning, with little refreshment, I again betook myself to wandering, without any plan in view, and entirely heedless of the way. At length I reached a wild chain of mountains. These with difficulty I ascended, and from the summit beheld only a widely extended barren country. I then descended towards the plain, following the tracks of the shepherds. A tempestuous night came quickly on, and by mere chance I at length discovered the castle, where weary and fatigued, I took up my abode for the night.

"Of the subsequent events you are already informed. I have been purposely circumstantial in thus detailing the occurrences of my life, that you might be thoroughly convinced the assassin had mistaken his object. In so doing I fear I have trespassed too much on your patience, and wearied you by a relation altogether uninteresting."

Giraldus ceased; and Lord Albert having politely thanked him for the trouble he had taken, they parted for the evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOTHER'S WELCOME TO HER NEW-BORN INFANT.

We'come, little pilgrim stranger—
Feeble, helpless, as thou art;
Entering in a world of danger—
Welcome to a mother's heart!

Here, though heir to wealth or splendor,
You must take a pilgrim's fare;
'Tis the best that earth can render
To her sighing sons of care.

Here, tempest, clouds and whirlwind threaten
Oft to shroud in moonless night;
Yet here thy Maker's placed a beacon,
Pointing to a world of light!

Welcome, therefore, little stranger!
Come, perform thy destined part;
Soar above terrestrial danger—
Thus rejoice a mother's heart!

LOSS AND GAIN.

Dr. Payson, in his dying hours, said he could have saved himself much trouble in life, if he had only believed that the Saviour's presence was enough to fill him with joy, if all earthly comforts were taken away. He found it so in sickness, but could not quite believe it in health. A poor, simple man, with none of Payson's imagination or fancy, once said, in a similar spirit, with his dying words, "I have lost all my property; I have lost all my relatives; my last son is dead; I have lost all my hearing and eyesight; I am all alone, old and poor; but it makes no difference; Christ never grows old; Christ never is poor; Christ never dies; and Christ never will forsake me."

A VERY FREE TRANSLATION.

Never was French better translated into plain Saxon than in the story which was told of an old-fashioned couple who received a card of invitation to dinner from much gayer folks than themselves. At the bottom of the card was the then new R. S. V. P. This puzzled the worthy pair. It might puzzle us in these days, although most of us are a little better acquainted with the French—"Respondez, s'il vous plait," (answer if you please.) The old gentleman took a nap upon it, from which he was awakened by his helpmate, who said, after shaking him up, "My love, I have found it out; R. S. V. P. means—Remember Six Very Punctual."

EXTRAORDINARY IGNORANCE.

The Douai journals relate an extraordinary instance of ignorance in a village near that town. A physician called a few days ago to prescribe for the sick child of a peasant woman, and ordered a warm bath. "What is a bath?" said she. "Heat some water in your pot on the fire, and put the child into it." A few minutes later a neighbor entered, and found that the woman had put the child into the pot with the water, and had placed the little creature on the fire, which she was diligently stirring up! Of course the neighbor rescued the child from the horrible fate with which it was threatened.

Be more ready to love than to hate; so shalt thou be loved by more than hate thee.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

Mr. Hewett gives the following interesting anecdote of the Duke of Portland:

The Duke found that one of his tenants, a small farmer, was falling year after year into arrears of rent. The steward wished to know what was to be done. The Duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was really an experienced and industrious farmer, totally unable to manage it through poverty. In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears. "John," says the Duke, as the farmer came to meet him, as he rode up to the house, "I want to look over the farm a little." As they went along, "Really," said he, "everything is in a bad state. This wont do. I see you are quite under it. All your stock and crops wont pay the rent in arrear. I will tell you what I must do; I must take the farm into my own hands. You shall look after it for me, and I will pay you your wages." Of course there was no saying nay, and the poor man bowed assent. Presently there came a reinforcement of stock, and then loads of manure, at the proper time seed, and wood from the plantations for repairing gates and buildings. The Duke rode over frequently. The man exerted himself, and seemed really quite relieved by the change. Crops and stocks flourished, fences and buildings were put into order. In two or three rent days it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was paying its way. The Duke, on his next visit, said, "Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again. You shall be tenant again; and, as you now have your head fairly above water, I hope you will be able to keep it there." The Duke then rode off at his usual rate. The man stood in astonishment; but a happy fellow he was when, on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm, just as it stood in its restored condition. I will venture to say, however, that the Duke was the happier man of the two.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity that she cried out—

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of the bed-place, drew his sword, and, pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She instantly answered "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know that this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember, I know in whom I believe, and that He holds the winds in his fists, and the water in the hollow of his hands."

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.

The following powerful, elegant, and classic appeal was made in a court of justice, somewhere in the West, by one of the learned heads of the bar: "Gentlemen of the jury, do you think my client, who lives in a pleasant valley where the land is rich, and the soil is fertile, would be guilty of stealing eleven little skeins of cotton! I guess not—I reckon not—I calculate not. And I guess, gentlemen of the jury, that you had better bring my client in not guilty, for if you convict him, he and his son John will lick the whole of you."

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IN RUIN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

It stands there on the green hillside,
Dressed in wild roses like a bride;
And round its chimneys old elm trees
Whisper their songs and drop their leaves;—
A low, brown house, with windows tall,
And nooks where ghostly shadows fall.

The roses bloom, and mottled pinks
Crowd round the ruined fountain brinks,
Kissing decay with crimson lips—
Putting the gloom in gay eclipse!
But no fair hands of happy girls
Gather the flowers to deck their curls.

I cross the stile, and sit me down
Upon the door-step, bare and brown;
I call aloud a gentle word—
Name of a sweet-voiced singing bird:
Where dwells she now?—what regions hold
Her with her hair of living gold?

I call and listen—empty sounds
Of empty halls and empty grounds
Grate on the air and stun the ears,
Like means the pale death-watcher hears;
While the red robin, with a cry,
Flies startled up against the sky.

There's moss upon the wide door-sill,
And silence broods there dark and chill;
Where are those gay feet wandering
That once made these old chambers ring?
O, where away in realms of bliss?
Echo replies—"*Acropolis!*"

Three tombstones out on yonder lea—
One coral grave deep in the sea—
A nameless mound in Indian sands—
A sleep of heart and rest of hands;—
A winter's rest, where Death is king,
Waiting the resurrection Spring.

ALFRED, THE GIPSY.

BY PROF. J. H. INGRAHAM.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER IV.

NEAR the close of a London season, four years after the events related in the last chapter, a party of visitors were one morning lounging listlessly through the magnificent rooms of the Royal Academy, when they came to a group of persons who were commenting in the highest terms of encomium, on a picture before which they stood.

"What truth of coloring!"

"What exquisite finish to that hand, laid over the bosom!"

"And those uplifted eyes, are they not eloquent with prayer and love?"

"'Tis a Titian, I think, by the manner," remarked a fourth person.

"A copy only, sir. I know who the painter is," said an old connoiseur, decidedly.

"Who is it?" inquired several voices.

"He is called Alfred, and is said to be a gipsy," was the reply.

"What, the same extraordinary youth, with whose praise all London is ringing?" asked an amateur. "Well he deserves the praises that are lavished upon him."

The party just spoken of, consisting of the Earl of Linton and his daughter, Lady Caldwallader and others, now came near this group, and arrested by their conversation, stopped to survey the picture. It was the Madonna that they had seen on the student's easel, years before in Rome. Lady Laura Linton cast but a simple glance at the painting, when with a cry of joy she threw herself on her father's shoulder, and burst into tears. Lord Linton recognized the picture, and with a quick penetration, divined her emotion, while Lady Eleanor Caldwallader said pointedly,

"Was I not right, uncle, when I said that this picture was the cause of cousin Laura's pale cheek and drooping health?"

The group about the picture were too much occupied with it to notice this by-scene, or were so well-bred, as to affect not to perceive it.

"Laura, my dear, we will descend to the carriage," said the earl tenderly, as she raised her head, and dashed the tears away from her eyes.

The maiden, instead of replying, suddenly seized his hand and directed it towards a picture, a little to theright of the Madonna. He started at beholding a vivid representation of the scene in Rome—the portrait of Laura in the chariot was not to be mistaken, so faithfully had the painter done his work; while the likeness of the student at the horse's head was drawn to the life.

"He remembered me then," murmured the gentle invalid, as she suffered herself to be led away by the earl, who made no other comment than a frown at this new discovery.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY the ensuing morning, the Earl of Linton drove to the Academy, and demanded of the keeper, the name and address of the painter of the two pieces, which he indicated.

"He is called Alfred, the Gipsy, my lord."

"He who has made so much noise in the world, for his picture of Cain?"

"The same, your lordship."

"Is he now in London?"

"He is, my lord."

"I will take his address."

In twenty minutes afterwards, the carriage of the nobleman drew up at the entrance of a narrow court, where he alighted, and after descending a few steps, came to a door, which, by a flight of carpeted stairs communicated with a spacious room on the first floor. In this room, which was plainly hung with green cloth, relumed by a few valuable old pictures and one or two more recent works, stood at his easel a fine looking young man, with an exceedingly dark complexion, on whose noble features dwelt a cloud of settled melancholy. It was the young painter of Rome, known as "Alfred, the Gipsy," who, after three years wandering in Italy, had opened a studio in London, and already, by the unaided efforts of his own genius and industry, placed his name with honorable mention, in the mouths of all men. The picture before him was the Madonna of Titian, not the copy, but the original, of which, before leaving Italy he had succeeded in getting possession. He was gazing on it with a look between that of a reverential worshipper and an adoring lover. Suddenly he heard a footstep in his room, and looking up, he beheld and recognized the nobleman, so intimately connected with her who at that moment shared his thoughts The recognition was mutual.

In a few courteous words, Lord Linton expressed his regret at the long interval he had suffered to elapse before the opportunity, which now presented itself had been met with, to thank him for the service he had rendered himself and family in rescuing his child from a dreadful death; and informed him of the numerous inquiries that had been made after him in Rome to no purpose; "and," he added, "having a few days since returned to England, after a long residence in the south of Europe, I accidentally met with a picture in the Royal Academy, which is so closely associated with yourself, that, confident you must be in London, I obtained your address and hastened at once hither that I might finally release myself from the debt of gratitude your gallantry has imposed on me. Permit me, sir, with my expression of thanks, to offer you at the same time, not as a compensation or reward, but as a further proof of my grateful consideration, the enclosed check for £1000."

"The young painter bowed, while he said respectfully, "My life is not bought, my lord. I need no reward. I never gaze on this picture that I am not thanked; and each hour of my existence I am blessed with the consciousness that the lovely personification of this prophetic picture of Titian's before me lives and is happy."

The old noble walked to the front of the easel to look at the picture, and his face glowed as he beheld the miraculous likeness of his daughter. His aristocratic pride could not endure that one so humble should possess, too plainly as fuel to his daring passion, the picture of his high-born child, and this feeling overcoming his gratitude, he resolved to possess the portrait.

"Young man, you presume too far on the power your art gives you, and take, methinks, undue advantage of an accidental resemblance, found in this copy from an oil painting. It is prostrating your god-like art to the lowest uses. The possession of this picture under the circumstances connected with it, is a moral theft—a sort of forgery that no honorable man will uphold—no honest man be guilty of. You will oblige me by either destroying this picture, or placing it in my keeping. I will become its purchaser at your own price."

"My lord, it is not to be bought. It is dear to me as life!" he replied with animation.

"How, sir! Remember, young painter, it is a portrait of my daughter—of Lady Laura Linton, you speak! Beware, sir Gipsy!"

"Hear me, my lord," said the young man, addressing the offended noble in a voice so respectful in its tone, yet so earnest, that he could not refuse to listen, "hear me and then judge me! I *am* a painter—a *gipsy* if you will—but in my bosom throbs a heart warm as that which beats in the breast of his majesty. That heart is noble—its feelings noble—its hopes, wishes, all that constitute it, I feel it noble—it is a *human* heart, my lord! in a word it is a man's heart, and as a man I love. The object of my passion is your daughter."

"Ha!"

"Patiently, my lord! I have but thrice seen her and have never yet spoken with her—yet I love her, for she is a woman, though an earl's daughter. But the canons of social order place her as far above me, as the Madonna before me. I have, therefore, chastened my deep love, and wedded it to my faith, and worship a heavenly and earthly divinity both at the same time in this seraphic face. Be not offended, my lord; my thoughts are not less holy, whether I see in it for the moment, Lady Laura Linton, or Mary, the Virgin. In fine, my lord, vain love has grown into a religion, and in the likeness of your daughter I behold only a divinity. Ask me not, then, to part with it, my lord. Let me not be denied the happiness of adoring a far off, her I may not love present. Let me be blessed with the ideal presence of her whom birth and fortune have placed forever beyond my possession. It can give no offence to thee—she will never know of my humble love! Refuse me not this prayer, my lord!"

He stood before the earl, with a look so eloquently pleading—so modest, yet so earnest, that the nobleman, already moved by this singular appeal to his feelings, suddenly grasped him by the hand and was about to speak, when, as if emotion had overcome him, and he feared to trust his voice, he signed towards the picture with a gesture of assent. For a few seconds afterwards he paced in silence, and then turning to the painter, said:

"I know not what to make of you, young sir! We have so often and so singularly met—your strange appellation—your genius, courage, ambition and romantic character—all mark you as no ordinary person. You speak English like a native; yet in your pronunciation of some words, there is something, I know not what, that is foreign—and your complexion, too! Are you English or Italian?"

"I am a Gipsy, my lord!"

"Ah, true! An English Gipsy. This accounts for your swarthy hue!"

"Yet I believe, my lord, that I am an Englishman by birth."

"How!"

"It is my impression, from the early passages in my memory, that I must have been stolen from my parents!"

"Indeed. You interest me! What do you remember!"

"Though almost all of the recollections are of gipsy life, I feel very confident of having once lived in another sphere. But until my fifteenth year, excepting a very hasty period of childhood, I was a gipsy. At this age, a bachelor gentleman in Sussex, taking a fancy to me, as we were encamped near his house, enticed me from the tribe, and put me to school. Three years afterwards he was thrown from his horse and killed; and there being no provision left for me, he having made no will, I was cast upon my fortunes. I sought London, and having had from boyhood, a taste for rude sketching, I offered my services to a portrait painter, who, finding I exhibited some talent, offered to become my master, while his instructions I was to repay, by doing the drudge work of the profession. I remained with him nearly two years, when, inspired with a desire to visit the great school of art in Italy, I left England with only a few guineas in my pocket, and on foot travelled from Calais to Rome, where, in the gallery of the cardinals you soon afterwards met me."

"What recollection have you of a horrid prison to your gipsy associations?" asked the earl, after a few moments' reflection.

"An impression, like the relics of a pleasant dream, dwells upon my earliest memory, (but I cannot say that I may not readily have dreamed it all,) of costly furniture and gorgeous halls, and servants in liveries of gold and blue, among which my infancy seems to have been passed. I certainly remember the face of a lovely and elegant female, bent close to mine; and to this moment, her image is never revived, without bringing with it, the impulse to say "mother." If, my lord, I were to represent on canvas the ideal of "mother"—a pictorial hieroglyphic of the word, I should instinctively paint that face as the symbol."

"Do you recollect it then, so visibly!" Transfer it to canvas if you have the skill to do it, and it may lead to the discovery of your birth."

"Often have I done it on the bark of the beech-tree, with the walnut juice, with which the gipsies dye the skins of those who join them, and with which my face and hands are stained—the rest of my body being fair, a proof that I am not of gipsy blood, my lord!"

"Ah! it is a strong, nay, convincing proof! You must paint the picture."

"I will do it, my lord, but have little hopes of its being useful to me."

A few more unimportant questions were asked by the earl, who, then rising, expressed the interest his story had awakened, and promising his aid, whenever he should require it, towards ascertaining his parentage, took his leave.

Left alone, the young painter paced his room with a fevered step. His thoughts run into the channel the late conversation had opened for them, and he tasked his memory to its utmost, to bring vividly back to his mind its first impressions.

"If I could yet prove my birth—but no—I may be only a country gentleman's son—and this would not bring me near her! Oh, untoward fate and fortune, thou hast placed my love so high, that even hope cannot reach her."

As he walked, memory went upward to his childhood, step by step, and brought before him a scene, which, from a thousand associations, he knew must have been the haunt of his early years. He called to mind an old tower, perched on a wooded hill, with a stone bridge arching a foaming torrent beneath. Beside the bridge was a vine-clad cottage, and, not far below it, a church with a peculiar spire: still farther beyond were the roofs of a village; and towering over all, rose a noble castle, and in the back ground was a chain of blue hills, rising here and there into a peak. The whole he seemed to view from the bridge. Every object in the scene was painted on the retina of early memory, with the distinctness of present vision.

"This, my heart tells me," he said, as he paced the floor, "this is my birth-place! I remember it all! How it all comes back to memory! It was in that cottage I lived. I was a foster child—I had a foster brother, too—I remember it all so vividly! In yonder castle lived my fathers! Oh, memory, blessed memory, I thank thee! I remember it all! I am no outcast!"

For a few seconds he gave wing to the feelings of the moment, and then, as if checked by some startling reflection, he stood still and groaned aloud.

"Alas, alas! what avails this light, which, after years of darkness and of ignorance, Heaven has permitted to break in upon me. I know not in what part of England, if in England at all, (yet it is an English scene,) it is situated. An outcast and nameless, I still am. Wretched, wretched!"

He threw himself on a chair, and burying his face in his hands, remained for a long time, silent and gloomy. All at once he sprung from his seat, placed fresh canvas on the easel—seized his palette and brush, and began to paint with a rapidity and energy, that seemed as if he feared that the image that he was transferring from his brain would fleet away, ere he could impress it indelibly upon the canvas. Like magic, a lovely landscape grew beneath his skilful touches, and ere twilight was lost in the darkness of night, he had produced on the canvas, a picture of the scene that memory had painted on his brain.

CHAPTER VI.

"HAVE you seen the mysterious painting?" was the salutation with which acquaintances greeted each other, at a fashionable party, a few evenings after the interview that had taken place between the Earl of Linton, and Alfred, the Gipsy.

"How very odd, is'nt it?" said a very dressy lady, fanning herself with a peacock's tail.

"'Tis said he takes this method to learn his birth-place," remarked a spare gentleman near her, who alternately sipped an ice and wiped with a cambric broidered handkerchief, his bald forehead.

"And does he really offer five hundred pounds

to whomsoever will recognise it, and identify it with any natural scene!" asked a brisk little gentleman in black, with a calculating eye and thin lips.

"Indeed he does," responded the lady with the fan, "and thousands have been to see it already."

"Have you been to see it, Lady Grosse?"

"No," was the reply, with a toss of the head; "I fear they might think I wanted to get the £500."

"Which would not be very far from the truth," whispered a tall, stately old maid, who wanted fine ancestors, to her near neighbor. "Her father was a grocer!"

"Hum!" was the significant reply, and the group separated.

It was true, all London was a-stir with the singular announcement that had been made, the morning after he had completed his picture, by the young painter, "that the sum of £500 sterling should be given to any individual who would identify a landscape painting, to be seen at his rooms, with any known spot in Great Britain, or elsewhere."

Thousands flocked to his studio, and thronged around the painting, which was placed on the easel in the centre of the room, in a position that exposed it to the best light. Day after day brought multitudes of every degree, from the humblest artizan to the noblest in the land; and day after day passed by, without any recognition of the painting. In vain the artist watched for the appearance of the Linton party—not that he looked to them for a discovery; but that, perchance, he might once more see the object of his hallowed love. But the earl had left for one of his seats in the north, the day following his visit to the studio, and in the retirement of the country knew not of the means taken by the youth to learn the secret of his birth. But not so his daughter and niece. The gossip of the journals which he scarcely glanced at, in seeking political news, was eagerly perused by them, and they were not long in ignorance of the reward offered, and of its object. Lady Laura had heard his story from her father, and it need not be said that her interest in him was strengthened; nor will it surprise the female reader to learn, that a few days afterwards there appeared an additional offer, from an unknown source, of five hundred pounds, making the whole sum one thousand pounds; nor will it be very difficult, though it perplexed the modest young painter to do so, to discover the fair hand from which it originated—which hand, at the same time, enclosed a bill for the additional sum. But success seemed as far off as before.

Finally the patience of the young artist was weakened by disappointment, and began to prepare his mind, fortifying it with his best philosophy, to submit to his untoward destiny.

"I will let it remain on the easel for this day longer, and then, with the setting sun, sets my star of hope forever."

Late in the day on which he came to this resolution, he was alone in his studio, standing before the picture which had excited so much curiosity, listlessly touching it here and there with his pencil, adding to different parts as memory suggested, when the door opened and a clown, dressed in a coarse frock and trousers, with a cart-whip in his hand, thrust in his curly head. After gazing about a few seconds, as if doubtful of his ground, he advanced his shoulders, and then protruded into the room his whole body. The painter watched his motions with amused curiosity, and waited for him to make known his business.

"Be this ye place whar ye grand picture be?"

"There it is," said the artist, with an impatient gesture, for his patience had often been tried by dull persons of his degree, who, tempted by so large a reward, had in great numbers visited his room.

"I coom'd up to Lon'on with ye wagon, thee sees, measter, and hearin' from John Ostler 'bout this pictur', I thought I'd coom an' take a look on't; for a thousan' pounds been coom at every day, measter."

"Look and be speedy," he said, hastily; "in five minutes the picture will be removed."

With the air of one cautiously approaching a lion, he walked round in front of the picture, its position on the easel being such as to present its edge to one entering, and placing himself before it with his arms akimbo, began to stare at it with a knowing, consequential air. But scarcely had his eyes taken in the scene, when they opened to their full width, and a beam of intelligence lighted up his stolid countenance. He thrust his neck out, then drew it in; approached and retreated; surveyed it to the right and then to the left; looked through his fist at a distance, and then almost touched the canvas with his nose, as if, (it appeared) to be certain of a resemblance that he detected. At length he seemed to be convinced; for suddenly clapping his hands, and emitting a loud whistle, he stooped down in the attitude of one looking through a telescope, or a key-hole, with a hand, one of which contained his cart-whip, the other his hat, resting on each knee, and in this position began to scan it in detail, and speaking to himself, while growing surprise and delight were visible on every feature.

"There be mither's cottage, by jimini! and there's the old apple-tree above the bridge I'se clumb mony a time; and there's the old haunted tower on the hill, and yonder his lordship's castle; and if there beent the stone church whar I was christened, and ayont it, the village whar—"

The young painter who had detected the incipient signs of recognition, and received new life with each word he uttered, stood by him as he was speaking, his palette extended in one hand and his pencil in the other, like a statue of surprise, while his fine countenance was illuminated with the radiance of the newly-risen hope.

"Hold! enough!" he cried, dashing his palette to the floor, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the young countryman; "what tower? what lord? what village, and church?"

"Feck, measter, thee dost put thy questions thick as hedge-berries. Its mither's cottage and the parson's church—don't I know 'em?"

"But the name of the village?"

"Deil a name I knaws else."

"Nor that of the castle."

"It's his lord-hip's, sure."

"But who is his lordship—quickly?"

"It's my lord, he is."

"But his title?"

"Anan."

In vain did he he question him closer. The peasant could only tell that the castle belonged to "his lordship." He reflected a moment. The evidence of the clown was strong; for it was plain from his countenance, when he made the recognition, that it was without premeditation, and perfectly natural, and not a trick to impose upon him. He resolved to act upon it, and instantly his course was taken.

"Do you know the road to this village and castle?"

"That I do, measter, every inch on't."

"When do you go back?"

"In ye mornin', I'm doubtin'."

"With your wagon?"

"Yes, measter."

"Leave your wagon at the inn; I will be chargeable for your horse's keeping. Take post with me to-night, and guide me to the place you seem to have recognized. Do you not know even the county it is in?"

"Summer'shire,"

"And how far?"

"Forty-five miles, or so."

"Show me the spot, and I will pay you the one thousand pounds."

"Doon," said the clown.

CHAPTER VII.

An hour before the sun set on the day he left London, with the young countryman by his side, the painter drew up with smoking horses before the small inn of a pretty hamlet in Sommersetshire.

"And this is the village?" he asked his companion, as he alighted.

"It be, zur, and yonder's the lane to mither's, up by the bridge."

"Landlord, the name of this village?"

"Merwin, your honor."

"And yonder castle?"

"The Earl of Cadwallader's seat."

"Thank you. Lead the way to the cottage."

These last words were addressed to the young peasant, who, striding on before, led him through a wooded lane, from which opened an extensive and lovely prospect—a genuine English landscape made up of river and park, castle and village, tower and hamlet. He gave but a single glance and fell on his knees with his face to the earth.

"It is—it is—my own native home!" Before him he beheld spread out, the identical scene—the cottage in the foreground—the tower, crowning a hill on his right—the lordly pile, which he now knew to be Cadwallader Castle; with the village, river, spire and distant range of blue hill—one and all just as he had pointed them.

He rose to his feet, and without speaking, from the fullness of his heart, preceded the peasant along a narrow gravel-walk which led to the cottage, following each winding with a rapid and familiar footstep.

"I remember every stone—every tree, as if I had last seen them only yesterday," he said, as he walked along.

In the door of the cottage sat a respectable elderly dame, knitting. Looking up at his step, she hospitably invited him to enter.

"Walk in, sir, walk in! Ah, son Will, you're home soon, lad," she added, descrying her son behind; "So you have brought a stranger from Lon'on."

"He brought me mither. We coom'd in a four horse coach."

"Hoit, ye're a crankie, lad. What have the likes of you to do in a four horse coach? Mind your own wagon and think not o' any thing above it."

"My good dame," said the young man, "if there is blame any where it lies with me. Permit me to put a few questions to you?"

"Take a seat, sir, take a seat. Will, give his honor a chair. Yes, sir, I will try and answer them to my best. Well, now."

"Oh, how memory rushes upon me! Methinks I am at home here. Her voice sounds like one familiar—all I see and hear is associated with my earliest impressions! Her spectacles seem like old friends. Oh, that my wishes and hopes may be realized! Wretched indeed, should I be, to be disappointed now!" Such were the thoughts that filled his mind as he asked with a hesitating voice, "Were you ever a foster-mother?"

"Alack-a day! Ah, your honor has come to open an old wound in my poor heart! Indeed I have been, sir."

"To whose child?"

"My lord's!"

"What lord?"

"Cadwallader, who lives in the castle yonder. Poor nobleman he has not smiled since."

"Since when? Speak, I pray you."

"Why, your honor, I had his only son to nurse, and he being delicate, I kept him after he was weaned, till he was five years old; for they liked to have him play about with my boy, Will, here, who was the same age. They wanted to make him hardy, you must know, and so I brought 'em both up alike, letting his lordship run here and there as he would, jist as if he had been my own."

"Well."

"Well, your honor. Ah, woe's me! One day he went out alone to gather apples from the old tree by the bridge, (for he could climb to its very top, he had got so brave and stout,) and not coming home to his breakfast, I felt anxious about him and went to seek him. But—"

"But from that day to this you have not seen his face."

"It's the dear truth, your honor. The gentles feared he had fallen from the bridge, and the river was searched in vain. But I thought—"

"What thought you?"

"That the Gipsies had stolen him."

"Should you know him if he were living?"

"Know him, the dear child! I would know him a hundred years hence—his sweet smile, curly hair and rosy, fat cheeks!"

"But time would soon change these. Had he any natural mark by which he might be recognized?"

"Two of them, your honor."

"What were they?"

"A strawberry and leaf on his neck below the right ear, and the scar of my steel watch-key here, which, having fallen into the grate he drew it out while red hot, and left the print on the palm and inside the fingers of his left hand. He was just four, the day he did it!"

The young painter removed his cravat with a trembling hand and palpitating heart."

"Is that like the strawberry and leaf, good mother; and," he added, spreading open his left hand, "is this the impress of the key?"

As he spoke he displayed the marks she had described; the strawberry on his neck, and the visible shape of a watch-key burned into the skin of his left palm. She looked first at one and then at the other, bewildered between doubt and joy; then gazed a moment scrutinizingly into his features, till by degrees she saw confessed before her, the express image of her foster-boy. With a cry of joy she extended her arms—

"It is Alfred, my foster child—God has given him to me again." Thus speaking, she sunk into the embrace that was open to receive her.

CONCLUSION.

A few words will finish our story. The proper steps were taken to prove the identity of "Alfred, the Gipsy," with the lost heir of Cadwallader, both by the young painter himself, and the Earl of Linton, The chief of the gipsy horde was sought after and found, and confessed having stolen the child, knowing it to be the son of the Earl of Cadwallader, and further, that the painter and that child was one and the same. Notwithstanding Alfred's industry in collecting evidence, his delicacy restrained him from visiting Cadwallader Castle, to seek an interview with its broken-hearted lord. But now with the proof in his own hand, to which he added the portrait of his mother taken from memory, he was conveyed thither in the carriage of Lord Linton, who accompanied him in person and presented him to the Duke. No sooner had the noble placed his eyes upon him than, waving all other evidences, except those of a father's heart, he rushed towards him, embraced him, and acknowledged him as his son.

"God has written upon his face the lineaments of his mother. My son, my son!"

"My brother!" and the arms of the beautiful and haughty lady Eleanor, were also entwined around him.

In a few months afterwards, Alfred, the Gipsy, now Lord Cadwallader, led to the altar, Laura, the lovely daughter of the proud Earl of Linton; Eleanor Cadwallader being one of the bride's-maids, and so did the love of the noble maiden for the poor painter meet with its due reward.

A HOTEL SCENE.

Our friend C—— L——, of the "Swamp," tells a capital story of the witty and renowned Blossom, of Blossom's Hotel, Canandaigua, at one time, while he kept it—when he was alive he was the prince of hosts and the delight of his guests—the first hotel of all the western towns.

There was an old fellow, a good deal of a bore, who used to frequent his house, and occasionally worm himself into dinner, where his conversation was not always timely, and not seldom obtrusive.

One day Blossom had received from New York some very large, fine lobsters, and had served them up to one or two friends sitting at his favored end of the table. Among them came in also our obtrusionist. He had had the misfortune to lose all his teeth except a long eye-tooth, that stood sentinel at the corner of his cavernous mouth.

"What *is* them red things, Blossom?" he asked.

"Lobsters," replied the host. "Did you never see a lobster before? They are the finest eating in the world. Try that leg!"

Here he gave him a huge claw, and told him to go to work upon *that!*"

He put one end of it his mouth, and began to mumble it over, without making any very great progress.

"How do you like it?" said Blossom, who, with his friends, were ready to split their sides with laughing. (They had helped themselves to some other dish, and were waiting for their portion of lobster.)

"Can't tell yet," said the other. "How do you eat the cussed thing, any how?"

"Oh, eat it right down," said Blossom; "never mind the bones!"

By this time, the man with his one sharp tooth, had succeeded in drilling a hole through to the meat. Having established *suction*, as Blossom saw, he asked him again:

"Well, how do you like it now?"

"Wal," he replied, "it is pretty hard eatin', but *I kinder like the peth on't*"

"It didn't need the roar that followed this to satisfy the victim that the *pith* of the whole matter was that he had been badly "sold."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON MATRIMONY.

"They used to be punished three weeks beforehand," said Mrs. Partington, looking as much like a chronological table as possible, "and had their names cried in church three times and stuck up in the entry, so that every one could see that there was nothing in the way of their being married, but now they get out a license, and all the punishment comes afterwards, and the crying too, for that matter. I don't know about this licentious way of marrying, and we can't tell; but heaven knows there was always enough of it, and the marrying by license won't help it any, depend upon it." She had evidently got out of her depth, and some one kindly informed her of the nature of the marriage license, after which she put up her knitting to read what St. Paul said about it. Ike sat upon the floor mending his skate strap with one of the old lady's best forks.—*Gazette.*

MARRIAGE.

In choice of wife prefer the modest chaste,
Lilies are fair in show, but foul in smell,
The sweetest looks by age are soon defaced,
Then choose thy wife by wit and loving well.
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withal,
Presents thee money mix'd with bitter gall

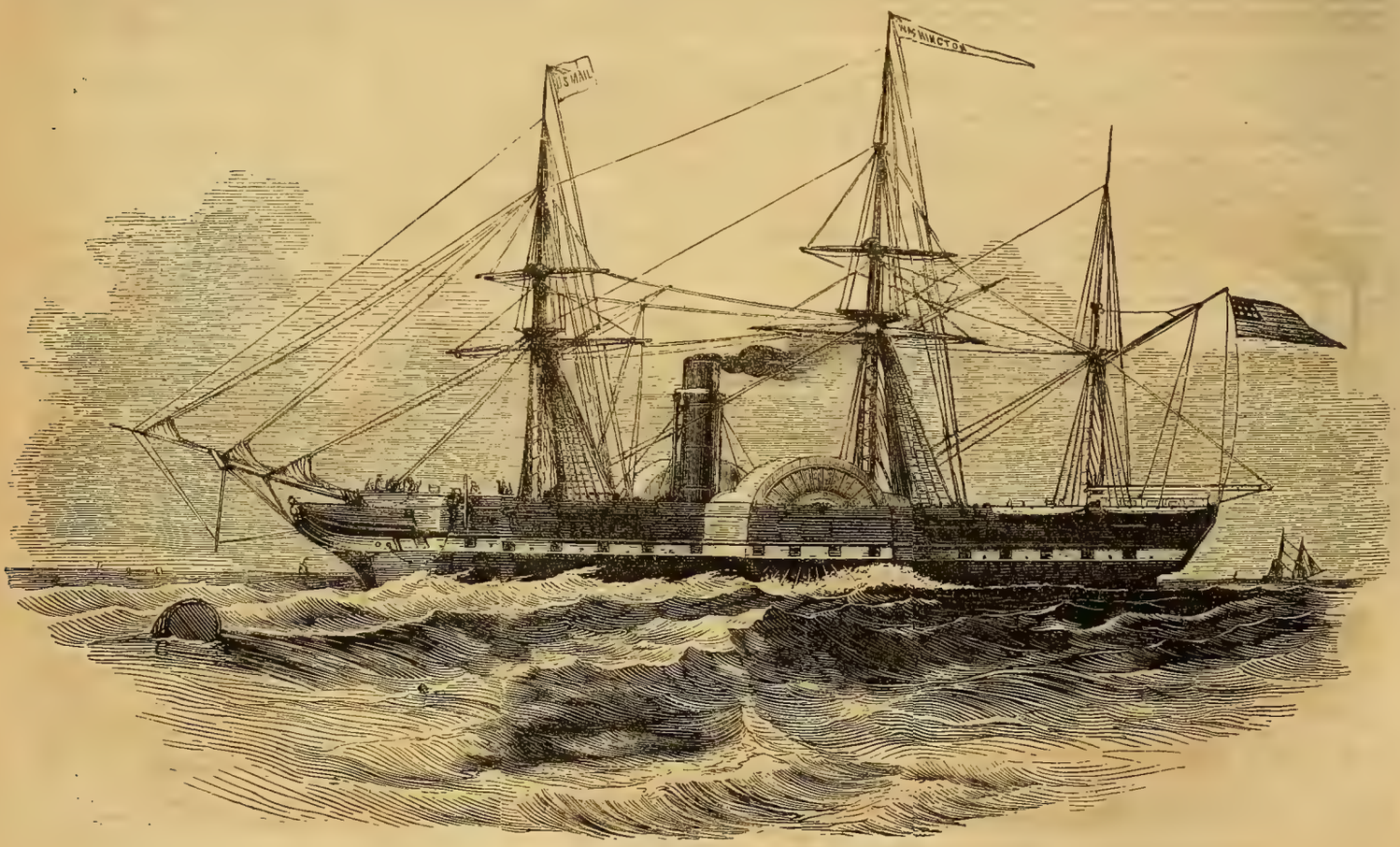
LORD MACAULAY.

The recent sudden death of this distinguished Englishman, illustrious alike as a statesman, an essayist, and a historian, gives fresh interest to an excellent likeness of his intellectual countenance. The health of Macaulay—for by that familiar name Americans best knew him—had been precarious for several years past; and his death at last was attributed to a disease of the heart. It occurred on the 25th of December. He was born in the year 1800, graduated at Cambridge in 1826, and was at once called to the bar. His first speech in parliament attracted so much attention to him that he was taken up by the whigs, who made the most of his rare and brilliant talents. Then he was again returned to parliament; accepted a lucrative appointment in the Supreme Council of India; returned after three years, rich; became secretary of war; and, finally, in 1840, was returned to parliament for the city of Edinburgh. At this time his literary productions were, for the first time, gathered up and published in America. The first two volumes of his History of England appeared in 1849, and met with a success such as no Hume or Gibbon had ever dreamed of. Two other volumes appeared soon after. The fifth and sixth have been talked about as ready for publication; but, even with them, his task will remain but a fragment, albeit a splendid one. He was raised to the House of Lords in 1857; and, dying without issue, his title expires with him. The brilliancy of his style as an essayist, together with his immense stores of information, will make him a wonder in English literature as long as it lasts. He has, in his History, combined a dry mass of facts with such consummate skill, and so clothed them with the reality of life and action, that the past is indeed reproduced, and we see the men of former days come back to us again. Macaulay, in this respect, has given a new tone to historical writing. He saw the need of telling the world the story, not of royal families, but of the people whom these families alone represented; and in this he has shown himself a creator—for, had he failed, it is doubtful if ever his theory, full of sense and genuine life as it is, would not have fallen into ridicule. His memory was the marvel of all who knew him. When he sat down in a circle to talk, he poured out streams of knowledge without end, so that even Sydney Smith once prayed, in his company, for a few "flashes of silence."

THE LATE THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

STEAMSHIP WASHINGTON.

This fine specimen of American naval architecture was built to ply on the line between New York and Bremen. She is of 2000 horse power, and measures 2000 tons, carpenter's measure. No finer ship of her class has been constructed; and though she never put forth any great pretensions to superior speed, she nevertheless performs her stormy journeys across the Atlantic in excellent time, and may be termed—what is particularly desirable in such craft—a reliable vessel on a regular line. She has tested her speed in ocean sailing, once, we believe, with the Brittania mail-steamer, both making the voyage from New York to Liverpool; and though the latter arrived out first, the Washington achieved a figure, in point of time, that did her no discredit. In fact, American builders of sea vessels, whether steamships or clippers, need borrow no fears of their fame's being eclipsed at present, in the matter of speed, by the English; for the well-known Collins line, unfortunate and unexpected as was its end, at least sufficed to show to the world that America was making long strides in the science of naval architecture, as she has been making in all other fields. Whether Congress ought to have sustained the line or not, it is not for us to argue; but the vast achievements of the Collins ships must remain as the standard, from which all other enterprises of the sort must make their start. They may, as vessels of a proud fleet, have struck their colors to necessity; but the spirit of their projectors still sails the seas, and we have hopes that our name will yet stand even higher than it stood before. It will do for John Bull to laugh at any kind of vessel built on this side the ocean, when he has first taken a new and searching look through the wretched, bumping, heels-over-head, bakers-oven tubs that ply from Dover to Calais, and between all other points on either shore of the English channel. We commend the Washington, as she plows her way along so majestically, to the admiration of our readers; and beg them to keep her build and bearing in mind, when they next see telegraphic intelligence—*By Steamship Washington.*

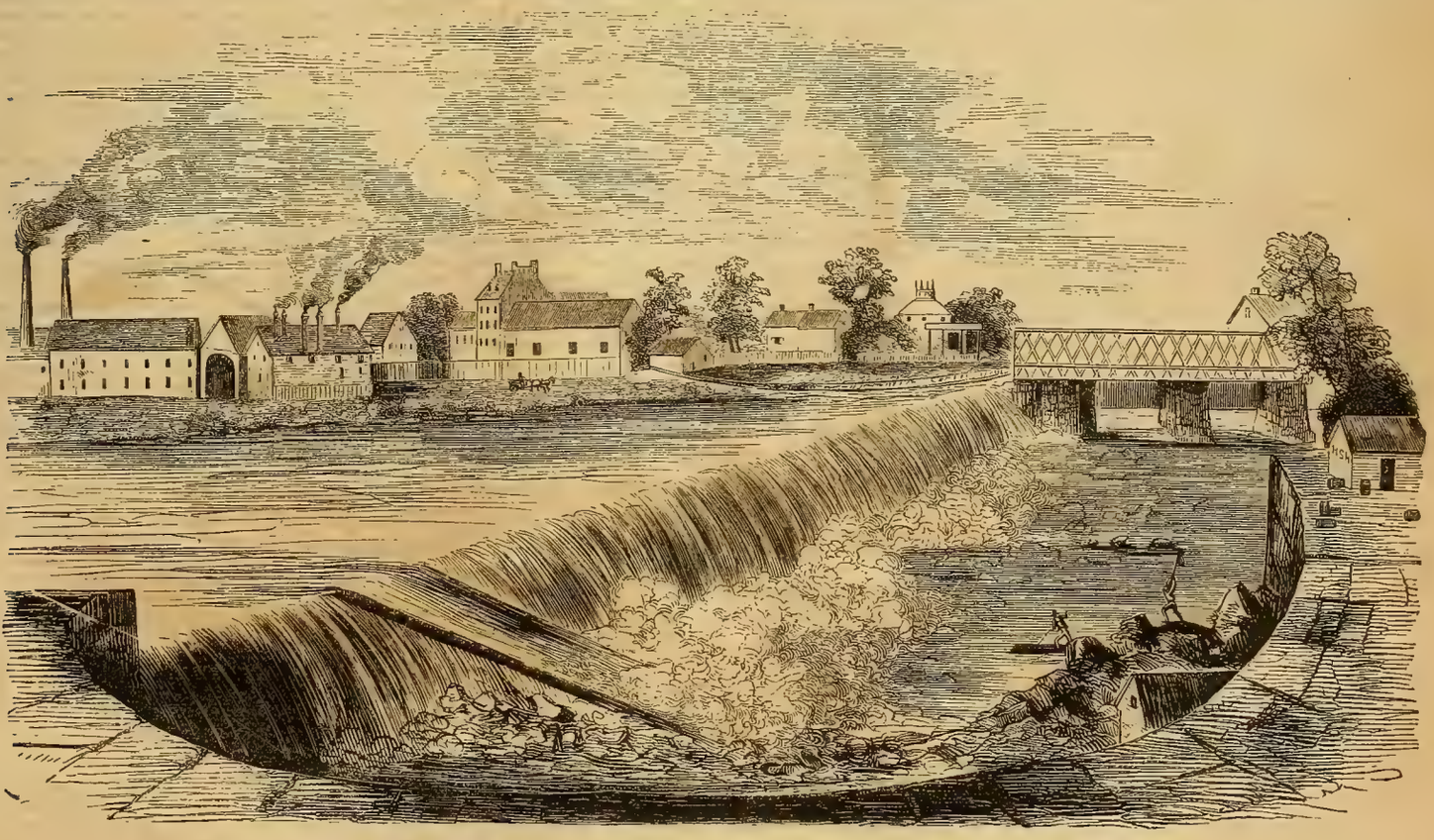


THE AMERICAN STEAMSHIP WASHINGTON.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF LAWRENCE, MASS.—AS SEEN FROM NORTH ANDOVER.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

The late appaling catastrophe in this beautiful and busy New England city, renders a general view of the place, and its immense water force, of universal interest. Lawrence was first incorporated in the year 1847, on the 17th day of April. On the 26th of the same month, the first town meeting was held, and one hundred and sixty-four voters were then present. Only three years and a half afterwards, the vote for governor summed up 911 names!—an almost unprecedented ratio of increase, especially in an interior town in New England. It is said that only sixteen years ago, there were not more than 75 people on the tract at present comprised within the town's limits; now they must exceed 12,000. What a wonderful growth in so short a time! A fine town hall, High school, and other public buildings furnish advantages for the people, not surpassed in cities of many times its size. An almost regular amphitheatre of hills shuts in the town, so that it seems to lie like a jewel in the very lap of nature. A public park, or common, consisting of seventeen and a half acres, is laid out in nearly the centre of it, to whose verdurous freshness in summer a fine frame-work of trees and shrubbery adds great beauty. There are two railroad stations in Lawrence, one at the north, and the other at the south end of the town; and the traveller who catches but a passing glimpse of the noble mills from the car windows, is not willing to let the impression thus hastily made upon him soon pass out of his memory. Lawrence was originally projected by a handful of men, as follows: Samuel Lawrence—from whom it takes its name—John Nesmith, Thomas Hopkinson, Josiah G. Abbott, and Daniel Saunders. The giant mills erected are called the Atlantic, Pacific, Bay State, and Essex; which latter subsequently changed owners and became the Pemberton mills, of whose fate the country has been already advised. The first view we furnish is of the city of Lawrence, as seen from North Andover, from which one gets a more practical idea of the outlines of the place, of its extent and promise of power, than if he were merely to look at a miscellaneous collection of factories, dwellings, shops and other buildings. There lies Lawrence, in the distance; it shows, at a glance, that it is already a place of vast resources. The other view is of the dam, a section of the massive masonry built to turn the stream into its wonted channel, and of a portion of the manufacturing establishments. And it may be said here, once for all, that no person who has not, even more than once, visited such gigantic works as are set and kept in motion at Lawrence and Lowell by the power of water, can form the least approximation to an idea of what these places are. He must feel the roar of the waters in his ears, and their deep base thunders in his heart. His brain must grow giddy with the whirl and lightning play of machinery of every conceivable kind. He must linger around the spot till he has struck a chord in his nature which can at any time be struck again. For these places are the wonders of our age and generation, and the fact is not to be put aside. It is not by our prowess in war that we prove ourselves great and powerful as a nation, but as we show ourselves able to develope the mighty resources, that slumber, undiscovered as yet perhaps, in the deeps of our national existence. A new city like Lawrence, projected by four or five men, and springing into existence with as much rapidity as if it had been evoked from the very bowels of the earth, by some Fortunatus, is one of the most conclusive and proud evidences we can furnish that we are a people of such native vigor and energy as has never yet been equalled on the face of the earth. We should all strive to be worthy of our noble endowments; and we shall have "acted well our part," when we feel assured that we have put our gifts to their highest uses.



VIEW OF THE FALLS, COTTON MILLS, FACTORIES, ETC., AT LAWRENCE. MASS.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

CHARADE.

BY W. SCOTT ABBOTT.

My first denotes what Jones and Smith—
The owners of the ferry—
Became, when they together bought
A new, well-painted wherry.

My second, grave, austere and meek,
My first seems bound to shun, sir,
And does not seem to care a fig
To know what's being done, sir.

My third, no matter when 'tis heard—
In fair or stormy weather—
Will scatter all my first abroad,
Or bring it all together.

My whole my first serves to amuse,
And gives to mirth and laughter
The hours my second spends in prayer
To light a dim hereafter.

[The intelligent reader will at once find the solution to be *Co-nun-drum*.]

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE CRUISER OF THE RED SEA.

A TALE OF ARABIAN LIFE AND MANNERS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

BEN-IDDEN'S SEARCH FOR HIS SISTER.

THE young men listened with an anxiety we shall not try to describe, but heard nothing except the closing of a dungeon's door, and the sound of retreating footsteps—all coming fainter and fainter on their ears, till they died away altogether.

A profound silence then succeeded.

"It was Zada," said Ledder. "The slave has brought her down from Lella's presence, perhaps trying to kiss her by the way. We will make haste and go and pay her an instant visit."

"Yes, I am in much haste to see her. Only tell me what to do, and I will work all I can."

"It is nothing—only a few loose fragments to knock out of the wall, and you had better leave it all to me."

He commenced removing the loose stones and mortar from the aperture he had made, taking care not to create any noise that might occasion detection. Ben-Idden sat silently by, thinking over the strange events by which he had been lately surrounded. It was not long before Ledder announced that the way was clear.

"You go first," he added, in the same whisper. "Keep your knife in your hand, ready to strike down any of those nigger-keepers who may chance to cross your way. Here—that's the way, close down to the floor. Don't be apprehensive—the hall is small, but you will be able to get through with a slight squeeze."

With the assistance his companion gave him, our hero was soon through the wall.

"Thanks to Allah!" he said, with a sigh of relief.

Ledder followed him with a quickness and ease which showed that his experience in the business had not been thrown away.

"Now, then," whispered Ledder, "if you will observe silence, I will take you directly to the cell where Zada is confined. Tread lightly, and keep close at my heels."

Ascending a pair of stone steps, and traversing a long and wide corridor, they reached a portion of the prison some distance from that wherein the guide had his quarters.

"This part of the palace," said Ledder, "has been all converted into a prison since the late outbreaks. There are quite a number of captives in here now, in the dungeons you see—or could, if your eyes were as accustomed to the darkness as mine—on every hand."

"But Zada's?"

"It is here!"

As he spoke he checked his own steps and those of his companion, at the same time tapping on the iron door of a cell and whispering:

"Zada!"

There was no response.

"Zada!" he called again, in as loud a tone as he dared to use.

Still only silence succeeded.

"Wait a moment," said Ledder, in an anxious voice. "I will take out the loose stones. Ha! they are already out, and the aperture all clear! Wait!"

He crept through the hole into the dungeon, and soon crept out again.

"She's gone!" he said.

"Gone?"

"But not out of the building. I am quite certain of that, as I never told her the route I had fixed upon for our final retreat."

A figure, barely discernible in the gloom, was seen stealing down the corridor some distance below.

"It's Zada," said Ledder, "and she thinks that we are the slaves in pursuit of her. She will certainly cry out, in an alarming manner, if we approach her, feeling that all is lost. Just crawl through that hole, Ben-Idden, into her cell, and I will go down that way and see if I cannot effect an understanding with her in some manner."

Our hero complied.

Ledder retraced his steps to the spot where the fugitive had been seen, but she had now vanished elsewhere. He felt assured that none of the slaves were moving about the corridors, and that it was Zada whom he had seen, and so he prosecuted the search in every direction. It was so dark that two persons could not have recognized each other, if close together, unless there had been something striking in their appearance, and Ledder began to fear that some fatality had occurred, or was occurring, to intercept the proposed flight.

"O, Zada, my loved one!" he fairly moaned, but in a mere breath. "For a long time I lived only because life and labor were so necessary for thy deliverance from these horrors. But for the light of thine eyes, the darkness of my lot would have proved too great for endurance. And now, if we must experience a greater affliction, some terrible blow to part us—"

His restless eye caught sight of a figure standing by the door of the dungeon from which he and Ben-Idden had just escaped, and he hastened noiselessly towards it, under the impression that he had again obtained a glimpse of Zada.

To his surprise and alarm, he finally realized, when close to the personage, that he was gazing upon one of Letta's slaves—one of his brutal, bloody keepers!

The slave turned towards him at the same instant, and they stood staring through the darkness at each other—only a moment, however—soon becoming locked together in a deadly struggle!

Neither was armed, but Ledder hissed fiercely in the ear of his enemy that he did not want any weapon. It was the same slave who had been so ready to insult and abuse him, ever since his confinement within those walls—the same one who had more than once insulted Zada.

He could strangle him—that young Arab felt so—as easily as he could strangle a viper or any deadly reptile; and he did. He held that slave by the throat till the last breath of life had departed, and then laid him down, wiping the sweat from his brow.

A soft hand touched him upon the arm, and a sweet voice whispered:

"That saves me, Jahn, for all time, from *his* attempted kisses. He will not pursue me around these dungeons any more. Allah be praised!"

The youth clasped the maiden to his heart—for it was Zada—with a joy too great for words.

"Nor is it from the slaves alone that I have been in peril," added Zada. "Master—mistress—there is no choice between them. Our destinies here, dear Jahn, have nearly or fully arrived at the culminating point, and I know not what calamities may soon burst upon us. The Turk acts as if all the powers of evil were struggling in his bosom for expression in his acts, and his daughter seems to be consuming with a rage fearful to witness. O, what chance is there of our instant escape? What hope?"

"We will soon see. Come this way as the next step; I have a surprise in store for you which will gladden your heart. Your brother is here!"

"Here? Where?"

"Up there by your dungeon. Nay, be calm, dearest—there is no immediate danger now that I have silenced the slave."

We shall not attempt to reveal the joy of the meeting, nor record the warm words of endearment by which, as they passed from heart to heart, those souls were united as one.

"To escape from the palace," finally said Ben-Idden, "is the great step remaining to be taken, and the one to which we must now bring all our knowledge, resolution and ability. You just follow me, dear sister—you and Zahn—and leave all the manœuvering to me. Come!"

As direct as the darkness and his ignorance of the locality would permit, Ben-Idden led the way to the magnificent apartment of the palace where he had seen Lady Letta, and from which he had been so roughly borne by her slaves.

"This is the place," he whispered.

He had paused before a large and massive door, through the key-hole of which a bright light was gleaming. The quick ears of the listeners speedily discovered that sobs and moans, as of a person in deep distress, were issuing from that gorgeous chamber, and our hero had no difficulty in recognizing the tones as those of the Lady Letta.

"Yes," he said, "this is her room. Remain where you are, sister—and keep out of sight when I open the door: I am going in. Those sounds would indicate that Letta has a woman's heart, but the impression is wrong; they are only the sobs of a vexed and mortified spirit, not those of repentance. I do not know what success I shall have in thus bearding the tigress in her den; but, Ledder, if you hear my cry for aid, do you rush in with Zada and fasten the door. If the worst comes, they shall besiege us in their own castle!"

"Besides," added Zada, who remembered the room well, and the way by which they had come up from the prison—so often had she been up and down these dark passages—"there is another thing in our favor which we will do well to remember: the room of the Lady Letta, is on the side next to the street."

"To be sure," added Ben-Idden, "and there is also a window on that side! So you see that the case is not quite so desperate as it might be!"

"Hist!"

Those sounds of wailing had ceased within that gorgeous room. There was heard the rustling of silks, and a soft tread upon the richly carpeted floor.

"The Lady Letta," said our hero, "is coming!"

The trio fell back appalled—all listening—but the soft footsteps had retreated from the door.

The proud lady was only pacing to and fro in her agitation and grief.

"We could overpower her," whispered Ledder, "and bind her, making our escape by the window to which you have alluded."

"No," replied Zada. "I was about to inform you that the window is now covered by an iron blind, which ten men could not move, if ignorant of the principle of its construction and working."

"Our course is, then, to manage the Lady Letta by fair means," said Ben-Idden. I will try it! take care not to be seen as I open the door, and Allah be with you and protect you till I come back."

He opened the door and entered, closing it behind him and locking it, the key being in the lock.

There was a faint cry of surprise from the Lady Letta, as her eyes encountered the man she supposed in a dungeon.

Terribly impatient to get out of the palace and return to Zulah, our hero, nevertheless, controlled himself pretty well. Assuming his sweetest smile, his blandest voice, he opened a conversation with Letta in a mere whisper. He even took the liberty of placing his arm around her, telling her that he knew she had been weeping on his account, but that she need not do so—that there was much to hope, very much. As their acquaintance ripened he would like her better, it was quite possible. Now she was excited—weary. She should lie down, and he would bend over her pillow fanning her to sleep and explaining his views at length. In fact, so well did he flatter the hopes of Letta, that she became as quiet and contented as a child, and soon fell asleep, at his earnest desire that he might have the pleasure of being the guardian of her slumbers. He had taken care to extinguish the light, and to explain that his advent from the dungeon where he had been placed was the most natural event in the world; that nothing could oppose or control *him* by violence; that he could be moved only by such silken ties—he was glad to acknowledge *their* power—as she was throwing around him with her gentleness and beauty.

The Lady Letta finally slept—soundly, because hopefully—sweetly, because at peace.

Once assured of this fact, the loving manner of Ben-Idden suddenly changed to a look of disgust, and he became stern and anxious. His first step was to take the bunch of keys Letta had placed under her pillow, comprising all he required to leave the palace. He then rejoined his friends.

"I have succeeded," he whispered, "having the keys we can depart on the instant."

"Allah be praised! We are safe!"

The trio moved noiselessly down the corridor, but had not taken half-a-dozen steps ere the three negroes who had carried our hero to a dungeon, were seen coming up the stairs in the direction of the chamber of their mistress.

"Back!" whispered Ben-Idden to Zada and Ledder. "We must not be seen by them. Come!"

He led the way back to Letta's chamber, and passed within, followed by the lovers. Ledder closing the door.

The little party waited in great anxiety a few moments, but nothing more of the slaves was seen. They accordingly went forth again, our hero taking the lead. In five minutes, after many frights and perils, they were all safely in the street.

"And now, Zada," said Ben-Idden, "I am going to the Bay of Palms in just fifteen minutes!"

He thought of Zulah—of her lonely vigil beneath the grim old palm—and his nerves seemed to become like tempered steel.

"As to you and Ledder," he ended with a smile, "you can follow at your leisure, as you will, doubtless, have some pleasant words together by the way. You will find me somewhere by the palms!"

With this he was gone.

CHAPTER IX.

ORLO AND ZULAH AT THE PALM-GROVE.

RETURN we to the scene left at the Palm-Grove, that presented by the return of Orlo, after Zulah had been awaiting the coming of her lover and his friend for upwards of two hours.

That something terrible had happened during this time, the first glance at the treacherous Orlo was enough to assure her. The blood upon his face seemed to show that there had been a desperate struggle; although, in reality, those injuries were nothing more than the scratches the slave-girl of Letta had inflicted of her own choice, in the way of spite at his intrusion, while she was assisting him down the stairs by which he had gained access to her mistress. In real earnest, there was no injury about the face or body of that wicked man which gave him a thought—no, no! He was otherwise employed!

It was a long time ere Zulah could comprehend the strange laughter and the strange actions of the single comer. But when hope could no longer hope against evidence—when the little confidence she had possessed in him was once swept away, it was not difficult for her to arrive, in a single moment, at the terrible solution.

This man was her foe!

Not only had all of Orlo's pretended goodness and sympathy been assumed for a specific end, but with the heartlessness and cool malignity of the fiend he was, he had made the very virtues of our hero subservient to his intended crimes, conducting the lover away and shaking him off, that the maiden might be wholly in his power!

It was strange, that little mole of confidence once swept down, how the strong tides of fear and suspicion came sweeping into her soul!

"Ben-Idden," she finally gasped, as she freed herself, by a frensied effort, from the rude grasp of Orlo. "Where have you left him?"

The villian only laughed, and his manner became more furious, more alarming. The fact was, Orlo could not control the joy he felt at finding himself alone with the fair girl, so far from any house and in such a lonely spot. As much as this could have been seen in the way he turned his fiery eyes towards the sky, and in the glances he threw upon the silent palms and the motionless waters of the bay.

"Tell me—oh, tell me the meaning of this horrible mystery?" she gasped.

Yet, she knew!

A single glance at those fierce eyes, at that infernal looking visage, would have told any one but too well the fearful truth!

"Are not your hands red with blood?" she moaned. "Have you not killed my darling, my loved one? Is there not some horrible wrong looking out of your eyes against me, and raging in your heart? Oh, tell me what you have done—tell me all! I, too, can die, if he

no longer lives! I, too, can suffer, if he has already endured such pangs!"

Tears began to come to her relief, loosening the emotions which seemed to have frozen her soul—such terrible tears!

"I know that those hopes are all broken and blasted," she murmured, "but will you not tell me the worst? Is there any possibility of your innocence? that you fought and bled with him against enemies as a true friend? No—no! I cannot be mistaken in these burning eyes—in these fearful looks. You were the foe of Ben-Idden—as you are a foe of mine!"

Again Orlo laughed.

"Can you swim?" he asked, in a sardonic whisper, waving his hands towards the felucca.

"Swim? Surely—"

"But I suppose you cannot—ladies seldom do. You will have to learn!"

With a single exertion of his powerful strength, he raised her in his arms and threw her as far out into the water as he could.

There he left her to choke and to struggle!

"Bathing is one of the first essentials of health," he said, as he watched her agonies, with a quiet and satisfied smile. "But I will not let you get too much of it at once, lest you should conceive a repugnance for this amusement, or that sickness should follow, and make you less lovely in my eyes. So ho!"

He plunged into the water and raised the maiden's head above the surface. After several gasps and spasms she opened her eyes, clinging to his arm, and looking wildly upon him.

"Don't you find even *my* arm quite a support?" he sneered. "I dare say, however much you may deem me your enemy, you do not care to drop that arm just now! Suppose you let go your hold—just for amusement! Do, now!"

The poor girl only clung closer to his arm.

"Oh, I see—you are quite attached to me now! In fact, a little too fond of hugging me. I do not like it!"

He suddenly disengaged her arm and pushed her down into the water, leaving her to struggle again; while he lay back, quite leisurely upon the surface, with the care of an accomplished swimmer.

"There! that'll do for your initiation," he finally said, as he again drew her up out of the water.

Her eyes were glassy and fixed—her head fallen forward, and her arms hanging nervelessly at her side.

"Oh, she has fainted! Perhaps she had a fear that I intended to drown her, but I would not have let her remain under the water long enough for that. She don't know, however, how valuable her life is to me—oh, no! Well," and he gazed upon her pallid features—"it's a dead faint, anyhow, and I will allow her some peace till she has recovered from this swoon."

He held her securely in one arm, and struck out for the felucca with the other. Despite the impediment she offered to his progress, his hardy powers soon brought him to his destination. He clambered out of the water, and drew the miserable maiden up after him, depositing her form roughly upon the felucca's deck.

"It's a glorious night!" he said, looking around. "All so still—all so clear and spotless! A splendid time to sit here and smoke!"

He went down into the cabin in search of a pipe and tobacco, not knowing very well where the weed was kept; but feeling sure that he could not well miss it in such a cargo, and in a Malay's vessel, after he had lighted the lamp. As to pipes, he could not very well miss them either, since the mast was garnished by ten or a dozen, of orthodox blackness.

"Now," said he, returning to the deck and seating himself thereon—"now 'For a closer walk with God, a calm and heavenly mind,' as that old missionary sings up there by the governor's palace. Tobacco's the thing—next to good liquor, or else it's better, I'm not decided which. I suppose I ought to give my sole, undivided, and most herculean attention to the restoration of this disconsolate female. A lover certainly would do that. But, the fact is, I am not afraid of her dying. She comes of a tough family, and never knew what it was to be sick in her life! None of those weak-bodied and equally weak-minded girls, which some of our little savages, after getting hold of a stray French novel, through some itinerant's verbal translation, are so fond of making themselves. She'll soon recover; and, in the meantime, I must collect my shattered thoughts and decide what course to pursue!"

For sometime he sat there, smoking in silence, paying little attention to the moans of Zulah, and hardly looking upon her until she was quite conscious of her condition. As he saw her struggling to her feet, he said:

"You see that I have brought you from the shore. Perhaps one of my reasons for doing so, is found in the fact that you will not find it so easy to take a sudden and unceremonious departure."

She staggered forward and took him by the arm.

"Do you know," she said, fixing her bright eyes upon him and speaking solemnly, "that you will kill me—that I shall die—that my blood will be upon your hands?"

"No, you won't die—that is, not just now. You will live as long as—as long as I desire. Such a strong constitution as yours will bear a great deal!"

"What do you mean to do with me?"

"I mean to carry you off with me. I am going to take a little bit of a cruise in the felucca."

The maiden gazed despairingly towards the beach—on either hand—far out upon the surface of the sea; but not a sign of relief was given—not one.

"No," exclaimed Orlo, with fierce joy, as he threw his pipe into the water, "no power on earth can rescue you from these arms! The time has been when you was quite supreme over me, but that time is past. We are going down towards Medina together. I wish to find Antang, the Malay!"

"Antang! The Medina chieftain said that he was dead, defeated, and—"

"Pshaw! The Medina chieftain is only one of my liars and hirelings. I suppose I ought to call him a patriot—he thinks he is such and that he is helping another—but I need not choose my terms in such a place as this."

The maiden trembled. As great as were her own sufferings and perils, she could not help but reflect that her lover had something to fear from those parties from Medina, if they were indeed acting treacherously and in concert with Orlo.

"It will be a beautiful sail for you," said the ruffian, "and you will be so glad to see Antang. He has fitted out a splendid vessel, armed and manned her efficiently, and is now ready to second my plans as one of my naval captains. In honor of an idea suggested by me, he has called the new cruiser the 'Blood-Star.' Already has he seized a Turkish steamer in the straits of Babel Mandel, and performed I do not know what other valorous exploits!"

"I see that you have been abusing the confidence of Ben-Idden and playing the traitor!"

"Nothing is clearer—to your eyes and mine. Not that I am so much a traitor: I act sufficiently in conjunction with him, but not with the same purpose. He means to free Arabia from the present rule, and I am with him thus far; but, unlike him, I am working from a selfish motive, having resolved to seize upon the government myself!"

"Ah! But what can you do—a poor Arab, after all, when you deal with men, and not with helpless women?"

"A poor Arab? Ha! ha! if all Arabs were descended from the same stock, I fancy they would not form an Arabian nation!"

"But, what can you do?"

"I can do much. I know a leader in this revolution who has a fond and foolish old mother in Constantinople, who has already sent him a greater number of *millions* than I care to mention—sums which might explain some of the appalling extravagance with which the Turkish government has lately been reproached, and some of the enormous taxation which has provoked the comments of the Frankish press. I know of armies—Turks, Arabs, Bedouins—all soils and classes—some engaged by patriotism and others by money—one by this inducement and another by that—all encamped *somewhere* on Arabian soil at this very moment, and not so far, either, but that I could call a portion of them to my service before you see another sun!"

An exclamation of commingled surprise and fear left Zulah's lips.

"If you have this power," she said, "you will wield it for ill."

"I don't know that. In this enlightened age, even villains are compelled to be pious and moral, as one of the elements of their success in any line of business. But, that's neither here nor there. Of all I am, or can be, you have the chance of becoming the better part. I wish to make you my wife; and, really, if you could once put down the demon in my nature, which took possession about the time you rejected my suit, I should, no doubt, make you a good husband."

"If that Arab was only here who was left in possession," murmured Zulah.

"He is here," rejoined Orlo, as he looked over the side—"down there upon the bottom of the bay, but you cannot see him!"

"What! dead—murdered—and by you."

"Even so. He was one of Medina's men, that is true; but he has been known to me ere now, and I deemed him unsafe! I hear that the sultan, having gained some knowledge of the great conspirator to whom I have alluded, is now up this way, incognito, or has been lately, and that this Arab was one of his spies."

"I see that there is no one to help me—no one to save me from your power."

"None!"

With a look of quiet, but villanous satisfaction, Orlo commenced raising the sail of the felucca, and this task was soon finished. The anchor gave him more trouble, but it soon broke ground; and the little craft, catching the light breeze, commenced receding from the shore.

"We are off!" said Orlo.

The maiden was silent, but strange sounds of confusion arose from the cabin.

CHAPTER X.

THE CRUISE OF THE FELUCCA.

The motion of the felucca had aroused several of the most sober of those Malay beauties of whom incidental mention has been made, and they had signalized their return to an active condition by commencing a war upon the various articles of vendue in the cabin, demolishing bottles and boxes with a facility which spoke well for their agility and vigor, if not for the pockets of the person who should eventually prove to be the owner of the little vessel.

Crash and smash! A general tearing of valuable cloths, breaking of glass and smashing of furniture, had evidently been incited by the spirit of wine among its fair votaries.

The one who had taken the least of the Muscatel, or who had slept off its effects the soonest—for that portion of Medina's story which related to the mere giving of the liquor was true enough—had wrapped her head and shoulders up in a large silk shawl of the value of a thousand dollars, and was fiercely endeavoring to make two others do service as a pair of pantaloons, by causing each to describe several revolving folds around a certain spiral column we shall not pause to describe.

Zulah at this moment peered into the cabin.

The movement disconcerted the fair *modiste*, and partly from the force of the desperate effort she made to complete her toilet, she fell over backwards, her head coming down upon one of her companions in such a way as to present the science of astronomy to her aching vision in a new and unfavorable light. Her companion, if not nearly killed, professed to be quite.

The din increased in the cabin to such an extent that Orlo deemed himself under the necessity of doing something to enforce silence. Accordingly, as soon as he had got the felucca well underweigh, standing over towards the Cape de Gattel, he bade Zulah take the helm and hold the vessel to her course, while he attended to the tumult so unfortunately developed.

To his manifest surprise, our heroine exhibited a readiness, as well as the ability, to comply with the demand—at once taking the helm.

Orlo entered the cabin with a fierce ejaculation that hushed the maudlin singing and conversation of the young Malays as effectually as if he had fired a pistol among them.

"I can't have so much noise," he said. "We are going to have prayers."

The girls, after some remarks from one of their number, became as suddenly devout as they had become uproarious—three of them commencing to invoke Vishun, and the other five the Virgin Mary and the Prophet—all in pure *Singhlese*.

"That won't do, either," said Orlo, stamping his foot. "What I want is some help in navigating the felucca."

Immediately the girls left off their grand salaam, and all hurried—some walking, some staggering, and one or two crawling—out of the cabin.

One seized the helm, another Zulah, and a third embraced the mast as fondly and frequently as if it was her lover, or as if she believed that article to derive all of its usefulness from her support. The fourth and fifth of the inebriated fair ones reeled about the deck in such a way as to make Orlo fear their sudden departure over the low bulwarks; and the sixth commenced to pay tribute to Neptune, or an old debt to Bacchus.

"And this won't do the least bit better," growled Orlo, with an oath. "I want all of you to go back again;"—and he pointed to the cabin—"and go to sleep."

The effect of this remark upon the listeners, when duly explained to them, convinced Orlo that they were ready to do anything except the one thing he desired.

"Come," he added. "I'll give each of you a bottle of Muscatel, and will have you down to the Isle of Dates in the course of two hours, if you will keep quiet."

"Give us the wine," said the one of them who spoke Arabic, and who had made known the wishes of Orlo to the others as fast as uttered.

"You shall have it when you arrive."

"No. We want it now."

A speech and a confused alarm followed this declaration. Orlo saw that one of the girls had fallen overboard.

What he intended to do, or what he would have done, if he had acted out his own thoughts, we do not know; but Zulah instantly hove the felucca into the wind, saying to Orlo:

"Plunge in and get the poor thing out. You are a good swimmer."

Orlo hesitated, but only an instant—the breeze was so light, and Zulah knew so little of the management of a boat. He did not think she could run away from him very well.

"Here she is!" he cried, as he held the girl up towards the fair helmsman—the involuntary bather gasping and moaning, and seeming otherwise as lifeless and nerveless as could well be imagined. "Draw her in—quick! you're paying off! Haul her aboard!"

"O, she's all safe," said Zulah, with a smile, as the felucca began to gather headway, going off before the wind on the shore stretch.

As she spoke the girls drew their half-drowned companion out of the water, and Zulah addressed them a few words in their own tongue.

By way of response, they pushed the hands of Orlo off from the taffrail, and he fell into the water, giveing utterance to the most fearful threats and entreaties, all mixed ludicrously together.

"Good-by," said Zulah. "There comes an English frigate—the *Cyclops*—which has been employed a few days in taking soundings in the vicinity of Jiddah, for reasons the admiralty or her commander best knows."

"Curse you! Come back! I shall drown—I see a shark!"

"So do I; but I am not afraid of him now," was the mocking reply. "You can hold out till the frigate is near, when they'll lower a boat in answer to your hail. Good-by."

Seeing that the felucca had fairly run away from him, stretching swiftly in towards the land, like a huge sea-bird, Orlo turned towards the frigate for deliverance, and struck out swiftly in such a way as to intercept her progress. In five minutes he was taken aboard, where he undertook to tell his story, but with only sufficient English to leave the commander in doubt as to whether he was a knave, a madman, or a fool.

A wild chant of triumph came over the water from the Singhlese girls, in their native tongue, as the felucca sped rapidly on her way. Zulah had altered her course sufficiently to make the Bay of Palms, and it was with a delight we shall not endeavor to reveal, that she guided the swift craft to that haven. Each and every one of her companions—their chant finished, and the last fumes of their Muscatel pretty well dissipated—had gathered around her, regarding her with childish admiration and delight.

"How should you like to go to sea with me as your commander?" she asked of the Singhlese maiden who spoke Arabic.

"Better than anything else,—better than being slaves at Jiddah, or nobodies at home."

"Well, you *shall* go then, and we will have a great deal of pleasure together."

"And fighting, too? Shall we be robbers? O, yes—we ought to be pirates."

"I will see. In the meantime, you must be sober and vigilant, for we must not fall into the hands of that man again."

"No, no; we do not like any of those men—

none. We like only you. We will fight for you to the last."

Thus discoursing with the girls—one or two of whom were quite pretty and intelligent—the time that was required for the return of the felucca to the little bay, passed very pleasantly with Zulah. On coming to anchor, she explained at length to the girls the necessity of retaining the felucca against Orlo or any one else, and received from them the assurance that they would lose their lives in defending her, if there should be any occasion for the sacrifice. She accordingly gave each a knife and a pistol—finding these weapons among the valuables in the cabin—and taking the trouble to load all the pistols for them herself.

On the whole, the felucca—she could not help but reflect—had acquired quite a formidable crew.

"And now," murmured Zulah, as her followers sat around the deck, examining their new weapons, "I wonder what the mystery of Ben-Idden's absence can really be? Hadn't I better go ashore, perhaps to the town, and see if I cannot learn something of his whereabouts. O, if he should have been murdered, as is quite possible, by this pretended friend—this worst of foes—"

Tears dimmed her eyes, and she soon became so agitated as to alarm her crew.

"I think the felucca is safe in your care," she said to the Singhlese, "and have a desire to go ashore. But how, seeing that I cannot swim?"

"O, we will soon answer for that, if you do not mind getting wet again."

She addressed a few words to two of her companions, who instantly plunged into the water.

"There," said the Singhlese. "You can lower yourself into their arms. They will convey you safely to the beach."

They did this so neatly and quickly that Zulah was delighted.

"When poor Ben and me are married," she murmured, "he shall learn me how to swim—it is such a rare but beautiful accomplishment, and even necessity, for a lady."

Dismissing the girls back to the felucca, with orders to keep a good look-out, she walked up the beach to the grove, debating what course to pursue. As she passed beneath the grim old palm where she had awaited the return of her lover, a dignified and official-looking personage, whose dress exhibited as great a profusion of lace and ruffles as those worn by the ministers of Louis Quartoze, advanced towards her, followed by several servants.

This official personage bowed politely, as he placed himself in her path, and addressed her in a foreign tongue—Turkish—as it soon afterwards appeared.

Now Zulah was not classically educated, neither polylingually eloquent—her entire lingual stores consisting of three words of French: *Je vous tuerai*—"I will kill you."

Thinking, however, to cover her defects in this particular branch of science, she bowed and replied in her sweetest tones:

"*Je vous tuerai.*"

The official bowed again, taking it for granted that such a sweet voice could say only something pretty and gracious; but one of his servants—a scholar and interpreter, as it seems—instantly came to the rescue, first of his master, and then—seeing the mistake—of his wants.

Through the aid of this interpreter the official soon made known that he was an envoy, with extraordinary powers, from Constantinople, who had come to Jiddah's vicinage on urgent business, and had been their several days.

Zulah asked him if he had been living during that time in the Palm Grove.

He smiled, and confessed that he had. He then went on to inquire the whereabouts of one *Orlo*, a person whom he had a great desire to see.

After some surprise on the part of our heroine, she proceeded to state the whereabouts of that gentleman in the most lucid terms, whereupon the envoy from Constantinople suddenly bade her adieu, with renewed politeness and many thanks, and retreated into the grove.

The Arab girl stood gazing towards the spot where he had disappeared. She felt as if she had seen the sword he wore, the dress, the turned-up boots—everything he had upon his person—and his face itself, at some time or other. While she was musing upon the adventure, hardly able to realize that it was anything more than a dream, the interpreter came back from the palms, with a beautiful bracelet shining in his hand.

"That," he said, "was designed by my master as a present for the most fascinating Arab girl he should meet during his visit to these shores. He accordingly sends it to you."

Zulah colored crimson at this gallant speech, but courtesied gracefully as she accepted the bauble, and replied, with that bashfulness which the marked attention of the official personage might well inspire.

"I am afraid your master does me too much honor. He must have looked upon me with partial eyes."

"Not so much that, maiden,—you are really charming and pretty. Besides, I explained the joke of *Je vous tuerai*, and that seemed to finish the conquest your beauty begun. You must be careful," he added, with comic gravity, "what words you use, particularly when you are addressing young men, or you will give away your hand and heart unawares. Still, if a young lady must speak in tongues unknown to herself, *Je vous tuerai* will be safer than some other salutations, and quite as effectual as *Je t'aime.*"

Zulah knew that she had made a blunder of some kind, but she did not much care, only it made her appear so ridiculous before that great seigneur and that nice young man. Both master and interpreter, however, had possessed sense enough to appreciate that pure and noble-hearted young girl as she deserved, and we think the reader will agree with us that the gift could not have been better bestowed.

Seeing her in company, the two Singhlese girls came swimming towards the shore.

"Good-by, maiden," said the interpreter. "Allah guard thee well!"

With this he departed.

Zulah looked more closely at the bracelet—at the huge raised letters greeting her eye, being plainly discernible in the moonlight. She read aloud the name they formed, starting at a realization of the significant truth they conveyed:—"Mehemet II."

She knew it was the Sultan of Turkey who had lately been in her presence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MAYOR WANTS TO SEE THEE.

A young man, a nephew, had been to sea; and on his return, he was narrating to his uncle an adventure which he had met on board a ship.

"I was one night leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the mighty ocean," said the nephew, whom we will call William, "when my gold watch fell from my fob and immediately sunk out of sight. The vessel was going ten knots an hour; but nothing daunted, I sprung over the rail, down, down, and after a long search, found it, came up close under the stern, and climbed back to the deck, without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, slightly elevating his broad brim and opening his eyes to their widest capacity, "how fast did thee say the vessel was going?"

"Ten knots, uncle."

"And thee dove down into the sea, and came up with the watch, and climbed up by the rudder chains?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And thee expects me to believe thy story?"

"Of course! You wouldn't dream of calling me a liar, would you, uncle?"

"William," replied the uncle, gravely, "thee knows I never call any body names; but, William, if the mayor of the city were to come to me, and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come straight to thee, and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, '*William, the mayor wants to see thee!*'"

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

It is perfectly natural for all women to be handsome. If they are not so, the fault lies in their birth or in their training, or in both. We would therefore respectfully remind mothers that in Poland a period of childhood is recognized. There, girls do not jump from infancy to young-ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the drawing-room, to dress, sit still, and look pretty. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take to sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed in every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Plain, simple food, free and varied exercise, abundant sunshine, and good mental culture, are the secrets of beauty in after life.

A Quaker alighting from the Bristol coach, on entering the Inn, called for some beer, and observing the pint deficient in quantity, thus addressed the landlord: "Pray, friend, how many butts of beer dost thou draw in a month?" "Ten, sir," replied Boniface. "And thou would like to draw eleven?" rejoined Ebenezer. "Certainly," exclaimed the smiling landlord. "Then I will tell thee how, friend," added the Quaker. "Fill the measure."

THE GOLDEN AGE.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

In ancient lays of poets old,
We read of Saturn's age of gold;
And then, as Time's dark cycles pass,
And man more gross and vicious grew,
The age of silver, iron, brass,
Successive rise upon our view.
Now—thanks to potent art—we find
The iron and the gold combined.

Of iron now our ships we form,
To stem the tide and brave the storm;
Our roads, o'er which with rapid march
Man and earth's rich productions go—
The bridge, whose long inverted arch
Spans the deep river's ceaseless flow—
And e'en man's dwellings, lift their head,
Drawn from the iron's darkling bed.

And all this ore, which bids the Sage
Call this, in truth, an iron age—
The potent alchemy of steam,
Transmutes, by motion, into gold,
While, like the changes of a dream,
Man to earth's farthest bounds is rolled;
And wealth, by intercourse and peace,
Finds all its many streams increase.

Thus War's red weapons, rust decayed,
The useless spear and broken blade,
May, from the blazing furnace heat,
Come forth a mean to bless mankind,—
Not the hook and ploughshare beat,
But mighty links our race to bind,
Turning, by peace and love untold,
The iron age indeed to gold.

A DOG DRESSED AS A BABY.

A rather curious circumstance, productive of a great deal of merriment at the moment, occurred a short time ago at the Malvern railway station, in Worcestershire. In the entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, a little dog is employed in one of the personifications. Trained by a Maltese fancier, the droll little animal is very obedient and amusing, and of course accompanies the artists in their numerous professional engagements.

Mr. Howard Paul has in his employ a Manchester lad, and it seems that "Dick" (as he is called,) in a moment of gay fancy, dressed up the little animal as a baby, with all the accessories of cloak, hood, veil, and the usual inexplicable train of long clothes.

On reaching the station, Dick, having occasion to superintend the transit of some luggage, deposited his charge in the waiting-room, and blandly desired a matronly looking old lady to keep an eye for a few minutes on his dear child, which was in delicate health, and added, significantly, that the veil must not be removed from the face, as the light would cause it to awake.

The old lady promised to heed these instructions, and away went the lad. He had not been more than a moment absent, before the dog, missing his keeper, began to utter those sounds peculiar to the canine race, and which are known by the euphonious term, "squinnying." The old lady opened her eyes, and gazed round the room in astonishment.

"Dear me," said she, "the little pet must have a bad cold—what funny noise it is making."

And the squinnying grew louder and more defined. "O, gracious goodness!" roared the old dame, "it must be choking, or something is the matter. The odious man has tied its capstrings too tight; as I often say, men have no business with the care of children. There, there, little dear—hush!" and the good old creature waddled to the baby to release it from its imaginary troubles, when the animal, recognizing a stranger, gave a dashing leap into the middle of the floor, and floundered off on to the platform, pursued by passengers, porters, loungers, strangers, and a half a dozen boys, all of whom were sorely puzzled to determine what could give such wonderful powers of locomotion to an infant.

Terrified by the shouts of the people, the animal darted about the platform, and before it could be captured, fell on to the rails as the train was approaching. Now was a wild burst of excitement. "O, murder!" shrieked the old lady, joining the throng, "it will be killed—it will be crushed—run over! O—O!" and she screamed louder than the whistle of the engine.

At this moment Dick made his appearance on the platform. He caught sight of his baby, and divining the cause of the excitement, rushed on to the track and tore the animal from the rails within a few seconds of the arrival of the engine. In the scramble the cap and bonnet became dislodged, and instead of the face of a child in the wildest convulsions, there was seen the head of a highly-excited puppy, whose masquerade had certainly been the queerest. The consternation of the passengers was abruptly changed to a positive shriek of mirth, in which everybody joined, except the humane old lady, who protested the affair had given her such a turn that she should be laid up for weeks.

LEGISLATIVE ANECDOTE.

The following incident is recorded in the early annals of Indiana legislation:

My old friend, Johnson W——, then barely of age, had been elected to represent the county of D—— in the Legislature which was about to meet at Vincennes in 1819. But let him tell his own story:

"When I was near Vincennes I began to think what a very sorry figure I, a green country lad, would cut, in an assembly of the wisdom of the State, and it required all my resolution to keep me from turning back. Somehow or other I managed to get through the swearing-in process, and sneaked away to a seat, from which I hardly ventured to look up until the House adjourned for dinner. On returning to my hotel I was rather gratified to find that I was to have as a room-mate a brother-member, who, as he had made at least six speeches during the forenoon session, I naturally regarded as one of the great men of the House. After dinner he came up to our joint room, and carefully closing the door, pulled out of his pocket an enormous old-fashioned bull's-eye watch, and handed it to me with this remark:

"'Uncle Jake told me, just as I was starting, that I ought to have a watch, and loaned me this, but I don't know how to screw the thing up—do you?'

"I walked into the legislative hall that afternoon with the most unlimited confidence in my ability to discharge all duties incumbent as a legislator."

A VISIT TO THE TOMB OF PIZARRO.

In the crypt under the high altar, at Lima, are deposited the remains of the celebrated Pizarro, who was assassinated in the palace. A small piece of silver which I dropped into the hand of the attending sacristan procured me admission into the crypt. Descending a few steps, I entered a small place, some twenty feet long, quite light and whitewashed, and which smelled and looked so much like a comfortable wine-cellar, that I caught myself more than once looking round for the bins and bottles. The first object I saw was a large square tomb, surmounted by the erect figure of an abbot; and, close by, in a narrow opening in the wall, I noticed what appeared to me to be a collection of dusty rags; but a closer inspection proved that this was all that remained of the great conqueror of Peru. He had still on him the clothes and shoes which he wore at the time of his assassination. Of course, his body is nothing but a skeleton, covered with dried flesh and skin, so that no features are discernible. The body is covered with what once was white linen, swathed round him; but the dust of centuries had collected on it, and turned it into a light brown color, and it almost pulverizes when touched. The body is placed on a narrow piece of plank, in a sloping position, and has been placed in this hole merely to put it out of the way. The folks in Lima do not think anything of the remains of poor Pizarro, and I dare say that a little money, judiciously invested, would procure for any curiosity-hunter the whole of his remains.

CAN A MOTHER FORGET?

Can a mother forget? Not a morning, noon, or night, but she looks into the corner of the kitchen where you read Robinson Crusoe, and thinks of you as a boy. Mothers rarely become conscious that their children are grown out of their childhood. They think of them, advise them, write to them, as if not full fifteen years of age. They cannot forget the child. Three times a day she thinks who are absent from the table, and hopes that next year, at the farthest, she may have "just her own family there;" and if you are there, look out for the fat limb of fried chicken, and coffee which none but everybody's own mother can make. Did Hannah forget Samuel? A short sentence, full of household history, and running over with genuine mother-love, is tellingly beautiful. Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to the yearly sacrifice.

A mother mourning at her first-born's grave, or closing the dying eyes of child after child, displays a grief whose very sacredness is sublime. But bitterer, heavier than the death-stroke, is the desperation of a son who rushes over a crushed heart, into vices which he would hide from the abandoned and the vile. Napoleon once asked a lady what France needed for the education of her youth; and the short, profound reply was, "Mothers!"

A thin old man, with a rag-bag in his hand, was picking up a large number of pieces of whalebone which lay on the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature that we asked the quaint-looking gatherer how he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied, in a squeaking voice; "I 'spect some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabout."

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

AN APOLOGY.

We are forced to apologize to our new subscribers for the recent delay in not receiving our paper as early as they had good reason to expect after their orders for the same had been sent to us; but our friends from all parts of the country have come down upon us this year in such *an avalanche*—so completely burying us up with their favors—that, even with an army of clerks working with us till nearly midnight ever since the new year came in, we have not until now been able to see the way through our mountains of letters. All, however, will be reached in due time. We are nearly worn down with constant labor, but we console ourselves with the thought that we work for our friends. Were we to try to reply to each letter as it comes, explaining the need of patience, we should be much worse off for time than we are now. But our friends shall suffer from no such annoyance again, if we have to employ all the clerks there are in Boston. Letters are entered on our books in the order of their receipt, and our paper is mailed to subscribers immediately afterwards. Our rule is—"first come, first served."

As so much has been said about the large sum received by Tennyson for a late poem, it may be mentioned, as a sort of set-off to that statement, that years ago Gen. George P. Morris received five hundred dollars for a song of sixteen lines, a rate of remuneration the more remarkable because received when the Tennysons and Thackerays were selling their literary wares at low prices. John Howard Payne gained also, in two years, by the publication of his "Home, Sweet Home," with the music, a sum equal to ten thousand dollars. Thus Tennyson is shown not to be so immeasurably ahead of his brother rhymers in experiencing that his "*lines* fall in pleasant places."

We have a new wonder in this country. It is in the new bridge connecting the island of Galveston with the main land. It is now nearly completed. When finished, railroad trains will run to the centre of the city. The bridge is over two miles in length. The Galveston *News* anticipates great commercial advantages from the completion of this connection with the main land, as the certain means of making Galveston not only the great emporium of Texas, but the seaport of a vast region of country to the west of Texas, and eventually the great depot of a Pacific trade. But think of a bridge two miles long!

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* says a company has been formed there for manufacturing wine of the wild grape, with a capital of $100,000. Hon. Amos Kendall is the principal stockholder. This is unquestionably yet to be the greatest wine-producing country on the face of the globe. California will, in a few years, astonish herself and everybody else.

You are not always so sure whether a man eserves sympathy or not. For example—Peter Hellman, a baker in New York, was thrown out of his wagon, and, falling against a lamp-post, broke his leg. He gathered up the fragments, scrambled into his wagon again and drove off—to have the pieces screwed together, for they were of wood.

Willis, reading that a young lady of Edgefield, having a large circulation (of crinoline) went to a fancy ball as "The Evening News," her dress being entirely made of newspapers, says—"we should like to subscribe to her!"

Have you seen our new paper? Any reader of the Pictorial who has not yet seen the Literary Companion, can have a copy sent gratis to his address, by sending us word that such is his wish.

GLEASON'S two papers, the "Pictorial," and the "Literary Companion," are, in our opinion, the best literary weeklies in the Union.—*Weekly Bulletin, Martinsville, Ind.*

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

It is more than likely, from present appearances, that the much talked-about European Congress may never meet at all. Such at least is the story, and there are many circumstances that give color and character to it. Not that the bottom would, of necessity, fall out of European affairs if such an assemblage never were convened; for we fully believe that the people are as competent, when once put to it seriously, to take care of themselves as are the speculating statesmen and tricky game-players for them. Of the story, as reported, the London *Times* remarks that a Congress is a meeting of independent Powers to give a moral sanction to something done or to be done by those who have a just claim to act, or whose acts, being already accomplished, cannot be reversed. It may recognize the enlargement of the Sardinian kingdom, although the States concerned may not approve the war of 1859. It may recognize the overthrow of the Papal authority in the Romanga, although the members expressly disapprove of people choosing their own rulers. But there its powers end, and no one will arrogate its right to bind the minority from aiding either the Pope or his subjects at their will. Hence it follows, that, unless there is a hope of something like unanimity, it is of little use to meet at all. A Congress which can bind no one will be of little service when it exhibits five States voting against four, or some two or three protesting against a particular resolution. The moral weight of its decisions will then be small indeed, and they will form no part of the public law of Europe.

MACAULAY'S RESTING-PLACE.

Our readers already know that the late illustrious English historian was buried in Westminster Abbey, where none but England's chosen sons are permitted to lie and moulder into dust. He will lie at the foot of Addison's statue, and close to the grave of Isaac Barrow, one of the great Trinity of Cambridge men, Macaulay's own college. He will not lie far off from Camden—almost the father of English history—not far from what remains of May, the historian of the Long Parliament, and near to the remains of Johnson, Garrick, Sheridan, and Gifford the Tory editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He will lie facing the statue of the poet of "The Pleasures of Hope," at whose funeral the noble historian helped to bear the pall.

THE "LITERARY COMPANION," No. 1, has been received, and is all its publisher claims for it, and more too. It is a large quarto of sixteen pages, beautifully printed. The number before us contains the first chapters of a story of thrilling interest, written by Major B. Perley Poore (an author whose name is familiar in almost every household in the country), entitled "The Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe,"—together with a great variety of other highly meritorious articles in prose and poetry—altogether rendering it a desirable and worthy companion in every family circle.—*Journal, Sheboygan, Wis.*

The proper mode of rating music with postage, says the Washington *Constitution*, is by the piece, without regard to the number of sheets in a piece, not exceeding three ounces in weight. When a piece exceeds three ounces in weight, one cent should be charged for the first three ounces, and one cent additional for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce. On the same principle packs of playing cards are rated by the pack, and not by the single card.

The story now publishing in the Literary Companion, entitled "THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN HORSE SHOE," by Major Ben Perley Poore, proves so immensely popular that we have been urged by his many admirers to gratify them with his likeness. We shall, therefore, give the readers of the Companion the Major's smiling countenance in the next issue of that paper, No. 6.

One of the papers says that Patti carried away the entire audience which assembled at the Academy of Music one night recently, and another paper remarks that it was "something of a load for so young a girl!"

Punch declares that the worst road out of the San Juan difficulty would be "an expedition to Kill (H) arney!"

Playing at cards after the hour of midnight is jocosely termed "consuming the midnight *Hoyle*."

Wayside Gatherings.

The tea plant is cultivated in Louisiana without any difficulty.

Prentice contends that inveterate laziness is the best labor-saving machine ever invented.

General Cass has given to the Board of Education of Detroit a lot of land, worth $15,000, for a school-house.

The agent of the Viceroy of Egypt has recently concluded a contract for a large supply of Sharp's improved fire-arms.

The prospect of the grape crop in Connecticut next year is reported favorable. Last year 200,000 gallons of wine were made.

A statue of Franklin has been erected in the Franklin Market House, Philadelphia, making the second up in that city.

The new code of laws recently adopted by the Legislature of Maryland, abolishes the sale of lottery tickets in that State.

The general amnesty in Naples had been deferred, but 50 additional pardons had been granted.

The New York *Commercial* understands that Lady Franklin will pay a visit to that city within a few weeks, and will be the guest of Hon. Moses Grinnell.

Garibaldi's mission to Turin is said to have reference to his probable appointment as commander-in-chief of all the National Guard of the kingdom.

An introduction of the Spanish custom of *silver anklets* for those who choose to walk out in short petticoats, is thought of by the ladies in New York.

The workmen in the employ of a manufacturing firm in New York, sent a communication to the firm declining to work longer in the building, as they consider it unsafe.

The last dry goods palace erected in New York cost $225,000, and covers over half an acre of ground. It has three fronts, on Broadway, Worth and Pearl streets.

One of the features of the McLean Mexicen treaty provides for the admission of certain goods into that country free of duty, or at such rates as the Congress of the United States may designate.

The London *Times* says that during the last five years silver to the amount of £53,599,450 sterling has been exported to the East by the India and China mail packets from Southamp ton.

Dr. Livingston, the well-known traveller, writes to a London society that somewhere, upon some river in Africa, about 800 elephants burst upon his astonished vision, naturally making quite a disturbance.

One of the most interesting relics in Philadelphia may be seen in North Second-street, viz., the first lightning-rod erected by Dr. Franklin, which still stretches its attenuated fingers towards the heavens.

Napoleon,—by an imperial decree, opens an extraordinary credit of 140,000 francs for the expenses of repairing the old residence of Longwood and the tomb of Napoleon I. at St. Helena, and the improvement of other parts of the domain of the Vale Napoleon.

At Neponset Village, Dorchester, is still standing and in good repair, a house built in 1650—one of the most ancient landmarks of Pilgrim handicraft in this vicinity. From it a brave girl drove away a Narraganset Indian by throwing live coals upon him, and was rewarded by the State with a silver bracelet.

Foreign Miscellany.

Macaulay was to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

On the 1st of January, Paris expanded its en tire circumference by a mile.

There has been much stormy weather on the English coast.

The European Congress seems to be postponed for the present.

The Spaniards have repulsed the Moors in another engagement, killing some 1500 of them.

Garibaldi had been honored with an enthusiastic ovation at Milan.

Buenos Ayres is again to be incorporated into the confederation.

The Emperor of Austria is taking measures to put the army on a peace footing.

The Roman Catholics of London have sent an address to the Pope.

Vienna letters say that a very unfriendly feeling towards the French again prevailed in that capital.

Two thousand rebels and their leaders had been made prisoners in Oude. The Begum had escaped.

Peace had been concluded between the Argentine Republic and Buenos Ayres, through the mediation of Paraguay.

The Pope has been informed that the pamphlet that gave him so much vexation does not contain the programme of the French government.

General Guyon, commander of the French forces at Rome, has been ordered by telegraph to proceed to Paris. This, in some quarters, was interpreted into a menace to the Papal government.

Sands of Gold.

Never fear a man who threatens you with an injury; the silent enemy is the most dangerous.

To put up with the world humbly is better than to control it. This is the very acme of virtue.

Prayer is the key that unlocks the blessings of the day, and locks out the dangers of the night.

Generally superior men are lonely men. Their superiority isolates them. Or it is at once the effect and the cause of isolation.

Love and esteem are the first principles of friendship, which always is imperfect when either of these two is wanting.

The most dangerous men are those who have a reputation for probity. To quarrel with such is to have all the world take sides against you.

Oft, what seems a trifle, a mere nothing by itself, in some nice situations turns the scale of fate, and rules the most important actions.

A man will generally give you his advice without charge; but you will often be cheated if you take it.

It is difficult for a mighty mind to be its own master. A pond may lie quietly enough in a plain, but a great lake must be held in by mountains and rocks.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body; it banishes all anxious cares and discontents, soothes and composes the passions and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm.

Joker's Olio.

An Englishman's lunch—a slice of 'am, six heggs and a quart of hale.

"'Enry, take the 'arness hoff the hoff 'orse, slip the 'alter hover 'is 'ead, hand give 'im some 'ay hand hoats."

The common opinion is, that we should take good care of children at all seasons of the year; but it is well enough in winter to *let them slide*.

Bryant says that "the groves were God's first temples." A good many romantic young lovers unquestionably find them delightful meeting-houses.

John asked Julia if she would have him. "No," said she, "I will not have *you*;" but before John could recover from the shock, she archly put in, "but you may have *me*."

A lady wished a seat in a crowded hall. A handsome gentleman brought her a chair. "You are a jewel," said she. "Oh, no; I am a jeweller; I have just set the jewel."

"Hullo, Mr. Page," growled the professor, "I should like to know if all the people of East Hanover go barefoot." "Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business!" was the rather settling reply.

A beggar boy made application to a farmer's wife in Scotland for relief, and was refused, on the ground that she "had no copper;" to which the urchin very accommodatingly replied, "I take siller, mem."

On it being reported to a party of ladies that a Captain Silk had arrived in town, they exclaimed, with one exception, "What a name for a soldier!" "The fittest name in the world," rejoined a witty female, "for silk can never be *worsted*."

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F. GLEASON.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE HARP OF THOUGHT.

BY J. W. BARNHART.

O, softly touch the pensive string
When sorrow's tide the soul o'erflows,
And let its plaintive cadence bring
A soothing balm to heal life's woes;
Then shall corroding grief depart,
And leave no stain within the heart.

Breathe gently o'er the harp of thought
While musing on the deeds of time,
And on the changes he hath wrought
In every age and every clime;
Old memories then new joys impart,
And wake sweet music in the heart.

But boldly strike the trembling wire
When earnestness impels the hand,
Let ardent hopes the harp inspire,
And all its wondrous powers command;
Thus shall our thoughts harmonious rise
Beyond the earth, beyond the skies.

Then raise a glad, exultant strain
In tuneful numbers loud and long,
That others may the impulse gain,
And with their voices swell the song;
Thus may our song the earth surprise,
And waft its echoes to the skies.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE FOOL OF HIS FAMILY.

A NOVEL SKETCH.

BY CAPTAIN CROSSTREE.

"THAT youth is a hero, sir, or I'm no physiognomist," said Lieutenant Somers, of the Old Redoubtable, directing the attention of Captain M'Lean to a bright, handsome boy about fifteen, who had reported himself for duty but a few hours previous.

"You think so?"

"I do."

"I hope your opinion may prove correct; yet I apprehend the contrary. That [illegible] is the fool of his family. [illegible] asure of a [illegible] e North, [illegible] w days, [illegible] y of his [illegible] to our "service." [illegible] two boys who would have proved ornaments to the navy; and when he wrote recently that one of his sons had expressed a desire to enter it, I hoped it might be one of those lads. Imagine my chagrin, however, when I received a letter yesterday introducing to my notice and care that 'milksop,' whom his honored father alludes to as the 'fool of the family,' expressing a desire that I may 'make something of him.' Ha, ha, ha! as if fools were the proper material from which to form officers for Old England's 'wooden walls!'

"Well, sir, that boy *may* be the fool of his family, but I have an idea we will find him no fool in an action with the enemy. I have watched him closely since he came on board, and can assure you he has spent his time most wisely."

"How?"

"In scraping acquaintance with the guns, their tackle, and other details, instead of that of his future messmates—who, by the way, are evidently of your opinion."

"An unfailing evidence of idiocy."

"And also of its reverse. But time will tell. I would not be afraid to bet a year's pay and all my prize money, that he turns out to be the smartest midshipman in the mess, before our next cruise is up."

"Will you do it?"

"Against its equivalent, yes."

"I'll take the bet. If that boy don't show the white feather every time we go into action, I'll forfeit double the amount of your stake." And descending the companion ladder, Captain M'Lean prepared to return to his hotel.

"So we have a new messmate, Burton; what style of a fellow is he?" demanded a junior midshipman—who had been absent all day on duty at the dock-yard—accosting a shipmate, whom he found sole occupant of the berth on his return.

"The greeny—"

"Green, is he? So much the worse for him, and better for me."

"Yes; the mess will have a fresh butt to crack their stale jokes on. But he's a fool—a downright, 'double-laid' fool! I heard Captain M'Lean tell the first luff so this afternoon; and he must know, because he's intimately acquainted with the family."

"Has he been introduced to Jemmy Ducks, yet?"

"No."

"Nor the 'dry nurse?'"

"No."

"Paid his footing?"

"Not yet. We've had no time to attend to him."

"Then I'm in time for all the fun. Let's put him through in style, if he's a fool, Burton. I am dying for a chance to begin." And, followed by his chum, the junior hurried from the berth, to commence his self-imposed task of "deviling a plebe," or "taking the starch out of a greenhorn."

The Redoubtable was at sea, and Harry Wallace—our hero—had gone through the whole formula of introduction to the midshipman's berth, evincing a degree of good-nature throughout the ordeal in perfect keeping with his implied character. Captain M'Lean seldom noticed him; and the ward-room officers, with one exception, in the person of Lieutenant Somers, occasionally made attempts to draw him out, in order to be amused by his supposed simplicity; while to his own "mess" he had become indispensable as the object of numberless practical jokes, which he never resented, though they were the means of subjecting him to trifling punishment on several occasions. With the men, he soon became a decided favorite; nor were they backward in manifestation of their preference, while their uniform kindness led him frequently to seek their society, in which much of his leisure time was spent, until Mr. Somers deemed a reprimand necessary, in order to restrain him from undue familiarity with his untutored, but sincere friends.

Notwithstanding the reprimand, our hero continued to mingle with them when practicable, and, as a natural result, fell under the displeasure of the first lieutenant, who condemned him to sundry vigils aloft, as punishment for his oft-repeated offence.

These vigils his kind friends turned to excellent account, seizing upon them as opportunities to afford him useful information and instruction in the sailor's art, in which he made such rapid progress that he could splice, knot and bend with the oldest seaman in the ship, and not only knew the uses of the complication of gear and cordage which goes to form the top-hamper of a first-class frigate, but could describe the process of housing topmasts, crossing yards alow and aloft, and various other details incidental to the management of a ship in heavy or light weather.

During the passage to Port Royal, the Redoubtable failed to fall in with a single hostile cruiser, and Captain M'Lean was obliged to forego the pleasure of adding a list of casualties to his "report" to the admiral. But she was now, as it were, on the enemy's borders—Spain maintaining a large fleet in the Carribean Sea, for the protection of her West Indian possessions—and being ordered on a cruise to windward ere her anchor had fairly bedded, had scarce sunk Jamaica in the southwest, when her "lookout at the fore'" reported a sail dead to windward, and on the opposite tack.

But a brief period elapsed ere the stranger wore and bore down for the Britain, and closing with her rapidly, soon came within long range, when she hauled up on the starboard tack and displayed Spanish colors.

"Thank fortune, a Don at last! Beat to quarters and open the magazine, Mr. Somers. Our bet will soon be decided, if I can inveigle that fellow into an action," said Captain M'Lean.

"And in my favor, sir. Shall I show our bunting?"

"Yes. Let him look at the French tri-color; he will be more likely to court an engagement, and aid me in securing that issue. Where is Mr. Wallace stationed?"

"In the forward division, sir."

"Have him aft, as a messenger. I desire to have him under my own eye in the action. Besides, I do not deem it advisable to expose him to the derision of the foremast-men, should he prove the coward I expect to find him."

"Very good, sir. Pass the word for Mr. Midshipman Wallace, Mr. Moorfield." And turning away, Mr. Somers proceeded to make a tour of inspection through the batteries, meeting our hero in the waist.

"You sent for me, sir," said the latter, touching his cap.

"Yes. You are detached from the forward division to do duty on the quarter-deck, young gentleman. See that you acquit yourself with honor."

"I will endeavor, sir," was the lad's brief rejoinder, as he passed on to his new station, while his superior resumed his tour, murmuring:

"Who can do more? That lad's no coward."

Twenty minutes later, Captain M'Lean tacked to the southward, and hauling down the French ensign, replaced it with the "meteor flag."

The Spaniard hauled closer on a wind on learning the true nationality of her adversary, while the latter commenced a brisk cannonade from her larboard main-deck battery, which succeeded in its object—the second broadside bringing the Spaniard to, minus a mainyard and mizzen-topmast.

The Redoubtable now turned to windward a few times, when the Spaniard delivered her first broadside, the majority of her shot taking effect on the former's quarter, dismounting three carronades, killing three men and wounding four others. One of the killed was actually beheaded by the shot, and our hero, who stood within three feet of him at the moment, was literally covered from head to foot with his blood and brains.

Shocked by the spectacle, he started, reeled forward, and grasped the hammock-rail for support; but the too powerful emotions engendered by the startling occurrence proved too powerful for his nerves, and a moment later he fell, fainting, on the blood-stained deck.

"Coward!" hissed Captain M'Lean through his clenched teeth, as he witnessed his fall.

"Impossible!" ejaculated Lieutenant Somers, springing forward to raise him, adding, "He is hit; I knew it. Bear him to the cock-pit, men." Resigning the inanimate form of his favorite to the care of two of the after-guard, he turned towards his superior in time to note his contemptuous smile, and hear him mutter:

"Hit, indeed! Would to Heaven he were! Attend that young gentleman to the surgeon, Mr. Somers, and convince yourself of the extent of his injuries."

"No, no; he must be hit. Examine more closely, Doctor Vinton. What can be the cause of his insensibility, if it is not the effect of a wound?"

"Terror—abject fear, sir. Your favorite is actually all that he has been believed to be. That blood is none of his. Remove him; brave men await the care which—pardon me—I cannot waste upon a coward. That may revive him; but, to create courage in a craven's heart, is beyond my skill;" and as he spoke, the old surgeon dashed a cup of water in our hero's face, and turned away to attend to the wants of the more worthy objects of his professional skill.

Lieutenant Somers hurried from the cock-pit without hazarding a second glance at the object of his solicitude, and gaining the quarter-deck, found the Spaniard bearing down, evidently intent upon boarding; while Captain M'Lean was manœuvering the frigate with a view to throw in a raking fire, should opportunity offer, when, observing the lieutenant, he demanded:

"Well, what wounds has your hero to boast?"

"None, sir, I am grieved to say."

"And I to hear it, though I expected no other report. Double shot the guns fore and aft, and restrain the men till I give the word. Let the boarders be ready, and send the 'jollie' to stations aloft."

"Ay, ay, sir! Marines, to the tops, as sharpshooters! Waist and after-guard, stations to repel boarders! Sail-trimmers, top-men and forecastle-men, prepare to board the enemy! In the batteries! Double shot the guns!"

His orders were rapidly executed, and ere a minute had elapsed after the last was issued, he was enabled to report the execution of all.

"Let fly topgallant sheets and halyards! Haul the courses up!" were the next orders issued, a broadside from the Spaniard sweeping across the frigate's deck as they were executed.

In falling off to her original course, through the heedlessness of her quarter-master the Spaniard fell off to leeward, when Captain M'Lean ordered the frigate's helm down, delivering his larboard broadside on the instant, and starboard as the vessel filled away on the other tack; when, dashing up under the lee of his antagonist, he drew her larboard broadside, and reserving his own, luffed across her stern and tacked, delivering his third raking broadside as the frigate went round, when he shot up to windward, and fouling on the Spaniard's weather-quarter, issued the order to board ere the latter's crew had recovered from the panic engendered by his murderous fire.

Mr. Somers bounded forward in advance of the order, to head the boarders in the assault; but ere he could gain his post a being, hatless and blood-stained, bounded past him, and gaining the forecastle, leaped aboard the enemy the instant the vessels came in collision, and assailing the Spanish commander, had disarmed him ere a single sword could be raised in his aid.

An instant later, Lieutenant Somers received on his sword the blow which would have clove the victor to the chine, and grasping the Spanish captain, hurled him backward into the midst of the advancing boarders, while a bullet from his gallant comrade's pistol laid the Spaniard beside his captive commander's sword.

The Spanish crew now rallied to the rescue of their captain, but after a brief contest were obliged to give ground; when the Britons drove them forward, the marines in the tops of the Redoubtable dealing death and disorder to their ranks on the retreat, until, fairly driven into the smallest possible compass, they threw down their arms and surrendered.

Lieutenant Somers turned to look for his gallant aid, whose exultant cheer a moment later betrayed him in the act of hauling down the Spanish colors; when, bounding to his side, he grasped his arm, saying:

"Come; Captain M'Lean cannot learn his mistake too soon!" And half dragging Harry Wallace, he regained the frigate, and hurried into the presence of his commander, who greeted him with a warm grasp of the hand, exclaiming:

"Nobly done, Somers; you have won your rank as commander, and from my soul I congratulate you! But whom have you there—a prisoner?"

"No, sir; the hero of the struggle—the gallant youth who led the boarders, and, single-handed, disarmed and captured the captain of the prize. Do you not recognize him?"

"Midshipman Wallace, by the gods! Can it be possible?"

"As you see, sir. If rank rewards my poor efforts in this successful action, what should be the reward of the hero who led into his first conflict, and to the deck of an enemy, the veterans of the Redoubtable?"

"Honorable mention in my dispatches, a first place in the esteem of his shipmates, and my friendship, with a public acknowledgement of my mistake. Secure the prize and man her, Mr. Somers. Accept command, as prize-master, and, if you have no objection, as a partial reward for this young gentleman's valor, I will appoint him your second in command."

"I desire no other, sir."

"Choose your crew, transfer your prisoners, and shape a course for the Admiral direct. We will meet in Port Royal, where I hope to have the pleasure of greeting you as commander, and where this brave lad will receive my apologies for my wilful misapprehensions of his character."

An hour sufficed for the execution of Captain M'Lean's directions, when the frigate and her prize parted company, the latter squaring away for Jamaica, and the former standing away to the northwest, with a view to discover a consort of the "Marguerite"—the prize—supposed to be cruising in that direction.

A week later, the Redoubtable and her prize lay moored together in Port Royal harbor, and in the mansion of the Admiral a select circle of officers were assembled to celebrate the former's victory. Ere the festivities commenced, Captain M'Lean introduced our blushing hero, and stating plainly the opinion he had formed of his courage, and the incident which had apparently justified it, recounted the gallant manner in which he had retrieved his reputation, and proved himself well worthy the confidence of his country.

'Tis needless to add that the fool of the family proved the hero of the evening, as he had of the fight; and a week later was appointed to a midshipman's berth in the prize, to which Somers was appointed commander.

That appointment was but the commencement of a successful career in his country's service, in which he won an admiral's ribbon and flag while yet a young man, and a few years later a title, when ill health obliged him to retire, third on the list of "Admirals of the Blue," and a living illustration of the fact that childhood does not always prognosticate the future of embryo manhood.

Have frank explanations with friends in cases of affronts. They sometimes save a perishing friendship; but secret discontent and mistrust always end badly.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

LOVE OF DRESS.

BY HARRY MYRTLE.

The bells ring forth their music sweet
Upon the morning breeze,
And up the hill and down the glen,
And through the frosted trees,
The echo back is quickly borne,
Which plainly says, 'tis Sunday morn.

Among all classes, high and low,
Now what a stir begins,
To deck the body in vain show
With dress and glitterings,
Lest "Mrs. Grundy," the old pander,
Should have, as usual, *food* for slander!

The auburn curl is neatly pinned
With tortoise comb so rare;
The sparkling ear-ring glistens bright
Below the beauteous hair;
But when in church with them we meet,
The mind is poisoned with conceit.

It would be well, my Christian friends,
Just to remember this—
That in the *wearing* of these things
There's nothing so amiss;
For through this mass of tinselled art
God can discern the vicious heart.

The proper incense, Sunday morn,
You'll not in Lubin find;
Cologne cannot a fragrance throw
Over an impure mind;
So let your thoughts and actions be
To keep the day devotedly.

And if you thus true pleasure take
In pompous outward show—
In decking this vile tenement
While here you dwell below,—
They are but for a season given;
You cannot carry them to Heaven.

Then lay aside this glittering store,
Not that 'tis strictly wrong,
But that to some more weaker mind
'Twill be temptation strong,
And indirectly you may be
The cause of bitter misery.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

AWKWARD JEREMIAH.

BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

A YOUNG gentleman, fashionably dressed, and with the air of one who would be at home in society, reached Boston towards evening, by the Fitchburg Railroad. He proceeded at once to a hotel, not wishing to intrude upon his relatives at that hour, and took a comfortable supper. After this he read the evening papers and then went out for a leisurly stroll on Washington street. On his way he passed Vinton's well-known establishment, and it being a warm evening, decided to go in and have an ice-cream.

He accordingly ordered one, and, while waiting to have it served, had an opportunity to look about him a little and take a leisurely survey of the company assembled. These were chiefly ladies, and to those who are at all familiar with Boston ladies, I need not say that the faces were very well worth looking at.

Our hero's attention, however, was chiefly attracted to two young ladies who sat at the table nearest his own. They were apparently about the same age, which could not have varied much from eighteen. Both, too, were quite attractive in personal appearance.

They were conversing together in quite an animated strain on a variety of subjects. At length one said:

"By the way, Emma, have I told you about the visitor we are expecting?"

"No," said the other.

"It's a cousin from the country who, I suppose, will be a perfect rustic in every respect. Such fun as I expect to get out of him."

"Him! It is a young gentleman then, Alice."

"It's a young man. I am afraid his manners would hardly entitle him to the designation."

"What is his name?"

"Jeremiah Onthank. I expect he will want us to call him Jerry."

The other young lady laughed. "His name is rustic enough, certainly," she said. "You must be sure to give me a chance to see him. Mustn't keep him all to yourself, Alice."

"I don't intend to. I want somebody else to enjoy the fun."

"Do you know how he looks?"

"No, but I can imagine. In the first place he is tall and awkward, not knowing what to do with his hands and feet, wearing cowhide boots, and a full suit of blue, including swallow tails studded plentifully with brass buttons. There, what do you say to that picture?"

Emma laughed.

"I say this," she replied, "that if he at all answers your description he will be a decided accession to our society. When do you expect him?"

"To-morrow. Uncle wrote that Jerry, as he calls him, will probably arrive at that time."

"I guess I shall make an errand to drop in by that time."

"Do so by all means."

With these words they rose from the table and left the store.

The young man had listened to their conversation with an air of mingled amazement and vexation. Not to keep the reader in suspense, we will tell him what he has probably surmised, that the chance listener to the young ladies' remarks was none other than Jeremiah Onthank himself. He was quite the reverse of the picture which his cousin had drawn, being, as we have said, very gentlemanly, both in dress and address. He was born in Vermont, where his father, a good, honest farmer, still lived; but had enjoyed the advantages of education in a college in the city of New York, where he had had an opportunity to mingle in society. This fact was quite unknown to his cousin. In fact they were not first cousins, although the indefinite relationship was most conveniently expressed by that term. Hitherto the two families had known but little of each other.

"I will pay her off," said the young man to himself, with a quiet smile.

The next morning he visited a ready-made clothing establishment.

"Have you any blue suits?" he asked.

"We have none made up recently. They are not fashionable in the city, you know."

"I am aware of that, but I intend to do a little masquerading."

"Want to personate a countryman?" said the clerk, smiling.

"Precisely."

"Then I think I can accommodate you. Not long since, a countryman called in and ordered such a suit as you desire, but, having been fleeced of his money by some sharpers, was obliged to leave them on our hands."

"The very thing!" exclaimed young Onthank.

"There is only one thing. He was not so tall as you, and they may be somewhat short in the sleeves and legs."

"All the better. Such is the traditional country fashion. Will you let me see them?"

The suit was accordingly shown.

Our hero at once put it on, and could not help laughing at the metamorphosis which it produced in his appearance. He hardly recognized himself.

"I think I will keep them on," he said, "and have the others sent to my hotel. I want two articles more, some cowhide boots and a flaming red bandanna, and then I should be fully equipped."

These last mentioned articles were not difficult to procure.

An hour afterwards he knocked at the door of his relative's aristocratic residence.

"Is Alice to hum?" he inquired of the servant.

"I believe so!" said the latter, staring at him with eyes wide open.

"Then go and tell her that her cousin Jerry wants to see her. If she's frying dough-nuts or anything, tell her I kin wait in the settin-room."

The servant, stifling a laugh, went up and reported the arrival to Alice.

"O, charming!" said she, "I was just thinking what I should do for amusement. I'm so glad he's come."

Alice descended and entered the drawing room.

There stood before her the exact embodiment of the picture she had drawn the evening before.

"How dy do, cousin Alice? I'm Jerry Onthank. Expected me, didn't ye?"

So saying, he strode towards his cousin, and grasped her taper-fingers in a painful squeeze.

"I am very well, thank you," said Alice, suppressing a smile with difficulty. "I hope you left your family well."

"Fust-rate. Dad's alive and kicking, and mam's so's to be about—all well except the white heifer—she's took sick, and I'm afear'd she won't get over it."

"That's a great pity, certainly," said Alice, with much sympathy.

"I guess you'd think so. That ere critter used to give fifteen quarts of milk a day, which dad used to sell to the milkman for three cents a quart. Most half a dollar a day, clean gone."

"It is certainly quite melancholy."

"Yes-es," said Jerry, hesitatingly, looking perplexed.

"When did you arrive in Boston?"

"Last night."

"Where did you stop?"

"To the Tremont House. What dew you think? The plaguy stage-driver that took me there charged *thirty-seven cents!* I guess he seed that I was from the country, and wanted to cheat me."

"I believe that is the regular price," said Alice.

"Sho! You don't though? Guess you'er made of money in Boston! You, it's a big town though."

"It is pretty large."

"I never seed so many brick houses in my born days. There's one thing I want to see, though."

"What is it?"

"It's a ship. They have 'em in Boston, don't they?"

"O, yes, plenty of them at the wharves."

"Couldn't you go out with me and take a walk down there? I spose you're there most every day?"

"It isn't exactly considered proper for a lady to walk down to the wharves."

"Sho! Then you don't want to go?"

"I would rather walk to the Common. Have you seen that?"

"Yes, I seed it this morning."

"And what did you think of it?"

"It's a confounded shame they should let so much good land go to waste. It would be pretty good to raise potatoes on. I've a great mind to tell the government I'll take it on shares."

"I don't think it would do any good. They keep it for children to play on, and for the people to promenade."

"To *what?*"

"To take walks."

"O, that's the idea."

At this moment Miss Emma Dickinson, the other young lady, was introduced.

Jerry made a shambling salutation, and the young ladies continued to ply him with questions, enjoying not a little his rusticity.

Two or three days elapsed. Jerry made his home at the aristocratic mansion of his cousin. It would take altogether too long to detail all the instances of his rusticity during that time.

At this time his cousin determined upon a party, chiefly in honor of a young lady from New York, a representative of the best society in that city, to whom Alice wished to do especial honor.

When Jerry appeared to escort his cousin down stairs, to the brilliantly lighted parlors, she was surprised that he was attired in fashionable style. In reply to her interrogatories, he said, "I kinder thought I'd like to dress a little more in Boston style, so I went out and bought some new clothes. They cost a mint of money, but darn the expense. When I'm in Boston I'm going to do as the Romans do."

Alice was secretly glad of the change. Really, her cousin looked quite genteel, much more so than she had dreamed possible.

Entering the room where a number had already assembled, Miss Emma Dickinson took charge of our hero, while his cousin did the honors to the arriving guests.

Soon the New York belle arrived, and was warmly received by Alice.

Some half an hour after, Jeremiah found himself near her. To his surprise he recognized a young lady whom he had met in society.

The recognition was cordial on both sides. They were conversing, unnoticed by Alice, when the music struck up for a quadrille.

"Will you accept me in lieu of a better partner, Miss Vancouver?" asked our hero.

The lady inclined her head in the affirmative.

They took a place opposite Alice and a young military gentleman.

"Good Heavens!" thought she, "how on earth did Jeremiah get introduced to Miss Vancouver? He will make us all ridiculous."

But she had no time for remonstrance. The music struck up.

To her surprise, Jeremiah went through the figure with perfect propriety. He did not jump about as she anticipated.

The quadrille over, she went up to the pair.

"I didn't know you had been introduced to my cousin," said Alice.

"We have been acquainted for two years," said Miss Vancouver, quietly.

"Where did you meet?" asked Alice, amazed.

"In New York," said her cousin, significantly. "I was at that time a college student there."

Alice was overpowered with astonishment, which she managed to conceal, however, till the party was over, when her cousin made an explanation, adding with a smile, "Cousin Alice, you were hasty in assuming that all who live in the country are clodpoles. If you will come to Vermont next summer, I hope to convince you to the contrary."

Alice did visit Vermont as invited. Her visit is likely to be a long one, as she has become the wife of awkward Jeremiah.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

But few persons are aware of the entire change of the English language in a few centuries. Innovations and amendments are continually being introduced, and many parts of it becoming obsolete.

For the purpose of presenting in one view the changes which the language has undergone, we select the Lord's prayer as an example. The following version is *Danish Saxon* of about the year 875, and is ascribed to King Alfred.

Fader ure, thu the earth on Heofnum,
Si thin Nama gehalgod;
To be come thin Rice;
Gewurthe thin Willa on Eorthan swa swa on Heofnum;
Urne ge daghwanlican Huf style us to dag,
And forgyf us ure Gyltas, swa swa we forgyfaith urum Gyltendum;
And ne galadde thu us on Costnung;
As alyse us of Yfle.

By Pope Adrian in Rhyme about 1156.

Ure Fadyr in Heavenrich,
Thy Name be halyed ever lich;
Thou bring us thy michel Bliss,
Als hit in Heaven y-do,
Evar in Yearth been it also;
That holy Bread that lasteth ay
Thou sent it us this like Day;
Forgive us all that we have don,
As we forgiveth och other Mon;
No let us fall into no Fbundling:
Ac shield ous fro the foule Thing. Amen.

English of the 13th Century.

Oure Fader, that art in Hevenes,
Halewid be thi Name:
Thy Kingdom come;
To be thi Wille do as in Hevene and in Erthe,
Gyff to us this Day owar Brode over other Substance;
And forgyve to us our Dettis, as forgyven to oure Dettours;
And lede us not into Temptation;
But delyve us to Yvel. Amen, that is, so beit.

English of 1378—*From Wicklif's Translation.*

Our Fadyr, that art in Heavenes,
Halloed be thy Name;
Thy Kingdom come to;
Be thy Wil done in Erthe as in Hevene;
Geve to us this Day our Bread, over other Substance,
And forgive to us our Dettis, as we forgeven to our Detters;
And lead us not into Temptation,
But deliver us from Evil. Amen.

English of 1430.

Our Fadir, that art in Hevenes,
Halewide be thi name;
Thy Kingdom come to thee;
Be thy Will don in Erthe as in Hevene;
Give to us this Day oure Bread over other Substance
And forgive to us our Dettis, as we forgiven oure Dettours;
But deliver us from Ivel. Amen.

English of 1526,—*From Tindal's Translation.*

Our Father which art in Heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name;
Let thy Kingdom come;
Thy will be fulfilled as well in Earth as it is in Heven;
Geve to us this Daye our Dayly Bred;
And forgeve us the Dettis, as we forgiven oure Detters;
And lead us not into Temptation;
But deliver us from Evyil,
For thyne is the Kingdom, and the power and the Glory for ever.

FIXEDNESS OF PURPOSE.

When a child is learning to walk, if you induce the little creature to keep its eyes fixed on any point in advance, it will generally "navigate" to that point without capsizing; but distract its attention by word or act from the object before it, and down goes the baby. The rule applies to children of larger growth. The man who starts in life with a determination to reach a certain position, and adheres unwavering to his purpose, rarely fails, if he live long enough to reach the goal for which he set out.

Friendship is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings, than by attachment to excellencies. The former is valued as a kindness which cannot be claimed, the latter is exacted as a payment of debt to merit.

OUR
FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN,
HALLOWED BE THY NAME,
THY
KINGDOM COME THY WILL BE DONE
ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN;
GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD
AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES AS WE FOGIVE THOSE
WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US
AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM
EVIL:
FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM THE POWER AND THE GLORY FOR
EVER AND EVER
KILBURN DEL.
MAJOR. SC.
AMEN.

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SNOW SCENE ON BOSTON COMMON.

The life with which the picture below runs over will prove contagious to every beholder. The Common is the pet of Boston. No piece of property is looked after with more jealous care by the City Fathers than this. Every walk, every diagram of green grass, every tree and flower is as sacredly watched as if somebody had an indistinct and dim sort of fear that somebody else would come along and smuggle it out of sight. But ever since the Common was a cow pasture, the boys have held it as pretty much their own. In the winter, when the snow has coated nature, the boys carry all before them. One has to look sharp for his footing if he would cross the path down which Young America coasts at such a defiant rate of speed. They choose this spot, too, for other sports than those with the sled. The picture tells a story that every reader will at once see the meaning of. Those urchins there have rolled up a big snowball, till they can roll it no longer, and, having luckily brought it down to the old elm, are making merry over the result. The leader has succeeded in mounting to its top, and is waving his cap and calling on his companions to cheer the proud work of their own hands. Now the sleds are cast aside, and all hands go heartily into the frolic. Even the dog seen in the sketch cannot help testifying his delight, and barks in chorus with their shouting. The old elm stands denuded, shorn of its graceful summer crown, and the squirrel-box in its branches suggests that it still extends, as it has for many, many years, its generous hospitalities. The State House on the left, Park street Church, directly to the left of the tree-trunk, and King's Chapel, on the extreme right, fill up the outlines of the picture. The whole landscape is wintry, and excites chills; but the boys think of everything but the cold. At times, the Common offers a gorgeous display of crystals and prismatic colors, worth coming many miles to see. Those peculiar times are when a rain over night happens to have frozen upon the limbs, branches, boughs, twigs, and even minutest sprays of the trees, and the morning sun comes up and converts the whole scene into a fairy grove, or a glittering temple such as seems possible only in dreams. The effect is bewildering, and the sensitive imagination dances up and down the airy halls of porphyry and pearl, reveling among the aisles and vistas with a satisfaction it could never commit to language. One who studies the varied aspects of the Common in winter, will find a great deal to attract and instruct him. The landscapes then, though enjoyed but in glimpses, are, in their way, as stirring and fine as when seen under the soft and sensuous skies of June. Besides, as it then requires more activity in the imagination to fill up the outlines of the pictures presented, and invest them with a clothing of warm and brilliant colors, the mind enjoys a keener glow from the exercise, and the delight rendered is of course all the deeper. But the boys know how to enjoy the Common, if their elders do not. They extract all sorts of fun out of the snow. Ever since they made complaint to the British commander in Boston, just before the opening of the revolution, of the red-coats interfering with their time-honored privilege of coasting here, and got the redress they so bravely petitioned for, they have seemed to hold their rights on the Common by the sheer force of custom. Long may the Common remain the magnet for so many hearts that first palpitated in Boston.

A SNOW SCENE ON BOSTON COMMON

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

LINES.

BY BOLIVAR J. HOWE.

Here may thy numerous friends, with joy supreme,
Scatter their tributes like rich gems along;
And may there leaves with thoughts of beauty teem,
Left by the "Sons of Song."

May each memorial to thy heart be dear,
A charm and talisman from youth to age;
And every thought that finds a record here,
Pure as each spotless page.

Thine be the kindest fate that fortune weaves;
Thy life composed of calm and sunny hours;
And be thy pathway, like these album leaves,
Bright with the fairest flowers.

THE BANDITTI
OF THE
CASTLE OF HARDAYNE.

BY H. L. STEVENS.

CHAPTER IV.

"Do his bidding: strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause:
But now thou seem'st a coward."—SHAKSPEARE.

On the following evening, while Giraldus was sitting with Lord Albert, the peasant entered in great haste and trepidation. He informed them that he had observed some horsemen loitering about the beacon, and just then surprised one at the window of the room where they were sitting, attentively observing those within; that finding himself discovered he had galloped off with the greatest speed, and was immediately joined by his companions, who had concealed themselves behind a rock at a small distance.

"Now I'll be bound for it," continued the peasant, "these are some of the same gang of villains that would have murdered this gentleman at the castle the other day. Now if I [illegible] so bold as to advise, I think we had all [illegible] n ourselves in the most completest [illegible] o show that we are in a proper state [illegible] them; for my part, I can furnish a [illegible] sword for myself, and an old battle-axe for Robin, when he returns, and then it is my opinion we shall do."

Though the gentlemen could scarcely forbear smiling at the peasant's description of the contents of his arsenal, yet they could not but feel some apprehension at this new circumstance. It seemed so evidently a part of the plot hinted at by the dying man, and a further concurrence to the truth of his testimony, that they no longer hesitated to believe some dark and bloody design was on foot.

At this certainty their amazement increased. Each fancied the other the destined man, as each was assured it could not be himself. To keep strictly on their guard, however, was now become essentially necessary, particularly in the evening, a time best adapted for the execution of any dark purpose which they might have in view.

The succeeding day brought back the peasant's son, with some servants from the Castle of Melbourne. The earl, on finding how much he was indebted to a stranger for the preservation of his son's life, had written a letter, wherein he acknowledged his deep sense of the obligation, and added a request, that when Lord Albert should be sufficiently recovered to travel, he would accompany him to Melbourne Castle, where the welcome he should receive would testify the gratitude his kindness had inspired. He further observed, that nothing but a severe indisposition from which he was recovering, should have prevented his making the request in person. Lord Albert, though he never mentioned it, had from the first the same intentions, but learning that his father had given the invitation, he now re-enforced it with all his powers of persuasion, adding, that as he meant shortly to visit the continent, Giraldus, if he would accompany him, might have an opportunity of meeting his friend again in the course of their peregrination.

Giraldus, who had yet no fixed plan in view for his future conduct, saw at once the eligibility of acceding to this proposal, and therefore required little persuasion to determine his acceptance of it. Interest, however, had no share in fixing his determination. Plunged into the wide world, with scarcely a friend or common acquaintance, with a heart teeming with sensibility and philanthropy, he naturally and sincerely attached himself to whoever appeared worthy of his esteem; and in the present instance, he embraced the offer of his friend more from this principle than from any hopes of advantage that might arise to himself from his compliance. The concluding information also had its weight, and had his resolution wavered before, its influence would have proved decisive.

As Lord Albert continued to recover, he began to make small excursions with his friend round the neighboring country, though they prudently avoided the castle, judging it in the present state of affairs both unsafe and unnecessary. However highly their curiosity and attention might be excited, there was no probability of having them gratified at present, and they found themselves compelled to wait until time should develop the mystery. The appearance seen by Giraldus in the room where he lay on the first night, was another circumstance that dwelt on their minds. They could not, for several reasons, suppose it to be the assassin who was afterwards slain, and the mode of its sudden disappearance was yet entirely unknown.

These were subjects that frequently employed their speculation during the remainder of their stay at the beacon; but as every attempt at explanation only sunk them deeper in wild and improbable conjectures, they were resolved at a future time to return sufficiently prepared to investigate them more fully, and put an end to a state of suspense now rendered almost insupportable.

When Lord Albert was deemed sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, they bade adieu to the beacon and its inhabitants, after amply rewarding their kind host for his care and attention, who, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, humbly took his leave, and promised to send them immediate intelligence should any material occurrence take place at the castle during their absence.

They continued to travel at an easy pace for the remainder of the day, through a country wild and romantic, where mountains towered above each other, and impending rocks seemed to threaten the traveller below. This scenery continued till the sun descending shed its departing splendor over the whole, marking with catching lustre the prominent parts of the nearer objects, and enveloping the whole distance in one bright glow of purple.

As the place where they designed to spend the night was now but a few miles distant, they felt no concern at the evening's approach, but continued their usual pace, often stopping to view the scenery, or point out some peculiar beauty to each other. At length they arrived at the margin of an extensive lake, which, sweeping with an ample stretch round a bold promontory, lost itself among the distant hills. The moon had now risen, in calm majesty diffusing her silver lustre on the wild scenery, and lending another, though not less beautiful appearance, to the face of nature; her mild beam now trembled on the surface of the lake, now played on the dashing waters of a distant cascade, that tumbled its copious torrent over an abrupt mass of rugged and disjointed rocks, and seemed lulled to peace by the calm bosom on which it fell.

The silence of the night was only interrupted by the roaring of the water fall. Instinctively they stopped to view the sublime scene, and their accordant minds, like strings in unison, vibrated to the idea it inspired. Thus the busy, restless soul of man rolls on from scene to scene, from change to change, seeking peace, and finding none; impetuously gliding over life's pebbled channel, and headlong terminating its fretful course.

They remained for some time in mute contemplation, and the servants had strayed to a considerable distance, when suddenly a number of men rushed from a thicket, and in a moment, ere they had time to recollect themselves, seized, dismounted and bound them, while a party went forward in quest of the servants, who, seeing the fate of their lord, and the superior number of the banditti, rode off with precipitation.

In the mean time two of those who remained, having blindfolded Giraldus, remounted him on his horse and led him away, leaving Lord Albert, who in vain entreated that he might not be separated from his companion, to undergo a similar operation.

They led Giraldus silently forward through bye-paths, and sometimes up steep acclivities, for near an hour, when they stopped at the door of an uninhabited cottage. He had inquired, and now renewed his entreaties, to be informed of their motives for seizing him, but without heeding his questions, or uttering a single word, they conveyed him into an inner apartment, and securely fastening the door, left him alone to ruminate on this strange adventure.

From the whole tenor of their conduct, it was evident that robbery was not their sole motive. They had yet attempted to take nothing from him except his sword, and that they had of course secured at the first onset. Their intentions he was therefore compelled to consider as tending to something of a far more horrid nature, and the words of the dying man came again to his recollection; although, as he was still led to believe, they had mistaken their object. He had no means of convincing them of that mistake, since their obstinate deafness to all he could urge, must prove an insuperable bar to conviction.

Thus circumstanced, he awaited the event in a state of agonizing suspense, on which no ray of comfort darted even a transient gleam.

A considerable time elapsed ere the men returned. They brought fresh horses, on one of which Giraldus was again mounted. Once more he endeavored to gain some information of their intentions, but the same taciturnity was preserved, and they immediately rode away with him at a full gallop. As the bandage still remained on his eyes, he could form no idea of the direction they had taken, and his conjectures only tended to involve him in greater perplexity. The same pace was continued for several hours, till the soft treading of the horses convinced him they had quitted the main road. He now made a secret effort to remove the impediment from his sight, and so far succeeded as to gain a slight glimpse of the country. He perceived they were travelling over a heath, and as the gray dawning light increased, he shortly, to his great amazement, beheld the castle of Hardayne.

Since his last fatal adventure there, Giraldus had beheld this place with an instinctive horror. His thoughts revolted from it with a dismay he could not account for; and now, when he perceived they were leading him to it, he was convinced some bloody design was in agitation. The hope that was founded on the uncertainty of their intentions now forsook him; he became quite frantic, and the man who rode behind in vain endeavored to restrain him from throwing himself off the horse. They fell together, and Giraldus, much hurt by the fall, lay insensible and apparently lifeless.

A young man, who was cutting firewood at some distance, seeing them fall, without knowing the cause, threw down his axe, and ran to assist him. He observed that only one appeared hurt; the other two were busied about him, but no sooner had he come up with them, than he broke out into a violent exclamation of surprise and grief. It was the peasant's son, Robin! Pushing the men rudely aside, he threw himself down by the body, and gave a vent to his simple though expressive sorrow. He then made divers inquiries respecting Lord Albert, but receiving no answer, he suddenly rose up, and taking Giraldus in his arms, walked off with him towards the beacon.

The men, who had been hitherto mute spectators, now seeing themselves in danger of losing their prey stepped forward, and commanded the peasant to lay him down.

"No, no," he replied, "I will take him home with me, and dead or alive he will have care taken of him there; you may follow, if you please."

It was in vain to remonstrate; he was determined, and they were at length compelled to exert all their force to make him relinquish his hold. Exasperated at this rough treatment, he placed his friend gently on the ground, and attacked them both with such impetuosity and address, that they with difficulty sustained the furious onset. For a long time he maintained the unequal combat, till overpowered by their superior number, he sunk beneath their blows, and they left him on the heath, deprived of sense and motion.

They now made their way towards the castle with Giraldus, who soon began to recover. His recollection returned as they entered the gate, and perceiving his situation, he again endeavored to break from them, but he was so much weakened by his fall that all his attempts were ineffectual. They conveyed him across the court, then, descending a flight of steps that lead to the vaults, brought him to one, the most dreary and melancholy. There, fastening the door, they left him, and returned to seek their horses, which had escaped while they were engaged with the peasant.

Stupefied with his wound, Giraldus remained almost unconscious of his situation. He rested his aching head on his hand, as he sat on an old worm-eaten bench, and retained the same posture till one of the men returned. The noise of opening the door roused him; he started up, and recollecting himself, eagerly demanded to know by what authority, and for what motives he was confined there.

"Of that," replied the man, "I am not permitted to inform you, but if you wish to be treated with kindness, I would advise you to be patient, and refrain from those inquiries which can only prove fruitless. Provisions will be brought you till—" he stopped.

"Till when?" cried Giraldus, eagerly.

"Till your fate is decided," replied the man.

"Tell me then, I conjure thee," said Giraldus, "with whom does it rest?"

The man turned about to go.

"Stay," said he; "be convinced you have mistaken the person you meant to have seized, and are now possessed of one, who though almost destitute of friends, has at least no enemy cruel enough to immure him in this wretched place. You are," he continued, "you must be now convinced you have been deceived."

The man looked earnestly at him. "No," he replied, while he shook his head. "No, be assured I have not," then abruptly turning about, he quitted the place.

Left in this state of horrid uncertainty, the mind of Giraldus, harassed and distracted, employed itself during the remainder of the day in wild and improbable conjectures. He endeavored to seek oblivion in sleep, but his disturbed imagination banished repose, and painted in more glowing colors the terific imagery which his wild fancy had conjured up.

At length his guards returned. They had brought provisions, a lamp, and some straw for his bed. Again he renewed his inquiries, but the man who had conversed with him, fearful lest his companion should be made acquainted with it, endeavored by signs to prevent his making it known. He heeded not the hint, but became so violent and clamorous, that perceiving his phrenzy, they lit the lamp and quitted him with some haste. A calm languor now succeeded. He sunk on his straw, and in disturbed slumber lost for a time the consciousness of his wretched situation.

A noise, that seemed to proceed from an effort to open one of the doors of the vault, again roused him. Starting up, he called out loudly. No answer was returned, the noise ceased, and no further occurrence disturbed the silence of the night. Towards morning he felt himself somewhat refreshed, but cold and chill from the dampness of the place. He arose and traversed his dreary mansion with quick steps till the morning's light beamed in at his high grated window. He then took some refreshments, and as his mind had become more calm, he endeavored to trace out the cause of his confinement. The deeply hidden mystery, however, baffled every conjecture he could form, and only involved him in still greater perplexity.

Sometimes he thought his uncle had made the baron acquainted with what he had threatened, who might have taken these measures to punish his supposed presumption; but when he recollected his kind and generous disposition, he blamed himself for having for a moment attributed such cruel proceedings to him. At other times, his uncle would become the object of his suspicion, but his want of power, even if he had the inclination, soon banished that improbable idea.

Whoever were the principles in this affair, a moment's cool reflection convinced Giraldus he had nothing to hope from their lenity, however long their intentions might be deferred, his death, he foresaw, was the ultimate object to which all their measures tended. The man whom he had slain evidently acted under the same authority, and had forewarned him of others who were employed for the same horrid purpose, and now, when he was completely in their power, he could scarcely suppose that any human motives would induce them to shrink back from their original design. The pains they had taken to entrap him, the place where he was confined, so well adapted to the purpose, all declared they would not. Thus circumstanced, what hope remained? what consolation from the still cherished idea of his having been mistaken for another? None! From

such a place, from such circumstances, hope fled dismayed, and black succeeding despair alone possessed her vacated seat.

But Giraldus, whose heart seemed ever to gain strength as his circumstances became more desperate, bore the conviction with a manly fortitude, that scorned to shrink from his fate, however severe it might prove. Yet when his thoughts returned to Elvina, his heart melted with tenderness at the recollection. "Loveliest maid," he cried, "must I then never behold you more! Must those transient, though exquisitely happy moments which I have passed in your society, never return! Alas! how have circumstances eventfully changed since I last beheld you! Then, unconscious of that dire enmity which has since risen against me on every side, I heard, or thought I heard, no voice but that of friendship—now sinking a miserable prey to unknown enemies, who in the gloom of this horrid dungeon endeavor to conceal from the world their mysterious and bloody designs. O Elvina, O Henry! my beloved companions! In vain shall ye mourn, for ye will mourn, the uncertain fate of the lost Giraldus. This dreary mansion will, with the wretched victim, bury the fatal truth, till avenging heaven shall make it known, and exhibit the bloody assassin to the world. Then let the remembrance of your unfortunate companion sometimes find a place in your bosoms, and when the tear of sensibility and pity shall steal into your eye, may succeeding joy chase it away, and may the indulgent hand of heaven redouble on you the happiness I have lost."

When he adverted to Lord Albert, the uncertainty of what had befallen him, added new poignancy to his afflictions "Must I thus," said he, 'lose all my friends? Was I born only to bring misfortune or grief on all whom I esteem and love. A fatality seems of late to attend every transaction in which I engage."

He was proceeding in his reflection, but the sound of voices caught his attention. Two persons seemed in deep conversation. He drew near the door, and listened in profound silence. They spoke so low that it was only at intervals he could distinguish what was said, and even then so imperfectly, that it was impossible to learn the subject of their discourse. He was therefore preparing to go, when one of them, in a somewhat louder tone, mentioned his name. This again excited his curiosity, and he remained in fixed attention.

"That is his intention, however," said the person who had spoken before; "you will find it so in the end."

"If it is," replied the other, "I must inform you that I am determined not to be concerned in it. I think blood enough has been shed already. Would to heaven—this castle then I had never known—"

The rest of the sentence was lost, and the reply was given in a remonstrating voice, from which Giraldus could only gather detached words.

"When he gave his commands to execute this business, he assured me," said the other, "that he—"

Again the voice sunk too low to be heard. After some time,

"Then you agree?" said the first.

"I do. You have convinced me there is no alternative; but I promised you it shall be the last business of that nature in which I will be concerned."

"You must act as you please in future; only be steadfast now. We must fix on the means speedily, and make ——— acquainted with them."

Though some name had been frequently mentioned, yet Giraldus, from the low voice in which it was pronounced, could never catch the least syllable of it. He anxiously wished to know who the principal was in this affair, but his wishes were vain. The men, as soon as they had made the above determination, walked away to a more distant part, and he heard them no more.

Giraldus, convinced that his fate was now decided, sunk for a time under the accumulated horrors of his situation. Though hope had before deserted him, the confirmation of his apprehensions brought with it a train of dreadful ideas, and overwhelmed his mind with terror and dismay.

"Yet why," he cried, "should I wish to live. All prospects of happiness in this world have long been blasted. Why seek to prolong life only to prolong misery? Could I escape from hence, I see nothing before me but dependence' wretchedness and disappointment. To die now, will be to shun them all, and preclude the possibility of feeling any more. No, I will no longer shrink from death. I will court him as a friend; I will bare my bosom to the stroke that shall set me free. Hail, then, thou gloomy cavern! thy dark recess is but the portal to a temple of light. Welcome, thou glittering dagger, that tears aside the veil and gives the stranger entrance!"

CHAPTER V.

Oh! partner of my infant griefs and joys;
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows;
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.
MICKLE.

MEANWHILE Lord Albert was bound by the banditti, who remained in the same manner as Giraldus, and conveyed across the country with the same despatch and silence; but the violence of the motion was too much for one yet scarcely recovered from a severe illness, and he fainted in the arms of the person who held him on the horse.

When recollection returned, he found himself in the cottage of a villager, who with his wife, was using every means for his recovery; they seemed overjoyed at the success of their endeavors, and in answer to his inquiries, informed him that he had been left there by some horsemen who had just rescued him from a party of banditti, and that, after strict injunctions to treat him tenderly, they had immediately gone in quest of the robbers.

Whatever joy Lord Albert might feel at this unexpected deliverance, it was greatly damped, when he reflected on the probable situation of his companion. He much feared no such fortune had attended him; and from the known sanguinary disposition of the banditti, he could entertain little or no hope, that they would so far deviate from their usual practice as to spare his life. "Alas! my friend, my deliverer!" he exclaimed, "is this the reward of all the care and attention you have shown me, in rescuing me from death, and from that horrid dungeon which would for ever have concealed me from the search of a distracted father. Let me hope it will be in my power to evince my gratitude. I will seek you to the farthest verge of the kingdom, I will yet, if possible, rescue you from the hands of those bloody villains, and revenge all your wrongs on their devoted heads."

The animated glow of resentment which flushed his cheek as these thoughts passed through his mind, soon passed away. A pale languor succeeded, and as he now found himself extremely unwell, he desired the good woman to prepare him a bed, where, as soon as it was ready, he retired.

The great anxiety and fatigue which he had undergone, now contributed to bring on some symptoms of a fever; and these, at the return of his servants (for it was they who had rescued him from the banditti,) were greatly augmented. He stretched out his hand, as they entered the room, and thanked them for their exertions, anxiously adding inquiries respecting his friend; but on this head they could give him no information. "We pursued," said they, "that party of banditti who were left with you, cautiously following at a proper distance, till the time when you fainted. This accident seemed to throw them into some confusion. Part of them alighted and took you off. We judged this to be a good opportunity, and immediately galloped towards them. On perceiving us, they remounted their horses, leaving you on the grass, and rode off with such precipitation that it was impossible to overtake them."

They added that they had since been in pursuit of them, but could gain no intelligence of the course they had taken.

Lord Albert again thanked them for their care and fidelity, promising to reward them amply when they returned home. He then gave orders immediately to pursue the route of the other party, and endeavor by every means in their power to gain intelligence of Giraldus. They accordingly departed, leaving one only to attend upon him till their return.

As he felt his fever still increasing, he was again compelled to call in some medical assistance; and fortunately a person of considerable eminence in that profession dwelt in the same village. On visiting his patient, though he disguised his apprehensions, it was easy to observe that he entertained no very flattering hopes of his recovery. He, however, gave proper directions to his attendants, and sent such medicines as the case required.

All night the fever continued to increase. He became delirious, and raved incessantly of Giraldus, at times conjuring him to come to his aid—then, as if he saw the banditti about to murder him, he would start up quite frantic, and loudly call upon them to stop their bloody hands. For three days the doctor despaired of his recovery, but when the crisis of his disorder approached, some medicine which he had applied, gave it a favorable turn, a violent perspiration and tranquil sleep ensued, from which he awoke perfectly restored to reason. So much however was he reduced by this violent attack, that he could not hope to quit this place for a considerable time.

At a short distance from the village stood the castle of the Baron St. Austin, a gentleman of universal benevolence and philanthropy. His only study and pleasure was that of diffusing peace and happiness around him. He aided and comforted the distressed and afflicted, and the poor never returned from the gates of his castle without a fervent blessing on its benevolent possessor. A large portion of his income, which was very considerable, was yearly devoted to charitable ends; he knew no gratification in heaping up useless treasure, but he felt all that benign pleasure which arises from the the consciousness of its proper distribution; and his tenants and dependants looked up to him with love, veneration and gratitude.

As soon as he became acquainted with the illness of Lord Albert, he immediately waited upon him, to make him an offer of those accommodations at the castle, which it was not expected he could meet with at the small cottage where he remained; but the ill-state in which he found him, rendered such a proposal unnecessary for the present. He, however, with his usual kindness, took care that nothing should be wanting which might tend to expedite his recovery, or lessen the inconvenience of his habitation. When, therefore, he had once more regained his reason, he made him frequent visits; and his conversation tended in some measure to remove that gloom, which, from continually brooding over the fate of his friend, hung heavy on his mind.

Thus passed the time, till Lord Albert was deemed sufficiently strong to undergo the fatigue of removing to the castle, the necessity of which the baron had frequently enforced with all the warmth of sincere friendship. "My dear friend," he would say, "however you may wish, from motives of delicacy and from the fear of giving trouble, to conceal it from me, yet you must be assured how well I am convinced the accommodations you meet with, are by no means adequate to what your situation in life require. To me the task of alleviating the distress or inconvenience of others is not less a pleasure than I feel it a duty. Believe me, I do not speak from vanity; I wish only to induce you to accept of that, which were we to change situations, I am confident you would enforce."

Lord Albert, who had only withstood the solicitations of the baron from the fear of giving trouble, forcibly felt the kindness of his argument, and consented to become an inmate at the castle till his health should be sufficiently re-established to return home. Thither he was accordingly removed, and experienced every attention of his kind host, who, while he continued confined to his chamber, devoted the greater part of his time in the company of his guest.

When he was sufficiently recovered to quit his room, the baron introduced him to his daughter, a young lady whose disposition and personal charms rendered her the object of general admiration. Graceful and unaffected in her person and manners, with a countenance in which every generous sentiment was depicted, few could behold her without acknowledging her powerful attractions; but when to these were added those charms of disposition which more perfect intimacy unfolded, to have withstood their combined power would have betrayed a degree of insensibility of which few could boast.

It may reasonably be supposed that the baron could not fail to receive frequent solicitations for the honor of an alliance so desirable in every point of view; but he was not a man to be influenced by the motives which at that time too generally prevailed. His indulgent heart could ill bear the idea of sacrificing a child at the shrine of avarice, and rightly considering her happiness more immediately concerned in an affair of such importance, he was contented with reserving to himself a negative voice, and constantly referred the claims of those suitors whom he thought worthy, to the decision of her whose future fate must be most materially influenced by it. This conduct, which he thought most likely to ensure to his beloved daughter that happiness he so ardently wished her, was repaid on her side by the highest degree of filial veneration and love, which the mutual confidence it tended to inspire, promised to render as permanent as it was sincere.

Hitherto all the applications of her numerous suitors had been politely rejected; nor were all the means which love could devise, sufficient to draw her from that apparently general indifference, to form a decided preference to any one. In her behavior modest, affable, and discreet, she was wholly untinctured with that coquettish and unfeeling vanity which seeks to gain those affections it never means to return. Her rejections were therefore immediate and decisive.

Such was the daughter of the Baron St. Austin, in whose society Lord Albert was destined to pass the remaining term of his stay. His heart, at first sight, bore testimony of the power of her charms, and increasing intimacy proportionably augmented his admiration. The illness he had undergone now seemed a blessing, since it had been the means of bringing him to the knowledge of a lady so accomplished. The thoughts of returning home already began to appear unpleasing, and the time seemed to glide away with redoubled quickness.

From this state of tranquil bliss he was aroused by the return of his servants. They had pursued every probable method of discovering Giraldus, but all their efforts had proved ineffectual, and they were compelled to relinquish a search that afforded not the smallest intelligence. Lord Albert felt the disappointment severely. Scarcely any hope now remained that his friend had escaped. His fate appeared but too evident, and the reflection again sunk him into deep dejection. He would himself have sought him, but the absurdity of a pursuit where no clue could be obtained, alone prevented so useless a measure.

The baron perceived his melancholy, and endeavored to divert his mind from the secret cause that oppressed it. He frequently took him on small excursions round his estate, and employed all the means in his power to draw off his attention to the other objects. In this he partly succeeded. A latent hope would also at times arise, that his friend might possibly yet remain alive, and the thought would yield a transient relief.

The fair daughter of this kind host would frequently accompany him in his walks, to point out those situations which commanded an extensive, or beautiful prospect, and her presence contributed to dissipate every painful reflection

Sometimes, as they strayed through the shades of the forest, or rested on the rustic bench, he read to her passages from favorite authors; and thus, by employing his imagination on various themes, diverted its force from that point on which it was most prone to dwell. In this pleasing amusement he had been employed one evening, when, on turning over the vacant leaves, to his great surprise he read the name of Elvina.

"Good heaven!" he exclaimed, with an emotion which he could not check; but immediately recollecting himself and lowering his voice, "can this be your name, madam?"

"Yes," she replied, equally surprised at the question and exclamation.

"Excuse my inquiry," said he, "I have had the pleasure of hearing it before, but till now did not—" He hesitated. "I scarcely know what I am saying," continued he. "A similarity of names and circumstances will oftentimes call back to our minds the recollection of past events: The sun is near setting. Shall we return to the castle?"

"It will be very proper. The evening's air may be pernicious to an invalid," she replied.

The conversation which Lord Albert endeavored to turn on indifferent subjects, as they walked towards the castle, had frequent intermissions. His mind was evidently abstracted from that on which he was speaking, and a sigh would sometimes escape. Elvina, on the other hand, was somewhat surprised at his manner; but judging it to be the effect of some misfortune that had recently befallen him, she endeavored to divert his attention, and keep up a conversation which would otherwise soon have died away.

The succeeding day, after breakfast, T
bert took occasion to inquire of

casually, whether he was acquainted with a young gentleman by the name of Giraldus, who, he understood, had formerly dwelt in the neighboring village. The eager reply of "Yes. Are you acquainted with him?" and suffusion which the cheek of Elvina underwent while she anxiously attended for the cause of the inquiry, plainly indicated how great an interest he held in the family.

"It is but lately," said he, "that I became acquainted with him. But, if gratitude for services which I fear I shall never have an opportunity of repaying, can be substituted in the place of long continued friendship, I may justly rank him among my first friends."

He then related to them the circumstances, from which, by his timely exertions, he had been rescued; and concluded with the information of the manner of their unfortunate separations, concealing, however, the apprehensions he entertained from the sanguinary disposition of the banditti.

The countenance of Elvina underwent a variety of changes during the above recital. Pity, esteem, and admiration, successively displayed their corresponding expressions; but at the final information, the hope which had before fluttered in her cheek, gave way to "the pale cast of fear," her emotion became too great to be concealed, and, without trusting her voice with a single inquiry, she arose, and hastily quitted the room. The kind-hearted baron felt little less. The esteem which he had entertained for Giraldus was heightened by this new proof of his tenderness and humanity; and he now hinted his fears, that an escape from their hands would be next to an impossibility. He lamented his having so suddenly left his home, while he expressed his surprise at the cause.

"I have never yet," said he, "heard it accounted for; and his uncle is of so strange a disposition, that I could not gain any plausible information from him. Probably it might be some difference between them. But what most amazes me is, that he should leave this place without endeavoring to see those whom he was confident were his friends, and quit an asylum that would ever have been open to him. When, I mentioned this to his uncle, his answer was that where ingratitude was the leading principle, we should not be surprised at any apparent strangeness of conduct. I turned hastily away from the malicious detractor, and have never since conversed with him."

Lord Albert apologized for this seeming neglect, attributing it to a motive somewhat different from the real one, which he did not think himself entitled to explain. He again deplored the misfortune of his friend, and lamented that want of information, which deprived him of every means of rescuing him from his fate, adding, that could he gain the least intelligence he would fly to the farthest verge of the kingdom to preserve him. The baron then arose, evidently very much affected, and they walked out together.

In the meantime Elvina had retired to her apartment, there to give vent to the piercing sorrows that oppressed her heart. From early infancy she had considered Giraldus as a brother. A similarity of sentiments and disposition, fixed her affections on her two companions, nor could she decide to which she gave the preference. Unconscious of those distinctions which mankind have created, the young Elvina saw no impropriety in yielding her love to one who appeared to her in every respect worthy of it; nor when more mature reason had taught her the prejudices by which our conduct is directed, did she suffer herself to be influenced by their dictates, further than as they were in some measure interwoven with that implicit obedience she ever paid to the will of an indulgent parent. After all, she knew not how deeply her affections were engaged, till the proposal of going abroad aroused her. For the first time she then perceived how much she was interested in the fate of Giraldus. His ready acquiescence offended her. It seemed, she thought, to argue an unfeeling indifference, on which she could scarcely bear to think. When, however, her brother had departed, and he still continued to absent himself from the castle, her surprise exceeded the anger she had before felt. A little reflection convinced her of the cause, and she acknowledged with tears of gratitude the motives which had influenced a conduct she had so greatly mistermed unfeeling. The short conversation she held with him at the summer-house showed how rightly her conjectures had been formed, and fixed her determination to profit by an example which she so much admired.

The intelligence conveyed in the note that had been left at his departure, fell, however, like a thunderbolt on the tender heart of Elvina. Ill prepared for so sudden a shock, the little hope he expressed of ever beholding her more, and the distracted style in which it was written, contributed to overwhelm her heart with affliction. A sad presentiment that his fears were too true came over her, and she gave way to all the bitterness of grief, concealing, however, from her father, every thing that might tend to give him pain.

Such was the state of her mind when Lord Albert arrived, and the confirmation he brought of all she had foreboded, renewed in her breast the most piercing sorrow. She wished much to inquire more minutely of every particular, but feared her fortitude was unequal to the task. Again a ray of hope would sometimes dart its transient beam across the lowering prospect, and a thousand circumstances would rise to support it; but though she could not but perceive the fallacy, it contributed to yield a slight degree of calmness to her perturbed mind.

On the other hand, Lord Albert felt equally miserable. A double cause operated to destroy his peace of mind; the loss of his friend, for whom he felt a sincere regard, and the entire overthrow of all his new formed hopes in respect to Elvina. He saw how deeply her affections were engaged, and knew too much of her character for a moment to flatter himself that even the confirmation of his late intelligence would in any measure tend to promote his views. Her heart seemed invariably fixed on the object, and he respected her too much to doubt its sincerity.

But even supposing it were otherwise, he had yet no certain intelligence that his friend had fallen a sacrifice to the banditti; and to endeavor to supplant him in the affections of one whom he almost adored, accorded but little with his principles of gratitude and honor. He therefore determined to banish from his heart a passion, which under such circumstances, he could only indulge at the expense of his principles.

The next morning Lord Albert proposed a walk, and as the baron was engaged, Elvina accompanied him. She wished much to hear a more particular relation of the circumstances, than she had the preceding day, and took this opportunity to solicit the recital. Lord Albert complied with her request, and endeavored to keep alive in her that hope which he did not himself feel. The frequent sighs which burst from his fair auditor, plainly shewed how little she was convinced by his reasonings. And he likewise saw, that had he been so inclined, he could never have hoped to gain an interest in a heart so deeply engaged. Mournful and dejected, they at length returned to the castle, and parted to enjoy their meditations alone.

The impolicy of remaining at the castle, became every day more apparent to Lord Albert. His peace of mind he saw would be the price of his longer stay, and he was resolved to fly a place so replete with danger—where nothing remained for hope, and every thing for fear. He therefore took the earliest opportunity of bidding adieu to the Baron St. Austin and his amiable daughter, expressing to the former the deep sense he should ever entertain of his kindness and hospitality. To Elvina he said little, but his looks betrayed what he felt at this exertion of fortitude. He pressed her hand to his lips, and sighed a farewell with an accent so mournful, that she, for the first time, saw the state of his heart. A silent tear of mingled esteem and tender recollection fell on her cheek as she turned hastily away; and, with a heavy heart, Lord Albert directed his course to the castle of Melbourne.

CHAPTER VI.

Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grizly spectres rise,
Grin horribly, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks; ungracious sound—
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
BLAIR.

In the melancholy gloom of his dungeon, Giraldus sat musing on his inauspicious fate, bereft of every comfort, every hope, save that which arose from an unaccusing conscience. The partial gleam of his lamp shed a faint and melancholy lustre, which only contributed to render the dreariness of the place more striking, whilst the distant parts of the vault, veiled in profound obscurity, left his imagination to explore the dark recess, and people it with the wild offspring of distracted fancy.

From the horrors of this situation he sought refuge in sleep. He sunk on his bed of straw, and lulled by weariness and sorrow, at length yielded to its oblivious influence; but the same cause which operated to give a temporary release from real affliction, had power likewise to pursue and torment him in this state of insensibility. Horrid dreams crowded on his imagination in quick succession, each giving place to others still more dreadful.

He fancied himself at the foot of the pedestal in the court above, alone, and in total darkness. At length a dismal, ruddy light seemed to overspread the heavens, from whence a shower of blood descended, while pale blue lightnings darted round the horizon, and exhibited to his view scenes of horror too shocking to behold; mournful voices and howlings seemed to proceed from every side. A lady of majestic form, with a child in her hand, crossed the court in haste, and bending low before him, earnestly sought his protection. He stooped to comfort her, when suddenly an unseen hand plunged a dagger to the child's heart, and the lady, with a scream that appalled his soul, sunk into the earth.

The violence of his agitation aroused him from sleep, but the horrors of his mind still seemed to continue a representation of the same dismal scenes he had beheld in his dream. Ideal forms arose to his distracted sight; a skeleton traversed the dreary cell with solemn pace, and sunk away into the distant gloom; then a female figure seemed to glide with aerial lightness before him, while the fancied scream still resounded in his ear.

The state of his mind now became almost insupportable. He started up with a view of rousing himself and shaking off these imaginary terrors, when suddenly, by the dying, wavering flame of his lamp, he beheld, with a distinctness too evident to be the effect of fancy, the figure of a man silently approaching the spot where he stood. The surprise that he felt at this appearance deprived him for a few moments of the power of reflecting on the cause of it. He stood in dreadful uncertainty, anxiously awaiting some event, of which his scattered ideas could form no conception. But when returning recollection had chased away this momentary stupor, and reason had dispersed the cloud of ideal terrors which oppressed his mind, the first and most probable surmise he could form was, that this intruder had stolen into his vault at the silent hour of midnight, with an intent to execute his bloody commission while he slept.

Impressed, therefore, with this idea, he sunk on his knee, and tearing open his waistcoat, exposed his unguarded breast to the expected blow. The stranger stood still, regarding him with an eye of apparent wonder.

"Why do you hesitate?" cried Giraldus, in a loud and hurried voice; "wherefore this delay? Behold me prepared—I no longer shun my fate. I seek no pity; show me none, but despatch thy bloody purpose quickly, and finish a life of misery and wretchedness!"

He ceased, and the stranger seemed preparing to speak, when a sudden noise interrupted him, and at the same instant the wick of his lamp sunk into its socket, and left him in total darkness. A death-like silence ensued, then hasty steps seemed advancing, and a faint glimmering light shot across the distant part of the vault.

Giraldus remained fixed in the same posture in which he had addressed the stranger. He knew not whether he was gone, but the same idea continued as to his intent, and sometimes he fancied he felt the point of a sword entering his breast. At length, overcome with emotion, he sunk on the earth, and in this position his guards, who soon after entered, found him.

They eagerly inquired the cause, and what voice it was they heard. Giraldus made no reply, but waved his hand as if to rid himself of their inquiries, and at the same time cast his eyes around with a look so wild, that they began to think his senses were disordered.

As they could gain no information from him, they passed on, and opening a large door at the end of the vault, entered a dark passage. In a few moments Giraldus was alarmed with loud screams, and immediately after saw his guards returning in wild affright. They scarcely took time to fasten the door, but crossing the vault with looks of horror and dismay, shut to the outer door with violence, and once more left him in total darkness and silence. The latter was not of long continuance; an alarm of a new nature soon took place. The clashing of swords was distinctly heard, deep groans succeeded, and in the intervals between the rude and boisterous voices of several men, one, in a plaintive tone, seemed supplicating for mercy.

Giraldus, totally unable to comprehend the meaning of this, amidst a variety of conjectures, would sometimes indulge a hope that Lord Albert had discovered the place of his confinement, and had now with his servants overpowered the guard; but the fallacy of this hope, which for a few moments had power to make his heart beat with eager expectation, soon became too evident. The door opened, and instead of Lord Albert and his deliverers, he beheld two men of fierce aspect enter. The first bore a light, and a sword yet dropping with blood, while the other dragged in a body frightfully mangled and bloody, which, after drawing to the middle of the vault, he threw him from him with a horrid execration; then returned with his companion, and without perceiving Giraldus, who stood in an obscure part of the vault, shut to and fastened the door.

The forlorn Giraldus stood petrified with horror and amazement, his eyes wildly directed towards the door as though he expected a repetition of the bloody scene. For some time he preserved the same posture, then suddenly with frantic haste flew to the high grated window, where his unsuccessful efforts to tear away the strong bars that guarded it, brought him in some measure to his recollection. He quitted in despair, and threw himself on his straw.

Overwhelmed with such a train of complicated horrors, his mind was rendered incapable of dwelling on any; a dizzy, confused consciousness of something inconceivably horrid, was all that in his present state he was capable of. Nature, fatigued and worn out, at length yielded. He sunk into a deep sleep, from which, though tormented with frightful images, he did not awake till the morning's ray beamed through the grate of his window.

With a mind much calmed by his repose, Giraldus now arose, and drew near the body that had been brought in the preceding night. Through the mangled countenance he thought he could discern some resemblance to one of his guards, and rightly conjectured that they had been met by a party of banditti, on their return from the vault, who, taking them for spies, had murdered this man. The other, from the supplicating voice which he had heard, he had reason to suppose had been spared.

He now turned from the dismal object, full of melancholy reflections on his own unhappy fate. "When," cried he, "will this horrid confinement end? Must my life be prolonged only to witness such scenes as these, and each succeeding hour bring nothing but increasing calamity? Surely I cannot long endure it; nature herself will shortly render the assassin's tardy sword unnecessary."

The greater part of the day passed, and no one appeared. He began to think he was entirely deserted, and determined to explore the dark passage from whence his guards had returned in such alarm; but the door was fastened, and all his endeavors were ineffectual to discover the means. He was therefore compelled to relinquish his design.

Towards the evening, the two men whom he had before seen, entered the vault, and approaching the place where he stood, informed him that they were come to set him at liberty.

"I have lately learned," said he who appeared to be the chief, "the reasons of your being confined here, and under such circumstances I think you cannot object to the proposal I am going to make. It is that you should join our party."

Giraldus shuddered.

"You may then," continued he, without noticing it, "probably have an opportunity of revenging yourself on the enemies who have confined you here, and mean in the end to murder you. It will be your safest way, likewise, for were we to set you free now, he has so many emissaries in this country, that he would soon get you within his power again. I would advise you, therefore, to consider well of this proposal, and let us know your determination by twelve this evening, for then we leave the castle. Remember that on these terms only we liberate you. If you are foolish enough to reject them, for our own sakes—you understand me," said he, pointing to the dead body, "these are the

methods we take to prevent babbling." Then, after again exhorting him to consider well of it, he with his companion left the vault.

Giraldus made no reply. He was deeply intent on weighing well the circumstances on both sides. The choice of life or death was now before him. Not that he, for a moment, placed the latter in competition with a life of rapine and bloodshed. His soul shrunk from the very idea; but he was earnestly contriving, through the means that had been pointed out to him, to effect his escape. He well knew the watchful jealousy of these people to one just admitted into their society—that the bond which cemented them together, was human blood, and that therefore they made a practice of compelling their young members to imbrue their hands therein as soon as possible, for till that was effected, they considered him as one to whom it would not be prudent or safe to place any confidence.

Of this he had certain information, but he considered, that without undergoing this horrid initiation, he might find a time to elude their watchfulness, to which their night excursions would doubtless prove extremely favorable; but should he not, his state would then be precisely the same as it was now, for he was firmly determined, should chance throw some unhappy person in their way, whose murder was to seal their union, to turn the arms they might give him in defence of the intended victim, and by sacrificing his own life, have a chance, at least, of ridding the country of one, perhaps more, of these ferocious monsters. Added to this, he hoped to gain some information of the person by whose commands he had been seized and confined in this place. The principal of the banditti, by his own account, was acquainted with it, and would probably divulge it to him as soon as he entered into their society,

When he reconsidered all these circumstances, he became better pleased with his determination than he had at first been. The prospect of his escape, together with the knowledge he should acquire of his persecutor, whose wiles he could then, if necessary, more effectually guard against, contributed to bring back that hope which had before entirely deserted him. His mind became more easy and calm, and the clouds of his fate seemed to break and disperse in his view.

Such is the fallacy of human foresight. We form hasty conclusions from the apparent direction of fate, and when its course changes from the point we had in view, our anticipations still fly before to one equally remote from that to which it ultimately tends.

Pleased with the prospect now before him, Giraldus turned his thoughts to the events of the last evening. The circumstance which dwelt most upon his mind, and which yet remained entirely unaccounted for, was the appearance of the stranger to whom he had addressed himself. He could call back no recollection of his entrance or exit, and was rather inclined to believe it the effect of a distracted imagination. But when he called to mind the horror with which his guards had returned, he was plunged still deeper in doubt and uncertainty. "Surely," said he, "they could not be deceived, if I was; nor should I suppose that two men, armed as they were, would fly in such terror from a single person. Doubtless, then, it must have been a supernatural appearance. Alas, I fear this cavern has witnesed more than a single murder."

The gloom of evening had spread itself over the vault. A faint glow, however, still beamed through the grate of his window. All was silent, and the time and place seemed appropriate to such reflections as now occupied the mind of Giraldus. He felt a secret horror steal upon his heart, and creep through his frame. He began to relapse into the terrors of the preceding evening, and earnestly wished for the re-entrance of some of the banditti, to relieve his mind from the superstitious dread that oppressed it.

He did not long remain ere this wish was gratified. One of the party came with a light, and, as it afterwards appeared, with an intention, if possible, to prevail with him to accept the offer of their captain. To this end he began an harangue on the pleasures and freedom of their lives, which he endeavored to set forth with a variety of descriptions, very ill-calculated to forward his purpose, with a person who boasted the least remains of feeling or humanity—but Giraldus saved him the trouble of going into a minute detail, for which he seemed prepared, by informing him of his determination to accept it.

Surprised and pleased at his ready acquiescence, which he attributed solely to his own rhetorical powers, he shook him heartily by the hand, telling him he would go immediately and inform their party. He soon returned with the captain's desire that he would accompany them to supper, in order that he might be better prepared for a secret expedition on which it was meant they should proceed at twelve o'clock.

"You must know," said the man who led the way, "that the other fellow who guarded you, and whose life we spared on condition that he would enter into our troop, has contrived to make his escape this morning through the negligence of the watch, while we were sleeping. Our captain was in a devil of a passion, for it will hinder our staying here the time we intended; but your agreeing to take his place has brought him into good humor again. I'll assure you he has a very high opinion of you, and says he will be bound for it, you will make as fine a fellow as any in the troop, and will fully recompense us for the loss of the other. By the by, he is a marked man; he must be quick in his motions, for we shall not give him much time to betray us."

They had now arrived at the end of a long vaulted passage, that terminated without any appearance of a door. Giraldus stared at his conductor—"Where are you leading me?" said he.

The other smiled, and applying his mouth to a small hole in the wall, pronounced in a low voice a certain watch-word. Immediately a large flag rose up, and from the opening such a smoke and steam came forth, that Giraldus almost fancied himself at the entrance of the infernal regions.

"In the name of Heaven," he cried, as his conductor began to descend, "where are we going?"

"Come, come," he replied, "away with this nonsense; our apartment has a rough entrance, but it is comfortable enough when you are in."

They descended some steps and the flag closed after them, without any apparent cause. A short passage brought them to a door, which was opened to the same watch-word that had been given above, and displayed a spacious vault to their view.

Here round a large table sat eight wretches, whose ferocious countenances well betokened the nature of their employment; some provisions lay on the table, various arms depended from the top of the vault, and at the further end a large fire blazed, the smoke from which, overcharging the small chasm formed for its exit, diffused itself throughout the vault, and rendered its appearance still more gloomy and infernal.

Immediately on his entrance the troop arose to congratulate him on the wisdom, as they termed it, of his choice; each seemed eager to welcome him, while Giraldus shrunk with horror from the gripe of hands polluted and stained with blood. The captain now seated him by himself at the upper end of the table; the coarse repast was then begun with all the voraciousness of savage nature, and Giraldus, whose whole sustenance since the preceding day had been a small crust with a little water that had remained in his pitcher, yielded to the calls of hunger, and made a hearty meal in spite of all the disgusting circumstances of his situation.

Rude and boisterous mirth succeeded the repast, and frequent jokes were passed on the delicacy of their new companion's appearance.

"I'll warrant," said one, "when he has served two or three campaigns, he will have changed that white-wash for a good brown. Don't you remember, captain, when poor Rowland entered among us, what a poor puny looking mortal he was? But by the time he had served five years, there was not a stouter fellow in the whole troop, nor one that dyed the red-rag oftener than he. Poor fellow, he did not get the better of that cut in his arm, which was given by that milk-sop—but I did his business completely for it. Ned," added he, "what did you do with his carcass?"

"I tumbled it down the well," replied the other, "to help him on his journey to the world below."

When the laugh which this piece of wit excited had ceased, the captain addressed Giraldus, who in the person above described, recognized his friend, Lord Albert.

"You have agreed, I understand," said he, "to enter into our troop, and I doubt not will soon become a zealous member. You may, perhaps, meet with some things in this new way of life which, not being accustomed to, may appear disagreeable at first, but never fear, it will soon wear away; we often remark that he who appears most backward in the beginning is generally the forwardest in the end. We live by the sword, and 'tis not for us to affect fine feelings; that which would shock others is indifferent to us; robbery is our trade, and murder the means we employ to insure secresy. For yourself, remember, that he who attempts to fly we punish with death. Should the oldest member of the troop so far forget what is due to himself and companions, as to endeavor to desert us in the moment of danger, we should immediately glut our vengeance in his blood, and consider his name and memory as infamous. You see, therefore, that the bond which unites us is fidelity, and you know the punishment of its violation. Be faithful—and when you have undergone the term of your probation, you will be made acquainted with some secrets which I have lately learned, as well as with those that relate to this vault. This night is devoted to a secret expedition, of which it will, at present, be unnecessary to give you the particulars."

The captain concluded and the banditti arose to arm; some were furnished with swords and battle-axes, and others with cross-bows. They then led the way to the upper court, and repaired to a stable which they had formed among the ruins, where, mounting their horses, they proceeded through the gateway of the castle.

Giraldus rode between two of the foremost of the party, and could frequently observe by the clouded moonlight the jealous vigilance of his companions. They proceeded on, in total silence, across the heath, then entered a private road, in which they continued to travel till they arrived at the gate of a large antique castle. The captain here ranging his men in a small coppice opposite, held a short conversation with two or three of the principal, then alighted and directed them to remain where they were till a signal agreed on. He went forward, and giving a smart whistle, the gate of the castle was immediately thrown open; but scarcely had he time to advance another step, when an arrow from a cross-bow laid him dead on the earth.

The banditti seeing their captain fall, issued with fury from their hiding place, and attacking two who appeared first at the gateway, instantly sacrificed them; but a shower of arrows and stones from the walls of the castle, left them no cause to boast; three of the troop fell, and two more were much wounded; the rest, perceiving they had been betrayed, and the superiority of the enemy, set spurs to their horses and fled, but with such coolness and order, that Giraldus could find no opportunity to elude their vigilance.

They now, with heavy hearts, returned to the Castle of Hardayne, and to the great surprise of Giraldus, conveyed him to the vault in which he had been first confined, where, without speaking, they left him and fastened the door. Whether this proceeded from his having been observed to meditate his escape, or from want of confidence, he could not tell; but he felt no great sorrow in being left to himself—he had already, he thought, been too much in their company.

The two who were wounded seemed, when they arrived, to be extremely faint; and he much doubted whether, with the poor assistance they could afford each other, it would be possible for them to recover. Thus, then, had this successless expedition terminated a career that had been long marked with desolation and bloodshed.

The morning was advancing when the sound of horses' hoofs and the voices of a large party of men were heard, at intervals, in the court above. Giraldus started from the slumber into which he had fallen, and listened attentively; at times he saw the light of torches gleam through his window, but could gain no sight of anything that might lead to a knowledge of the purpose for which this party were arrived. The most probable conjecture he could form, was that they were those with whom the banditti had been lately engaged, and who had now pursued the remains of them to their secret haunt. This supposition was further confirmed by the indistinct noise of a distant scuffle which he shortly after heard, and he felt happy that they had placed him where he was, as he might otherwise have fallen an innocent victim or been condemned to an ignominious death.

In about an hour he heard the departure of the horses. He endeavored to make himself heard, but it was in vain, and his heart died within him when he reflected that he was now probably abandoned to starve in this dungeon; but his fears on that head were soon removed by the entrance of two men, in one of whom he discovered, to his surprise, the man who had before guarded him, and who had escaped from the banditti on the preceding morning.

Though the sight of these persons convinced him he was again a prisoner, yet he felt far more satisfaction in falling under their power than he had in that of the banditti, with whom the hope of effecting his escape had alone induced him to associate. The men now came forward with inquiries if he had seen any of the banditti, and how they had behaved to him, but Giraldus was extremely laconic in his answers, and gave them little information. They then asked if he knew what had been done with the body of their companion. He pointed to the place—the light of the torch showed on it as they turned round and displayed the bloody object to their view; they shuddered as they beheld it, and soon turned from the dismal spectacle. Giraldus now earnestly requested them to tell him of the cause of his confinement, but they were deaf to all his entreaties, and only acquainted him they were to leave the castle in the evening.

The day soon dawned and passed on without any occurrence. He had leisure to give full scope to his imagination on the information which had been given respecting his removal, but the conduct of the person by whose orders he had been confined, seemed altogether so capricious, that he only involved himself in deeper perplexity in endeavoring to unravel a mystery that appeared quite inexplicable. If murder was their intention, no place seemed better adapted for it than that in which he was confined; if imprisonment only, the place equally suited that purpose; and since the banditti had been overcome, they had no cause of dread from that quarter. Which ever way he considered it he could perceive no rational motives for their conduct; but the whole together was dark and mysterious, and eluded every effort of his imagination.

The evening now approached; a gloomy lowering sky quickly shut in the day, and tempestuous winds howled through the hollow resounding vaults. The idea of murder, which before had escaped him, now forcibly struck his mind. "Perhaps," said he, "that is their intention; that accomplished, they quit this place. Doubtless it must be so. This night must terminate my wretched life." Impressed with this idea, he awaited their arrival with some degree of resignation, though not unmixed with horror and dismay.

At length the door opened. The men came forward, seized him, and bound his arms; then left him in this state of anxiety for several minutes. At their return they led him through the vaults to the court yard, and mounting him on horseback before one of them, rode off with speed from the castle.

Again deceived in his surmises, he banished conjecture from his mind and let his future fate be what it might, determined no more by anticipations of good or evil to disturb his breast—on the one hand with the painful sensations excited by despair, or on the other with those which proceeded from disappointed hope.

They continued travelling at a quick pace during the remainder of the night; and when the morning light dawned from the clouded east, Giraldus discovered that their route lay towards the sea coast, which the rising ground just then exhibited to his view. The remains of a watch-tower, that seemed long to have withstood the beating of the surge, now evidently appeared to be the place of their destination, and a short time brought them to this desolate mansion. On their arrival, three men in the habits of sailors, came forth and assisted them to alight. They unbound the arms of Giraldus and conveyed him into an inner apartment, where, after setting some provisions on the table, they left him.

Weary from his journey and want of rest, he scarcely touched what was before him, but throwing himself on a miserable bed that lay in one corner, fell into a profound sleep. On awaking he was greatly surprised to find himself on board a small vessel; he started up and went on deck, and could perceive by the distance of the land, that they had set sail a considerable time. The men who had accompanied him from the castle, with two sailors, were all that were on board.

He now renewed his entreaties to the former, to be made acquainted with their designs and the place of their destination, but they paid no regard to his questions, and only informed him

that he would see by the next day. Finding he could gain no information, he again retired to meditate alone on his strange and untoward fate.

Towards the close of the evening the wind increased, and the seamen predicted an approaching storm. Alarmed at this intelligence, his guards began to display evident marks of consternation, and their terrors increased with the agitation of the vessel. They now wished to return, but from the direction of the wind, that was impossible. The storm continued to increase to a degree of violence; every one was now called forth to assist at the moment of danger, but little was the assistance their fears and sickness would permit them to give. They soon retired below, and Giraldus alone continued to aid the seamen, who, with many execrations, endeavored to draw forth the other two from their lurking place.

The little sail which they still carried was quickly rent in tatters. Hopeless and spent with fatigue, they now suffered the vessel to drive at the mercy of the storm; frequent heavy seas broke over her, and the danger of foundering became every moment greater. Thus passed a long and tedious night.

The wild waste of waters which the morning light displayed, would of itself have been an object of pleasure, when compared with the dreadful one which now presented itself to their view. A high rocky island, on which the surf broke with a hollow, thundering sound, appeared immediately under their lee—towards this the vessel drove with a velocity it was impossible to check or prevent.

All was now given up for lost; a few moments only intervened, and inevitable death awaited them. Horror, confusion and dismay were depicted on the countenances of the guards, and with tears they deplored the fatal task they had undertaken. The sailors expected the shock that should overwhelm them with more manly fortitude, attentive to the last to every possible means of preservation. While Giraldus, raising his eyes to Heaven, uttered a short and fervent ejaculation, imploring mercy and forgiveness on himself and unhappy companions, his thoughts would have returned to his friends, but suddenly the vessel was dashed on a sunken rock, and the huge, overwhelming wave buried it, with all it contained, deep in the stormy abyss.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEARCH FOR WIVES.

Where do men usually discover the women who afterward become their wives? is a question we have occasionally heard discussed, and the custom has invariably become of value to our readers. Chance has much to do in the affair, but then there are important and governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms, or any other place of public gaiety, and nearly as few may be influenced by what may be called "showing off" in the streets, or by any allurements of dress; our conviction is that ninety-nine hundred parts of all the finery with which women decorate or load their persons, go for nothing so far as husband-catching is concerned. Where and how, then, do men find wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians, at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Against these all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance. We shall illustrate this by an anecdote:

A certain gentleman whose health was rapidly declining, was advised by his physicians to try change of climate as a means for recovering his health. His daughters feared that those who had motives entirely mercenary would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who, from duty and affection united, would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his ease and comfort. They therefore resolved to accompany him. They proved that this was not a spirit of dissipation and gaiety that led them to do this, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles; they were never out of their father's company, and never stirred from home, except to attend him, either to take the air or drink the waters. In a word, they lived a recluse life in the midst of a town, then the resort of the most fashionable personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father procured the three amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at S——, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a title. They were all married to noblemen—one to the Earl of B——, another to the Duke of H——, and after to the Marquis of D——, and a third to the Duke of N——; and it is but justice to say that they reflected honor on their rank, rather than derived anything from it.

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman, and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom, and at another he pulls her ears.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

MAIDEN—WIFE—MOTHER.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I see the maiden as she stands
With open letters in her hands;
And on her face and in her eyes
Sits an expression of surprise;
A pleased expression, such as sweep
Across the face in hours of sleep,
When in the sunny realm of dreams
The sleeper bathes in pleasure's streams;
What means the glow upon her face,
Thus adding beauty unto grace?
What means the sparkling beams that play
About her gentle eyes to-day?
—Who read the secrets of the face
The story of this life can trace;
And in her maiden coyness read
The fullness of the woman's meed.

Again, but not alone, she stands;
Another's hands are in her hands;
Another form is by her side,
And she has blossomed to a bride.
The olden sweetness in her face
And dear blue eyes we still can trace;
A sense of something lost, and yet
A something she would not regret;—
A sense of something won, to be
Like sunshine on a placid sea;—
Possesses her, and all her hours
Seem spent in Love's enamored bowers,
—And so, to be a joy through life
The maiden merges into wife;
A blessing unto him is she,
Who shall to her a blessing be.

The year its shadows scarce has thrown
Across each season, o'er each gone,
And lo! the wife, a mother stands;
None prouder now in all the lands
Beneath the sun. Now from her lips
A lullaby as sweetly slips
As in the olden time, the song
In all its sweetness swept along;
No regal queen upon the throne
Can reach beyond the bliss she's won;
A mother's love within her heart,
A mother's care her daily part.
—And so we leave her. Maiden, wife,
And mother. Eras each, in life;
Trusting no future shadows may
Darken the brightness of to-day.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

A GENTEEL BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

"NEVER told you about my boarding out, hey?" inquired Aunt Betsey Pringle, lifting her eyes from her knitting.

I assured her that she was correct in her supposition.

"I don't know as it's any great story to tell," she continued; "only some time you might be thinking of doing the same thing, and perhaps my story may put you on your guard.

"It's a matter of a dozen years ago, I guess, since I took a notion that it would be a good deal less care and trouble to board out than to keep house; so I asked your uncle about it. He didn't seem to think it would be so pleasant; but, good, easy man, he used to let me do just as I had a mind to, so I concluded that we'd try it, any way, and see how it turned out.

"The fust thing, you know, was to find a boarding-place. Your uncle left all that to me, so I just got the paper, and began to look over the advertisements. The fust one that attracted my attention was this:

"'WANTED.—A few genteel boarders. Apply at 9, O—— street.'"

"So away I trapsed to Otis street. Thinks I to myself, it speaks in favor of this place that they want genteel boarders. Nathan and me is genteel; we was brought up and eddicated in the most careful manner, and of course we don't want to associate with Tom, Dick and Harry, and all them vulgar persons.

"I rang the bell, and was shown into a parlor that was quite grand with its furniture, and straight-backed mahogany chairs, and gilt portraits. There warnt an article that didn't seem to have 'I am genteel' stamped upon it, and staring you in the face.

"'This is a pretty nice place,' I thought to myself, and I began to be afraid that they might be full, and couldn't accommodate me and Nathan and Reuben. (Reuben was our only boy, you know.)

"Pretty soon there sailed into the room a dignified-looking lady nigh on to forty-five years old, with a form as straight and thin as a shingle, and a very sharp face, as if she was very fond of taking vinegar. However, she looked mighty genteel.

"'How dy do, ma'am?' said I, rising up, and holding out my hand. 'You're Miss Jones, I expect?'

"'My name is Angelina Jones,' said she, in a solemn tone, just putting the tips of her fingers in mine.

"'My name is Betsy Pringle,' said I. 'My husband and me have been thinking of going to board, and we saw your advertisement for a few genteel boarders, and thought we might like to come. Of course we wouldn't go to no common boarding-house.'

"When I said that, Miss Jones looked more gracious, and said that she only took boarders for company; that she hadn't no need to, but she felt sort of lonesome, and she thought if she could get a few genteel people in the house that it would be quite agreeable. She said, finally, that money wasn't no consideration with her.

"I felt rather glad to hear that, because I thought she wouldnt charge much. I asked her if she had any other boarders, and she said she hadn't; that she had been obliged to reject quite a number, because she could see from their manners that they wasn't genteel.

"That was flattering to me, and I concluded that we'd come. I knew I could bring Nathan over, so I made a bargain on the spot, being afeared that, if I didn't, we should lose the chance.

"Nathan complained that the board was rather high; but I went on to tell him how genteel it was, and how many had been rejected because they wasn't up to the genteel standard, and that sort of silenced him.

"Well, in the course of a few days we let the house to another family, and went over to Miss Jones's.

"We had pretty good rooms, and the furniture was good—what there was of it; but somehow it looked bare and barn-like, and we didn't feel at all comfortable till Mr. Pringle went out and got some new things.

"The fust meal we took was dinner. A servant came up to the door and said, 'The dinner waits.'

"'Lor, how grand it sounds!' said I to Nathan; 'just for all the world as if we was living in some royal palace. We shall have to be as polite as can be. Mind, Reuben,' says I, 'that you behave well at the table. You must remember that this is a very genteel boarding-place, and that Miss Jones is a high-born lady, and you must be sure to behave yourself just as well as ever you can.'

"Reuben looked kind of scared, and opened his mouth wide, just as though he wasn't used to gentility. Of course I wasn't at all discomflustered, having been always brought up, as you know very well, Amanda Ann, to move in the highest circles. Well, as I was saying, we moved majestically down stairs into the dining-room. There was a large table spread out in the middle of the room. There was a silver water-pitcher, and silver forks, and the table was set out in style, I tell you—only there didn't seem to be many dishes on it.

"'Will you please to take the head of the table, Mr. Pringle?' said Miss Jones, quite stately. 'You, Mrs. Pringle, will sit on the right-hand side, and your son Reuben on the left.'

"So we sat down as she told us to, and then Miss Jones requested Nathan to lift up the cover and carve the fowl.

"There was a great dish right before Nathan, with a great cover on it. I made no doubt that it was a good sized turkey or a goose, and, as it was four o'clock, (Mrs. Jones wouldn't dine till a genteel hour,) and I hadn't eaten anything since breakfast, I felt as if I could eat a pretty good share of it. I guess Reuben felt so too; for if ever he looked hungry—and that boy had an appetite all the time——I kinder forgot where my sentence began; but the long and short of it all is, that we were all of us desputly hungry.

"Well, Nathan, he lifted up the cover, as Miss Jones asked him to, and, lo and behold, there was just the smallest chicken on it that ever you see in all your born days! I don't think it could ever have weighed more'n two pounds when it was the very fattest, and now it looked only skin and bone. My heart sank right out into my stomach when I saw it. I was so hungry I felt as if I could have eaten it all myself, and, perhaps, another like it. As for Reuben, I couldn't help looking over at him. I never saw a boy's face change so; he looked as if he had just had one licking and was expecting another. Then I looked at Nathan, and I see his mouth twitch a little. I was awful afraid he would laugh, which, of course, would lead Miss Jones to think that we were very ungenteel.

"'Which part will you take, Miss Jones?' asked Nathan, balancing his knife, and looking as if he didn't know where to find a place large enough to carve.

"'Help your wife first,' said Miss Jones. 'When you *do* help me, you may give me the breast; but help your wife first. Mrs. Pringle, which of the wings will you have?'

"Now, to tell the truth, I like the breast myself, but of course after what Miss Jones had said, I knew it wouldn't be polite to say so; so I said in an uncertain kind of voice that I would have the right wing. I only said that because she asked me *which* wing I would have, though I never knew there was any difference before. So Nathan he gave me the right wing, and he put on Reuben's plate the one that was left, and gave Miss Jones pretty much all the breast, and kept for himself one of the legs. You'd better believe there wasn't much of the fowl left by that time.

"Miss Jones had a little glass dish of cranberry sauce close by her. There was about as much in it as I used to help out to one person; but, would you believe it, she helped us all out of that dish, and had a little left over! What she gave to each of us couldn't have been more than a teaspoonful, however. She looked as if she had done the liberal thing by us. I suppose it wasn't genteel to put on any more—only, I think, there is such a thing as carrying gentility too far.

"Then she helped us to potatoes. There was a little dish about half full of 'em. There was only six, I know, for I took the trouble to count them; then they were very small—looked as if they had been stunted some way. Nathan told me afterwards that they were just such as his father, who was a farmer, used to feed out to the pigs, and call 'em pig potatoes. I don't know how that was, but mine only made two small mouthfuls, and I wanted more awfully, only as there wasn't but two left, and I knew how hungry Reuben was, I thought I'd save it for him.

"By this time Reuben had got through with the cranberry sauce, and couldn't help handing his plate for some more.

"Miss Jones looked as black as a thunder-cloud, and eyed him sharply, while she put on his plate about half as much as she had before.

"Well, at last we got through the first course. For my part, I felt hungrier than before—and I guess my husband and Reuben felt about the same; but of course they didn't say anything.

"The second course consisted of a custard pudding and an apple pie. The dishes that they was baked on wasn't any bigger than a common-sized saucer. Miss Jones helped to them herself.

"'Which will you take, Mrs. Pringle,' asked Miss Jones, 'a piece of the pudding or pie?'

"'A piece of the pudding, if you please,' I said.

"She gave me a little piece, just large enough for you to see, if you looked very sharp.

"'And which will you have, Mr. Pringle?' she asked my husband.

"'He saw what a small piece of pudding I had got, and so concluded he'd better try pie.

"'You may give me a piece of pie, if you please,' said he.

"She gave him a piece about a third as large as you get in a confectioner's; and them, you know, are small enough, in all conscience.

"'And which will you have, Master Reuben?' asked Miss Jones.

"'I'll have a piece of both,' said Reuben, desperately.

"Lor, you ought to have seen how Miss Jones looked! The spoon dropped from her hand, and she stared hard at Reuben.

"'Did your parents never teach you to regulate your appetite?' she inquired, severely.

"'They always use to give me enough to eat,' said Reuben, 'and don't put me off with such stingy little pieces of pie as you do.'

"Well, Miss Jones was hopping mad, and told Reuben he was a glutton; and then I took his side. Well, the upshot of it was, that we didn't stay at Miss Jones's but a week, and during that time I lost a pound a day. After that I tried another boarding-house: perhaps I'll tell you about it some time. I hope to goodness I never shall get into a genteel boarding-house again!"

Written for Gleason's Pictorial

WHERE IS THY HOME?

BY MRS. A. J. GRAVES.

I met a child, wild bounding o'er the lea,
Whose rose-tint cheeks, and eyes of sparkling blue,
Once graced an angel's face, it seemed to me,
Or stole from summer skies each varied hue.
I took his dimpled hand in mine and kissed
The little lips that parted with a smile,
And as I drew him fondly to my knee,
I said, "Tell me, where is thy home, sweet child?"
"My home is there," he said, "within the forest wild."

I saw a maiden in a bower of bloom,
With golden curls and form of faultless grace;
Roses surrounded her with rich perfume,
And lent a fresher hue to her bright face.
I asked her, too, "Where is thy home, fair maid?"
"Up there where rise those turrets to the sky,
And all those graceful poplar-trees," she said.
The while with a proud light in her blue eye,
And sweetness in a voice that all too soon must die!

I met an aged man, whose silvery hair
Betokened well the cares of many years—
Whose wrinkled brow, once all serene and fair,
Bespoke wild struggles with earth's grief and tears,
"Where is thy home, dear sir?" I asked of him,
"My home?" he cried, while rapture filled his eyes,
He dropped his staff—up through the ether dim
He gazed: "There is my home—beyond the skies—
A glorious home, where my bright crown of victory lies."

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

TOO PARTICULAR.

BY J. HENRY SYMONDS.

For eleven years, hundreds of people have noticed Solomon Sett leave his boarding-house, or on his way to his office down town at just such an hour in the forenoon, and his return at a precise hour in the afternoon. In fact, so exact was he in these movements, that it was said that a watchmaker whose store he passed set his watches by him rather than by the mammoth "regulator" that hung by his window.

Solomon was always the very picture of neatness and precision; his large, round face was always clean shaved; his boots dazzled like the sun; each particular hair that could be seen, lay in just such a shape; his linen would put snow to the blush; his hat and kids appeared to have come new from their respective dealers that morning, and his coat and pants were always spotless, stainless, and speckless. He looked so neat and nice that persons who daily passed him, but could not call him by name, said: "There goes the man who has just come out of the band box." And there was a sort of legend among the children who lived in the streets through which he passed and re-passed every day, to the effect that when he went home nights he was put away in a drawer, and was taken out fresh every morning.

Solomon, before he was his own master—that is, during the five years that he was in the employ of Smith Brothers & Jones—had some scores of different boarding-places, each one of which he left, complaining of some want of neatness or cleanliness upon the part of the landlady. At one place, a clean cloth was not laid upon the dining-table at every meal; at a second, the dust accumulated faster than the servants could dispose of it; at a third, he imagined that the landlady was not perfection in her dress; and for every place there was a fault, until good fortune sent him to the house of Mrs. Glimmer, who quickly learned his peculiarities; and as he paid good prices, promptly, she would almost as soon have thought of cutting off her right hand as of giving Mr. Sett the slightest chance to find fault. As Solomon was aware that he was hard to please, but knew when he was suited, he remained contented with Mrs. Glimmer for several years.

Of course Sett was a bachelor. His most intimate friends said that he would never get married; he was too particular. Not but that he had a true regard for female loveliness, and respected the sex; but then he had been disgusted so many times by the sight of a fine form lounging on the sofa in a torn and dirty dress, or promenading the streets with bedraggled skirts, or of a pretty face beneath uncombed hair and a jammed bonnet, that he had about come to the conclusion that he would never try to obtain a Mrs. Sett. At one time he thought himself desperately in love with a charming west-end belle; but he called upon her rather unexpectedly one forenoon to invite her to the opera, and she came down from her chamber to greet him with a ragged morning dress on, and her hair in curl-papers, which caused his ardor to cool so suddenly that he said nothing about the opera, but asked if he dropped a ring upon the parlor-floor while making a call a few evenings previous. Afterwards he paid some attentions to a very pretty young lady from Baltimore, but while they were promenading Washington street together one day, she stopped to fondle a muddy spaniel, and Solomon walked on without her. I might enumerate similar cases at length, but it would be useless.

After he had been a resident of Mrs. Glimmer's house some eleven years, and had been in business for himself—of the firm of Solomon Sett & Co.—nearly the same length of time, he was summoned as a witness at a court holden in the shire town of one of the neighboring counties. The case was continued several days, and Solomon was obliged to remain in the town as many nights. After tea the first day, he walked out and down the pretty elm-shaded village streets, lined on either side by neat, white farm-houses, in front of which were trim garden-plots. In one of these same flower-gardens he saw a young lady, not handsome, but yet very neat and tasty, cutting flowers and arranging a bouquet. He stood upon the other side of the way, watching her until she finished and went into the house; then he turned back to the hotel, wondering who she was. The next evening he repeated his walk, and again he saw the young lady, and again he wondered who she was. As wondering did not solve the mystery, he decided to inquire, and so had recourse to his landlord.

"Rather above the medium height?" asked the host, in response to his guest's question, which is the universal Yankee mode of answering.

"Yes, sir," replied Sett.

"Full face—red cheeks?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a very brilliant eye?"

"That is the one. Who is it?"

"Why, it is the daughter of Squire Hobart. You'll have a chance to see him to-morrow. He'll cross-examine you."

The next day Solomon was placed upon the stand and examined at great length—for he was an important witness—but he told a straight-forward story, and upon his cross-examination repeated portions of it several times without varying a word, which so pleased the eccentric lawyer (Hobart), that, after the adjournment of the court, he sought and obtained an introduction to our hero, and invited him to take tea with him that evening, which invitation Sett accepted with a great deal of pleasure. The two gentlemen were mutually pleased with each other, and ultimately became staunch friends. The following summer Solomon paid quite a visit to the Hobart farm, and while there he was very attentive to Miss Lucy Hobart, and as she evinced no displeasure at these attentions, he proposed in due form before his return to the city, and was accepted. Mrs. Hobart did not favor the suit of the lover. She thought him too superficially exact and neat to value aright the love of a young woman, but the daughter loved him, and the squire regarded him as a perfect model man; besides which, he placed great confidence in his daughter's judgment and strength of character, so the mother waived her objections, and a day was fixed upon for the ceremony, and preparations made for the approaching nuptials.

The bridegroom was expected at noon on the day previous to the wedding, and a carriage was at the depot awaiting him, but he did not come. Again, when the evening train came in, the carriage was in waiting for him, but it drove back to the squire's house without Solomon, and the family began to wonder and conjecture what could have happened to him, and Lucy passed a sleepless night through fear that some accident had befallen him. The next morning, within about fifteen minutes of the time arranged for the ceremony to be performed, Sett came rushing into the house perspiring freely and nearly out of breath. In a few words he explained to Lucy the cause of his delay, which was occasioned by his tailor, who put round molds into his vest buttons instead of flat ones, as he had ordered, and the consequent consumption of time necessary to change them.

For a few moments Lucy was undecided what to do. She was tempted to laugh in his face, but checked her feelings, and concluded to marry him and cure him, which she was confident she could do. So the man of God pronounced the words which made them one, and the guests enjoyed themselves apparently as well as though the bridegroom had not been dilatory. After a short tour to the northern part of the State, the wedded pair returned to the city and settled down to house-keeping in a very neat and prettily furnished house in a genteel part of the city. But Mrs. Sett took occasion to find fault with nearly everything in and about the house; and in less than two months nearly every piece of furniture in the establishment had been either altered or exchanged; the carpets were covered with rugs and strips of bocking; mirrors and picture-frames were muffled in muslin, as were the gas fixtures; tables and chairs were enveloped in huge coverings, and everything about the house looked as stiff, prim and uncomfortable as possible.

A year passed away, and although Mr. Sett had thought to himself a number of times that his wife was rather over-nice, he said nothing to her, but continued as precise in his dress and other matters as ever. Every two or three days a new servant would come, and an old one would leave, complaining how very particular mistress was. Grocer's and butcher's boys and milk and ice-men complained because they were forced to scrape their boots before they were allowed to come through the area and into the back-yard. Back-door pedlers and beggars soon learned to give the house a wide berth, as they received nothing but scoldings; and artisans who were called to make repairs about the house, wondered that she was ever married, she was so particular. Solomon began to hear daily complaints from his wife at last, many of which were too trivial to think of, and he was a dozen times upon the point of answering his wife, that she was too particular.

One day Solomon received a call at his counting-room from a former fellow-clerk, who had for a number of years been in business in Chicago. As he was busy then, but was anxious to talk over old matters with him, he invited him to his house to dine, promising to show him the neatest specimen of a wife that he had ever seen. The friend called at the proper hour to accompany Solomon home, promising himself quite a treat. Lucy received her husband's friend with perfect politeness, but it seemed stiff and formal; he could but notice the extreme care which seemed to be taken of everything, and thought that though the rooms looked tidy, they lacked an air of comfort. Dinner was announced, and Mr. Sett waited upon his friend into the dining-room; everything about the apartment was neat to a fault, and a servant wiped each chair before placing it at the table, much to the annoyance of Solomon, who became so fidgetty by the time he took his seat, that in helping to the soup he spilt two or three drops upon the cloth. Mrs. Sett noticed it and exclaimed:

"Why, how careless, Solomon! Bring a clean cloth, Margaret."

"Never mind; this one will do;" stammered Solomon.

"It will not do," replied Mrs. S.

In spite of all that could be said or done, the dishes were removed and a clean cloth spread, during which Solomon and his guest felt very awkward. At length dinner was commenced, but there was so much fault-finding, and so many apologies, that it was a very unpleasant repast, and both gentlemen felt relieved when it was finished. Upon their return to the parlor they found two servants—one busy re-arranging the books and ornaments upon the table and what-not, the other wiping the doors and brushing imaginary dust from the carpet where the gentlemen's feet had rested. The guest took an early departure with not a very exalted opinion of Mrs. Sett's neatness. As soon as he had gone Solomon rushed to his wife, hardly able to restrain his feelings, exclaiming:

"How could you, Lucy?"

"How could I what?"

"Why, act so absurdly before my friend."

"Absurdly? How?" asked the wife, in seeming wonder.

"Why, to insist on changing the table-cloth at dinner, and to have the girls in here to work immediately after dinner. You can't think how I felt."

"I thought that you were very neat, Solomon—that you prided yourself upon being particular."

"So I do. But there are times—"

"Thank you—thank you! For a year I have been waiting to hear you say that. Ever since you preferred having flat moles in your vest-buttons, to spending the evening before our marriage with me, I have been longing to hear you make that admission. I cannot have made you more uneasy to-day than you made me then; but I hope that we may both forgive each other, and hereafter live less for superficial show and more for true comfort.

Several years have passed since Solomon Sett entertained his friend from Chicago. He and his wife are still happy, and are still neat, but they are never *too particular*.

THE FATE OF THE OAK.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The Owl to its mate is calling,
The river his hoarse song sings,
But the Oak is marked for falling,
That has stood for a hundred springs.
Hark! a blow—and a dull sound follows:
A second—he bows his head:
A third—and the Wood's dark hollows
Now know that their King is dead.

His arms from the trunks are riven—
His body all barked and squared—
And he's now, like a felon, driven
In chains, to the strong dock-yard.
He's sawn through the middle, and turned,
For the ribs of a frigate free,
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned,
And now—he is fit for sea.

Oh! now—with his wings outspread
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be)
He will triumph again, though dead,
And be dreaded in every sea.
The lightning will blaze about,
And wrap him in flaming pride,
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout
In the fight, from his bold broadside.

And when he has fought—and won
And been honored from shore to shore,
And his journey on earth is done—
Why, what can he ask for more?
There is nought that a king can claim,
Or a poet or warrior bold,
Save a rhyme and a short-lived name,
And to mix with the common mould!

PLEASING EVERYBODY.

Do not delude yourself with the idea that you can please everybody. Who ever saw anybody that was worth anything that had nobody to find fault with him? You would have to do evil in many cases to please the evil; some, to gratify their pride; indulge the selfish; submit to the tyrannical; be a tool for the ambitious, and be careful not to have anything as good as those who desire to have everything superior to their neighbor. If you are a public man, should you be diligent, you must expect to have many secretly dislike you and talk against you, for your success; and if you accomplish little, though many show themselves friendly, it often leaks out that some who appear pleasant to you do thus because they do not fear your rivalry; they may smile upon you outwardly and yet inwardly entertain contempt for your inefficiency. Always do that which is right, be diligent, do the most you can, paying no regard to faultfinders, and you will find as many friends as any sensible man may desire.

Dinna curse him, sir; I have heard a good man say that a curse was like a stone flung up to the heavens, and maist like to return on his head that sent it.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

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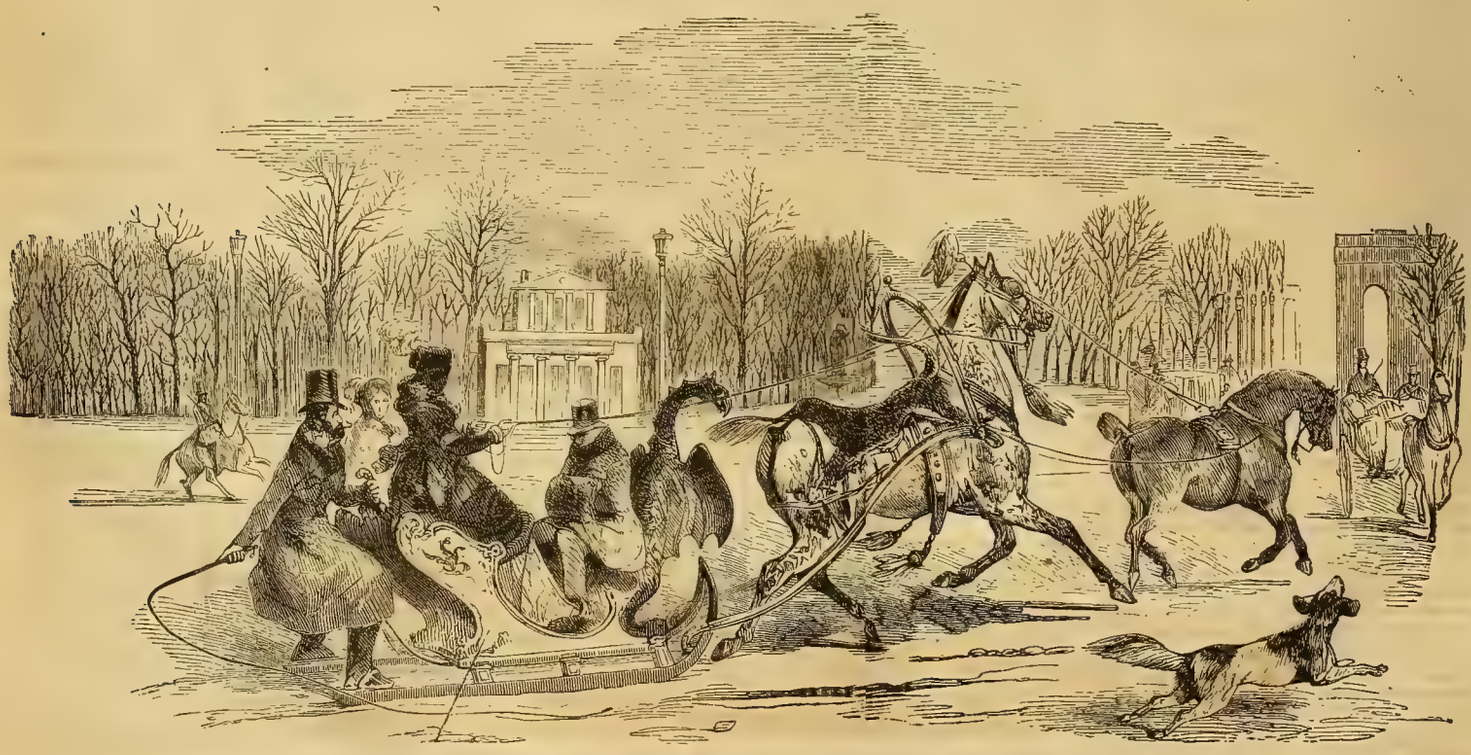
ICE CUTTING AT SPY POND, WEST CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ICE CUTTING AT SPY POND.

This beautiful pond lies in West Cambridge, Mass. During the season of ice-cutting, thousands of people gather about it to witness the ingenious operation. Ice has become an article of export from New England, and large fortunes have been made in the business. It is shipped in large quantities to all parts of the globe. The ice-cutting itself well repays a visit to the pond where it is done. You see on the smooth and glare surface perhaps three or four hundred men, with horses to match them. One horse draws an instrument known by the name of a marker, which, being guided by his driver, divides up a certain portion of the surface into squares. Then comes along another horse, drawing an ice plow, which marks out the furrows. Next follows a splitting-bar, which is called an ice-saw, and splits off the huge cakes clear and free. After this they are pulled along by an ice-hook to the platform, whence they are drawn to the houses prepared for their storage. Some ice-merchants cut and store over 100,000 tons of ice every year. As many as 6000 tons are housed, in the busy season, in a single day. This winter the ice has made extremely thick and clear, without having any air holes frozen in; and the crop gathered thus far is a good one.

SLEDGING IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

It is no common occurrence that the Parisians enjoy actual sleighing, as we do here in America, but this present winter has proved the bitterest one known to those very sensitive people, for nineteen years, the mercury going a great ways below the point of general consternation. As a consequence, snow has fallen in greater or less quantities in their public parks and woods, and turn-outs on runners have attracted universal attention. The last wonder, of course, lasts in Paris till the next one comes up; and a couple of American cutters held their place in the list of such, one day this winter, till the snow was no more. The establishment represented below is exceedingly Frenchy in all its aspects. Everything for effect. For example, the gentleman companion sits snuggled up under the beak of the bird-shaped dashboard; the lady drives; and the driver—to speak Hibernically—stands behind and does his best, in a very awkward way, to lay the braid on the horses. The draught horse is oddly geared up, great pains being taken to swing the bell he tingles as high as possible, and his crest being triumphantly set off with a plume. The sport of such sleighing must consist in its novelty, if in anything, when the thermometer is below zero.



SLEDGING IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES, PARIS.

JAMES BUCHANAN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

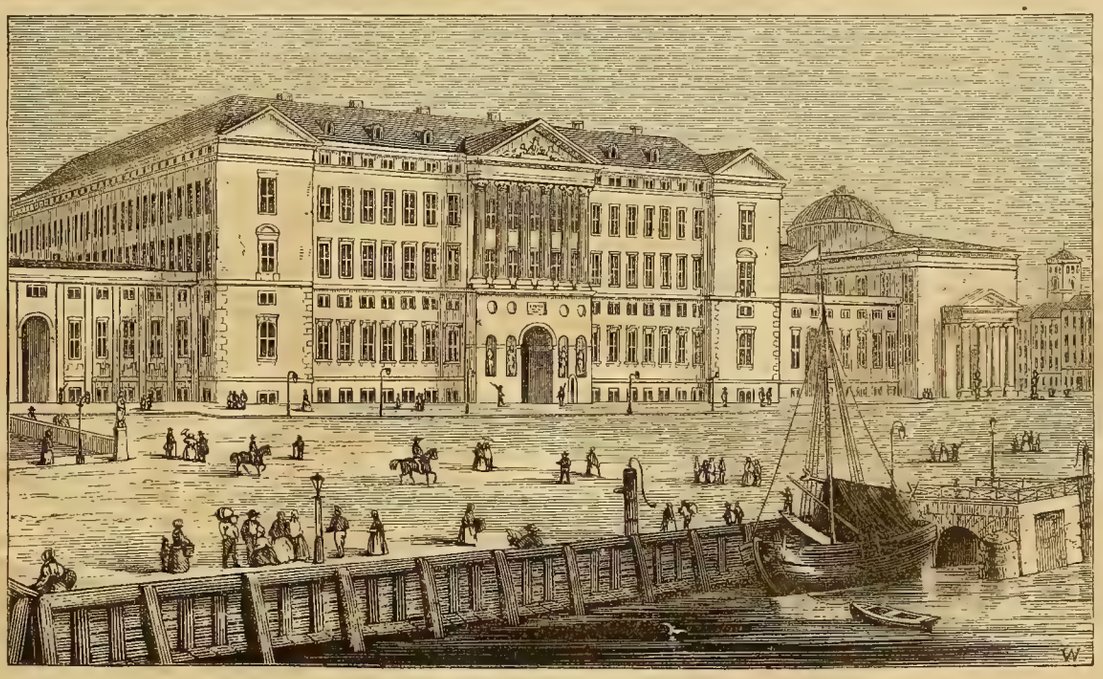
JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE, VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT.

We present the readers of the Pictorial, this week, with accurate likenesses of the President and Vice President of the United States. The former is about seventy years of age, and the latter but forty. The President has been in public service all his life, dating from his earliest manhood. He has represented his State in both Houses of Congress, and his country in the Cabinet and at the courts of St. Petersburg and St. James. Few men can say, at the close of life, that they have tasted such and so many public honors. The Vice President is of Revolutionary stock, and a native of Kentucky. He is recognized as an able and fearless debater, and challenges the high respect of his opponents. In person he is tall and commanding. He served with distinction in the war with Mexico, and, while a member of Congress, was offered the mission to Spain by President Pierce, which he saw fit to decline. The likeness is from life, and may be relied on, like that of the President, as accurate. The impression made on the minds of foreigners, when they come to see for themselves the simple republican manners of our highest executive officers, is always a strange and unexpected one. They can hardly understand why the head of a great nation like ours should not be surrounded by the power of an army, and wear the trappings that signify royalty. But this is one of the desirable fruits of our free institutions, and attests the faith and confidence the people of our country put in man, before authority and rank.

ROYAL PALACE OF CHRISTIANSBORG.

This is one of the finest palaces in Europe. It is the town residence of the King of Denmark, and is built on Castle Isle, on the spot where the castle was erected by Bishop Absolar, in 1168, to strike terror to the hearts of the pirates who swarmed in that region. During the reign of Christian IV. the castle was pulled down, to make room for a palace on its site. This palace was destroyed by fire in 1794, and the present one was begun in the reign of Christian VII, and finished during that of Frederick VI. We visited the spot not long ago, and were much impressed with the grandeur of the structure whose representation is given beneath. It stands out a very vivid picture in our memory. There are two *bas-reliefs* by Thorwalsden over the principal entrance to the palace, representing well-known characters in mythology; and in niches on either side of the same are set four colossal figures from the chisel of the same Danish master. The staircase—called the King's staircase—is of polished mahogany, and the railings are of solid brass. All the interior apartments are on a magnificent scale; but the one excelling all others is called the *Riddersal*, or Knights Hall. This hall is a blaze of splendor, from one end to another. Then the King's Throne Room is a noble apartment, and is ornamented with four large paintings, representing remarkable scenes in Danish history. On the west side of the palace the large exterior court, which is enclosed on both sides by buildings, forms a grand riding-ground, where equestrians attached to the royal family are to be seen exercising in the air. The buildings themselves form the court-theatre, the royal carriage-house, stables, etc. When we were there, we saw in the stables six of the most beautiful white Arab horses it is possible for one to look at and not covet. Not far from the palace is the famous Thorwalsden's Museum, containing a very large collection of works of art, all the production of the artist above, and which were patriotically presented by him to Denmark. The building is of two stories, and in the centre is an open court where the remains of the artist are mouldering away in the midst of the works of his brain and hands. He selected this spot for his grave himself, and all visitors are made to remember that he lies among his own immortal works. In the church of "Our Lady," near by, is the original group, from his chisel, of "Christ and his Apostles," copies of which in plaster were exhibited at the Crystal Palace in New York. This is always an object of great interest to visitors, and not less so to the citizens of Copenhagen themselves. The palace we present herewith is a favorite with the people, as it is with the King. As in the other first-class royal structures of Europe, the impression made is one of repose and magnificence.



THE PALACE OF CHRISTIANSBORG, AT COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

TO MOURNERS.

BY W. SCOTT ABBOTT.

Poor is the heart that hath no woe,
That in its past can find no token
By which another's grief to know—
No balm for kindred hearts when broken.
And cheerless must its journey be,
When to the future it is groping—
No grief to link with memory,
And fearing nothing—nothing hoping.

And narrow, too, must be the heart,
That hath no room for sorrow in it—
It proudly bids all joy depart,
And love is coldly dared to win it.
The flowers of love unnoted bloom,
And blush, and shrink, and fade, and wither;
The empty heart in selfish gloom,
Beholds them go, and cares not whither.

Alone, unloved, that heart must grope—
(Love is not gained except by giving,)
It is the charnel-house of hope,
And holds the corse, it spurned, when living—
Brief is the badge of brotherhood
The angels have to mortals given,
The talisman by which the good
Throw open all the gates of heaven.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE

CRUISER OF THE RED SEA.

A TALE OF ARABIAN LIFE AND MANNERS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE ISLE OF THE SINGHLESE.

THE English frigate aboard of which we have seen Orlo received—the *Cyclops*—had stood steadily on towards the town, and was now nearing her usual anchorage, some three-quarters of a mile from the landing. The arch-conspirator had become quite angry at the English commander, because that personage, busy in reckoning up and arranging the soundings made during the day, did not at once reinstate him in possession of the felucca. Full of wrath towards everything and everybody, even himself, he made up his mind, more doggedly than ever, to go to work anew and redeem himself from all the errors he had made, and all adversities which had come upon him.

How should he perform this great task?

The considerations which now put the question so sharply to him, were many. He wanted revenge—money, success in his plans—and could not bear the thought of being kept out of the legitimate inheritance of his villany by a simple girl. It had all been through his own carelessness—this running away with the felucca; he knew that well; but the deed had none the less been wanting in performance. It had been done so naturally and simply, too, that he felt cut to the quick to think that his foresight should not have guarded against such an event. As it was, however, the craft being gone, it only remained for him to set himself to work in such a way as to get command of her again.

This he would do.

His first proceeding was to swim ashore from the frigate—at least a mile and three-quarters—to a point of land not far north of the Bay of Palms. After landing and shaking himself as clear of the water as he could, he made the best of his way to the cape opposite the spot where the felucca was lying. Here he seated himself on a rock, looking towards the coveted cruiser, and discussing in his mind the several ways and means of securing possession.

He finally hit upon his plan.

From his boyhood he had enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best of swimmers, and this accomplishment should now do him a good service. He would secretly lower himself into the water, then lie down on his back, leaving only his chin and nose above the surface, and in this way he could float, or paddle himself with his hands, alongside of the vessel.

In this way he could not fail.

Just as he was about to start, he saw a woman—his instinct told him that it was Zulah—going off to the felucca, in the care of two girls. He waited till they had all reached the craft, the girls entering the cabin, and then set about the execution of his plan.

Upon the beach Zulah had left a white mantle with a paper containing a few words of writing, should her lover chance to appear in her absence.

"Let us go down to the Isle of Dates," said she to the Singhlese maiden, who came out of the cabin to greet her, "the place about which you were speaking. What sort of a retreat would it be for a young lady who is pursued and in peril?"

"A good one. It is the stronghold of Antang, who has lately sold himself twice—once to some great conspirator, who is at work hereabouts against the sultan, and lately to the sultan, who is said to have sought our shores in disguise, in order to learn the exact truth in the reports of a gathering insurrection he has received. I know all this, because Antang is in love with me, and because I kiss all of his secrets out of him—same as any woman can always do to a man."

"Do you suppose Antang is the friend of Ouli Hassac now, as much as he used to be?"

"No, no; they have had a falling out—a misunderstanding of some kind—and I have heard Antang say that he meant to do the old governor some harm. Allah! only look at these people—Antang, Orlo, the governor, and all of them—you will see that they are regular types of their class—all bound up in a chain of deceit, conspiracy, and falsehood. There is no dependence on any of them for more than a week at a time. The governor refuses to pay Antang for a slave brought him, because the young tigress killed herself. Orlo hires Antang to murder Ouli Hassac, and receives him as a companion-in-arms in some great affair or other, and then Antang goes and tells everything to the sultan himself, and receives promises or money sufficient to make him a traitor to Orlo and a friend of the sultan. So they go. *Cush Cagner!* I wonder where it will all end? As to what that Medina fellow said—well, he's neither a friend to Orlo nor to Ben-Idden, nor even to Antang, whom he professes to serve, nor to the sultan, whom he seeks to approach, but only the friend of himself—having, like all of these fellows, a view uniquely to his own glory and profit."

Zulah could not help but smile at these vivacious statements, and she felt assured that this young beauty had acquired quite a place in Antang's thoughts, to have such an intimate knowledge of all the plans with which he was concerned.

"As to our voyage up here—Allah! the felucca was coming up from the isles, the Medina chieftain having concocted a plot with Antang to come up here, bringing up a lot of bogus specie, and thus get track of all the real funds raised hereabouts for the revolution. I see that those bags of stones and miscellaneous matters have gone, and presume that they have been carried to the place of deposit. If so, you may rest assured that the Medina fellow means to carry off all Ben-Idden's money, leaving the bogus treasure as the sole return therefor."

"Allah! what a set of plotters and counter-plotters! But that's the way with our eastern politicians. They can do nothing cleverly, except get up intrigues and conspiracies, which eternally miscarry. But where is Antang now?"

"Down at the isles, waiting Medina's return with the money belonging to the Jiddah committee of conspiration. It seems that Medina did collect quite a sum from the sympathizers in that city, but that he has not accounted for it to anybody but himself."

"And so Ben is deceived. I left word for him on the beach, that I was going down to the isles, but perhaps I had better not go, there are so many matters here to see to. I do not even know whether my darling is at liberty or not, or even living, although I have a full hope, something seeming to assure me that he is alive and triumphing over his foes."

"Well, Medina cannot carry off the money till he gets a vessel. Antang allowed us girls to come up here for a brief change of air and scene. We have been cooped up so long in the island; but I do not know what I could tell him, if we go back without Medina. Perhaps—but what is that?" and she suddenly pointed down to a mysterious object on the water, close to the felucca. "Allah! it looks like a man's face!"

It was the face of Orlo, who, in pursuance of his plan, was floating out to the cruiser.

Zulah looked over the side and saw the stern face, the staring eyes, but not with distinctness, the more especially as she was misled by the suspicion she had conceived, and which she expressed.

"Allah! it is the Arab murdered by Orlo! He has come to the surface!"

"No, it's a living man," replied the Singhlese. "I saw him move. There!"

"A report followed, and it was succeeded by a series of fearful yells and moans.

The girl had drawn her pistol and fired, but now trembled at the fearful execution she seemed to have done.

"O, Allah! my head is blown all to pieces! I am dead—murdered—shot—when I was coming to warn you against those—O!" cried Orlo, half springing out of the water, as the smoke of the discharge cleared away. "Save me! do not let my body be left to the sharks! Draw me aboard, and give me decent burial on the shore, as soon as I am dead!"

Involuntarily Zulah reached over the side and extended her hand. Orlo caught it, and, with the assistance of the Singhlese girl, he was quickly drawn out of the water. He lost no time in arising to his feet, and with marvellous celerity for a man who had received such a wound as his frantic cries seemed to attest.

"Ah, thanks, my dear Zulah," he said, with a polite bow. "I shall now die in peace, or else live in triumph, we will soon decide which!"

He had drawn his knife, and now held it firmly in his grasp.

"The first one of you who offers to oppose me," he cried, flourishing his weapon furiously, "shall die!"

"Allah! he is not wounded at all!" cried the Singhlese.

"No, you did not hit me, nor *can* you injure me. The powder you have used is good for nothing!"

This statement was false, the bullet having passed so close to his head as to sting his right ear and fairly stun him; but the girls received the ready fabrication as the truth.

"And so, we shall see who triumphs!" added Orlo, looking around, with a dark and malignant sneer on his lips. "Zulah, you and the girls had better take up your quarters in the cabin. I am able to take charge of the vessel and get underway. You can say to the girls that they are going home, if you do not get the better of me again, and give another interruption to our voyage."

"You will not take me," replied the Singhlese girl, and she bounded over the low bulwarks into the water, on the side of the felucca nearest to the shore.

Ere Orlo comprehended the movement, each of her companions had followed the example.

"Allah! alone with him—"

"Nay, Zulah, come with us!" cried the Singhlese, extending her arms.

Orlo dashed forward, but he was too late. He merely tore a piece from Zulah's dress, as, with quick and excited resolution, she sprang from the felucca.

"And *you* come, do!" exclaimed the Singhlese, with a wild laugh of mockery, as she sported as gracefully as a swan in the water. We girls have been among the pearl-divers, and are half fish—same as you are half beast—and if you dare come here in pursuit of Zulah, we will drown you in three minutes! This is our element, quite as much as yours, and we are six or eight to one!"

Orlo gnashed his teeth with rage.

"There's no doubt," he muttered, "but that the young tigress could and would keep her word; and yet—"

He took a step to the very bulwarks, but again paused, estimating the combined strength of the girls.

"No, no, I dare not try it. Let them go!"

He sat down upon the deck, silently gazing after the girls as they swam to the beach, conducting Zulah between them.

"One thing is certain," he said. "I am in full command of the vessel, and woe unto the man or woman who shall undertake to oust me! Curse them—curse them! Their movement takes me entirely by surprise again. They know very well that I don't wish to run off with the felucca, unless it contains Zulah. I must be patient—patient!"

He looked around in every direction.

"There's a cloud coming up in the southwest," he said—"the end of a simoon which the setting sun drew across the desert. I fear we shall have a little proof of it even over to this shore. Yes, it gathers and increases in a way I cannot mistake. We shall have storm and darkness enough soon—within half an hour at least—to suit even the blackness and turmoil of my thoughts. The *Cyclops* is secure at her anchorage, and probably she would not make much of one of these sudden gusts, as such large and staunch vessels are not much troubled thereby. As to Antang and his *Blood-Star*, why don't he come up here as agreed, with his Turkish allies, and all the forces he has collected for the strife? He may be playing me false. Yet no—I have made it too much to his promised advantage to be in fear of treachery from him. If the rumor should be true, however, that the sultan has been to Medina and elsewhere—"

A sudden gust of wind carried away his hat, and he arose to his feet, again glancing around. The cloud he had noticed was puffing out in vast folds, increasing with such rapidity as to darken that quarter of the heavens, and throw a strange and vivid blackness over all others. Already the mere ripple on the surface of the water close in by the shore began to give way to short and chopping waves, though the felucca was so protected in the bay that he knew she could ride out the wildest storm without peril. With a glance shorewards, which told him that the girls were taking shelter under the large palm-tree we have mentioned before, he proceeded to house all for the storm and make everything snug, and then seated himself on the deck to await the coming simoon.

He had not long to wait.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORM—THE BLOOD-STAR SIGNAL—THE FLIGHT OF THE FELUCCA.

FROM far over the Red Sea and the mountainous regions which stretch away hundreds of miles to the southward of Sinai, there came a sullen and ominous roar, as of the marshalling of mighty squadrons, or as the thundering progress of ten thousand horsemen across a distant plain. Already toppling over on to the moon, thus shutting out its rays, was a huge bank of jagged clouds, which had rolled upwards towards the zenith, and beyond it, and was now sweeping down in gigantic folds, and hanging like vast curtains over the remaining light; while below, in the form of a mere scud upon the water, came the herald of the crowning blast.

"The tempest will be brief, but a lifter," said Orlo. "A regular Egyptian darkness is coming down upon us, and we shall soon be all of a color. But I'm glad of it," he added, with a wild laugh, arising. "Perhaps I shall have a chance to creep ashore and seize that infernal woman again—as secure as she thinks herself—by another *coup de main*."

Here and there a gray old bird of the sea flew heavily seaward, to meet the coming tempest, croaking a hoarse defiance to all its threatened fury, while ducks and crows, and others more partial to the land, came shrieking shorewards, wheeling over the palms and going away to settle into security in the marshes beyond. With the deepening of the darkness, and the increase of the fury of the wind, there was a gathering of that strange phosphorescent glare peculiar to the Red Sea and some of the low latitudes; so that all objects—and particularly the faces of the individuals exposed to its influence—shone with a white and ghastly radiance, evolved only from the elements then at war. The waves, too, now beginning to lash each other, and to beat the sides of the felucca, sparkled at every concussion, and a wild and mystic life seemed to pervade everything in nature, above and below—as well the palms and the billows, as those grandly marching clouds.

The spectacle was sublime.

"Yes," cried Orlo, as that gathering darkness intervened between him and the shore, "I will leave the felucca to herself, and pay a quiet visit to the beach. The knife is still left to me, and I am quite sure that the powder in their pistols, however good before, is not very dangerous now. *Iddio!* if I could only secure her again, not storms, nor darkness, nor devils, should prevent me from taking her beyond the reach and aid of anything human or infernal!"

Onwards, as if all nature was in one grand march towards its God, swept the whirling clouds above and the shrieking winds below, all rustling darkly across the troubled sea and sweeping the tops of the palms downwards till they cracked and snapped like pistols; and louder and fiercer became the contention of the elements, as if each was making the world an arena for its power, and was whirling it away through the vast spaces of a living but chaotic oblivion—so darkly were they struggling together.

Already had the felucca commenced rocking

and tossing on the waters, thus held by the head, like an impatient steed; but Orlo thought the anchor would not drag, or, at the worst, would so nearly hold the little craft that the beaching of her in a temporary puff on the soft sand would do no harm. Besides, he did not know but that he should be back in a very few minutes, and before the full vigor of the tempest should come down upon her. The girl might be beyond discovery or capture, and he himself might have trouble.

Thus thinking, he placed his knife between his teeth, so as to have it ready to his hand, and lowered himself into the water, the wind assisting him so well that he soon stood upon the beach.

"Now, then—hilloa!" he cried, in his loudest tones, and in such a thunder-voice that it resounded above the roar of the wind and the waves. Then, after listening, he added:

"That may call both friends and foes in this direction. If so, I shall only need to escape the one and do what I *shall* do with the other. Allah! how it blows!"

There came a faint cry from the palms—one which he knew to be uttered by several of the Singhlese in chorus.

"Ah!" and his dark eyes lighted up like the flash of lightning which burst out of the clouds at this moment. "There you are. If you are not frightened, I presume you'll get wet; for when a simoon strikes the water, it's about as much a thunder-storm as anything else. And here are a few drops of rain, about the size of a bullet, as a sample of those which are to follow."

In effect some large drops of water had already commenced to be wrung out of the clouds—it could hardly be called raining—and the gale was rapidly sweeping on towards its culmination. The lightning was only occasional, though vivid when it came, and hence it did not seem so much as usual a feature in the scene, the more especially as its report was nearly lost in the fury of the waves and the wind. The din and confusion of the elements was such that a human voice could not have been heard far, unless very loud and sharp; and the darkness had now grown so intense that all objects beyond the immediate presence of the observer seemed to be blended chaotically together.

"Hilloa!" again cried Orlo.

"Allah! it may be Ben-Idden," said Zulah, starting up from the shelter she and the girls had taken under the palms.

"And it may be Orlo," rejoined the Singhlese maiden. "How can we decide?"

Zulah was silent for a moment, engaged in thinking, and then she replied:

"Whoever it is, *you* shall go down to meet him instead of *me*. If it's Orlo, you will know him and give me warning, and if it is a stranger you will conduct him here. In this way I shall be safe."

"True. If he wishes to run away with me, he may. I am not afraid of him at all."

Again was heard the hail of Orlo, and Zulah cried loudly:

"*I am coming!*"

Boldly did the adventurous young Singhlese advance in the direction from which had proceeded the voice, but had not gone far, observing perfect silence, ere she encountered Orlo, who was making his way up towards the palms.

"Allah!" he cried.

The Singhlese said nothing.

With a wild yell of triumph—for he had heard the voice of Zulah declare that she was coming, and now thought of nothing but that her fair form had suddenly dropped into his arms—Orlo turned towards the beach, catching the Singhlese up to his bosom, and bearing her away as if she had been but a child.

Zulah understood pretty well from his hoarse cry of triumph what had taken place, and lost no time in following him, with rapid but noiseless step, to see what would become of the brave girl who had no nobly stood between her and peril.

Suddenly, at the moment Orlo reached the water's edge with his burden, and when a suspicion arose in his keen and intelligent mind respecting her silence, another vivid flash of lightning illuminated the scene, and at the very instant he was trying to scan her features.

This circumstance betrayed all! He not only saw that he had seized the Singhlese, but just beyond her, a few steps up the beach, he beheld Zulah, pale and anxious, following to see what would be the result of his purpose and mistake.

With the instant quickness of that vivid flash, he dropped the Singhlese girl and bounded up the sands towards Zulah.

With a terrible cry of despair she turned to flee, but he had well noticed the spot where she stood, and had as well hurried his movements, so that he caught her in a vice-like grasp ere she had taken the third hasty step.

Again, that momentary flash dying away, all was gloom and confusion upon that lonely shore! All darkness and horror for Zulah, for she could scarcely move hand or foot, so strongly had her foe gathered her up in that menacing grasp!

"Again—again!" he cried. "Now mine—all mine, henceforth and forever!"

"Help! Mercy!" whispered Zulah. "Come here, girls—save me! Murder! mur—"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Orlo, clasping his hand over her mouth, and gathering her closer to his breast. "You shall not have even the pleasure of calling for help, though I know that even the trumpet of Gabriel could not call you assistance!"

The girls had commenced rushing down towards the water, with wild and confused cries, and the brave Singhlese, whom he had first raised, did not hesitate an instant to throw herself furiously on to the foe; but he shook her off, and rushed away furiously into the waves, as she well knew from a splashing which resounded louder than their roar.

"All lost!" moaned Zulah. "I am—"

Her voice died away in broken and gasping shrieks, for he had plunged her entirely under the fierce billows, crying:

"Take that, and learn that this is no time to pitch a tune or inaugurate a choir!"

"Come on, girls," cried the Singhlese, who had bounded like a wild roe up the sands to meet her companions. "He has a burden to carry, if he succeeds, and we can reach the felucca in advance of his own arrival. Allah! *come!*"

Turning on her heel she led the way, with that wild energy which belongs to a passionate nature in a moment of excitement—down to the water, bravely out among the fierce billows, and then struck out with ease and swiftness towards the felucca.

Again the successes of Orlo seemed likely to experience a slight reverse.

On through the rough waves did Orlo struggle, dragging his victim with him—half-drowning her—but caring nothing for that, not even thinking of it, but occupied solely by the thought that he was now making all sure, and by the fierce self-congratulations which arose in his brain at his seeming success.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, in his fierce glee, as he beat the billows backwards, as an angry giant might smite a host of little enemies besetting him; "the proud beauty is finally mine, and no power can take her from me! I thought the girls might have come off, but do not hear or see them."

The darkness was so intense that he could not yet see the felucca, although he felt sure that more than one half of the distance was already passed, despite the fury of the waves, and the difficulties they presented to his progress.

And this consciousness gave him courage.

But, suddenly, a wild cry arose far out beyond on the waters, one that the wings of the wind brought quite distinctly to his ears—one that he knew to proceed from the girls!

So much did those shouts unnerve and confuse him, that he ceased swimming, for they seemed to proceed from the very spot where he had left the felucca at anchor.

And it was so!

But those shouts were not uttered from any feeling of triumph, but from one of astonishment: that of discovering that the felucca was gone!

She had dragged her anchor, and that fact had again negatived the efforts of those fierce girls to thwart him!

For, even while they were wondering among themselves what had become of the craft they were seeking, it came sweeping shorewards, borne down before the wind, and suddenly loomed up so close to Orlo, so near to his side, that he had only to extend his hand and make a single spring forward in the water to lay his hand upon her taffrail, on the larboard quarter.

A moment more and he had dragged himself aboard, and drawn Zulah up after him—laying her down in the little hold just under the helm.

He did not stop to see if he had drowned her in his mad flight from the beach—that was not a consideration; he cared to know, just now, only that she was there! she he so loved! she he so hated!

It was dangerous—he knew it well; perhaps the movement would be fatal to his proposed flight—it was quite possible; but—and he set his teeth hard together—he would try it—yes, the felucca should carry him out of the bay, or dash to pieces against the rocks off the headland!

He commenced raising the sail!

Like ten thousand furies the wind caught it, shaking out the reefs which he had made therein while housing all for the storm, and then it bore the felucca down, *down!* till her leeward bulwarks were under water—the whole fabric trembling like a weed—and then she swept forward, gathering headway with all the exposed canvas drawing, so that he had only to lay her up close to the wind and hold her steadily there with the helm, to clear the rocks off the cape, and dash out into the open sea.

All this did the desperate man's experienced eye discern at a glance, and then, as the felucca in its gathered might snapped its cable like a string, a wild laugh of exultation escape him!

A vivid flash of lightning revealed him to the Singhlese, and them to his own eyes, as he dashed madly onwards, and he laughed again.

He felt that he had triumphed, and they thought so too, for they struck out for the shore.

And the felucca, as if the genius of that storm and that darkness, continued to dash on!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RAFT.

With a sickened heart and a glassy eye Ben-Idden stood beneath the old palm-tree, regarding the last glories of the setting sun. It was not difficult to see from his pale and haggard features, a strange and feverish brightness in his eyes, and the utter abstraction of his manner, that a woe more dulling to the soul than the pains of a mere physical, had been, and was still, on that day and hour upon him.

"No," he moaned, and the word came up to his lips like a despairing wail. "I shall never see her more! All this long day have I been everywhere and searched every place, and sought by every means in my power to obtain some clue to her whereabouts, the fate of the felucca, the proceedings of Orlo, but all in vain. No one can give me the information I wish—no one can utter any real words of consolation or of hope. She is dead—and I would that I were where she is now.

Over the sea, even as the youth was uttering the words, and within two miles of the coast, came a strange spectacle, showing grimly and ghastly in the last bright glances of that setting sun. It was a collection of spars and pieces of wreck, all lashed firmly together, and forming a raft large enough to support several times the number of persons thereon—a man and woman—both looking as unlike themselves, as nearly twenty-four hours of physical and mental suffering could make them.

They were Zulah and Orlo.

But, in that place and time, though no eyes, save that one which embodies all things, were gazing upon the scene, was expressed a thing of man's nature which attests the pit, the yawning gulf upon one side of his double and immortal being. Though the wildest beasts may be tamed either by hunger or by peril, so that they will lick the hand extended to them—though animals lose their natural ferocity towards one another in the presence of any destroyer or terror of their kind—yet will not man, in the face of death, in peril by sea or land, or in the last extremities of any human agony, forego, or blot out, or forget any hate or animosity towards another which may have attended him down to that hour!

We see the last rays of that setting sun lighting up the pallor of a face so wan and ghastly that one would think years of terror had passed over her head, rather than a few brief hours. We see those same rays—for the mercies of Heaven fall upon all alike—resting upon another countenance quite unlike the first, in everything save suffering and sleeplessness, and an intense misery which can hardly be borne, and even not like in that—a countenance whereon rests, and whereon would continue to rest,—though death held a pall in his hands to place upon it forever,—a hate and a malignancy, and a fearful sense of triumph, which is more terrible than any terror in the sea or on the land, or in all the accumulated terrors of a ruined world!

We have only to gaze upon the one face to know that there is a master-spirit of evil—to look upon the other, to realize that fiends are permitted to have their victims.

For the cruel Orlo is less pitiless than the element which has swallowed up the felucca—that strife having had its season and passed, while he is still cherishing the same passions in his soul, which has swept the happiness of that gentle girl to ruin. Not one jot or title of his revenge has passed away from his heart—not one particle of mercy has been born in his soul, not even when he has gazed upon the sorrows of his hapless victim—not even one ray of that goodness he cast off years ago, and not even a kind look or a loving deed, as a strange pilgrim looking out from that desert where the little angels of his nature have been whelmed in the dark storms of crime and passion, forever!

The storm, the wreck, that wretched raft—all has deferred the hour of his triumph over Zulah; but his original purpose of humbling her pride and thwarting her happiness, is in no wise changed.

"Well, Orlo," murmured the faint voice of the sufferer. "We still live!"

"I have thought of that ere now," replied the dark-minded man, while a strange light sparkled in his eyes, and one which seemed designed to warn her of the death there was for her in that life!

She lay upon the raft, supported only by the rude timbers, thus roughly put together, and Orlo sat a few feet from her, resting his elbow upon his knees, with his chin dropped into the hollows of his hands. Neither had eaten a mouthful of food or drunken any water for twenty-four hours; and both were accordingly in that feverish and suffering state, which renders the human mind equally indifferent to death and to life.

"Your words are strange, Orlo, and your eyes have a fearful glare. What do you mean?"

"I mean, woman, that I will not spare you, though the elements have done so. I mean that I will be more relentless than the storm, and more implacable than fate."

"I understand you now. I must suffer what Allah calls upon me to suffer; but have you never thought, that you are building up a world of bitterness for that future which you might make so blest?"

"Suppose that future," sneered Orlo, "should never come?"

"It *must* come—it surely will come, for the present is a fragment of which the future only can make the whole!"

"So say the priests."

"So says your own heart, Orlo—so says the sun, whose last rays have but now faded from our sight—so says all the oracles of Allah! You may reject a truth because you do not like the manner of its utterance, or its utterer, but it is none the less a truth. We shall live again—you and I, Orlo—in a different world from this, either to our glory or shame!"

The wretched victim of ignorance and passion bent his eyes upon her.

"Is it because you expect to draw the terrors of another world between us, that you are speaking in this manner?"

She gazed long and sorrowfully upon him, with tears—she was so weak and helpless in her suffering—in her eyes.

"No," she said. "I do not expect to change you—I suppose you will do whatsoever you will. But I cannot help but think, how you might change all this sad scene if you would. On yonder shore, perhaps even now looking over these waters, there is one who is suffering more than the pangs of death because I am not there. How easily could you take me to him, and thus make both of our hearts glad! How little exertion is sometimes required to bless the hearts around us! the task not being even one half so great as the trouble of making them sad. How easy it is to win those good opinions and kind thoughts in life's rude pathway, which will brighten our journey through a great hereafter as messengers of peace come out from Heaven to greet us! Oh, if you would but take me to him—to my beloved!—to the one who loves me so truly and nobly, and who is so worthy of my love!"

"Ha, ha! how do you know that your lover is still living?" asked Orlo.

"Living?" and a supernatural lustre seemed

to glorify the bright eyes she bent upon him. "He who lives gloriously, lives forever! His life is as eternal as the existence of the Great Spirit by which it is quickened!"

"You rave, Zulah. I will not cause you to suffer in this way—I am getting too much of it myself. But we have no oars, and my hands are already blistered and bleeding, and burn as if worn to the bone. I do not know how I can hasten our progress towards the shore—in fact, I do not care to reach the land till after dark. The tide will soon begin to come in, and that will give us some help. Besides there is a little more wind now, and that will aid us a little."

"Well, may Allah be merciful—I can only hope for the best."

She folded her hands upon her breast, and closed her eyes. Orlo thought she was insane by the moving of her lips, or else praying—it was all the same thing to him—and felt that it would be for his own advantage to procure her relief, as soon as possible, from the sufferings now making such inroads upon her body and mind.

He arose to his feet and looked around.

Far away, at least three miles from the present position of the raft, he could see the sails of the English frigate, which was still anchored off the town, but not another vessel of any kind in sight. In front of him were the green shores, looking a little indistinct in the distance, but still showing all their strong outlines; and in all other directions, a calm and placid expanse of water, without an object of any kind thereon to break its monotony, in giving rest to the eye. The last vestiges of the late storm, save those embodied in that raft and upon it, had all vanished.

"Cheer up, Zulah," said Orlo. "We are less than two miles from the land, and are moving shorewards at a promising rate. The night will be unusually pleasant and calm, and you shall soon have all that care and attention you need. I did not mean to keep you dry and hungry twenty-four hours—you know that. I am suffering as much as yourself, and hope you will forgive me your pains on that account."

"I do forgive you, Orlo. I wish to say this now, for I do not know that I shall be able to say it by-and-by. There is a fever in my veins—"

"Pshaw! it's only the wanting of food! I'll answer for that."

"It may be as you say. Still, in my case, I do not wish you to feel that the evil you have wrought lies between you and me. I judge not—punish not, for it is not to me that you are accountable: your responsibility is to Allah. Realize this truth, Orlo, and seek that forgiveness without which you can never hope to find either prosperity or peace!"

"Yes, you are perfectly mad! I will make a desperate effort to hasten our progress to the shore, even if I have to run the gauntlet with you after I arrive."

He drew out a rough and splintered piece of timber from among those forming the raft, and commenced wielding it as a paddle, with all the strength still remaining to his frame.

A strange figure did he present—hatless, with sunburnt features, dishevelled hair, and wet and tattered garments; but all of those evidences of misfortune, could not change the look of self-reliance and undaunted purpose which had wrought their lines upon his face.

Suddenly, while thus laboring, Orlo started and arose to his feet, shading his eyes with his hands and looking away in a southerly direction to where a little cloud was visible just above the horizon, and one that grew larger and larger every moment he gazed upon it.

"That's a sail," he said, "and it may be the same craft which run us down so suddenly last night, in the midst of the storm. As sure as I live I then thought, and continue to believe, that it was the vessel of Antang, the *Blood-Star*; for the hail I heard, as we swept past, seemed to be his voice. I hope it is him; and, if so, I will not try to paddle out of his way!"

The strange sail came up rapidly, bringing with her a good breeze, and she was soon so near, heading directly for the raft, as she held the usual track of vessels going towards Jiddah or Suez, that Orlo made sure of its being Antang's vessel, a staunch sloop about eighty tons burden, which had been built at Goa under the superintendence of an English shipwright.

"Yes," he said, "it's the *Blood-Star*. Antang is my friend and confederate—he will take care of Zulah and of me."

He spoke not again, nor moved, until that beautiful sloop had come up within hailing distance, still dashing on in such a direction as to pass close to the raft. Then he started up, sending his loudest hail over the water, to which almost instantly came back a hoarse reply.

"Yes, it's Antang! He's there, on the bows!"

The sloop was soon opposite the raft; but the twilight had already deepened so much, that neither Orlo and his confederate could distinctly see one another.

"Help, Antang, it's *me!*"

The sloop was instantly rounded to. A boat went to the raft, and conveyed Orlo and Zulah to the *Blood-Star's* deck.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

FALSE ONE I LEAVE THEE.

(BALLAD.)

BY J. ALFORD.

When thy bosom heaves the bitter sigh,
When sad tears bedim thine anxious eye;
When no tender friend is standing nigh,
Who then will soothe thee?

And when the farewell word is spoken,
When this sad heart, once thine, is broken;
'Twill be to thee the last sad token
Of thy perfidy.

When on the couch of sickness laid,
Thy conscience must thy heart upbraid;
When underneath the cold sward laid—
Who then will mourn thee?

Yet, false one, I forgive thee all,
To vouch for which, on Heaven I call;
May no ill all thy life befall,
And thy last end be peace!

THE YANKEE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

Asa T. Knollin was a genuine specimen of a down-east Yankee—a log-chopping, trading, fishing, sea-going, amphibious animal, passing his time between the ocean and the mainland. In one of his voyages before the mast, in the year 1808, he went to Porto Rico, in the West Indies, and by some chance it happened that his vessel sailed without him. Asa felt somewhat homesick when compelled to prolong his visit, and eagerly watched for an opportunity of returning to his native land.

One evening as he was walking by the seaside in a melancholy guise, he was suddenly surrounded by a gang of British sailors belonging to the sloop-of-war Terrible, commanded by Captain Bigshot, and then busy in taking in water, and other stores, preparatory to a continuance of her three years' cruise. Asa was disposed to show fight at first; but as the press-gang were armed with cutlasses, he concluded his policy was to submit quietly, and so he entered the barge without opposition.

That night, as he lay awake brooding over his misfortunes, he chalked out his conduct—which was no other than to feign a simplicity amounting almost to idiocy, and to display as little knowledge of seamanship as possible. He knew how to throw into his countenance an air of complete vacancy and innocence, calculated to throw the shrewdest observer off his guard.

The next day a dish of boiled beans was set before him without any "fixings." Our friend flared up at the meagreness of the entertainment.

"Biled beans and no pork!" he exclaimed. "This is a little too mean, I swow! 'Taint fit for a dog!"

"Hadn't you better complain to the captain?" asked the black-whiskered boatswain, with a sneer.

"That's it, old sea hoss," remarked Knollin. "That's a bright idee, cap'n; so I will."

And, regardless of opposition, he bolted into the cabin, where Captain Bigshot sat at dinner with three or four officers.

"Who the deuce are you?" asked the captain, firmly fixing his savage eyes upon the Yankee.

"Who be I?" ejaculated Knollin. "Why, I'm Asa T. Knollin. Captain, I hope you'r well? And how's the folks to hum—pretty spry, eh?"

"Your name's Jonathan, I guess," said the captain, mimicking the nasal tone of Knollin.

"No, it aint; it's Asa T. Knollin, captain."

"Well, what do you want of me?"

"Seems to me you live pretty well here, captain," said Asa, looking over the table. "Pretty tall fodder; chickens, pine-apples, and o-be-joyful. Your cook haint did the clean thing by us, though. S'pose you know nothing about, so I thought I'd step up here and let you know how they give us beans without pork!"

"Beans without pork! Astonishing!" exclaimed the captain, willing to humor the character.

"Yes, captain, beans without pork! Don't that beat all natur?"

"What do you live on when you are at home?" asked the captain.

"Pork and beans, b'iled chowder, flapjacks and doughnuts," answered Asa.

"What are flapjacks?" asked the captain.

"Don't you know what flapjacks are? Why, I thought every fool know'd that. They're made of flour, eggs, milk and water, beaten up kerslap, and they're slottered into a frying-pan and done brown, sarved up with butter and molasses, whichever you choose—and if they don't go down slick, there's no stones in Roxbury!"

"You seem to like molasses," said the captain.

"Wal, I guess I do," said Asa; "but not raw, as you feliers eat it."

"How then?"

"Wal, I like to run a stick into the bunghole of a hogshead, and then pull it out and drop it into my mouth. Aint it good, though? Wal, I guess it is."

"Well, Jonathan—"

"Asa, captain."

"Jonathan, I say—you can go, now, and I'll see about the pork to-morrow."

Asa went back to his astonished shipmates, reporting that the captain was a "pretty slick sort of a fellow."

One day when the men didn't "tumble up" from below with the requisite alacrity, the boatswain gave each of them a "reminder" with his stick as he came on deck. Asa was the last, as usual, but, watching the boatswain's bamboo, he caught the weapon in his hand, and dexterously twisted it out of the officer's grasp.

"Hullo, whiskers!" said he; "I hope you didn't mean to hit me, cause it hurts a feller. No, you didn't. Wal, I thought so—I forgive you;" and he threw the rattan overboard, escaping to the quarter-deck, where his originality and supposed imbecility secured him impunity. In fact, he was treated as a privileged buffoon by the officers.

Taking up a cannon-ball one day, he asked:

"What in the world is this yere, captain?"

"That's what we keep to pepper the Yankees with," answered Captain Bigshot.

"Want to know," said Asa. "How do they work it?"

"We put 'em into those big guns and fire 'em off."

"Swow! you you don't say so! Do they travel pretty fast, captain?"

"You can't see 'em."

"Hurt a body if they hit?"

"Yes, when they are fired out of a gun."

"No other ways?"

"No."

"Then here goes!" cried Asa. And, handling the missile like a bowling-ball, he let it drive among the legs of the officers and men, shouting, "Hurrah—let her rip!"

Cries of rage and pain followed.

"Seems to me, captain," said Asa, coolly, "them ere things does hurt a feller if they aint fired out of a gun."

One day Captain Bigshot called Asa aft. "Jonathan," said he, "there's a boat alongside; you may get your traps together and go; we can do without you."

"Wal, captain," replied Asa, "'fore you spoke I had pretty much concluded to quit. I kin make better wages fishin', by a great sight. Besides, I want to go hum and see the folks. Good-by, captain; I shall see you ag'in."

"I think not," said the captain.

"Guess I shall. Good-by," said Asa; and with a light heart he bade adieu to the Terrible.

More than three years afterwards, during the war of 1812, a British armed vessel, lying at St. Johns, was boarded and carried, in a dark night, by a band of Yankee privateersmen. The leader of the expedition then sought the commander, and demanded his sword. Indignant and confounded, Captain Bigshot asked the name of his captor.

"Lord bless you, captain," answered a familiar voice, "don't you know me? I'm Asa T. Knollin, that boarded along o' you a spell back at Porto Rico. I told you I guessed I should see you again; and when a Yankee guesses anything, it's sure to happen. Make yourself comfortable, captain, and excuse me for a moment, 'cause I've got to haul down your flag, run up the stripes, and work the vessel into Portland."

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

STANZAS.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I saw her first in halls of mirth,
The fairest of the fair;
And like a bird among the flowers,
She seemed to tread on air;
Her eyes were like the young gazelle's,
So beautiful and bright;
And I have loved no other eyes
Since that eventful night.

When once again I saw her form,
Her bosom heaved a sigh;
And the blight that oft on beauty falls,
Had dimmed her bright blue eye;
For he, whom she had loved so well,
Had played a faithless part;
And when I looked upon her then,
I read a broken heart.

I stood and gazed upon her grave,
And saw her borne along;
Her love, her sorrows all forgot—
And he who did her wrong
Soon wiped his tears,—if tears there fell—
And took another bride;
But I still weep for her I loved,
Though none should beside.

HOW TO PAY FOR A FARM.

A man in the town of D——, some twenty years ago, went to a merchant in Portsmouth, N. H., who was also president of a bank, and stated that he lived on a farm, the home of his fathers, which had descended to him by right of inheritance; that this, his only property, worth two thousand dollars, was mortgaged for one thousand, to a merciless creditor, and that the time of redemption would be out in a week. He closed by asking for a loan to the amount of his debt, for which he offered to re-mortgage his farm.

Mer.—I have no money to spare; and if I could relieve you now, a similar difficulty would probably arise in a year or two.

Far.—No; I would make every exertion; I think I could clear it.

Mer.—Well, if you will obey my directions, I can put you in a way to get the money; but it will require the greatest prudence and resolution. If you can get a good indorser on a note, you shall have money from the bank, and you can mortgage your farm to the indorser, for his security. You must pay in one hundred dollars every sixty days. Can you do it?

Far.—I can get M. —— for indorser, and I can raise the hundred dollars for every payment but the first.

Mer.—Then borrow a hundred dollars more than you want, and let it lie in the bank; you will lose only one dollar interest. But mind, in order to get along, you must spend nothing—buy nothing; make a box to hold all the money you get, as a sacred deposit.

He departed. The note was discounted, and the payment punctually made. In something more than two years he came again into the store of the merchant, and exclaimed, "*I am a free man;* I don't owe any man ten dollars; but look at me." He was embrowned with labor, and his clothes, from head to foot, were a tissue of darns and patches. "My wife looks worse than I do." "So you have cleared your farm?" said the merchant. "Yes," answered he; "and now *I know how to get another.*"

Thus, good advice, well improved, rescued a family from poverty, and put them in possession of a competency which we believe they yet live to enjoy. Thus may any one retrieve a falling fortune if he will. And by using the same amount of self-denial, and making as great exertions in the way to heaven, we may secure an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away."

THE END OF CRINOLINE.

The *Express* correspondent writes: "The race of crinoline appears to be nearly run, at last, after victoriously lording it over the fashionable female world for full four years. In my walks about town I notice a general collapse in the rotundity of the Paris *elegantes*, and the only patrons of the wide skirts, now, are servant-maids and provincials. The mode has gone out as it came in—at the fiat of the imperial mistress of the Tuileries. This seems to be a hint that future additions to the Emperor's family are rather remote possibilities;—everybody knowing that "amplitude" came into fashion at the identical moment when Napoleon III. was anxiously looking for the advent of Napoleon IV."

SELF-RELIANCE.

Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they called friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

TOO MUCH STUDY.

Too much study, is beginning to be the cry on behalf of children and young people. But it is, in our judgment, not that alone, but too great a variety and number of studies also. They keep the intellect in a state of perpetual confusion, while no real mental discipline is ever reached. The editor of the London *Lancet* has recently touched on this topic, from a scientific point of view. He says that the pressure upon young men to complete their educational course at the earliest possible date, is constantly on the increase, and enough, undoubtedly, may be seen on all sides of the injurious results of this premature high pressure. The healthy action of the understanding is being constantly impeded by a crowd of unconnected and unprolific recollections, which are forced in upon the unformed memory, and can neither be digested nor retained. It is, indeed, a most injurious practice, which cannot fail to make its results felt at a future day.

We are all puzzled sometimes, when we sit calmly down and try to answer it to ourselves, what particular period in our lives has been the happiest. It is a nice point to try to make up one's mind upon. But the Rev. Charles Kingsley, the English novelist, has no hesitation in stating his preference about it. He says: "There is no pleasure that I have ever experienced like *a child's midsummer holiday*. The time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night, tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other one having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasures or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless in some cases in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him."

Here is an "assorted cargo," that would tangle a consignee's hair into knots. The ship Golden Fleece arrived at New York from San Francisco, with the following assortment of notions stowed between-decks: Hides, hams, old copper, old iron, grizzly bears, old junk, California lions, bales of rags, a sprinkling of cougars, leopards, old rope, and last, not least, old Adams himself, the famous grizzly bear tamer. He has half a dozen genuine grizzly bears, any one capable of chewing a man up, making but a couple of bites of him for a meal.

"THE LITERARY COMPANION."—This is the best Literary paper and the largest that comes to our table, published by F. GLEASON, at Boston. This paper contains the most select and interesting pieces that can be obtained. It is a new paper, and most elegantly executed. The new story, "The Knight of the Golden Horse Shoe," by Major Poore, is a most exceedingly interesting one. All those that want a good paper will do well to send for the LITERARY COMPANION.—*County Register, Waupaca, Wis.*

They came to Dumas one day, and told him that they wanted to make up twenty-five francs to bury a poor bailiff. "Will that amount do it?" said he. "Then take all the money I've got (fifteen napoleons) and bury twelve of them!"

The wicked story about a young lady of Boston freezing both her feet while skating, so that amputation was necessary, has no truth nor reason in it. Glad to hear it.

Paris bonnets are changing their shape. They are long, round and advancing over the forehead, and very much thrown back at the ears.

Time will soon be made, all the way by rail, between New York and New Orleans, in eighty-four hours.

The cotton receipts of the last year will exceed four million bales, by at least a quarter of a million.

CHARITY.

It is said that the poor get more help from the poor than they do from the rich; and the obvious reason given for it is, that none but the poor actually know what the poor suffer. Whether the statement is correct to the extent implied, we con'd not undertake to say; but the principle on which it rests certainly is one founded in nature, and invests such remarks, therefore, with a greater interest and meaning. A poor, half-fed, shivering woman, who goes out begging for the hard fare for which she would gladly work if she could get a chance, after all finds more real, warm sympathy, that means a little something to eat and burn, among those in her own condition, than among such as never touched the depth of her sorrow in their own persons. And nature everywhere decrees and ordains that it shall be so.

A poor man or woman, asking aid of one better off, instinctively feels the gulf that yawns between them. This very instinct, too, is one of nature's finest touches. Across that gulf the poor man feels that the electric wires of sympathy can hardly be stretched, so that soul can telegraph forward and backward to soul. So he stands outside of the circle of the other's presence, as it were, and pleads with such stammering syllables as his untrained tongue can employ. It is not strange at all that the greater part of pleas for charity, put forth on such hard conditions, should be set down as knavish and deceitful. There is no touch of nature in them, because all sympathy is lacking. But let the same person state his sufferings to one of his own class, and he will do it in such a style, above and beyond all art,—with a tear, a sigh, a look, a gesture of the hand,—that every listener's heart shall be unlocked to its fountains in a moment. So subtle and potent a thing is human sympathy!

The brisk St. Louis correspondent of the *Post* says some good and true things—things worth thinking of a second time. Thus: "It is curious how it is in St. Louis, and, in fact, nearly everywhere in America, society is tyrannized over by unmarried young ladies—*jeunes femmes*. I have respect for the young manhood of America in almost everything but this—that they do not appreciate highly cultivated and fully developed women. These things are managed differently in France, where the social arts are better understood. In Parisian salons, madame keeps the upper-hand of mademoiselle, and you do not find sensible men passing her by with indifference, and devoting themselves to the fresher but more insipid charms of her daughter. What is the meaning of this exclusive attention which is paid in our society to very young ladies?"

Says a writer in the London *News*, speaking of the late Lord Macaulay and his intellectual traits:—"In all that he wrote, even in his boyish beginnings, we find those brilliant flashes, not of silence (as Sydney Smith observed in a waggish moment), but of assertion which lend a grace—a passing grace—to his manner and his style. He was a desperate assertor. What Lord Melbourne said of him was true of him from first to last. 'I wish,' said Prime Minister Melbourne, 'that I was as sure of any one thing as—Tom Macaulay is sure of everything!'"

A movement is making to open a new source of employment to females, in the work belonging to the manufacture and cleaning of watches.

The Legislatures of Tennessee and Kentucky have been over to make a call on the Ohio Legislature, and had a "jolly good time."

Willis says that horseback riding in winter "keeps the world looking beautiful." He calls it a new "eye-water."

A hundred years ago a cocked hat was considered a mark of gentility. Now, however, the "stove pipes" have smoked it out completely.

The robber Cortinas is still engaged in plundering and murdering the Texans. Something will have to be done in that quarter ere long.

11,000 pounds of sponge were recently brought to Key West in a single week. They were worth about $5000.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.

Wayside Gatherings.

"Crinoline Hall," is the name of a new hall just completed in Bristol, R. I.

Mr. Shury, a fencing master in London, can cut two sheep asunder at a blow.

The hay crop of Maine averages 1,000,000 tons, worth $10,000,000 per annum.

A Miss Thompson, in Tennessee, has recovered $15,000 in a suit for a breach of promise against a man named Patterson.

Laura Keene, the actress, has been ill in New York, in consequence of the absorption of a poisonous preparation used to whiten her skin.

Not a poorhouse in California, and gambling is a collapsed institution, writes the correspondent of the New York Times.

A mass of gold, weighing 1250 ounces, value of £5000, has been obtained from a quartz reef, in an up-country district in Victoria, Australia.

The Bohemians residing in the United States, and particularly those in St Louis, have resolved to establish a newspaper in their own native language.

The Hong Kong correspondent of the Savannah Republican says that nineteen Chinamen had been beheaded in Canton for kidnapping Coolies.

George Augustus Sala describes Lord Brougham's nose as "a marvel—protuberant, rugose, aggressive, inquiring, and defiant; unlovely, but intellectual."

The Fifth Avenue Hotel has a car in which the boarders are to be raised by steam to the different floors. It must prove valuable to some men, particularly late in the evening.

A London letter says Thackeray's Cornhill Magazine is considered to be a failure. It is not of the type to please the million, or even enchant a few.

Mrs. Sylvia Goodwin, of Worcester, a professional mid-wife, has within the past ten years attended 1626 cases, and with the loss of but one patient out of the whole number.

The children in New York are behaving badly. One little boy hung himself with a towel, and a little girl bought some arsenic to kill herself with, but concluded to take an emetic instead.

The Boston and Worcester Railroad, during the year 1859, carried one million six hundred and three thousand four hundred and fifty-three passengers, without injury to a single person.

The owners of the Pemberton Mill have made a claim upon the insurance companies for the entire amount of the insurance, some $412,000, and have retained able legal counsel in case the claim is resisted.

A man in New Fairfield, Conn., named Stevens, bid off, at auction sale, for a trifling sum, a package of old papers belonging to his father's estate, among which was found a deed for a soldier's land warrant, that he has sold for $48,000.

A fellow was taken before an Albany Justice, having been found drunk on a vacant lot. The Justice decided that a vacant lot was not a public place within the meaning of the Excise law, and accordingly discharged him.

Laura Keene has at last got "the other side of Jordan." The latter sued her some time ago for a week's salary (100) and gained his case. He then sued her for two week's salary, but the jury returned a verdict for Miss Keene.

Foreign Miscellany.

Hostilities in Italy are expected again soon.

Renewed unquiet prevails at Vienna.

Peru flatly refuses to pay our claims against her.

The Reform Bill will be ignored by both parties in England.

Austria is charged with dishonorably aiding the Pope's army with officers and soldiers.

The treaty between China and the United States has been put in force.

The Circassians are emigrating into Turkey by thousands.

London papers contain long and full accounts of the funeral of Lord Macaulay.

They are making much of the Volunteer Rifle movement in England.

Cardinal Wiseman has promised an Irish brigade to the Pope.

Marshal McMahon has been appointed to the command of the French army in Italy.

The Spaniards have again been victorious over the Moors.

Victor Emanuel said, on New Year's day, that "the cannon" only will settle affairs in Italy.

Lord John Russell has sent a tart note to Secretary Cass, and the latter is said to be peppering up one in reply.

There has been a serious rupture in the English Cabinet, between Lords Palmerston and Russell, on the Isthmus Canal question.

The Pope has declared that he would never fail in his mission, but would rather suffer exile, or martyrdom even.

Some of the English papers are dissatisfied with the way the President treated the San Juan dispute.

Walewski's retirement from the French Cabinet is said to produce better feelings between France and England.

Sands of Gold.

Constancy is a saint without a worshipper.

Right is not placed in might, but might in right.

None but God and the poor know what the poor do for each other.

No man is so deep but that a shallow place may be found.

The character that needs laws to mend it, is hardly worth the tinkering.

Of all the sweet uses of prosperity, the sweetest is in knowing how to use it.

It is a poor heart in which Hope cannot find something to feed upon.

True goodness shines most when no eyes, except those of Heaven, are upon you.

They are the true disciples of Christ, not who know most, but who love most.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

If you want a man to do fair work for you, be sure that you give him fair play.

An author should always be careful not to mistake columinousness for luminousness.

There are some points of contest, which it is better to lose by arbitration than to win by law.

Many institutions are improperly called *seminaries*, for they do not half teach anything.

Teach your children to help themselves—but not to what doesn't belong to them.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Solomon says that the tongue is not easily bridled. But it is easily *bit*—though he doesn't say so.

Joker's Olio.

The Barri-cade is only a brother on the French side, of Jack Cade.

The first thing a man takes to in his life is his milk—the last is, his bier.

"I love thee *still*," as the quiet husband said to the chattering wife.

Those who fish in Helicon should be particular not to attach too much *lead* to their *lines*.

The gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow," did not catch cold.

Why is anything reconsidered, accounted "profitable?" Because it is considered a-gain.

An indirect way of getting a drink of water at a boarding-house, is to ask for a third cup of tea.

A German resident in New York has such a remarkably hard name, that he spoils a gross of steel pens endorsing a note.

One of our exchanges has a paragraph headed "*Mew* Publications." He should publish a *cat*-alogue of them.

The Scriptures tell us to "remember Lot's wife," but a great many husbands forget not only Lot's better half but their own.

At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given:—"The game of fortune—shuffle the cards as you will, Spades will always win."

The Springfield *Republican* says that there was once a man in that town who was so polite as to say, as he passed a hen on her nest, "don't rise, ma'am."

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Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

BY FANNY BELL.

In life's checkered valley two fountains are known,
Diffusing their gifts through each sun-lighted zone:
O'er one reigns a spirit surpassingly fair;
O'er the other, the demon of death and despair.

From one flows a stream most delightful to view,
Enticing the soul with its odor and hue;
And many, alas! are seduced by the song
It whispers to all, as it passes along.

"Come ye who thirst, and partake,—impart
Joy to the bosom, and love to the heart;
Come!" and how many, too many, will hie,
And sip and imbibe till they madden and die!

From the other a stream of sweet purity flows,
Unknown to pollution, unruffled by woes;
Untrammelled and fearless it courses along,
Bright in its beaming, and mirthful in song.

"Come ye, who thirst, to the shrine and partake;
Thy wine-loving bondage and servitude break!
Come, let thy lips of its purity shine,
Though earthly its being, its spirit's divine!"

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE FEMALE PILOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS STEWARDESS.

BY CAPT. JAMES F. ALCORN.

"CAN I see Captain Murray, sir?" demanded a musical voice from the stern-sheets of a shore-boat under the ship's counter, at sunset, one evening as we lay at anchor in the only harbor of which the Isle de Bourbon can boast. The silvery tones of the speaker betrayed me into the rudeness of a stare, or something very like it, even if it was softened by the admiration I could not withhold, in view of the vision of dimpled chin, cherry lips, rosy cheeks, melting blue eyes, and golden curls, surmounted by a broad-rimmed, lace-trimmed palm-leaf hat, which met my gaze.

"No, miss, he is ashore just now."

"Will he come off to-night, sir?"

"He must, as we sail with the first of morning ebb. The boat is now waiting for him at the beach."

"So soon!" she ejaculated, half aside, adding aloud: "I wish to see him very much, and as soon as possible. How shall I effect my object most speedily, sir?"

"I shall be most happy to deliver any message you may deem—"

"Thank you, sir," said she, interrupting me hastily. "But as I am an utter stranger to him I fear a message would scarce effect my object."

"Will you come aboard and wait for him, or shall I send a man in your boat to point him out to you on the beach?" demanded I, half unconscious of the length to which I was carrying my civility.

"You are very kind, sir, but I cannot avail myself of your generosity. If you will please to heave a line to those boatmen I will be much obliged, however."

"With pleasure, miss. But the cabin is at your service, if you desire," and signalizing a seaman loitering in the waist, I requested him to heave a line to the boat, adding: "It may be an hour ere Captain Murray comes off, and as the heat has been oppressive to-day, you may suffer serious inconvenience from exposure to the heavy dew."

"O, no, sir. Thank you." And bowing her head so that the rim of her coquettish hat concealed her charming countenance, the lady lapsed into silence, when I reluctantly shifted my quarters to another part of the deck, and subsequently to the cabin, from which I issued no less than seven times during the next hour, to assure myself of the safety of that boat and its fair inmate.

We had three passengers from Batavia for Baltimore, one of whom was a lady, and to her I communicated the fact of the stranger's presence, when she joined me in a second attempt to induce the latter to exchange the boat for more comfortable quarters. She acquiesced readily on perceiving one of her own sex, and but a minute elapsed ere she mounted the gangway, where I received and introduced her to Mrs. Bentley, who marshalled her to the cabin to await the return of our commander.

The captain's boat hove in sight some twenty minutes or an half hour later, bringing off the pilot, with orders to masthead the topsails and heave short; and an intimation that as he was uncertain how long he might be detained in the consulate, I might take the boat in.

Issuing orders to that effect to the second mate, I sought the cabin to inform the lady of the protraction of the captain's absence, when I was fairly electrified by the vision of feminine loveliness which burst upon my gaze. She had laid aside her hat, and the light scarf which graced her shoulders, at her advent, concealing the exact proportions of her symmetrical figure, and now both face and form challenged and elicited my earnest and undisguised admiration.

"Indeed!" she ejaculated, in response to my intimation regarding the captain. "I regret your early departure then, since it obliges me to intrude upon you so much longer than I intended. But my business with Captain Murray is of vast importance *to me*, therefore if you have no objection I will remain till he comes."

Of course I hastened to assure her that she was a most welcome guest, and as a proof of my sincerity ordered supper—which had been delayed for the captain—to be served. During the repast she conversed freely on various subjects, and finally in reply to Mrs. Bentley, informed us she desired to make the passage to America in the ship.

I was just about to respond with an assurance that Captain Murray would be most happy to accommodate her, when he hailed the ship, and I hastened on deck to receive him.

"A lady in the cabin waiting to see you, sir," said I, as he gained the main-deck.

"A lady! Where from?"

"Shore, sir."

"What does she want?"

"A passage to America, sir."

"Well, she can have it. Have you had supper?"

"Just at it, sir."

"I'll join you, then. I'm hungry as a hawk," and leading the way he entered the cabin.

Following close at his heels, I introduced him to the fair stranger, who rose as I mentioned his name, and saluting him politely said:

"Excuse *my* intrusion, captain. But learning that you were about to sail for America, I sought a personal interview as the most direct method of effecting my purpose."

Captain Murray bowed, saying:

"And the most convenient for me at this moment, Miss—"

"Erskine," she added promptly, when with a second bow, he continued:

"But be seated, I pray. I have to thank you for the favor of a personal interview, for had you entrusted your business to paper I fear I could not have called upon you. How can I serve you?"

"By giving me a berth on board, sir."

"I can, and will do so gladly, Miss Erskine. We have several vacant state-rooms, any of which are at your service. Are you alone?"

"I beg your pardon, Captain Murray, but I think you misunderstood me. I do not wish a state-room, but a berth as stewardess or assistant stewardess, if you have any such at your disposal."

"Stewardess!"

"Yes, sir. I am unfortunately without funds to defray the expense of a passage, and know of no better method to adopt."

"Really, Miss Erskine, judging from appearances I should deem the position of stewardess far beneath you. Have you no friends in the island?"

"None, sir, I am an utter stranger here—in fact, but a recent arrival. My original destination was Calcutta, but occurrences of a painful nature induced me to abandon the ship at this port with a view to an immediate return to my native land."

"And those occurrences—"

"Are of little moment to any save myself, sir," said the maiden, proudly and almost defiantly, as she hastily dashed away a tear, adding with almost regal dignity: "My business here is to obtain a berth. If you have any at your disposal, in which I can be of any service, I shall esteem an appointment thereto a very great favor."

"Excuse me, Miss Erskine, but under the circumstances I can hardly decide. A stewardess would be almost a supernumerary in the ship. If you were more communicative I might find sufficient reason to induce me to give you a passage to America."

"I do not ask it, sir," said the maiden, proudly, and rising she made a movement to regain her hat and scarf, when the captain ejaculated:

"One moment, Miss Erskine, if you please. Will you not tell me how it is that you are without friends and means so far from home?"

"Excuse me, sir, but I prefer to remain silent on that subject for the present."

"What ship were you passenger in?"

"The Triton, of New York."

"Captain Gilchrist?"

"The same, sir. Do you know him?"

"I am only slightly acquainted with him, but I know the old ship well, having spent many happy days in her forecastle and cabin."

A brief pause ensued, during which the lady assumed her hat and scarf, when Captain Murray—perceiving her about to take leave, resumed,

"I am grieved that you withhold your confidence, and oblige me to deny you the poor boon you ask, Miss Erskine."

"Why claim a stranger's confidence in reply to her demand for employment? Do you usually demand the confidence of those with whom you form contracts?" and the speaker's lips curled with a sarcastic smile.

"No. But you will grant your's to be a peculiar case. You are evidently far above the employment you seek, and yet avowedly friendless and without means in a strange land, consequently those to whom you apply for a menial's station have a claim upon a certain degree of your confidence."

"Which claim I cannot grant, sir. As for being above the station I seek, permit me to remind you that labor is honorable to all, particularly to those who from any cause have no other means of subsistence. Whatever station my appearance may indicate, I deem it enough that I admit, frankly and without reserve, the true motive which prompts my present application. But excuse me, sir, I will withdraw it, and bid you a very good evening," and curtsying slightly, she was repeating the act to the passengers, who had been like myself amazed auditors of the dialogue, when Captain Murray exclaimed:

"Stay, Miss Erskine. Believe me, I am desirous to befriend my countrywomen on each and every occasion that may offer, and as a proof of my sincerity you are welcome to a state-room and passage home as passenger."

"Thank you, sir. But excuse me if I decline your generous offer, which believe me, I would accept cheerfully if assured that I possessed means in my own country from which to remunerate you. No, sir, I can accept no favors from a stranger more binding than that you still deny me."

"You are a most inexplicable being, Miss Erskine," said the captain, smiling. "But be it as you will! You shall be stewardess, though I expect Pompey here will rather rebel against female control for a time."

"Lor bress ye, no, massa! Dis chile sooner sarve a missus den a massa eny day, hi yah yah. Missey an' I'll be berry good friends I 'spec." And Pompey testified his approbation of the arrangement by a second joyous peal, which was silenced by Captain Murray's demand for a second cup of tea.

Our stewardess proved a treasure in the line of duty. Pompey was a good steward, but ere we doubled Cape of Good Hope he confessed himself vanquished at his own trade by the fair but eccentric girl, and of his own accord, resigned to her the sole superintendence of the cabin, in which she speedily effected such transformation, that had I not witnessed its progress I must have failed to recognize our former comfortable quarters, in the tastefully arranged and commodious saloon, in which she was presiding genius. Nor was this the only beneficial result of her presence. Prolific in expedient, she proved a most inveterate foe to the dreary monotony peculiar to tropical climes and fair winds, and by various devices, of which our passengers were scarce conscious, beguiled them of the dreary hours until we had crossed the line, and were standing in for the American coast, with flowing sheets and a free wind, when they awoke to a sense of the pleasant hours they had passed, and were earnest in extolation of the "fairy," whose wand and witchery had beguiled them of the ennui they had anticipated.

But on Captain Murray the influence of her presence was most obvious. As the cabin changed in appearance, so did he change in manner, until I at least became convinced he was "done for," and either contemplated matrimony or suicide. Appearances were rather in favor of the former, however, therefore I deemed any unusual surveilance unnecessary, confining myself to casual observation of his motions, from which—in the absence of his confidence—I was enabled to form a correct opinion of the state of his heart.

And he was changed. From being one of the most social and confiding of his class, he had become the most taciturn affording much amusement to all who guessed his secret by the length and profundity of his reveries. But his manner repelled all freedom with that subject, else he had been hectored not a little, while his unbroken reserve towards the beautiful author of his melancholy, afforded not the slightest ground for a jest at his or her expense.

We had passed Bermuda well to the southward, and holding a free wind were steering N. W. by W. for the Capes of Virginia, one evening, when Captain Murray, aroused from a somewhat protracted reverie, in which he had indulged during the major portion of the first watch, and joining me, said abruptly:

"I'll do it if I die for it."

"Do what, sir?" I demanded, startled by his earnest enunciation.

"Make love to Miss Erskine," he replied. "I can't stand it any longer, I must marry that girl or go mad. What in thunder are you laughing at? I'm in earnest—never was more so. I tell you, Alvin, she has taken my heart by storm, and struggle as I may, I am unable to throw off the chain."

"Chain! Heaven preserve me! I supposed love's bonds were silken cords," said I, smothering the mirth incited by his woe-begone earnestness.

"Humph! They may be to the accepted lover, but I have not attained that pinnacle yet, nor may I. My enslaver is an eccentric sort of an angel, of whom I can form no opinion. I only know that she is necessary to my happiness, and that her rejection of my suit will render me miserable."

"If I knew so much regarding myself, sir, I assure you I would lose no time ere I claimed a decision of my fate."

"Nor would I if I knew the person on whom my happiness depends. She is an enigma. I have shunned her, maintained the strictest reserve towards her, making her character my sole study, but in vain. Her bearing and position here are at such direct variance with my ideal of woman's mission, that I dread her, while the bewitching beauty of her person, and a certain indescribable something in her every movement render me her helpless slave. When a boy, a sweet little gipsy—only daughter of one of our wealthiest neighbors—won what I then deemed my warmest love, and when leaving home I dared to make known the fact to her. She received the intelligence with laughter, which pained me not a little, when perceiving that my feelings were touched, she coquettishly patted my cheek, saying:

"'Never mind, Fred, we are too young to think of love yet, but go gain command of a ship, or better, come home master and part owner, and perhaps I'll take pity on you, who knows. But never dream that I'll throw myself away on a common Jack. No, sir, my husband must be a captain at least,' and shaking my hand warmly she added, 'By, by, Fredy, but no letters! I won't read them if you do send them,' and the little witch was out of sight ere I could frame a response to her queer leavetaking.

"That maiden's love has hitherto been the aim of my life—the object of my ambition. To be worthy of her I have persevered in a career in which the friendless find their path beset with almost insurmountable obstacles. Mine was, but I triumphed over them all, and friendless as I was, fought my way, step by step, to the highest rank in the profession. That apex gained I ventured one letter to my inamorato, but she vouchsafed no reply, though at liberty to do so had she desired. Since that time I have been assiduously augmenting my store of wealth, until I can claim at least an eighth of this gallant craft. I did intend to return and lay siege to her heart as soon as we arrived from this voyage, but this stewardess has raised Cain with all my calculations, and let my suit to her prosper as it may, I can dream no longer of a union with little Mary Dutton."

"Whew! What a name! Egad! I should think you had made a more fortunate choice as regards names, captain. But what if that young lady should have become attached to you in your absence?"

"Not likely. Her father counted his wealth by tens of thousands, mine by single dollars, of which he seldom had a hundred at a time. No, no. The most I could expect was to find her fancy free. But that dream is over, and I would give much to be as hopeful of success with our bewitching stewardess as I was with the charming daughter of Squire Dutton."

"By Jove, sir, I should be inclined to risk it with the latter yet, if I were you. Dollars aint picked up by the ten thousand every day."

"Perhaps not; but marry when I will, Alvin, a woman whom I do love, not wealth, which I can gain at any time, will be my choice. Ah! Bermuda is about to send us its compliments I reckon. Do you see that?" and as he spoke he indicated a dark line on the eastern horizon, surmounted to an elevation of perhaps twenty degrees by a dense haze, adding, as he turned away preparatory to seeking his state-room:

"Keep a bright lookout for that bank, and when it mounts to the zenith give me a call, and prepare to reef. I should not be surprised if we had a rousing gale out of that before daylight," and descending the poop-ladder he entered the cabin, where I heard him in conversation with some one, and glancing through the skylight, discovered Miss Erskine in the act of retiring from the cabin, and at the same instant discovered several sections of the skylight raised, so that she must of necessity have heard every syllable of the "old man's" confession.

His opinion of the weather was correct. At dawn we were scudding to the northward under a goose-winged maintopsail and storm staysails, before a violent gale, and four hours later our spars were stripped of that small canvas by the increasing gale, which had become a perfect hurricane at night-fall, obliging us to keep her before it at all hazards; an attempt to come to being very liable to result in the destruction of the ship.

The hurricane lasted forty-eight hours, veering gradually to the westward during that time, to which fact we owed our salvation, since, had it held at southeast—where it commenced—we must have gone ashore long before it broke. As it was we were close in with the land, having soundings at one hundred and ten fathoms, but on what part of the coast we were unable to judge, having had no observation for three days, and our reckoning being far from reliable.

The hurricane was succeeded by a violent gale from S. W., which—as usual on such occasions—veered easterly, driving us still farther to the northward, until we had lost all conception of our position. Captain Murray, however, carried all the canvas the spars would bear, until about noon of the sixth day, when the close-reefed maintopsail succumbed to the storm, and split across cloths just below the reef-band, rendering a new sail necessary.

In obedience to his orders all hands were called, a new maintopsail roused out of the sail-room, and a portion of the crew dispatched aloft to send down the remnant of the old sail. Captain Murray was superintending that task in person, having stationed himself on the front of the poop for that purpose, when, owing to some carelessness on the part of those aloft, a spare block was dislodged from the top, and falling abaft all, struck him on the head and stretched him senseless on deck.

He was borne to the cabin and consigned to the joint care of Pompey, Miss Erskine and our lady passenger, while I resumed my task, eager to regain control of the ship, which was now making a dead drift to leeward under small head-sail.

But when about to sway the new sail aloft, a heavy squall struck, splitting both foresail and storm-staysails, leaving us under bare poles, but fortunately lying-to. It lasted nearly an hour, during which my attention was divided between the weather and my superior, who still remained unconscious, though respiration had been restored. When the squall subsided I returned to my task, which we had just resumed, when I was startled by the shout, "Land ho!" from an old salt, in the act of ascending the rigging.

"What's that? Land, did you say?" I demanded, bounding up the poop-ladder.

"Ay, sir, and a plenty of it I reckon."

"Where away?" demanded I, mechanically, springing into the mizzen rigging and bounding up a dozen ratlines, when simultaneously with the seaman's respone, I obtained a glimpse of the land's dim outline, broad on the lee-bow. "My God! where are we?" I ejaculated, half involuntarily, as I hastened to retreat, adding to the expectant crew: "Look alive with that sail, men. Up with it and bend away. Jump forward two of ye and loose the fore-topsail," and as they sped to execute the order, I halted, leaning against the starboard quarter-boat, and strove to collect my thoughts and energies on the task before me. I would have given much at the moment for a most minute period of clear weather, or for the slightest intimation of our position, but being void of the latter and hopeless of the former, I could only decide to wear ship and stand to the southward, feeling my way with the lead, as the safest measure I could think of.

The maintopsail was soon bent, and the fore-topsail loose, when the fog lifted, disclosing what seemed to be an island, broad off the lee bow and beam, while our lee-quarter was flanked by a line of breakers, which stretched away to S. W., beyond the boundaries of our vision. Appalled by the thrilling scene, I bowed my head in mental calculation of the result of the measure already resolved upon, and which that single glance of our danger had convinced me was the safest, when the stewardess, enshrouded in the captain's rubber coat, touched me on the shoulder, demanding:

"Do you know that land, Mr. A.?"

"No, Miss Erskine. Would to heaven I did."

"I do."

"You?"

"Yes, sir. That island to leeward is Seguin, and those breakers mark the rocky shoal laid down on the chart as the Bantam Ledge."

"Are you certain of that?"

"As certain as I am that I stand here. I've been here before, sir, and in all sorts of weather."

"I wish to Heaven I could say as much. I should be likely to succeed better in the trying task I am about to undertake."

"And that is—"

"Claw off shore if possible. Stations to wear ship."

"Hold, Mr. A.; what would you do?"

"Haul off on the starboard tack," said I, promptly, slightly amazed at a certain something in her manner which smacked strongly of nautical skill.

"Haul off? Impossible. 'Tis young 'flood' at this moment, and you'd find yourself ashore ere you were aware of it. I doubt if you could crowd canvas enough on the spars to carry the ship into Casco Bay, against such a tide as will roll in with the sea. You are a stranger on this coast?"

"I am, unfortunately. All that I know about it is drawn from Blunt's coast pilot."

"Scarce sufficient for safe navigation in such weather as this. But, fortunately, I am at home in these waters, and, if you wish, will pilot you into the Kennebec."

"You, Miss Erskine?"

"Yes, sir." And, with a sweet smile, she added, "You are amazed, I perceive. But wait. If you will permit me, I shall be most happy to afford you a sample of my skill."

"With all my heart," I exclaimed, handing her the trumpet. "Say what you will have done, and trust me to execute. I am confident you can succeed in anything."

"Thank you, sir. Let fall your foretopsail, and man your weather-braces."

"Ay, ay. Foretop ahoy! Drop the bunt o' that topsail! Weather main and forebraces, men!"

In a moment the men were at their stations, and the huge foretopsail threshing the yard; when, at a signal from our fair pilot, the helm was hove hard up, and a minute later, the ship began to fall off.

"Right your wheel! Square the yards! Well the mainyard! Sheet home the foretopsail, Mr. A.!"

It is needless to assert that I received and executed the orders of our lovely pilot promptly. Her first order had convinced me of her ability to perform the task, and I now gazed at the towering wall of foam towards which we were rushing, at ten-knot speed, and which marked the distructive ledge, as unconcerned as I might if lying safe at anchor in some well-sheltered harbor.

Ere the topsail sheets were half way home, we opened a passage in the ledge, when she posted herself beside the wheel, and five minutes later we had passed the wall, and were speeding into the smoother water of the Kennebec.

Ere an hour had passed we were lying secure at anchor in the bay above Phipsburg, and Miss Erskine, having changed her apparel, was receiving the grateful congratulation of our passengers upon the possession of an accomplishment so rare as that she had so recently manifested.

I met her beside the captain's couch, and was gratified to find him sleeping, when I begged an explanation of the manner in which she acquired such nautical skill as that she had displayed. Her reply awoke the captain, who demanded—

"Where are we? Has it fallen calm?"

"No, sir. We are at anchor in the Kennebec."

"In the Kennebec! How in Heaven's name did we get into the Kennebec?"

"You must ask Miss Erskine, sir," said I. "She has been our pilot; and by Jove! I shall think myself fortunate if I meet one only half so competent every time I chance to be so handsomely cornered."

"Cornered! Why, what the deuce has been to pay?"

"Nothing more than might be expected. The gale drove us nearly ashore. We discovered the land soon after you were 'keeled' over, when Miss Erskine recognized Seguin, and has asserted a strong claim to superior seamanship by bringing the ship to safe anchorage."

"What next, I wonder?" demanded the captain, musingly; and then addressing the stewardess, he added: "What are *you*, anyway, witch or warlock? I vow, I never met your equal! How can I reward you for saving my ship and life?"

"Nay, sir, do not mention reward. If the ship was in jeopardy, I am sure I was not safe."

"You shall be amply rewarded, however."

"If you please, I will accept my discharge in lieu of any reward."

"Your discharge! Do you wish to leave the ship?"

"Yes, sir. I am much nearer home now than I should be in Baltimore."

"Why—where is you home?"

"Not far from Waldoboro."

"Indeed! We are neighbors, though hitherto unaware of it. I am a native of Bristol. But I hardly know how we can spare her, Mrs. Bentley. Cannot you prevail with her to continue on to Baltimore?"

The lady declared her readiness to undertake the task, which she did forthwith—but in vain; the stewardess was firm, and resisted all importunity, resigning to Pompey that same evening all auxiliaries of her office, and announcing her intention to leave the next morning, if the weather permitted.

Captain Murray was very ill that night and required constant attention, which was volunteered and bestowed by the charming stewardess until a late hour, when Pompey relieved her; but not until her patient had made known his secret, which she affected to believe a mere chimera of his brain, leaving him as much in doubt as before.

This much he confessed after her departure next day, and during our passage to Baltimore, he entertained me daily with his doubts, fears, and resolutions for the future; one of which he hastened to execute on our arrival in port, by returning to Bath in search of his enslaver.

Two weeks later, I received a note from him, imforming me that the search had been unsuccessful, and that he would set out for Bristol next day, where he would remain a few days, and then return to Bath, to renew the search.

Three days after, I received a second letter, urging me to leave the ship at all hazards, and join him in Bristol. I obeyed, utterly unable to account for the sudden demand upon me. I reached Bath the third day, and that evening landed in Bristol, where he saluted me with—

"Congratulate me, Alvin! I've found her—I've found our witch pilot; and who do you think she is?"

"Who? Why, Miss Erskine, of course."

"True—ha, ha, ha! But what if I told you she was also Mary Dutton?"

"Nonsense!"

"Fact, I assure you—one and the same person! Only think, how blind I was! Never dreamed of her identity, though I always knew her middle name was Erskine."

"What in Heaven's name was she doing in the Isle de Bourbon?"

"Ay, that aided in my mystification. But she has explained it all. Her father had business in India relating to a ship which he sold there, and which was lost ere paid for. He sailed in the Triton, taking his daughter as his companion, but, unfortunately, died before the ship passed St. Helena. Captain Gilchrist—cuss him!—undertook to play the agreeable, soon after, (perhaps I wont pay him for his courtesy (?) when we meet); and, presuming on his position and her friendlessness, rendered himself so extremely disagreeable, that she abandoned the voyage at the Isle de Bourbon, where we arrived one day after he sailed.

She confesses that she was overjoyed when we entered that port; but resolved to test my constancy, of which, she says, I have afforded her anything but proof—ha, ha, ha!"

"Then she resents your suit to the handsome stewardess?"

"Yes, by rewarding its earnestness with her hand. We are to be married to-morrow."

"And they were, setting out on a wedding tour immediately after the ceremony. We met again in Baltimore a month later, when the ship was ready for sea, and they made the voyage together, and at its close retired to private life. Captains' wives, however amiable on shore, are generally bores afloat; but I must write down our heroine as an exception. The old ship's cabin was never so bright and pleasant as when enlivened by her presence, whether as wife or stewardess, nor was it ever so drear as when she bade both it and myself a final adieu.

To me, her parting gift was a complete set of charts and nautical instruments, which have been my constant companions on every voyage since, and which I never use without giving a thought to the donor, whilom our mysterious stewardess, and, though a female, the most competent pilot that ever braved the Bantam Ledges, or threaded the circuitous channel of the Kennebec.

KING SOLOMON'S BLACKSMITH.

And it came to pass when Solomon, the son of David, had finished the temple of Jerusalem, he called unto him the chief architects and head artificers and cunning workers in silver and gold and wood and in ivory and stone—yea, all who had aided in rearing the temple of the Lord, and he said unto them:

Sit ye down at my table; I have prepared a feast for my chief workers and cunning artificers. Stretch forth your hand, therefore, and eat and drink and be merry. Is not the skilful artificer deserving the honor? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn.

And when Solomon and the chief workmen were seated, and the fatness of the land and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door, and forced himself even into the festal chamber. Then Solomon, the king, was wroth, and said:

What manner of man art thou?

And the man answered and said:

When men wish to honor me, they call me Son of Forge; but when they desire to mock me, they call me Blacksmith. And seeing that the toil of working in fire and smoke covers me with sweat and smut, the latter name, O, King, is not inapt—and, in truth, thy servant desires no better.

But, said Solomon, why came you thus rudely and unbidden to the feast, where none save chief workers of the Temple are invited?

Please ye, my lord, I came rudely, replied the man, because thy servant obliged me to force my way; but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen were invited to dine with the King of Israel?

Then he who carved the cherubim said:

This fellow is no sculptor.

And he who inlaid the roof in pure gold said:

Neither is he a workman of fine metals.

And he who raised the walls said:

He is not a cutter of stone.

And he who made the roof cried out:

He is not cunning in cedar-wood, neither knoweth he the mysteries of uniting pieces of strange timber together.

Then said Solomon, What hast thou to say, Son of Forge, why should I not order thee to be plucked by the beard, scourged and stoned to death?

Then the smith turned to him who carved the cherubim, and said:

Who made the tools with which you carved?

And he said, The blacksmith.

Then he said to the chief of masons:

Who made the chisels with which the stones of the Temple were squared?

And he said, The blacksmith.

And he said to the chief of the workers in wood:

Who made the tools with which you hewed trees in Lebanon, and formed them into pillars and roof of the temple?

And he said, The blacksmith.

Then said he to the artificer in gold and in ivory:

Who makes you the instrument in which you work beautiful things for my lord the King?

And he said, The blacksmith.

Enough, enough, good fellow, said Solomon; thou has proved that I invited thee, and thou art man's father in art. Go wash the smut of the forge from thy face, and come and sit at my right hand. The chief of our workmen are but men—thou art more.

So it happened at the feast of Solomon, and the blacksmith has been honored up to this day.

Civility is a kind of charm that attracts the love of all men.

COURT DRESSES OF JAPAN.

COURT DRESSES OF JAPAN

COURT DRESSES OF JAPAN.

Since Commodore Perry, in his well-known expedition to Japan, succeeded in breaking the silence with which that mysterious nation has always been sealed, the Japanese have been objects of more or less interest and curiosity to every man in America. None but the Dutch have hitherto been allowed any commercial privileges with them, and these of the most restricted nature, jealously guarded at every point. But a revolution now seems to be silently going on in that quarter of the world, which promises to throw open to us the trade of at least five hundred million of people! We have recently arranged our treaty with Japan upon a working basis; and now we have the assurance that, early in the spring, a full sett of Ambassadors will be sent over from Japan to this country. Our people will await their arrival with the greatest interest. Jeddo is the capital of Japan, and there the Japanese nobles are required to reside during the entire year. The four striking illustrations on this page represent some of these gentlemen, attired in such costume as they wear at court. It is fantastic indeed. We should hardly know how to characterize it. The two lower figures look as if they were kneeling,—one in an impossible attitude, or creeping humbly towards you. The Japanese noblemen, too, are pursy fellows; well-fed, with glossy skins that look full almost to splitting, and eyes set in their heads like almonds. Yet it will not do for us, because we are not familiar with their ways and ideas, to set them down in our estimation as wholly barbarous and uncivilized. They possess the knowledge of secret and mysterious arts that we would give much to understand, advanced as we like to consider ourselves beyond every other people on earth. If they are deficient in a knowledge of perspective in drawing, they make it up by knowledge of other matters quite as useful. Since our treaty with them has gone into force, there have arrived at San Francisco three cargoes direct from Japan.

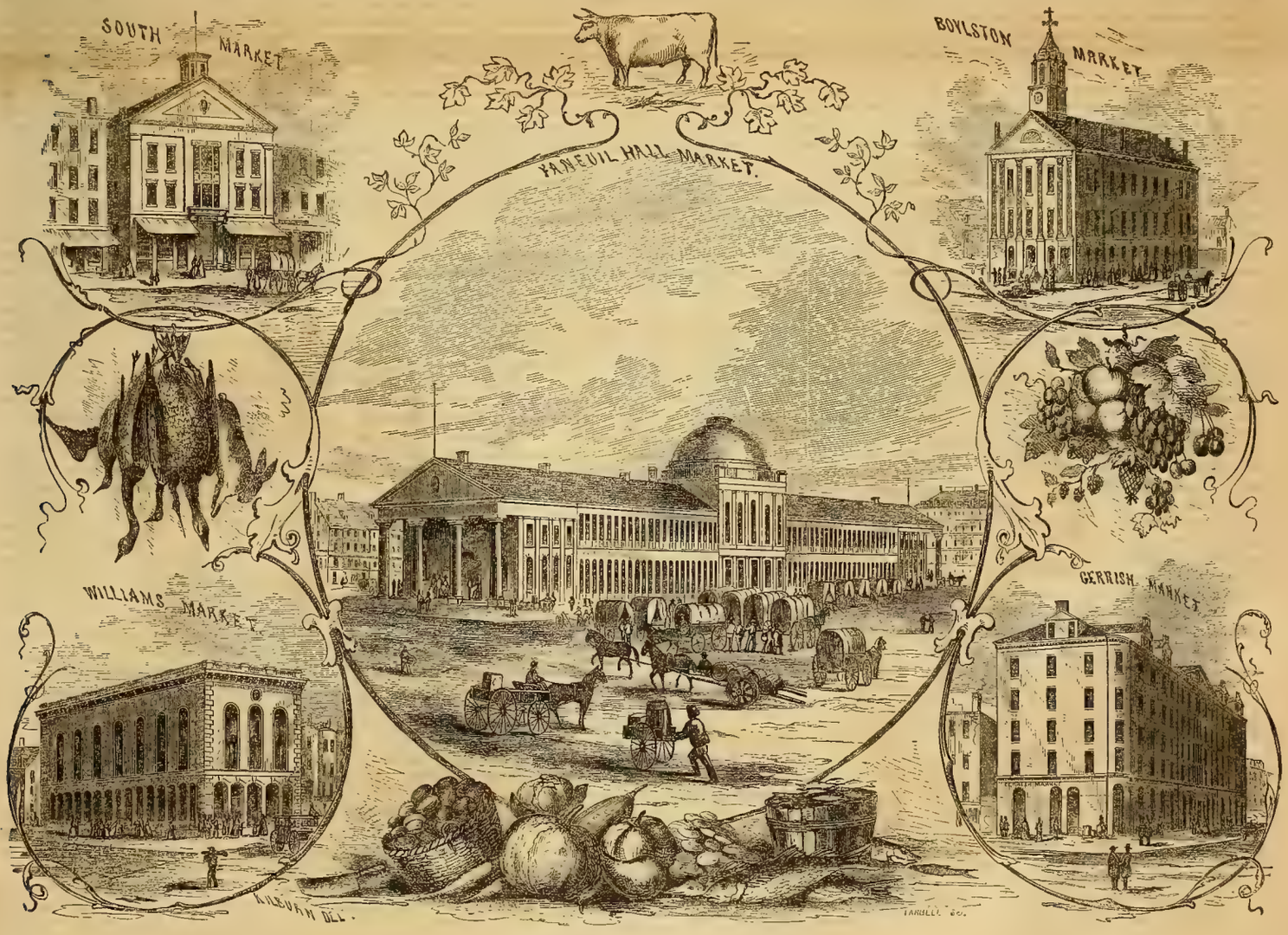
COURT DRESSES OF JAPAN.

COURT DRESSES OF JAPAN.

Vol. II.—No. 7. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1860. Price Four Cents.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Where and how a great city obtains its daily supplies, is an inquiry of wide and general interest. If the people of our large cities should, from any unforeseen occurrence, be cut off from their resources, of food and drink, for only the brief space of twenty-four hours, it is hard to tell what an amount of anxiety and actual suffering would not be entailed thereby. The citizens of Boston are proud to say, because they can say it with truth, that their markets surpass, both for extent and supply, those of any other city of the land. These markets have been very tastefully grouped together below by an artist, who has represented them with striking accuracy. Around the whole he has set appropriate specimens of flowers, fruits, vegetable products, and game, that fitly inframe a picture of this character. The large central structure is the Quincy Market, erected during the administration of Mayor Quincy, senior, and a noble and enduring monument of his public spirit and energy. It is of granite, 535 feet in length and 50 in breadth. Before this beautiful and spacious market was built, its offices were chiefly performed, as conveniently as they could be, in the lower story of Faneuil Hall, which stands directly west; and the scene of bustle and business there presented, was one that old residents and marketmen love to talk of, as sailors talk of the perils of the Cape they long since doubled. In the upper right-hand corner stands Boylston Market, where the citizens residing at the South-end chiefly make their daily purchases for the table. In the upper corner corresponding to this is the South Market, standing on Beach Street, between Lincoln and South. The lower left-hand structure is the Williams' Market, at the corner of Washington and Dover Streets; and in the lower right-hand corner is Gerrish Market, at the corner of Portland and Sudbury Streets. There are likewise excellent provision stores in abundance all over town, where many a family obtains its regular supplies. But no sight can be more entertaining, to one who loves to indulge the habit of quiet and reflective observation, than the one presented at any of the large markets, and especially the Quincy Market, when the marketmen flock in, at the dawn of day, on a Saturday in summer. The street is blocked up with vehicles of every size and description, each getting unloaded of its store with as much dispatch as possible. Then one who rarely goes out of town to indulge in it, can get a snuff of country life that is healthy and genuine. The markets are full of interest, however, as well as of eatables, on Saturday evenings, in any part of the year. Even if a person does not care to purchase, he can indulge in a stroll through them, at those times, to the happiest advantage, and study either the prices of meats and fish, or the peculiarities of human nature, till he is ready to depart satisfied. Few places, in fact, furnish so many facilities for the study of human nature as the public markets. Here a poor woman, with the scantiest means, haggles about the price of a ragged beef bone; there a kiting keeper of a cheap boarding-house fastens her eyes on such pieces of meat as will answer for a *speculation;* beyond is a rich man, who pinches and screws and haggles harder than any of the rest, and feels his soul relieved when he finds he has whittled but half a cent off the price first asked. The butchers look fat and contented.



PUBLIC MARKET HOUSES IN BOSTON.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

OUR NELLIE.

BY MYRTA MAY.

Give her only blessing-words,
Let no shadow dim her brow,
Only sunshine on her path,—
She is going from us now.

Going from the yearning love
Of a mother, fond and true,
From a father's watchful care,
To a love, untried and new.

Only flowers in her path,
With our loving hands be strewn;
May her feet ne'er find the thorns
Which have often pierced our own.

Yet we cannot check the tears—
All unbidden they will flow,
When we ask our yearning hearts,
"Can we let the darling go!"

Father! where her feet must tread,
Never let the shadows fall;
Only blessings on her head,—
She is best beloved of all!

THE BANDITTI
OF THE
CASTLE OF HARDAYNE.

BY H. L. STEVENS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

Canst thou minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?—SHAKSPEARE.

When Lord Albert arrived at the Castle of Melbourne, he found his father just recovering from a severe indisposition. The joy that the earl felt at the return of his son, seemed to dissipate the lingering remains of his disorder, by removing from his breast that painful weight of apprehension by which it had been oppressed.

The earl was a man of impetuous passions, which on no occasion he endeavored to curb; impatient under affliction, and incapable of bearing up against the shock of misfortune. When, therefore, he first received the intelligence of his son's having fallen into the hands of the banditti, he yielded himself to all the violence of grief despair. He saw his only child, the heir of his extensive estates, torn from him in the prime of life, and vengeance mingled with the unbounded affliction that filled his breast. The resolution which he had taken of exterminating the banditti, was prevented, however, from being carried into execution, by a fever, the consequence of his violent emotion, and the intelligence which the peasant's son soon after brought, entirely set it aside.

Scarcely was he recovering from this illness, when a servant brought him the news of Lord Albert's second disaster. His rage now seemed if possible to exceed the grief he had before felt. He became quite frantic, and had any weapon been at hand, would instantly have sacrificed the man who gave the information. His agitation of course heightened his disorder, till his life was despaired of; but the strength of his constitution once more saved him.

The return of a son, therefore, on whose fate his own seemed to hang, and whom he had deplored as inevitably lost, filled his breast with transport, and his joy became as immoderate as his sorrow had been before. When this had in some measure subsided, he desired his son to give him a particular account of the manner of his escape, as that which he had received from his servants was very imperfect.

Lord Albert accordingly informed him of the circumstances in which he had been found by Giraldus, while, with all the warmth of friendship, he expatiated on the kind assistance which he had received from him.

"And where," said the earl, "is your friend? I think I requested him to accompany you home."

"Alas, sir," replied the son, "to his acceptance of that request, I have to attribute his loss. He was carried off by the banditti on that fatal evening; where, or with what intention, heaven only knows—too probably with that of murder."

The earl expressed the greatest sorrow, and when Lord Albert related the further occurrences which had taken place at the castle, with the attempt that had been made on his life, he became thoughtful, and seemed somewhat agitated. This, however, soon passed off, and the discourse took an indifferent turn.

The next morning, when the servants had retired, the earl renewed the conversation. "My son," said he, "the circumstances which you related to me last night have involved me in perplexity. Did this young man ever give you any particulars of his life?"

"He did," replied Lord Albert, "and if you please, I can relate them to you."

The earl nodded assent, and he proceeded to inform him of the principal events of his history, purposely omitting whatever related to Elvina, and attributed his parting from his uncle to some trifling dispute between them.

"I have been thus particular in my inquiries," said the earl, when his son had concluded, "because some apprehension had arisen in my mind that the assassin had mistaken his object. A young man bred up like your friend, in the middle station of life, such as you have described to be, could never, unknown to himself, occasion such violent enmity, could never excite that rancor and malice which would pursue him to destruction, without being in some way apprised of the cause. Nor is it probable such means would have been employed to take away the life of a person who might only have given a casual offence. Something of a far more important nature must have given rise to such a conduct, and some person in a higher sphere could alone render himself obnoxious to such dark and wary proceedings.

"But the circumstance that first struck me, was the partial information which the man gave at his death. The words which he uttered, have dwelt on my mind ever since you related them, and have unfolded to my view, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the knowledge of a transaction which might otherwise have been forever hid from me.

"Listen, then, and judge whether my surmises are not too probable—whether you yourself were not the person devoted to destruction, and whether the succeeding attempt on yourself and friend was not a part of the same sanguinary plan which had been before adopted.

"At the time of your mother's death, which happened when you were about four years old, my brother paid me a visit of condolence, and he remained with me till time had in some measure removed the affliction which my loss had occasioned. During this interval, I had frequent opportunities of observing that his heart was oppressed by concealed sorrow. He frequently sighed deeply, and would sometimes remain for hours alone in his chamber. I saw with deep concern this dejection increase, and at length took an opportunity of speaking to him on the subject. For some time he denied that anything troubled him, but at length perceiving it was in vain to dissemble, he took me out with him, and thus addressed me:

"'My dear brother, I find it is impossible to conceal my afflictions from you. They are, perhaps, heavier than you imagined, and I did intend to have them buried forever in my own breast; but I will relate the circumstances, merely to convince you how surely my happiness is forever lost.

"'About two years ago, I saw the daughter of the Earl of Morden. Of her beauty and accomplishments it is unnecessary to inform you. You have witnessed them, and will therefore the less wonder, if at first beholding her I lost that liberty of which I had so often boasted, and felt my future happiness was entirely within her power.

"'By the assistance of a friend, I was soon introduced, and after some farther intimacy, had the pleasure to see that I was not wholly indifferent to her. Elated with this discovery, which a trifling incident had occasioned, I soon after made a tender of my hand and fortune, and had the supreme felicity of hearing from her an acceptance of my offers.

"Preparations were accordingly made; a month was fixed for the time of our marriage, and I foolishly thought that fate itself could scarcely prevent the accomplishment of all my wishes. A fortnight of this time was elapsed, when the king sent for me. Some business of the utmost consequence at a foreign court, which he entrusted to my care, compelled me to leave the kingdom immediately. I took a hasty leave of the mistress of my affections, and we vowed eternal constancy to each other.

"'Slowly indeed passed the two tedious months of my absence; but my commission executed, I flew on the wings of impatient love, once more to meet the idol of my soul, and render the bonds of our union indissoluble.

"'But how can I describe the emotions that rent my heart, when at my return I found she had yielded her wavering affections to a young man with whom she had become acquainted since my departure. In the bitterness of my soul I upbraided her with her inconstancy, but she only smiled at my vehemence. Rendered doubly furious by this insulting indifference, I sought out the object of my wrongs, and satiated my vengeance in his blood. Since that time,' continued my brother, 'I have not known peace. Her image haunts me wherever I fly, and vainly do I endeavor to hide it from my heart. Neither distance nor time have aught availed, and death alone holds out the means of calming the tumults of my soul.'

"He finished, and in vain did I endeavor to divert his mind from the gloom that had overspread it. During the remainder of the time he staid with me he appeared to grow worse, and at length in restless anxiety he quitted me abruptly.

"From that time I have received no intelligence of him, nor have any of his friends been able to give me the least information. The inquiry and search which I shortly after instituted were not more successful, and every scheme I could devise to trace his course from the castle, proved equally abortive.

"I was frequently led to believe that the friends of the young man whom he had sacrificed to his resentment, had found means, in revenge, to waylay and assassinate him. This was only probable conjecture; I could gain no proofs, and at length determined to have a personal interview with them on the subject. His brother, whom I waited on, received me with great coldness. I made known to him the purport of my visit, but he vehemently denied all knowledge of him, and added some aspersions which I was compelled to notice. High words succeeded, which terminated in a challenge; we fought, and I left him dangerously wounded.

"Since then I have met with nothing to remove or confirm my suspicions, till the recent circumstance at the Castle of Hardayne, nor do I now hesitate to believe, that the person said to have been murdered there, was my unfortunate, long lost brother. Greatly indeed do I lament that he had not the power to divulge the whole. Justice would then have taken place on his enemies, and your friend been preserved from their subsequent machinations. But the time may shortly arrive, my son, when you shall have an opportunity of revenging all our wrongs. Wait with patience, and providence will direct the means."

Lord Albert listened attentively to his father's story, and while he lamented the fate of his uncle, he felt the probability that the circumstances attending his death had been thus unexpectedly developed.

"And my friend," said he, "how has he borne the brunt of all these shafts that were levelled at me! To him I owe my life, and the only recompense he receives in return is the accumulation of my misfortunes upon him. Unfortunate indeed for him was the hour that led him to preserve me from impending death. Alas, I fear his life must atone for the generous act."

The earl seemed to feel for the distress of his son. He spoke some words of consolation, and they parted for the morning.

The castle of Melbourne was situated in the bosom of a forest, through which some formal avenues opened to a prospect of the distant country. The mansion was antique and venerable, though heavy and gloomy.

The Earl of Glenderwen, from some cause of disgust, had retired thither near twenty years. The death of his lady, which happened shortly after, contributed to throw a gloom on a disposition naturally impetuous, haughty and impatient. The recluse life which he afterwards followed, seemed a consequence of his loss, and and seldom did his excursions exceed the boundaries of his domains.

Yet with some friends he would at times unbend the severity of his manners, and yield himself up to social pleasures, but his hilarity constantly sunk into fixed gloom at their departure. His son alone had power to restrain the impetuosity of his passions, which would, from trifling causes, frequently break forth. He looked up to him as the future support of his name; all his happiness seemed centered in him, and all his views tended only to his aggrandizement.

Nor was the object of his parental care unworthy of the solicitude which was ever displayed in his behalf. Brave, generous, sincere in friendship, and amiable in his manners, with a heart ever open to the distresses of others, he was the admiration of the small circle of acquaintance which his retired life had enabled him to form. He saw with sorrow the habitual gloom of his father's disposition, and for a while strove by every method he could devise to draw him to some cheerful pursuit; but the success of his efforts was only temporary, and he was at length obliged to yield to what he saw habit had rendered it impossible to overcome.

Such was the Earl of Glenderwen, and such his son. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, when the intelligence of his dangerous state first reached his ears, that the effect on such a mind, unused to sustain the shocks of misfortune, was violent in the extreme. It brought him, as was before observed, to the brink of the grave.

With his recovery, Lord Albert had drawn in a poison that was not likely to be soon eradicated. The charms of Elvina had made a deeper impression on his heart than he at first imagined. No sooner had he quitted her, than he forcibly felt, in spite of all the efforts of philosophy, how weak argument and reason are when opposed to passion. He was restless and uneasy. In vain he sought comfort from those amusements which had formerly given him pleasure and delight. They were now tasteless and insipid, and he quitted them in disgust.

A murmuring stream, by which the deeply shading woods yielded a gloomy path, was now become his favorite haunt, there would he stray, vainly hoping in solitude and retirement to overcome his hopeless passion.

Such scenes suit not with the stricken heart. In solitude, recollection paints with glowing colors those circumstances of pleasure on which we delight to dwell, or melancholy brooding over past sorrows gives double energy to their action. The bustle of life seems alone calculated to yield relief. The quick successive changes of scenes and circumstances imperceptibly draw off the attention from that on which retirement invariably fixes it; but the lover, like the sick patient, detests the medicine which alone can give him ease.

This Lord Albert perceived, and he determined at length to pursue some more efficacious plan. He forced himself once more to join in those sylvan amusements which had been formerly wont to give him delight, and their influence was soon felt on his heart.

Returning one day from his usual occupation, he was met at the gate of the castle by the peasant's son, Robin. Pleased and surprised at the sight of him, he eagerly inquired what event had brought him there, and received in answer an account of the state in which he had seen Giraldus, of the treatment he had received from the men who were carrying him away, and his apprehensions that they had conveyed him to the castle. He further added, that he should have brought the intelligence sooner, but had been so much hurt in his attempts to rescue him, that he had been obliged for a time to keep his bed, and was now but just recovering.

Lord Albert, while he commiserated the sufferings of the poor peasant, amply rewarded him for his courage and fidelity. He took him to the castle with him, musing on the way on the intelligence he had just received. This discovery he concluded might lead the way to that of the place of his friend's concealment. He indulged the hope that he might yet remain alive, and that he should have an opportunity of rescuing him from the hands of his enemies.

Elated with this idea, he determined immediately to solicit his father's permission to go in quest of his friend. He accordingly repaired to his room, and made him acquainted with what he had just learned. The earl seemed pleased with the information, and ordered the peasant to be brought before him. He examined him particularly on the appearance of the two men, and asked whether he thought he had ever seen them before.

Robin replied he had not, nor did he know whether he should know them were he to see them again, for he was too busily engaged to take any particular notice of their persons.

After pausing some time, "You see," said the earl, turning to his son, "it is just as I supposed. Had the object of these men been plunder, they would not have taken the trouble to convey your

friend to so distant a place as the castle. The design has evidently been what I before hinted to you; but still I think it will be useless to seek him there. You may be sure they would not remain this length of time, particularly when they knew their route had been discovered by this young man."

"They left me for dead, though," interrupted the peasant.

"True, my friend," replied the earl, "but that would not be any very strong inducement for them to prolong their stay at the castle. Besides," he continued, "you should remember the danger you so lately escaped there from the banditti."

"O, as to the banditti," again interrupted the peasant, "there is an end of them, as a body may say; for they went and attacked a gentleman's castle, and several of them got killed there, and then as they were coming back they were met by another party, who killed and took them all prisoners."

Lord Albert took advantage of this piece of information again to press his suit. He urged the probability of at least meeting with some circumstance that might develope the uncertain fate of his friend, and pleaded the weight of obligation under which he lay, to exert every possible means to discover and save him, before it should be too late, if that indeed were not already the case.

Overcome with his solicitations, the earl at length yielded his consent, and nominated the succeeding day to commence the expedition. The joy of the peasant proved how greatly he was interested in this acquiescence, and how sincerely he was attached to the person and cause of the unfortunate Giraldus.

Preparations were accordingly made for their departure, and a sufficient number of servants, well armed, to suit any exigence, were appointed to go with them. The satisfaction which arose from the gratification of his wishes, Lord Albert mistook for a presentiment of success. All impossibilities had vanished, or been changed to probable possibilities, and the intervening time now seemed the only obstacle to the attainment of the object of his pursuit.

When he reflected how much he should by his endeavors excite the gratitude of the gentle Elvina, by allaying in her breast the painful uncertainty of a dreaded event, a new source of pleasure opened to him, and he determined to take the castle of the Baron St. Austin in his way, that he might participate with her the satisfaction to which his sanguine imagination had given birth.

The earl, when in the evening he parted from his son, cautioned him to be at all times strictly on his guard against the machinations of his enemies, who, he observed, would not fail, when they discovered their error, to use all the means in their power to rectify it. In the mean time, he promised to pursue such measures as would most probably bring this dark conspiracy to light, and drag forth the authors of it from their secret abode.

As soon as the dawning light appeared, Lord Albert arose. The servants awaited him in the court, where, quickly mounting their horses, they led the way through the woods, and bent their course towards the castle of the Baron. The gradually increasing light now swept away the blue obscurity from the eastern mountains, and overspread them with the roseate hue of morning; the dew drops glittered on the leaves of the forest, while the birds warbled in ecstacy beneath their branches. All nature seemed in harmony. Lord Albert felt the genial influence on his heart. His whole soul seemed expanded; every disquietude had fled, and hope, and joy, and pleasure, accompanied his steps.

CHAPTER VIII.

But ah! how stillness slept upon the ground,
How mute attention check'd each rising sound;
Scarce stole a breeze, to wave the leafy spray.

In the short time which Lord Albert had remained at the castle of the Baron St. Austin, Elvina had seen enough of his character to admire the noble disinterestedness which ever actuated his conduct. The same moment that discovered to her the passion she had inspired, convinced her of the generous motives to which he had sacrificed it. She was conscious of all, and felt all the esteem due to such exalted principles; but her love was fixed and immutable, and her heart revolted from the idea of transferring its affections to another object, however worthy or amiable. On the other hand, Lord Albert pursued the object of his expedition without one selfish consideration arising, to destroy what hope had inspired. Though aware, should his endeavors be crowned with success, it must for ever do away the probability that time might effect a change in the sentiments of Elvina, he yielded to the benign influence of gratitude and friendship, and only sought an opportunity of displaying his love, by contributing whatever might yield pleasure to the object of it.

His reception at the castle was marked with sincere pleasure, and proved how highly he was esteemed by its worthy inhabitants. He saw with deep regret the pale cheek and languid air of Elvina, and silently vowed to devote himself to the removal of the cause, if fate yet held out a possibility. He now communicated his intentions to the baron, informing him of the means by which he had gained his intelligence, and of those he meant to pursue.

The baron, who loved Giraldus with a degree of affection little short of that which he bore to his own son, felt sincere pleasure at this intelligence. He listened attentively while Lord Albert recited with all the warmth of admiration, the generous exertions of the peasant, and the ill treatment he had in consequence received. Nor was this story lost on Elvina. She soon left the room to seek an opportunity of seeing and rewarding him for a conduct so generous.

Once more she felt hope revive in her heart, and she yielded to its influence. The probability of his remaining alive, since she found he had not fallen into the hands of the banditti, became every moment stronger; and she persuaded herself that the cruelty or revenge of those in whose power he was, could not extend beyond imprisonment. The baron entertained similar ideas, and Lord Albert, in endeavoring to raise their hopes, found he had considerably augmented his own.

The purport of his visit thus attained, he quitted his friends and pursued his journey, accompanied with their fervent wishes for the success of his expedition. Towards the evening he arrived at the beacon, where the honest peasant welcomed him with every mark of joy. Eager to pursue his search, he scarcely stopped a moment; but, ordering some of his attendants to procure lights, proceeded to the castle.

The sun was just setting when they entered the court-yard—all was hushed in peace—no sounds but the hollow echoes of their horses' feet, struck their ears, and the appearance of entire desertion reigned throughout. As they had no time to lose, they first searched all the more habitable parts, but without discovering the least trace of their having been lately occupied. They therefore, after lighting their torches, proceeded down to the vaults. After a long search, chance directed them to the passage which led to the vault, that had been made the secret residence of the banditti. The trap-door was open, but the aspect of the place had something so horrible that they seemed unwilling to enter. They stood looking at each other in some dismay, till Lord Albert perceiving their terrors, seized the light from one of them, and drawing his sword, descended the narrow stairs.

The dismal gloom of the dungeon, with the bodies that lay bathed in blood, was a spectacle too shocking to dwell on.

He examined the faces of the dead with a palpitating heart, least among them he should discern the countenance of Giraldus; but the expression which they still bore removed his fears. From this horrid scene he hurried away, and sought in the more distant vaults those traces that might discover to him the fate of his friend.

At length he came to that wherein Giraldus had been confined. The straw which had formed his bed, the security of the doors and window, evidently pointed out the purpose to which it had been applied. But it is impossible to describe the horror of his mind, when, by the light of their torches, the servants discovered that the floor had been recently stained with blood. He stood for some moments frozen to the spot, then cast his eyes wildy around for the mangled object which his imagination had portrayed; but meeting with nothing that might confirm his apprehensions, he gave a deep sigh, and sank on the ground.

His attendants immediately took him up to the court-yard, where in a short time the fresh air revived him. On the recovery of his senses, he once more, in spite of the entreaties of his servants to the contrary, descended to the vault. He eagerly sought the distant parts of it, and soon discovered the object that had caused such alarms. But had the friend whom he sought, at that moment stood living before him, he could scarcely have felt greater pleasure than he did, when in the pale corpse he beheld a person totally different from the object of his search. His present apprehensions being thus done away, he at length yielded to the urgent solicitations of his servants, and agreed to return to the beacon.

It was now quite dark, the gleam of the torches partially illuminated the ruined buildings. The bats, attracted by the light, fluttered around them, while the larger birds, disturbed by the noise, quitted in coveys their wicked concealments, and made the court resecho to their harsh screams. To Lord Albert the effect was grand and striking; while he stood viewing the rude desolation, it called to his imagination the scenes of ancient days, when joy and festivity reigned in the castle, when its courts resounded to the notes of mirth, and pomp and grandeur held their residences in its stately halls. But, now, how changed! Succeeding years had swept away its proud magnificence, and nought but nodding ruins remained, to tell the greatness of its fall. The lesson was awful and instructive; the instability of human grandeur and the narrow basis of pride, were here pointed out and fully illustrated. The sumptuous fabric which its proud projector vainly thought would transmit his name to posterity, is alke subject to the vicissitudes of fortune. The casual event assists the slowly operating hand of time to level its magnificence with the dust.

They now quitted the castle, in which the attendants saw nothing that could a moment delay their return. Their minds were alone alive to superstitious horror, and they gladly obeyed the summons to depart.

The thoughts of Lord Albert, as they returned to the beacon, again recurred to his friend. He felt depressed, on the one hand, by his disappointment; and somewhat elated, on the other, that his worst apprehensions were not confirmed. The conflicting emotions tended to counterbalance each other, and lull his mind to calmness; for, though the hopes of discovering his friend were fallen, yet his fears were proportionably diminished, since it seemed they had quitted a place so well adapted to execute any bloody designs.

During the remainder of the evening the peasant endeavored to entertain his guest with all the occurrences that had taken place at the castle; amongst the rest, the particulars relating to the extirpation of the banditti.

It seems that a servant of the castle which was to be attacked, had by some means become acquainted with one of the banditti, who had contrived to draw him into a conspiracy against his master. It was agreed that he should open the gates at a certain signal, in the dead of night, when all the family were at rest, and the price of his treachery was to have been one fourth of the plunder. But, fortunately, the conscience of the servant was not sufficiently hardened for the business. Phantoms already pursued him in his dreams, and the state of his mind became so dreadful, that he at length determined to divulge the whole, and throw himself on the mercy of his lord.

The proper precautions were accordingly taken, and the business was to have been carried on as if it had not been known. It was intended to get them all within the court-yard, where a sufficient number of armed men were suddenly to rush from their concealments, and attack them on every side. But the complete success of their stratagem was rendered abortive by the too hasty zeal of one of the party, who, seeing the captain of the banditti advance alone, had discharged and killed him. The consequences which ensued have already been related. The gentleman lost his son, and a friend who was on a visit, through their rash conduct—and the remainder of the banditti had time to effect their escape, ere they were in a condition to pursue; for, quite confident of success, they had made no preparation for that. The man who had been left as a guard to Giraldus, as soon as he had effected his escape from the banditti, pursued his course to the nearest town, where he made the officers of justice acquainted with the concealed entrance into the vault, which hitherto had eluded their most diligent search,—and likewise with the strength of the banditti, whose daring acts had given rise to a report, that their number was very considerable. A troop of horse were accordingly equipped; and, as they hoped to surprise them, the hour of midnight was fixed as the properest time of action. They however arrived too late. And, not knowing whether they meant to return, they repaired to the beacon, leaving two of their companions among the ruins to watch and give intimation, should any thing occur.

The diminished number that appeared at their return, was highly favorable to their views. They immediately informed their comrades, who accordingly returned in a body to the castle. The guard acted as a conductor to the trap-door, where he gave the watchword, which he had before learned. The banditti supposing some of their party had only been wounded, and were now returned, opened the trap without hesitation, but perceiving their mistake, as the others descended, they immediately flew to their arms. A short but severe conflict ensued. Their party, now reduced to three capable of acting, were soon overpowered by numbers, notwithstanding the determined resolution that scorned to yield with life. The two who were before wounded, appeared already nearly dead, and were therefore suffered to remain unmolested.

Lord Albert felt greatly pleased that this daring band, who had long remained the terror of the surrounding country, had been thus completely exterminated; but the pleasure soon gave way to the gloom which his disappointment had inspired. Again the kind hearted peasant endeavored to draw him from his reverie.

"Ah, sir," said he "you used to laugh at me, when I told you the castle was haunted; but it is now very well known that the ghost of a man, all in black, walks there. Several people have seen it, and the doctor among the rest. Mayhap you will believe him, though you will not me. For my part, after what he said, I would not go near it on any account."

This information more particularly struck Lord Albert, as he knew the surgeon was a man above any vulgar prejudice. He doubted not but that he had seen something, and was anxious to hear what. Not that, for a moment, he yielded to the idea of a supernatural appearance, but he considered it might prove something that would assist his search.

With a view of gaining some information on this head, he took a ride on the succeeding morning to the village where the surgeon resided. He was at home; and, after the first civilities, Lord Albert made him acquainted with the cause of his visit,

"You already know," he replied, "that I am not one of those who are easily led to the belief of the marvellous. What I saw, therefore, was to me an object of surprise, rather than terror. Returning from a village on the opposite side of the heath, in the evening succeeding that in which the banditti was overcome, my nearest way lay by the castle; and, as those circumstances were now removed which had hitherto rendered it unsafe, I determined to examine it more particularly than I had ever before done. It was rather dusky when I arrived at the gateway, and I was about to enter, when the appearance of a man within the court caught my attention. I immediately stopped. He appeared habited in black, and was leaning in a mournful attitude against the pedestal. I stood for some minutes, but he neither altered his position or seemed to notice me. At length, from an opposite corner of the ruins, a man with a dark lantern appeared; I observed him for a short time only, before I turned my attention to the first; but he had disappeared in the instant, nor could I perceive the least trace of him afterwards. Partly concealed by a buttress of the building, I watched the motions of the other, without being perceived by him. He appeared in deep contemplation, and I thought his manner betrayed a degree of fear, for he frequently seemed to start, and stopped to listen; at length he entered among the ruins, and I saw him no more.

"I am convinced that neither of these persons could have any connection with the banditti, and from thence am led to conclude that some part of the castle yet affords a refuge to the guilty or unfortunate; for surely some very uncommon circumstance could alone induce a man to become an inmate of such a place."

"I am of your opinion," replied Lord Albert; "this place affords concealment to some person whose motives are of no very common nature, and before I quit this place I will make one effort more to discover the cause. Probably it may tend to clear up some mysteries in which both myself and friend are deeply concerned."

Having thanked the doctor for his information,

he remounted his horse and returned to the beacon, from whence, accompanied by a few of his servants, he once more proceeded to the castle.

The same silence prevailed throughout the court, and no circumstance appeared that might lead to the discovery of any person concealed. Lord Albert began to think that his want of success had hitherto been owing to his having confined himself to the most accessible parts, and therefore determined to prosecute his future search in those which he had before neglected; these chiefly consisted in an upper suite of apartments, the staircase leading to which had been destroyed. But while he was contriving means to effect his purpose, his servants, into whom the peasant, in the absence of their master, had contrived to infuse some of his own superstitious fears, terrified with the expectation of some terrible conclusion to their adventure, all together requested that he would not proceed, as they were sure nothing good could live in such a place; and they had heard several people say they would not go within a mile of it upon any account.

Lord Albert ridiculed their foolish fears with some severity; but finding it had no effect upon them, he ordered them all to return to the beacon and leave him to prosecute the search alone. Ashamed of their conduct, they now assumed some courage, and replied, that as it was his determination to stop, they would remain and die with him if necessary.

This affair adjusted, they with great difficulty ascended to the upper story; the passage through these apartments was, however, more difficult than they had imagined—the roof had fallen in many places and the doors were blocked up with the rubbish. After great labor, they however at length made their way through them, though without meeting with anything that might compensate for the trouble they had taken.

Returning through one of the rooms, Lord Albert took notice of a small closet in the wainscot; the fire had partly consumed the door, and as he passed he gave a slight look into it. It was nearly filled with rubbish, amongst which lay some writings on parchment. He took out the parcel, but as it seemed almost illegible, he deferred looking into it till his return, and desired one of his servants to take it with him.

They now descended again to the lower apartments, through which they continued their researches with the strictest scrutiny, but with similar success. After having spent the greater part of the afternoon in this business, Lord Albert was at length compelled to give up his pursuit, and return to the beacon without having accomplished the discovery he so ardently wished to make, but at the same time with a pretty strong presumption that they had been deceived in supposing it inhabited.

CHAPTER IX.

When the howling winds and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

COLLINS.

THE roll of parchment which they had brought away with them, proved to be a very ancient manuscript, relative to the foundation of the castle, with several circumstances respecting the family by whom it was inhabited; but the injuries it had sustained from fire, and from damp, rendered it almost illegible, and a few detached sentences were scarcely sufficient to trace out the bold figurative style of expression adopted by the writers of the time to which it belonged. Towards the conclusion it grew more perfect, and the following passage was tolerably distinct.

"In future times this bright, this effulgent light, this glory of our country shall fade away—it shall seem to be entirely extinguished. Then shall terror, and blood, and murder ensue. This castle shall mourn in ruins the fate of her injured lord; the owl shall scream round the desolated court, and the bat shall find her habitation in the ruined turret. The hospitable gate now opened to the stranger and distressed, shall then be avoided in dread and dismay. From these walls, where peace and happiness are diffused, a scourge shall proceed to lay waste the surrounding country. Ill-fated castle! Thy proud turrets must be humbled in the dust, and thy walls shall conceal the outcast of society! But as the rising sun dispels the pestilential mists from the gloomy valley, so shall the blaze of this returning light spread its cheering influence. All these evils shall vanish before its effulgence. From its ashes this castle shall again rise, and succeeding ages admire the renovated splendor."

Lord Albert read this prophecy, for such it appeared, with pleasure. The predictions seemed hastening to their accomplishment. Already part of them were fulfilled, and he felt himself greatly interested in the event. So deeply was his attention wrapped in this discovery, that he for a moment forgot the business which had brought him thither, but his thoughts soon returned to the affairs of his friend, and his recent disappointment served but as a stimulus to pursue his inquiries with undiminished assiduity.

The most probable method he could devise was to offer a reward to any person who should make a discovery of the place of his confinement, or could give any information respecting him, and he was not without hopes that some of the agents necessarily employed in this business might be tempted by the reward, to impeach their principal, and thus at once lay open the whole of this mysterious transaction. Fully satisfied with his plan, he immediately took proper measures to forward it, and resolved to await the event, at least for some days, at the beacon.

During this time, a circumstance had taken place at the village adjacent to the castle of the baron, which had caused some degree of amazement and terror among the inhabitants of it. The uncle of Giraldus had, in one of his evening walks, been seized by a party of men, and forcibly carried off, in spite of the efforts of some peasants, who were witnesses of the transaction. This had filled every breast with alarm; for though he was by no means liked in the village, yet they both expected and feared that similar attempts wou'd be made on others.

The baron, to whom they immediately communicated this intelligence, unable to account for a procedure so strange, perplexed himself with a variety of conjectures on the cause. He had formerly entertained a suspicion that this man was in some way concerned in the seizure and detention of his nephew. He knew the malignity of his disposition, and doubted not but that he was capable of still more, to serve any private ends he might have in view. But this new circumstance totally set aside such a supposition, since he himself now seemed another victim to the same inexplicable designs. The secret and mysterious manner in which these schemes were executed; the total want of a clue that might direct or aid them in the attempt to discover the person or motives by which they were primarily executed, once more excited in the mind of the baron the deepest amazement, and in increased astonishment ended every improbable conjecture.

Elvina, with a mind ever intensely bent on the fate of Giraldus, in vain traced back the circumstances of past years, to account for these singular events. She had known him almost from infancy. His visits had never been long delayed from the castle, and the whole tenor of his life seemed far different from that which would excite such determined and malignant vengeance. But to reason on facts whose causes were so deeply hidden, was useless. Conjecture wearied itself in vain, and she found herself compelled to wait till time should disclose this secret train of dark transactions. She, however, still cherished some hopes from the expedition of Lord Albert. She knew the energy of his character, and that no probable means would be left unessayed to make the wished-for discovery. She therefore looked forward to the success of his endeavors with a palpitating heart, and counted the flying moments with the most anxious solicitude.

Meanwhile the reward which Lord Albert offered, had not wholly failed of the success he expected. A countryman came to the beacon on the second day, and gave information that he had early one morning seen two men conveying away a third, such as had been described; that they were on horseback, and the arms of this person were tied behind him. From the quick rate at which they travelled, he had not time to make any further observations, but the direction they took was towards the sea, from whence they were then at an inconsiderable distance. He might, he observed, have traced them further, but not having time he followed his own road, and soon lost sight of them.

This intelligence, though incomplete, afforded some rays to direct a further search, and Lord Albert immediately availed himself of it. He therefore quitted the beacon the same afternoon, and followed the directions the countryman had given him.

It grew extremely dark before they could reach the sea shore. The wind blew violently, and a heavy storm of rain fell. They sought for some cottage where they might obtain shelter for the night, but no habitation could they discover, and the tremendous beating of the surge against a rocky shore overcame every other sound. In vain they endeavored to screen themselves from the fury of the storm beneath the straggling trees, blasted by the keenness of the sea breeze. They were insufficient to yield a temporary shelter, and in spite of the opposing elements they were compelled to proceed. They had not long continued their route before some of the party discovered they were riding close on the brink of a precipice. They immediately checked their horses, but so great was their terror that they were incapable of communicating their discovery, before one, unconscious of the danger, rode immediately over the hanging rock. The interval which elapsed ere he reached the bottom, proved the greatness of the fall. All heard the horrid sound, and the shriek that succeeded, and all remained in dreadful expectation of a similar fate.

The most backward now alighted from their horses to search out a way to return, while the foremost, not daring to stir, since a single step might plunge them headlong down the steep, awaited in suspense the most excruciating, to be relieved from their perilous situation.

At length, with the greatest caution, Lord Albert and the servants who had dismounted searched the ground, and not without the most imminent danger, brought off those who were most forward. Then all having alighted, they began to explore their way with cautious steps, dropping with the rain that poured upon them, and chilled with the howling blast.

After travelling near an hour in this manner, totally unconscious of the road, they at length observed a glimmering light, that seemed to proceed from a place not very distant. The ground descended fast towards it, and appeared to be a kind of road. It led to a ruined building, which stood close to the seashore. For some time no answer was made to their repeated knocking, but at length a high small casement was opened, and a hollow voice demanded what they wanted. Lord Albert described their situation, and begged shelter for the night. A considerable time elapsed, when the door was opened with cautious slowness, by an old man. Perceiving the number of those without, he endeavored to shut it again, but Lord Albert, observing his design, instantly stepped forward into the room, and prevented him. "You must pardon this abrupt intrusion," said he. "We have been bewildered, and exposed to the storm, since the close of the evening, and have lost one of our companions among the rocks. Necessity, therefore, compels me to insist on staying here during the remainder of the night."

At these words the old man lost some of the trepidation which their first entrance had inspired, but still he seemed to eye them with a suspicious aspect, and not to be much at ease in their company; but the kindness of Lord Albert, and the offer of a reward for his trouble, soon removed his remaining fears, and he informed them that he had a place among the outbuildings where they might shelter their horses. He according attended them there, brought back fresh fuel, and increased his fire, to dry their wet clothes.

They now seated themselves in a circle round the fire, and the exhilarating blaze began to revive their drooping spirits, though they frequently talked of, and lamented the loss of their companion. The old man brought forth some coarse provisions. Hunger needed few solicitations, and they all partook of the welcome repast. They were thus employed, when a violent knocking was again heard at the door. The confidence of the old man began again to waver, and with marked suspicion he looked to them for all explanation. The knocking was repeated, and one of the men, perceiving his tardiness, arose and opened the door. An exclamation of horror succeeded, and the man whose death they were just bewailing walked in.

The surprise which this appearance excited, was however quickly succeeded by joy at finding it was in reality the person whom they concluded must have been inevitably killed. He observed that his life had been preserved by keeping firmly in his seat, though the shock was so great that he had remained for some time insensible. On recovering, he found the poor animal lying dead by his side, dreadfully shattered by the fall. For himself, a slight contusion in one of his legs was all the injury he had sustained. After calling aloud for some time he despaired of making himself heard, and explored his way along the wild beach, till the light had guided him to this mansion.

The joy of having recovered a companion whom they had deemed lost, diffused itself over the company, but Lord Albert still felt the object of his pursuit ungratified; still lamented the loss, which by his hitherto successless expedition he had hoped to repair. The old man, too, seemed to labor under some oppression of mind, on which, after momentary gleams of cheerfulness, he would suddenly return to dwell. Lord Albert more than once observed it, and it excited his sympathy and compassion.

"You seem to live a very recluse life here," said he. "Have you no family, no companion to beguile the tedious hours that are unemployed in your daily labors?"

"I have one daughter," he replied. "I had two sons, but they were lately lost at sea. I don't know," continued he, "whether I do right in telling you, but you seem too good to take advantage of me. About a month since, a man came to inquire whether he could have my vessel for a few days. It was only to make a short voyage, and he expected it might return in four days at farthest. The money he offered was considerable, and I immediately consented. My two sons were all the seamen that were to go, as he said the men he should bring with him would be sufficient to assist in steering the vessel. After he had fully agreed, he called me aside, and informed me, that as the terms he offered were very great, he should expect that I would comply with all his demands. I promised I would, and he then said, there was a young man whom they should bring with them as a prisoner. They wanted to convey him to a certain place, and there to leave him; but I was to be very cautious not to mention any circumstance I might become acquainted with. In an evil hour I promised all. The second morning after, they brought a young man, bound. He seemed much fatigued, but said nothing. While we were preparing the vessel, he threw himself on my bed and fell asleep. Poor young man; they took and placed him on board without his waking. My heart relented; and I was sorry I had agreed with them. I began to think they had no good intentions; and I privately desired my sons not to suffer them to harm him. That night and the next day, it blew a fearful storm. It seemed as if it was to punish me for consenting. A thousand times I wished I had not been concerned; but it was too late. Since that time," continued the old man, while the tears trickled down his cheeks, "I have heard nothing of them. No doubt they were all lost in that storm—my sons, my vessel, my all. Every comfort of my old age is now gone, and the lingering remains of my life must be spent in wretchedness and misery, without friends and without support. Added to this, I know not what I have to fear from his relations. The sight of every stranger alarms me, and I dread being imprisoned for assisting in conveying him away; though God knows I would have set him at liberty, had it rested with me."

During this narrative Lord Albert remained silent. In eager impatience he traced it to the final catastrophe; then overcome with emotion, it was some time ere he had the power to speak. The old man beheld the change in his countenance with evident dread; he perceived his own imprudence in divulging it, and dropping on his knees, solicited for mercy.

Distracted with the certain information of the fate of his unfortunate friend, he did not for some time observe the position of the old man, till aroused by his earnest entreaties, he bade him arise. "Fear not," said he, "I believe you are innocent of any bad design." Then turning to his men, he ordered them to bring out the horses immediately. The night was still wet and stormy—they represented the dangers of the road, the fisherman joined their solicitations, and he at length suffered himself to be prevailed on to remain till the morning's light, and to take possession of the humble bed which the mansion afforded.

Thither he retired to indulge alone the sorrows of his heart. Every hope of preserving his friend was now fled, his death he was convinced must have been inevitable, and every clue he feared was lost that could discover the author. But he vowed to himself, yet, if possible, to trace him out, to execute on him that

vengeance which his crimes deserved, and which friendship and gratitude equally demanded.

The long tedious night passed in alternate sorrow and schemes of revenge, and when the morning's dawn first appeared, he started from his restless couch, impatient to be gone, yet dreading to communicate that intelligence to the Baron St. Austin and Elvina, which he knew must overwhelm them with affliction. At his departure, the indulgent state to which the poor old man was reduced by his misfortune, struck him. He presented him with something that might alleviate his distress, and enable him to pursue his employment. The tears of gratitude arose in his eyes, and spoke the feelings which his tongue was incapable of expressing. Lord Albert turned hastily away, and directed his course to the castle of the baron.

To attempt a description of the affliction which this intelligence excited would be vain and unnecessary. Elvina almost sunk under the weight, and some months elapsed ere she recovered a slight portion of her usual serenity. Even then, the melancholy air that overspread her countenance, chasing away each dimpled smile, displayed the traces of that deep affliction which oppressed her heart.

CHAPTER X.

O! by that hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long surge that foams through yonder cave;
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colors bid description glow;
The sad memorial of a tale of woe.

—FALCONER'S SHIPWRECK.

It was on one of those days when, veiled in dark, gloomy clouds, the sun emits a feeble, cheerless ray; when whirlwinds rend the heaving bosom of the deep, and the firmly rooted rock shakes beneath the impetuous surge. On such a day, and on one of the wildest and most remote of those islands which lay off the Scottish coast, a poor distracted recluse, who had long remained the only inhabitant of this solitary scene, was wandering near the shore, enjoying with wild delight the dashing of the angry waves against the frowning cliffs. The turbulence of the ocean seemed for a time to lull to peace the emotions of his no less troubled breast and he stood surveying the raging billows with a degree of calmness which he only felt on such occasions.

While, heedless of the storm that raged around, he thus remained fixed to the spot, something suddenly appeared floating on a wave, and in the succeeding moment a human body was thrown at his feet. The sight of so dismal an object called back to his mind the bitter recollections which his unhappy state would at intervals drive away. He gazed a few moments in fixed surprise, then burst into tears; and throwing himself on the pale corpse, mourned over it with all the sorrow of one whose dearest friend lay suddenly lifeless at his feet.

At length he hastily arose, and taking the body in his arms, bore it to his habitation, a rude cave in an adjacent rock, partly formed by nature and partly by the industry of its inhabitant, who, in his lucid intervals, would beguile the tediousness of time and the bitterness of reflection, in almost vain endeavors to render it comfortable.

Thither he conveyed the melancholy object, and laying it on the moss which he had collected for a bed, again yielded himself to the most poignant affliction. He had not, however, long remained in this situation, when he thought he beheld a slight motion in the limbs. He observed it more particularly, and was soon convinced that reanimation had taken place. Transported with this discovery, he eagerly chafed the limbs, rekindled his exhausted fire, and then danced round his cave with frantic extravagance. He was thus employed when the stranger recovered his recollection. A figure so strange as that which now appeared before him, acting in a manner so wild and uncommon, together with the rude appearance of the cave and its furniture, filled him with such astonishment that he began to doubt the reality of his return to life.

"Upon what strange country," said he, "has my wayward fate thrown me, or how came I hither? It seems but a few moments since the vessel was dashed against the merciless rocks, and no prospect of deliverance aided my vain efforts to bear up against the furious surge. Can the strange being whom I now see before me, have proved my deliverer, or have the humane inhabitants of this island resigned me to the care of one so evidently distracted."

Thus thought the astonished Giraldus, for he it was who had been timely snatched from the grasp of impending death. The succeeding wave to that which had overwhelmed them, had washed him through a narrow creek, and Providence had disposed the only inhabitant of the island to repair to the spot for his preservation. He now partly raised himself, still absorbed in wonder at the appearance of every thing around him, when the stranger, giving over the extravagancies which his joy had excited, came towards him, and falling on his knee, took him tenderly by the hand.

"My heart," said he, "has long ceased to beat with joy—sorrow only has possessed it—but now, I think I feel it returning. Yes, there is life in it, and I may yet be happy."

A transient lustre shot from his eyes, but soon faded—the fleeting smile was gradually lost in an expression of inward anguish. He raised his eyes slowly towards heaven, while his distorted countenance betrayed traces of the deepest affliction.

"No," he continued, "it cannot be. Happiness would have dwelt with me, but I spurned her away. Never shall I behold her more. These tears in vain shall wash the parched earth, this heart shall waste away with cares, but she will never more return to me. O my distracted soul! when will the measure of my afflictions be filled." His head sunk on his breast, and he remained for some time buried in profound sorrow.

Giraldus, still more amazed at the strangeness of his manner, and the violence of his grief, began attentively to consider the figure of the person before him. The sudden transitions of his passions, and the wildness of his eyes and manners, betokened the distraction of his mind. His face, though exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, still bore traces of manly beauty, while the tattered garb which he wore, deserting his right arm and breast, displayed therein the appearance of great muscular strength, long inured to the beating of storms and the action of meridian suns.

Such was the figure which Giraldus now attentively surveyed; and the cave in which he dwelt appeared formed by the hand of nature for the habitation of such a being only. Hanging rocks projecting from the roof, seemed to threaten impending destruction to those below. The entrance was concealed, and nearly closed by brambles and thorns, round which a few stunted pines that drew their scanty sustenance from the clefts of the rock, threw a gloomy shade, and pointed out a fit abode for despair and sorrow.

The stranger now began to recover from the deep affliction into which he had sunk. His countenance, lately overspread and convulsed with the anguish of his soul, became gradually serene. He arose, and again expressed his joy in a style so wholly free from every appearance of insanity, that Giraldus began to think he had been mistaken in the opinion he had first formed. The anxious solicitude he displayed to render his guest every comfort his situation could afford, proved the goodness of a heart oppressed and weighed down by the heavy hand of affliction.

He now went out to procure some fire-wood, and at his return assisted to dry the wet clothes of Giraldus, then laid before him such provisions as his cave afforded, consisting of dried roots and fish; often soliciting him to eat, and lamenting that he had nothing else to offer. Giraldus felt his kindness forcibly. The generous care and anxiety which he had displayed for his preservation, touched his heart with gratitude. He deplored the cause that confined him to this solitary island, and at intervals deprived him of that reason, which, from parts of his conversation, he could easily perceive had formerly been energetic and forcible.

As often, however, as he endeavored to turn the conversation on this cause, he could observe the instantaneous effect it had upon the stranger. The bare mention of it seemed to call back all the sorrows he had endured; his eyes would wildly roll, and every symptom of distraction follow, when the subject was alluded to; and Giraldus perceived that it was too tender a string to bear even the slightest touch of friendship. He determined, therefore, to sacrifice an unnecessary curiosity rather than excite the torture with which its gratification must be attended.

His own situation recurred in full force on the mind of Giraldus. The retrospection brought with it all the train of mysterious proceedings to which he had been the victim. Still, however, he felt himself utterly incapable of judging by whose authority he had been immured at the castle, or what their intentions were, had the completion of their designs been permitted. This evident interposition of the hand of Providence in his favor, excited emotions of gratitude to the Divine Being, and a short ejaculation expressed the confidence he reposed in His mercies. His heart beat with the pleasing thoughts, that he might once more behold his friends, perhaps after they had long numbered him with the dead. For, though the probable means of escape from this island were few, yet imagination, aided by hope, formed a variety of possible circumstances that might contribute to his deliverance.

With his companion he frequently traversed the limits of the island. It was rude and barren. In some parts the scanty soil scarcely covered the rock, which, in others, exposed its bare sterile face in broad patches. Towards the coast it arose in abrupt cliffs, whose frowning aspects the mariner avoided with terror. Some few straggling trees only contributed to point out by contrast the general barrenness of the scene, and by their deformed ramifications shewed the unfavorableness of their exposed situation.

To pass the time which now began to appear lingering and tedious, and in which hope would sometimes give way to despair, Giraldus could only pursue the necessary business of procuring food. He would remain for hours picking a scanty supply of shell-fish from among the rocks, or patiently employing the indifferent tackle his situation afforded, to catch the finny tribe. Often while thus engaged, would his eyes dwell on the distant Scottish main, and often would a thousand schemes which cooler reason disapproved, present the means to waft him thither; but though insufficient, they would dwell on his mind, and excite in it hopes of some time accomplishing his wishes.

The unhappy state of his companion was a constant source of grief and apprehension. Soon as the first emotions of his joy had subsided, he sunk into the habitual melancholy in which he had long been accustomed to indulge. Short intervals of apparently clear reason would sometimes intervene, but these were always sure to be succeeded by fits of the most frantic lunacy. At these times he would scale the wildest heights of the crags, and remain in situations which the spectator grew dizzy in beholding. There, exposed to every inclemency of the weather, he would hang over the impending cliff, and seem to extract calmness from the dire raging of the elements.

The impossibility of preventing or relieving him, would fill the heart of Giraldus with sorrow, while his mind was constantly agitated with horror, in the expectation of beholding some dreadful conclusion to the frantic sallies of his companion. The habit, however, of frequently seeing him return unhurt, in part wore away these painful expectations, though the apprehensions of some fatal event, of which he could not wholly divest himself, would at times return in full force.

Though the situation of Giraldus in this lone retreat became every day more irksome, and though some new schemes that he had formed for his conveyance thence, wore the air of possibility, yet could he not determine to put them in execution, and leave his unhappy companion to the too probable effects that his frenzy, heightened by such a circumstance, might prompt. During the intervals of reason, the only pleasure he seemed to enjoy arose from the society and conversation of his companion. After any of his extravagant actions, he could bewail his malady, and express his fears of doing something that might give offence.

"I don't know how it is," he would say, "but I am hurried away by an irresistible impulse. I then fancy I could tear up the rooted rocks and dash the planets from their orbits; the sea seems to fly from me in dread; and it is this apparent yielding to my powers that at length lulls me to calmness."

At other times he would recite short and detached circumstances of his life, in a style so mournful, so pathetic, as would wring his hearer's heart with anguish, and melt him even into tears.

Some months passed in this state, during which Giraldus had contrived to render the cave somewhat more habitable. In the day he wearied himself with his necessary avocations, and each night retired to his humble cell, where, over the cheerful blaze of their fire, and at times in conversation with his companion, he would endeavor to forget that he had ever hoped for greater enjoyments. Sometimes, indeed, when melancholy reflection forced itself on his mind, he would retire to the rocky beach, there listen to the hollow sounding of the waves as they dashed against the remote extremity of some cavern, or watch the trembling moon beam as it glittered on the edge of the breaking wave, till the calm scenes would lull to peace the sorrows of his breast, and fill it with emotions of sacred, solemn delight.

At other times the grand, terrific effects of a storm would call him forth. The huge rolling waves, dashing with almost irresistible force against the craggy rocks, then retiring, as if to gain additional power, and with their return envelope the high pointed cliffs in whitened spray, while the far seen beacon, blazing with more intense flame from the furious blast, warned the cautious mariner to shun the dangerous coast. From these sublime though awful effects of the raging element he would retire to calm meditation, and as the hollow wind howled round the cave, feel the consciousness of a blessing still within his power.

One evening he had retired to his mossy bed earlier than usual; the storm was violent and the rain poured down in torrents; his companion had remained all day in the cavern, in one of those gloomy fits by which he was at times affected; finding that his attempts to arouse him were ineffectual, he retired alone, and was soon lulled to sleep by the roaring of the surge.

His imagination still dwelt on his companion, and frightful images tormented his slumbers. Sometimes he thought he beheld him expiring at his feet, and at others he seemed to threaten him with immediate death, while incapable of moving or acting, he lay in horrid suspense awaiting the expected blow; then quitting his corporeal form he appeared to melt away in air, and gradually vanish from his sight.

Aroused by the terrors of his dream, he started up and saw him still sitting by the dying embers. At the noise he turned suddenly round, and the faint gleam which the fire gave, exhibited a most distracted visage. He fixed his eyes on Giraldus with a kind of wild penetration which he had never before observed, then drew a dagger that he had concealed, and advanced hastily towards the spot where he lay. At a few paces distant he stopped with a sudden start and a look of horror, as though he had beheld some dreadful phantom. "Begone," he cried, in a voice scarcely human, while his whole frame shook with emotion and his eyeballs rolled with the most shocking distortion. At length, gradually recovering himself, he sunk on his knees, and with the dagger began to dig away the earth.

After he had been thus employed for some time, he stopped, threw the dagger from him, and seemed intently gazing on some object which was too low to be discovered by Giraldus. He appeared buried in profound affliction, and the silent tears rolled down his cheeks, while with eagerness he collected the earth together and carefully pressed it down; then lifting his hands and eyes towards heaven, he uttered a roar, which gradually changed into a howl so dismal, that the heart of Giraldus shuddered, and the blood crept through his veins with horror. On a sudden he stopped and listened. "Hark," said he, "she calls, she calls me—there, there again—O Maria, my beloved, my angel—I come—I follow." He started up and rushed furiously into the storm, which now seemed to beat with redoubled fury. Giraldus followed, but the darkness of the night prevented every means of tracing him: he dreaded the effects of his violent phrenzy, and foreboded some dreadful catastrophe.

Heedless of the storm, he therefore followed to those places that had been his usual haunts; but the total darkness of the night eluded his eager gaze, and the roaring of the waves excluded every other sound. Thus compelled to give up a hopeless pursuit, he slowly returned to the cave in breathless agitation. He sat listening to every slight noise, and the rustling of a dried leaf was frequently transformed by fancy to the sound of an approaching footstep.

Never had the mind of Giraldus been impressed with such horror as it was during the remainder of this night, in which anxiety and

expectation arose to such a height, that he sometimes feared his own mind would yield under the weight.

The night passed and a cheerless morning dawned, but his companion did not return. His fears were now nearly realized, and as soon as the light grew sufficiently strong, he left the cave, in the expectation of beholding some dreadful object. But in this expectation he was deceived—no object but the wild rocks and turbulent ocean met his eye; and after an ineffectual search for most of the day, he was compelled to suppose that the unhappy maniac had precipitated himself from some projecting cliff into the foaming abyss that raged below.

The certainty or his melancholy fate filled the heart of Giraldus with the deepest affliction. His esteem for the unfortunate stranger had been gradually increased as he became more acquainted with his character. The goodness of his heart displayed itself in frequent little incidents, but his passions were violent; and it appeared that he yielded too much too their impetuosity. The circumstance that had driven him to distraction seemed to have proceeded from this source, and to have rendered him the victim of that incessant remorse to which he had at length fallen a sacrifice.

A melancholy day passed heavily along, and night arrived, while Giraldus indulged the mournful reflections that arose in his mind. His situation was now become more insupportable than ever: he felt the horrors of a total seclusion from every fellow creature, and they mingled with those which the fate of his unhappy companion had inspired. Comfortless and dejected, he retired to bed, but the events of the day forbade the comforts of temporary forgetfulness. He tossed about on his hard couch, and often started from imaginary scenes, scarcely less horrible than the reality.

Long before the dawn of day he left his restless bed, and wandered mournfully about the island. The morning was calm, and the moon shone with uncommon brilliancy; the wild scenery seemed softened into harmony by her mild beam, while the gray mists threw the slight veil over the rugged rocks. He repaired to the sea-shore; the gentle murmur of the waves seemed to soothe to tranquility the emotions which the preceding day had excited, and sat alternately gazing at the distant shores of Scotland or musing in deep wonder on the mysterious light which the gently agitated water threw out, as it felt the opposition of the shore.

His reflections were at length called off by an object which he could just perceive at a distance; and as he viewed it more attentively he perceived it was a vessel, gliding gently along with the faint breeze. Aroused at the sight, he endeavored to hail it, but his utmost efforts were quite ineffectual. At length he ran to his cave, and taking a lighted stick, waved it in the air for a considerable time; but whether the seamen did not observe the signal or were unable to comprehend what it was, or whether they were unwilling to venture near the island, whose dangerous coast was well known, they passed on without appearing to notice it. He felt disappointed and somewhat dejected; a gay train of flattering hopes had been suddenly called up by this appearance; but while he lamented his inability to catch their attention, he turned his thoughts to the means he had formerly devised for quitting the island. The best adapted for the purpose, and indeed the only one that, under his present circumstances, presented itself to his view, was to form a raft of such materials as he could collect; and he hoped, by taking advantage of a fine day, to be able to paddle himself to the Scottish coast. Some planks belonging to the wreck of a vessel, probably of that which brought him thither, had, some time since, been washed on shore; these he had carefully preserved, and they now considerably tended to aid his design. The trees that grew on the island, though very small, might, he thought, prove serviceable; and an axe with some other carpenter's tools, which his late companion had some way procured, would be sufficient to answer every purpose he should want.

Elated with these considerations, which, from the determination he had formed of not quitting the place without his companion, he had never suffered himself to dwell on before, he resolved immediately to commence his labor. He reviewed and drew out his materials, examined the trees most proper to be felled, and considered on the most frugal plan for the application of his stores.

The gray dawn began now to expand, and the slight tinge of red of the eastern horizon faintly trembled on the bosom of the ocean, till its increasing fires shed their effulgent blaze around, and the glowing waves danced in the dazzling splendor: the moon now resigning her modest reign, withdrew her mild radiance, and with pale aspect yielded the world to the influence of a more powerful luminary.

Giraldus felt himself invigorated and refreshed by his morning's toil. He pursued unremittingly his labor for the remainder of the day, and in the evening dwelt with some delight on the progress he had already made.

But the recollection of his unhappy companion would frequently intervene, and though he sighed at his fate, he indulged the reflection that his sufferings were at length terminated. He now for the first time called to mind his conduct on the evening of his death. His emotions as he dug away the earth, the silent sorrow which he displayed as he hung over the place, and the subsequent violence of his phrenzy, all seemed to have an evident connection with some concealed object. What it was that could cause such emotion he was unable to comprehend, but he felt his curiosity much excited, and determined immediately to gratify it. He began, therefore, to move away the earth in the spot that he had before observed, but had not proceeded far ere he closed it again with horror. Part of a human hand appeared, and, from the position in which it stood, seemed connected with the body, and purposely left in this state, as an object of occasional contemplation.

From parts of his conversation, Giraldus was sometimes led to suppose that some person had fallen a victim to his phrenzy or passion, but he was unable to decide whether his recent emotions proceeded from remorse or regret. The idea, and the vicinity of such an object, however, inspired a degree of horror that required an exertion of reason to overcome.

The evening passed slowly on, and he wished for returning light with all the anxiety of one whose whole soul is wrapped in some favorite pursuit. Morning came, and with renovated vigor he continued his labor. The next day saw it completed, and he had the satisfaction to find as it floated, that it bore him steadily.

Full of hope, he now returned to his cave to make other preparations, and wait till the weather should appear quite settled. The near prospect of a return to his friends delighted him; a load of anxiety was removed from his heart, and returning happiness seemed opening to his view; but still a sigh would at times escape, though he scarcely suffered his mind to glance towards the cause.

As he was busily employed in turning over some things belonging to the deceased, which he had just discovered in an obscure corner of the cave, he found among them a roll of papers carefully bound together, on which some writing appeared. On opening them, he soon perceived they were written by his late companion. The phrenzied state betrayed its author. It seemed an imperfect narrative of his life, and, as he heaved a sigh to his memory, he sat down and read as follows:

"Under the pressure of heavy afflictions, I write—thou that readest shudder and beware. Vice and folly have cut me off from society—have bewildered this brain, have—oh! I could tear recollection from her seat. I could drown her, I could overwhelm her beneath the dashing waves—but I must not—my loved angel Maria, says I must not. Sweet angel! with thee I left our peaceful habitation—quitted the happiness that never returned. Say, what demon tempted me? Was it avarice? Yes, he tempted me to desert my native home—he tempted me to leave my infant child. Did not the chiding of the hollow blast, with fearful ominous voice, upbraid me with this? It did; it did; but—mad, heedless, headlong, I drove on to destruction, to unutterable sorrow. My child—my tender love—how does a father's solicitude sleep, when unconscious of thy fate? But heavy sorrows have worn me down—have steeled this breast against all feeling—and soon must I depart! O, it was horrible to hear how the tempest roared—to see the dashing waves mingling with the sky, to see the wild rocks whitened with their foam, and hear the bitter cry of death from the sinking mariners! It was dreadful. Hopeless, I sunk into insensibility. Would to Heaven I had so remained. Then, never ending regret had not torn my heart with unutterable anguish. My Maria, too, had sunk forever, but one generous stranger bravely combatted the furious surge, and brought us safe on shore. The gratitude I then felt was unbounded, but it died away, and baleful passions filled its place. The voice of friendship I mistook for that of love—fatal mistake. Then the burning seeds of jealousy took root in my heart—there they flourished, and the dark and heavy branches overshadowed every joy and every comfort. Did I strive to eradicate it, to tear up its torturing root? No—I thought to fell it with one stroke. Alone, one dismal night, I drew him to the rocky shore—there revealed to him the dreadful tidings that one of us was doomed to fall. In vain he opposed my purpose, it was fixed——Alas! he fell beneath my sword, and his blood stained the sands. I murdered him—murder him, did I say—no—no; it was only the chance of combat. The succeeding waves washed away the crimson stain, and buried him—in the caverns of the deep.

There, I vainly thought, he would have rested, but I was deceived. At the dark and solemn hour of midnight—then, pale, horrible pale, the injured ghost walks from its dark abode. Lightly, with mournful air, it passes over the sands, where its blood had streamed. Then, piercing shrieks are heard from afar. The Avenging Power rolls thunder from on high, and the lightning flashes on the guilty breast. The trembling murderer alone views the scene. The cold drops, the pallid cheeks, the distorted eyes, betray the anguish that rends his soul. Alas! and is it for this that we lift the arm of vengeance? Is this the balm of wounded honor? But peace! See the melancholy shade sinking to the dark and dreary mansion! See ye not the fire that streamed from its eyes, as the pale visage lingered on the swelling wave! Once more!—'tis gone! —— My wife shuddered with horror at the bloody deed. Her tears, her reasonings, called back the conviction of her innocence. I saw how much I had wronged her, but I saw it too late. Destitute of comfort, I wandered among the wild rocks. Restless, I in vain sought ease; it was forever gone;—there he triumphed over me!

In deep despair, I saw my Maria bending under the weight of her affliction. Alas! too soon she sunk to the grave. In faint accents that trembled to the hand of death, she besought me to return and preserve her orphaned child. Then it was that the burning heat of my heart ceased. An awful pause succeeded, but it quickly mounted to my brain; there it rages—it maddens—it consumes me. Surely the waters of the ocean can quench this fire—I will try it—this instant ——No—I will obey the angel of light. I sought the promontory's height; often have I sought its dizzy steeps. Often, when from the angry heavens fierce whirlwinds descend, and the waves beat impetuously on this rugged coast, have I stretched forth my hands and hung over in suspense. Then, decked with brightness and calmness, even on the bosom of the black stormy cloud, have I beheld the spirit of my Maria. Stay thy purpose, she would seem to say; await till the measure of thy sufferings shall be filled. I have gazed on her till the envious cloud flashed fire in mine eyes, and caught her from my view. Then have I returned to my cave; there, stretched on the cold earth that covers her, in wild, piercing sorrows that waste my soul, I mourn a wife destroyed, a child deserted. Surely, I shall yet be permitted to end this—shall once more hold her in these arms, and press her to this breast. O! rapturous thought! The means are within my power; and yon bare cliff stretches itself into the ocean to aid my purpose——"

The pity and sorrow with which Giraldus read this narrative, was, as he reconsidered it, mingled with other emotions. A supposition of a dreadful nature arose in his mind; and, as he paused on all the circumstances, the truth of it became too evident. In this unhappy stranger he was convinced he had beheld his long lost father. The time of his departure from home, which he had learned in conversation, the total loss of his vessel and her crew, the child he had left behind, all tended to confirm his conjectures beyond a doubt.

"Merciful heavens!" he cried, while his countenance betrayed the anguish of his soul, "have I then lived through all my dangers, all my trials, thus to find a father. O! God! who thus for ends only known to thee, hast hitherto delivered me, in all my trying, in all my forlorn scenes of existence. O! deign to extend thy succoring hand, to sustain me in this moment of wretchedness and woe! Save my sinking mind from a parent's phrenzy."

His affliction found vent in tears, and he yielded for a time to silent sorrow; but reflection on the fate of his mother again crossed him.

"And thou, too," said he, "how miserably did thy life end, far from your native land, in this savage scene; far from the tender cares of friendship. Your last words, poor last thoughts, dwelt on your orphaned child. And this, thy sad grave! Miserable parents of a miserable son! How like, how eventfully like, has his fortune been to thine! Driven from the home your tenderness had given him—pursued and imprisoned with malignant hatred by unknown enemies, shipwrecked on this rugged island, and restored to a wretched consciousness of existence by the care of a distracted father; now left alone, borne down with wretchedness and sorrow, and like to end the remainder of his unhappy days in similar misery, unknown and unpitied."

He now rose up and ran to search the shore, and every cranny of the rocks, for the body of his father, forgetting that he had already performed his duty; but he searched in vain. He, however, spent the remainder of the day in fruitless endeavors, and in the evening returned to his cave, wretched and forlorn, to wear away the lingering night in restless anxiety and disturbed slumbers.

The agitated state of his mind gave rise to the following dream. He thought he was sitting alone, pensively meditating on all the events that had befallen him, when a stranger entered his cave, and solicited permission to remain there for the night. His request was granted, and he seated himself by the fire. After a pause of some minutes, and a deep sigh, "I am the man," said he, "who was murdered by your father. He deserves not burial! but come with me, and I will show you where he lies." Giraldus followed in silent horror. He led him to the end of the cave, where, stamping with his foot, the earth opened, and they sunk together into the chasm. He now found himself in a narrow vault, that received a partial light from the melancholy glimmering of a taper. Two chests were placed at the upper end, on one of which sat his uncle. He thought all his moroseness had fled, and he beckoned him to approach. He did so, and the chests became opened to his view. In one of these lay the body of his late father, weltering in the blood that seemed to stream from every pore; in the other, the imperfect remains of a body almost reduced to a skeleton. While he mournfully gazed at the latter, he thought his foot slipped and he fell headlong into the chest. He endeavored to rise, but the skeleton become reanimated, and seizing him with a firm grasp, drew him down again; immediately the lid clapped to, and he felt himself forever immured with the dismal object.

His agitation now aroused him, and while he yet trembled with horror, he threw an eager glance around, in expectation of again beholding the same dreadful vision, and it was some time ere he became calm enough to attribute it to the present perturbed state of his mind.

Near a month elapsed before he again began to think on his proposed expedition; but as the first deep traces of sorrow wore away, he turned his attention once more to it. On examining his raft, he found that it had sustained some damage from the storm; and the necessary repairs, by diverting his attention, contributed to dissipate the gloom which habitual thinking on one mournful subject had thrown over his mind.

All was now prepared for embarkation—his small quantity of stores carefully secured, and a settled fine day only wanting to commence his perilous voyage. A brilliant sunset promised him such a day; the glowing rays of evening slept peacefully on the unagitated ocean, all nature seemed to repose in tranquillity, and the calmness of the scenery diffused itself insensibly over his mind. He retired to his cave as the fading light drew on the shades of evening; and as he stretched himself probably for the last time on his mossy couch, he once more yielded to that hope which he had formerly indulged, that happiness might yet await him, and the sufferings he had undergone only prove a preclude to a life of undisturbed tranquillity. He smiled at his sanguine imagination, and soon yielded to undisturbed repose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wedlock has been compared to bird-cages; the birds without peck to get in, and those within sometimes peck to get out.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

BETRAYED.

BY SUSANNA F. MOORE.

Softly, softly she is sleeping,
Let no word aloud be spoken,
Though her friends are weeping o'er her;
Lo! her slumber is unbroken;
Her lips are sealed, her eyelids closed,
As if asleep her form reposed.

Breathe not her faults—her faults were few;
For few and sad have been her years;
Remember, she was motherless,
And weep for her soft pity's tears;
Adjust the shroud—the coffin close—
And bear her to her last repose.

But pause, ye thoughtless and ye gay,
She once was loved—was blest as you;
The tempter came and stole her peace;
But soon she bade the world adieu.
With pitying tears bedew the sod,
But leave her frailties with her God.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

MY SISTER SYBIL'S BONNET:

OR,

FRANK TRASK'S STORY.

BY HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

A COMPANY of young men were seated in a private apartment of one of our first class hotels in the city of B——. There was no attempt at conversation, but as the wreaths of smoke curled lazily from between their lips, eddying and floating above and around them—if one might judge—they were rearing "air-castles," only to disappear as quietly and quickly, perchance, as the clouds of perfumed "narcotic" emitted from their "merschaums." The eldest of the group, an athletic but finely formed man, sat leaning back in a large arm-chair, with his feet braced against the polished fender of the grate, looking steadily upon the glowing "anthracite," presenting a perfect picture of indolent comfort, as ever and anon a "serio-comic" smile swept over his face. Horace Brown had been watching him intently, and was the first to break the silence, which he did by saying:

"A penny for your thoughts, Harry Wilde."

"Yes, yes—let's have them. I'll wager they'll be rich," cried Frank Trask, "and besides, it's time to 'shake hands all round,' and close our 'Quaker sitting.'"

Harry Wilde, thus invited, drew his "merschaum" lazily from his mouth, and balancing it between his thumb and forefinger, leisurely ran the fingers of his other hand through his dark, curling hair, then taking a long breath, commenced with:

"Well, boys, I was thinking what curious, inexplicable creatures *women are!* As you all know, I am an old bachelor, and have come to this sage conclusion from having been brought up with three sisters, and from noticing women in general. Now don't interrupt me, and I'll give you a few of my reasons for thinking so. Four years ago my sisters could not be induced to put their delicate feet into anything but dainty 'French boots,' and glove-kid slippers. I remember my father's having brought home some boots—the merest trifle heavier than they had been wearing—and such a time! 'Why, their tender little feet would be *blistered* in less than an hour's walk in them, and they should have *corns* on every toe in a week's time, and besides, their feet would be frozen—*thin shoes* were so *much warmer*—and they should have *horrid chilblains*,' and so on, until at last my father, fairly beaten from the ground, retired, bearing the offending boots with him. Now mark the difference! A year or two since, or longer, 'dear, sweet Mrs. Grundy' called, imparting the fact that 'Balmoral boots' were to be the rage, soles an inch or more in thickness, and heels to correspond, and straightway paper-shoes were a drug, a nuisance—they wondered how they had *ever walked* in them, marvelled that they had never discovered how *much easier* they walked in *thick boots*, how much *warmer* they were, in short, how much *superior* they were in every respect to those they had been wearing.

"Just so with 'Balmoral skirts.' I heard a lady of my acquaintance threaten to 'cut' the acquaintance of a lady friend, because she had the independence to appear in colored skirts on W—— Street before 'Mrs. Grundy' had given her leave to do so; but now that the said 'Mrs. Grundy' has sanctioned it, she says, 'How *very ungented* it looks to see a lady out in sloppy weather in white skirts.'

"The same is it with Skating! A lady who should have ventured to have entered upon this healthful exercise previous to 'Mrs. Grundy's' smiling approval, would have been set down at once by her lady friends as 'coarse and unfeminine' in her tastes—some might have even gone so far as to 'cut' her acquaintance, but now how changed! 'Mrs. Grundy' *sanctions it*, and lo! country and city girls bind on their skates—limbs that were so weak as hardly to take the lady a yard from her door, take her to the pond, a mile or more distant, and a half day's skating does not weary her at all—O, no indeed!—nor does she mind a *series* of bruises obtained there, when *one* got by some mishap at *home* would have '*half killed her*.' Others there are so delicate that they have not been able to have a single breath of 'Old Boreas' to fan their pale cheeks, or slyly find egress through their fur-lined 'Sables,' but now they have come to the conclusion that it is *highly* beneficial—indeed, *quite essential* that they should accustom themselves to the rigors of the climate—a fact I do not deny—and you may see them on 'Jamaica Pond' from sunrise until sunset.

"Now mind, gentlemen, I do not mention these things from any desire to censure—for I highly approve of the turn affairs have taken of late as regards ladies 'fashions' and 'out-of-door exercises'—but simply to prove my position, or more properly my assertion, 'That women are inexplicable creatures'—to-day *here*, to-morrow *there;* in their character changeable as are chamelions in their color!"

"Quite a logical argument, Harry," exclaimed Frank Trask, laughingly, patting him on the shoulder. "And now, with your consent, I will attempt to prove, not the 'opposite of the question,' but that men are as much influenced by 'Mrs. Grundy's' opinion as are women."

"Go on, Frank, go on!" was the cry of all.

"Well, then," said Frank, "in the first place, a man's dress is such that though he follow the *latest styles* never so closely, it is not *so* perceptible as in a woman's, but if 'Mrs. Grundy' says, 'Wear pants wide at the bottom,' straightway all of a different cut are below 'par'; if she says, 'Wear collars *a la* Byron, *stand*-ups are *down;* if she says, 'Wear a stove-pipe hat instead of a Kossuth,' instantly the unoffending head must be thrust into this instrument of torture; if she says, 'It must be slightly bell-crowned,' bell-crowned it is; if the reverse, it is reversed at once; if she says, 'Buy your lady-love a pair of skates of the nicest quality, and a skating suit throughout to match,' no matter how hard pressed you are at the present 'crisis' for 'ready money,' you *must* do it even if your washer-woman suffers on account of it, and so on to the end of the chapter—but I'll not stay to multiply words, but tell you a little story about my sister Sybil's big bonnet.

"Some of you have seen my sister Sybil—for I have taken her down to Boston several times to show her the 'lions,' but as I was going to say—never had brother a sweeter, more loving sister than mine, and though I say it, she fairly idolizes me, besides is quite *proud* of her 'fashionable Boston brother,' and formerly stood in great awe of my criticisms, but now that she's older, she is getting to be more independent, which I must own sometimes a little vexes me, as all of us men love to exercise our authority. It was really a luxury to me to dictate the little thing in this matter and the other, in regard to her dress and bearing, and to watch the burning color flush up into her cheeks when I reprimanded her—playfully it is true—for some trifling act that was not '*city bred*.' I think I carried my mentorship a little too far, for I scarcely allowed her liberty to think or speak for herself; and at last she wearied of it, and showed signs of rebellion. Two years ago I went home on a visit, and met with a cordial, home-like reception. Sybil was in raptures to see me, but a year had wrought a change in her; she seemed far more womanly than I had anticipated, but I could not give up my habit of 'fault-finding,' and commenced as usual. She bore it patiently as far as *words* were concerned, but if signs were to be believed, the flashing eye and impulsive gesture said plainly, 'She was no longer a child to be dictated by me.' This vexed and annoyed me—not having a *wife* to dictate. I thought I should soon come to despise myself if no *one* was subject to me, so one Sabbath morning, when she came in prepared for church, I turned sharply upon her and exclaimed:

"'Sybil, child, I hope you're not going to wear that bonnet to church, it is just no bonnet at all. You might as well be without one.'

"She turned a surprised look upon me—she had thought her hat would meet my fastidious ideas. It was a sweet little thing—just the tasteful *apology* for a bonnet I ever saw—made of white crape, and upon it a wreath of half-blown water lilies, so gracefully and yet so carelessly secured, that it looked as if it must have fallen there; it was finished with a fall of white lace, a white tab with green leaves sprinkled here and there amid the delicate blonde, and tied under the chin with broad white crape ribbon. I felt half ashamed of myself as I looked into her sweet face and saw her lip quivering, but I was in no mood to own it, or to let her know how proud I was of her at that moment. She forced back her tears, and reaching me her 'Temple Melodies,' she took her pretty shade in her tiny gloved hand, and led the way out of the house. At last she said, I knew she had been waiting to recover perfect self control.

"'I thought, Frank, *you* would like my bonnet—I consulted what I imagined was *your* taste entirely in the selection of it.'

"'I would much prefer seeing you in a straw-cottage, such as was worn ten or twelve years ago,' I replied. 'A woman looked sensibly *then*—as if she had a little modesty coupled with refinement. I detest these 'bits of bonnets,' 'little loves of bonnets' that the ladies talk of *now*, and disfigure themselves with.'

'You are very bitter, Frank. I never knew you quite so unreasonable,' said Sybil. '*You* follow the fashions, why should not the ladies?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I follow them when they are sensible, but were I to find that any part of my toilet was not to *your* taste I would alter it, if only during my stay at home.'

"'You are very condescending, Frank, more so than I ever knew you,' and a mirthful smile dimpled about her mouth, "and I will endeavor to dress more in accordance with your wishes in the future. I'll get a larger bonnet if you will wear the hat I wish you to, the next time you come home.'

"'Agreed, sis,' I replied. 'I hope you'll not alter your mind before I return. I always thought you a sensible girl, or thought you *might* be one if you tried.'

"She smiled at my rather equivocal compliment, and slipped her arm through mine, and here the subject was dropped, nor did it occur to my mind until one year later, when I met Sybil at home. I thought of it then merely as a simple matter that had probably not occurred to her since the day of our conversation, but in this conclusion I found to my surprise I was mistaken.

"On the day following my return, which was the Sabbath, I entered the back parlor prepared for church. There stood Sybil waiting in her 'straw cottage,' trimmed prettily with white ribbon, and as she turned towards me I saw that the face trimmings were in keeping—white roses and buds; but to me they only served to make the bonnet more ridiculous, I would rather she had made no attempt to *modernize* it. Such a bonnet, boys, it seemed to me I had never seen. It looked full eighteen inches in depth, and projected so far over her face that she was well nigh lost in it. I think I looked anything but pleased with her appearance, but she without noticing it went to the closet and brought forth a hat—not more than three years behind the prevailing style—well brushed and glossy; but you cannot think what a sensation it gave me. I thought, 'How can I appear at church in *that hat*, and face my lady friends?'

"'You see I've not forgotten my promise, Frank,' she said, as after having brushed the hat carefully she reached it to me; 'and I think it quite a good-looking hat—to be sure the brim is rather narrow, and the crown is somewhat of a steeple-top, still I think it will be vastly becoming to you. Anyway, it will have to do!' and with a dignified step she led the way through the hall, while I followed with '*that* hat.' I could have given the provoking girl a hearty shaking but for letting her into the truth, viz., that I would gladly have seen her in her little 'love of a bonnet,' instead of the 'straw cottage' I had recommended her to wear, and that I would much have preferred my hat 'of the latest Paris style.'

"I cannot tell you how many blunders I made before we reached the church—blushing and stammering if addressed by any one. I had not even the spirit to touch my hat to my lady friends whom I chanced to meet, but bowed awkwardly and shyly. I felt decidedly 'mean,' and would gladly have shrunk off somewhere, it mattered not where, so that I were out of sight, to quote one of our favorite public lecturer's words. There was just about as much comfort for me in that hat as though my head were in a hornet's nest.

"Sybil chatted merrily all the way, and composedly followed me into church. I was glad to avail myself of the privilege of doffing my hat at the door, but the perspiration fairly rained from my face ere we reached our 'slip,' which was near the desk, to see how unconscionably the congregation stared at my poor little sis in her big bonnet. I thought after we were seated I would like to get a glimpse at her face, to read the effect of their surveillance; but in vain I tried, she was so effectually screened in her capacious 'cottage'—'*cottage* indeed,' I thought—for to my excited fancy it seemed to increase in size every moment—'it is a *house*, a full-sized house of a bonnet.'

"I did not hear a word of the sermon nor of the singing, and did not even dare turn my head to see if my favorite, pretty Grace Allyne, occupied the 'slip' with her gray haired old father, Deacon Allyne. My walk home well compared with my journey there, and I think I never felt a greater sensation of relief than when I entered the house and took off '*that hat*.'

"In the afternoon I pleaded a headache as an excuse for not going to church, and Sybil insisted on remaining at home with me, but not a word in relation to the morning's events passed between us. The next day we received an invitation to dine at Deacon Allyne's on Tuesday. I only hoped that Sybil was as sick of our bargain as I was, but no: the incorrigible girl appeared in her 'straw cottage,' and said as she reached *that hat* to me:

"'Frank, here's your hat. I think Grace Allyne was charmed with it Sunday.'

"'Grace Allyne—fury! to think of my appearing again before *her* in *that hat!*' I ejaculated inwardly, and dashed the offending object from Sybil's hand, staving in the steeple-crown and otherwise disfiguring it. Sybil laughed mischievously, and hastily donning her 'little bonnet,' she reached me my 'Paris hat' of the 'latest style,' and said—but I will not tell you what she said—I answered:

"'As true as my name is Frank Trask, I'll never dictate you in matters which I am convinced should be left to a woman's tact and discretion to decide, and if ever tempted to think that women as a class pay greater deference to 'Mrs. Grundy' than do men, I will recall the story connected with Sister Sybil's Big Bonnet. And now, gentlemen, my story is done, but ere leaving you I give you notice that I speedily intend to vacate your 'bachelor ranks,' for Grace Allyne consented to change her name for that of Mrs. Frank Trask, notwithstanding '*that hat*.'"

THE VAMPYRE.

Captain Steadman, in his "Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition against the revolted Negroes of Surinam," relates, that on waking about 4 o'clock one morning in his hammock, he was extremely alarmed at weltering in congealed blood, and without feeling any pain whatever. "The mystery was," continued Captain S. "that I had been bitten by the *Vampire* or *Spectre* of Guiana, which is also called the *Flying Dog* of New Spain, and by the Spaniards, *Perrovalador*. This is no other than a bat of monstrous size, that sucks the blood from men and cattle while they are fast asleep, even sometimes till they die; and as the manner in which they proceed is truly wonderful, I shall endeavor to give a distinct account of it. Knowing, by instinct, that the person they intend to attack is in a sound slumber, they generally alight near the feet, where, while the creature continues fanning with his enormous wings, which keeps one cool, he bites a piece out of the tip of the great toe, so very small indeed, that the head of a pin could scarcely be received into the wound, which is consequently not painful; yet through this orifice he continues to suck the blood, until he is obliged to disgorge. He then begins again, and thus continues sucking and disgorging until he is scarcely able to fly; and the sufferer has often been known to sleep from time to eternity. Cattle they generally bite in the ear, but always in places where the blood flows spontaneously. Having applied tobacco-ashes as the best remedy, and washed the gore from myself and hammock, I observed several small heaps of congealed blood all around the place where I had lain on the ground; on examining which, the surgeon judged that I had lost at least twelve or fourteen ounces during the night."

A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ah!" said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, and water."

HORSE RAILROAD SNOW PLOW, BOSTON NECK. [For description, see page 108.]

VIEW OF THE OLD ROMAN WALL WITH THE MOUNTAINS, ABOVE TIVOLI. [For description, see page 108.]

HER MAJESTY'S CRUISE—VIEW OF THE ROYAL SQUADRON LEAVING THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE ROYAL SQUADRON.

In these days, a Queen must have a yacht as well as a castle; and Prince Albert isn't easy unless he can try his hand at a little fancy farming, as he is permitted to do on the pretty Isle of Wight. It is not a little strange how Queen Victoria likes the water. Most ladies don't; but she does. She has a yacht, just like any of our well-known merchants and sailors, and, what is more, she sails about in it herself. Her yacht is a very elegant one, and is propelled by steam. Not long since, she and her party, including his Royal Highness Prince Albert, went off on a cruise along shore; and glad enough she must have been to leave the cares and perplexities of state behind her. The picture above represents the whole royal fleet, just as it was leaving the Isle of Wight. A London paper gives a description of the sail afterward, thus:—"They proceeded westward, along the south coast of England, touching at various points. At Battacombe Bay they anchored for two hours, and then proceeded to Torbay, where her majesty and the royal family remained on board the yacht during the night. The next morning her majesty and the royal children, attended by the Marchioness of Ely, the Hon. Miss Cavendish, and the Earl of Hardwicke, embarked in the barge and proceeded round the harbor, steered by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence. The squadron then got underway and made for Plymouth, where it anchored about two o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately all the military and naval authorities at the port waited upon her majesty and paid their respects. Embarking in the Fairy tender, they proceeded up the Tamar as far as Cothell, and visited the old baronial residence belonging to the Right Honorable the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe. After a merry time they returned once more to their homes."

REFUGES NAPOLEON.

The Emperor Napoleon I. founded several establishments similar to the one represented in the engraving below, among the Alps, or rather, in the department of the Upper Alps, France, with the name we have set at the head of this paragraph. The object is a highly benevolent one, and never likely to be interfered with even by his bitterest political enemies. It was for the sake of saving the lives of such travellers as had become bewildered in the violent and blinding storms that occur in those regions,—a plan to be heartily commended of all men who have themselves experienced or witnessed any of the dangers with which the passage of the Alps abounds. The building in the picture stands on an elevated sort of plateau, or landing-place, yet still in a wild mountain-gorge, with nothing but the silent and icy heads of the vast elevations to be seen on either side. To give a more perfect meaning to the scene, the noble St. Bernard dogs, that are thoroughly trained to the work of rescuing exhausted travellers, are running off toward a party who have already been overtaken with numbness, and given the alarm to those who are stationed here to look after such sufferers. The reader will observe that these faithful creatures carry flasks about their necks, that no time may be lost when refreshment is most needed by those who are about to succumb to the elements altogether. The little building has a belfry, is stoutly built, and well supplied with food and fuel. Many travellers go up to pass a night here, and speak of the difficulty of breathing such air in a way that one can hardly understand till he has undergone the same experience. It is in winter chiefly that the great danger of crossing these heights is felt. The blustering snows oftentimes so bewilder the traveller, that he loses his courage and judgment, and often his life.

NAPOLEON REFUGES, UPPER ALPS.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

BY NELLIE ATHERTON.

A maiden stands at a young man's side,
And her lips wear a scornful curl,
A dark frown rests upon her brow
As she speaks of a gay school girl.

She has heard that name all warm with praise,
From the lips of him at her side,
And *envy* has taken the place of *love*—
Friendship is sold to pride.

She has heard him speak in glowing terms
Of her genius, rich and rare,
And dark thoughts rise in her young heart,
And cloud that brow, once fair.

She will not hear such words of praise
Lavished on her *friend's* (?) name,
When she by false, deceitful ways,
Can cloud her path to fame.

She speaks in strangely meaning terms,
Of "borrowed plumes on birds,"
And thinks that such and such a piece
She somewhere else has heard.

My dear friend, vain are all your words,
This heart at least is true,
And far too noble to believe
The dark hints dropped by you.

Drive from your brow that angry frown,
Her course lies clear and free;
Her bark, despite all adverse tides,
Has gained an open sea.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE

CRUISER OF THE RED SEA.

A TALE OF ARABIAN LIFE AND MANNERS.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XIV.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY—THE SULTAN'S KINDNESS.

A HUGE and muscular figure had been leaning over the bulwarks of the sloop, waiting for Orlo's arrival. This was the Malay, Antang himself. There was a somewhat anxious look upon his fat and sensual features, and he divided his sharp glances about equally between a muffled figure standing on the starboard quarter of his vessel, and his shipwrecked friend. Indeed, it would have been easy to see that there was some kind of a *contre-temps* in the case which considerably disturbed the usual serenity of his slightly sluggish mind.

"I suppose I should have to do the honors," he said to Orlo, with a smile, extending his hand as that personage reached the deck, "for I have an idea that your present unfortunate position is owing to a sudden encounter with us last night."

"Allah! it is so!"

"Hush! don't say a word. I have a personage aboard here—a sort of an unwelcome guest, whom you would not care to see—that muffled figure there. Ha! the one that's just turned towards us, and is now approaching us to look at your companion—the lady—whom Cube is just helping this way."

Orlo started as if stricken with death, as soon as his eyes encountered the figure pressing close to his side, and in his weak state he would have fallen to the deck, had not the strong arms of the Malay been extended to his support.

"Hush! do nothing—say nothing. He don't know; not a word has been said. You are all right. Now—there!"

He set Orlo upon his legs again, but he still trembled.

"You have not betrayed me, Antang?" he gasped, half in doubt, half in fear.

"Betrayed? No; don't think of such a thing. You are as safe as he is, if not safer."

"Very well; don't say a word;" and he commenced pulling up the collar of his coat in such a way as to muffle his face. "I will retire to your cabin and keep out of his sight, if I can. I suppose you are running up to the town?"

"Yes. I shall anchor about half-way between the frigate and the land till towards midnight, when I am going up to the bay. I suppose you saw Medina yesterday, and all that? By the way, what sort of a vessel was it that—"

"O, it was the felucca."

"The devil!"

"Yes, but I'll explain how it all happened, and hope you will not take the loss of your favorite too much at heart."

"But the treasure? Was that lost, too?"

"No, there was no one aboard but this woman and myself."

"What! Where are the Singhlese?"

"Somewhere ashore,—particulars in the cabin. I must go."

The last words were uttered in a husky voice, and with every demonstration of terror.

"Very well; come this way;" and Antang led the way to the cabin.

"Poor girl!" said the muffled person, as he encountered Zulah, whom the man called Cube was supporting. "Allah!" and he recoiled in astonishment, staring more earnestly upon her. "It's *you!*"

"Yes," she replied, feebly, as she extended her arm so that he could see the bracelet on the wrist. "Your Sublime Highness perceives that it is me."

The deep voice and bright eyes of the Sultan, Mehemet II., had betrayed his identity to her as soon as he gazed upon her.

"Poor girl! You have had a sad time of it, it seems, from the position in which we have found you. Sit down here, upon this box, by my side, and accept the support of my arm. I wish to converse with you a few moments."

Zulah would have hardly dared to accept the invitation, or rather obey the order of the august personage with whom she again found herself so strangely met, and he seemed to understand the feeling. So he took her by the arm and drew her form down beside him, seating himself, and then he drew her head against his bosom in such a kind and fatherly way that the suffering and exhausted girl felt quite overcome. She wept freely.

"There, there," said the sultan, gently stroking her curls. "Let the presence of your sovereign be deemed an equivalent for all you have suffered. I did not care to speak to you yesterday, only through the interpreter, but I believe I now do you no more honor than you deserve, in addressing my words directly to your own ears and in your own tongue. You see my servants yonder;" and he waved his hand towards the cabin.

Zulah caught the eye of the interpreter, and acknowledged his polite bow.

"As to these other people, I am known only to Antang, or, perhaps, to his mate—the man who assisted you from the raft. I am up here for a couple of weeks, to see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears,—if necessary, to act with my own hands."

"But is there safety among the more fanatical portion of our people?"

"There might not be, if my real character should be known, and if anything should occur to embroil me with them. I intended to have set sail for Constantinople yesterday, as you might have known from the revelation of my secret to you then; but the storm rather interfered with that intention. How pale and weak you are! Cube, some wine and something to eat—the best you have at command!"

The mate of the sloop lost no time in obeying the order, and the sultan pressed Zulah to eat and drink, himself setting the example. She blushingly complied with his august pleasure, and soon felt relieved from the worst of her pains.

In the meantime, the sloop having resumed its way as soon as the sufferers were taken from the raft, was dashing rapidly towards the town.

"What sort of a man is Ouli Hassac, your governor? I ask the question, as it is probable that you, living so near him, must know how he is generally regarded by the people."

Zulah soon satisfied the sultan in regard to the merits of the individual in question, by revealing the treatment Zada had received at his hands.

His highness was astonished.

"And his daughter Letta,—what do you know concerning her?"

Zulah proceeded to feebly state the common reports, and the discoveries she had herself made.

"Is it even so? I understand that my son—that is to say—that a certain party has been plotting with this woman to kill her father, get possession of Jiddah, Medina, and every fortified place in the whole land, and set up a government entirely independent of the existing powers. Do you think she is a bad and ambitious woman?"

"I ought not to express my personal opinion against her, and will not, unless commanded."

"That is enough, Zulah; you need not speak plainer. Do your parents reside in Jiddah? If so, I will stay with them to-night, if you will not betray who I am, nor treat me in such a way as to arouse their suspicion."

Zulah expressed her profound joy at the proposed honor.

"What is the general feeling of your people, Zulah,—are they happy?"

"They would be if they did not have to deal with such rulers. I do not refer to the relation of your highness to the Arabs, but merely to that of the governors. The curse of one nation's ruling another is this—that there will be a war, a jealousy between them. The Turkish governors have no higher aim than the acquisition of money, and they sometimes devote themselves to this occupation in the most unjust and oppressive manner. I hope that all of them are not like Ouli Hassac."

"It is a mighty thing," said the sultan, "to rule any people justly and well. Still I have not been entirely unsuccessful in the attempt to promote the happiness of my subjects, and hope to effect some further reforms. One plan I have in view is to supercede the Turkish officials by Arabs, making as good selections as I can, each from the community where he is called to preside. Who would you have me appoint, Zulah," he added, smilingly, "in Jiddah?"

"In place of Ouli Hassac? Is he, then, going to be our governor no more?"

"No, Zulah. His days are numbered."

"O, how glad I am to hear it!"

"But his successor—who shall it be?"

"Well—if—that is—I think I should choose a young man named Ben-Idden."

"Ben-Idden? What means this flush upon your face—this bright glow, which bids fair to eclipse the rising moon? Is Ben-Idden your lover?"

"We—we are engaged—to be—married."

"Indeed! And that is the reason why you would have him made governor, I suppose. Well, well, I'll think of your suggestion—everything—in due time. I will make some inquiries concerning this Ben-Idden, and see if his neighbors bear him the respect which forms a great consideration in the case. Is he good-hearted and intelligent?"

"O, so good—so intelligent! It's he who learned me how to say *Je vous tuerai*—all in one evening—so that I cou'd tell him how I loved him, in French."

"Ah, the shy fellow! I must make his acquaintance."

"Everybody knows him, and your highness would love him, too. It is he who first boarded the steamer that was wrecked last fall off Cape de Gattel."

"Ah, I remember that circumstance—a most heroic young man. He has nothing to do with these vile conspirators, I suppose, who are so desirous of making me trouble?"

Zulah became deathly pale, then blushed crimson, while she trembled like a leaf.

"So-ho! he *is* one of them. Well, well, you need not fear. Young blood is warm, and just now there is a great deal said about governmental reforms. Allah! every man in the world, if not every woman, thinks he could govern the world better than anybody else. The fact is, it's one thing to theorize on paper—to lay out plans of government, as if human beings could be placed in a certain position with just as much certainty and reliability as so many stones or bricks. What proves the fallacy of these theories, is their attempted reduction to practice. These great leaders soon discover that the people will not be governed, and that they have no idea beyond some personal whim, some streak of selfishness, of the science of governments. But—excuse me, Zulah—I am betrayed into something that does not interest a young lady, I suppose."

"Everything political interests me of late, since—since Ben-Idden has been among those men who have so much to say on subjects of that nature."

"I must see your lover. It is the easiest thing in the world for a young and noble mind to believe that he can do away with all the evils in the world, if only supplied with the power to carry out his wishes—not realizing that no such power is given. But here we are, just coming to anchor. Suppose I escort you to your home, or will your companion—"

"O, no, no! I would not have him trouble me any more."

"Trouble you? You speak as if you disliked or feared him. Who and what is he?"

"He is the man for whom your highness was inquiring yesterday. His name is Orlo."

The sultan sprang excitedly to his feet as the sloop rounded to, and Orlo and Antang came out of the cabin.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SULTAN AND ORLO.

"Is that you, Orlo?" asked the sultan, bowing. "How do you do?"

"I thank your highness, I am very well," replied the conspirator, in the same low tones which had been used by the sultan.

The two men approached till they were together, and then stood gazing earnestly at each other for some time in silence.

"About six years have passed, Orlo, I believe, since we met—or rather, since we parted?"

"Yes."

"And you have been, during that time, engaged in getting up an insurrection—preparing Arabia to throw off the Turkish yoke. Do you expect to succeed in this design? and if so, may I ask you when you look for the consolidation of the new dynasty?"

"Perhaps this night," said Orlo, with startling energy of manner.

O!"

"Your highness may sneer, but I can assure you that I am not making any vain boast. I have vast treasures, a great army, powerful allies—the sympathy of the whole world."

"Indeed, Orlo!"

"It is even so!"

"Orlo, you are a baby. You are deceived yourself, and think you are deceiving others. All of your plans do not amount to so much as the whistling of the wind. I do not say this to intimidate you, or to prevent you from going on with your labors. I come to Arabia without any weapons or retinue, and shall return in the same manner, when I get ready. I have no fear of you or any one else—no wish to oppose your darling designs. I do say, however, that, since fate has given you your life, when justly forfeited, it is sacred in my eyes, notwithstanding this scar"—and he touched his forehead—"reminds me that you once sought mine. Nay, more; if you desire to throw aside your follies, and go back with me to Constantinople, and behave yourself henceforth, I will allow you a handsome support and a position entitling you to honor and respect."

"I have no desires of accepting your hospitality. In a week—two weeks—in a short time, I shall have a country of my own."

"Do as you think best. I should be glad to have you go with me."

"Never—never! You are going beyond the Bosphorus, and I advise you to stay there. As for me, I shall remain in the country of my adoption."

"Well, well, take your choice. I have tried to fulfil my duty to you, and bear you no malice. I have not heard this lady's complaint against you,—it seems that she has one,—but I will say that such paths as you have been treading of late, will not guide you to the fame and honor you profess to be seeking."

"She?—this woman? My affair with her is only an amusement—a mere side-issue—having no connection with the real business of my life!"

"Orlo, there are no side-issues to our deeds in the world. Everything we do, every action we perform, tends to make up that sum total we are and are to be. You may think you have character enough, virtues enough, to redeem you from all these evils and blemishes, but it is not so. The general grandeur and vastness of a structure only makes its blemishes more noticeable; and little spots on a character otherwise good in its general details, have a more ugly look than they would anywhere else."

"Will your highness turn preacher?"

"You are my son, whatever else you are, and I have felt moved to offer you these remarks, under the impression that we shall never meet again. Death—"

"I have no fear of death; and since we have got to the end of everything, by getting to death, we may as well go—each his ways."

"Go, then, with my blessing."

The sultan turned away with a saddened heart and a tearful eye. His strong emotion touched Zulah so much that she began to weep.

"Come here, Zulah," he said, extending his hand. "In this moment, seeing my son is nothing to me, you shall comfort me instead."

The maiden drew close to his side, and looked out at Orlo from the shelter of his manly bosom.

Antang stood gazing upon the scene, with a somewhat impatient expression, as if he did not know what step to take or what to say.

"Hadn't you better take a boat and go ashore?" he finally asked Orlo, in a whisper.

"No—never! I will not leave the sloop till that girl goes with me!"

"But, consider—if he should call upon me to arrest you, I—I should have to give my men orders to that effect, or be a traitor."

"That's true."

"And so, you had better go. As to the girl, you can keep watch of her, and seize her at any time."

"Right again. I think I will not make any trouble. Take me ashore first, and I will look out for the rest."

"Very well," said Antang; and he proceeded to give orders for the lowering of the boat.

"That Orlo," he said to the sultan, as soon as he had seen him *en route* for the landing, "is not safe. There's a treachery in his heart against which I beg leave to caution your highness to beware. I think he also means some harm. Hadn't your highness, and the girl also, if she thinks proper, better remain aboard of the sloop until morning?"

"My mother must be even now in great distress on account of my absence," said Zulah, quickly. "I had rather go home to her, as soon as I can."

"You shall go then, darling," said the sultan, "and under my care. I wish to see your parents, and see for myself how my subjects are living."

The maiden again murmured her thanks for this kind condescension, and pressed the hand of her august friend to her lips.

"And so," he added, "when your boat comes back I will trouble you, captain, to convey us to the landing."

This was duly done, in the course of the succeeding fifteen minutes.

"Now, Zulah," said Mehemet, after the captain had returned to the sloop, "there goes a conspirator—an unsafe man. He would betray either you or me for money, or any one else."

"I hope your highness will not be in any way placed in his power."

"Do not fear it a moment;" and he smiled assuringly, as he drew a dark object from his pocket. "Look!"

A rocket—for such was the dark object produced from beneath the sultan's cloak—went whizzing high into the air.

"In an hour, Zulah, the prettiest steam-yacht you ever saw will be up this way, and you can go and take a sail in her if you choose. But come; the rocket has startled one or two of the stragglers hereabouts—we may as well be on our way to your humble home."

They retreated from the wharf arm in arm, followed by Orlo.

They soon met Ben-Idden, who had come up to the town, and was walking along in such a sorrowful and abstracted manner that he did not discover the presence of Zulah until a wild cry of joy resounded in his ears, and she sank insensible upon his bosom, to the great astonishment of the sultan.

For fifteen minutes did our hero devote himself to the restoration of Zulah, during which time the only thing Mehemet learned from him was that his name was Ben-Idden. That, however, was enough.

The overjoyed girl was finally restored to herself.

"I feared all the while that you were dead," she murmured, "although I resolved to speak of you as if you were certainly alive, and as if I was expecting to see you every moment. O, Allah be praised for this meeting!"

"And now, who is that gentleman?" asked our hero, as the trio resumed their way together.

Zulah soon explained, and then her lover was astonished, in turn, and became very red in the face, at thinking that a sultan should have talked to him for fifteen minutes without receiving but one word of reply.

He now endeavored, however, to make up for his previous silence, and they all conversed pleasantly together until they arrived at the cottage of Zulah's parents.

Ben-Idden had been there, with his great sorrow, during the day, and he now preceded his companions into the house in order to prepare the way for Zulah's reception.

We shall not dwell upon the joyful meeting between the glad parents and their child, nor upon the conversation that Mehemet and Ben-Idden had together. It is enough to say that for an hour or more they were all quite happy with each other.

Finally, there were a couple of listeners to the conversation, who seemed to have rather a sinister purpose in view, if we may judge from their actions—as we shall have to do—for they said nothing.

One was Orlo, and the other the Lady Letta. Just beyond them, crouching in front of the next house—whose inmates were now buried in slumber—was a file of Turkish soldiers, masked, all poising their arms as if for instant service.

The fact was, Orlo had conceived an idea, and had lost no time in broaching it to the Lady Letta.

They would let their old projects and arrangements all be at an end, and commence on a new plan.

Orlo should take good care that the sultan never returned to Constantinople; and that Zulah was so well brought under his control, as to no more exist but in the position we should be pleased to assign her.

That was for him.

The Lady Letta, in the meantime, should secure her Ben-Idden, and not only repay him for the slight ungallantry of which he had been guilty in leaving her so unceremoniously the preceding night, but should teach him the necessity of being her most devoted admirer and lover till her wild and wayward fancy should fix upon somebody else, when he could be consigned to one of the vaults of the governor's castle!

Thus, between those two worthies, quite a little plot had been discussed and arranged. Though each hated and feared the other, they would sink all the petty differences they had had with one another, in order to gain the great advantages which could thus be made to flow from the union of their labors.

In its every bearing was the project revolved in their minds, and each pronounced it good.

The joy of each at this conclusion was so great, that each expressed it in smiles of sinister variety and duration.

Another idea soon came to Orlo's scheming brain.

If he, after getting possession of Mehemet, should fail in his Arabian schemes, couldn't he go to Constantinople as the son of his father, and reign in his stead!

The Lady Letta thought—almost hoped—that he would then conclude to take her along as sultana. She wouldn't mind removing Mehemet with her own hand, if Orlo could get his mind made up to that project, as why should he not?

He well knew that he had a foolish, but powerful old mother at Constantinople, who would do many things for her son; in fact, would leave nothing undone, if she should see a reasonable chance for him to ascend the throne of the sultan.

Mehemet once in the toils, and powerless, Antang would come over to the scheme, and all the other conspirators would work for him like tigers and lions. Oh, yes—how they would lend their necks to his yoke!

And so, all was clear.

The plan had not only been carefully arranged, but they would see it carried out, every part of it with their own eyes.

This was why they had come there with the soldiers—those grim minions whom they now beckoned up to the door of that humble cottage, indicating, by a gesture, that the time had arrived for the execution of the orders they had received.

Then, what a scene was that which ensued!

CHAPTER XVI.

AN ORIENTAL FEAST, WITH A CHARACTERISTIC TERMINATION.

"HA, ha! it is done!"

"Yes—yes! We have triumphed!"

Such were the exclamations of Orlo and the Lady Letta, an hour or two later, as they threw themselves into the luxurious chairs with which the gorgeous apartment was provided. Zulah was in one dungeon, Mehemet in another, and Ben Idden had been provided with a strong, but well furnished chamber, which answered to the same purpose, so that all of them were at the mercy of their foes.

"I shay," said the portly governor of Jiddah, as he peered into the room of his daughter, and very plainly showed that he had been drinking deeply—"you mushn't laugh—hic—squite so schlout!"

He then went on to declare, clinging to the side of the door, and with a great number of winks and grimaces, that he had washed his hands of the whole matter. Possibly the slight disturbance the soldiers had made in securing the prisoners might have been traced to the palace, and he would not be responsible for anything that was to be done further, now that the prisoners were all secure—not he. He had, however, been expecting a bow-string from Constantinople for some time—by which he meant a removal—and he would not mourn too much if something should happen to set him easy on that point; but he was a moral and pious man, and he would not have any lot or part in a matter calculated to keep him awake at night.

Whereupon the distinguished personage laid down upon the floor just without his daughter's room, and went to sleep, as peacefully as the lamb he had tried to convey the impression that he was.

Orlo and Letta looked at each other.

Now a look passing between two persons may be a thing of importance or not—a something or a nothing—the one quite as easily as the other. In the case we are describing—the look passing between that woman and that man—had a great meaning; declaring and confessing, all at once, that the lamb-like functionary at the door must be one of the first objects of their peculiar solicitude.

"Do you suppose he is your father?" asked Orlo, as he gracefully received the wine the imperious Letta had as gracefully poured out for him.

"Allah! how do I know? It's all luck and chance, whether your father is an Arab or a Jew—perhaps whether you have any father at all! Do you suppose that you are the son of the sultan?"

Orlo started—looked uneasy—and replied:

"The question is—does the governor bear you a fatherly feeling?"

"To tell you the truth, I cannot say that there is any great amount of affection between us. You and I have talked of putting him out of the way before now, so that you are pretty well aware of my sentiments towards him. As to his feelings in regard to myself, he has discovered that we have lately been discussing the project of a murder, in which he was to figure as victim; and, therefore, I cannot say that there is the most tender affection and confidence between us!"

The door had swung to, though it was not quite closed, and it now squeaked a little. That squeak was occasioned by Ouli Hassac, who had very cautiously arisen to his feet, and with a stern rigor in every muscle, which showed that he was not quite so inebriated as his daughter believed. In fact there was a fierce scowl on his face, which very clearly intimated that he had been carefully listening to every word that had been uttered.

"Well," said Orlo, "we must either remove him from earth, or else give him our confidence in these plans, and offer him a good post—prime minister, or something of that kind—in case we succeed. Which shall we do?"

"I think we can find a better servant than we could possibly make of him!"

Again those conspirators looked earnestly at each other.

"I understand," said Orlo. "But how shall we proceed? Poison—or the knife?"

"I care not—something deadly, which means instantaneous and sure!"

"Come, then," and they moved towards the door, only to experience a surprise.

The Governor of Jiddah was gone!

"Now, that's a little queer," said Orlo. "I did not hear him go away, and I am sure that he was too much in liquor to go without considerable noise."

"Well, well, he has gone, and we can let him go for the present. If not too intoxicated to walk, he did not know enough to appreciate our remarks. Let us have a little bit of a feast, in honor of this occasion, as I am as hungry as I can well be. We'll have a nice repast, and it's all ready, as I left orders with Lulu before we went forth on our mission. A word, and it will be here."

Within the space of a few moments a table was spread in Letta's chamber, and supplied with all the delicacies of a bountiful repast. Wine was brought in liberal quantities, and as liberally disposed of by both of the feasters, in connection with a quantity of provisions, which spoke well for their appetites.

"Quite a pleasant foresight on your part, Letta," said Orlo—"this supper. We are living here like a couple of queens!"

"Yes, but we do not have good servants in waiting," rejoined Letta, with the flush of wine in her eyes and in her countenance. "We are a royal couple—a couple of queens, as you say—and shall have the attention due such potentates. Here, Lulu—go down to Karl, and order him to send the three captives up here."

The slave turned to depart.

"Stay! here is an extra key—you can release them yourself, without making any affair of it at all. Go!"

"Hold! Are you mad, Letta? You and I have become as helpless as a—the two little children that were lost somewhere's, and those three—"

"Nonsense! They could not get out of the building—forty men could not get out without the keys! They will not dare show us any personal injury, you know, and hence we will go on! For once in our lives, Orlo, we will be waited on at table by a sultan—ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha! the idea is a good one, and I like your spirit. Go, Lulu!"

The slave took the key and departed.

She soon came back, attended by Zulah, Mehemet, and Ben-Idden—all betraying much astonishment at the summons they had received.

The red eyes of Orlo became still more inflamed as they rested upon Zulah, and then grew fierce and deadly as they fell upon his father.

"More wine," cried Letta to the sultan, with an insulting gesture. "Slave, pass that bottle and fill to the brim!"

Without a word, the sultan did as he was ordered. The proud beauty at once threw the wine into his face.

"Ha, ha! that's the way," said Orlo, with a wild burst of laughter. "Come here, lovely Zulah, and let me have a kiss—"

"Nay, not *one* kiss, Orlo," said Letta. "You ought to demand a dozen, which is the number I must have at once from Ben-Idden. Ben, come here!"

The young Arab did not move—showed only by the look of disgust and contempt that flitted over his face, that he had heard the command. Unlike the sultan, he had not that calm and majestic power of soul which is required to bide an insult.

"Come here, I say!"

He still remained motionless, not testifying, by so much as a look, that he was aware of her presence or her words.

She started up in a fury of rage, and caught him by the arm, drawing a small jewelled dagger from her bosom, her eyes flashing fiercely upon him.

Then he smiled and bowed, with all the politeness and grace he could command.

"It is your ladyship's privilege to be sought," he said. "All with propriety—all in good time"

She was not so flushed with wine but that those words calmed her—as the speaker well knew they would.

She reeled back to her chair, and poured out a glass of wine, resolving to be as polished and dignified as himself.

"Take it," said she, "and give us a good toast."

Ben-Idden took the glass:

"I drink," he said, "to the restoration of father and son to each other!"

"What does that mean?" demanded Letta.

"That means my restoration to that old gentleman who is serving us, Letta. I and he have the honor of being son and father!"

"No," said Ben-Idden, with an awful, withering sneer. "Ask your reputed mother—she was the nurse who effected the change. You are the son of a hangman, and in that light I have drunken to your restoration to your father! *I* am the true heir of the sultan—*I* am Mehemet's son!"

The sultan and Ben-Idden were seen clasped in each other's arms.

All things seemed to reel around the revellers, but amid the chaos was seen Mehemet explaining to Letta all the particulars of the affair. The sultan had desired to send his own son to Arabia, to there become an Arabian at heart, as

the future viceroy of the entire country; and he had taken a son of the public executioner into his palace, in the place of the child sent to a certain couple in Jiddah to be reared.

"Curse you—curse you, old croaker, for telling this to *her!*" cried Orlo, as he seized the sultan by the arm. I knew it all! That's why the sack was left untied by my father, that terrible night, six years ago, on which occasion that father—the hangman—told me the whole truth!"

Letta recoiled from him.

"Son of a hangman," she cried, pointing towards the door—"Go!"

"Daughter of a harlot!" he responded, "I hate and defy you!"

She caught up a bottle and threw it furiously at his head, barely missing him. In return, he raised a knife from the table, and made a dash at her, and would have left her dead at his feet had not Ben-Idden caught his arm.

"Allah!" cried Zulah, who had fled to the door. "See here!"

The excited tones of her voice hushed every other emotion in the group, in the curiosity to know the cause of her excitement.

Ben-Idden crossed the room, and also looked out of the door.

The three slaves of Ouli Hassac were seen standing in the corridor, apparently in a consultation. Each had a huge knife in his hand, and all were as stern and savage as only a full blooded negro can look in his wrath. One had a light, and another carried an empty tub, while a third had a mop and a pail of water—altogether presenting a fearful and significant spectacle.

"Somebody is to be murdered," said Ben-Idden. "You can all take a view of the danger, each for himself!"

They all did so—Orlo and Letta being both sobered in a moment, and their flushed features becoming of a deathly paleness.

Mehemet looked serious and anxious, but exhibited no fear. His quick eye caught sight of a closet, near the foot of Letta's bed, and he soon placed Zulah and Ben-Idden therein, saying to Letta:

"You and your friend had better take the other," pointing to a second closet on the opposite side of the room.

Letta lost no time in taking refuge in the spot indicated, but Orlo thought he should be safer under the bed.

The negroes were now heard advancing towards the room, and Mehemet accordingly retreated into the closet where he had deposited his friends.

The silence which succeeded was soon broken by the appearance of the negroes, who came in with all those ominous evidences of their terrible intent. They had scarcely crossed the threshold ere Letta made her appearance from the closet.

She was very pale and terribly agitated, but constrained herself to appear calm.

"I know the old man has sent you here to kill me," she said.

"Allah! he has. You and *them!*"

"What! the sultan—Orlo—Zulah?"

"Every one," and he felt of the keen edge of his knife.

"Well, well! drink a glass of wine. I see that you are all prepared, and can offer you no resistance. Drink to my health, and then do your bloody work!"

The negroes drank—and *died!* the Lady Letta having mixed one of her most deadly poisons in the wine. Then the lovers appeared, with the sultan, and all soon made their way from the governor's castle to the steamer. The Singhlese girls joined our happy couple on the following day, and went with them to Turkey, to live joyously there with them. Orlo made a demonstration on the following night, which has been enshrined in history as the "*Massacre of Jiddah,*" but he lost his own life, and the attempt amounted to nothing. And so it was that all came to their true station at last, and there we will leave them. Adieu.

THE BRITISH LION.

In the commencement of the American revolution, when one of the British king's thundering proclamations made its appearance, the subject was mentioned in a company; a member of congress who was present, turning to Miss Livingston, said, "Well, miss, are you greatly terrified at the *roaring of the British Lion!*" "Not at all, sir, for I have learned from Natural History, *that beast roars loudst when he is most frightened.*"

THE SNOW PLOW.

[See Illustration, page 104.]

Our engraving represents a snow-plow in full operation on "Boston Neck," in charge of the employees of the Metropolitan Horse Railroad Company. It is a very spirited winter picture. The houses represented are those in the Malone sandstone block, which have attracted much attention for their beauty. There was some doubt, when the rails of this and other city roads were first laid, whether they would not be forced, in deep snow-storms, to carry passengers in large open sleighs; but the snow-plow has settled the question in the negative. There was, to be sure, a trifling contest in certain localities between the citizens and the railroad companies, as to the right of the latter to shovel the snow from their tracks and block up public travel; but the snow-plow works so charmingly, that, in ordinary cases, what it throws off on each side from the rails, will not interfere at all with the going for vehicles. It is highly interesting to watch the working of one of these snow-plows, when a pretty substantial pile of snow has fallen over night; the way they fling the flaky mass on this side and that, leaving a couple of dark parallel lines for the car-wheels to come after, strikes you as charming, and almost magical. The plow has been put to frequent use this winter in Boston, and has much more to do with getting a man to his place of business in good season than he thinks for. As the horse railroad has now become an established institution, though, like most other good things, nothing but a "Boston notion" at first, our crooked streets are to be bisected with them in every part of the city; so that, by-and-by, a person will fain think it a hardship to be compelled to walk at all. The Metropolitan road is about to extend its track in Tremont street up to Court street, and thence back through the entire length of Washington street to Roxbury.

OLD ROMAN WALL.

[See Illustration, page 104.]

The Roman Emperor Severus set himself about the work of enclosing the entire Roman domains, in the year of our Lord 210, with a wall. This structure was built of solid brick, and held together by the strongest cements known in those days. In some places this wall was as high as fifty feet, while its entire length was some seventy miles. It was intended, not more for a line of boundary for the nation, now great and powerful, than as a barrier, like the famous wall of the Chinese, against outside aggressions. For as long a period as three hundred years this wall stood sound and whole, and served the purpose for which it had been erected. The view we present on this page merely represents a fragment of the wall, which was seen and sketched by Mr. Stephenson, while travelling in Italy. It was sketched from an observatory that stands in the grounds of the Medici Palace. To the right are the grounds of the Borghese Palace, and in the rear are the well-known mountains of Tivoli. The glimpse of this secluded relic at once awakens thoughts of a dim and distant past, and calls up again the ancient Roman people in all their glory and greatness.

A SCENE.

Dry goods stores are sometimes the scene of ludicrous conversation.

The other day a young lady stepped into a well known establishment in town, and inquired of a fine looking young clerk:

"Sir, have you any mouse-colored ladies' gloves?"

"Mouse-colored ladies, miss?"

"Yes—a sort of gray just the color of your drawers here," meaning the store-drawers, of course, which were painted gray.

"My drawers, miss," ejaculated the young man, glancing downwards to see if everything was right and tight. "My drawers, miss? why, I don't wear any!"

The young lady was carried home on a shutter.

LEAP YEAR.

This is a Bissextile or Leap-year, and this month there will accordingly be twenty-nine days instead of twenty-eight, as usual. There will be four Sundays after the Epiphany; Lent will commence on the 22d of February, and Easter Day will fall on Sunday, the 8th of April—a fortnight earlier than last year. Whit-Sunday will occur on the 27th of May, and Trinity on the 3d of June. There will be 25 Sundays after Trinity; Advent Sunday will recur on the 2d of December, and Christmas Day will fall on Tuesday, two days later (owing to leap year) than last year; that is, according to the solar cycle, when the reckoning is by the days of the week exclusively.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE LEAP YEAR BALL.

BY J. HENRY SYMONDS.

A rich old bach, forty and fair,
With no gray spear in my brown hair;
I'm often made a prey for girls,
With manners stiff and limpid curls,
Who doubtless think I'm to be caught,
In some taut matrimonial knot.
Another seige last eve was laid,
Probably by some cunning maid;
A Leap Year Ball, the bait she'll hold,
To catch my eyes and hook my gold.
I should have gone, I rather guess,
But while thinking how I should dress,
Like Miss McFlimsy of the Square,
I could find nothing fit to wear;
In vain I searched my chamber o'er,
Drew from my wardrobe, into sight,
My ball-room suit long hid from light,
And strewed the garments on the floor.

This coat I wore that quiet eve,
I flirted with the fair Geneive;
This silken vest the stain wears yet
Of a crushed flower, too fondly prest;
Ah, Emma, ne'er shall I forget
How proudly, 'mid thy braids of jet,
That flower long twined, till, envying it,
I bore it captive to my breast.
Sweet Emma, thou art now another's,
The wisest, noblest, best of mothers.
This tiny glove once graced the hand
Of one whom Beauty's self had planned;
She dropped it in the gay quadrille.
Oh, Laura dear—I see thee still—
Recall thy half-reproachful look,
As I the fairy trophy took,
And thou through graceful mazes went,
Like the sweet tune's embodiment.
Alas—that e'er misfortune's wing,
Should overshade so fair a thing—
That ruthless Time should trace
One line upon that perfect face!

But what is here, that lieth laid,
Beneath the rosewood casket's lid?
A glossy curl—a broken chain—
One early lost, one loved in vain.
I cannot go, my heart will fail,
Gazing upon these emblems frail!
Each link, alas, each glossy thread,
Is bound with memories of the dead;
And as my glance is o'er them cast,
Swift to my mind comes back the past;
Bright eyes once more upon me shine,
Glad voices murmur low to mine,
Old scenes are vividly renewed,
Dear forms invade my solitude,
And one comes dancing through the gloom,
Just bursting into beauty's bloom,
A child of grace, a vision gay—
Then fades, like sunshine from my way.

A bachelor must forget them all;
I would not go 'the Leap Year Ball,
I dare not see the mother's graces,
Eclipsed in their daughters' faces.

SIGNS OF A PROSPEROUS FARMER.

When lights are seen burning in his house before the break of day, especially in winter, it shows that the day will never break on the breaking in of the winter of adversity.

When you see his barn larger than his house, it shows that he will have large profits and small afflictions.

When you see him driving his work instead of his work driving him, it shows that he will never be driven from good resolutions, and that he will certainly work his way to prosperity.

When you see in his house more lamps for burning lard or grease, than candle-sticks for more expensive purposes, it shows that economy is lighting his way to happiness and plenty with the light which should enlighten every farmer in the world.

When he has a house separate from the main building purposely for ashes, and an iron or tin vessel to transport them, it shows that he never built his dwelling for a funeral pile for his family, and perhaps himself.

When his hog-pen is boarded inside and outside it shows that he is "going the whole hog," in keeping plenty inside his house and poverty out.

When his sled is safely housed in summer, and his farming implements covered both winter and summer, it plainly shows that he will have a good house over his head in the summer of early life, and the winter of old age.

When his cattle are properly shielded and fed in winter, it evidences that he is acting according to scripture, which says that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast."

A little child had made a stool, no two of the legs of which were of a length. While trying in vain to make it stand upon the floor, he looked into his mother's face, and asked:

"Does God see everything?"

"Yes, my child."

"Well," replied the son, "I guess he will laugh when he sees this stool."

In all thy desires let reason go before thee; and fix not thy hopes beyond the bounds of probability; so shall success attend thy undertakings, and thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointments.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

MARRIAGE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

In this age of rapid progression the ideas of mankind seem to be centered upon one idol—and that is *gold.* Even the holy institution of marriage is not exempt from this sordid worship, and often, too often, we see sacrifices offered up at the shrine of this insatiate demon, and the happiness of a life-time wrecked upon the shoals and quicksands of *filthy lucre.*

Our idea of marriage is so pure, so holy, that we deem it a profane act to cross its sacred threshold without first shaking from our feet the dust of sordid desires; which, alas, too often gather upon them. "It is not good for man to be alone," and nature herself proves the truth of the assertion.

Marriage is a safeguard against vice. It renders a man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right, and this is exemplified around us every day.

Young man, a word in your ear,—get married—take the "Pictorial" and "Companion" regularly, and as you set beneath the shadows of the matrimonial tree, and draw in a full inspiration of the atmosphere of love, you will feel doubly satisfied—first, with yourself, and next, with all mankind.

STAMMERING.

Stephen C—— was a jovial soul, and hesitated not to play a trick on any one. Among his acquaintances he numbered a young lady and a young man, both of whom stammered badly. These were not acquainted with each other. Bob F——, the young man alluded to, was quite sensitive; and to think that any one was making fun of this defect, frequently threw him into a passion. It was Stephen's fortune to meet both of them at a party, and he soon determined on a joke.

"Miss Sue," said he, approaching his lady friend, "may I have the pleasure of introducing one of my acquaintances, a worthy young gentleman?"

"Cer-cer-cer-tainly, sir."

Away he started for Bob F——.

"Bob, old fellow, here is a nice girl I want to introduce you to—come on!"

"Does she taw-taw-talk?" asked Bob.

"Yes, like blazes."

So off they started, and soon approached the seat of the lady. Stephen introduced them, and immediately withdrawing to one side, that he might see how they would manage each other, his ears were greeted with the following conversation:

"How are you en-j-j-j-joying yourself th-th-this e-e-e-evening, marm?"

"Th-th-thank you, pleasantly; but it is ra-rather warm."

Bob's brow contracted, but he restrained his feelings and continued—

"Pr-pr-presume you are acq-q-q-quainted with m-m-most of those pr-pr-pr-present?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sir, with all, I be-be-be-believe," said she, at the same time smiling. But that smile ruined her forever in Bob's estimation; for, hastily rising, he exclaimed:

"By th-th-th-thunder, madam, if that's the w-w-way you ma-ma-make fun of a man's infir-fir-fir-firmities, you may go to the d-d-d-devil!"

Stephen, laughing immoderately all the while, was subsequently called to account for the trick, but his good-nature drove away all bad feeling.

TREASURES OF A BURIED CITY.

The New Granada grave excitement having pretty well died out, the restless treasure-seekers have taken it into their heads that the old city of Port Royal, which was swallowed up by an earthquake in 1692, and over the ruins of which now dash the waters of the bay of Kingston, Jamaica, if its deluged secrets were explored, would pay for the risk and trouble and expense with untold gold. Such an expedition is already projected, and, with marine armor, it is in the range of modern possibility that it will result in something practical. When the city was sunken it was large, populous, well built and wealthy, and, when the earth opened and the waves of the sea engulphed it, it became the coffin of thousands, and in its ruins, yet to be seen in a clear, sunny day, as the vessel glides over the smooth waters of the bay, and over the house-tops and streets of the once gay metropolis of the island, many of its ruins having yet resisted the action of the waves and wear of time, there can be no doubt that great wealth lies buried, and is probably accessible to the approach of modern arts and adventurers. More improbable expeditions have been started, resulting in some instances with success.

CITY HABITS.—A gentleman from Boston, on a visit to his friend in the country, speaking of the times, observed that his wife had lately expended fifty dollars for a habit. His friend replied, "Here in the country we don't allow our wives to *get into such habits.*"

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

FREDERICK GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

OBSTACLES.

How do you suppose, friend, you are going to make any headway without obstacles? If we had nothing to combat, to try our strength with continually, to practise our latent skill upon, how in the name of wonder would all these strong and heroic qualities which we possess ever see the daylight? If we were quite contented with things as they are around us, we should never make any exertions at all. If we were satisfied with our endeavors, it would not be much longer that we should put forth any. A man without an aim is a poor stick; and not one man in a hundred would ever wake up to the need of one, but for the continual bother and meddlesomeness of circumstances; so that what we call bad luck is generally, if not always, just the best luck possible to us; for it stirs us out of the sleepiness and slothfulness of inactivity, and keeps all our faculties awake to what is going on. We need not call anything an obstacle, then; for if it is true that obstacles are nothing more than circumstances thrown at us to draw us out, they are *not* obstacles at all, but the veriest helps that were ever invented for a man's self-development.

CRINOLINE.

We have seen a great deal said on the subject of hoops and crinoline in the papers, but rarely have we fallen on anything that has pleased us so much, for its downright "squareness" and good sense, as the following, from the pen of a lady:—"All women know that previous to the introduction of crinoline, the burden of dress had become almost intolerable. We do not believe that any woman who has known the ease and comfort of moderate, well-made hooped skirts, would be willing to return to that state of thing again. There is also another question—are we to relinquish all the delicate stuffs—the transparent berages, the exquisite crapes and tissues, the fine organdies, the lovely grenadines, and a hundred modifications of these, all of which require full and flowing drapery? Imagine the filmy texture of a tarleton hanging in straight and slinky folds to the feet. What would be its beauty? We have no idea of giving up our pretty dresses, and decline accepting the rumor of the 'downfall of crinoline,' until we know what will be offered as a substitute."

BACK NUMBERS.

In answer to numerous inquiries in reference to furnishing back numbers of our papers—the PICTORIAL, as well as the LITERARY COMPANION—we would state here that we can do so at all times. Our friends can obtain any or all of the back numbers at any periodical depot in the United States and the Canadas, and, if dealers do not happen to have them on hand, they will at once order them.

To understand, from a single illustration, the value labor imparts to any object, a single pound of steel, costing but fifty cents, is manufactured into one hundred thousand screws at the Waltham watch-works, which are worth eleven hundred dollars.

Among the very best papers upon our exchange list are Gleason's two publications—the "Pictorial" and "Literary Companion." They are not only among the best, but certainly the cheapest—the two papers being furnished together at $3.00 a year. The enterprising publisher is the originator of illustrated papers in the United States.—*Fulton Democrat, Penn.*

It is thought by some—probably those who have tried it—that the "freedom of the city" means nothing more nor less than the right to lodge gratis over night in one of the stationhouses!

Our weather, this winter, is as variable as could be wished for. Snowflaws one day, and leisurely promenades on the shady side of the street the next.

"GLEASON'S PICTORIAL," and "THE LITERARY COMPANION," remember, are furnished together for $3 per annum.

MATTERS IN EUROPE.

The rumors from over the ocean are so discordant that one hardly knows to what conclusion he may rationally arrive. Still, it is pretty plain that Louis Napoleon has managed to hold his place as the leading man in Europe, by the pamphlet on the temporal power of the Pope, which has gone forth with official countenance and authority. England appears so well pleased, too, with the liberal views announced in the little pamphlet, that of a sudden her leading presses have ceased their work of exciting bugaboo fears in the minds of unreflecting people, and the *entente cordiale* now exists between the two governments as in the days of the Crimean war.

It is given out that, should there be no European Congress held, England will lend her aid to France in keeping Central Italy free from the hinted encroachments of the Austrians, and thus leave the people time and room to ascertain their own minds and secure their own rights and privileges. For ourselves, we believe that Napoleon would like to see Italy free "from the Alps to the Adriatic," as he once stated in a famous proclamation; and the probability is, that he thinks the surest way to work out that problem to success, is by keeping off intruders' hands, and giving the Italians themselves all the chances they want. And such a course certainly implies high and profound statesmanship on his part, which he has in more ways than one shown himself to possess.

But Austria is said to be meddling again. Chagrined at the result of the war of last year, and believing the present juncture a proper one for him to redeem his past losses, Francis Joseph is reported to be stealthily supplying the Pope with both officers and men, although, as a blind to the act, he has ordered a reduction of his own army at home. As surely as such conduct as this betrays itself to the view of all, there will be trouble; and, making up our judgment by what we hear from the other side, from time to time, trouble alone is what we expect. But Italy must pass through the discipline of much tribulation before she can be truly free. And so must France, too, though France is now engaged in helping her to her feet.

ROBIN HOOD;

OR,

THE OUTLAW OF SHERWOOD FOREST!

In this week's number of the "Literary Companion" we have commenced a charming novelette with the above title, written expressly for the "Companion" by

MRS. C. F. GERRY.

It will be remembered that, some years ago, we offered two prizes for the best two original novelettes, and that Mrs. Gerry (then Miss Clough) received the $500 prize. We think "Robin Hood" even better than her famous prize story, and we can therefore assure our readers that they have a rich treat before them.

The "Literary Companion" can be obtained at any Periodical Depot in the United States for only four cents per copy.

Why in such a hurry, good sir? Don't you know that no one who regulates his work and his time is ever in haste? Haste only makes waste. You will gain nothing in this way. Try again; and, this time, pray begin at the other end.

BINDING.

Always preserve your papers for binding. We have made ample arrangements in our establishment to bind our paper at the close of the year, in one volume, for such of our readers as may desire it, at a very low price.

There is many a man—such as Hawthorne has so happily described—who lives, and lives well, too, on the memory of a dish or dinner he had the pleasure of eating, twenty, thirty, or fifty years ago.

The reason given for so much suffering from the cold this winter in Texas is, that having but little pinching weather there at all, when it does come they feel it more than we do down this way. Philosophic, but has no consolation in it.

They are fast getting railroads, telegraphs and improved fire-arms into Egypt. We shouldn't wonder if the old "darkness" of that spot was soon dissipated now.

Wayside Gatherings.

Delmonico, the famous restaurateur of New York, has failed.

The overdue Post Office debt now amounts to nearly five millions of dollars.

The month of December, 1859, is regarded as one of the coldest Decembers on record.

Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, claims to have the largest vineyard in the United States.

The custom of wearing the hair in a long pigtail is defined in California as *China ware*.

An extensive Zoological and Botanical Garden in the Central Park, is talked of in New York.

A new machine for planing the surface of ice was applied on Salisbury Pond, at the expense of the skating club.

The shoemakers of Lynn are to have a mass meeting to take measures to secure an advance on the present low wages.

Charleston, S. C, papers announce the arrival of the blind negro boy pianist in that city and his intention to give a concert.

It appears that the number of failures in the United States the past year was 3913, involving liabilities of $64,294,000.

On railroads in the United States, 1 passenger in 100,000 is injured; in England, 1 in 250,000; in Germany, 1 in 1,250,000.

A servant girl is in prison in Rochester awaiting her trial upon a charge of poisoning a family of four persons by putting strychnine in their food.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.

Sometimes a quarter of an hour is worth more than a century, as a diamond is worth more than a block of stone.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

The Mormons, according to their own census, are decreasing in Utah. In 1856 they numbered 38,000; in 1857, only 31,022, and in 1858, about 30,000.

Late letter writers state that the city of Mexico has lost its pristine beauty, and to-day it feels the evils of civil war more than any other city in the country.

It was the prevailing opinion that Pike's Peak mines would produce from one to two millions of dollars per month, after the opening of spring. The yield of last season was about $2,000,000.

A Pike's Peak widow, in Norwalk, Ohio, gave a young man a terrible cowhiding a few days ago, for writing slanderous letters about her to her toiling and loving husband in the mines.

The widest single span of any railway bridge in the world is that of the Niagara Suspension Bridge connecting the American and Canadian Railways at Niagara Falls. The clear span is 822 feet.

A witty rogue, brought before a Parisian tribunal for a drunken riot one day, assured the bench that he was not a drunkard, but in childhood he was bitten by a mad deg, and ever since had had a horror of water.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says the gold coinage of the United States Mint for the month of January, was $1,024,563, nearly the whole of which was in double eagles, and nothing less than three dollar pieces.

A man, speaking of a place out west, in a letter which he writes home, says that it is a perfect paradise, and that though most all the folks have the fever-'n-'ager, yet it's a great blessing, for it's the only exercise they take. We never though of that before.

Foreign Miscellany.

Garibaldi has gone to Sicily.

French and English relations are daily becoming more intimate.

The Chinese have ordered the Russians to evacuate the Amoor.

There are to be sundry replies to the pamphlet—"The Congress and the Pope."

The London *Times* would not be displeased to see the Americans marching on Mexico.

The Spanish army holds its former position near Tetuan.

The rebel army in India has been entirely conquered.

The stockholders of the Great Eastern have had a stormy meeting.

The Chinese are engaged in making extensive warlike preparations.

The French Commander-in-chief of the China expedition has set sail with his suite.

The Jews in Austria have been admitted to the same civil and political privileges with other citizens and subjects.

It is fully believed at Vienna, that the Austrian government intends to interfere for the Pope and the exiled dukes in Central Italy.

The London *Times* says it is now almost officially declared, that England and France have agreed to protect the Central Italian States.

A majority of the French bishops have signified their willingness to unite in opposition to Napoleon's demonstration, but the Pope declines to give the word.

Sands of Gold.

No one can love what is not lovely.

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

He who is conscious of sincerity can scarcely know fear.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft where most it promises.

Worldly prosperity is a much greater drain upon our energies than the most severe adversity.

Those who think that money will do anything, may be suspected to do anything for money.

Good sense and even propriety require manners to change according to ages.

Silent virtues in solitude are worth all the noisy honors of active life.

Peace is that harmony in the state, that health is in the body.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable.

One contented with what he has done, stands but a small chance of becoming famous for what he will do.

It is a proud man makes me keep my distance; the comfort is, he at the same time keeps his.

Slanders, issuing from red and beautiful lips, are like foul spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

There is no arena in which vanity displays itself under such a variety of forms as in conversation.

Joker's Olio.

The Battle of Brandy-wine—Burnham's trial.

A Brown Study.—How to color your meerschaum.

The suits which lawyers like—India-rubber suits.

Why is dancing like milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

The day most desired by children—"dies candida."

The Lay of the last Minstrel.—Macaulay—in Westminster Abbey.

"My Mother's Salve"—usually a few cents after the exit of the irate papa.

An actress, if pretty, frequently gives up the *stage* for a carriage.

What wind should a hungry sailor wish for? One that blows fowl and chops about.

Perhaps Herr Driesbach has been more lionized than any gentleman now living.

Down-east lyceum—question for discussion—"Can a big man ache harder than a little one?"

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

"I must leave in *dis-gust*," as the darkey said when he bid his friend "good-night" during a thunder storm.

A young middy, who was making his first voyage, had so severe an attack of sea-sickness that he *threw up* his commission.

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F. GLEASON.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

FAR, FAR FROM HOME.

BY BOLIVAR J. HOWE.

O, the sweet atmosphere of Home!—how bright
It floats around us, as we sit together,
Under a bower of vine in summer weather,
Or round the hearthstone on a winter's night!
PARK BENJAMIN.

From all his early, fond connections
The youth reluctantly departs;
From childhood's pure and sweet affections,
From cherished scenes and kindred hearts.
He goes with hope's bright sunshine o'er him,
In distant lands perhaps to roam,
To tread the path of life before him,
Far, far from home!

Wide o'er the trackless waters ranging,
The sailor leaves his friends behind,
Yet howsoe'er life's tide is changing,
Their memory oft comes o'er his mind;
And, tossed upon the raging ocean,
Where surges wildly dash and foam,
His breast is filled with deep emotion,
Far, far from home.

For freedom and his country fighting,
The soldier gains an honest name;
Yet loving hearts his cottage lighting
Are dearer than the wreaths of fame.
In dreams his path he oft retraces,
O'er mountain's cliff or valley's loam,
And meets those fond, familiar faces,
Far, far from home.

O'er burning sands and lofty mountains
The tourist roves in distant climes,
And views their crystal floods and fountains,
The pride and boast of ancient times;
Yet oft while pensively surveying
The ruined fanes of Greece or Rome,
To native scenes his mind is straying,
Far, far from home.

But he who no "sweet home" possesses,
Who knows no dear and hallowed spot,
Whose path no ray of friendship blesses,
Has here indeed a hapless lot.
Fair Fortune's smile awaits him never—
For him is not the splendid dome;
His fate it is to roam forever,
Far, far from home!

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

KATY RAY'S LOVES.

BY MISS MARY W. JANVRIN.

"WELL, Katy, I hope *this* time you've got some one that will stay!" said farmer Ray to his daughter Katy, as they were sitting down to the evening meal. "Ephraim White is a likely, well-to-do young man. He owns the farm clear of all encumbrance; he is a good calculator, and will be a rich man. He is a catch for any gal; and I had ruther a daughter of mine should marry him than any other young man in Byfield. But who was that ere cityfied-looking chap to meeting with Lucy Brown? He looked at ye, Kate, as though he knowed ye."

"Lor, Kate—don't turn so red, child!" exclaimed good mother Ray, as Kate's face crimsoned at her father's words. "Ephraim is all your father said; and 'taint no use to beat round the bush any longer. Better take up with a good offer, and settle down on the White farm—for Ephraim wants to get married right off. His mother being dead, he wants some one to look arter things, and not trust to hired help; and I dare say you will make him a good wife—though you don't take to farm work like as I used to when I was a gal."

"But, mother," remonstrated Kitty, the blush passing from her face, "he don't want me, that I know of; he has never said that he did; and I am sure that I do not want *him!*"

"Nonsense, gal! He has asked *me*, like a sensible young man; and in course you will have him, like a dutiful darter, as I told him you was. And he wants the wedding to be as soon as you get your things together,'" said Mr. Ray.

"But, father, I *don't like* Ephraim White, and I *don't* want to marry him! You wouldn't have me marry him if I didn't *care* anything about him? And he has never even said he liked me, either; and I am astonished that he wants to marry me!" exclaimed Kate, with considerable emphasis.

"Now, Kate, you musn't set yourself up. Ephraim White is as good as you are any day, and as likely a young man as yer father was of his age when I married him; and you are no better than your mother was afore ye!" And Mrs. Ray, slightly raising her voice at the same time setting back her chair from the table, went on: "Kate, 'tis no use, this setting yerself up above your neighbors—them that you played with when you was in the village school, and them that is as well off as yer father is—jest because yer Uncle John from Bostin said, when he was down last summer, that you hadn't oughter marry a farmer, and told what a fine lady you would make if you was only living in the city, and had *his* gals' advantages. I wish, for *my* part, that you hadn't so much book l'arning now; yer father never'd oughter sent you over to the 'cademy, it gin ye sich uppish ways, and never l'arned ye anything of benefit;" and Mrs. Ray stopped to take breath, and then continued: "Now, Kate, your birthday is two months from to-morrow. You'll then be nineteen—jest the right age to be married; so you will have a busy time on't, fixing; for I told Ephraim last night, arter he'd talked a spell with yer father, and said that he was in somewhat of a hurry, as it cost so much to hire, that you could be ready by then."

Katy said nothing; but, as she rapidly removed the dishes from the table, and, wiping them, placed them away in the closet, then brought out the broom and swept the crumbs from the floor, one could see by the compressed lips, and eyes which every now and then flashed, that there was rebellion in her heart.

It was a pleasant home of Kitty Ray's—that old-fashioned farm-house, with it's large, square rooms, furnished with easy comfort; and Farmer Ray, as he looked abroad over meadow and tillage-land, pasture and woodland, and surveyed the long barn filled with the yield of the year—all the reward of his honest, manly toil—a smile of contentment and satisfaction rested on his features. And then, as he turned his gaze within, and it rested on his only child, golden haired Kitty, as she flitted by him about her duties, a glow of happiness came to his heart such as he never had experienced before, and he said, mentally, to himself:

"I am doing what is for her best good, in thus giving her to Ephraim White; for I am getting old, and, maybe, shall need a protector soon."

An hour later, Mrs. Ray sat busily knitting in the firelight at one corner of the ample fireplace, the flames leaping merrily up, giving a silvery sheen to the needles she was so busily plying, rimming the stiff cap border with light, and giving a softer touch to the hard features beneath.

Farmer Ray, coming from the window whence he had been looking, exclaimed, "Well, we shall have a hard storm to night—a wild storm;" for already the snow and rain came beating against the window, and the wind sobbed past.

"The snow will drift up purty deep before morning. Hope 'twont prevent my going over to town to-morrow," he added.

A knock at the door caused Kitty to raise her head from her work at the table; and, as her father rose to answer the summons, the door was pushed open, and a young man entered.

"How-d'ye-do, Squire Ray? How-do, *Miss* Ray?" said a loud, harsh voice, the owner of which violently shook hands with the farmer and wife, stamping the snow from his feet at the same time, and looking sideways at Kate. "Good-evening, Miss Kate. Hope you're well?" bowing, and scraping his huge feet on the mat, and turning a highly flushed face towards the table where Kate had risen at his entrance.

Katy bowed in silence, while her mother exclaimed, heartily:

"Glad to see you, Ephraim. Take a cheer. Katy, hand Ephraim a cheer. Dre'dful stormy night out. Hope ye aint wet, Ephraim, are ye?" And to Ephraim's answer that "a leetle snow and rain couldn't hinder him when he was on *important business*," with a knowing inclination of his head in the direction of Katy, Mrs. Ray settled herself comfortably back in the corner at her knitting again.

Their visitor meantime seated himself between the farmer and his wife, and began to talk of his crops, his cattle, and his good bargains, while Kate steadily busily herself with her work at the table.

No wonder that Kitty's fancy or love was not awakened by the *personale* of Ephraim White—his tall, thin form, loosely-jointed limbs, which, when he walked, seemed flying outward, sandy hair, and whiskers undeniably red, with complexion to match, and large, light-blue eyes, which now wandered restlessly from the fire-light to the figure bent over her work at the table.

A full half-hour had elapsed.

"Katy!" Mrs. Ray's voice was sharp and emphatic.

Katy was in a deep reverie; the hum of their voices had been music to her, lulling her to waking dreams; but her mother's voice brought her suddenly back to the present.

"What, mother?"

"Are you asleep, Kate? or what has come over you? Put away yer work, and entertain Ephraim, for I'm tired out with the day's work—and yer father's got to have an airly start in the morning for town to get back afore night, for the days are dre'dful short now.

Then Farmer Ray rose too, and, lighting his lantern, proceeded to the barn, to "fodder his cattle" and see that all was safe for the night; and Katy was left alone with Ephraim White—poor Katy!

An awkward silence succeeded the exit of her parents. At length Ephraim mustered courage to venture—edging his chair a little nearer Kate, as the sound of the beating storm against the window made him start, and the smoke came whirling down the wide-mouthed chimney, puffing the ashes out into the room—

"Wa'l, by *Jehue!* aint *this* a buster? Reckon, Miss Kate, 'taint no use to hurry from sich comfortable quarters,"—still hitching his chair nearer Kate's as she sat at the table. "Hope ye aint 'fended, Miss Kate, with me, 'cause yer mother said I could stay a spell with ye and 'splain my plans for the futer."

Katy's color came and went at Ephraim's words, and a haughty curve came to the full red lips. Her voice was full and resolute as she said—

"You do me great honor, Mr. White, in thus selecting me for your future wife, as my mother has duly informed me; but, as I *do not*, and *never can*, regard you in any other light than that of a *friend*, (and here Katy looked at his angular form and red hair, and felt inclined to laugh, but, restraining herself, went on,) you must certainly wish to withdraw all claim to a hand which my parents have promised you without my knowledge or consent."

"Pshaw, Kate—I mean Miss Katharine—yer mother said I mustn't be scared or 'fended if you did 'fuse the fust time I spoke! She said as how 'the course of true love never did run strai't'—that, jest as likely as not, you'd 'fuse at fust, but you'd be sure and come round in the end.

"I like ye, Kate; and my house is lonesome-like, now my mother's gone to rest—poor soul!" And Ephraim's face really looked pitiful as he spoke of his dead mother, and Katy put on a sympathizing look. "The housekeeper is dreadful extravagant and carcless, and it costs twice as much to hire as to have a wife of yer own. I've counted the cost, Kate." And Ephraim's face put on a triumphant look—as much as to say he thought Kate must certainly agree with him, and feel honored withal.

But that was the unluckiest hit of all, poor Ephraim! Katy's pity was all gone; and as she looked at him now—his glowing face, light, staring eyes fastened on her eagerly—she rose proudly from her chair, and exclaimed:

"Excuse me, Mr. White; you *must* have mistaken my parents. I never can, *or will*, become your wife!"

She moved to the door as she spoke; when, seeing her intention, he jumped from his chair and placed himself before the door, to prevent her egress—a piece of rudeness she had not believed him capable of; but now, as she looked at his eyes blazing with anger, she shrank back half affrighted.

"No, ye don't, Kate Ray—ye don't 'scape me so! Yer mother gin me permission to stay and court ye a spell, and *I'm bound ter dew it!* Ye shan't leave till ye say *when* you'll be my wife!" And Ephraim's voice rose high and shrill above the roaring of the storm without. "'Taint no use, these proud ways and high talk; they don't take with Ephraim White; and I kinder reckon ye'll drop 'em mighty spry arter you've lived with me a spell. S'pose ye think, p'rhaps, ye can git that ere cityfied chap down here from Bostin to Lucy Brown's, trying to show off and outshine sensible fellers, with his big black eyes and face all kivered with hair, and gold watch-chain all full of little danglers. 'Taint no use, Kate Ray, trying to show the cold shoulder to Ephraim White, and 'tis time you knowed it." Here Ephraim paused, out of breath, while Katy trembled with anger, standing pale before him with his harsh voice sounding in her ears. "Now, Kate," he continued, "I want ter know if ye *mean* what ye say—that ye wont be my wife?—for, by Jehu! (Ephraim never used stronger expressions) *ye must, any way!* The old folks have promised ye, and ye can't git away from it."

"Ephraim—Mr. White, (Katy's voice trembled a little,) you forget yourself, and me, too, in talking thus. Such conduct and language cannot possibly tend to deepen my respect or esteem for you. You can talk further with my parents at any time, but *now*, you *must* certainly allow me to wish you good night;" and Kate attempted to pass him. But he caught at her arm as she reached the door. Katy wrenched her hand from him as from the touch of a serpent, exclaiming, with pale face:

"Mr. White, lay not your hand upon me! And know that, *now*, I *despise* both you and your offer; and sooner than become your wife, I would beg from door to door!"

Ephraim started back, a look of rage coming over his features. He spread out his long hand to detain her as she moved from him; but, his feet becoming entangled in the rug which was spread before the door, ere he was aware he measured his huge length upon the floor, and Katy glided by him from the room.

A few minutes later the heavy front door went to with a bang, and Katy stood smiling at the recollection of Ephraim's ludicrous situation, in her chamber.

The next morning Mrs. Ray was up betimes. The storm had passed, and it was cold and clear. Mr. Ray's hired man had brought out the horse harnessed into the sleigh; and now the farmer, muffled in his great overcoat, and provisioned for the day, (for it was a long ride over to the next town,) bestowed a hearty kiss on his wife, and, stroking Katy's hair, jumped into his cutter and rode away from the farm-house.

"Well, Kate," said her mother, as the girl was busy helping her with the day's baking, "I will let *you* make the brown bread and see to the pies to day. You'll have to l'arn, and be right clever, too; for Ephraim's mother was a dreadful particular woman, and he'll expect you to be purty handy, havin' sich a mother as you've had, you know."

"Don't, mother—don't talk so! I do not want to leave you, and I *cannot* marry Ephraim White. If there wasn't another man in all Byfield, I wouldn't, for I despise him; and all he wants me for is to 'save hiring,' and because he knows father is worth property," replied Kate.

"Why, child, what's got into you, to talk of Ephraim in that way? He is a right clever young man, and well-to-do; a leetle snug, to be sure, in a bargain, but he'd set a deal by his wife, Katy. Why, there isn't a gal in all Byfield but would be glad to have the chance you're refusing! Your father and I both want to see you well settled in life, now we're getting old, and to have a good home of your own. You'd think well of Ephraim, I know, after a spell. He aint handsome, to be sure; but 'handsome *is* that handsome *does*,' I say."

Kate found that her objections had little weight with her mother, so she said nothing further at that time, but resolved to appeal to her father on his return with hopes of better success.

The day had been bitter cold, and towards nightfall the wind rose violently, heaping the light snow of the previous night into high drifts, whirling and sifting it about till it sounded against the window-panes like a driving storm. It was now eight o'clock, and Mrs. Ray had waited supper beyond the usual hour for her husband, wondering what had detained him so long at town.

"Katy," she said, as the girl came to the hearth from the window, whence she had been looking, "stir the fire, and put on more wood, for your father'll be chilled through with his long ride. Goin' on past eight! Why, what can have kept him so late, child? I declare, it makes me feel bad, hearing the wind sound so mournful round the house! I hope nothing's happened to Jacob;" and Mrs. Ray laid down her knitting-work and joined Katy, who had again taken her station at the window, and two anxious faces, pressed closely against the panes, looked out into the night to catch a glimpse of the expected one.

Ten—twenty—thirty minutes passed, and the old-fashioned clock in the corner sounded out nine, when Katy started, and exclaimed, joyfully, "I hear bells; he is coming, mother! And there—I see the sleigh coming up the yard!" And she eagerly ran to the outer door, to be met, not by her father, as expected, but by two of the neighbors, bearing in between them a senseless form, which was instantly recognized as their beloved one.

"Don't be scared, Mrs. Ray and Katy. He isn't dead—only kind o' numbed with the cold, I reckon, and, maybe, hurt a leetle; for I found him out by the Cross Roads. The old horse had got scared, I guess, by somethin' or rather, and throwed him out against the stone post at the corner."

Kate, pale and terrified, had listened to Mr. Jackman's words; but her mother, equally alarmed, had retained sufficient presence of mind to request the two neighbors to bear her husband into the adjoining bedroom, and to immediately dispatch the hired man for old Doctor Walters.

"I'm afeared Jacob's hurt inwardly; he don't seem to come to any," she said, as, after a half hour's rubbing and bathing in hot mixtures, he showed no additional symptoms of consciousness.

"That's what I'm a thinking, too, Mrs. Ray—he seems so kind o' limber-like," returned Mr. Jackman. "Lucky, wasn't it, I come along jest as I did? or he'd 'a' been frozen before long. It's a bitter cold night out. He must 'a' laid there a good half hour as 'twas, for he'd passed me down by Willow Creek some time before, and spoke, and said he'd been belated over at the town. After that I stopped a spell into the corner store, and was jest comin' home, when I found him layin' senseless-like in the road. My fust thought was that he was froze; but the buffaloes had fell out with him, and kept him from the snow."

Old Doctor Walters soon stood by the bedside of Mr. Ray, and, with grave face, felt his pulse and looked on his pale features.

"Has he moved, or given any tokens of returning life?" he asked.

"No, doctor!" sobbed Mrs. Ray; "Jacob has laid jest so ever since he was brought home. We've done everything—rubbed him, and had him in hot blankets—but can't rouse him. O, doctor, can't you do something?" And she gazed anxiously into his face.

"Kate, bring me some warm water in a tumbler."

The girl quickly obeyed; and the old doctor, dropping therein a white powder, raised up the senseless man, and, pressing open the shut teeth, forced down the potion.

"If that don't have effect within an hour, I'm afraid I shall have to give him up," he said.

How anxious the eyes bent over Farmer Ray's pale face as the tardy minutes lagged by! But they were all spent at last—and yet, no change in the sufferer; only that same heavy, slow breathing came from his purple lips.

"I fear nothing more will avail. Mr. Ray will probably continue in this state twenty-four hours, then sink away," said Doctor Walters, buttoning up his overcoat. "His injuries are of a nature medicine cannot reach. I must leave him now, for I have a patient dangerously ill in the village; but I will be over again before morning. What is it, Kate?" he said, kindly, as he caught the questioning expression of the girl's eye breaking up through her tears. "We doctors cannot always save lives."

"O! can't *something* be done? Can't another doctor tell us something—something, I mean, that you have forgotten now?" she added; for the girl, in common with all dwellers in Byefield, held the skill of the old doctor in wholesome awe. "We *can't* let father die! There is a doctor from B—— over to Mr. Brown's. Lucy says he is skilful, and has a great deal of city practice. Perhaps—"

"Certainly, Kate—I am willing," said the old physician, kindly, and with no particle of professional jealousy. "Call in whom you please; but I fear your father is injured hopelessly. With God, however, all things are possible. Send for this young man, Mrs. Ray, and I will consult with him in three hours from now, when I will be back again. Jump in, Kate, and ride along with me to the corner—but no; send the hired man along. You are excited, child, and we must not let you run the risk of your death-cold such a night as this." And, accompanied by the stalwart hired man, the old doctor drove away.

"O, you *will* save my father, Doctor Ford!" exclaimed Kate Ray, as, a half hour later, the young physician arrived, accompanied by Farmer Brown, who hastened to express his neighborly sympathy at their sudden trouble. "You will not let him die?" And her blue eyes were bent on his with a trusting expression, which did more than all their previous interviews at Lucy Brown's to fasten the young man's love for sweet Katy Ray.

"Whatever my little skill can effect shall be done for your father, trust me, Miss Ray," he replied, in a deep, manly voice, as he stood at the bedside examining the patient, "though I fear if a physician so old and skilful as Doctor Walters has expressed his doubts, *I* can avail but little. And yet," he added, with brightening look, after a long and careful noting of the senseless man, "it *may* be. I would not hold out false hopes—but, my dear Mrs. Ray, pardon me if I say that I wonder Doctor Walters did not adopt the usual method of relieving unconsciousness by letting blood. Please bring a bowl and bandages." And while Kate obeyed his directions with alacrity, he drew forth his surgical case, and applied his lancet to the swollen veins of Mr. Ray's left arm.

At first a thick, dark stream oozed forth sluggishly; then it flowed redder and freer; and presently, even while the bandages were being adjusted, Mr. Ray stirred slightly and opened his eyes.

This success with his patient was quite beyond the young physician's expectations; and in another hour, while all around stood anxiously awaiting some new change, he spoke, faintly—

"Katy—Mother!"

"Here we are, father," said Katy, bursting into a passion of tears, which she labored hard to check; then she came forward and kissed his tanned, seamed forehead.

"He will live!" said old Doctor Walters, as, an hour or two after, he again stood in the sick man's room; and it was with an almost fraternal grasp he held the young stranger physician's hand in tacit acknowledgement of his skill. Then, after a few moments' conversation, during which Doctor Walters gave a few directions for the patient, and invited the young doctor to visit him ere he left the town, he rode away—the neighbors dispersed to their homes—and the young physician, pressing Kate's hand at parting, also returned with Farmer Brown, promising to be at the farm-house again with the morning.

"Katy—where is my little Katy?" again said the farmer, feebly, as the dawn began to break, while his wife and daughter sat in their silent watch in the darkened room.

"Here I am, father," she said, taking his hand and bending over him.

"Ah, yes; that is a good girl, Katy. I've had a bad dream, daughter," he added, drawing her face down to his on the pillow. "A bad dream, mother," reaching out his hand to his wife. "I dreampt that a great, hungry hawk came after our little bird, mother, and kept tryin' to get her in his clutches and carry her off; and, somehow, we both stood lookin' on, and didn't hinder him, but let him have her; and so our bird was carried away. But I dreampt that, bimeby, she came back to us, all torn and bleedin', and then we both saw our mistake—but 'twas too late! But, Katy, bird, you're safe here, and your old father wont worry any more about ye; for you *don't* want to leave him, child?"

"No, father, I will never leave you," said the girl, stroking his gray hairs and kissing his wrinkled forehead. "But you must try and go to sleep now."

"Yes, Jacob; you're sick, and you must try and go to sleep, and not talk," said Mrs. Ray, with softened voice. "You see, the horse threw you from the sleigh, and you haven't been dreamin', only your head's weak, and you *thought* so."

"Yes, yes, mother, I remember," said Mr. Ray. "But just look here one bit; you mustn't say any more about giving our Katy to Ephraim White—for *he's* the hawk after our pet bird. D'ye hear, mother? Ephraim's the hawk—but he can't have her."

"Yes—sart'inly, Jacob. You can do as you think best; though, to my mind, Ephraim's a likely young man, and Kate 'll never do better. But," she continued, in a softened tone, "you can do as you like, you and Kate, about it. Do try and go to sleep, now; you dunno how much good 'twill do you. The doctor said you ought to be kept quiet."

"Yes, try and get rest, Mr. Ray," said Doctor Ford, who stood just in the doorway, having come over to the farm-house at an early hour, in his anxiety for his patient—"try and sleep quietly, and Mrs. Ray and myself will vouch for the good keeping and safety of your daughter."

Perhaps old Farmer Ray—sick and weak though he was—read a faint glimpse of the true state of affairs in the rosy blush which stood on Kate's cheek, and the tender smile which hovered on the young physician's lips as she glided past him; but he only turned his head on his pillow and sought the much-needed rest; and when Doctor Ford escaped from Mrs. Ray's profuse expressions of gratitude for "savin' Jacob's life," and turned his horse's head homeward in the direction of Farmer Brown's substantial farm-house, that smile had not vanished from his lips.

It was in early spring when the young doctor again found it necessary to his heart-happiness to visit Byfield; and, one day, sitting in the farm-house of Farmer Ray—who, by this time, had fully recovered from his injuries—he found courage to speak of his love for his daughter, adding—"I cannot leave without a promise that, in the future, she may be mine."

"I will give you my girl, Doctor Ford, and may Heaven bless you both!" replied Farmer Ray. "I've seen how 'twas, all along. Here, Kitty,"—as he joined them—"your old father is anxious to get rid of you—can spare you as well as not; and here's a young man that I think is rather more to your mind than Ephraim White," he added, slyly.

"O, father!" began Kate, blushing violently, but the happy glance which just then met her's checked her answer.

"Here, mother; come and thank fortune that our bird has missed the hawk—that I dreampt about, you know—and hear how I've given her to Doctor Ford, the preserver, under Providence, of my life."

And when the June roses bloomed, there was a wedding in Byfield, and poor Ephraim White was left to find another to take charge of his farm-house and be his wedded slave.

And thus happily ended Kitty Ray's loves.

A DINNER FOR THE POOR.

William Fox, of Nottingham, was one of the true old school of Friends. His sympathy for the poor was excited by serving in the office of overseer, and, seeing how poor some were who had to pay the poor-rates, he resolved to economize the parish funds, and thus prevent their miseries as much as possible. It was the custom then in many of the parishes for the overseer and committee who attended the weekly payment of the paupers, to have a good dinner at the close of the day's labor, and this was paid for out of the poor-rates; but as it was a manifest abuse, he determined to put an end to the practise. He therefore hastened away before the close of the weekly payment, to the dining-room, and thus addressed the master of the workhouse:

"Is the dinner ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then bring it in."

"Are the gentlemen ready, sir?"

"Never mind the gentlemen. I say bring it in." And this was done.

"Now call all the poor people, sir,—now call all the poor people. Dost thou not hear what I say, sir?"

"This dinner is for the gentlemen."

"For the gentlemen? O, who pays for it, then,—do the gentlemen?"

The workhouse master, staring most amazedly, said, "Why, no, sir, I reckon not; it is paid for out of the poor-rates."

"Out of the poor-rates! To be sure it is; thou art right. Poor rates, eh? I think we have no gentlemen's rates; so fetch in the poor at once, and work quick."

The workhouse master went, and William Fox went too, to see that he did as he was ordered, and not give the alarm to the gentlemen; and in a few seconds were hurried in a host of hungry paupers who had not for years set eyes on such a feast as that. They did not wait for a second invitation to place themselves at the table, and William Fox bade them help themselves, and at once there was a scene of activity that for the time it lasted justified the name of the house. It was workhouse, indeed. William Fox all the time stood cutting and carving and handing good pieces of pudding and meat to such as could not get seats; in a few minutes there was a thorough clearance of the table. Scarcely had William Fox dismissed his delighted company when another company presented themselves, and these were the gentlemen, who stood in amazement.

"Why," exclaimed they, "what is this—why is the table in this state? Where is the dinner?"

"I found a very good dinner ready, and as I know that none but the poor have a right to dine out of the parish funds, I have served it out to the poor accordingly; but if any one of you is in want of a dinner, he may come home with me and I will give him one."

The gentlemen knew well the character they had to deal with, and never attempted to renew the practise of dining at the public charge during William Fox's year of office.

"Is it possible, miss, you do not know the names of some of your best friends?"

"Certainly—I don't even know what my own may be a year from now."

EVENING.

'Tis evening; from the balmy west
  How soft the breezes swell;
Bearing the low, sweet melodies
  That stir the leafy dell;
Where the glad streamlet's silvery chimes
  Blend with the night-bird's song,
And echoes of unearthly lyres
  Float on the air along.

The glorious stars look gently down
  Upon the fair green earth,
And chant their living hymns of praise
  To Him who gave them birth—
Who sent their shining armies out
  Upon the blue expanse,
And marshall'd them through boundless years
  To wheel the mystic dance.

The harp-'one murm'ring on the wind,
  The gently whispering leaves,
The solemn spells of harmony,
  That night's pale minstrel weaves—
O, who can tell their magic power
  To soothe the throbbing breast?
When stern affliction's iron hand
  Hath sadly on it prest.

Great Power, who rul'st the orbs that rest
  Upon night's azure arch,
And o'er the vast etherial plains
  Mark'd out their shining march;
O teach our humbled souls to bow
  Before thy radiant throne,
And bid our trembling spirits rest
  Safe on the Eternal One.

WAR HORSES.

General Washington had two favorite horses; one, a large elegant parade horse of a chestnut color, high-spirited and of a gallant carriage; this horse had belonged to the British army; the other was smaller, and his color sorrel. This he used always to ride in time of action; so that whenever the general mounted him, the word ran through the ranks, "We have business on hand."

At the battle of Germantown, General Wayne rode his gallant roan, and in charging the enemy, his horse received a wound in his head, and fell, as was supposed, dead. Two days after, the roan returned to the American camp, not materially injured, and was again fit for service.

During the battle of Waterloo, some of the horses, as they lay on the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness; others of these interesting animals were observed quietly grazing in the middle of the field, between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs; and the balls that flew over their heads, and the roaring behind and before, caused no respite of the usual instinct of their nature. When a charge of cavalry went past, near to any of these stray horses, the trained animals would set off, form themselves in the rear of their mounted companions, and though without riders, gallop strenuously along with the rest, not stopping or flinching when the fatal shock with the enemy took place.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven which drop upon the earth fruits and flowers; the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swalloweth with greediness the showers that fall, but burieth them in its bosom, and produceth nothing.

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HENRY HUDSON.

The picture we present to the readers of the PICTORIAL, on this page, is a representation of one of the most important events in the history of the North American Continent—the discovery of the North River by Henry Hudson. Few events have ever wrought with such an immediate influence upon the settlement of the northern portion of the continent. There lies the lordly Hudson River before the eye, coming down through the royal gates of the Highlands, a picture of beauty and grandeur not equalled by any that can be sketched on canvas. Yonder are the high hills, the green slopes, and the far distant mountains. On this side and that the river makes beautiful bays and coves along its shores, where little navies of boats might ride securely. In the middle of the stream lies the quaint vessel commanded by Hudson, with its high poop and queer lines, seemingly the new mistress of the virgin scene into which, as into a dream, it has drifted. On the left are two red men in their light bark canoe, paddling their swift and silent way to the shore where the leading event of the picture is at the moment transpiring. The immediate foreground presents the scene which tells the whole story. Henry Hudson has, with a handful of companions, come on shore, and, clad in the suit peculiar to his times —top-boots encasing his calves and a graceful plume in his hat—is negotiating with the lords of the forest for privileges which he desires to secure. The chiefs listen with attention, and answer deferentially to his proposals. In the canoe to the right stand two stalwart warriors, while on the shore a little beyond is to be seen one of their "dusky mates," with her papoose lying before her. Nothing can be truer to nature, and therefore finer in its effect, than the representation given in the picture of these red men; they all stand up like the wonderful beings they were, ignorant of fear, of few and simple wants, bound to remember injuries even longer than they would kindnesses, noble in their physical proportions, and indeed children of Nature, without the guile taught of civilization. The whole group vividly calls up the history of those days before the mind again, and the prominent actors in this particular scene live anew before the eye. Just at the point of time in history when Hudson made his appearance on the stage, the desire to discover a Northwest Passage had received a fresh stimulus by the successful enterprises that were projected by merchants into the far East. The maritime nations of Europe suddenly waked up to the imagined importance of the discovery that was to open to them new and vaster avenues of wealth in the Northwest. A number of London merchants, therefore, speedily organized in an effective company, and forthwith subscribed the capital needed to carry out the enterprise. Henry Hudson enjoyed an excellent name as a bold and fearless, as well as skilful navigator, and him they at once selected as their leader in the enterprise. In the year 1607, therefore, he set sail from London in a vessel of small dimensions, with no other crew than ten men and a boy. He sailed along the forbidding shores of Greenland, and pushed his adventurous way northward to a point never reached before by any navigator known. Having reached Spitzbergen, he would have taken sufficient time to continue his explorations, but that the collecting masses of ice compelled him to return home. But his lack of success nowise discouraged him. In the following year he set out on another voyage of discovery, hoping especially to touch the shores of Asia by traversing the sea that swept between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. He reached Nova Zembla this time, and landed on its shores; but he found it impossible to push his way any farther eastward. He sailed for London again, therefore, and stated the case as it was to his employers, endeavoring also to keep up their spirits by such favorable representations as he could truly make. He was yet hopeful and resolute, but he found he could impart none of his spirit to them. And finding he would be likely to get no further aid in England, he went over to Holland, and offered his services as an experienced navigator to the Dutch East India Company. After much consultation, through the influence of one man of their number, they signified their willingness to fit out a small vessel, and place him in command of it. This little craft was named the Half Moon; and it was from the deck of this same vessel, which the reader sees lying so peacefully in the stream, that the famous Hudson, first of all civilized white men, beheld the beauty and the grandeur of the shores of the river that so fitly bears his name. He took his son on board with him, and set sail from Amsterdam for the Western World on the fourth day of April, 1607. First he steered, as before, in the direction of Nova Zembla. Then, finding his course seriously obstructed by ice, he turned westward, and finally dropped anchor at the mouth of the Penobscot, in Maine. Thence he followed along the coast, making many new discoveries, and finally sailed up the noble river which bears his name, as far as where Albany now stands.

HENRY HUDSON ASCENDING THE HUDSON RIVER.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

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ST. GEORGE, BERMUDA.

The Bermudas, or Somers' Islands, are a group of small islands lying in the Atlantic ocean, about six hundred miles south-easterly from Cape Hatteras, and eighty miles still farther, in a little different direction, from Cape Cod. They are the possessions of Great Britain. Of their history, the following facts embody everything that is of general interest; they were first discovered in the year 1527,—though some accounts say earlier than this by more than twenty years,—by a Spanish captain named Juan Bermudes; but they were not formally taken possession of until 1543, when a Spanish sailor named Camelo claimed them on behalf of his government, and cut his name on a rock, which goes by the name of Spanish-Rock to this day. Then history is silent about them till 1593; in which year an Englishman by the name of May, with the remainder of the crew of a French ship, were wrecked here, and out of fifty persons about twenty-six gained the shore. These islands are also called Somers' Islands, because Admiral Sir George Somers, the English commander, was wrecked here, on his way to Virginia, in the summer of 1609. The men built a couple of vessels of cedar, in which they again embarked, and finally reached Jamestown in 1610. King James included the Bermudas in his charter of Virginia; but the company afterwards sold them to a party of upwards of one hundred persons. The name of "Bermuda Hundreds," thus has pointed significance in Virginia. Sixty of the new settlers arrived at these islands in July, 1612, and at once began operations. It was their expectation that large quantities of ambergris would be found here; but in this they were disappointed. The islands, at their greatest height, do not attain an elevation of more than two hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and look flat and low to the approaching voyager. Coral reefs, the wonderful work of countless ocean insects, hedge in and surround these islands on every side, reaching out into the ocean as far as fifteen miles. The channels are of course extremely tortuous, that convey mariners safely among these hidden reefs, but the peaceful haven to which they conduct at last, is all that a tempest-tossed crew could in their hearts desire. The picture that we give below of the town of St. George, was taken from another island,—that of St. David. On the right of the same are seen the royal barracks and Fort Victoria, covering the hill; on the extreme left, at the top of the hill there, is Fort St. George. The town sleeps in peace on the beautiful slope, and none but the balmiest tropical breezes fan the faces of its inhabitants. The quiet and safe harbor of St. George is bounded on one side by the island of the same name, and the island of St. David opposite; and no scene could start more welcome images in the mind than this same peaceful, land-locked harbor, with the numerous national vessels securely riding at anchor on its bosom. There are said to be some three hundred of these islands, or islets, in all, forming a family group in mid-ocean that ever tempts the eye and heart of the roving sailor. The largest of them is called Main Island, and is fifteen miles long by two and a-half broad, at the widest part. Next comes St. George Island, which is three and a-half miles long, and contains the largest settlement of any in the group. And afterwards follow in importance Somerset, Ireland Island, St. David, Smith's, Cooper's, Nonesuch, Songbird and Port Islands. The harbor of St. George is the best afforded among the collection. Engineers of skill and renown have improved the channel, and the convicts performed the necessary labor. Military head-quarters are fixed at St. George, therefore; and its defences are the following forts: St. George, Victoria, St. Catherine, Cunningham, Albert, and the redoubt on the west. A regiment of the line is stationed here, numbering a thousand men. The English admiral, with his fleet or a part of it, visit this station every year. There are steam lines between Bermuda and Halifax, as well as between New York, Bermuda and St. Thomas. Life at a place in the ocean like St. George is always quiet and placid, nothing occurring to create a ripple on the surface of existence. The Bermudans are awakened, however, from their chronic dreaminess by the arrival of national vessels at their port from time to time, or of the stated mails from New York and England. In case of a war between England and any other maritime nation, they would be likely to be put to exciting work as soon as the inhabitants of any other part of the kingdom. There being so many soldiers, dockyardmen, and officers stationed here, in case England called on them to do their utmost for her, a new life would doubtless be infused into them.

VIEW OF ST. GEORGE, BERMUDA.

WOMAN.

BY G. O. M'CLEAN.

The heart of woman, like the diamond, has
Light treasur'd in it. There a ray serene
Of Heaven's own sunshine evermore hath been.
And though each star of hope and joy may pass
Away in darkness from life's stormy sky,
If man but rightly keep that heart, he'll find
Sweet glance of consolation there enshrined,
That will again illume his spirit's eye,
And through all time, and trial, and distress,
Beam on him with a constant blessedness.
Oh! did he always love her as he should,
She never would forget him. Did he strew
Nothing but thornless flowers of kindness through
His "household ways," her happy spirit would
Gather from them love's honey like the bee,
And hive it in the cells of memory,
In after years to be his manna food,
When worn and faint in sorrow's solitude.

THE BANDITTI
OF THE
CASTLE OF HARDAYNE.

BY H. L. STEVENS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.—GRAY.

THE morning was such as the evening had promised, and he arose with the first appearance of the dawn. His stores were soon secured on the raft, and, everything prepared, he once more returned to drop a tear of filial piety on his mother's grave. This last sad duty performed, he arose, and as he walked to the shore often turned to bid adieu to the well-known objects that surrounded it.

"Farewell, thou peaceful retreat," he cried. "I quit thy calm scenes, once more to join in a busy world, if heaven permits this voyage to end prosperously. The time may come when I shall turn with regret to the remembrance of thy solitude. I quit thee to encounter unknown perils, and again to throw myself within the machinations of my secret enemies."

The thought seemed prophetic. He turned from scenes made more interesting by the beauty of the morning, and with a heart oppressed with various emotions, stepped upon the raft that was to convey him, whither he knew not.

Scarcely had he pushed himself from the shore, when he began to feel the influence of the tide, which in a short time hurried him away with great rapidity. This was a circumstance that he had not foreseen; but he did not suffer himself to be dismayed by it, since its direction lay towards other headlands that projected a long way into the sea. He now looked back to the island, and was surprised at the way he had made. The cliffs looked formidable though diminished by distance, and softened by the morning's haze; and he recollected the emotions with which, under far different circumstances, he had first beheld them.

His utmost exertions now became necessary. The rapidity of the current quickly hurried him out of sight of the island, and the coast where he first intended to land. New headlands appeared in view, and were as quickly lost, while with great labor he continued to work himself across the current towards the shore, though his progress in this direction was exceedingly slow.

The strength of the tide began gradually to diminish, and at length it entirely ceased. As he knew this would be only for a short time, he again exerted all his powers, for he did not appear to have gained much on the shore, or rather its direction seemed to recede from that of the tide, and it was now near noon. The ebbing tide soon began to act on his raft, carrying it back in an opposite direction, while with unceasing application he continued his laborious endeavors to paddle it towards the shore. As it drew near evening, he found himself once more opposite to the island, and the whole labor of the day seemed only to have carried him half the distance he had to go, since the coast and island appeared nearly at equal distances from him.

In this situation the evening began to close upon him. A slight chilling blast came on, and some gathering clouds seemed to promise him no long continuance of calm weather. The hope that had hitherto prompted his exertions began now to forsake him, as the darkness of the night soon rendered him unconscious of the direction in which he was moving. The waves, too, began to heave with the gradually increasing breeze, and soon rose in large and long swells.

Giraldus, dejected and forlorn, with difficulty supported himself on the raft, as it pitched over the rising waves, while the breaking spray threw its intermitting showers over him, and rendered his situation still more comfortless.

Thus driving forward in uncertainty, wearied and jaded with fatigue, shivering and benumbed with cold, passed the dark hour of midnight. At length a faint light glimmering at a distance, and concealed at intervals by the intervening swell, appeared dancing on the waves. For a considerable time he gazed, without being able to form the least idea of its nature, but he thought it seemed to approach towards him. Anxious suspenses at length yielded to immoderate joy. He heard the sound of a human voice; it vibrated on his heart, and in a short time he discovered that it proceeded from a fishing boat.

He now hailed it, and was immediately answered. They rowed towards him, and discovering his situation, lent their aid to relieve him, though, as the swell ran high, they did not effect it without difficulty. The joy of his deliverance for some moments deprived him of the power of thanking his preservers; or rather, perhaps, he paid the first silent tribute of gratitude to Him whose provident mercy had thus protected him.

The fishermen, meantime, were eager in their inquiries from whence he came, and by what chance he had been compelled to commit himself to the mercy of the waves on so wretched a vehicle. He briefly related to them the cause, and they in turn informed him that he was now near that part of the coast which bounds the northern extremity of the Highlands.

As the night now became still more stormy, and their success but very indifferent, they gave up their employment and returned home.

The emotions with which Giraldus stepped upon the beach, can scarcely be described. It was returning to a world from which he had seemed entirely cut off; it was a resuscitation of life, and his joy and gratitude were lively and unbounded. He now accepted the kind invitation of the fishermen, and accompanied them to their humble habitation.

A miserable cottage, blackened and obscured by the smoke of a fire that blazed in the middle, however disagreeable it might be to one unaccustomed to hardships, proved to Giraldus a comfort he had not for a long time enjoyed. The cracking furze warmed and enlivened his spirits, while the homely, though wholesome food which the cottage afforded, renewed the vigor that a long day of ceaseless toil had almost entirely exhausted.

The cheerful looks of welcome of the fishermen, the attentive hospitality of his wife, the abashed curiosity of the ruddy-faced children, and, above all, the conversation, rustic as it was, of his entertainers, contributed to throw a degree of calmness and pleasure over his mind, to which he had long been a stranger. To one who had been for some time in total solitude, his mind continually brooding over the same dismal events, the sound of a human voice gave relief; though a heavy sigh to the memory of his parents would at times escape him.

A bed formed of heath, rendered soft by the manner of its preparation, received the wearied Giraldus, and he sunk into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till long after sunrise. Invigorated by rest he now arose, and after breakfast took leave of his kind entertainers. In vain he endeavored to make them accept of some trifling acknowledgment. They would accept of nothing; the welcome they gave arose from the purest source of benevolence. It sought no return, nor admitted that they had conferred an obligation.

With a grateful heart, Giraldus quitted the cottage, and pursued the direction they had pointed out to him. "Why," said he, "cannot such hospitality dwell with society at large? Alas, she shuns the ostentatious mansions of splendor and magnificence, and takes up her cheering abode in wilds and solitudes like these."

The road now ascending to an eminence gave him a view of the surrounding country. Mountains covered with heath, extended on every side, and the uniformity of coloring was only broken by the distances. Sometimes a few detached cottages appeared, a flock of sheep whitened part of the side of a hill, or the small enclosure seemed to represent vegetation stealing into scenes that had been appropriated only to sterility.

The same country continued for miles. Here and there a few trees surrounded a cottage, or pursuing the direction of some mountain stream, fringed its banks at intervals, or followed its course even into the heart of the narrow, rocky glen, where from the wide arched bridge, that doubly spanned the diminished stream, the traveller beheld the struggling efforts of nature to carry vegetation even into the sterile chasm of the bare rock.

The way now ran through a valley bounded by heathy mountains, down the sides of which the distant torrent glided swiftly, and formed a silver line; disappearing, at times, behind the abrupt inequalities, or shooting beneath the high placed arch of some rude bridge, then with redoubled impetuosity reappearing and mingling its tributary stream with the waters of the river, that wound, foaming and murmuring, through its rocky channel in the valley beneath. Over these hills, sublimely towering and deeply empurpled by distance, appeared a range of cliffs, of rugged and fantastic forms; while one still more immensely high, immersed in clouds, only exhibited the abrupt lines of its base, and left the imagination to pursue their direction, and fix the uncertain limits of its vast elevation.

The river, swollen by the frequent streams that poured into it from every side, now assumed a more placid appearance. The banks became thickly covered with trees, while it rolled its dark waters beneath their shady foliage, and seemed to linger in the tranquil scenes. The dividing waters formed a small wooded island, that exhibited all the variegated beauties of an autumnal clump, under the spreading branches of which a solitary ruin displayed at intervals its gray walls, still more obscured by ivy; while one mouldering turret just rose above the tufted woods with which it was embosomed.

A bold face of rock on the left shot up perpendicularly to a great height. Round this the road abruptly turned, and displayed an extensive lake, sleeping calmly in the bosom of the wild rocks that formed its bed. Giraldus stopped to view the enchanting scene. On the one side, the range of cliffs he had before seen, rose majestically from the water's edge, and were seen reflected in bright colors from the serene surface.

Here and there a huge fragment, that had fallen from above, overgrown with mosses, afforded an unstable footing to the hazle and brushwood, that with widely extended roots clasped its sterile sides. On the opposite side the ground rose less abruptly, at intervals exhibiting dreary patches of heath, and clumps of trees, in which the curling smoke betrayed the concealed cottages. Behind these the mountains arose, varied by barren rocks and intermingling verdure, till they were at length terminated by gray shattered cliffs.

The lake retained its beauty as he advanced, sometimes stretching round a shelving beach, and at others appearing as if shut up by the bold promontory that shot out in tufted grandeur to meet the opposite screen.

As he walked on the clouds began to descend upon the summits of the hills, and gradually rolling on, soon obscured the distance. A misty rain succeeded, which, clearing up at intervals, exhibited the scenery under all the beauties of partial, splendid light, constrained by gloomy clouds. At length the latter prevailed, and nought was to be seen but the outline of the mountains, indistinctly appearing through the misty air, and thence conveying the idea of still more immense magnitude.

As a storm seemed now approaching, Giraldus began to seek for shelter in some of the small cottages by the side of the lake. There he had not long remained ere the distant thunder began to roll. The effect was grandly awful, as it advanced along the lake, reverberating from side to side, and bellowing in diminished peals among the broken rocks. The lightning meanwhile blazed almost incessantly over the heathy mountains, and at length struck a high pointed cliff that rose abruptly from the water's edge. The towering summit, like some portentous meteor, glowed intensely through the misty air, and tumbled its immense fragment, hoarsely thundering into the lake beneath.

The storm soon passed off to the upper end of the lake, wrapping it in midnight gloom, while the sun dispersed the breaking clouds from the mountain's brow, and enlightened with double splendor the wild scenery of the lower part of the valley. Giraldus now continued his route, and in a short time passed the boundaries of the lake.

A narrow glen now presented itself to his view, the scenery of which appeared still more wild than any he had yet beheld. The silence that reigned, disturbed only by the distant torrents that poured down from the neighboring mountains, rendered it still more striking. A few straggling pines alone broke the dreary lines of the abrupt precipices, and the whole together appeared like the entrance of the regions of desolation.

Through this rude pass Giraldus hurried. The shades of evening were fast approaching, and he seemed to have left all human habitations behind him. Nor did the prospect, as he emerged from this scene, promise him any success. He, however, continued to travel onward, till night had wholly enveloped every object—the valley, the river, the road, everything, was buried in the profound gloom.

Uncertainty for some time attended his progress. At length the sound of music struck his ear. He listened, and then directed his weary steps towards the part from whence it seemed to proceed. Presently a faint light gleamed from a cottage window, and directed his way.

As he approached he heard the sounds of festive mirth, and soon perceived that it was a party of rustics who were assembled in a barn, to celebrate the favorable conclusion of their harvest. As he stood at the entrance, two of the party came forward and invited him in. They offered him refreshments, and when he had partaken of some they requested him to join in the dance; but he pleaded fatigue, and they excused him.

The mirth and hilarity that reigned, the unwearied activity of the men as they continued the sprightly reel, the strange though martial appearance of their dress, and the ruddy bloom of health, heightened by the exercise that crimsoned the female's cheek, altogether formed a picture that to Giraldus was highly interesting.

As the men quitted their amusement they came and sat by him, entering into a conversation in which curiosity and inquiry generally took the lead.

When the dance was concluded, each was eager in his offers to accommodate the stranger for the night. At length he accepted those of an old man, and they retired together. The cottage was such as the generality in the Highlands are; but the unfeigned welcome made amends for every inconvenience. Its inhabitants thought it had none; it sheltered them from the storm, defended them from the chilling blasts of winter, and afforded them an humble bed of heath. These were all the comforts they needed, and luxury had not taught them to require more. Separated from the bulk of mankind, their knowledge was confined merely to the necessary occupations of life. They rose with the sun to till their small enclosures, or in the proper season retired to their temporary huts on the mountains, where they attended to their flocks and herds.

Such a life seemed a revival, or rather a continuance, of that which was pursued in the ages of primeval simplicity; when the patriarch deemed it not degrading to perform the most menial offices with his own hand, and unconscious of the wants which more refined society has since invented, thought they possessed every blessing that heaven could bestow.

Yet even in these scenes of solitude and refinement, discord would at times hold her blood-stained seat, infusing herself with fierce indignation or lurking malice, into the bosom of some powerful chief, who, cut off from society at large by almost insurmountable barriers, turned his destroying arms against the neighboring clan. At these times the peasant quitted his peaceful employment, and burned with martial ardor to revenge the quarrel of his chief, pursuing with deadly hatred those whose only offence against himself, was that of bearing a name different from the clan to which he belonged.

Thus ruthless war, with wasting sword, found entrance into these scenes which nature seemed to have appropriated to peace alone; unpeopling the solitary hamlet, or wrapping its slumbering inhabitants in midnight conflagration.

Early in the morning Giraldus quitted the hospitable cottage, pursuing his way through

similar scenes of wild grandeur. The evening carried him beyond the limits of the Highlands, and the third succeeding, exhibited through the shades of night, the glimmering lights of his native village.

CHAPTER XII.

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every spot could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene.
GOLDSMITH.

THE emotions with which Giraldus again beheld these scenes were strong and vigorous. As he passed along the streets he was accosted with surprise by some of the inhabitants—they had heard of his death, and now scarcely credited the evidence of their senses. From them he received the information that his uncle had been carried off, and that his house was only inhabited by a servant whom the baron had placed there to take care of it. Thither he accordingly repaired. On knocking the door was cautiously opened by an old woman, who, as soon as she beheld him, gave a violent scream, and seemed almost sinking with terror; but on perceiving that he did not vanish in a flame of fire, as she had first expected he would—

"Merciful father," she exclaimed, "can it be you indeed, sir?" He squeezed her hand and she was convinced. "O!" she continued, "how have you contrived to escape? We heard you were drowned; an old fisherman told Lord Albert he saw you go down himself. And there has been such lamentation about you at the castle! there was my Lord Albert, and the baron, and my poor young lady—she has been crying and moping about ever since, just the same as if you was her brother."

Giraldus in vain endeavored to conceal the emotions which this intelligence excited.

"And did Elvina," said he, "feel sorrow at my supposed loss?"

"To be sure she did," replied Margaret. "How could she do otherwise? For my part, I always used to say you were born for each other."

Giraldus sighed deeply, and she continued her harangue; but his thoughts wandered to other subjects, and he scarcely heard that she continued to speak. At length he collected himself, and began to inquire about the loss of his uncle; but this was a subject on which she could scarcely give any information; the little she could, however, was fully illustrated by several apt stories of people who had been suddenly carried off by evil spirits.

"Nay," she continued, "you may smile, but the servant who lived with him would not stay any longer in the house; and it was some time before my master could persuade me to come and stay here till one of you should be found. God knows I believed you were both dead, and often trembled for fear you should come some night and carry me away too."

This strange circumstance exceedingly surprised Giraldus. He now saw that the enmity which he had hitherto considered as directed against himself only, extended to his relation likewise. His wonder on the cause was only augmented by fruitless endeavors to account for it, and improbable suppositions that were rejected as soon as formed, were all that arose in his mind to aid his research.

He now retired to bed, but not to sleep; the hours passed tediously on while his mind was engaged in anticipations of his approaching interview, and many were the prudent resolutions that he formed to direct his future conduct.

The sun had not long risen when Giraldus left his sleepless couch. He passed on hastily through the village and entered the park; there, while with a palpitating heart he beheld those well-known scenes, he dwelt on the recollection of his early days, the dangers he had lately escaped succeeded these, and with a sigh, the anticipations of the future were last ushered in. The splendid ray that now rested on the summer-house, called off his thoughts from the channel in which they were wandering, and as he deemed it too early to walk to the castle, he determined to repair thither to enjoy the beautiful prospect that he had so often beheld with delight; the woods by which it was surrounded threw their deep shades on the winding path, sometimes arching it over with their extended branches, and at others yielding a transient glimpse of the lake, with the tufted foliage that covered its banks.

He now ascended to the summer-house, and without hesitation opened the door; but how great was his surprise when, seated at the table in a melancholy attitude, he beheld Elvina! At the sight of him she uttered a sudden scream and fainted away. He flew towards her with inexpressible emotion, and as he used every means for her recovery, he clasped her fondly to his breast, and for a time forgot every prudential resolution that he had formed.

At length returning life appeared; she opened her eyes, and looking wildly on him, for some moments seemed to doubt whether it was a vision that stood before her.

"My Elvina," said he, "why do you gaze so wildly on me; is it possible that you can have forgotten me in this unfortunate absence?"

At the sound of his voice she seemed to recover herself.

O! heavens! can it really then be you," she cried; "you whom we have so long numbered with the dead?"

"Yes, my Elvina," he replied, "it is indeed your Giraldus who now kneels before you; whom Providence has protected through all his dangers, once more to bless him; to repay him for all with a sight of her who constitutes his only bliss on earth."

He pressed the hand he held with fervency to his lips,

"And was it right," said she, affecting a serious manner, "was it right thus suddenly to come upon me, without the least previous notice of your return?"

"I acknowledge my offence," interrupted he, "but it was involuntary. I arrived late last night, and, lost in the expected pleasure of again beholding you, I forgot every other circumstance; nor did I once hope to meet you here; but judging that it was too early to pay my visit at the castle, I came hither to indulge myself in the recollection of scenes of happiness that, I fear, will never return; of those days when I gazed unrestrainedly, nor dreamed of impropriety in yielding to undisguised passion. But whither am I wandering? I forget myself when in your presence. I forget every circumstance that ought to bind my tongue in silence. Yet why did fate thus place me in the view of happiness I could never attain? Why hold out in tantalizing scorn, beyond my feeble reach, those perfections with which she meant only to tempt my presumptuous hopes? But pardon me, dear Elvina; I am again wandering; I own I am reprehensible."

"You remember," she replied after a few minutes, "the conversation we formerly held in this place; be assured that my esteem and regard are by no means lessened, but the resolutions that I then declared have and ever will remain unaltered."

"May they so remain, my Elvina," said he; "they are worthy of her who formed them; they are such as no selfish motives could induce me to oppose. Formed on the most liberal basis, they reject with contempt, the trivial prejudices by which the world in general is governed, while they bow with reverence to the dictates of duty, and yield implicit obedience to the decrees of unerring evidence."

"You seem willing," she replied, "to impute my decision to the best motives; but I am impatient to hear your story. I wish much to know the means that you have employed to effect your escape."

He now related all the events that had happened to him since he last saw her, while the tender heart of Elvina sympathized in the affliction that he had felt when, destitute of comfort, he awaited an expected death in the gloomy vault of the castle, or trembled with horror at the description of the banditti, and at his miraculous escape after shipwreck. But when he described the unhappy stranger who had preserved his life as his father, her astonishment was only equalled by the sorrow which was inspired by her perusal of the melancholy narrative of his unfortunate life.

"Thus," said he, "has fortune led me through all these perils; and when death seemed inevitable, some unexpected circumstance has arisen to call me back to life. And was all this only for the purpose of prolonging misery—to excite hopes it never meant to gratify? Surely it could not be for this. She will yet go further, she will yet reward me for all my sufferings—my Elvina. Alas! my delusive imagination! whither, whither does it lead me? But vain are my efforts to restrain its sallies. It pictures happiness or misery in such glowing colors, that I alternately sink under the weight of one, or with eager grasp catch at the airy phantoms exhibited by the other."

Elvina sighed while she arose. "Come," said she, "we will go to the castle. My father will feel sincere pleasure at seeing you again. Often has he expressed his sorrow that you had not accompanied my brother. What danger and pain would you then have escaped!"

Their conversation, as they walked through the woods towards the castle, turned on Henry; and Giraldus heard with pleasure of his friend's welfare, and that it was expected he would return in the course of a few weeks. Elvina, too, seemed to dwell with satisfaction on the prospect of re-uniting a party whose former union had been alike productive of happiness to each individual that composed it.

But had the return of Henry been that moment announced at the castle, the baron could not have received greater pleasure than he did at the introduction of Giraldus. His astonishment yielded for a moment to unfeigned joy, and he welcomed him with every mark of sincere and undiminished affection and regard.

At the relation of his adventures the baron again expressed his surprise. "There is certainly," said he, "something inexplicable in your story, something with which you are by no means acquainted. Such deep designs could not be directed against you without some weighty cause, and the disappearance of your uncle is evidently connected with the same train of proceedings. In short, the more I think of it, the more I am involved in uncertainty and amazement. I have sometimes been half-inclined to consider your uncle in some way concerned in these transactions; and his knowledge of them might perhaps at length have rendered his sacrifice a necessary measure."

"But you, sir," replied Giraldus, "have known me almost from infancy. Does it not seem surprising, that, if any designs had before been meditated against my life, they were not then put in execution, when every circumstance would have concurred to keep it secret? And that they have been since formed, you know every transaction of my life too well to suppose it even for a moment. In spite of every appearance to the contrary, I yet attribute it all to mistake."

The baron shook his head. "Though I can only combat opinions with opinions," said he, "I cannot give way to that supposition. I would not have you place too much confidence in it, but be as much guarded as possible against those machinations, which will, I fear, be again directed against you, as soon as they are apprized of your return."

Giraldus thanked the baron for his kind caution, and the conversation ceased.

In the afternoon, the arrival of Sir Alan Everard, a gentleman with whom the baron had become acquainted in a late excursion, made a new, though to Giraldus an unwelcome addition to their party; he had accepted with pleasure the kind invitation of the baron, and now proposed to remain with them for a few days at the castle.

In his person Sir Alan was tall, and somewhat handsome, but a degree of haughtiness and pride formed the chief and general expression of his countenance. This, however, he could soften, or wholly lay aside, as circumstances dictated. Though his passions were violent, he had long habituated himself to disguise them. Artful in his conduct, he was tender and respectful, or haughty and unfeeling, as best conduced to serve his purposes; and the gratification of his desires formed the chief, if not the only object of his study.

His first sight of Elvina had given rise to a flame which he had vainly endeavored to conquer. He felt at once the whole force of love, but it was of a love wholly sensual, which could neither discriminate, or feel, that refined delicacy or sensibility which alone constitutes its permanent basis; a love that eagerly sought its gratification, and as quickly sunk to careless indifference. The fortune and personal accomplishments (for he looked not beyond these) of Elvina, inflamed his ruling passions, and prompted his eager desires of possession. Unbounded vanity whispered that no woman could withstand the united influence of rank, of fortune, and though last, not least, in his estimate, of person; and to this opinion some perfidious triumphs over the weak or vain, had given additional strength. He therefore looked forward to the certain completion of his hopes, as the evident result of his serious endeavors. But though this feature was predominent in his character, yet he had knowledge and art sufficient to conceal it, and real arrogance and self-sufficiency were glossed over with apparent diffidence and humility.

Such was the outline of the character of this new visitant; nor is it wonderful that the baron, unconscious of deceit himself, and who generally saw mankind, not as they really were, but as they wished to appear, should be pleased with his polite attention and specious manners. He judged of others by his own sincerity, and commonly gave them credit for whatever they professed.

From the vigilant eye of a rival, however, it was far more difficult to conceal at all times his real disposition, and as he looked on Giraldus with all the consciousness of superior rank, he did not think it at all essential to give himself the unnecessary trouble, and therefore sometimes overstepped those bounds which his cautious art would have pointed out as necessary, had he entertained an apprehension of his great influence.

But Giraldus was not a man to take advantage of his discovery. He gained nothing by it but an accumulation of wretchedness. He saw, or at least he thought he saw, that Elvina listened with marked attention, and even with pleasure, to his conversation. For some time he endeavored to drive away his painful apprehensions, but his efforts were ineffectual, and after sustaining the most torturing reflections for a considerable time, he at length arose and quitted the room.

As he walked out into the deepest recesses of the woods, with a bleeding and anguished heart, he called himself to a severe account for having yielded to those delusive hopes that had now fled and left him in deep despair. "Fool that I am," said he. "What have I hoped, what promised myself, from this unbounded passion? Did I suppose that the prejudices of the world would yield for me, or that she would sacrifice the glittering connections of rank and fortune in my behalf? Presumptuous thought! I acknowledge my error, and see the justness of my punishment. O, my loved Elvina, does it not seem inconsistent, that to regain, (I will not say happiness, that is forever fled,) to regain a small portion of the peace of mind which I have lost, I must fly far from you? Yet so it must be. Every consideration points out the necessity, and I will obey."

His intended visit to his friend Lord Albert now struck him, and he determined to shorten his stay, and take his departure for the Castle of Melbourne as soon as propriety would admit. His thoughts then wandered on romantic schemes for the disposal of his future life. Sometimes he half resolved to return to the island, and he dwelt on the idea with mournful satisfaction. "Alas," said he, "when I left the rude cave that afforded me shelter from the storms, when I left the rugged scene on which fate had thrown me, I turned back to view it. Its wildness was forgotten, and nought but its comforts remembered." I then, with a prophetic voice, observed, that the time might come when I should look back with regret to its peaceful solitude. That time is now arrived—I will return—there waste the lingering remains of life, and when Heaven shall in pity call me hence, I will stretch myself on a parent's grave."

With deep despair he now arose and pursued his ramble, unconscious of the way, till night called him back to the castle. A look of tender solicitude from Elvina seemed to inquire the cause of his absence, but the perturbation of his mind prevented his observing it, and feeling himself incapable of trusting his voice with the communication of his intentions this evening, he was compelled to defer it till the morning, when he might meet the baron alone, and make it known so him.

The night contributed but little to calm his agitation. He was wretched, and sleep fled from his pillow. If the adoption of his present design gave him pain, his anguish was redoubled when reflection held to his view all the consequences that must ensue. But he seemed to have no alternative, and yielded to the measure with a determination that was inspired by despair.

In the morning he arose early, and after having walked on the lawn for some time, in expectation of the baron's rising, he at length observed Elvina quitting the hall. Perceiving him she immediately advanced, and they walked on together, conversing on indifferent subjects.

After some hesitation he informed her, with

all the calmness he could assume, that he meant to pay an immediate visit to the Castle of Melbourne.

Elvina seemed surprised. "And why," said she, "do you wish to quit us so soon? After so long an absence it might reasonably be supposed that you would have devoted a larger portion of time to the society of your friends. Has anything occurred here that is disagreeable to you?"

"No, my Elvina," he replied, "in this breast I carry the tormenting principle, that, like the unquiet spirit, impels me from place to place, in the vain pursuit of peace. Yet I follow with implicit obedience its dictates, and the fallacy of my views are but too evident." He then endeavored to set forth the propriety of his withdrawing himself from the castle, and slightly hinted his design of retiring to some solitary spot to end his days.

"And can this really be your intention?" said she. "Consider what years of regret you lay up for yourself by such a proceeding; consider that by it you shut the door for ever against the possibility of enjoying happier days; and if nothing else will induce you, at least for my sake abandon this wild scheme."

"For your sake, my dear Elvina!" said he. "How have those words called me back to myself. Yes, for your sake, I will endure every thing. Best and most angelic of women, I blush when I reflect how unworthy I am of the kind solicitude which you have ever displayed in my behalf." He was proceeding with rapturous warmth when the approach of Sir Alan checked him, and prevented a farther conversation.

Never was the presence of this intruder more disagreeable than it was to Giraldus at this juncture, and never was his company less desired by the knight. They eyed each other with looks that bespoke their mutual dissatisfaction, and Giraldus was about to retire, when Elvina requested that he would accompany them in their walk. The countenance of Sir Alan displayed the mortification which he felt at this request. He bit his lips, and seemed with difficulty to restrain his indignation. During the remainder of their walk, he scarcely uttered a single sentence, but his looks, whatever they might express, were either disregarded, or not observed.

In a state now of comparative happiness, Giraldus readily gave up his design of forever quitting the castle, but his visit to Melbourne Castle was what neither friendship nor gratitude would permit him to lay aside. He frequently thought on it without being able to fix his determination, and while he never lost sight of its necessity, he procrastinated from day to day the term of his departure.

CHAPTER XIII.

What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will;
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE time now glided hastily away, and Giraldus was compelled to arouse himself from that delightful tranquility into which he had sunk. The departure of Sir Alan Everard for a short period, had not a little contributed to his happiness; and his expected return was another incitement to hasten his tardy resolution. He blamed himself exceedingly for the delay he had already made: it seemed, he thought, to savor of ingratitude, and the reflection acted like a shock of electricity on his heart.

He therefore took the earliest opportunity of acquainting the baron with his intentions, who readily concurred with him on the necessity and propriety of an immediate visit, but at the same time hinted his expectations of a speedy return. Giraldus gave way to the emotions of gratitude which the uniform kindness of the baron excited. The parental care he at all times displayed in his behalf, was such as claimed his most sincere acknowledgments; and while he poured forth the effusions of respect and veneration, he resolved strenuously to pursue that line of conduct which had hitherto gained him such distinguished favor.

As he took leave of Elvina, previous to his departure, he expatiated with warmth on the kindness of the baron, and expressed his deep sense of the obligations under which he lay to her family. "Would heaven but permit me to repay these favors," said he, "I should be happy; but I see no prospect, and can only hope that time will enable me to evince the sincerity of what I profess."

In her reply Elvina cautioned him not to neglect her father's advice, but to guard himself effectually against the secret designs of his enemies, which might probably be already set on foot against him. He promised he would, but laughingly added, that his apprehensions were so small, and his thoughts otherwise so deeply engaged, that it was probable he might often be off his guard from mere forgetfulness.

As he had fixed the time of his departure at an early hour in the morning, he now bade adieu to his friends, and retired with mingled sensations of love, esteem and gratitude.

The sun was just rising when Giraldus left the mansion that contained all he held dear; he pursued his way, accompanied by some of the baron's servants, whose attentive care had armed them sufficiently to withstand any open violence, for he was well assured, that as soon as his enemies should be apprised of his return, they would not fail to pursue their former measures, and probably by more decisive means.

This was a subject that frequently occupied the attention of the baron; a variety of strange conjectures with regard to Giraldus would at times arise in his mind, for he yielded implicitly to the belief, that the agents hitherto employed for his destruction were certainly well informed as to the object; he could not suppose that they had been so often mistaken; it was improbable, not to say impossible. Thus convinced, he had employed every means that his imagination could devise to gain information of the principals in this dark business; but all his schemes were rendered abortive by the impenetrable secrecy with which it was enveloped. But this want of success did not wholly set aside his endeavors, while it gave ample scope to his varying speculations. He could not but acknowledge that this fixed and determined enmity had not arisen from any recent cause, and was therefore compelled to attribute it to some family dissention, of which he had no knowledge. The evident interposition of the hand of Providence in his behalf drew his attention and excited his admiration, and he indulged the idea that in the end it would lay open all those secret proceedings to which he had hitherto been the victim.

The travellers now pursued their course, the wild grandeur of which frequently drew the attention of Giraldus from the subject of his deep meditations, and he often stopped to admire the striking beauty with which this romantic country abounded. He frequently contrasted these scenes with those which he had beheld in Scotland, and amused himself with marking their more distinguishable characteristics. There, sublimity and barren grandeur in general prevailed, the rude features only varying their aspects with the adventitious effects of misty vapors or serene illumination; here, grandeur was mingled with all the beauty of tufted woods and shrubs, and the wild character of the country was softened into harmony by the luxuriant vegetation.

On these scenes Giraldus delighted to dwell. While he gazed on them his heart seemed dilated to a degree of enthusiasm; his emotions and ideas all partook in some measure of the surrounding sublimity, and he turned from the recollection of the trivial pursuits of man, the ostentation of riches and the magnificence of vanity, with contempt and disgust.

"In this peaceful solitude," said he, "blessed with the society of some amiable woman, how smoothly would life pass on! the dawning light, as it first beamed on these delightful scenes, would call him from refreshing sleep; his daily pursuits would procure within himself the means of subsistence, and at night he would retire to domestic enjoyment and calm repose, made doubly sweet by the tempered toil of the day. From such a life all the baser passions would fly; envy, discord, hatred and revenge, would avoid the mansion of peace and love, and happiness would be realized. But man, thoughtless and inconsistent, pursues a glittering phantom through the mazy paths of life, and till the impending hand of death yields a momentary gleam of light to his vitiated perception, beholds not the deceitful illusion that guides his erring course."

Thus did Giraldus continue to moralize as the varying scenery gave birth to new ideas, raising his imagination at times to enthusiastic wildness or sinking it to calm tranquility, as the rocky glen or peaceful lake impressed on his mind their corresponding emotions. By noon they reached the castle of Melbourne.

As soon as his arrival was announced to Lord Albert, he flew on the wings of impatience to meet his friend, though his surprise scarcely permitted him to give credit to the servant's information. Nor was the surprise of the earl inferior to that of the son. Having been taught to consider him as inevitably lost, he felt only his anger aroused at the servant, whose blunder, as he termed it, must renew all the sorrows of his son.

The meeting between the two friends was characterized by every mark of esteem and affection which they felt for each other. The joy of Lord Albert was unbounded, and his eager inquiries testified how greatly he was interested in the manner of his deliverance. The earl, on his introduction, received him with many expressions of pleasure, and of gratitude for the active part that he had taken for the preservation of his son, and both seemed eager to acknowledge and repay the obligation by all the kindness which they could display.

At their joint solicitation, Giraldus repeated his adventures since the evening on which they were parted. The recital was heard by Lord Albert with attentive surprise and wonder—by the earl with an emotion that frequently broke out in indignant expressions, while his whole frame seemed agitated with the vehemence of passion. At the conclusion he made some remarks tending to show the mistake under which his persecutors had uniformly acted, and endeavored to apply the several circumstances to the case of Lord Albert, whom he again cautioned to be on his guard. Giraldus, though far from being convinced, yielded to the opinion which the earl positively maintained, and acknowledged how insufficient his own story was to explain the mystery.

This was a subject that was frequently revived. The earl related the story of his brother's death to Giraldus, who, in the circumstances attending it, thought he could observe few of the traces of that deep and hidden revenge that had since broke forth. The length of time that it had remained dormant, and its sudden revival at this remote period, were circumstances sufficient to create doubts as to the application of the present transactions to a cause of revenge, which, it was natural to suppose, must long since have died away, or gratified itself in the destruction of its more immediate object. But he chose not obstinately to adhere to his own opinion, for which he had even less foundation.

As soon as the first emotions of pleasure had subsided, the earl sunk again into that sullen reserve, which long indulgence had rendered habitual, and during the remainder of his stay at the Castle of Melbourne, Giraldus had frequent opportunities of observing its pernicious effects. The gloomy abstractions of his mind, or the vehemence of his passions, were ill calculated to win the esteem of a stranger. He beheld them with alternate disgust and compassion, and frequently contrasted his unpleasing manners with the mild benevolence of the Baron St. Austin.

At first, Giraldus was inclined to suppose that he had given some involuntary offence, and mentioned his apprehensions with emotion to Lord Albert; but he presently removed this idea, by representing it as the effect of long indulged melancholy, and while he lamented this unhappy disposition, he begged his friend not to notice, or be offended at it.

A severe disappointment in some ambitious project, in the early part of his life, had, by acting on a mind naturally impatient of control, first given rise to that moroseness and severity of disposition, and some subsequent measures, which were rather dictated by revenge than prudence, drew upon him the resentment of his sovereign, and caused his temporary banishment from court. With passions inflamed to the highest degree, he now retired to the Castle of Melbourne, and with bitter imprecations, vowed never more to return within its precincts.

But though this hasty vow had passed his lips, his heart for some time remained open for accommodation. Yet his pride disdained to make the first advances, and he expected from time to time, an intimation of the returning favor of the king. Disappointed, however, in this pleasing expectation, he became still more gloomy and severe, and at length fixed his irrevocable determination never more to quit the Castle of Melbourne. This insult, for so he termed it, when he unbosomed himself to his most particular friends, never forsook his mind. He would dwell on it till he had worked himself up to the highest pitch of malignity, and unable to direct his spleen in the channel that he wished, his servants and dependants generally felt its weight. But in his moments of sober and cool reflection, he would commonly make some acknowledgment of his ungarded violence, by an adequate recompense to those whom he might have injured.

His disposition, however, from continually giving way to these gloomy reflections, or violent passions, was too much soured ever to be corrected. The death of his lady added a fresh cause, and melancholy filled for a time the intervals of those pangs which arose from deeply wounded pride and impotent revenge. Thus, that which would originally have appeared of a temporary nature only, had become habitual. The effect still continued, when the cause, as might reasonably be supposed from its remoteness, had lost its force; and to this, the solitary life that he led, the few acquaintances by which he was visited, and the loss that he had experienced, all contributed to give a degree of permanency, which time itself could not remove.

The gratitude which the service of Giraldus had inspired, was sincere; but he was now become incapable of attention, even to those whom he most esteemed. As often however as he talked of returning, he would arouse himself, and press his further stay with every mark of anxiety, and notwithstanding the eager impatience of Giraldus to return, his visit was lengthened from day to day. The uniform kindness of Lord Albert, however, contributed most to obtain this compliance. He kept him continually engaged in hunting, fishing, or some other rural amusement, and strove by every method in his power to prolong his stay, and render it as agreeable to him as he felt it was to himself.

Though Lord Albert thought he could perceive the attractive power that acted on his friend, yet through delicacy he never hinted at the subject, or mentioned the name of Elvina to him. He saw his restless anxiety with pity, but its chief cause was concealed from his knowledge. The secret incentive that prompted the speedy departure of Giraldus, was the expected return of Sir Alan Everard. This expectation embittered every pleasure, threw a gloom on all his amusements, and gave with each reflection a pang of intolerable anguish.

Before the arrival of Giraldus, Lord Albert was preparing to visit a friend, who resided at a considerable distance. It was the same to whose house he was travelling when he was attacked and wounded by the banditti. But his intentions were defeated by the unexpected arrival of one whom he so greatly esteemed, and were only revived at the prospect of his departure. To obtain the company of his friend in this expedition become the earnest wish and endeavor of Lord Albert, not merely with a view of self-gratification, but principally to draw off his attention from what he considered as the dangerous indulgence of a hopeless passion. His earnest entreaties were aided by the solicitations of the earl, and Giraldus, after a short hesitation, consented. But the stipulation that they should direct their route by the castle of the baron, marked the cause of his anxiety to depart, and of his acceptance of the present invitation. The second succeeding day was fixed to commence their journey.

Meanwhile, the much dreaded Sir Alan Everard had returned, with flattering expectations, to the castle, and his pleasure was by no means diminished when he was made acquainted with the absence of Giraldus, for whom, on various accounts, he held no very high esteem. But not suffering his mind to dwell on the thoughts of one whom he considered merely as a dependant on the bounty of the baron, he determined to apply himself seriously to the pursuit of those measures from whence he hoped to derive every advantage that his sanguine imagination could picture.

In Elvina he flattered himself that he could already discern the dawning of a reciprocal passion. Her attentive politeness, which the desire of giving pleasure and satisfaction to the friend of her father alone inspired, was considered as an unequivocal proof. His vanity was doubly augmented by the supposed discovery; an air of half suppressed exultation sat on his features, and no impediment appeared in view to thwart his promised happiness.

But never before had he been so unintentionally or so completely deceived. To Elvina his person and fortune were alike indifferent. She saw nothing, either in his character or conversation, that gave him the least pre-eminence in her esteem above the generality of mankind, and to

tally unconscious of his views and intentions, she regarded his insinuating address without a thought, or a wish to investigate its secret cause.

Sir Alan, on the contrary, blinded by vanity, traced each day his progress in the affections of Elvina. The extensive possessions of the baron excited his avarice, and became the constant and favorite theme of his reflections. Already had he canvassed various schemes for the appropriation of her expected fortune, and often had he dwelt with pleasure on the near prospect of realizing all these expectations. Thus circumstanced, all delay seemed inconsistent with his ideas of policy, and he therefore embraced the earliest opportunity, when every thing conspired to favor his views, to make an acknowledgment of his passion, and a tender of his hand and fortune.

The answer of Elvina was so clear and decisive, that it was impossible, prepared as he was, to expect a refusal to his first request, he should ever more entertain a hope, or trouble her with its repetition. Astonished and mortified to the highest degree, he was incapable of answering, and Elvina, when she had made her reply, arose and quitted the room.

Thus left to himself, he stood for some minutes transfixed to the spot. To be entirely rejected, where he had flattered himself he should scarcely have met with opposition, cut him to the soul, and as he walked out to the woods he gave way to all the malignancy of his disposition, and meditated only on schemes of revenge.

The cause that had operated against his interest, he now attributed with all the virulence of jealousy to Giraldus. He recollected the morning on which he had received a former mortification, and recalled to his mind every little incident that could give plausibility to his suspicions.

This passion needs few proofs. He soon became convinced, and after deliberating for some time on the plan most proper to be pursued, he at length determined to make the baron acquainted with his discovery.

But, despicable as his principles really were, he could not lower himself to the degrading state of a spy and informer, in a family with whom he was merely on a visit, and therefore resolved to trust his communication and hopes to an anonymous letter. After having taken the greatest pains with this, he caused it to be delivered at the castle by a person whom he had hired for the purpose, and who, without waiting for an answer, rode away again with speed.

Sir Alan waited impatiently for the next day, when he hoped to behold some symptoms of the success of his stratagem, but not observing the least change of manners in the baron towards his daughter, or any trace in his countenance of wounded pride, he became half frantic, and quitted the castle on the following day, with smiles of satisfaction on his countenance, and schemes of more certain vengeance lurking at his heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LADIES.

A rich scene lately occurred at the depot at Camden, N. J. The ladies, when they enter a well filled car, usually consider it the duty of the gentlemen to give up their seats to them. Well, no doubt it is, but how often do they receive thanks for their kindness?

After the boat arrived at Camden, a lady swept into the car, which was well filled, and looked around for a seat. A quiet-looking lad offered her his, which was appropriated without a word of thanks. The young man waited for a moment, and then quietly said, in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard by all:

"Thank you, ma'am."

The lady regarded him with surprise, and asked him to explain.

"O! I felt grateful that you condescended to occupy my seat publicly," he replied.

"You are rather impertinent, sir, and should be taught to speak more politely to a lady."

"The observation does not apply in this case," was the reply.

"What! do you mean to say I am not a lady, sir?" said she, now fully aroused. "You are no gentleman, sir, you're an impertinent——"

Here she broke down.

"Madam is exceedingly complimentary, but ignorance is her excuse," he replied.

"Will not somebody protect me from the insults of this villain?" asked the indignant lady.

"If any one should presume to insult you, madam, *I* will protect you," said the lad, "until—"

"Until when?"

"Until you recovered sufficiently to talk *at* him, when, thinking he had 'caught a Tartar,' I would leave him to your 'tender mercies.'"

The highly-enraged lady arose, and swept from the car in disgust, and the lad resumed his seat amid roars of laughter that fairly shook the cars.

DR. JOHNSON'S PUDDING.

LAST summer I made another excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and, perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton-chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down, and partake of a bowl of whiskey punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen:

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine; and these hard-bottomed chairs, in which we are now sitting, were, years ago, filled by the great tourists, Doctor Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the look of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. 'Now,' says he, 'make the best of all puddings.' Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony. 'My dear sir,' said Boswell, out of breath with joy, 'good news! I have just bespoken, at a comfortable, clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself we shall make an excellent meal.' Johnson looked pleased. 'And I hope,' said he, 'you have bespoken a pudding.' 'Sir, you will have your favorite pudding,' replied the other. Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for this delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire; he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, the other hand was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat; upon which he determined to eat no mutton that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, 'My dear doctor, here comes the mutton; what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!' The doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said, 'I suppose, sir, I am to carve as usual; what part shall I help you to?' The doctor replied, 'My dear Bozzy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.' 'O, dear! this is a great disappointment,' said Bozzy. 'Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding.' Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. 'How the gravy runs! what fine flavored fat!—so nice and brown, too! O, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton.' The meat being removed, in came the long wished-for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly *finished all the pudding.* The table was cleared, and Boswell said, 'Doctor, while I was eating the mutton, you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray, tell me what tickled your fancy?' The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried; the doctor laughed. 'You little, filthy, snivelling hound,' said Boswell, 'when you *basted the meat* why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?' 'I couldn't, sir,' said the boy. 'No! why couldn't you?' said Boswell. 'Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!' The doctor gathered up his herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared or squinted—indeed, looked any way but the *right way.* At last, with mouth wide open (none of the smallest), and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out, with the lungs of a Stentor, 'Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing; and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living, while you breathe.' 'And so, sir,' said mine host, 'you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant.'"

SECRET ESCORT.

A gentleman returning to town from Newington Green, England, where he had been on a visit to a friend, was stopped by a footpad armed with a thick bludgeon, who demanded his money, saying he was in great distress. The gentleman gave him a shilling; but this did not satisfy the fellow, who immediately attempted to strike him with his bludgeon; when, to the surprise of the gentleman, the villain's arm was suddenly arrested by a spaniel dog, who seized him fast. The fellow with some difficulty extricated himself from his enemy, and made his escape. The dog belonged to the gentleman's friend where he had dined, and had followed him unperceived; the faithful and intelligent creature guarded him home, and then made the best of its way back to its master.

BOYD'S PATENT HOSE.

☞ OUR NEW HOSE for Fire Purposes has been in service long enough to establish its character and reputation; and we refer with confidence to the several parties named in this advertisement, who have been supplied with it up to this time:

To the Chiefs and Boards of Engineers of the Cities of

BOSTON, . . . Mass.
CHARLESTOWN, "
NEW BEDFORD, "
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
PORTLAND, Maine.
BROOKLYN, New York.
LYNN, . . Mass.
FALL RIVER, "
SALEM, "
MANCHESTER, N. H.

To the Chiefs and Boards of Engineers of the Towns of

FITCHBURG, . . . Mass.
SOUTH READING, "
HAVERHILL, "
PLYMOUTH, "
SOUTH ROYALSTON, "
MARBLEHEAD, "
SOUTH DANVERS, "
GLOUCESTER, "
SOUTHBRIDGE, "
HALLOWELL, Maine.
THOMASTON, "

To the Agents and Superintendents of the following Manufacturing Companies and Manufacturers:

C. & A. WILDER, Hingham, Mass.
SAMOSET MILLS, Plymouth, Mass.
INDIAN ORCHARD MILLS, Indian Orchard, Mass.
AMOSKEAG MANUFACTURING Co., Manchester, N. H.
NORWAY PLAINS CO., Rochester, N. H.
WAMSUTTA MILLS, New Bedford, Mass.
STARK MILLS, Manchester, N. H.
WHITTENTON MANUFACTURING Co., Taunton, Mass.
MANCHESTER PRINT WORKS, Manchester, N. H.
ATLANTIC DELAINE CO., Providence, R. I.
ROBERT R. STORY, Brooklyn, N. Y
COMMISSIONERS OF WATER BOARD, Brooklyn, N.Y.
UNION STRAW CO, Foxboro, Mass.
COCHECO MANUFACTURING CO., Dover, N. H.
NEWMARKET MANUFACT'ING Co., Newmarket, N.H.
CHASE & NASON, Fall River, Mass.
UNION MANUFACTURING CO., Peterboro', N. H.
A. ABBOTT & CO., Dexter, Maine.
BOSTON GAS LIGHT CO., Boston, Mass.
AMERICAN PRINT WORKS, Fall River, Mass.
F. W. BIRD, East Walpole, Mass.
C. GILMORE, Raynham, Mass.
LAWRENCE PAPER CO., Lawrence, Mass.
TREMONT MILLS, Lowell, Mass.
A. T. STEARNS, Dorchester, Mass.
P. WHITIN & SONS, Whitinville, Mass.

JAMES BOYD & SONS,
27 MERCHANT'S ROW, BOSTON.
Boston, Feb. 25, 1860. 1w

N. W. TURNER & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS FOR

CORNELIUS & BAKER'S

GAS FIXTURES, CHANDELIERS,

PENDANTS, BRACKETS, &c.

Sales Rooms and Manufactory,

NOS. 23 AND 25 BROMFIELD STREET,

BOSTON.

GAS PIPES INTRODUCED INTO BUILDINGS in the most thorough and substantial manner. 4w Feb. 25.

LOCKWOOD, LUMB & CO.,
PLUMBERS,

NO. 48 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

Directly opposite the Franklin Statue.
Feb. 25. tf

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

☞ A compound of Cocoa-Nut Oil, etc., for dressing the Hair. For Efficacy and agreeableness, it is without an equal.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It costs fifty cents for a half-pint bottle.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

The following testimonial is conclusive of its efficacy in the cure of DANDRUFF.

BOSTON, *Oct.* 30, 1859.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.:—

Gentlemen:—I have used your Cocoaine about six weeks, and its effect is so marked and extraordinary, that I deem it my duty to state it to you.

My worse complaint for several years has been Dandruff, with itching and irritation of the scalp. After brushing my hair, my coat collar would be covered with the white scales, (dandruff,) which looked like a shower of snow.

My barber tried various applications without effect. His abuse of your Cocoaine, and his obstinate refusal to use it, provoked me to procure and try it.

I have used less than a bottle; the dandruff, and the irritation which caused it, have entirely disappeared, and my hair was never before in so good a condition.

Your obedient servant A. A. FULLER.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

The following testimonial is conclusive of its efficacy in the case of BALDNESS.

BOSTON, *Nov.* 24, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—When first I used your Cocoaine, I had been bald seven years. In the meantime I had tried a dozen different preparations, specially recommended for baldness, (and all claiming to be infallible,) without any beneficial effect.

The ladies of my household urged me to try your Cocoaine, which I did, to please them, not having myself any faith in the power of man to restore my hair. I have used the contents of one bottle, and my bald pate is covered all over with young hair about three-eights of an inch long, which appears strong and healthy, and determined to grow.

In a word, your Cocoaine is excellent—the best preparation for the hair I have ever known, and the only one which accomplishes more than it promises.

Very truly your obliged and obedient servant,
D. T. MERWIN.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., BOSTON.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

The following testimonial is conclusive of its efficacy in the cure of LOSS OF HAIR.

BOSTON, *July* 19, 1857.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.:—

I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect, in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil (Cocoaine.)

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair-washes, which, I have since been told, contain camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy. Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world.*

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and for sale by dealers generally, at 50 cents a bottle.
Feb. 25 1t.

BINDING.

Always preserve your papers for binding. We have made ample arrangements in our establishment to bind our paper at the close of the year, in one volume for such of our readers as may desire it, at a very low price.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY NELLIE ATHERTON.

Nature's decked in gayest beauty,
For 'tis summer's last good-by—
Why should all things fair in nature
Don their liveliest tints to die?
Why upon the loftiest branches
Should the leaves be blushing so—
To impress us with their beauty,
And to conquer, ere they go?

Some have chosen scarlet dresses,
Some are decked in green and gold;
Others wear their summer garments,
Though the winds are growing cold.
All are happy, all are joyous;
'Tis perhaps their gala day,
And they meet with blushing beauty
Ere they hasten far away.

Ah! but listen—is that music?
Are their greetings gay or sad?
Do they tremble now for sorrow—
Or because they're gay and glad?
'Tis not music that we're hearing,
It is but the north wind's breath
As he issues forth his orders,
And their sentence, now, is death.

Look upon the mossy green sward,
It is not their gala day;
They are dressed in gold and crimson,
For they're hastening to decay.
And the blush we're so admiring
Is the forerunner of doom;
Like the hectic flush of beauty,
Ere it sinks into the tomb—
Or the rosy hue of even,
That is glowing in the west,
When night impatient seeks to reign,
And the sun sinks to his rest.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

SKATES VS. FEATHERS.

OR,

CARRIE CARD'S DECISION.

BY MISS HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

CARRIE CARD—what a quandary the young girl was in as she stood before the mirror in Mrs. Ward's millinery establishment, studying the effect of a white uncut-velvet hat which sat so daintily upon her pretty head! She was sure she had never seen herself looking so sweetly before, it was so *exactly* suited to her style of beauty; for a beauty she was allowed to be, by all the young men, at least. But then, the price—ten dollars—was more than she had ever given for a hat, and her father was less able to afford it now, at the present "commercial crisis," than ever before.

"What is the trouble, Carrie—does it not suit you?" inquired Mrs. Ward, with one of her blandest smiles. "I am sure it is exceedingly becoming to you with the pure 'ruche,' the white moss roses and buds, and the rich strings. Just notice the ribbon, Carrie, how broad it is; and the edge is such heavy velvet! I assure you it was the only piece of the quality I could find in New York. Then the plumes are perfectly splendid—none of your *imitation*, but the *real* ostrich. I consider it the sweetest little thing I've had in my shop this season."

"O, it is beautiful, and quite to my taste in every respect; but I am afraid it will not be right for me to pay such a price for a hat!"

"But you do not think ten dollars high for it, Carrie? I assure you you would have to pay twelve or fourteen dollars for such a hat in the city; but I had you in my mind all the while I was making this, and I marked down each article lower than I would for any one of my customers but yourself. Indeed, I could not think of a girl in the place who would do justice to such a treasure but my pretty little Carrie Card. You understand me, of course, by that, to mean whose *style* of beauty would *compare* with such a love of a hat."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mrs. Ward," said Carrie, as a roguish smile dimpled about the corners of her mouth; "but really, I do not think I can afford it as it *is*. But how would it look without the feathers and flowers?"

"O, horridly, child! Why, it would spoil the effect entirely—make a very common-place hat of it, such an one as any girl in the place might wear."

"Well, I know it would not be nearly so pretty, but then, I suppose it would not look so very badly. Any way, please tell me what you would put it to me for without them?"

"Well, I suppose, Carrie," said Mrs. Ward, after a moment's figuring, "that I could let *you* have it for six dollars. But it makes me heartsick to think of it without the feathers and flowers, when with them you would be the envy of half the girls in P——; and without them it will attract no attention at all. But if it is *your wish*, I'll remove them!"

"Carrie cast an admiring glance at the bonnet, but at last with a sigh reached it to the milliner, and said:

"I'm in such a quandary, Mrs. Ward! It's just here—I want a pair of skates, and I fear I cannot afford *both*."

"Get a pair of cheap ones, child. Lizzie Barker paid but a dollar and a half for hers, and they're quite pretty, and tolerably good, besides; and I should think at that rate you might afford both. But I'm sure if I were in your place, if one *must be* curtailed in price, it should be the *skates*, and not the *hat*."

"Well, I'll not decide now, so please do not alter the hat until I see you again. I'll come in this evening and let you know my decision. Good-day, Mrs. Ward;" and Carrie quietly turned from the counter.

"Good-day, Carrie. I hope you'll prove yourself a sensible young lady, for there's more in a *hat* than in *skates*;" and Mrs. Ward smiled one of her blandest smiles.

"Where's mother, Carrie?" said Mr. Card, as he drew on his dressing-gown and seated himself in his arm-chair before the glowing grate in the back parlor, to await tea.

"Little Mollie Foster is quite sick, and she went out to carry her some jellies. I knew Mrs. Foster was so lonely that I told her to stop the afternoon, and I would be housekeeper. But there is the bell for tea, and if you feel sufficiently warm, papa, we'll go out; for Susan is going to a party to-night, and wants to get through with the work early."

"I like to see you considerate even of a domestic's comfort, little puss," said Mr. Card, laying his hand upon his daughter's head. "Too many seem to think that these things are of no manner of import to dependants, but your mother is not one of that class; and I am glad you seem to grow more and more like her every day. But come, love; while I'm talking tea is waiting."

Tea over, Mr. Card resumed his seat in his arm-chair to read the *Traveller*, and Carrie drew an ottoman to his side, and resting her head upon his knee looked earnestly up into his face.

"What's wanting now, Carrie?" said Mr. Card, smiling down upon her from over the "daily."

"Well, papa, some money. You know you promised me a new hat this winter? And then I have no skates; and though these were not *promised*, I *must* have them at some rate. It makes me quite wild to see all of my acquaintances on the ice, and I not able to join them. I've a complete skating suit—Chesterfield skating-cap, boots, balmoral, and all—but—"

"But the skates, puss. And without these you are just nowhere in regard to skating. I should think some of your many admirers might present you a pair;" and Mr. Card smiled saucily.

"Papa, you are too bad; you know I should not feel at liberty to accept them;" and Carrie's cheek glowed brightly as the coals on the grate.

"O, I understand; you are thinking of your young merchant-captain, Henry Gray; and you are right, Carrie. But I'll wager if he were here, not a young lady in the place would have a more noble or a handsomer gentleman to escort her, or a costlier pair of skates, than my own little Carrie. I only wish *I* could afford you such a pair as I would like; but I am sadly pressed for money, and have been for weeks. If times are not better, I'm sure I hardly dare think where the close of the opening year may find me."

"Well, papa, if you are so troubled, I will get along without skates this winter, and perhaps can make my old bonnet do."

"O, no, no; I'm not so straitened as *that*, child. How much will it require to purchase a hat—as the ladies say—and a pair of skates?"

"I am sure I do not know exactly; and if I did, I should not care to tell you. Please give me what you can spare for them, and I will make it do."

"You're a considerate little puss, and now here is ten dollars, which is all I have in my pocket-book; but I'm expecting some money to be paid me to-morrow, and then, if that will not answer your purpose, I'll try to spare you a little more."

"You are very kind, papa, but I think this will do;" and Carrie swallowed the sigh that arose when she thought of the "treasure of a hat," and for an hour she sat debating in her mind which should be sacrificed, the skates or the hat.

First the hat plead its own case. "Only to think," it said, "how sweetly you will look next Sabbath morning, walking to church with the graceful ostrich feathers floating around your 'uncut velvet,' and swaying and dancing in the breeze. And then when you take your seat in the choir, how admiringly the young ladies will look at your hat, all the while pretending not to notice it; and what knowing looks will pass between them—not meant for you to see, of course. And when the congregation rise and face the singers, how much notice you will attract. Frederick Miller will be doubly confirmed in his belief that you are just the handsomest girl in P——; old Deacon Goodman will pull out his 'bandanna' and rub the eyes of his glasses, and wonder how it is that you look handsomer than you did last Sunday, when he thought you looked handsome as ever you could then; and Aunt Cynthia will have no reason to think she made an error in judgment when she called you 'pretty as a picter.' In short, every one will be confirmed in the belief that Carrie Card is the prettiest girl in Pentonville, and wears the prettiest bonnets." And with this weighty argument the hat retired, leaving the ground to its opponent, viz., "skates;" whereupon skates commenced thus:

"Bonnets are very pretty, useful things, Carrie Card—or at least they are pretty: I mistook myself when I said *useful*, as is the present fashion. And I cannot blame you for wanting one; but I do not think you will be one whit better beloved or be thought a whit prettier with one feathered and furbelowed, than you will in the 'uncut velvet' minus the feathers and flowers, with its pretty trimmings of the material of the hat. I prefer the term bonnet, for my motto is, 'Beauty when unadorned is most adorned;' nor can I see why it should be any object to you, Carrie, to awaken unholy, unkind jealousies in the hearts of your associates, or what lasting satisfaction there can be in hearing it said that 'Carrie Card always contrives to have the handsomest hat in Pentonville.' I have about done with this part of my subject; but ere I leave it, to descant upon my own particular merits, I beg you will remember that no word I have uttered has come from any want of due respect for my antagonist, the hat, for I assure you I respect it as much as ever I can, considering that there is *so little of it left to respect*. I had a respect amounting well nigh to reverence for your grandmother's bonnet.

"As to 'skates,' Carrie, they are not so particularly beautiful as they may be rendered useful. When the cold weather comes on, ladies are quite too much given to hovering over the glowing anthracite. They dread the cold, and so the day long finds them in the house instead of out doors, enjoying the health-giving air that the Creator intended them to breathe; and so it comes that the roses fade out from their cheeks. By-the-by, Carrie, *your* cheeks are quite too pale; their step loses its elacticity, and they become depressed—suffer terribly from *ennui*, as the fashionables call it; I say 'blues.' Now, at this crisis skates come to their rescue, and say, 'Buy me and try me, lady, and I'll cure you. Pale cheeks shall glow with health's roses, weak muscles I'll strengthen, the stagnant blood I'll send bounding and leaping with new life through your veins; and then I defy you to yield to the depression of spirits you complained of. With me for a weapon, you may laugh a host of the little blue d—s (I do not know as it will be quite proper to speak the word plainly in 'ears polite') to scorn.

"Now look at me, Carrie. I'm not so very beautiful, but there is something fascinating about me; so all the ladies say. The gentlemen think me *exceedingly* so when on a *lady's* foot. Look at my shoe-like casing of pretty-colored kid—at my nicely-cut straps and neat buckles which secure me, fastened over the dainty little instep—and then at the polished steel which will bear you over the glassy ice, when once you learn to manage me, as swiftly and as gracefully as does the Arabian steed its dark-eyed mistress! This closes my plea in my own behalf; and now, with my best bow, I will withdraw, leaving you to decide as to which of us, viz., 'hat' or 'skates,' has entered the most able plea."

During all the while that Carrie had been holding "court" in her own mind, her father had been looking upon her; and now, as she raised her head, she met his eyes, filled with roguish inquiry.

"Well, Carrie," he asked, "what has held you in trance so long? Your face for the last half hour would have presented an excellent subject for a physiognomist's study; but I, with my dulness, could make nothing from it."

"O, papa! I thought you were reading!" said Carrie, blushing, and then she laughed merrily.

"Well, what pleases you so, puss? Will you not tell me, so that I may enjoy it with you? Please don't be selfish, love."

"Not a bit of it, papa. But such a 'war of words' as I've listened to! Hat and skates arraigned themselves before me in opposition, each claiming priviledge to make its own plea, and asking for no other judge or jury than myself; and so I have heard them through, and did not even have to 'retire' to decide upon the case, but 'brought in' in favor of skates, without a moment's hesitation: in fact, before he had gone half way through his plea I was convinced of the superiority of his argument. And now I must run up to Mrs. Ward's, and give in my decision."

"Which is, to go minus a hat this winter."

"O, no, papa; you know better than that. Only to dispense with the ostrich feathers and French flowers, and so save four dollars with which to purchase my skates."

"That's a sensible girl, Carrie; and I only wish that every girl in the land would take a lesson from you."

"That's extravagant, papa, setting *me* up as a paragon of perfection! I must laugh at you! But good-by, now;" and away Carrie danced through the hall, and shortly after the street door closed upon her, and in five minutes she was standing before Mrs. Ward's counter.

"Why, Carrie, how smiling you look! I do not need to ask, for I know your mind is made up. Here, Bell, take this hat and place it carefully in a box—one with a standard; and be sure not to muss the ostrich feathers nor the flowers, for they are so very delicate they will scarce bear a touch."

"You did not quite understand me, Mrs. Ward. I did not mean that I had decided to take the hat as it *is*, but without the feathers and flowers."

"Possible, Miss Card!" And the milliner looked not a little disappointed. "Here, dear, please let me place it on your head again, for the girls all thought it vastly becoming to you; and, as I said, it will quite spoil the effect to rob it of the feathers and flowers. Indeed, I'd *almost* rather make you a present of them, than you should have it without. Just step before the mirror and try it on once more; it's a perfect gem of a hat!"

"It would be useless, Mrs. Ward, for my mind is fully made up, and I do not need to be convinced of its beauty, for I admit it to be just the prettiest hat I ever saw. Please oblige me now by removing the feathers and flowers, and I will take it home."

So the "uncut velvet" was taken home, and Carrie was quite satisfied with it as she studied its effect upon her head before her mirror in her own chamber.

The next morning the skates were procured, and now any day when the skating is fine Carrie Card may be seen gliding over the ice, in company with her associates, and each Sabbath finds her at the village church, with the roses on her cheeks, instead of in her velvet hat.

KEEP THE BIRTHDAYS.

Keep the birthdays religiously. They belong exclusively to, and are treasured among, the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so slight, that it is remembered. Birthdays are great events to children. For one day they feel that they are heroes. The special pudding is made expressly for them; a new jacket, or trowsers with pockets, or the first pair of boots, are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside "little Charlie," who is "six to-day," and is soon "going to be a man." Fathers, who have half-a-dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birthdays; they come too often—sometimes when they are busy and some times when they "are nervous;" but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are cherished by their pet Susy, or Harry, years afterwards, when away from the hearthstone they have none to remind them that they have added one more year to the perhaps weary round of life, they would never permit any cause to step between them and a parent's privilege.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

MY LOVE.

BY MAUD IRVING.

My love, she is a jewel,
A jewel rich and rare,
Her eyes are of the deepest blue,
And curling is her hair;
Her cheeks are like the roses,
That sweetly bloom in May
Upon the bright, green hill-side,
When the sunbeams softly play.

Her teeth are like the pearls
She twines amid her hair;
Her heart is gay and youthful,
And free from dreary care;
Her voice is like the music
Of the birds that sweetly sing
Amid the forest foliage
In the early month of spring.

She is a gentle sunbeam,
And dearly loved by all;
She loves to roam the meadows green
Or watch the waterfall—
She wanders through the wildwood,
And gathers flowers so fair,
Then weaves them in bright garlands
To deck her shining hair.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

WALTER GORDON'S RESOLUTION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

STEP by step Walter Gordon had sunk from a position of respectablility to that of a confirmed inebriate. When he first commenced visiting the tavern at which liquor was dealt out, he did so with a feeling of shame, which led him to go at a time when he was likely to meet few persons. Indeed he had a private arrangement with the barkeeper, by which he was introduced into a back-room, where, screened from observation, he took his daily potion.

But as the habit grew upon him, he became more and more reckless of public opinion. Gradually his income from his business—he was a carpenter—diminished; people being afraid to trust him with commissions, for they would probably have to wait a longer time than was convenient.

Walter was a married man. At the age of twenty-five he had united himself to an estimable girl, who, though she brought him little in the way of worldly goods, proved an excellent wife.

They had now been married ten years, and had one child, a boy of six, the sole fruit of their union. Charlie Gordon was a bright, rosy-cheeked boy, with merry ways that might have gladdened any father's heart. But the love of drink supersedes all purer sources of enjoyment; and, latterly, Charlie's advances had met with scanty encouragement from his father.

Of course their worldly circumstances had been sensibly affected by Mr. Gordon's course. Dollar by dollar—the little hoard in the savings' banks—had dwindled away. Next commenced the diminution of their domestic comforts. It cost Mrs. Gordon a long fit of weeping when one day the landlord of the village tavern, a rough man, with neither principle nor refinement, drove up to the door, and on her opening it announced that he would take the sofa.

"The sofa!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, in amazement.

"Certainly! Hasn't your husband told you about it?"

"What should he tell me?" inquired the wife, not yet suspecting the truth.

"He's sold it to me," said the landlord, looking shamefaced in spite of his usual brazen effrontery.

"And without saying a word to me about it?"

"That's his affair, not mine."

"What induced him to sell it? How much did you give him for it?"

"He was owing me a debt—a matter of fifteen or twenty dollars," muttered the landlord, "and as he hadn't the money, I offered to take the sofa."

"And this debt was for rum, I suppose," said Mrs. Gordon, bending her eyes searchingly upon the landlord like an accusing spirit.

"Well, and suppose it was," said the man with effrontery. "I suppose it's a debt, for all that."

"You can take the sofa," said Mrs. Gordon, "it is in that room. But I warn you, John Glover, that the riches which you are fast accumulating will bring you no happiness. Ruining the souls and bodies of your fellow-men is a great price to pay for wealth."

"When I want to hear preaching I can go to church," muttered the landlord, a little uneasy in his conscience at the words of his victim's wife, callous as he had become.

A month afterwards the Gordons moved from the comfortable house which they had hitherto occupied, to a miserable old building which had not been tenanted for a long time, and ought to have been pulled down. But it had fallen into the hands of John Glover, the tavern-keeper before referred to, and he had persuaded his victim to hire it.

Sad days succeeded the removal. First, the physical discomfort of living in such a miserable shell was not small. It afforded scanty protection against the wind and rain, and this discomfort was increased by the deficiency of suitable furniture. All that was good had gone the same with the sofa. Not a carpet was left, and but a single stove. So they were obliged to live, during the cold season, in one room. Walter Gordon, however, was seldom at home. It had long since lost all its attractions for him, and he was generally to be found in the bar-room, where the landlord was gracious, and his drunken hilarity and jests were applauded by the company. It was not quite time for the landlord to break with him. That he would defer till his victim was completely ruined, and there was no prospect of his squeezing any more money out of him. When that time came his gracious manner would vanish, and he would exhibit himself in his true colors.

One night Walter Gordon had remained in the bar-room longer than usual. He remained until all his companions had slipped off, one by one, and he was alone. He, too, would have gone, had he not fallen into a drunken stupor, which left him half insensible to what was going on. Half insensible I say, for events proved that he was not wholly so.

At this time a stranger entered the room, and wished to speak with the landlord apart.

"I have no fire elsewhere," said the landlord. "You can speak freely here."

"But—" expostulated the stranger, pointing over his shoulder at Walter Gordon, who was reclining on the settle.

"O, that will make no difference. He's a poor drunken fellow, and is far enough over the bay not to comprehend anything that is going on."

"Faugh!" said the other. "I shouldn't think you would harbor such miserable fellows as he."

"I shan't much longer," said the landlord, carelessly. "I've most cleaned him out; and, when I have, shall order him off."

With this they proceeded to business, which was of a character not to require our further attention.

The landlord supposed Walter Gordon was too far gone to hear what he said. Perhaps it would not have troubled him much if he had known that this was a mistake. He had such a low idea of his victim's power of resistance, that he would have felt quite certain of bringing him round without difficulty.

Walter Gordon did hear the last words that were spoken, being, as has been said, only half unconscious. He had still manhood enough left to feel them acutely. He had never before felt the full measure of his degradation. Now it was presented to him in a way that was humiliating enough.

"So I'm a poor, drunken fellow!" thought he to himself. That's what the landlord says, and he ought to know, for *he made me what I am!* And yet, no, I cannot say that, for if I had not given my consent his efforts would have been powerless.

These thoughts ran through Walter's mind. Meanwhile the conversation went on, and he heard Glover express a determination to have done with him after he had cleaned him out.

This declaration filled him with secret indignation, and yet it was only what he might have known before. But the landlord's manner had been so smooth and polite, that he never suspected the opinion which he entertained of him.

It is sometimes a good thing for a man to awake suddenly to the popular estimate of himself. Walter Gordon had not been wholly ignorant of this; but it did startle him, to hear this opinion echoed by one who had encouraged him in his downward course.

His first impulse was to leave the room, but something restrained him. Without appearing, therefore, to have heard what had been said, he continued to lie quiet for a few moments, then yawning naturally he staggered slowly to his feet.

"Going?" inquired the landlord, in his usual smooth tone, and with his hypocritical smile.

"Yes, it's getting late," said Walter.

"You won't take another glass, for a nightcap, you know?"

"No, I won't take anything more to-night;" and Walter slowly walked out of the room. He did not hear the landlord's sneer:

"The first time I ever knew Gordon to decline drinking. He must have taken an overdose to-night."

Out in the fresh air a new spirit seemed to possess Walter Gordon. Reflection had completely sobered him. He looked back at the building from which he had just emerged, and exclaimed in a low, but resolute voice: "I will never drink another glass of liquor in that room, nor in any other place, so help me God."

It did him good to make that resolution. He felt instantly, he knew not how—a conviction that God would help him; and in spite of his ragged clothes, his destitute family, and miserable prospects, he was cheered by a hope of better things.

His wife was awaiting him, not with reproaches, for these she felt would only make matters worse; but with an air of depression, which pained him to witness. He wanted to tell her of his new resolution; but decided not to do so, till he could give her some decisive proof that it would be carried out in practice. She, for her part, did not perceive much difference in his demeanor from that which she usually observed.

The next morning, early, Walter Gordon woke, and left the house, for the tavern, as his wife supposed.

She was mistaken. He bent his steps to the house of Deacon Holmes.

The deacon was considerably surprised to see him at this early hour.

"Deacon Holmes," said Walter Gordon, "I have heard that you are intending to build a barn?"

"Yes," the deacon replied, "I am thinking of doing so."

"Have you engaged any one to build it?"

"No," said the deacon, hesitatingly. He anticipated what was coming next, and it embarrassed him.

"I am in want of work, and will do it as cheap as any one."

The deacon looked down. He was evidently trying to frame a refusal.

"I would take care that the work was done well."

"Yes. I am aware that you are a good workman, but—"

"But my intemperance is an objection, I suppose you would say."

"Frankly, now that you have mentioned it, that is an objection—the only one I have—but as you will admit, I think, a weighty one?"

"It is. I freely acknowledge it. But, Deacon Holmes, I made a resolution, last night, never to touch intoxicating liquors from henceforth."

"And do you think you shall have strength to abide by that resolution?" said the deacon, eagerly. "Are you willing to sign the temperance pledge?"

"I am not desirous of doing so," said Walter Gordon.

"What, may I ask, led you to form this resolution?"

In answer to this question, Walter Gordon detailed to the deacon the particulars with which the reader is already familiar.

"And now, do you think," he said in conclusion, "that you are willing to trust me with this job?"

"I will trust you," he said heartily, extending his hand to Walter Gordon. "God forbid that I should discourage you in your resolution by a refusal. Perhaps, however, it will be better for me to employ you by the day, trusting to you to make the job a short one, since you might find it difficult to get trusted for the timber, if you attempted to procure it on your own responsibility."

"Thank you, deacon, for your consideration. I have, I am aware, destroyed my credit. I shall be glad to take it on your own terms. When shall I begin?"

"I will order the timber to day, so that it may be on the ground to-morrow. Meanwhile I have little jobs around the house sufficient to occupy you to-day."

That evening Walter Gordon came home at six o'clock, somewhat to his wife's surprise.

How much greater was her surprise, when he took from his vest pocket a two dollar bill, saying, kindly: "Clara, you must need some money for household expenses."

"O, Walter," she said with tremulous hope at this unwonted action, "can it be that you—"

"That I have reformed. With Heaven's help, I think I have, Clara. I shall try to make you a better husband in future."

There was joy in the humble home of Walter Gordon that night; the joy of a wife who had found her husband, and of a man who had found himself.

When John Glover heard of Walter Gordon's reformation, he laughed incredulously, and said, "I shall have him again before the week is out."

He was not mistaken. Walter Gordon did call on him before the week was out; but his errand was to say, that he was about to vacate his present house, and move into a better one, owned by Deacon Holmes.

Three years passed by. At the end of that time Walter Gordon was well, happy and prosperous; while the landlord had, himself, sunk into the drunkard's grave, which he had prepared for so many others.

THE YACHT "FANTASIE."

[*See engraving on page* 121.]

The Emperor of Austria ordered this beautiful craft for the Archduke Maximilian. She was built in London to order, and, when first launched on the Thames, excited universal admiration for the beauty of her model. Those who have seen with their own eyes the interior decorations, pronounce them peerless and inimitable. The plan has been to economize space as much as possible consistently with harmony of general arrangement; and, as a consequence, we find saloons, sleeping cabins, pantries, and gangways dove-tailed into each other with the ingenuity of a Chinese puzzle. The entire afterpart of the vessel is appropriated to the archduke's attendance, and hence there is a large area of leather mattresses, extending in horse-shoe shape around the stern and both quarters, together with all kinds of accommodation for carrying on sea-life peacefully and pleasantly. A passage leads forward, having on the left, or port side, a beautiful set of cabins, fitted up with great taste and magnificence for the archduchess and ladies; whilst on the opposite side are similar cabins for the ladies of the suite, and for that important functionary the steward. The passage opens on the grand saloon, a handsome apartment sixteen feet square, well lighted by a large skylight as well as by ports in the side, the sides and ceiling colored in white and gold—the prevalent decoration of the whole yacht; on one side is a bronze stove, on the other a buffet to correspond, both surmounted with marble slabs; four large couches, handsomely carved, and fitted with crimson silk cushions, line the sides; mirrors and girandoles occupy the ends; and the softest of velvet pile carpets cover the floor. Beyond, on the starboard side, is the archduke's library, a snug cabin, with bookcase, writing-table, etc.; and on the port side his sleeping cabin, fitted with comfortable sleeping-place, wardrobe, washing apparatus, and so forth. The yacht is a paddle steamer, her length 180 feet, breadth 18, and her depth 11 feet. She is 290 tons burthen. She has two slender tapering masts, raking very much aft. She is fitted with a splendid pair of engines of 120 horse power, which give an average of 35 revolutions per minute.

HOW IT WAS BROKEN.

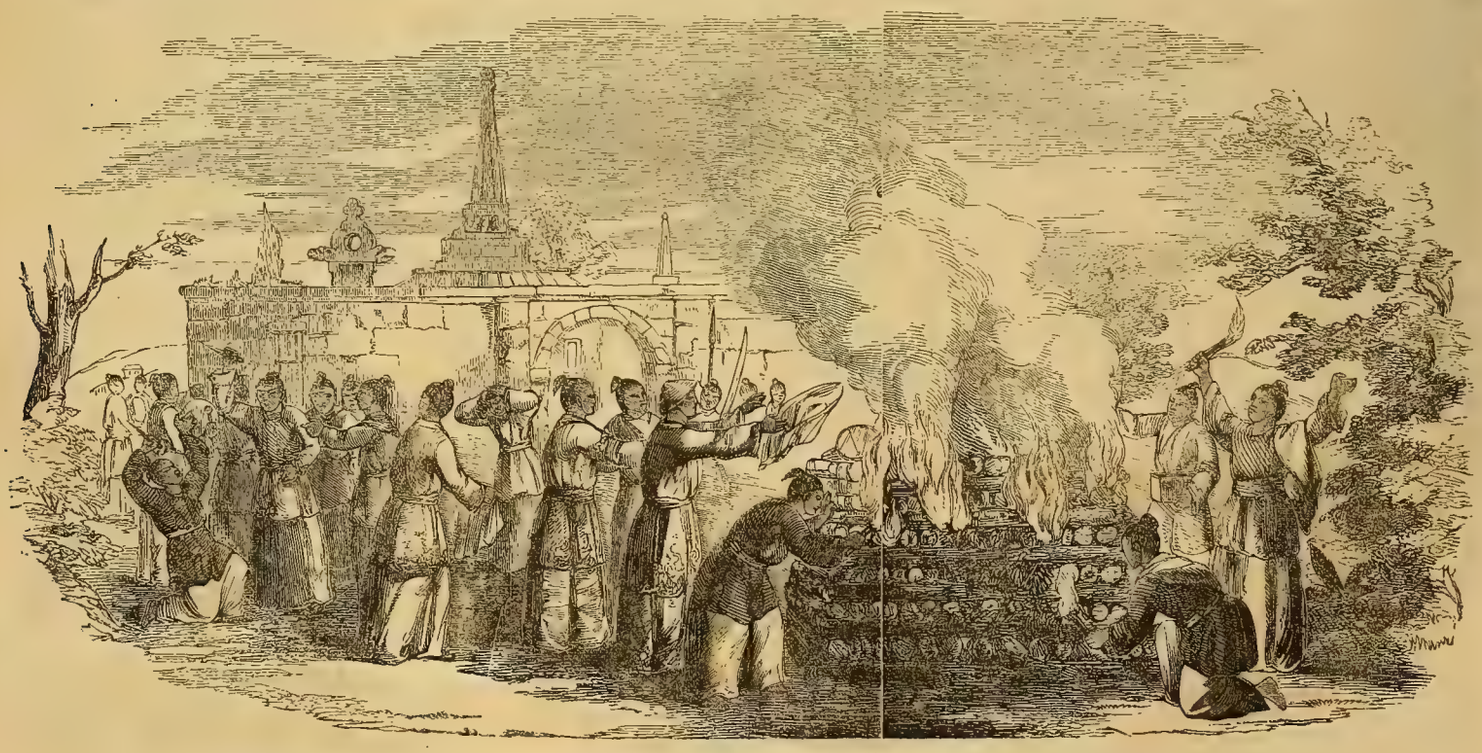
As the Grabbit family were riding by a country school-house recently, from the windows of which several panes of glass were missing, Contentment as curious as she is kind, enquired how the glass was broken. Jake, with the slyest bit of humor twinkling in his eyes, said he "guessed the school-ma'am, in showing the young idea how to shoot, missed her aim." Paul said, "if that was the case, the committee-men ought to have deducted the prime cost of glass and putty from her wages. No good comes," he continued, "of bringin' them hifalutin studies into school."

A little boy in one of our country schools, more remarkable for a propensity to doze than study—recently tumbled off the bench. The teacher and scholars all laughed. As soon as the laughter subsided, the little boy said: "Well, I guess I made you all laugh for once."

JAPANESE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

MARRIAGES AND FUNERALS IN JAPAN.

The popular mind having been awakened of late to learn all that is to be known of the Japanese, we have procured a couple of faithful and very striking illustrations for the pages of the PICTORIAL, representing the two most important events in their own, or any other people's history,—marriage and burial. The marriage ceremony, as depicted in the engraving, exhibits the bride and groom standing inside the temple built for the idol within it. The idol holds a chain in its hands, to symbolize the marriage bond. The parties about to be married hold lighted torches crossed before the priest, who is performing the ceremony. On the outside, to the right, with his necessary attendants, is the official whose duty it is to give away the bride. There is a party of musicians on the left, whose *loudest* office it is to beat the confusion-creating gong that strange people love so well to hear. In the foreground is a party all ready to offer up the sacrifices on the burning pile, which are being led to the spot and secured. Two of the party hold up a rude spinning-wheel and staff, as emblems of the calling of women. To the left are oxen, that are to finally carry the wedding party home. A native Japanese buys his wife as he does his ox, or cow, nor does he see the face of her who is to be his bride until the ceremony is over, and the party have returned to the house of the newly made husband. The bride's teeth are stained black, as an evidence of beauty, her eyebrows are shaved off, and, from that hour forth, she becomes a recluse and slave to the will of her husband.—There is nothing about the funeral ceremonies of the Japanese very different from those of Eastern nations generally. There is the same mysticism in the rites, the same infatuation on the part of the family and attendants, and the same revolting practices that shock the sense of the entire civilized world. If, for example, a great man, a dignitary of some importance, dies, his funeral pile is honored with the voluntary sacrifice of a dozen or two young persons, who seek in this manner to testify their devotion to his memory. The pile itself is constructed with much care, especially in the selection of those highly aromatic woods that are costly and difficult to obtain. Oftentimes, in the cases of important personages, it consists beside the woods, of gums, oils and spices of every choice variety; and when the torch has been applied, and the devouring flames begin the work of consuming the dead, the arms and clothing of the deceased are thrown upon them, as well as money, flowers, food, and other articles.

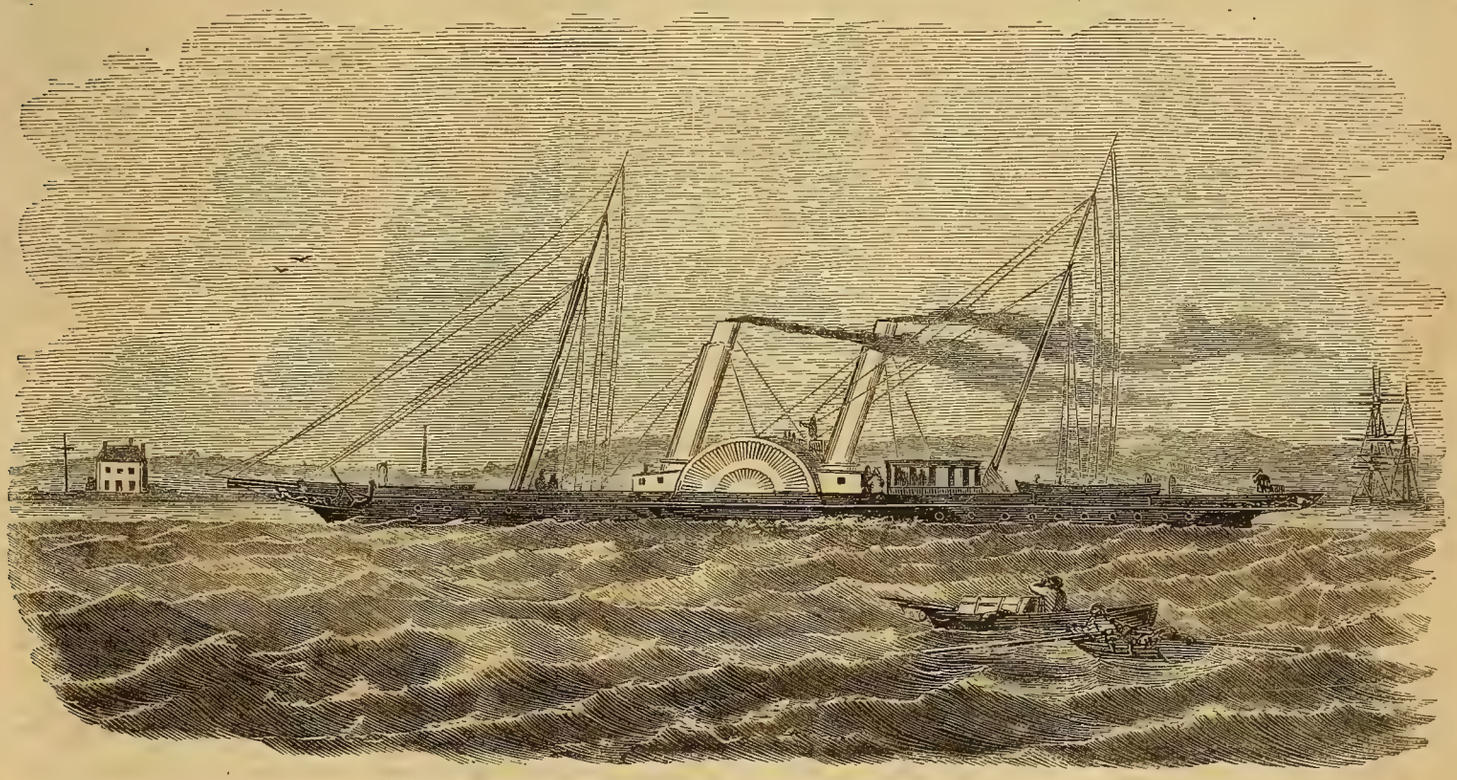


JAPANESE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY.

Our artist furnishes an imaginary, and yet a very real, picture of this third and last of our regular Winter months, whose end is close at hand. As we look into the honest face of the woodchopper on the right, who stands leaning on his axe and chatting at his leisure with the farmer on horseback, we cannot but call up many and many just such pictures which our own eyes have witnessed, and think once more, with something like a feeling of fondness, of the honest old woodchopper (he has turned miller now) with whom we used to talk on the edge of the leafless woods, in the noon of a day in Winter. The shivering woods to the left suggest forcibly the beautiful verses of Longfellow, on the "Woods in Winter." The patient oxen, looking well-fed and hearty; the farm-boy, hale and ruddy, loading the wood on the sled; the snow lying smooth and untrampled all over the field; the house and barn seen in the background; the leaden sky so characteristic of the season; and, not least, the pert and wide-awake look of the smart little terrier that seems to survey the whole scene as if he were its master; all these make up a picture crowded full of suggestions of comfort, of industry, of good cheer, and of genuine poetry.



THE FANTASIE YACHT, BUILT FOR THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN OF AUSTRIA.

See Page 119.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

RAIN-DROPS.

BY MISS H. L. ALLEN.

Patter, patter, falls the rain,
On the tree-tops brown and cold;
Calling memories sad and sweet,
Whence they've long lain, still and dead.

Patter, patter, drops the rain,
Like the fall of angels' feet;
And through the dim, dim trance of years,
Gaze the eyes mine cannot meet;

And I sadly turn away,
While the gushing tear-drops start,
As my Mother's mournful eyes
Read my proud, yet sorrowing heart.

Patter, patter falls the rain,
And th e eves' low droppings come,
Thrilling through and through my soul,
Yearning for its far-off home.

O, the patter of human hearts!
O, the murmuring at our lot!
We forget rich blessings oft,
Injuries are ne'er forgot.

She, whose looks must thrill me still,
Gazes on me through her tears;
And a voice beloved I hear,
"Sister, what are these short years?

Life and pain will pass away,
TIME cannot forever last;
Hope, my darling, hope and pray;
We shall meet when time is past."

And my soul no more rebels,
Though earth's burdens sore oppress;
And my yearning spirit pines,
For white robes of holiness.

Yet I patiently will wait,
For I know the end is near:
Though the earth be full of snares,
God is near me—shall I fear?

* * * * *

Listen! is that the wind,
Sighing through the ash-trees near?
No! 'tis voices of the loved,
Bringing words of hope and cheer.

Patter, patter, drops the rain,
Falling on that double grave;
It may not be all in vain,
They may yet their dear ones save.

THE CORSAIR AND PRIVATEER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE FLYING ARROW.

THE sun had risen from his ocean bed and gilded the many spires and domes of the Tri-mount city with a bright and sparkling radiance. The slated roofs of the buildings flashed back the dazzling rays like shields of burnished gold. The bright beams fell lavishly upon the numerous green islands that seemed reposing on the very bosom of the waters, and which looked a thousand times brighter than ever before. The clear blue sky, without a cloud, received a mellow, softer hue, as the bright orb of day rose higher and higher from his watery bed. A strong north-westerly breeze swept down the bay, lashing the dark blue waters with the whitest foam. It was a lovely morn. A vast multitude of people had gathered upon the wharves and adjacent shores of the city, their gaze directed towards a beautiful schooner that lay anchored in the stream. She was about two hundred tons burthen, and of the finest and most symmetrical build, with great breadth of beam; and her whole appearance indicative of matchless speed. Her hull was long, low, and jet black, only relieved by a narrow white ribbon, scarcely two inches in width, running round her waists from stem to stern. The bows were exceedingly sharp, from which extended a long tapering bowsprit, terminating in a reed-like flying-jibboom.

Her masts were long and raking, and tapered aloft to withes, and with the rest of her spars, were of a polished black.

Her decks were of snowy whiteness and flashed beneath the bright rays of the sun like layers of purest silver. The binnacle, companion-way and hatches were neatly painted green, relieving the whiteness of the decks. She mounted twelve long brass eighteens, six on a side, and a forty-four amidships, on both sides of which, in bright red letters, was painted the name of "Thunderbolt," and from its looks well deserved the name. At the peak waved a small blue flag, on which was beautifully embroidered in silver thread, an arrow, near the centre of which, and embroidered in gold, was a small pair of Cupid wings. This device designated the name of the beautiful schooner—"The Flying Arrow."

No eye could have detected the least fault in the finished outline of the beautiful craft, as she rested like a feather, gracefully upon the crested waves. Upon her decks were a score of young and fearless looking fellows, all similarly attired in white flowing pants, blue checked shirts, and a black silk handkerchief, knotted loosely round the neck of each—while on their heads they wore caps of rich blue silk, each ornamented with a tassel of silver.

Upon the quarter-deck paced a young man who, every now and then, cast an expectant glance towards one of the wharves, from which a boat seemed to be on the point of starting.

Over his blue check, he wore a round blue jacket, ornamented on each shoulder with a band of silver. His face was handsome and expressive of courage and daring; and his step, as he paced the smoothly polished deck, was light and easy. Taking from a pocket a small spy-glass, he levelled it towards the place where, within a few moments, he had looked anxiously several times. Suddenly he cried in a loud, clear tone,

"All hands on deck."

From the several gangways now poured forth the crew of the beautiful vessel, and in one moment one hundred as fine fellows as ever called the sea their home, stood upon the decks of the schooner. At the moment the young man had spoken, the boat had put off from the wharf nearly opposite to where the schooner lay, and was nearing rapidly; it was propelled by six oarsmen, and skimmed the waves like a feather. Five minutes from the time it left the wharf it was alongside; and, in a moment, a young man dressed as a naval officer ascended the side of the vessel and leaped lightly upon the deck.

This was the commander of the Flying Arrow, which name was beautifully painted upon the stern of the schooner. He was a young man of fine and graceful figure, with a carriage lofty and commanding, and a step firm and elastic. His features were regular and handsome, and his complexion dark and of rich color. His hair was wavy and coal black, and a pair of well-trimmed whiskers, of the same hue, ornamented and added a fulness to his well-shaped face. His eyes were black, and for brightness mocked the eagle's. His face was expressive of boldness and resolution. His thin and beautifully chiselled lips closed firmly, giving to his face a look of singular daring and decision. He smiled as he gazed on the neatly dressed and faithful looking crew around him, who, as they caught sight of their commander, gave vent to their feelings in a loud and welcome cheer; every cap was at the feet of its owner in obeisance and loyalty to their young captain, who returned their greeting in a kindly manner.

He was soon joined by the young man whom we noticed upon the quarter-deck, and who was the lieutenant of the Flying Arrow.

"Thanks, thanks, Albert," said the commander, grasping heartily the hand of the young man. "Thanks, for securing so noble and gallant a crew; they look well worthy of their present home, the Flying Arrow; may they be an honor to her and their country, as look as they sail the star-spangled banner."

"I have no fears of them," replied the young man proudly, as he gazed on the fearless looking young sailors. "They are good men and true."

"I trust so."

"Albert, in an hour we must be under way, when fairly so, come to my cabin;" with this the noble looking young officer descended to a splendid cabin in the schooner. In less than an hour the schooner was gliding rapidly over the snow-capped waves, ploughing the white foam till it lay in snowy masses along her sides; when, meeting at the stern, formed a beautiful tossing wake behind.

Her spread of canvas was enormous and hurried her over the waves at an astonishing velocity. The tall, slender masts yielded somewhat to the large square topsails, which were now filled to their utmost tension, and seemed almost incapable of sustaining their heavy pressure.

On leaving her mooring in the stream, a gun had been fired and a roll of bunting run aloft, which unfolded to the breeze, and the stars and stripes waved proudly over the decks of the privateer, for such was the Flying Arrow. Three loud and hearty cheers burst from the crew as they beheld the flag waving above, and had hardly died away ere the whole multitude upon the shores burst forth as if one voice, in a loud and swelling shout, which was repeated at intervals until the fast receding schooner was wholly lost to view on her way to the blue Atlantic; where for a time we leave her.

CHAPTER II.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

WARREN and William Seymour were twin brothers, sons of a wealthy gentleman of Boston, and at the time of our story were five and twenty years of age.

A man of immense wealth, Mr. Seymour had spared neither pains nor expense in the education and advancement of his sons; everything that could possibly tend to their welfare and happiness was bestowed with a liberal hand. Six years of their lives had been spent in the naval service, and both the young men had risen to the lieutenancy. Endowed by nature with fine personal appearance, and both equally skilful in naval tactics, two finer looking officers never walked a quarter-deck. In form and feature, the two brothers were singularly alike; one was the exact counterpart of the other; the only distinguishable difference between the two was the color of their eyes. Those of Warren were of inky blackness, while those of William were of a fine dark blue.

With the exception of the eyes, the slightest difference could not have been detected in the young men. Alike in outward appearance, they were totally unlike in disposition. William, from a boy, had been possessed of a rash and jealous temperamnt, which age and circumstances had by no means improved. Of a fierce, fiery temper, haughty and unforgiving, he was little calculated to win friends from among his acquaintances. The least imagined insult or injury, he would not brook, or forgive; and woe to the one that crossed him; he was sure to have revenge.

Jealousy and revenge were the two prominent traits in his character, and were rooted deep within his soul. Cold, haughty, and distrustful, he confided naught to others; his thoughts were locked within him; and many were the dark ones that filled his breast. Yet there were times when he was gay, lively, and apparently the happiest of the happy; when a nobler nature seemed to have sprung up within him, and drove all evil out; when his face seemed to glow with noble purpose and resolve. But, suddenly, as the sun is sometimes veiled, by the dark thunder cloud, would his face become clouded with the dark passions of his soul, his dark eyes flash with fearful fire, and his whole nature seemed changed. Such was William Seymour.

Warren was opposite in nature, in almost every respect, generous, frank and open-hearted, kindly disposed towards all, he was as little calculated to make enemies, as was William to make friends. His was a soul noble from the first; which had never been corrupted by the darker passions of human nature; and as yet remained bright, pure and unsullied. Born of the same mother, reared with the same care, both possessing the same and equal advantages; yet, how widely different were their natures; how unlike were the brothers—one was destined to tread the bright path to honor and fame; the other, the dark unfathomable road to ruin and death.

A short time after their promotion to the lieutenancy, the two brothers visited their home after an absence of three years. Till then, from their earliest infancy, despite their opposite natures, the brothers had been constant and affectionate friends. Seldom an angry word passed between them; whatever the feelings entertained towards others by William, to Warren he always bore kindly feelings. But the bond of friendship and brotherly love was soon destined to be cruelly severed.

It was at the close of a beautiful afternoon, near the expiration of the leave granted the brothers, that they were returning from an afternoon's ride through the beautiful environs of the city. They were riding leisurely along through Cambridge, and were within half a mile of the bridge, when their attention was aroused by the quick clattering of a horse's hoofs behind them, and at the same moment a piercing shriek fell upon their ears. Turning on the instant, they beheld a noble steed attached to a light buggy wagon dashing madly over the road towards them, and now within a short distance. The occupant of the carriage was a young lady who had no control whatever over the horse, which was upon the dead run. Quickly turning their carriage to one side of the road, the young men alighted and fastened their horse to a tree. Hardly had they done so, ere they heard the voice of the young lady in the buggy—which was now within a few feet of them—crying:

"O God! save me, save me!"

William sprang to the road, and as the horse dashed past him, seized him by the head. The horse reared and plunged fearfully, and William would have been obliged to let go his hold, had not Warren at that moment seized the horse's head from the other side. By their united efforts they succeeded in arresting the course of the frightened animal, who in a few moments stood perfectly still.

The joy of the young lady at her deliverance was beyond all bounds, her thanks and blessings were without number. She was a dark-eyed maiden of eighteen or twenty summers, with a faultless form and exquisite features. Her face was pale from fear, yet lovely as the houris. Both were struck with her matchless beauty, and in the bosom of William the fire of love was already kindled. Recovering from her fear, a conversation was happily begun by the young lady herself. To Warren Seymour, who was by far the most agreeable of the brothers in conversation, she mostly directed it, though by no means slighting his brother. The manner of William had changed of a sudden. His brow was dark, and his eyes, as he gazed at his brother, engaged in conversation with the young lady, blazed with a fiendish light. His replies to her, who frequently addressed him, were moody and repulsive, and often naught but a monosyllable. Perceiving his mood, the young lady now addressed herself wholly to Warren. Both were evidently pleased with each other, and the conversation grew lively and agreeable. Burning with jealousy and rage, William was about to leave them, when a horse and chaise, driven rapidly down the road, stopped directly by him. An elderly gentleman alighted, exclaiming, in a tone of joy:

"Thank God, thank God, she's safe!"

The young lady sprang to his arms. It was her father.

Returning from an afternoon's ride, he had stopped at the house of a friend and spoke with him for a moment at his door. While there, his horse became frightened and ran far out of sight, till stopped providentially by the two brothers.

The young lady now related to her father the fearful ride, and providential rescue by the two young men who had perilled their lives for her.

The heart of Mr. Wildon overflowed with gratitude towards the preservers of his daughter, and grasping their hands, he exclaimed:

"You're brave boys, by my faith, and shall have reward. Anything, everything, all I have is yours, if you'll take it. By my faith, if there were but one he should have my daughter, but how the devil to give her to both of you I can't tell. But come, do not be bashful, name a reward, for by my faith you deserve one."

"We ask no reward, generous sir," said Warren, "but that of you and your daughter's acquaintance and friendship."

"By my faith, you shall have mine from this moment," said Mr. Wildon, shaking their hands heartily.

"As to Clara, I suppose she will have no objections to your acquaintance—will you, Jude?"

"Certainly not, dear father," said Clara Wildon, "I shall forever owe them gratitude, and shall be proud and happy of their acquaintance and friendship."

"A mighty pretty speech, miss! Now kiss them both, Jude, or you're no daughter of old Harry Wildon."

The handsome Clara slightly blushed at the unexpected request of her father, but turning to William she kissed him, and severely chided him for his ill-humor. Then turning to Warren, their eyes met, and "a tale was told." Drawing the lovely girl towards him, Warren imprinted upon her lips a burning kiss of love, which she returned.

"That's the right sort!" exclaimed Mr. Wildon, laughing heartily, "that's the right sort!" Now, young gentlemen, your names: you are brothers, I'm certain, and how the devil either of you can tell yourself from the other, I can't see."

"Halloa!" he ejaculated, turning to where William had stood, but who was now gone, "he's vanished, by my faith."

"He's gone for his carriage," said Clara,

pointing to where the two young men had left it, and who in their struggle with the horse of Mr. Wildon, had been dragged a considerable distance down the road.

Giving him their names, and learning the residence of Mr. Wildon, which was in Boston, Warren politely handed Clara Wildon to her seat in her father's carriage, and then sprang into his own vehicle, which was now upon the spot.

The sun was just setting as the two carriages rolled slowly over the bridge. The west was lined with clouds of gorgeous hues, which the still, clear waters of the "Charles" reflected beautifully back.

Within one short hour, both Warren and William Seymour had drank deep from the fountain of love; yet, how different were the feelings. To Warren, a new life seemed to have opened its portals to his heart. His feelings were strange and unaccountable, yet pleasing.

Love, which before, he had never known, he felt he now possessed. He felt conscious that he loved the fair girl whom he and his brother had saved from danger, perhaps from death; and a secret whispering within seemed to say "Love on."

Filled with bright and pleasing thoughts, he was lively, gay and happy.

Not so with William; he was gloomy and silent. He, too, felt conscious of love wakened in his breast; love for Clara Wildon; but the spark of love had kindled the deadly fire of jealousy.

Fortunate it was for her that they were there to save; but better had it been for them had they never seen her; for from that moment all brotherly ties were severed. Fierce jealousy, and all the darker passions of his heart were roused in the breast of William, and in the place of love burned deep and deadly hate.

CHAPTER III.

A CHALLENGE—ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION.

He would have given worlds if he alone had saved Clara Wildon; but he could have done nought with the maddened, powerful horse; and as it was, but half the deed was his.

"Come and see us to-morrow, you dogs, if you don't, I'll shoot both of you, I will, by my faith," uttering his favorite phrase.

"We shall come, never fear; for we have no taste for cold lead," said Warren, laughing; and bidding adieu to Clara and her father, he drove rapidly away.

The next day found Warren at the house of Mr. Wildon, and from that time till the expiration of his leave was he a constant visitor.

William had also often visited there, but never in company with his brother, with whom, since in the afternoon of their ride, he had scarcely spoken. He was also a welcome visitor, and many hours he spent in the society of Clara Wildon, by whom he was always joyfully received. Her sincere and heartfelt gratitude he mistook for love, and ere his departure he determined to declare his passion, tell her of his love, and claim her as his bride.

At the request of Warren, their leave was extended a considerable length of time, much to the satisfaction of both the young men.

Several weeks more strengthened in the breast of William the burning passion for Clara Wildon, and seemed to confirm him in the opinion that his love was returned. His determination to declare to her his love was kept. Then it was he became aware that he had mistaken gratitude for love. Then it was he became aware of a rival, and that rival his brother. Dark thoughts filled his soul, and he inwardly swore that never should Clara Wildon be the bride of his rival brother.

He abruptly took his departure from the city, and rejoined his ship. There were but few who welcomed him back; but for this he cared not; he courted the society of none. He had loved; his love had been rejected; his brother was the successful and now hated rival. His whole soul was now wrapped in an absorbing thought, one dark passion—Revenge—and he swore to accomplish his revenge, even though a crime of the darkest die should mark it.

It was early one morning, as he was pacing the deck of the frigate, that he was joined by a young officer, a lieutenant like himself.

"Seymour, we have got a new comer here," said the young man addressing him, "you must see him, he's a fine looking fellow."

"Where is he from? what rank does he hold?" inquired Seymour.

"He's from the Chesapeake, and of the same rank as yourself. What say, shall I introduce you?"

"As you please," answered Seymour indifferently.

Both now approached a fine looking young man, who was at the time leaning upon the bulwarks of the frigate, gazing upon the glassy waters around. He turned as the two approached and bowed to both.

"Albert Almont!" exclaimed Seymour in a fierce tone of surprise, as he recognized the features of the young man, "Albert Almont do I see!"

"As true as I see William Seymour," answered the other in an equally surprised tone; at the same time offering his hand to Seymour.

It was taken somewhat reluctantly by Seymour, who said, "You have my hand, not as your friend but as you foe. Albert Almont I have not forgotten that blow, it must be cancelled. Almont, this frigate's decks are not broad enough for you and I." Uttering this in a dark, meaning tone, he turned and left the spot.

"You know this young Seymour then!" said Fitz Alwyn, the young officer who had joined Seymour in his promenade to Almont.

"Ay! well do I know him," answered Almont, "though 'tis six years since we have met."

"Six years! i'faith he must have an India-rubber memory. He talks about a blow he's not forgotten. Six years! i'faith, 'tis long enough to forget one's own father. Damme, that's a dark hint he threw out about these decks not being wide enough for himself and you. I can read that. Almont, he'll send you a challenge."

"Phaw!" said Almont, with a sneer.

"You may pshaw and be d—d," said Fitz Alwyn with a nod and a wink. "But if you don't receive a challenge from Bill Seymour within the hour, I'll pledge myself to ride a porpoise from here to the South Sea Islands, without a saddle or bridle, on a voyage of discovery."

"I should be sorry to task thy ability to such an extent," said Almont, laughing at the idea of this humorous ride. "But you may as well look for your porpoise."

"What was the cause of his strange words?" asked Fitz Alwyn.

"You shall know. Seymour and myself were fellow-students at the same academy. One day he openly and grossly insulted a respectable young lady belonging to the academy, in presence of a number of other young ladies and gentlemen. I openly punished his insolence; with one blow I felled him to the feet of her whom he had insulted. He arose, and with an oath I'll not repeat he swore revenge. He immediately left the academy for fear of being expelled and from that time till within the hour, I have not seen him."

"I'faith, served him right; but he never forgets or forgives a blow. You'll have a challenge or I don't know Bill Seymour."

Fitz Alwyn turned and was about to leave, when a lad presented to Almont a letter.

"Ha!" exclaimed he as he noticed this. "Ha! ha!" I'll wager the buttons on my coat 'tis a challenge."

Almont broke the seal and read the missive; and with a smile, he handed it to Alwyn.

"I'faith, capital, as I told you, Almont," said Alwyn in a lively tone, "I'm to be his second; you accept of course; weapons, pistols; distance, ten paces. I'faith, capital, capital."

"Alwyn you have read this challenge, you shall read my answer." Saying this Almont decended below.

An hour after William Seymour had despatched his challenge to Almont he received the following answer:

"Lieut. Seymour. Sir,—I received your challenge. I accept or reject it at your will. Never will I disgrace the profession to which I belong by fighting a duel. Never before have I received a challenge. This, I accept only on one condition, which is—that you and myself throw up our commissions. Then as common citizens, we may disgrace ourselves, but not our profession. Upon this, and no other condition do I accept the challenge.

Albert Almont."

"To Wm. Seymour."

As Seymour read this answer, a dark, meaning smile passed his lips, his eyes flashed fiercely bright, and, in a deep, quick tone, he said, "by heaven! he shall fight or——" "die," was the word whispered in his ear. He turned; Fitz Alwyn stood beside him.

Three days after this, the lifeless body of a young naval officer was found at early morn upon one of the slips of the city of New York. The body was immediately conveyed to the nearest house, where every possible means were used to restore life to the inanimate form; and it was found that life was not wholly extinct, though but a spark remained. After a short lapse of time the young officer was restored somewhat to consciousness. It was young Almont. He had received a severe stab in the region of the heart, which had nigh proved fatal. Who the author of this foul deed was, none knew but himself. He recovered and kept the secret. He had been pressed by many to reveal the one who had well nigh been his murderer, but in vain; the secret was locked within his own breast—the assassin was safe. Three weeks passed. A beautiful day was drawing to a close as Warren Seymour appeared upon the decks of the noble frigate Constitution. A number of officers were lounging about the decks; but the first one he noticed and to whom he spoke was Almont. Uttering an exclamation of surprise and pleasure he grasped both hands of the young man and shook them heartily. They had been old friends and fellow-students. Both he and his brother had attended the same academy with Almont.

"But where is William?" asked Almont. "I do not see him here; he said as he gazed round upon the various groups about the decks, all of whom heartily welcomed his return.

"'Tis three weeks since he has been seen on these decks," answered Almont.

"Three weeks!" exclaimed Seymour in surprise. "He left Boston three weeks before me; has he not been here?"

"Yes, he has been here, but is gone, no one knows where," said Almont in a sad tone.

Seymour seemed for a moment lost in thought.

"Well," he said at length, "his career is before him; a bright or a dark one. I fear for that brother of mine. I fear me his headstrong passion will be his bane. But 'tis not for me to meddle with his affairs."

"But Almont," he continued, "you have altered since we met. Six years, hath paled, fearfully paled thy face. You were not always so; for I remember that there were but few who could boast of richer blood than you."

"I had well nigh been paler," said Almont, with a slight but forced smile playing round his lips.

He now related to Seymour the attempted assassination, to which he had well nigh been a victim.

"But have you no clue to this fiend in human shape?" asked Seymour, a slight tremor pervading his voice.

"If this is any clue," said Almont, taking from his pocket the point of a small dagger, stained with blood—"I have."

The face of Seymour turned deadly pale at the sight of this, and at the same moment he drew forth a small hilted dagger broken at the point. The broken blade exactly matched the point which Almont had preserved. For a moment, Seymour stood silent, his form was terribly agitated, his face was still pale, and his eyes, in that short moment spoke volumes of anguish. With a voice of forced calmness, yet husky with inward emotion, he spoke.

"My brother! my brother! Oh God! that this should be his deed. A deed of blood rests on his head. Yet, thank God, he is not a murderer!"

Dropping the broken dagger to the deck, he buried his face in his hands; while Almont and others who had gathered round, looked upon him in silent pity.

The hilt of the dagger bore the initials "W. S." William Seymour was the owner. It was a present to him from his friend and almost only companion, Fitz Alwyn.

By mere accident, it had come in possession of Warren Seymour that very afternoon. As he was about to put off for his ship, he observed in the hands of a lad, a number of whom were playing about the ship, a small dagger. He accosted the lad, and inquired of him how he came in possession of the costly weapon. The boy answered that he had found it, telling him at the same time, that a man had been stabbed a short distance from where he had found the dagger, and ending by asking Seymour if he would buy it. Warren took the weapon, and to his surprise, he found it to be the dagger which had been presented to his brother by Fitz Alwyn. The boy demanded rather an exorbitant price for his prize, which was, however, purchased by Warren. His first thought was that his brother had been attacked by some ruffian, and, in defending himself, had broken and lost his dagger.

The reader may judge of his feelings, when he found, that instead of defending his own life, his brother had attempted the life of another.

The disappearance of William Seymour was now explained. He had fled to avoid the punishment of the crime so much merited.

Overcome with sorrow and shame for the flagrant crime of his brother, Warren resolved to resign his commission and return home for a time. And if in time of need, his country should require his services, he would then devote them wholly to her interest,—for the position of affairs between the two countries, United States and England, at that time, was precarious in the extreme.

Warren Seymour warmly pressed his friend Almont to accompany him, urging, as a reason, that he would be benefitted by it—that he would receive better care than on board a man-of-war, —for without good care, his wound might yet prove fatal to him. After some urging, Almont consented to accompany his loved friend Seymour. He was an orphan, and Seymour resolved that from that time his home should be his friend's also. In a few days both were on their way to Boston.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VILLAIN.

It was a number of days after the departure of Warren Seymour from Clara Wildon, that she lay one afternoon reclining upon a couch in a small summer house or arbor, built out from her father's mansion. It was a beautiful place, commanding a delightful view of the broad bay, with its islands of green, resting upon its blue waters.

From the arbor, two large windows opened out upon a large and elegantly laid out garden; with broad winding paths of whitest gravel. A goodly number of fruit trees were interspersed throughout the garden, which was otherwise covered with rose bushes, flowers, and plants of every description. This arbor, the favorite place of resort of Clara Wildon was tastefully and even elegantly furnished. The floor was carpeted with the best of Brussels, figured with flowers of every kind. The walls were prepared with rich landscape drawing; and hung around with paintings, old and valuable; while round the room near the walls, were vases containing roses of the most beautiful, and rarest description, which filled the room with the richest and sweetest perfume.

This lovely place was styled by Clara, the Rose Room, and many of her leisure hours were spent within its fragrant walls. Reclining upon the couch, she had been engaged in reading for nearly an hour, when she was startled by the entrance of some person from the garden. She dropped her book and sprang to her feet.

"William Seymour!" exclaimed Clara in a surprised, yet not displeasing tone. "William Seymour here! Your presence was wholly unexpected, but nevertheless welcome, and at this time particularly so, for I am quite lonesome here and entirely alone in the house. But methought you had left the city and rejoined your ship."

"I did," said Seymour in answer. "But my leave is not yet expired, and love—love for thee, dearest Clara, has brought me back, and at thy feet," saying this, he took her fair white hand, and kneeling at her feet, kissed her trembling fingers.

She withdrew her hand, uttering at the same time an exclamation, half displeasure, half fear.

"Nay! nay, sweetest Clara," said Seymour rising, "do not be angry with me, for the love I bear thee. Blame not me, but thyself, dear girl," said he again taking her hand within his. "Blame not me, but your peerless beauty; your matchless charms; if they have caused this heart to burn with love, O, more than love for thee, 'tis thy fault, beauteous Clara. Thy charms, which kindled within this breast deep burning love for thee; have added within this moment two fold to the already over heated, burning passion."

Encircling his arm around the slender form of the beauteous girl, he imprinted upon her lips a burning kiss of passion.

"William Seymour," said she, in a spirited and angry tone, "I must not hear you talk thus. Once before have you unfolded to me the fierce passion you entertain towards me. Once have I told you my feelings, and to a gentleman once would be enough. William Seymour, I esteem you as a friend, love you as a brother, and to one who was, perchance, the preserver of my life, I shall always owe the deepest gratitude. But love you as you would wish, I never can. William Seymour, if you have any respect for a woman, for me, in heaven's name, leave me."

And burying her face in her hands, she sank weeping to the couch.

Seymour gazed in silence for a moment upon the lovely girl, then breaking silence, said:

"Clara Wildon, from your lips I would know one thing. You love my brother?"

"I do."

"Enough, 'tis as I believed. Infernal marplot. He knows a maiden's love. He shall also know a brother's REVENGE!"

What a change a moment had worked on him. The winning smile, the gentle manner he had assumed, the mild words,—all had fled; and in the place of these, fury, lust, and the darkest passions of his soul were roused from their slumber within.

"Clara Wildon," he said, in a low, deep tone, "Clara Wildon, I love, madly love you. My love you rejected; and, by heaven, you shall now receive the embrace of him whose love you have scorned. It shall now be your turn to sue; and sue in vain."

"In the name of heaven, what mean you, William Seymour?" shrieked Clara, in a voice of startling terror.

"That you are alone. That you are in my power," answered Seymour in a voice of fearful meaning.

"How know you that we are alone?" asked Clara, forgetting in her fright that she herself had told him.

"Your own sweet lips informed me," answered he, in a mocking tone. Come, sweet dove; to my embrace now come. Nay, but you shall. By heaven! I'll not be baffled now. I've gone too far to recede."

"In God's name, William Seymour, you will not harm me," said she, in a tone of anguish.

"You who saved my life, will not take it. Nay, more than life, my honor. Do not touch me or I'll scream."

"Scream if you will. You'll not be heard," and he grasped her hands. Quick as thought she disengaged them, and as the frightened hare starts at the sight of the hound, did she dart from the ruthless villain.

But he was as quick. Ere she had fled three paces, he seized her by her waist, and struggling, forced her to the couch. Uttering a piercing shriek of agony, she fainted. She was lost.

Seymour gazed on his victim with a fiend-like exulting smile. From her lips he ravished a kiss, another and another. From her heaving bosom he tore her snow white dress; but before his ruthless hands had profaned that fount of innocence and purity, he was torn from her, and hurled with superhuman force across the apartment, where he fell, with a crash so stunning, as would seem to have broken every bone in his mortal body.

One moment more and the desires of the villain would have been accomplished.

"Monster! Fiend!" burst from the lips of William Seymour, gazing from the inanimate form of his betrothed, to the prostrate form of his fiend-like brother. "Monster! well it is for thee, thou art my brother; or thy heart's blood would have been the forfeit of thy devilish crime. Away, fiend! murderer!" said he, as his brother rose slowly to his feet. "Away, murderer, ay worse than a murderer, for he who would by brutal force ravish from a helpless woman the choicest of God's gift's, her virtue, is worse than a murderer. Away, or a brother's blood may not protect thee."

William Seymour rose to his feet. His face was livid with rage and hatred. His eyes blazed with a terrible fire. A hellish smile of the fiend incarnate, wreathed his lips as he gazed on his rival brother. For a moment he stood as if chained to the spot; then as sudden as the conceded tiger darts upon its unsuspecting prey, he sprang with an uplifted dagger upon his brother, and aimed a deadly blow at his heart. But the fatal blow was arrested, he was seized with a powerful arm and again hurled to the floor, and his dagger sent ringing across the room. Young Almont, was the preserver of his friends's life.

Seymour again rose to his feet, and in a voice husky with rage and passion, he said—

"Warren Seymour you have had your day; mine is to come. I go, but I leave a brother's curse; and may it forever rest on thee and him. Warren Seymour you shall yet know a brother's vengeance! then turning to Almont, he said: "The blow I aimed at thee, which failed to reach its home, and thus robbed me of revenge, may, ere long, again be struck. Beware." Saying this, he sprang into the garden and disappeared.

Warren Seymour and his friend Almont had that very day arrived in the city; and in a few hours after their arrival, had together sought the residence of Clara Wildon. Entering by the garden, Warren had hoped to surprise her in her favorite retreat. When near the arbor a piercing shriek came from within; he sprang in through the window and saved his betrothed Clara from dishonor—from the foul embrace of his libertine brother.

Almont had remained without, but at the danger of his friend he sprang in and saved him from the blade of the desperado.

Twelve months flew by; and since the day of the fearful scene in the arbor, William Seymour had not been seen or heard of. Another month was added to the twelve, when, one day a letter was put into the hands of Warren Seymour—it bore a black seal. The letter contained but a few words; written in a strange hand. It told the fate of William Seymour. He had challenged—he had fought—and fell. He had died among strangers, with not a friend to mourn his fall or weep his death.

Such was the closing of his dark career; thus he died in the prime of life, a victim to his ungovernable passion.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRIVATEER.

DURING the year past, the prospect of an amicable adjustment of the existing difficulties between this and the mother country, had become daily more dark and unpromising. War with its devastating influence seemed inevitable. Every breeze wafted the tidings of tyranny and oppression. Every gale bore the cries of outraged and impressed seamen. Bound on their own decks—torn from beneath the outraged flag of freedom, and compelled in the war ships of Britain, to fight her battles.

Hundreds and hundreds of American seamen were thus cruelly impressed in the service of Britain. And hundreds and hundreds more would share the same fate if the day of retribution was delayed. Not a bosom but what impatiently awaited that day; not a bosom but burned to avenge the wrongs sustained by their fellow freemen. In addition to these cruel outrages, to which our merchantmen were subjected, were the depredations of a daring and unprincipled rover, who, during the past year, had infested the Atlantic shores. The deeds and exploits of this free rover were of the most sanguinary and daring character; frequently attacking large merchantmen, within sight of their havens; murdering their crews within sight of their homes.

Many a good ship had cleared her port, anxiously watched by hundreds, who dreaded lest the terrible buccaneer should cross her track ere she reached her destined port. Too often were their fears realized. The Corsair once more upon the scent, the chase was doomed. To elude him was impossible. So frequent and so fearful were the deeds of the buccaneer, that the name of the Black Vulture had become a terror to the whole Atlantic coast. With the free flag aloft, the Black Vulture roamed the Atlantic; and her bloody wake was traced upon the dark waters from the North to the South.

One day hovering like a bird of prey around the harbors of the North, another, gliding o'er the sunny waters of the South. Her speed was like the wind. She had outstripped the fastest cruisers in the navy sent out for her capture, and had gained among the sailors an unenviable appellation. "The Devil's Own." For it was averred by many that when in sight, and full chase of the corsair, she would disappear in the twinkling of an eye, and no trace of her to be seen, or aught in view having the least resemblance to a pirate. And not one that was at all inclined to superstition, (of which there were not a few among the sailors of that day) but what swore she was commanded by the Evil One himself. How she so often eluded those in pursuit of her, was the deepest mystery to all. One of her most daring piracies was committed in the very sight of a man-of-war. Overhauling one day a large ship, she fired into her an extra round of grape and cannister. At the first fire, the colors of the merchantman were struck. She was boarded by the pirates, who, enraged and disappointed in not having obtained a richer prize, after running into the very teeth of a man-of-war, drove every soul of the crew into the sea, and fired the vessel. On leaving her they fired a gun and hoisted their terrible flag, as if in defiance of the frigate which was fast approaching, but which was soon left behind by the light-winged corsair. Hardly could a journal be taken in hand, but what some flaming account of this terrible buccaneer appeared in its columns.

"O! that I had a craft of my own that I might scour and rid the Atlantic of this terrible scourge," exclaimed Warren Seymour in a passionate tone, his blood boiling with indignation on reading an account of a recent capture and horrible butchery of the crew of a merchantman by the Black Vulture. "Would that I had a craft, the match in speed of this corsair; once in her wake I would swear to free the waters of the demon craft, or sink my own in the attempt."

It was on that day that Warren Seymour received the letter containing the account of his brother's death. Three months from that time the proclamation of war was issued against Great Britain.

A short time before the declaration, Warren Seymour was prostrated by a malignant fever, which had well nigh terminated fatally. For three months he was confined a close prisoner to his chamber. During this period he was subject to fits of raving madness. In the course of these spells, the imagination of his wandering brain carried him from the sick-chamber to the deck of the battle-ship. One moment, as if in the excitement of the chase, as one in command, would he issue all necessary orders to a crew—then as if in the midst of battle, would his voice ring wildly through the chamber, shouting in a vehement manner to his officers and crew; his orders accompanied by the wildest gestures of his arms, as if fiercely wielding the sword or grasping with the foe; and lashing himself in his frenzy till big drops of sweat stood on his fevered brow; and exhausted nature refusing its support, the victim sank into a profound slumber, only to wake again in madness. During his illness the beautiful Clara Wildon had been a constant watcher at the bedside of her lover, day and night; hardly allowing herself repose sufficient to sustain nature. Young Almont was also a constant attendant at the bedside of his friend, over whom he watched with a brother's care. At length the fearful spells of madness left him; his health began slowly to recover, but several months elapsed ere he had wholly regained his strength.

It was one beautiful morning, after Warren Seymour had become wholly convalescent that he and his friend were engaged in conversation relative to their immediate re-entrance into the navy. Their conversation had lasted sometime, when they were interrupted by the presence of Mr. Seymour, who invited and requested the young men to accompany himself and a few friends on board a privateer which, a short time before, had arrived in the harbor.

"Would that it was an order for me to rejoin the noble 'Constitution," said Warren, as he rose to accompany his father. "I long to be upon her decks, and ere long, I trust I shall be."

In the hall, he met the party of his father, and among them, to his inexpressible satisfaction, was Mr. Wildon and his daughter.

"So you go twith us, Mr. Madman," said Clara, laughing, as Warren took her hand, "I'll wager this ring that once on the deck of the privateer we shall have a repetition of those highly wrought nautical ravings, which you so favored us with in your mad dreams. But come, Mr. Madcap, or we shall be left."

A few minutes' walk brought the party to the end of India wharf, then the principal pier in the city. Exactly opposite the pier, about a quarter of a mile distant, lay the privateer, one of the most beautiful crafts that ever rested upon the waters of Boston Bay. Embarking aboard of a boat at the end of the pier, the party was soon alongside of the beautiful vessel, which afforded to Warren, in particular, the utmost gratification. He was pleased, ay, enraptured, with the sight of everything around him. Everything about the beautiful schooner was arranged with the nicest nautical precision.

"O, that I had the command of this schooner," said Seymour, in a voice of rapturous feeling, as he finished the survey of the privateer. "Have you the command of this vessel?" asked he of a young officer upon the quarter-deck, to whom he had seen several of the crew touch their hats respectfully.

"For the present I have," was the reply.

"Would your place were mine. And I possessed it; half the wealth of yonder city I would give for the command of this matchless craft."

She was indeed matchless, and well deserved the many encomiums of praise he lavished upon her. As perfect a craft as eye could model, or hand could fashion, was the privateer.

"You set a high value on the command," said the officer, laughing. "Yet without your high price, shall your wish be gratified. I hold the command of this beautiful 'nymph of the waves' till I resign her to one more worthy—her future commander—Warren Seymour."

As the officer spoke, three loud and hearty cheers broke upon the still bay, and on the startled senses of young Seymour. He looked forward. The crew, only a small number, who had been on the deck till then, were now collected to the number of an hundred upon the forecastle, and the words of the officer of the deck, had made the welkin ring with their cheers.

Surprised and confounded at the strange words of the officer, and the simultaneous shout of the crew, Seymour turned for an explanation; when still more to his astonishment, and in the same uniform, stood Almont.

"Really this is quite a farce, and one that I do not understand," said he, as he gazed into the face of his friend. The eyes of Almont sparkled with a roguish look and a significant smile played about his lips.

"What does this mean, Almont?"

"That you are the commander of this vessel, and nothing else," said Mr. Seymour, who at that moment came up. "This vessel is yours; accept it from your father; our little surprise has afforded us much amusement. My son will forgive our well-meant sport."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FILIAL DUTY.

Mr. Purdew, surgeon's mate on board the Lancaster, in 1757, relates, that while lying one evening awake, he saw a rat come into his birth, and after well surveying the place, retreat with the greatest caution and silence. Soon after it returned, leading by the ear another rat, which it left at a small distance from the hole which they entered. A third rat joined this kind conductor; they then foraged about, and picked up all the small scraps of biscuit; these, they carried to the second rat, which seemed blind, and remained in the spot where they had left it, nibbling such fare as its dutiful providers, whom Mr. Purdew supposes were its offspring, brought to it from the more remote parts of the floor.

A thing takes its character from the way in which we view it. Thus, when Dr. Spooner dined with a friend who had three turbulent sons, and they got into a row at the table, resulting in throwing gravy tureens and hot squash in each other's faces, the father turned to the Doctor with the simple remark, "boys will be lively, sir."

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GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

DIDN'T MEAN HIM.

Charles Dickens has at length taken occasion to come out in his paper and *deny* that his well-known character of "Harold Skimpole", in Bleak House, was a copy of Leigh Hunt. So that question is set at rest. He remarks, by the way, that "the statement came from America;" and adds, with considerable *naivete*, that "it is no disrespect to that country, in which the writer has, perhaps, as many friends and as true an interest as any man that lives, good-humoredly to state the fact that he has, now and then, been the subject of paragraphs in transatlantic newspapers more surprisingly destitute of all foundation in truth than the wildest delusion of the wildest lunatics." Now, Charles! do you really mean that? Because if you do, you should remember how many whoppers *you* told once about *us*, in a little book you published,—though we grant there were fools enough among us to give you something like a cause. But how very convenient it is to put the original blame on us Americans! If he *did* mean Skimpole for Hunt, *we* are not to blame. Let him settle his account without lugging *us* into the trouble.

THE LITERARY COMPANION.

Get a copy of this unrivalled weekly paper. It already has a circulation larger than any other paper in New England. It is a great favorite with those who have become its patrons, as any number of complimentary letters received by us will testify. We do not wish our friends and the readers of the "Pictorial" to lose the enjoyment of so rare a treat as the regular reading of the "LITERARY COMPANION," and we will therefore take them as subscribers at the rate of *one dollar a year*, provided their names are already on our books as subscribers to the "Pictorial,"—no matter whether they have been entered singly or in clubs. All the back numbers can be had, so that at the end of the year they will possess an elegant volume of 832 pages, with title-page and index.

At the Governor General's ball, in Calcutta, a beauty appeared who was not "put out," though she appeared to be on fire. The way of it was this: in countless diminutive bags of gauze she had imprisoned *fire flies*, and these, tacked on to her dress, far outshone the diamonds of the Oriental ladies. As she walked in the more dimly lighted alleys of the garden and grounds she was indeed a most brilliant belle! At the South, says a New York paper, where these "live jewels" are plenty, a *fire-fly-ball* might be given with great success. This kind of bug, or butterfly, is quite plenty in this country, at all seasons of the year.

A new version of the "Misletoe Bough" is given by the New York *Post*, as follows: A little Miss of six, with whom the words "skeleton" and "skeleton skirt" were synonymous terms, in relating the melancholy story of the lost bride, who hid away in the trunk and perished, and was not found till many years after, with wide staring eyes said: "And on opening the trunk, what do you think they found there, aunty?" "Why, what did they, my dear?" "Nothing in the world," answered the little story-teller, holding up her hands in horror, "but a hoop-skirt."

DR. FRANKLIN'S RULES.

On the last page of this number of the PICTORIAL the reader will find a highly ingenious puzzle, the invention of Dr. Franklin, containing two rules for making money plenty in the pocket of every man,—which may therefore be called *golden* rules. Let the reader study out their half-disguised meaning, and then go and practise upon the same. The labor of making the reading clear and complete will furnish amusement, as well as instruction, to many a circle.

The new baby to the Spanish throne had sixty-one names bestowed on her. The priest who christened her earned his fee, whatever it was.

FACILITY.

What a difference there is in men! One will take hold of a thing by the handle, and do what he sets out to do without fuss or fuming,—while another, apparently just as well prepared to accomplish the same results, will not seem to know how to go at his work at all. There is a vast deal in *knack*. It is a sort of instinct, a native tact that shows a man the *when* and the *how* in an instant. By reason of possessing this faculty, one writer of fiction will turn out a library of spirited and stirring novels, while another, of far profounder genius, will work and work without end over a single one. Yet, in many respects, facility may be called a fatal gift, especially if it is indeed a companion to genius; for its lures and wiles are as seductive as those of Circe, and prove often ruinous to its possessor to the last degree. A public speaker will harangue an audience with powerful effect, and do it without any betrayal of effort; for that very reason, and because he is thus unfortunately conscious of his power, he neglects to make such preparation as the occasion demands, and in time falls away in the popular regard altogether.

It is so with painters, though noble exceptions could be named. It is so with musicians, with writers, with speakers, and, indeed, with all classes of men whose activity is chiefly that of the brain, and creative in its character. If a person can do a thing easily, he will not, as a general rule, bestow so much labor on it. The very knack that helps him along, likewise hinders him. Therefore it will not do to trust to the promises of this faculty too much and too often. Newton understood what downright drudgery accomplished, that steady labor which flinches from no task or necessity, and hence said that genius was nothing more than patience. Macaulay flashes his brilliant pages across the brain, but he never could have produced such an effect if he had trusted to his facility in writing, which was wonderful. And, in fact, it will be found that all our best and foremost men, those who succeed and hold the positions they gain, are the ones who never trusted to anything but labor—labor—labor.

Since the lamentable occurrence at Lawrence, it is instructive to see how many committees are overhauling the estimated strength of the public buildings that are entrusted to their charge. We read of one case at the East, and another at the West, and others on all sides of us. Some of the structures that have long been considered safe are now suddenly condemned as quite unsafe. One is made stronger and more staunch, and another gets props and supports where it never expected such countenance. And we should judge that the public sentiment was getting thoroughly awakened. If no more than this shall be the result of the calamity that overtook the unfortunate persons in the Pemberton Mills it will at least be something. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, any day. Better save human lives, than lament over them after such occurrences have destroyed them. There is some hope that our people will ere long think it as important to cover their tracks as to make them.

NEW PATENT HOSE.

On another page the readers of the *Pictorial* will find an advertisement of a newly-patented hose, for use at fires particularly, which will be of personal interest. A hose better than the old leather or the rubber hose, has long been a public want; and now the Messrs. Boyd have perfected something that, having been tested with a hydraulic pump by the superintendent of the Boston Water Works, proves itself capable of withstanding a pressure of 330 pounds to the square inch. This is *three times* as high pressure as is ever applied to locomotive boilers, when in service. Its virtues are lightness, strength, and durability. The Boston and Manchester fire-engines have used it with wonderful success. Read the patentees' announcement.

Garibaldi has written a letter of thanks to Colonel Colt, for a present of pistols, some little time ago. The Italian liberator says: "The arrival of your arms will be hailed amongst us not only as the material support sent by a brave man to a people fighting for its most sacred rights, but as the powerful moral aid of the great American nation."

BACK NUMBERS.—We can always furnish any or all the back numbers of *both* of our papers.

Wayside Gatherings.

Love is better than a pair of glasses to make things seem greater which is seen through them.

There were one hundred incendiary fires in New York during the first thirty-five days of 1860.

A large cotton factory, capable of running 2500 spindles, has just been put in operation in Jefferson City, Louisiana.

English papers announce the launching of the screw three-decker Prince of Wales, 131 guns, at Portsmouth.

Accounts from Yeddo state that the Emperor of Japan, Foro Tzigo, had fallen ill, and was for some days in rather an alarming state.

The Rhode Island Exchange Bank, at East Greenwich, has failed, and the cashier was a defaulter to the amount of $72,000.

The Beaver (Michigan) *Argus* records the marriage of John Coburn, only three feet high. No wonder he wanted to get spliced.

A bill has passed one branch of the Maine Legislature, to exempt horses from attachment to the value of $150.

A literary gentleman of London claims that the word whig was derived from the initials of the party motto, "We hope in God."

A handsome young fellow in New York, in great distress for want of money, married last week a rich old woman of seventy.

There is both a Spanish and a French proverb which says—"A melon and a woman are hard to choose."

In the Hawaiian Islands there are 17,420 men over 20 years of age; 27,737 horses, 2783 mules, and 7335 dogs.

Punch says the native element of the Great Eastern seems to be hot water, for it has scarcely been in anything else ever since it was first launched.

In France, it has been ascertained they write, on an average, each inhabitant, nine letters—in England, twenty-one—in Scotland, sixteen—in Ireland, seven.

The ladies of Vienna have determined upon the abandonment of the use of gloves, which are no longer to be worn in private parties and at the opera.

There are now on deposit in the various savings institution in Massachusetts the very large sum of $39,424,418, belonging to 205,409 persons.

The Mississippi Legislature have passed a law divorcing all married persons within the limits of that State who live apart for the period of three years.

The New York *Times* advises the insurance companies of New York to organize a paid "brigade" of picked men to put out the fires there, like the celebrated London Fire Brigade.

Miss Florence Nightengale has published a little volume which is very highly spoken of in London, entitled "Notes on Nursing; what it is and what it is not.

A letter from Florence says—"The uncertain state of everything at Rome has caused the number of visits there to be much less than usual this winter.

The New York *Post* says the streets of the city are in such a deplorable condition that one can scarcely go two or three blocks without meeting with either a downright accident or a real heroic adventure.

The Irish servant girls of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, during the year 1859, sent home to their parents, brothers and sisters the enormous sum of one million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Miss Berkeley, a lovely girl of sixteen summers, and daughter of a well-known citizen of Hanover county, Virginia, was burnt to a crisp while ironing muslins. Her dress took fire in consequence of a hoop-skirt, which expanded it into the flames.

Foreign Miscellany.

There is no further news from the seat of war in Morocco.

Parts of the commercial treaty between France and England have been published.

There was a panic at Melbourne, Australia, and numerous failures had occurred.

The Pope has written to the Archbishops and Bishops, stating the reason why he refused the advice of the Congress to give up the Romagna.

The French Emperor's free trade proclamation has been received at Bordeaux and Havre with bonfires and illuminations.

The chief talk in Europe is about the Pope—France—what England will do—Austria's intentions,—and where the Congress will be held.

It is the purpose of France and England unitedly to make war on China soon, unless she answers their demands for reparation.

Lord Brougham has given notice that he will soon have the statistics of the cotton trade overhauled in Parliament.

Capt. Harrison's remains were treated with the highest possible respect on leaving Southampton.

Mr. Dallas has been authorized to negotiate with the English government, to put an end to the atrocities so common on board American ships abroad.

Sands of Gold.

Love moderately! long love doth so.

The fame of a battle-field grows with its years.

In this world, God and the angels only may be spectators.

Reason will become sooner or later worthier of its name.

Genuine cheerfulness indicates a happy mind, and a good and pure heart.

Times of ignorance are favorable to impostors as darkness is to assassins.

Temptations are a file which rub off much of the rust of our self-confidence.

Things have not so much a value in themselves as a value attached to them.

Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward, and merit without modesty is insolent.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

There is a paradox in fear—he is most likely to inspire it in others who *has none himself!*

Says Longfellow, "It is strange how soon, when a great man dies, his place is filled."

Nothing prevents a person from being natural and easy, so much as an extreme anxiety to appear so.

Perform a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return.

There is no man so great as not to have some littleness more predominant than all his greatness.

Whoever would oblige himself to tell all that he has done, would oblige himself to do nothing that he would be anxious to conceal.

Joker's Olio.

Why is a miser like seasoned timber? Because he never gives.

To make an excellent jam—squeeze six or eight women, nowdays, into a common stage-coach.

News of the Lost—The young woman who was "driven to distraction," now fears that she will have to walk back.

"Terrible pressure in the money market," as the cat said when the keg of specie rolled over her.

A young middy, who was maknig his first voyage, had so severe an attack of seasickness that he *threw up* his commission.

A lawyer on his passage from Europe observed a shark, and asked a sailor what it was, who replied, "Here we call 'em sea lawyers."

A popular writer says that men, like children, are "pleased with a rattle." Not much, if it is at the tail of a snake.

A serpent frequently destroys the harmony of one's domestic relations. In the case of Othello it was a handkerchief—another style of a wiper.

A sharp country paper says that a boy in Boston has been arrested for charging a stranger a half dollar to go into the Common to see the moon rise.

Q. If a pretty poultress marries a pill-monger, why may she be said to make a bad bargain of it?

A. Because she lets him have a "duck," and gets nothing but a quack in return.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL
WEEKLY.

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SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

Though the ever-heaving ocean
Bear us from our forest-land,
Through the rising waves' commotion,
To a far and foreign strand;
Still the heart, all space unheeding,
Firmly 'gainst our progress strives,
Leaves us, and with haste is speeding
To our sweethearts and our wives.

Ye may bind the eagle's pinions,—
Check the deer's impetuous course,—
Curb the steed to your dominion,—
Quell the torrent's headlong force,—
But the spirit, fetters spurning
As our proud ship onward drives,
Leaves us, in its joy returning
To our sweethearts and our wives.

Noah's freed and wandering raven
Toward the ark for safety flew;
Backward, to the spotless heaven,
Springs, at morn, the vesper dew.
Thus affection's fond devotion,
Balm and solace of our lives;
Flies, like incense, o'er the ocean,
To our sweethearts and our wives.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

FLORA'S PERIL IN THE WILDERNESS.

A STORY OF DETROIT;

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

BY WM. JARED HALL.

CHAPTER I.

FLORA AMONG THE INDIANS.

LATE in the afternoon of September 28th, 1813, a young lady was seated alone in the front chamber of a small frame house situated in the village of Detroit, Michigan. She was about twenty-one years of age, and her name was Flora Somerville.

Her features were not what would have been considered beautiful, yet they were marked with more than ordinary intelligence. She was a person of a warm, genial temperament, a frank, open heart, and true womanly sympathies. Her attainments were of a superior order, and she possessed remarkable firmness of character, with a spirit of courage and decision.

Flora was the only daughter of James and Agnes Somerville. They had resided in Detroit since just before the declaration of war between the United States and Great Britain, having moved from Buffalo, N. Y., in which place they had lived a period of twenty years.

Immediately after Mr. Somerville's arrival in Detroit, he became indisposed, and remained an invalid from that time onward.

On the occasion of General Hull's disgraceful surrender, Mr. Somerville was unable to leave his bed; and this peculiar condition, together with the distress and destitution of the family, enlisted the sympathy of the British commander, who, during his possession of the village, prevented their being molested or in any way disturbed.

The day previous to the one on which we have chosen to commence our story, General William Henry Harrison, and Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, with a large army under their command, went on board the American fleet, and were landed at Malden—a small fort nearly opposite Detroit. This place, however, had been abandoned by the British and Indians, who were apprised of Gen. Harrison's approach, and was burned, rather than that it should fall into the hands of the Americans.

On the next day—28th—this army re-crossed the river and landed a little below Detroit, with the evident intention of assaulting that place. It was while under the exciting scene attending the expected attack, that we have commenced our narrative.

Flora looked forth from an open casement near where she was seated, and gazed calmly upon the scene of commotion presented among the people and soldiers in the street. Men, women and children hurried to and fro in the utmost confusion, while soldiers and Indians were making hasty preparations to defend the village against the threatened assault.

Flora was cool and collected, apparently watching the movements of the excited throng in the street; yet she did not seem to realize the danger which caused this unusual stir. Her mind had soared away, far away to other scenes, and she appeared to be wrapped in thought, which absorbed every sense of her soul. She sat with one elbow resting upon the casement, and one hand supporting her head, while in the other lay an open miniature case; and occasionally her eyes would wander from their vacant stare without, until they rested upon the features of the portrait which the case enclosed. At such moments, those large, dark and expressive orbs would fill with tears until they overflowed, revealing in silence the deep grief which was consuming her young spirit.

At this particular moment Flora heard a low rap at the door of her room, when, instantly closing the miniature case—placing it carefully away in her pocket, she arose and opened the door. As she did so, a little boy—one of the neighbor's with whom she was intimate—entered the apartment, and, almost breathless with excitement and alarm, exclaimed:

"O, Flora! there's going to be such an awful time! Pa says that the Americans are coming, and we will all be shot or burned to death! O dear! O dear!" and the child began to weep.

Flora took the little boy by the hand, leading him to a seat, and sitting down, placed one arm around his waist, drew him toward her; then pressing her lips upon his snow-white brow, replied:

"Do not be so alarmed, Eddie. I hope we shall escape any serious injury."

"Do you?" he quickly interposed, catching eagerly at the words of encouragement; and his eye seemed to brighten as he gazed up into Flora's face. Then appearing to recollect the errand for which he came, he removed a letter from his pocket, placed it in Flora's hand, and, much more calm, continued: "Sister Clara told me to bring this to you." He then held up his little face for a parting kiss, after which he hurried from the apartment, exclaiming, as he passed through the doorway—"Good-by, Cousin Flora!"

Flora trembled when she received that note. She knew nothing of what it contained, yet she feared—she expected sad intelligence; and breaking the seal, read as follows:

"DETROIT, Sept. 28th, 1813.

DEAR FLORA,—It pains me to inform you that our suspicions with reference to Arthur Walton's arrest on his return toward the American camp, are too true. He was overtaken and captured as a spy, by Hugh Ruggles and some Indians; but instead of returning to Detroit, they took their prisoner across the river, with the intention of conveying him to the Moravian Towns, away off on the river Thames, some eighty-six miles from here, and where his fate—unless by some fortunate interposition of heaven—will be eternally sealed. Do not allow the circumstances to render you miserable, for 'tis a fate which we could not avert. I learned the above facts from the commanding officer of the garrison. Hoping to see you as soon as the excitement has become quieted so it would be prudent for me to venture out, I subscribe myself,

"Yours forever, CLARA TEMPLETON."

The paper fell from Flora's hand; tears gushed up from her heart; she sobbed and wept convulsively. It was a long time ere she became composed again; but finally, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, she removed the note from the floor, and carefully re-perused it. This time there was no tremor or apparent agitation, but her features were stoic and immovable, as she read that letter. Then re-folding and placing it in her pocket, she arose, closed the window, and dropped the curtain; after which she locked the door and moved in front of a mirror, where, for several moments, she gazed steadily upon her own features. She then commenced taking down her hair, by removing the combs and fastenings, when a heavy mass of black shining tresses fell upon her shoulder and around her neck. She took these locks in her hand and held them up before the glass, gazing upon them with a sad expression.

A moment more, having taken a pair of shears, she was cutting lock after lock of those tresses, until she had severed the greater portion of them for her head. She then folded them in a paper and carefully laid them away in a drawer.

Again she stood before the mirror, and removing a small vial from a stand, commenced bathing her face, neck and hands, with the liquid which it contained. After this, she began to disrobe herself, and half an hour later she was dressed in male apparel.

Having surveyed herself carefully after this change was performed, she moved across the room to a small closet, and took therefrom a rifle, two pistols and a sheath-knife. Laying the knife on the stand, she loaded the rifle and pistols; and the work was executed as by one accustomed to similar performances.

She next procured a belt, which had been manufactured expressly for the purpose, and buckled it tight around her waist. To this she attached the knife and pistols. Then taking a small, tight-fitting cap, she placed it upon her head, and thus arranged, took one more look in the mirror.

She appeared to be perfectly satisfied with her habiliments, and again seated herself by the casement, moving the curtain just sufficient to gaze out upon the crowd of people who were thronging past the window.

She remained in this position until the shades of night had settled down on the earth—still she tarried, wrapt in deep, silent reverie.

It was not far from nine o'clock when Flora roused herself from this meditation, and taking the rifle in her hand, with plenty of ammunition in her pocket, she descended from the apartment into the hall below, and from thence out on the street. She left a small note, however, on her stand, which was addressed to her mother, and contained a plain statement of her purpose in thus unceremoniously leaving them, promising to return as soon as her object was accomplished.

After passing the sentinels—which she was able to do by having the countersign—she bounded forward with the fleetness of a fawn, and soon reached a considerable distance from the village. Here, on the beach, she accidentally discovered a small Indian canoe. Placing her rifle in it, and springing in herself, she took up an oar and shoved the light bark off on the water, when, seating herself and taking both oars, she struck out toward the opposite shore, propelling the little craft over the surface as one used to the business.

A moment after she left the bank a man rose up from behind a log, not ten feet from where she embarked, and walking down close to the water's edge, gazed off upon the river; but the darkness was so great that he could not see more than thirty feet distant. Having satisfied himself that the object for which he was looking had reached too far to be discovered, he gave utterance to the following soliloquy:

"Waal, if that ar' aint curis! What in thunderation dew yeou s'pose that chap calkulates tew dew eout here 'mong these pesky savages? That top-'not o' hisn' will be danglin' by the side o' some o' these rotten red-skins 'fore he knows he's lost it. I know, Ike Curtis, as how yeou ar' wanted 'round here 'bout this time; yet, that ar' chap may be a Britisher, and even then, 'tis yeour bisness, tew see what he's arter. Then ag'in, he may be one o' Gin'ral Harrison's men, when it's yeour bisness tew see that he aint run ag'inst by any o' these painted varmint. I guess, on the 'hole, yeou'd better jist go over, 'cause yeou might be needed."

Three minutes later, and Ike Curtis—a well-known scout of those days—was seated in a canoe, pulling with all his might for the opposite side of the river.

Meanwhile, Flora continued on her course, and landed directly opposite Detroit—as near as she could determine by the lights in the village across the river. The moment her boat touched the land she dropped the oars, and catching up her rifle, sprang from the canoe, starting off toward a thicket in a north-easterly direction.

She had not taken more than ten steps, however, when she detected a savage, who darted out from behind a bush, some fifteen or twenty feet distant, and bringing his rifle to his shoulder, fired. Flora saw the move, and had fallen prostrate, just in time to let the ball pass harmlessly over her. The Indian, supposing his aim to have been sure, and that his victim was either dead or mortally wounded, bounded forward with a yell of triumph, brandishing his scalping-knife wildly in the air.

An instant, and Flora stood upon her feet, with a cocked pistol in her hand. The next, she had fired upon her advancing adversary, with fatal aim. He stopped suddenly—dropped his hands by his side, then fell heavily on the earth, a corpse.

Flora sprang forward again, and had nearly reached the thicket, when she observed another savage, directly in front of her, who held an uplifted tomahawk poised for the fatal throw. The weapon came on its mission, but went above its mark, standing in the water some thirty feet beyond.

The Indian halted an instant as he discovered his failure, when Flora, bringing her rifle up, discharged it at the savage, but without effect; and the next moment he was bounding forward with a terrific yell, which, despite Flora's courage, caused her to tremble.

The Indian had not taken more than three steps, when there was a sharp report, and the savage leaped into the air, and fell back on the ground, dead. The same moment, Ike Curtis came up to where Flora stood, saying:

"Waal, stranger, guess yeou aint 'quainted with these ar' kind o' varmint, ar' yeou?"

"I am thankful for your assistance," replied Flora, earnestly, yet eyeing the man suspiciously. "Without your timely aid, I should probably have been killed."

"More'n as likely as not yeou would. I calculate that ar' big Injin 'd have had yeour scalp in 'bout one minit arter he got hold on't."

The old scout had just concluded the sentence, when crack went a rifle, and whiz went a ball, passing not more than two inches from his nose.

"Thar, Ike Curtis, yeou're a tarnal fool, tew stand here like an ole gobler an' be shot at by these rotten savages. Blow me, if I don't jist have a little fun 'mong the varmints."

At that moment the old scout, having re-loaded his rifle, brought it to his shoulder and discharged it, when another Indian bounded up, and fell back dead.

"Thar goes another o' the pesky red-skins! Who'll be the next? Don't all speak tew wonst."

One moment only, when half a dozen savages sprang out from among the bushes, yelling like a pack of half-famished wolves.

That minute, however, was sufficient time for Ike to re-load his rifle again, when, bringing it to his shoulder and glancing along the barrel, fired. His aim was steady, the ball piercing the forehead of the foremost savage, who fell to rise no more.

Flora was more successful this time than on the former occasion, for her nerves were less agitated, and her ball did good execution—striking an Indian in the breast, killing him instantly, and passing through his body, mortally wounding another immediately in the rear.

This cool, fatal reception, caused the savages to skulk again, which afforded the scout and his companion an opportunity to re-load their weapons, and prepare themselves for another attack.

Having fallen flat on the ground, they were more secure from the observation of their enemies than in any other position they could have assumed. The savages had their keen eyes fixed upon every bush and stump within range of their vision, but they did not expect an enemy to rise up out of the earth. The scout understood this, and kept a close watch around him, cautioning his companion not to move, or make the least noise.

They had lain thus a few moments, when Flora heard him cock his rifle, and the next instant there was a bright flash, a sharp, quick report, followed by a yell of pain, when another Indian leaped into the air, falling back on the earth, writhing in death-agonies.

Immediately thereafter, a short whoop was heart at a little distance to the eastward, which was answered from another direction. The moment the scout heard this he sprang to his feet, calling upon his companion to follow, and yelling at the top of his voice, bounded off into the thicket.

They halted, however, after proceeding some forty or fifty rods, when Ike, resting the butt of his rifle on the ground, said:

"Thar, stranger; yeou kin jist set it deown as a fact, that thar aint another Injin in half a mile o' this place. Yeou see, they've got 'nuff o' these blue-pills, what's better for them than a portion o' fish-hooks. They don't like tew take um, that's sartin. I'd liked it pesky well, tho', if thar'd only bin a few more o' the same sort."

"I am right glad that they are gone," replied Flora. "I hope we shall not meet them again."

"Dew yeou?" inquired the scout.

"Most heartily," continued Flora; "but now they are gone, I would like to engage you, Mr. Curtis, for a few days."

"Yeou seem tew know me tol'able well, only the mister. My name's Ike Curtis, at yeour sarvice; but, blow me, if I kin call yeou by name. Yeour voice sounds kinder nat'ral, but I don't recollect as I've seen that ar' face o' yeourn 'fore. It's sorter dark eout here, an' maybe in the daylight I'd know yeou."

"My name is Alliston," replied Flora, promptly. "I have often heard of you, and I think, saw you once before to-night, though you may not have known me. Now, if I can secure your services for a few days, I will pay you well."

"Waal, neow, don't that ar' beat all nater? Jist as tho' Ike Curtis 'd take pay for dewin' any little job. Look a-here, stranger—or Alliston, or what's yeour name—didn't yew come from that ar' pesky nest o' Britishers an' Injins on t'other side o' the river?"

"I did," answered Flora, calmly.

"Then, blow me, if I'll help yeou!" retorted the scout, decidedly. "I jist wish I'd let the tarnal red-skins have yeour top-'not—so I dew!"

"What if I am true to the American cause?" continued Flora.

"If yeour a friend tew Gen'ral Harrison, then all yeou've got tew dew is tew say so, an' I'll be with yeou in a jiffy."

"Do you know Arthur Walton?"

"Waal, yes, guess I dew!"

"Do you know Hugh Ruggles?"

"Thar, jist let my peepers git fixed on that ar' chap, an' I'll show yeou a bit o' fun. Per-'aps yeou don't know 'bout it, an' per'aps I haint got time tew tell yeou; but that ar' chap's made me a heap o' trouble."

"Arthur Walton is a prisoner among the Indians," interrupted Flora; "and it was Hugh Ruggles who, with some of his savage companions, captured him. He was taken to the Moravian Towns, where he will be executed, unless he is rescued from their hands."

"Thunderation! yeou don't say so! Walton a pris'ner 'mong the Injins! When was he tuk?"

"Last night."

"On t'other side o' the river?"

"Yes."

"Look a-here, stranger! yeou jist come a little eout o' the way o' any sneakin' Injins as may be crawlin' 'round, an' we'll fix for a tramp."

CHAPTER II.

A PAINFUL SITUATION.

The Moravian Towns—as they were called—were situated on the river Thames, about eighty-six miles north-eastward of Detroit. At this place, on the afternoon of September 29th—the day following that referred to in our previous chapter—were a large multitude of British and Indians,—the latter under Tecumseh, and the former commanded by General Proctor.

A little on the outskirts of the main encampment, was a small tent, or Indian hut—being constructed partly of canvas—in which was a white man and an old, wicked-looking squaw.

The latter was preparing some mush in a kettle placed over a fire, while the former sat upon a rough wooden stool, with his arms pinioned at the elbows, and bound firmly together. The ligament used was a strip of raw deer-skin, and was drawn so tight as to inflame the flesh, which had become swollen until the pain was almost unendurable.

His legs were bound in the same manner, the ligament being applied just above the knees. This—similar to that upon his arms—was drawn as tight as two stout savages could secure it, and the torture therefrom was most excruciating; yet he guarded against any exhibition of pain or fear while in the presence of his enemies.

He was a person, perhaps, two-and-twenty years of age, and possessed of an intelligent appearance. His brow was fair, cheeks full and healthful, large expressive eyes, finely-chiseled lips, and slight whiskers upon either side of his face. His name was Arthur Walton.

That the reader may understand the peculiar position in which this young man was placed, we will relate a few facts connected with the past, presenting a combination of events from which it might appear difficult for him to extricate himself.

Arthur Walton's parents resided in Buffalo, N. Y., where he himself had lived since the days of his boyhood, excepting the past eight months, during which time he was in the service of his country as a volunteer in the American army.

It was while living in that city and attending school he formed the acquaintance of Flora Somerville—the young lady alluded to in the early portion of our narrative.

It is not necessary that we should follow the course of their intimacy. We will simply state, however, that they became warmly attached, and were finally pledged in marriage vows to each other.

Mr. Somerville having moved from Buffalo to Detroit, Arthur and Flora had not met but once in three years. That interview was just previous to the commencement of hostilities between the United States and England.

On the occasion of General Harrison and his army being encamped below Detroit—in which army Arthur was a private—he obtained permission of his general to enter the British garrison and make such discovery as he could. He was fully impressed with the fearful responsibility of this undertaking; but the hope of seeing Flora more than outbalanced all other considerations, and he made the attempt. He had an interview with her, it was true, but he was recognized and captured by his most deadly enemy.

Aside from the fact that he was taken as a spy, there were other circumstances connected with his position which served to enhance his danger, rendering his escape from an ignominious death beyond even a probability.

During the three years which Flora resided in Detroit, she was painfully annoyed by the constant and unremitting attention of a young man named Hugh Ruggles. He had persevered, and was evidently sanguine of ultimate success in winning her to become his wife, notwithstanding she plainly and openly avowed her disapprobation of his suit, and avoided him in every possible instance. He had made himself acquainted with her relationship to Arthur Walton; yet this only served to render him still more determined in his course. Three separate times she detected plots which he had concocted for her abduction; yet by cool, resolute and decisive conduct on her part, these plans of his were never carried into effect.

At the time Arthur visited her on the night of the 27th, Hugh Ruggles, by some stratagem or other, managed to overhear a portion of their conversation. The result of which was, Arthur's arrest as a spy, and his conveyance to the general British encampment at the Moravian Towns. Hence it was that his situation was considered beyond any possible chance of having extended to him the least mercy.

We now return from this necessary digression and resume the thread of our story.

The old squaw continued at her employment, preparing the mush, and every few moments would remove the wooden ladle with which she was stirring the meal, smoking hot with the boiling contents, and strike the prisoner first upon one cheek, then upon the other; after which she would watch him closely, to discover if he cringed or manifested fear.

The operation was most painful to Arthur, who, notwithstanding his face had become scalded to a blister, and the cruel torture continued until much of the skin, with portions of the flesh, was removed. Indeed, he was so firm and immovable in appearance, as to elicit the approbation even of his inhuman tormentor, who exclaimed:

"White man- brave—no squaw—him great warrior—no flinch—burn face off—no stir—pale-face great brave."

While the squaw was speaking, Arthur heard a tread outside of the hut, and immediately thereafter a portion of the canvas was pushed aside, when Hugh Ruggles entered the diminutive apartment.

He was a tall, coarse-featured individual, with a countenance perfectly in keeping with his present calling, which was that of a leading spirit among the Indians and tories, who made war upon the innocent and the unprotected. He was a renegade, and a person of no principle or conscience. Without affecting to notice the treatment to which the prisoner had been subjected, he said:

"I hope to find you comfortably situated, Mr. Walton."

Arthur looked up an instant, then dropped his gaze again and maintained his usual calm, rigid exterior.

Hugh watched his victim for a few moments, then added:

"You will find it very difficult, Mr. Walton, to endure the torture of being roasted alive. To prevent such an occurrence, I have come to offer you a chance of obtaining your freedom."

"Speak on," observed Arthur, with remarkable coolness, "I will listen to the conditions. If they be honorable, I would gladly avail myself of an opportunity to escape. If dishonorable, no torture which man can inflict will be sufficient to shake my courage."

"You are firm now," continued Hugh, with a wicked leer; but when the test is applied, you will be brave indeed, if it does not cause you to tremble, and beg for mercy. The conditions upon which your life can be redeemed from the fate to which it has been already decreed, are these: That you draw up in your own handwriting an article, and sign it, relinquishing all claim to the hand and heart of Flora Somerville. Let it be strongly worded, and written in a manner not to be mistaken. Let it—"

"Hold, base dog!" exclaimed Arthur, vehemently. "You can proceed with your original plans, for I do assure you that there will *never* be such an article written by me."

"You are strong, now," added Hugh, sarcastically; "but let the flames of a slow fire gradually progress and lessen the circle around you; let the flames encompass your limbs, burning the flesh to a crisp, and slowly advance toward your vitals; then—then, brave Arthur Walton, will be the time to test your courage."

"If this is the only object of your visit, let it close immediately, for your presence is offensive, and I would be alone."

"Your wish shall be gratified, Mr. Walton," replied Hugh, ironically; "but we shall meet again, and that very soon!" then speaking a few words in the Indian dialect to the old squaw, he turned short upon his heel, and left the apartment.

The day passed, during which Arthur did not receive one morsel of nourishment; neither did Hugh visit him again. About dark, however, two Indians came to the hut and removed the prisoner from the bench to a corner of the room, where, having previously driven two stakes into the earth—placing them about six feet apart—they laid Arthur flat on his back securing his feet to one of these posts by means of a strong rope. This accomplished, they next procured a portion of the same article, tying it in the form of a slip-knot around his neck, and from thence to the other stake, pulling at the rope until they had extended his body to its utmost capacity. In this cruel, torturing position, he was left, where it required the farthest extension of every muscle in his frame, to prevent strangulation.

In the most excruciating pain, Arthur Walton lay until a late hour that night, guarded by the old squaw and the two Indians, who had bound him to the stakes,—but who were then asleep; supposing that their prisoner was secured in a manner that did not require close watching.

It was a solemn occasion to Arthur Walton, as he lay there meditating. The past!—the present!—ah! the future! were passing before his mind's eye, like some great panorama. He dwelt upon past pleasures—those evanescent joys that had departed from him, perhaps, forever! He beheld, in thought, the loved Flora. Rehearsed love scenes in his imagination; felt her arm lying around his neck; fancied her warm breath upon his aching cheeks, and heard words of endearment whispered in his ear. In the midst of these sweet remembrances, he forgot the present and the future.

Then came the truth, with all its attending horrors! One day more, and he must die! Not die as a man, but be burned to death!—roasted alive! O, what an appalling fate!

Hark!—he heard a light tread on the earth, outside of the hut. He listened!—he hoped!—he prayed! His courage was gone, and he wept! Ah, yes, he wept! That strong-nerved man, whom the burning of his face to a crisp did not cause one muscle to quiver, now wept as a child, in memory of past hours of happiness.

Hark!—he heard the tread again. Hush!—he felt a breath of air upon his exposed cheek; yet he could not move his head. He listened again, and heard in a low, scarcely audible whisper:

"A friend is near. Move not a finger, if you would escape."

Hope! Did he sleep? or did he hear a friendly voice? He watched with the most painful anxiety. Hush!—the canvas moved—the guard slept. O God! that they might not waken. He did not breathe. Hope had taken hold upon his heart, and he trembled with fear and apprehension.

The fire had nearly burned out, but there was a faint, flickering light emanating therefrom, which was sufficient to enable the detection of any person in the room. A moment, and Ike Curtis stood within the hut.

His keen, quick glance revealed to him the condition of the dusky savages, and immediately thereafter he had severed the ligaments from the arms and legs of the prisoner. He then cut the rope at the captive's feet and neck, when Arthur Walton was once more a free man.

The scout then glided carefully from the hut, and held up the edge of the canvas for Arthur to follow. This was a difficult task, and not performed without the most acute sensations of pain, in every portion of his body.

After a few moments, however, his limbs were less benumbed, and by the assistance of Ike, they moved off toward the thicket, without being detected; leaving the sleeping Indians unconscious of their prisoner's escape.

Having proceeded a short distance, they came to where Flora was stationed, who without speaking, followed on after them; and they carefully avoided any noise that would arouse the Indians, into whose very midst they had penetrated, and successfully carried away their prize.

In this manner they continued their course homeward, making all the speed possible, knowing full well that they would be pursued by the Indians the moment Arthur's escape was detected.

By daybreak the next morning they had obtained a distance of many miles from their enemies' encampment. Ike and Arthur were, perhaps, twenty or thirty rods in advance of Flora, who began to exhibit evidence of fatigue.

It was not until they had halted to rest, that the scout detected the condition of Arthur's face; and he was making inquiries concerning it, when Flora came up to where they were seated.

The wound, occasioned by the scalding mush, was a fearful one; yet Arthur had not uttered one word of complaint. During their precipitous flight through the wilderness, shrouded in darkness, he had torn and lacerated the wound, by coming in contact with bushes and low limbs of trees, until it was frightful, and the blood having besmeared his garments, he presented a sad spectacle.

The moment that Flora saw his mangled face, she shrieked, and bounded forward, when he exclaimed:

"Flora! Flora Somerville! My God! is it you?"

"O Arthur! Arthur! are you wounded? is it fatal? O tell me!"

Reeling, she fell prostrate on the floor, and wept bitterly.

Ike Curtis was considerably astonished at this movement; but when he learned that his brave companion of the previous night was the daughter of his old friend and schoolmate, James Somerville, he rushed forward, and raising Flora from the ground, exclaimed:

"Waal neow! if this 'ere don't beat anything I ever seen 'fore, durin' the 'hole nat'ral course o' my life. It beats the Ingins all holler; they couldn't begin to pull the wool over this child's eyes like this 'ere performance has."

Then followed a few moments of an affecting reunion, after which Arthur's face was carefully dressed, and again they commenced their journey homeward.

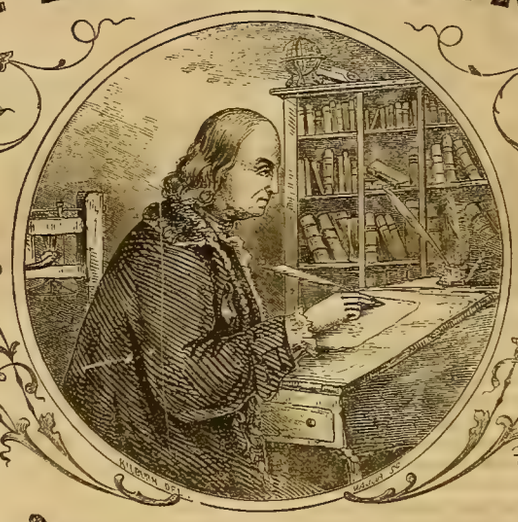
About six o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, they reached the bank of the Detroit river, directly opposite the village, and exhibited a signal of distress. Their signal was immediately discovered from the fort, and a boat sent to their relief. A short time thereafter they were safe within the encampment.

SILENCE IN NATURE.

It is a remarkable and very instructive fact, that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with glory, as one bright wave after another falls from fountains millions of miles away. There is no creaking of heavy axles or groans of cumbrous machinery as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system performs its revolutions. The great trees bring forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers; but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds to the blossoms and fruits and sunshine of summer is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the mighty transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and unceasing voice, the roar of the hurricane, and the soft notes of the breeze, the rushing of the mountain river, and the thunder of the black-browed storm,—all this is music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the universe is the most unobtrusive.

If bread could be procured as easily as water, men would be more likely to become brutes for the want of something to do, than philosophers from the possession of leisure.

THE ART OF MAKING MONEY PLENTY IN EVERY MAN'S POCKET; BY Doctor Franklin.



At this w the complaint is t s so s ce t must an act of kindness in the less how they reinforce their w ll acquaint with the t secret of ching the certain way fill empty & how keep them ways full. Two simple observed w ll do the bus ness 1st Let ho y and thy const comp ions 2d S d one every day less than thy el gains T shall thy soon gin to thr ve, thy cred tors will n r insult thee nor w of nor hunger e nor freeze thee, the whole hemi will sh ne hter and pleasure sp up in every er of thy

Now thereby emb these and Happy.

B Franklin

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FORT McHENRY.

Though we are compelled to give the readers of the Pictorial a representation of this well-known and justly famous fort with only the cheerless surroundings of winter, the picture is nevertheless an accurate and striking one, and possesses its own interest quite as much as if it were set off with the charms and beauties that belong to the summer season.

Fort McHenry commands the entrance to the harbor of Baltimore. This entrance is extremely narrow, and hence furnishes excellent facilities for a perfect defence. During the last war with Great Britain, it successfully resisted all attempts of the enemy to take it; and these attempts were many and persevering. They gathered a large naval force in the vicinity, doubtless expecting to make their way into the harbor in spite of any obstacle that looked like a fortification; but in this they, for at least once, found themselves wofully disappointed. Col. George Armisted was in command of the American forces, and held his ground with unwavering courage from the 14th to the 26th of September. This was in the year 1814. The fort is located about two miles from Baltimore. The British fleet that sailed up the Chesapeake carried a mixed party of land forces, consisting of about five thousand men. The troops were landed at North Point, and immediately marched forward under General Ross in high hopes toward the intrenchments that had been erected for the defence of Baltimore. The vessels of war then advanced against the fort. They were commanded by Cochrane. Moving up to within two-and-a-half miles of the fort, and forming his vessels in a semi-circle, he began to bombard it. The scene is thus described by the glowing and graphic pen of Headley:—"The fort had no guns sufficiently heavy to reach the vessels, which all that day threw shells and rockets, making a grand commotion but doing little damage. At night Cochrane moved his fleet farther up, and opened again. The scene then became grand and terrific. It was dark and rainy, and amid the gloom rockets and shells, weighing, some of them, two hundred and fifty pounds, rose heavenward, followed by a long train of light, and, stooping over the fort, burst with detonations that shook the shore. Singly, and in groups, these fiery messengers traversed the sky, lighting up the fort and surrounding scenery in a sudden glow, and then, with their sullen thunder, sinking all again in darkness. The deafening explosions broke over the American army at the city of Baltimore like heavy thunder-claps, calling forth soldiers and inhabitants to gaze on the illumined sky. The city was in a state of intense excitement. The streets were thronged with the sleepless inhabitants, and the tearful eyes and pallid cheeks of women attested the anguish and fear that wild night created. As soon as Armisted discovered that the vessels had come within range, he opened his fire with such precision that they were compelled to withdraw again, content with their distant bombardment. At length a sudden and heavy cannonade was heard above the fort, carrying consternation into the city, for the inhabitants believed that it had fallen. It soon ceased, however. Several barges, loaded with troops, had passed the fort unobserved, and attempted to land and take it in rear. Pulling to the shore with loud shouts, they were met by a well-directed fire from a battery, and compelled to seek shelter under their ships. During this tremendous bombardment, Francis S. Key lay in a little vessel under the admiral's frigate. He had visited him for the purpose of obtaining an exchange of some prisoners of war, especially of one who was a particular friend. During the day his eye had rested eagerly on that low fortification, over which the flag of his country was flying, and he watched with intense anxiety the progress of each shell in its flight, rejoicing when it fell short of its aim, and filled with fear as he saw it stooping, without exploding, within those silent enclosures. At night, when darkness shut out that object of so much and intense interest, around which every hope and desire of his life seemed to cling, he still stood straining his eyes through the gloom, to catch, if he could, by the light of the blazing shells, a glimpse of his country's flag, waving proudly in the storm. The early dawn found him still a watcher; and there, to the music of bursting shells and the roar of cannon, he composed 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'" And this beautiful ode at once became national, deserving well the hour that gave it birth. It is known to every patriotic American as well as Yankee Doodle or Hail Columbia, and has as strong a hold on the popular heart as "God save the King" has on the hearts of Englishmen, or the "Marseillaise" on those of Frenchmen.

FORT McHENRY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

A HUNTER'S LIFE.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

O, a merry life does a hunter lead;
He wakes with the dawn of day;
He whistles his dog and mounts his steed,
And scuds to the woods away!
The lightsome tramp of the deer he'll mark,
As they troop in herds alongs;
And his rifle startles the tuneful lark
As he warbles his morning song!

O, a hunter's life is the life for me;
That is the life for a man;
Let others sing of the swelling sea,
But match the woods if you can!
Then give me my gun—I've an eye to mark
The deer as they bound along;
My steed and my dog, and the cheerful lark
To warble my morning song

THE BANDITTI
OF THE
CASTLE OF HARDAYNE.

BY H. L. STEVENS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIV.

The thistle is there on its rock, and shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head, waving, at times, to the gale. Why dost thou awake me, O gale? it seems to say. I am covered with the drops of heaven; the time of my fading is near, and the blast shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come - he that saw me in my beauty shall come; his eyes shall search the field, but they will not find me!—POEMS OF OSSIAN.

SOME weeks passed away, during which no circumstance of consequence occurred. Giraldus and his friend made but a short stay at the castle, and departed on their proposed expedition, the former with a heart considerably lightened by the unexpected absence of Sir Alan Everard.

In this interval, previous to the detail of those events which at length restored the castle of Hardayne to its ancient magnificence, it will be proper to make the reader acquainted with some circumstances relating to the family by whom it was formerly inhabited. The connection of these incidents with the subsequent events, will render the knowledge of them essentially necessary.

These circumstances are collected from the manuscripts of a later writer, who, at a considerable distance of time, resumes the narrative of the family, where the former had ceased, and continues it down to the destruction of the castle. To this event he seems to look forward from almost every period with fearful anxiety, and melancholy anticipation. He recounts a variety of prodigies, of meteors, and of ominous dreams, as the certain presages of its near approach. Yet when it takes place, he appears entirely unprepared, and seems evidently to sink under the ruins of the castle and of the family.

To an unbiassed thinking mind that sudden event must undoubtedly have given ample scope for reflection and sorrow; but much more so, to one who appears so deeply interested, from the strictest ties of friendship and gratitude.

For nearly a century the castle of Hardayne had been the residence of the Earls of Montville. The last of that ancient family was not less distinguished by his superior merits than he was by his illustrious descent. In his person he was tall and graceful, and a commanding air was tempered by the mild benignity of his countenance. His manners were frank and gentle, his disposition generous, but somewhat tinctured with melancholy. In early life his attachment to heroic enterprise was clearly discernible, and as he advanced in years this ruling passion became expanded; the ardency of his mind beamed forth at the sound of arms, and he missed no opportunity of signalizing his valor and intrepidity. In several tilts and tournaments his vigor and skill were acknowledged, and even the voice of envy pronounced him a valiant and accomplished gentleman.

The castle of Hardayne, with an extensive estate, had devolved to him by the death of his father, at the early age of seventeen. It was then that his military disposition fully displayed itself. His chief attention was constantly directed to this favorite pursuit, and he daily practised himself in the use of every warlike instrument. A formidable band of youths whom he had selected from the most robust of the peasantry, were instructed with equal diligence and unwearied assiduity in every martial exercise. On the first day of the week their skilful evolutions were performed within the court, where the neighboring gentry frequently repaired to witness their dexterity in single combats, or mock engagements.

This warlike propensity, however, yielded for a time to the power of love. He saw, and became deeply enamored with the daughter of a neighboring gentleman, who, though possessed of no very considerable fortune, united every accomplishment which can supply its defect. The lovely Matilda was not insensible to the worth or qualifications of the Earl of Montville. She admired the mingled sweetness and dignity of his disposition and manners, and their love became mutual, sincere, and permanent.

A union founded upon principles of reciprocal and ardent esteem, promised to become the source of domestic bliss. Nor did the event disappoint their most sanguine hopes. They seemed to exist only in each other's society, and their happiness was diffused to all around. Every tongue dwelt on their praises, and every heart within the sphere of their action seemed to partake of its benign influence.

The earl saw himself surrounded by a young and lovely family. Two sons and a daughter had already blessed their union, and no wish which fortune or love could gratify, remained to render their felicity incomplete. The loss of their daughter in early infancy, was the first alloy of happiness that they had experienced, and the stroke fell heavy on the hearts of the most indulgent of parents. But the violence of their grief for this misfortune abated with the lapse of time; their bliss, tempered but not destroyed by their loss, flowed in the even channel of refined enjoyment, and they felt and acknowledged the blessings which the kind hand of providence yet showered upon them.

But in this imperfect state we are seldom contented with present felicity, however eminent. We overlook, or disregard that which is within our power, and fly to objects remote and uncertain, for the doubtful gratification of some ruling passion.

Six years of almost uninterrupted tranquillity and domestic pleasures had already passed away, when the first invasion of France by Edward the Third, called forth the latent passion for arms, which love had suppressed, but not obliterated. His faithful band was again drawn out and diligently practised in their accustomed exercises. In a few weeks he took his departure on that fatal expedition from whence proceeded every misfortune that shortly after overwhelmed the castle of Hardayne.

The tears and entreaties of the Lady Montville failed in their accustomed power. Their influence sunk under this ruling passion, and she yielded up her solicitations and her happiness to what her lord represented as an absolute necessity. She saw his departure with heart-rending anguish, and dismal anticipations of the fate that hung heavy upon her.

The parting is described with great feeling by their historian. He enters into all their afflictions with the most tender sympathy, and bewails in expressive terms, the fatal propensity to which every joy, every endearing pleasure was sacrificed.

A short time confirmed their sad forebodings, and brought the melancholy intelligence, that the earl, with his party, had been entirely cut off in a secret and unsuccessful expedition. At the head of his little band he long withstood the shock of a force infinitely superior in numbers; he fell, and his faithful followers, disdaining to fly or yield, formed with their bodies a rampart round their beloved chief.

Distracted with the dreadful tidings, the Lady Montville for some days fell into a kind of stupefaction, from which she only recovered to display the ruins of a mind that had sunk under the weight of her calamities. The author here again breaks out into all the violence of grief at the recollection of this melancholy time, when, despoiled of its vital powers, the castle seemed to be enveloped in funereal gloom, the dismayed inhabitants wandered through the halls and passages with sadness painted on their countenances, and the dread silence only interrupted at intervals by the slow footsteps of the servants, or the sudden frenzied screams of the distracted lady.

Lord Bernard, the eldest son, was now five years of age, and his younger brother, Edgar about two. A kind and gentle disposition characterized the former, but the latter was distinguished and admired by all the family as the perfect image of the earl. Those that witnessed the misfortunes that had lately fallen upon this house, looked forward with hope to that time, when the virtues of their ancestors should be again displayed in the maturity of the rising progeny.

At this time, a distant relation of the earl's took possession of the castle, with an intention to superintend the direction of their affairs till the recovery of the Lady Montville, or till the eldest son should arrive at an age when he might be capable of taking the management upon himself. This man, raised from obscurity by the kindness of the earl, had been made the constant companion of his youth, and a partaker in all his various amusements; but he is described as haughty and unfeeling, attentive only to his own interests, and little calculated to inspire either love or esteem.

The remainder of this narrative I have given in the author's own words; that is, as near as possible, in what may not improperly be styled a translation from the obsolete diction of the time in which it was written:

"The grief for the death of the earl, and the unhappy state of his lady, diffused itself over the castle. Tears were seen in every eye; every tongue dwelt on the mournful event. Independent of the love and gratitude which I bore towards him, could I have beheld this without being struck with sorrow? But he still appeared unmoved; he heard of the death of the friends who had cherished and supported him, and he still remained unmoved. Alas, his heart was steeled by ambition: he saw his approaching greatness, and felt not for the woes of others.

"Destitute of every hope and comfort, wild and frantic with the pressure of her afflictions, his unhappy widowed lady sunk to the grave. I followed her pale corpse, I wept over her as they lowered her revered remains. My heart bled, it was rent, it was overwhelmed with anguish; the night witnessed my sorrows as I mourned my last friend.

"Often, as I lay on the cold ground that covers her, I call to mind her transient happiness, I recollected her dawning bliss, I trace the hurrying minutes as they passed, I see the days of joy and pleasure hastening imperceptibly away, I see the gathering clouds of dire misfortune moving heavily along, like the storms of the mountains falling with impetuous force.

"Thus the declining sun crimsons the western horizon with the splendor of his beams, while the threatening tempest growls in the distance; thus he sinks in beauteous effulgence, and thus black storms succeed his departure, and blot his last faint gleams with turbid vapors.

"The shocks of misfortune followed each other in quick succession. Soon the children, the only remaining stay of this noble family, descended to an early grave. Withered like the blossoms of spring by the pestilential blast, they bowed their beauteous heads and sunk in death.

"Overwhelmed with reiterated calamities, I stood with stupid astonishment, gazing at the dire progress of fate. So the darksome way of the benighted and lost traveller, receives the sudden illumination of some glaring meteor, whose transitory beam displays to his view all the horrors of a trackless waste. As with deep melancholy he gazes on the fleeting lustre, his dismayed heart, bereft of every hope, sinks with its expiring beam,—and desolate, forlorn, and miserable, he pursues the devious course with wearied and uncertain steps.

"A night ever to be remembered, a night dismal and tremendous, terminated the tragic scene. Loud pealing thunders shook the castle to its foundations; the blue lightnings blazed in the court, and shivered the towering battlements. Soon a dismal cry aroused my torpid mind; the flames burst with violence from the western buildings, the air was charged with fire. All nature seemed to combine for its destruction; the loud blast drove it on with impetuous fury, and the pale ashes and roaring thunder mingled in the dreadful scene.

"The succeeding day saw this once noble edifice an abandoned heap of ruins. I, who had long beheld it in its magnificence, alone returned to view it again. It recalled to my mind all the events of former times. I felt the change which a few fleeting days had effected, and the contrast rent my soul.

"Now, bereft of every comfort, I sit forlorn on the mossy stones. I mark the course of the declining sun, and think on the unhappy fate of my benefactors. 'Tis now night, the moonbeam trembles through the crannied wall, and falls with checquered light among the ruined arches. From the dark apertures, thin spectres seem to glide, and beckon me to follow. The howling of the distant watch-dog suddenly invades my ear; they fly, and a faint and melancholy murmur seems to issue from among the ruins.

The door, waving to the breeze on its grating hinges, alone breaks the solemn stillness, or shut by the sudden blast, resounds in sullen echoes through the hollow vaulted caverns; the dying zephyr sighs through the long grass, then sinks to calmness. Again mute contemplation resumes her seat.

"O happiness, whither art thou fled? O days of peace and joy, now past forever, how short, how fleeting, were your delightful moments! All is now past; my friends are dead—dejected I wander among these ruins, my soul lies buried among them; the adder that glides with silver scales through the narrow chink, or the bat who flits through the dusky gloom, are now my only companions, they alone shut not the mansion of desolation and of woe.

"On these scenes, now enveloped in ruin and night, overshadowed by the black clouds of misfortune, the dawning day shall again pour its light—pleasure shall again dance within this court. But not for me;—no more shall the friends of my youth quit their narrow cells, no more shall the smiling looks of welcome beam from the countenances of my benefactors. The cold and silent tomb alone awaits me. There shall I sink, avoided and shunned by the giddy and vain. No tear shall drop on the wretch's grave, no sigh shall heave as I descend to the cold earth."

The manuscript here ceases; the unhappy mourner, depressed with accumulated afflictions, drops his pen, and leaves the imagination to trace the progress of his grief, till the welcome hand of death kindly administered the only balm to ease his woe-worn heart.

CHAPTER XV.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below!
To-day, though gales propitious blow,
To-morrow the gay scene deforms:
Then all around
The thunder's sound
Rolls rattling on, through heav'n's profound,
And down rush all the storms.—BEATTIE.

THE time which Lord Albert had fixed for the term of his continuance with his friend had now expired, and Giraldus felt all the impatience of a lover once more to return to the castle of the Baron St. Austin; nor could the friendly endeavors of the gentleman, nor his own philosophy, longer restrain the increasing anxiety of his heart. Lord Albert perceived his pain, and kindly resolving not to prolong his torments, fixed on the succeeding day for their departure.

Early in the morning, therefore, they left their kind host and proceeded on their journey towards the castle of the baron, whither Lord Albert proposed to accompany his friend. As they meant to reach this place as early as possible on the following day, they continued to travel on till long after the close of the evening. It became exceedingly dark, and their way was doubtful. In this exigency they agreed to proceed slowly, while the two servants went forward in quest of some place where they might rest for the night. If they discovered any such place within a certain time, one was ordered to remain and prepare for their reception and the other to remain and guide them.

As they were well armed, they felt no alarm at being thus left to themselves, but pursued their way for some time without meeting or hearing of the servants. At length an apprehension arose that they had taken a different road, (which in reality was the case,) and they stopped to deliberate on what measures it would be most proper to pursue. After some hesitation they determined to proceed in the same direction, until they should either meet with them or some place where they could remain.

But their expectations were still deferred from time to time, and the hour of midnight was approaching without any prospect of success; the road, too, became still more obscure and uneven, and they were compelled to proceed with still greater caution. They now repented having travelled after dark in a country with which neither of them was acquainted; but to repine was useless, and under such circumstances there was no alternative but to go forward.

At length a ruddy light suddenly overspread the western horizon; and as they travelled on, its brightness increased. It seemed to glow on the

edges of the heavy clouds, and threw a gleam on the distant hills. They stood for some minutes to contemplate it, and were at length persuaded that it proceeded from some great fire: the direction lay nearly in their route, and they quickened their pace, regardless of the dangers of the road.

After travelling for near an hour, they suddenly emerged from a wood that had for some time entirely concealed it from their view, and found themselves on the margin of an extensive piece of water. At the further end of this they could perceive a large edifice, from every aperture of which the flames now poured forth with violence; the reflection on the water was tremendously grand and awful, the surface of the lake seemed to glow with the inverted blaze like liquid fire, while the foliage of the trees, and the whole horizon, caught the ruddy light, and rendered the scene horridly picturesque.

Without regarding its beauties, the travellers hurried on with increased speed, till they arrived at the gate of an antique castle; they entered the court-yard and passed through some of the outward buildings, but without meeting a single human being. The surprise of Lord Albert at this circumstance was unbounded; but it did not exceed that of Giraldus when he discovered that this was the same castle on which the banditti, in whose company he then was, had made their unsuccessful attempt.

There was now, however, no time for reflection; their exertions alone seemed requisite; and they determined, if possible, to enter the castle, lest some of the inhabitants, unconscious of their danger, might yet be left sleeping. The fire was hitherto confined to about half of the lower part of the castle and most of the upper. As they approached they discovered that the entrance was open, and, spite of every danger, they passed on to an extensive hall. The profound silence was only interrupted by the crackling blaze of the fire or the frequent falling of heavy beams, that every now and then threatened impending destruction to those below.

A deep groan, that seemed to proceed from a place adjoining, startled them, and once more drew off the attention from their own danger: the door of the apartment, however, was fastened, and they were incapable of forcing it open. In this exigence Giraldus repaired to the outward gate, from which he quickly wrenched off a strong iron bar, and with this implement soon opened himself a passage into the room.

A blazing turret on the opposite side of an inner court threw a strong reflection of light into this apartment: it was filled with smoke, and seemed as if it had partly taken fire. They hastily sought every part of it without effect, when another groan directed them to an adjacent closet. The same instrument here became necessary, and the door was quickly demolished.

Here, stretched on the ground and weltering in his blood, lay a man, who, by his dress, appeared to be some person of distinction; they paused not, however, to decide, but taking him immediately in their arms, conveyed him to the outer court. Scarcely was this business accomplished, when the whole of the upper part of the building gave way, and fell with a hideous crash into the apartments which they had just quitted. The flames from the inner court now appeared to rage with redoubled violence, and the whole atmosphere seemed charged with the fiery particles that arose from the fall of the building.

A band of peasants from a village at the distance of a mile, disturbed by the noise, just arrived in the critical moment when they were utterly at a loss how to act. To them the gentlemen entrusted the care of the wounded stranger, and they immediately conveyed him away to the nearest village, accompanied by Lord Albert and Giraldus. Part of the peasants remained, not with the view of doing any good, but merely to indulge their curiosity with a view of this terrible conflagration.

The surprise of the travellers at the state in which they had found the castle, increased as they dwelt on this extraordinary circumstance. Giraldus remembered the number of servants with which it seemed to abound at the time when the banditti had made their attack; but now the entire desertion of it by all except the wounded stranger, who seemed, from the precaution of fastening the doors, to have been abandoned to inevitable destruction, was an incident that he in vain endeavored to explain.

The peasants could only inform them that the Baron Fitzwalter was the proprietor of the castle. They seemed to entertain a suspicion that it was him whom they were now carrying, and their apprehensions were confirmed on their arrival at the village, where, with great difficulty, they at length conveyed him.

Immediately on his arrival he was put to bed, and they proceeded to examine his wounds. They found that he had been stabbed in several places, but they were not sufficient judges to pronounce the degree of danger in which he was. On inquiry they learned that no surgeon dwelt within six miles of the village—the nearest was the same who had been applied to for Lord Albert. To dispatch a peasant, they feared would occasion too much delay; and as Giraldus was well acquainted with the road, after some friendly altercation it was agreed that he should go, while Lord Albert watched over the safety of the baron till his return.

The nearest way lay close by the castle of Hardayne, and though Giraldus felt an involuntary horror at the recollection of this place, yet he determined to take that course, as it would prolong time too much to keep the main road. As he approached the gateway he was not destitute of some supernatural terrors. He turned and gave a fearful look into the court as he passed by, but could discern no object through the profound gloom, and he hastened on to the place of his destination.

In about an hour he arrived there, and the surgeon immediately accompanied him back to the village. He was greatly surprised at the information which Giraldus gave him respecting the castle of the Baron Fitzwalter, and was equally at a loss to account for so strange an event.

As soon as they had cleared the hills which bounded this valley, they beheld the fire yet blazing in the distance, and strongly illuminating the opposite mountains, while the castle of Hardayne seemed to frown with still deeper gloom, surrounded by the black and dreary heath.

The surgeon entertained but small hopes for the recovery of the baron. He however exerted all his skill, and continued with his patient during the remainder of the night, while Lord Albert and his companion took up their abode in a neighboring cottage, and there determined to await the issue.

In the morning they repaired to the castle, which was still burning, but met with nothing that could lead to a discovery of the cause of its apparent desertion. The peasants from all the neighboring hamlets had now surrounded it, and were gathered in parties, listening to the superstitious and marvellous explanations of their more eloquent neighbors. Some asserted that it had been fired by lightning; others said the servants had done it, after plundering the castle and murdering their master. The latter, indeed, wore an air of great probability, from the state in which it had been discovered, but it was a mere opinion, on which no reliance could be placed.

The nodding turrets that yet remained standing, destitute of their wonted support, seemed to wave with the breeze, and by their threatening aspects kept the curious multitude at a wary distance.

From them Lord Albert learned that the baron was but little esteemed by the neighboring people. They described him as rapacious, haughty and cruel, and seemed to have scarcely any pity for his misfortune. The loss of his son, who was headstrong and perverse, in the engagement with the banditti, had for a time deprived him of his reason, and on his recovery had added a greater degree of asperity to his temper. The smile that sat on the countenances of some of his tenants who were present, was a convincing proof of the truth of this information, but every one seemed to lament the death of his lady, who, they naturally concluded, had shared the same fate as the baron.

The gentlemen now returned to the village, where they remained for two days more. During this time the surgeon scarcely ever quitted his patient, who had recovered the use of his speech, but was, in general, extremely delirious. As the event was yet very doubtful, and their accommodation at the cottage exceedingly indifferent, it was agreed, after repeated refusals on the part of Giraldus, that he should return to the castle of the Baron St. Austin, while Lord Albert awaited the issue, of which he promised to send immediate intelligence to his friend, and to follow after as soon as circumstances would permit.

Having thus adjusted this affair, Giraldus was desirous of seeing the baron in the evening previous to his departure, and Lord Albert accompanied him to the apartment. He lay apparently senseless, his eyes closed and his visage overspread with the paleness of death. Their approach, however, aroused him. He threw a wild glance towards them, gave a sudden and frantic start, and sunk lifeless on his pillow.

Alarmed at his situation, they immediately withdrew and sent in the surgeon, who had fortunately just arrived. In a short time he came out and dissipated their concern, by informing them that he had only fainted; but he cautioned them in future not to suffer any but the necessary persons to be about him, as in his present weak state any sudden agitation might prove fatal. This Lord Albert promised, and they retired to their cottage.

Early on the following morning Giraldus quitted the village, and his friend dispatched a messenger to the castle of Melbourne, lest his having been separated from his servants should prove a cause of apprehension and alarm to the earl.

It will now be proper to make known the cause of this misfortune, though every circumstance that attended it was not discovered till some years after the event.

It may be remembered that when the officers of justice had destroyed, as they thought, the last remains of the banditti two who were wounded in the former affair appearing nearly dead, were left unmolested. One of these, however, was not so desperately wounded as they had imagined, though he was too much so to give his companions any assistance; when, therefore, he saw that their fate was inevitable, he took advantage of the interval while they were busily engaged, to smear his face with blood, and then counterfeited death.

When the confusion was over, and he had heard the departure of the horses, he arose, and taking only a stick to support himself, crawled out of the dungeon and made his way to the court-yard; from thence, notwithstanding his extreme weakness, he immediately departed, and by sunrise had reached the borders of the heath. Here he obtained shelter at the cottage of a peasant, to whom he gave an account of his having been met and wounded by the banditti on the preceding evening, as he was travelling towards his home; his story was believed, and they permitted him to remain a few days till he was somewhat more able to pursue his course. He then continued his route, by short journeys, to a place near sixty miles distant, where, in the midst of a large forest, another and superior party of banditti with whom the others had occasionally been leagued, held their subterraneous abode; and here he remained in perfect security till his wound was healed.

The party heard of the defeat and death of their friends with gloomy sorrow and fierce indignation. They vowed to devote themselves to revenge their death or share their fate; and as they deliberated on various plans, their savage souls were elated with anticipations of success.

Another scheme, however, which they had then in view, suspended for some time the fate of the Baron Fitzwalter, and intestine divisions respecting the sharing of a considerable booty, bid fair to set it altogether aside, by turning their arms against each other. By the authority of their leader, peace and unanimity were at length restored, and the subject was again renewed. It was, however, a very hazardous business, and required all their caution and deliberation, and was, therefore, discussed with more than ordinary circumspection.

When the stated time drew nigh, they sent out a reconnoitering party, with orders to make the castle of Hardayne their residence, to endeavor in disguise to gain an entrance into the castle, and to lie in ambush as frequently as possible, with a view of taking some of the servants prisoners—a circumstance that would considerably tend to aid their design.

The latter plan succeeded even beyond their expectation. The unfortunate man who had before betrayed them, with two of his fellow servants, were returning home in the dusk of the evening, when they were suddenly surrounded by the party in ambuscade. Unarmed, and incapable of defending themselves, they were immediately bound, gagged, and carried off to the distant abode of the banditti.

The intelligence which they extorted from these unfortunate men, proved extremely useful. The strength of the guard, their negligence, a description of the secret passages of the castle, and above all, the place where the treasures were kept, was obtained from their prisoners. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add, that when they had procured every information which they could give, they took effectual means to prevent the frustration of their plans, by putting it out of their power to divulge more.

Notwithstanding the apparent fitness of the time, they were unwilling to trust anything to chance, and in order to lull to a fatal security the suspicions which the sudden disappearance of his servants might have excited in the baron, they agreed to defer their expedition for some months longer.

At length this secret and horrid enterprise was again set on foot. They watched their opportunity, when but a small number was retained as guards at the castle, and by a bold and successful stratagem, gained an entrance into one of the secret passages, soon after the close of the evening, while the remainder waited without, concealed in the coppice, to second the efforts of their comrades. The disappearance of the lights, in the upper rooms, when most of the servants had retired to bed, was the signal for attack. They silently issued from their hiding place and surprised the guard at the gate, who, not dreaming of an enemy within the walls, were almost buried in sleep, and fell an easy and silent sacrifice to the successful banditti. The gates were then opened with the same caution for their companions, some of whom were immediately stationed on the outside, to prevent all chance of escape; and as the alarm bell might yet summon the peasants from the neighboring villages, and possibly intercept their own retreat, they proceeded with the most cautious vigilance and profound silence.

A sudden scream from two of the servants, however, alarmed the baron, who had not yet retired to bed. Unconscious of the danger, he immediately seized a light, and descended to the parlor, where he was met by some of the banditti, who after wounding him, as they thought, mortally, drew him into the adjoining closet and fastened the door.

The rest of the castle was quickly ravaged, and his lady fell a sacrifice to their fury, in her own room. All the plunder was then collected into the centre of the court, and fire applied to every part of the edifice. In about half an hour the flames burst forth from every side, and the successful troop, burthened with their prodigious booty, often turned with joy to behold the effect of their severe and barbarous revenge.

The division of their spoil, however, some time afterwards, was attended with such violent dissensions, that they prevented the hovering hand of justice, by sacrificing each other to their brutal fury.

While Lord Albert remained at the village to await the event of the wounds which the baron had received, Giraldus pursued his course to the castle of his friend—the habitation of the mistress of his soul. As he entered the park, he felt all those pleasing emotions which a near approach to those we love, after a tedious absence, naturally inspires, and he was proceeding on to the castle, when a servant whom he met, informed him that the Lady Elvina had walked out alone.

In the expectation of meeting with her at the summer-house, he left his horse and repaired thither, but as he approached, he was suddenly aroused from his reverie by a loud shriek. He flew with impatient eagerness to the building, and throwing open the door, beheld Elvina in the hands of three men, who seemed preparing to carry her off. At the sight of him she gave a sudden scream of joy, and fainted away.

Giraldus, half frantic with passion, scarcely recognized, in the principal of these men, the countenance of Sir Alan Everard; but pressing forward, with his unsheathed sword he beat down the guard of his adversary, and by a furious blow with the hilt, laid him senseless on the floor. Then turning to the servants, who stood trembling at his violence, he sternly ordered them to remove the body from his sight. There was no necessity to repeat his commands—they were instantly executed, and he now applied himself to the recovery of Elvina.

Soon as she had regained her recollection, and her emotions and terror had somewhat subsided, she thanked Giraldus with all the warmth of gratitude for his timely and generous exertions, and explained to him the cause of this base attempt of Sir Alan.

"And but for you," she continued, "I might at this moment have been hurried far away, torn from the arms of a dear and indulgent parent,

and concealed forever from his distracted search. What days of unavailing and bitter anguish have you prevented, and what gratitude do I owe to my preserver, and to the preserver of my father."

"Talk not of gratitude," he replied, "to one, who, had his life been sacrificed, would have but poorly repaid the many favors which he has received from your family. But surely it required no consideration of that nature to prompt me to a duty which it would have been infamous to have neglected even to a stranger. Judge, then, in the situation in which I now stand, what must have been the impulse that actuated my conduct. O, my Elvina! to what a state I should have been reduced, if at my return I had heard of your loss. I shudder while I think of it. All my misfortunes would have appeared as trifles, and this dire event at length have completed my destruction."

The looks of Elvina spoke the fulness of gratitude and love. She arose, and Giraldus accompanied her towards the castle. She saw and felt the force of that ardent though tender, that unbounded though respectful passion that glowed in his breast; she saw the generous principles that governed his actions, and led on by the mingled sensations which his late service had inspired, by long founded and mutual affection, and by well tried worth and honor, she at length blessed him with the avowal of a flame equally tender and sincere as his own.

Transported with the generous acknowledgment, he sunk on his knee, and as he pressed her hand with ecstacy to his lips, he poured forth the effusions of unbounded love and gratitude, and fervently vowed never to presume upon that implicit confidence which she had so generously, so unreservedly reposed in him. They now returned to the castle, where the warm acknowledgment of the baron contributed, with his recent discovery, to fill the breast of Giraldus with such transports as he had never before experienced, and he frequently felt inclined to consider it as the effect of some blissful vision, from which he feared to awake.

In the meantime Sir Alan Everard was conveyed by his servants to a distant cottage, where he remained concealed till the contusion, which the violence of the blow had occasioned, was somewhat abated. He then returned home, and though his heart swelled with the desire of revenge, yet dreading the resentment of the baron, he wisely determined to quit the country till time had in some measure worn from his mind the deep traces of the intended injury.

CHAPTER XVI.

It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have,
By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—SHAKSPEARE.

REFLECTIONS on the events of the preceding day, banished sleep from the couch of Giraldus. All night he gave way to the happiness which his discovery had inspired. He saw himself possessed not only of the esteem but of the love of her who had so long remained the object of his unalterable affections. Ecstatic delight filled his breast and his felicity knew no bounds.

Sometimes, indeed, intermingling with these blissful sensations, others of a different nature would arise, when he called to mind his present state and the insuperable bar which fortune had placed to the full attainment of his hopes. In the baron he acknowledged a firm and sincere friend, but he could never entertain the idea that he would accede to his union with Elvina; such a supposition he felt was vain and improbable, and its indulgence only led to a certain and severe disappointment.

Thus situated, he endeavored to raise a scheme of happiness on that foundation which necessity had pointed out; to pursue those paths alone which honor and duty should direct, and to leave the issue to that Providence which had hitherto led his unconscious steps through all the intricate mazes by which he had lately been surrounded.

Three days of happy and undisturbed tranquility had now passed away; they were such as Giraldus had never before experienced; and so fully was his mind occupied by his own concerns, that he scarcely recollected the situation in which he had left his friend with the Baron Fitzwalter.

In the evening, however, a messenger arrived from Lord Albert with dispatches for Giraldus. A short note informed him of the death of the baron on the preceding evening, and referred him for more particular information to the large packet by which it was accompanied. Giraldus accordingly broke open the seals, and with eager and increasing astonishment read as follows:

"To you it will be necessary to make this last confession; to the world it may be proper, were it only to warn them to shun my fate. Know, that to boundless ambition I may ascribe the train of successive crimes into which I have been led. Allied to the noble house of Montville, it early took root in my heart; but it was reserved for the death of my patron to call forth all its baleful force.

"Restrained within due bounds before that event, my hopes and prospects were moderated; they seemed annihilated by his marriage. Happy would it have been for me had their influence never revived: years of unknown misery would then have been spared me; nights of disturbed and sleepless anxiety would have been prevented by tranquil slumber; the horrors of a guilty conscience, of a conscience polluted with blood, would not have raised tormenting fiends to my view, and rendered the hour of darkness an hour of dread and dismay.

"But punishment has long hung heavy over me. My son fell an early victim to his father's crimes,—in the bloom of youth,—and the storm has at length fallen on my devoted head.

"O ye who feel the dawning of ambition in your hearts, guard your hearts against its flattering voice. Behold in me an object that may teach you early to suppress its dangerous influence: by its dictates have I been led on from injustice to guilt, from guilt to murder, and from murder am now consigned to long delayed but certain punishment.

"The death of the earl of Montville, in an expedition to France, was succeeded by the distraction of his lady; she sunk under the fatal blow, and a few weeks reunited her with her deceased lord. My dormant passions were again aroused—every circumstance seemed to second my views—but two children yet remained. O memory! why dost thou torment me with the recollection of their artless innocence! Why hast thou ever, in the very moment of transient pleasure, held up the baleful image in my view! Let me, though horror creeps through my veins as I proceed, let me preserve some method in my relation.

"These children were now the only bars to my ambitious hopes; these removed, and the extensive estates became my own. Long I meditated on the measures that I ought to pursue, and murder was at length determined on. Four servants of tried fidelity, who had long been attached to my interests, were entrusted with the execution. I had decided, and I left it to them to fix on the means. The elder brother was first devoted to destruction.

"At the dead of night they took him from his bed—from the calm slumbers of innocence; they would have conveyed him to the heath, there to have executed the bloody deed and buried his remains, but he awoke as they crossed the court. His screams still vibrate on my heart. I heard them, as I traced their proceedings, from the window of my apartment. Fearful of a discovery, they concealed themselves beneath the pedestal, and plunged a dagger to his heart.

"O! can I ever forget to describe the horrors of the silence that ensued! I heard his last sob. The whole weight of my crime fell on my heart like a thunderbolt; the assassin with bloody hands appeared before me, and I screamed with horror. He saw my distraction and wisely avoided me, or that dreadful night had witnessed more than a single murder.

"Thus far my schemes were executed; and I found that instead of being the happiest I was now become the most miserable of men. Already I had dealt too much in blood, and half my purpose yet remained unexecuted. A pang of severe remorse saved the life of the younger brother, as, with a heart rendered still more savage by despair, I was about to order his immediate execution: his fate wavered on an even balance, but humanity (may I use the term) preponderated. Herbert, my infernal agent, awaited with anxiety to execute my orders: he received my commands to convey the young Edgar immediately from the castle to some distant village, with a sullenness that expressed how little he was pleased with my lenity. Their nurse was speedily conveyed to a remote habitation, where death soon put an end to her suspicions.

"In the morning I mentioned with indifference, that the children had been removed to a distant castle, where I had fixed their abode till the age of maturity. The circumstance seemed an object of indifference to the generality, and was therefore readily believed. The report of their death by an epidemic fever, in the course of a few months, gained the same credit, and induced me openly to claim the valuable domains.

"But the terrors of my conscience were not so easily allayed; all my magnificent possessions could not blot out the remembrance of the means by which I had obtained them. I saw the insufficiency of riches to calm a guilty breast, and I cursed my folly with the bitterest execrations.

"My servants, all but the villains who had aided my purpose, beheld me with fear and trembling. I thought myself detested and avoided by all, and became nearly frantic. The castle was hateful to my sight; I imputed to it all the disquiet of my mind, and taking advantage of a tremendous thunder-storm, when the blazing lightnings seemed to aid my views, with a daring and desperate hand I set fire to the western apartments.

"The conflagration was dreadful. The servants scarcely preserved themselves from its fury, and I beheld with gloomy satisfaction, the magnificent pile that I had rendered myself miserable to obtain, a prey to the devouring element. The officious zeal of my servants preserved a small portion, though scarcely sufficient to convey an idea of its ancient grandeur, and I retired to a neighboring castle that had long been neglected, and was partly fallen to decay.

"Here I determined to fix my residence, and strive by all the means in my power to drive away reflection. In a short time afterwards I was married, and the care of an only son contributed in some measure to calm my soul; but often, indeed, would all the horrors of my conscience return with accumulated force, and threaten to overwhelm my distracted mind.

"To return to the young Edgar. Need I mention it? have you not already discovered in yourself that unhappy youth? the supposed nephew of Herbert, the brother of the murdered Lord Bernard, and now the earl of Montville? You are he whom I sometimes approved, sometimes condemned myself for having spared.

"I heard of your progress in the affections of the Baron St. Austin. I heard it with a malignancy that frequently upbraided my mistaken lenity. I however withheld myself from violence, till some alarming expressions which you made use of, in your parting conversation with Herbert, again aroused me. He immediately communicated his apprehensions to me. Alarmed at the intelligence, I saw, or thought I saw, that our whole plot was discovered, and ordering all those who were acquainted with the secret, into my apartment, I upbraided them with their treachery, and threatened immediate vengeance.

"They solemnly and sternly denied the charge, and as a convincing proof of their integrity, promised with horrid imprecations instantly to seek you out and murder you. I was terrified, alarmed, maddened with the supposed discovery. I listened with eagerness to every proposal that was made, but I shuddered at the thoughts of murder, and at length consented that they should use their endeavors to take you alive.

"They departed by different roads. One of them returned no more, but his body was afterwards found at the castle of Hardayne; the other two united together, and discovered you at the beacon, where, after procuring further assistance, they closely watched you till your departure, and carefully pursuing the same direction till a convenient opportunity, surprised you at the close of the evening. But to Lord Albert no injury was intended—he was carried off merely to cover their designs, and to prevent any immediate efforts to rescue his friend.

"I heard of your confinement at the castle with a gloomy satisfaction. Your fate for some time remained undecided. At length a happy thought (as I then termed it) struck me: to convey you to some distant place, from whence I hoped you might never return. In one of my excursions along the sea-coast I had seen an ancient tower, that was inhabited by a fisherman and his sons. It was remote from any other habitation, and exactly suited my purpose.

"Thither I repaired, disguised as a servant, and bargained with the old man for your conveyance. This business accomplished, I returned home. A still nearer and more important concern occupied my attention for the remainder of the day: to frustrate the designs of the banditti, who had formed a plot for the plundering of my castle, and the murder of its inhabitants. I therefore gave hasty orders to one of my people to communicate to your guards my intentions in regard to you, but detained the man till this affair should be terminated.

"My son fell in that dreadful night, and overwhelmed with the stroke, I was driven to distraction. My returning reason beheld it as the just punishment of heaven; but I was impatient and violent, instead of being subdued by the calamity. My servants who conveyed you away, I found had not returned. It was believed that they were shipwrecked. But I had done with them, and their loss, had I been capable of feeling it, would rather have excited pleasure than regret.

"But the clamorous insolence of Herbert aroused me from my lethargy. He said he had heard that I had murdered you; talked loudly of his affection, of his conscience, and of his horror at the deed, and threatened to make a discovery of all to the Baron St. Austin.

"I was alarmed, but I determined not to yield to the exorbitant demands which he made, as the price of his secresy. Pursuing, therefore, the same plan which I had so successfully executed upon you, I had him privately conveyed on board of a piratical vessel, to whose captain I had formerly done some essential service, and who, contrary to the general character of those who follow his profession, still remembered it with gratitude.

"But let me not speak of gratitude—it is a virtue that has long been banished from my breast. O! I feel the approach of death, my heart sickens, all its powers seem suspended, and life ebbs fast away. When you receive this I shall be no more. Think of me with what charity you can. I do not ask your forgiveness—it would avail nothing Mark me, my punishment has already commenced; already I feel its dire effects. Would that I could hasten the progress of this lingering death. I seek only eternal oblivion—annihilation.

"O! I have lived a life of wretchedness. What have all my possessions availed? Have they yielded me one moment of calm serenity? No; they have risen against me, they have tempted the hand of rapacious violence, they have directed the assassin's dagger to my breast. When you are inclined to execrate my memory, think on this, suspend the vehemence of your resentment, and recollect, that even in the most forlorn situation to which my schemes had reduced you, your state was exquisite happiness when compared with what I feel.

"Farewell; I go where this confession will not be required. I go to answer to a register where all my crimes are noted. The possessions which I have so long unjustly detained from you, have not diminished under my stewardship. You will receive the accumulated treasures; they may, and probably will, yield you pleasure, though to me they have brought nothing but sorrow and unavailing regret. Farewell."

What various emotions did the perusal of this narrative excite in the breast of Giraldus. Alternately he was agitated with passion, or sunk to calm sorrow. The conduct of Fitzwalter towards himself, he scarcely remembered; but the fate of his parents, and of his brother, filled his heart with anguish. When he adverted to his supposed uncle, he clearly saw the deep and artful policy which had given that mysterious air to his conduct, and had made him look with the eye of jealousy on his increasing intimacy at the castle; the whole of his complicated artifice became open to his view, and he readily traced back every action to its secret cause.

When his thoughts returned to the unhappy maniac with whom he had resided on the island, and in whom he then imagined he had discovered a father, he was struck with the coincidence of circumstance; and so strongly was his former state, and the story which Herbert had framed, impressed on his mind, that he would sometimes start a doubt whether he was yet in reality the person who was mentioned by Fitzwalter. But a re-perusal of the narrative soon convinced him.

He now saw himself at once raised to a height to which his utmost ambition could never have aspired. At once bereft of his secret enemies

and secured from a state, the most irksome to the feeling heart—a state of dependence. Various ideas crowded on his imagination, and rendered him incapable of separately dwelling on any. That evening he mentioned nothing of his discovery to his friends.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

HOMESICK.

BY LAURA S. WELD.

I stand beneath the glowing sky
Of sweet Hesperian climes,
And floats to me upon the breeze,
The soothing vesper chimes.

The sunset in the distant west
In softened splendor burns,
While dimly from the glad blue air
Peep out the night's gold urns.

Upon the hilltop, calm and fair,
The silver olives gleam;
And murmuringly the waters flow
As in a quiet dream.

In sooth this is a lovely spot,
Most beautiful, most blest;
And here* the poet, long ago,
Lay calmly down to rest

But oh! methinks if I might see
Once more my own blue hills,
And hear the wild birds' simple song
Chime in with rush of rills,—

If I might pierce with loving gaze
The calm New England sky,
And feel my mother's kiss once more,—
I then would gladly die!

*Brundusium, where Virgil died.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE ROYAL GAME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

At the close of the fourteenth century the kingdoms of Naples and Hungary were temporally united. The union was not effected peaceably. Charles of Duzarro, a Hungarian monarch, had been crowned king of Naples through the influence of Pope Urban VI. He signalized his reign by causing Queen Joanna whom he superseded to be suffocated, but only four years later he was himself called upon to pay a retributive penalty, being assassinated in Hungary. His son Ladislaus, before he found himself seated securely on his father's throne, was compelled to contest it with Louis of Anjou, the adopted son of Joanna. In this contest, however, he proved successful, and reigned for nearly thirty years afterwards, and, what was unusual at that time, was permitted to die without violence.

It is in the reign of King Ladislaus that our story commences:

On the termination of the struggle, the king proceeded to deal with the adherents of his rival, Louis of Anjou. Some were put to death, others whose connection had been less decided were deprived for a time, but with the certainty of ultimately paying by the penalty of their lives, for the part which they had taken.

Among these latter was the Count Gonsalvo. He was now imprisoned, but it was generally understood that in three months' time he would be led forth to execution. This seemed peculiarly hard, for if any one had cause to live, it seemed to be he. He was descended from a noble line of ancestry, he was young, accomplished, personally prepossessing, and moreover, he had been but one year since united to a beautiful girl, to whom he was still devotedly attached. However, hard as it seemed, there appeared little prospect of the king's relenting. Hope departed from the count, but not from his wife, the Countess Maria.

The latter, instead of passively waiting the action of the king, determined to exert herself.

With this object in view, she sought Father Anselino, the king's confessor, and was admitted to a private audience.

"What can I do for you, my daughter?" inquired the ecclesiastic, not unmoved by the beauty of his visitor, dimmed though it were with tears.

"You are the king's confessor, is it not so?" asked the countess, eagerly.

"I enjoy that high privilege," said Father Anselino.

"And are intimately acquainted with the king's disposition, and tastes," continued the countess.

"Pardon me, lady," said Father Anselino,—betraying some surprise—"admitting such to be the case, it appears to me to be rather a singular question to propound to me."

"Perhaps it is," returned the countess, "and in fact, my father, I must in order to make you comprehend my purpose, make a confidant of you."

"Your communication shall be held in strict confidence, my daughter," said the priest.

"Thank you, Father Anselino, and now, in the first place, do you know who I am?"

The ecclesiastic looked at her intently, and then shook his head.

"I can readily see," he said, "that you are a lady of rank, and condition. I think even that I have seen your face before, but I cannot remember where, or under what circumstances."

"Then I will enlighten you. You have seen me at court during the reign of Queen Joanna, whom may the saints have in their holy keeping. Then I was unmarried. Now I am the wife of the Count Gonsalvo."

"The unhappy man who is now in prison, awaiting death when the king in his good pleasure, shall see fit to decree?"

"The same."

"Then I sincerely pity you," my daughter, said the ecclesiastic kindly.

"But, my father, is the king relentless? Is there no way of inducing him to extend a pardon to my husband?"

The countess looked earnestly in the face of Father Anselino.

The priest shook his head, saying, "my daughter, you are aware that there is no fault to which kings are less disposed to be lenient, than that which seeks to undermine their own authority. King Ladislaus is not—I will do him that justice—of a nature which delights in cruelty, for the sake of cruelty, but as I know he feels a large share of resentment against those who espoused the cause of Louis of Anjou, in opposition to his own. You know best whether your husband was one of these."

"He was, but it was less from a dislike to King Ladislaus, than from certain obligations, under which he felt himself to Louis—"think you, would the knowledge of this fact contribute aught to abate the king's anger?"

"It would abate it, but not sufficiently so to induce a pardon or even change of sentence."

The countess seemed for a time to be plunged in deep thought. Finally, she raised her head, and said, "I have been told that every man has a weak side—some point in which he is especially vulnerable. Can you tell me how it is with the king?"

"I should be the last," said the ecclesiastic warily, "to charge my royal master with weakness."

"Call it by another name then. Has he no strong passion?—no decided proclivity."

"I know not, unless I mention the strong liking he has for the game of chess. For that he is remarkable."

"Is he an accomplished player?" inquired the countess.

"I am told—for I know nought of the game myself—I am told by them, upon whose judgment I rely, that there are few who are able to encounter him, at this pastime."

"And no doubt he vaunts himself upon his superiority."

"It is no doubt a source of satisfaction to him."

"You said, Father Anselino, that there were but few who were able to encounter him. Could you mention some one of these?"

"There is a professor—a learned man—who lives just out of the city—who is reported to be the king's match."

"His name, Father Anselino?" demanded the countess, eagerly.

"Is Giovanni—Signor Giovanni—I know him by no other."

After inquiring particularly on what road, leading from the city, Signor Giovanni lived, the countess left the ecclesiastic, who could not comprehend her purpose or plans.

Three hours after, a knock was heard at the door of Giovanni's college. The occupant was a scholar, and lived quite plainly, having but one servant, who chanced to be absent. Giovanni himself therefore answered the summons.

"Is this the Signor Giovanni?" asked the countess.

"I am he, fair lady," said the scholar in surprise.

"Pardon my abruptness," said she, "but I am told you are an excellent chess-player."

"I am indifferently skilful at the game," was the modest reply.

"And I know nothing of it. I came to inquire whether you would have any objections to teaching me?"

"This is an unwonted request," said the scholar, hesitating, "and I am just now employed in writing a treatise."

"And this will occupy your time. I know it. But my good signor, I have a very especial reason, for learning, and I will pay you liberally for the time employed."

"How long should you wish to receive instructions?"

"I should wish to spend four hours a day with you for twelve weeks. In return for this sacrifice on your part, I agree to pay you a thousand ducats."

"A thousand ducats!" said the scholar, his eye glistening with delight. "That will enable me to purchase two rare manuscripts which I have been longing to get, without any prospect of the means of doing so. I thank you for your liberality, fair lady, and I will agree to receive you on the terms you propose."

"Thank you," said the countess, with earnestness. "Can I begin this afternoon?"

"Assuredly, if you so choose. You seem to be very enthusiastic about the game, though in truth I hardly wonder at it, for it is a noble science, and the only game I know that is not perilous."

"As I said before," said the countess, "I have an especial reason for learning the game, and I may add that the same reason makes me desirous of becoming as skilful as possible. If you could only make me as skilful, or nearly so, as yourself."

"I will not hold out false inducements to you, fair lady. The game of chess is one in which few are fitted to excel. Most can attain an average degree of skill, but to become prominent requires peculiar qualities of mind. If you have these, as I trust you have, I shall be able to give you that basis of knowledge which will fit you for the skill you seek. If not, you must rest content with less."

"I thank you, my friend, for warning me of the difficulties of the science. Your representation, however, does not daunt me. Rather it makes me only the more anxious speedily to commence my task."

"Then we will do so without further delay," said Giovanni, taking from its place of security his chess board and men, which he held as one of the chief of his possessions.

Signor Giovanni soon found that he had no ordinary pupil. The countess was possessed of a natural acuteness which probably would have made her an apt scholar under any circumstances, but when to this was added the motive which actually impelled her, the reader will not be surprised to learn that her progress was unprecedentedly rapid—so much so as to fill her preceptor with profound astonishment.

"Do you really think I am making good progress?" the countess would often ask.

"Most astonishing," was the invariable reply.

The fair pupil would look gratified by this meed of praise, and bend her attention with renewed diligence to the game. In the sixth week she gained the victory for the first time in a game in which the pupil had received no odds. I will not pause to detail the progress which the pupil continued to make. When the lessons were completed she received from her teacher an acknowledgment of her equality with himself in a game which he had made the study of years.

On the day before the execution of the Count Gonsalvo, a lady sought admission to the royal palace. Admitted by the chamberlain, she craved an audience of the king. The chamberlain shook his head. He was quite sure the application would be unsuccessful.

"But say it is a matter of life and death."

The chamberlain agreed to do the message.

"Let her be admitted," said the king, who chanced to be in a favorable mood.

"Fair lady," said he, on her entrance, "I am glad to welcome you to the presence of Ladislaus. How can I serve you?"

"Your Majesty is a chess-player, I am informed."

"I can play somewhat," said the king, proudly.

"Would you be willing to play with me?"

"Doubtless, my fair visitor. Is chess then a favorite game of yours?"

"It is the only one of which I know anything."

"Very well. Let the board be brought." This command was addressed to an attendant.

"In case I am successful in beating your Majesty," said the countess, "I shall wish to crave a boon."

"It is already granted on the condition you name."

The king said this graciously, but without a thought that he would be called upon to fulfil his promise. His confidence in his own skill was great, and he felt sure that if his antagonist were celebrated as a chess champion he should have heard of her. He accordingly did not take the trouble to speculate as to the nature of the boon which she would crave.

The game commenced. It was soon evident to the king that he had found a "foeman worthy of his steel." He changed his easy and almost indifferent air for one of greater circumspection. Long pauses would elapse between the different moves. It was a closely contested game. But at length by an adroit play the scale turned—and the game was won by the countess.

"Now, your majesty, the boon," she exclaimed.

"My word is pledged, lady. What seek you?"

"The life of Count Gonsalvo, doomed to die to-morrow."

The king started, and changed color.

"Who then are you?" he exclaimed, suddenly turning to his late antagonist.

"I am the count's wife," was the reply.

"Then he is a man to be envied," said Ladislaus, with sincere admiration. "Madame, I will instantly send orders to have him released, confident that with such a wife I may safely trust to his future loyalty."

"I will answer for him, your majesty, that henceforth you shall have no more faithful subject."

Count Gonsalvo was liberated the same day, and he prized his freedom the more when he learned how it had been obtained.

ORIGIN OF 'UNCLE SAM.'

Immediately after the declaration of the last war with England, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he purchased, a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, etc. The inspectors of these articles at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as "*Uncle Sam*") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army. The casks were marked E. A.—U. S. This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark, (for the letters U. S., for United States, were almost then entirely new to them,) said "he did not know, unless it meant *Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam*"—alluding exclusively, then, to the said "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and "Uncle Sam," himself being present, was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions.

Many of these workmen being of a character denominated "food for powder," were found shortly after following the recruiting drum, and pushing toward the frontier lines, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy, and of eating the provisions they had lately labored to put in good order. Their old jokes of course accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended, this identical one first appeared in print—it gained favor rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of our country, and will, no doubt, continue so while the United States remain a nation. It originated precisely as above stated; and the writer of this article distinctly recollects remarking at a time when it first appeared in print, to a person who was equally aware of its origin, how odd it would be should this silly joke, originating in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, mud, salt and hoop-poles, eventually become a national cognomen.

MARRIAGE OF GARIBALDI.

A letter from Turin, dated January 26, given in the London *Morning Advertiser* says: "*Apropos* of Garibaldi. The nuptials of this patriotic soldier of Italy with Miss Josephine, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Raimondi, were celebrated yesterday, at Fino, near Como, the country seat of the family of the bride. Mdlle Raimondi or Madame Garibaldi, is little above twenty, and of considerable personal attractions. She is tall, stately, with rich black hair, dark glowing eyes, and has a true Italian heart. She possesses also the advantage, especially as the wife of a soldier, of being an expert and courageous horsewoman."

Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures love and respect.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

MARY BRAY;

OR,

THE LILY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY LIEUT. CHARLES P. MORGAN, U. S. N.

EARLY one fine October morning in the year 182–, as Captain Walter Hayward, a tall, well-proportioned and handsome young man, owner and master of a pretty little schooner called the Sea-Bird, was walking leisurely up Long Wharf towards Commercial Street, in Boston, he was met by a stout, thick-set, muscular and very verdant-looking individual, who thus accosted him:

"I say, yew!"

"Well, say on," said Hayward, in reply.

"Yew're a sailor man, aint ye?"

"A part of one. Who are you?"

"Who air me? Well, my name is Jacob, ginrally shortened tew Jake, Burchstead."

"Where do you hail from?"

"Sir, tew yew."

"Where do you belong?"

"When I'm tew home?"

"Yes, when you're at home."

"Perhaps it aint best tew tell that," replied Jake, "till I find out a thing or tew about yew. Where dew *yew* belong?"

"To the schooner Sea-Bird," answered Hayward.

"Sho! yew don't say. Hired by the month, I 'spose?"

"Not at all. I am her owner and commander."

"Then yew're jest the individyewal I'm lookin' arter. Dew yew want tew hire?"

"Have you ever been to sea?"

"I calcewlate I hev some. I went tew see the darndest consarn last night yew ever heerd of. They called it a sarkiss, I believe. One feller rid reound a ring on his head, another swallowed a sword as long as my arm, and another turned himself clean inside eout."

"What I wish to know is, if you have ever been on board of a vessel?"

"Well, no, I can't say trewly I ever hev."

"Why do you wish to go, then?"

"Because I wish tew git eout of the way. The fact is, cap'n, I've got tired of livin' at home."

"Why so?" inquired the captain.

"Well, there's a step mother there, a reglar eout-and-eout she tiger, and she and I can't hitch hosses, no way yew kin chalk it deown. My own marm departed this life about five years ago, and then dad, like a confounded old fool, in less than a year afterwards must go and marry a second time. But he's got his come-up-ums for it, I tell ye. She makes him toe the mark tew a particyewlar shavin'. She's wallopped him once or twice tew, quite handsomely. In fact, she keeps up an infarnal reow in the house the whole darnashun time. It's nothin' but jaw, jaw, jaw where she is from mornin' till night. 'Taint no use to say nothin' against it either, if yew dew she'll up and sling the fust thing at ye she can lay hold on. Why, durin' the last week she threw at my devoted head a pair of flat-irons, a large airthen pot, a billet of wood, a fire shovel, a bucket of soapsuds, bucket and all, and a seven pound weight, either of which if they'd a hit me would have knocked my daylights chuck intew kingdom come. What dew yew think of her for a step-mother, hey?"

"I think," replied the captain, "that where such a woman as she lives there can certainly be no peace for the wicked."

"Yew can bet yew're sweet gizzard on that—nor for the good either. Finally, she carried on so that I was obleged tew tell dad day before yesterday that I wouldn't stand her confeounded noise any longer. Then dad said I must either treat his wife with proper respect or leave the heouse. As I wouldn't dew the fust, why of course I had tew dew the last, so I packed up my duds and left Hardwick for Boston the same day. I looked all reound arter a job yesterday, but couldn't find any, and then, stoppin' at a heouse chock full of sailors, and hearin' 'em tell what good times they had in a wessel, I thought I'd try tew hire eout in one. So if yew're in want of a feller strong as a jackass, and willing tew dew every thing yew set him abeout, I'm jest the cheese."

"You look stout and able," responded the captain, "and as I want a man I will give you ten dollars a month to go with me."

"And board?" inquired Jacob.

"Yes, and board," returned the captain.

"I's a bargain, by the jolly jumpin' johnny cakes," exclaimed Jake, who, in his ignorant simplicity was highly delighted at the idea of going to sea.

"Come with me," resumed the captain, "and sign the articles—then get your clothes and go right aboard, for at noon I intend to sail."

In obedience to this order Jake walked with Hayward into a neighboring shipping-office, where he was soon shipped in the Sea-Bird, to go to St. Thomas and a market, from thence back to a port or ports in the United States. Then, repairing to the house where he had stopped the preceding night, he took his clothes, and meeting the captain on the wharf, went immediately on board of the Sea-Bird, which was at the time lying out in the stream, ready for sea.

About twelve o'clock the schooner sailed, and before midnight Jake was so sick as to be hardly able to crawl about the decks. Next day, however, he was much better, and as the man who had shipped as cook and steward, was found to be incompetent, Hayward, after instructing his new recruit as well as he was able in the duties of the office, caused him immediately to be duly installed therein.

In consequence of his official position, our Yankee friend had a sleeping berth in the cabin, to which he had but just retired on the third night of the schooner's outward passage, when, as the mate came down at the close of the first watch on deck, the captain addressed him as follows:

"How is the wind, Mr. Montford?"

"About sou'west by west, sir."

"Fair for the point then, eh?"

"What point, sir?"

"Montauk Point, on Long Island. Now, Montford, as I shall need your assistance in carrying out the grand object of my present cruise, I may as well enlighten you as to the details of my plan. I intend to land at that point to-morrow night and pay a visit to the lighthouse."

"May I presume to ask for what purpose, sir?"

"To see my future wife."

"It strikes me that a lighthouse is a queer place to see a wife in," remarked Montford.

"I do not exactly expect to see her there," responded Hayward, "but at the keeper's house, which is in the immediate vicinity."

"Is the lady you speak of the keeper's daughter?"

"No; but she is the only child of Major Bray, a cousin of his and a wealthy merchant, who, having long ago retired from business, is now residing in Brooklyn. It was there I casually became acquainted with his daughter Mary, about two years ago."

"Of course she is very handsome?" said Montford.

"Beautiful as an eastern houri," replied Hayward, "and as proud and fanciful as old Lucifer himself."

"What is her age?" inquired Montford.

"At the time I first became acquainted with her," answered Hayward, "she had just passed her eighteenth birth-day. She lost her mother in early childhood, and ever since has been in the habit of passing a certain portion of each year with her uncle, the present lighthouse keeper at Montauk Point. Whilst residing there at different times, the beauty of her person and winsomeness of her manners, obtained for her the appellation of the Lily of the Lighthouse, a name which in my opinion, is at once appropriate and beautiful."

"And as a matter of course you fell in love with her," said Montford.

"Your presumption is correct," returned the captain.

"Then allow me to presume farther, and suppose that she did the same by you."

"In that you are widely mistaken," returned Hayward. "When, whilst on a second visit at her father's, in the Spring of the present year, I declared to her my passion, and besought a favorable response, she laughed, blushed, and finally admitted that she was already engaged to a young southerner, whose name is Henry Winterfield, who is coming North, and intends to be married on the ensuing Christmas."

"And that," interposed Montford, "capsizes your coffee completely."

"Wait till you hear my plan, and then perhaps you will think differently," returned the captain. "Is that steward asleep?"

"I will see, sir," replied Montford, who thereupon looked into Jacob's berth, and found its occupant snoring loudly and giving other apparent indications of being sound asleep, although in point of fact he was as wide awake as ever.

"How is he—asleep?" repeated the captain.

"Yes, as sound as a dead man."

"Then I will inform you what I intend to do. In the first place I mean to keep the schooner dodging about, off and on, near the point, all day to-morrow and till after the night sets in, when I intend to land, and with your assistance and that of the boat's crew, take Mary Bray off to the Sea-Bird."

"Forcibly?" inquired the mate.

"Ay, if we must, but peaceably if we can. I suppose I can count upon your assistance?"

"Certainly. But do you anticipate any resistance from the lady?"

"Not much from her," responded Hayward, "but a great deal from the keeper of the lighthouse."

"The boat's crew will easily be able to take care of him," returned Montford. "May I ask what you intend to do with the lady after she is on board?"

"You may ask, but at present I can hardly give you a satisfactory answer. I am in hopes, however, that when she finds herself wholly within my control, she may be inclined to listen favorably to my proposals, and thus ultimately make me the happiest of men."

"But suppose you do not find her thus inclined?" said Montford.

"I can only say that I have firmly resolved she shall never wed another. Now, Montford, you will instruct the boat's crew as to their duty in this delicate affair, which is simply to keep cool and obey orders without question."

"I will answer for their good behaviour," replied Montford, who, after bidding the captain good night, retired to his state-room, whilst Captain Hayward turned into his berth, and soon afterwards fell asleep.

Then it was that our friend Burchstead, who had been lying all the time with his eyes shut and ears open, eagerly listening to every word that passed, thought to himself as follows:

"So this ere fine young cap'n, that looks as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, is goin' to steal a gal from her folks and marry her whether or no, is he? I only wish she was somethin' like my step-mother, and had a little of her grit, then I guess he'd come off second best for once in his life any heow. Now I want tew dew somethin' tew help this unfortunate gal, the Lily of the Lighthouse as they call her, but heow or what tew dew I'll be darn'd if I know. I can't help this bringin' her off here, that's sartin, but I can keep my eye peeled arter she gits here, an' if I see the least sign of an insult towards her from the cap'n, or any the rest of the varmints, they'll find that Jake Burchstead aint so tarnal green as he might be, arter all."

Having brought his sympathetic cogitations to this highly characteristic and satisfactory conclusion, our Yankee friend, following Hayward's example went to sleep.

Soon after dark on the night of the succeeding day, the Sea-Bird was hove to about a quarter of a mile to the southward of the point, and Hayward, accompanied by his mate and four seamen, succeeded in landing near the lighthouse, unperceived by any of its inmates. It so happened too, that about the same time, Mary Bray left the keeper's house, as was generally her wont, (unless the weather was very stormy), for a solitary stroll along the sea-shore, and when she got about half way to the beach was met by Hayward and his companions, who managed to secure her person and conduct her to the boat without her being able to make the least noise or outcry whatever. Then in the same quick but quiet manner she was taken on board the schooner, where, as soon as she reached the cabin, she was addressed by Hayward thus:

"Although you may think I have acted rashly in this matter, Miss Bray, you may rest assured that it has proceeded from a loving and passionate impulse I have found it impossible to repress. I have loved you, Mary, from the first moment of our acquaintance, and the idea of your marrying another I find it wholly impossible to bear. Allow me, therefore, to hope that notwithstanding the clandestine manner in which you have been necessarily taken from your friends, by the most assiduous attention and profound respect, I may at length succeed in winning to myself the pure love and affection of your gentle heart, for which I solemnly declare I would at any time willingly lay down my life. I do not wish you to reply at present, but—"

"I shall *not* reply at present, sir, to any such insulting remarks," interrupted Mary Bray. "All I ask now is that I may be left alone."

"Your request shall certainly be granted," answered Hayward, "and you may consider my state-room as being at your sole and entire disposal."

Here the conversation ended, and Hayward went on deck.

Having at all times free access to the cabin, our friend Burchstead soon found an opportunity of revealing to Mary Bray all the details of the plot by which she had been entrapped into her present disagreeable and unfortunate situation. After listening with eager interest to this important revelation, Mary said:

"It is evident to me that Captain Hayward is at heart a villain, who is determined if need be to compel me to give a favorable answer to his insulting proposals. Ah, woe is me—for how to act under such untoward and distressing circumstances is more than I can tell."

"Well, Mrs. Marm," replied Jacob, in a ludicrously soothing yet honest manner peculiarly his own, "I can't railly say as ever I knew much about gals, and love and murder, and all them sort of things, and thairfore aint exactly the individyewal, in sich a cewrius case as this, tew offer seound adwice, but I feel darn'd sorry for yew any heow, and if I thought it would dew yew any good, I'd cut my tarnal windpipe rite in tew. Neow if I was yew I'd keep as still as possible deown the passage, and then jest as soon as we get where we're goin', which may be tew Heaven for all I know, I'll see yew righted if I git hung for it, darn'd if I don't."

Hearing the captain's footsteps on the cabin stairs, Jacob, in order to allay any suspicion that might arise by his being in such close conversation with the Lily of the Lighthouse, sung in a peculiarly feeling manner, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, the following words:

"There was a gal in eour place,
With forty theousand lovers,
She had a dredful hansum face,
And lived at Stephen Glover's."

"That's capital, steward. Can't you give us some more of it?" asked the captain, as he entered the cabin.

"Well, I can't remember 'bout one more varse, and that goes like this ere," replied Jacob.

"She used tew wear a pretty geown
Of werry hansum kuller,
And broke her neck a fallin' deown,
In Stephen Glover's sullar."

"That'll do," said the captain, who went on deck again, and Jake's revelation to Mary Bray remained thereafter unsuspected.

After the Sea-Bird had got about a hundred miles to the southward of Cape Hatteras, she encountered a terrific gale of wind, which damaged her to an extent that caused Hayward to take her into Charleston, South Carolina, for repairs. As none of the crew could well be spared to pull him ashore in the boat, the captain enlisted Montford and the steward in that service, and soon after the schooner anchored in the stream, found himself safely landed on the wharf, from whence he went with his mate into the town, leaving Burchstead in charge of the boat.

A short time after being thus left, and whilst he was sitting comfortably on the capstan of the wharf, two men passed by, one of whom uttered in his hearing the name of Winterfield.

"That's jest the man I'm lookin' arter," exclaimed Burchstead, loud enough to cause the strangers to stop.

"Who is?" inquired the one who had first spoke.

"Mr. Winterfield."

"I am that person," said the other, "what do you want?"

In a few brief sentences Burchstead explained the particulars of Mary Bray's abduction and present situation, after which Winterfield lost no time in going off to the schooner, and taking his betrothed on shore, and thus by the simple, though effectual agency of an honest Yankee tar, the Lily of the Lighthouse was reunited to the only man in all the world she had ever truly loved.

Dews of the night are diamonds at morn, so the tears that we weep here, may be pearls in heaven.

LET YOUR SUMMER FRIENDS GO BY.

Let your summer friends go by,
With the sunny weather;
Hearts there are, that will not fly,
Though the storm should gather

Summer love to fortune clings,
From the *weed* it selleth,
Like the bee, that spreads its wings,
When the honey falleth.

Rich the soil where weeds appear,
Let their false bloom perish;
Flowers there are, more rare and dear,
That you still may cherish.

Flowers of feeling, pure and warm,
Hearts that cannot wither—
These for thee shall bide the storm,
As the sunny weather.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

JOB NORTHROP'S ADVENTURE;

OR,

THE PERILS OF TRAVELLING.

BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

JOB NORTHROP concluded, for the first time in his life, to make a journey. Now, being the first time, it was quite an adventure to Job, and he solemnly called his wife and children together and made them acquainted with the fact a month in advance. As the time approached, Job felt more and more that his undertaking was a hazardous one.

"Mrs. Northrop," said he on the morning of his departure, (he was to start in the afternoon,) "I am about to leave you for a season."

"Oh!" exclaimed his wife, applying a ragged white handkerchief to her eyes.

"And such are the contingencies of travelling, that I may never seen you again."

There was a second doleful "Oh!" from the partner of his joys.

"I have made all the preparations I could think of for your comfort. I have made my will; you will find it in the left-hand drawer of my desk."

"O, Job, why will you be so venturesome?" asked his sorrow-stricken wife.

"Because, my dear, I want to have it said that I am a travelled man. I want to acquire that experience and that—that knowledge of human nature which can only be obtained by travel. Besides, it may not be so bad as we anticipate: the cars may not run off the track, and the steamer *may* not explode."

Mr. Northrop spoke as if safety was only a possibility, and there were at least nine chances out of ten that these casualties would happen. Considering the nature of his expectations, he displayed a degree of fortitude and courage quite heroic in venturing upon such perils as he anticipated.

And now, my dear reader, where do you suppose Job Northrop was going? Across the Atlantic, or by the overland route to California, I suppose you imagine.

No such thing. He only intended to go to Albany by the Western Railroad, and down the North River to New York, and from thence home. His home, by the way, was a little village nine miles from Boston, which, from its small size and general country air, you would have imagined two or three hundred miles distant from any city.

Our hero was a farmer in very good circumstances, but had been tied down all his life-time to the paternal acres, and seldom been beyond the town limits. I suppose this was the reason why he regarded a journey of two hundred miles as such a frightful affair.

His first stage, of coarse, was to Boston, which he reached without disaster, and in the afternoon he took the cars for Springfield, where it was his intention to stop over night.

He arrived at Springfield, also, without any startling accident, contrary to his expectations: I might almost have said contrary to his hopes. He was shocked to find that travelling was such a tame affair after all.

He arrived at Springfield in the evening, and was directed to an excellent hotel, where, feeling somewhat weary with his journey, he was disposed to go to bed at an early hour. But, previous to retiring, he fell in with a very gentlemanly-looking man, who made himself quite social, and at length mentioned that, having but just arrived at the hotel, he had been unable to find a vacant room. He wished to know if Mr. Northrop would be willing to grant him half of his apartment.

Job expressed himself very well pleased to have him for a bedfellow, and, accordingly, the two went up together.

Let me pause a moment, to describe the new companion of our hero. He was of about the same size with Job, but was better dressed. He wore a flashy vest, over which hung a gold watch-chain—or at least it looked like gold. His boots exhibited a high degree of polish, and so did his hat. His clothes were evidently cut by a city tailor, while Job's as evidently were cut by a country tailor who was several years behind the fashion.

"He's a very wealthy man," thought Job, complacently; "and he has taken quite a fancy to me. He don't seem a bit stuck up, either, in spite of his fine clothes. After all, travelling aint so bad when you can fall in with such agreeable company."

"Where do you live when you're to home?" inquired Job, with blunt straight-forwardness.

"I reside in the city of New York."

"And do you travel about much?"

"Yes, considerably."

"But aint you afraid of the cars running off the track, or something happening? Don't you make your will before going on a journey?"

"O, bless you, no. It's very seldom that accidents happen. But as we have got to start early in the morning, suppose we take a little something before going to bed."

"I belong to the temperance society," said Job, drawing back.

"So do I," said the other, coolly; "but I never took an oath not to drink lemonade."

"Lemonade is good," remarked Job, brightening up.

"Suppose we have some, then. I'll stand treat."

Accordingly they proceeded to the counter, and ordered the beverage referred to.

If Job had been on the watch, he might have observed that his companion filliped a little powder into the glass intended for him; but he was too intent on other things to notice this.

Job and his companion were assigned a double-bedded room. Our hero felt unusually drowsy, and in less than ten minutes was asleep.

How long he slept he did not know, but on awaking the next morning, the sun shone brightly into his chamber.

"I must have overslept myself," thought Job.

He rubbed his eyes, and looked towards the other bed. It was vacant.

"I suppose he got up to go in the early train," thought Job. "I am sorry to lose his company. But it wont do for me to be lying abed here. It must be near nine o'clock."

On looking for his clothes, a new surprise awaited him. Not a vestige of his own clothes was left behind, but instead, those of the stranger were left hanging on a chair.

"Well, this is really curus," thought Job. "He's gone and taken my clothes, and left his. I dare say he got up in the dark, and couldn't tell the difference. Well, this is a joke, particularly as his are a good deal better than mine." Speculating as to whether he would ever see the stranger again in order to make the proper exchange, Job leisurely dressed himself in the clothes of his late room mate.

When he came to look into the glass after making his toilet, he was quite dazzled with the metamorphosis. Thus attired, he looked no more like plain Job Northrop than a butterfly looks like a grub. Our worthy friend surveyed himself with no little self complacency.

"Who'd have thought that clothes make such a difference?" he murmured to himself. "I hope I shan't happen to meet the gentleman, and so be compelled to exchange. I wonder what Mrs. N. will say when she sees her Job so transmogrified? A gold watch, too, I declare," he continued, as he took from his vest pocket the watch which the stranger had sported. His own was a bull's eye, which had been given to him by his father when he was twenty-one.

His next thought was for his pocket-book.

That had been in the pocket of his coat, and of course the stranger had it. This gave him a twinge of alarm until he drew out from the pocket of his present garment a heavy pocket-book, which proved to contain fifty dollars in bills. By a singular chance, this was precisely the amount which had been contained in his own pocket-book.

"A fair exchange is no robbery," thought Job; "so I may as well use this money. In fact, I shall have no other, and must pay my bills."

He now descended to the lower part of the hotel, and ordered breakfast—of which, the hour being late, he partook somewhat heartily.

He now inquired for the time at which the next train would start. It would start almost immediately, he was told, and after settling his bill he made his way to the depot.

Fifteen minutes would elapse before the cars would start, he was told. During this time he walked up and down the platform, and it being a coolish day, though not cold enough for an over-coat, he put up the collar of his coat to shield his face.

Meanwhile, he became conscious that two men were watching him from a little distance, and, disliking the scrutiny, he got into the cars, which were already in the depot. Rather, I should say, he undertook to enter, for on his making this movement, the two men referred to advanced hastily, and one clapping his hand on Job's shoulder, said:

"Sir, you are my prisoner!"

"Prisoner!—what for!" inquired Job, turning pale as ashes.

"Shows his guilt," said the bystanders, unanimously.

"Of course you don't know!" said one of his captors, ironically. "Of course you don't know that you're one of the most noted passers of counterfeit money in the country."

"Never was I guilty of such frightful acts!" said Job, lifting his hands in horror.

"You do it well, old fellow," said the policeman. "But then you ought to, for you're use to it. I shall take the liberty to search you."

A dive into the pockets of the unfortunate Job brought to light the stranger's pocket-book.

"All counterfeits, every one of them," exclaimed his captor, after examination.

"Hear me, gentlemen!" cried Job, anxiously. "I'll tell you the truth—indeed I will!"

"It 'll be the first time, I reckon, then," muttered the second policeman.

"This is the way it happened: these clothes don't belong to me, nor this pocket-book."

"No doubt of it. Where did you steal them, then?"

"I didn't steal them. I exchanged with a gentleman who slept in the same chamber with me last night; or rather he got up before I did and took mine, leaving his for me. That's the way the money happened to be found on me."

"My dear sir," said the policeman, "you'll have to try again. You wont blind us with such a story as that; we're not quite so green. Come along to the station-house."

On the way they were met by a messenger from the hotel, where it had just been discovered that Job had presented a counterfeit bill in payment. It looked bad for our hero. Fortunately for him, however, the true rogue was arrested at New Haven, and brought back, thus confirming Job's story. He was set free, but he had had enough of travelling. Such new and extraordinary perils had presented themselve, that he returned home at once, determined never again to expose himself to the risks of a journey.

PLEASURE IS CHEAP.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasure? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along. Give them a cent and how happy they look! They will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in a neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children; send them a half a peck of sweet apples and they will all be happy. A third has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him find it, or make him another, how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work; say "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart to light up his own hearth with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street you meet a familiar face—say "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor.

Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. We can make the wretched happy; the discontented cheerful; the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

LELIA AND I.

BY GEO. BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Beneath the lilac bu h we sat,
Chatting as lovers ever chat;
With bashful lips approaching near,
And withdrawing half in fear.

O, little Lelia, and silly I,
Blessing the clear star-beams of the sky,
For their light in our loving eyes,
Where the pure and unconfessed love lies!

Blushing lilac flowers that bend
To our breath, sweet fragrance lend,
Waving now with nameless grace,
Dropping buds on Lelia's face.

How they trifled with my love,
'Till I wished myself a dove,
That I might upon her breast
Nestle close in timid rest.

I offered not my heart that night,
For a vision blurred my sight,
That seemed to whisper she would deem
My burning love a simple dream!

Between our hearts there rose a bar,
And so I fled to lands afar;
But when the lilacs strewed the lane,
I turned to childhood's home again.

My anxious heart was well nigh still,
When next I crossed that cottage sill;
I sought my darling's favorite seat,
Passing on with stealthy feet.

No graceful form arose to meet,
No rosy lips did part to greet;
But deep within the vale was shown
A grave to me, with blossoms strown.

Lovely Lelia I see her yet!
Those lips with young love's kisses wet;
Memory paints those thrilling eyes,
And I hear the tones of her sweet replies.

ANECDOTE OF COL. ALLEN.

Col. Allen was taken prisoner in an expedition against the Canadians, while attempting to capture Montreal, in connection with Colonel Brown.

He was loaded with chains and sent to England, where he was imprisoned for a short time and at length taken back to his country and exchanged for Col. Campbell, a British officer, who had been taken prisoner by the Americans. He died at Clouchester, Vt., Feb. 12th, 1789.

An instance is related of him, that is said to have occurred while he was on his way to England. While closely confined to his room, he discovered one day that a small pin or wire that fastened one of his handcuffs, was broken. Extricating the pieces with his teeth, he was enabled to loose the bolt, that it also was soon withdrawn, and one hand set at liberty; he then proceeded to release the other, and was successful. This having been accomplished, he was not long in liberating his feet. Fearing, however, lest the captain should discover his situation, and contract the area of his freedom, he carefully replaced the bolts and pin before the arrival of his keeper. In a short time it became a fine recreation for the colonel to take off and put on his chains at pleasure.

One day the captain wishing to afford some merriment to the crew, commanded Allen to be brought upon deck. Hoping to frighten him, the captain said:

"There is a probability that the ship will founder—if so, what will become of us, especially you, Mr. Allen, a rebel against the king?"

"Why," said Allen, "that would be very much like our dinner hour."

"How so?" said the captain, now reflecting that Allen was allowed to come on deck while he himself went down into his cabin to dine.

"Well, you see," answered Allen, "I'd be on my way *up* just as *you* would be going *below*."

The captain was not at all pleased with this reply, and commenced a regular tirade of abuse against the American people.

"In a short time," said the captain, "all the rebels will be in the same situation as yourself."

This was too much for Allen, and he determined to apply his new acquired dexterity in unloosening his fetters to some purpose. Quickly raising his hands to his mouth, he apparently snapped asunder the pins and bolts, and hurling his hand-cuffs and fetters overboard, he seized the captain by the collar, and threw him headlong upon the deck, then turning to the affrighted crew, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder:

"If I am insulted again during the voyage, I'll sink the ship and swim ashore."

This exploit so terrified the captain and crew, that Allen was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased the remainder of the passage.

A FAST MAN AND THE ECCENTRIC PREACHER.—A fast man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher.

"Do you believe," he said, "in the story of the prodigal son and the fattened calf?"

"Yes," said the preacher.

"Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed?"

"A female," promptly replied the divine.

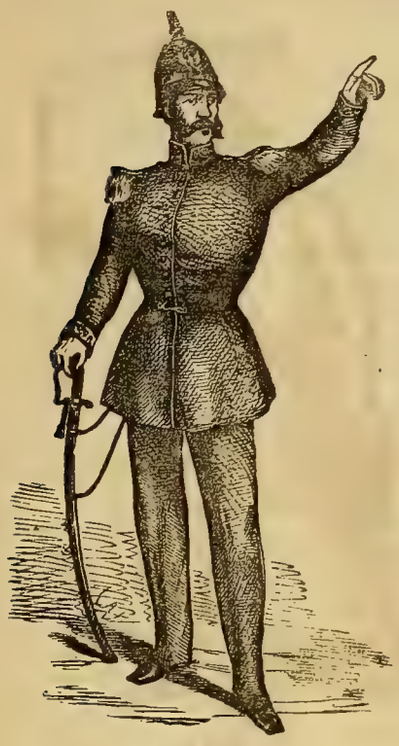
"How do you know that?"

"Because," looking the man steadily in the face, "I see that the male is alive now."

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT, IN BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OF BERLIN.

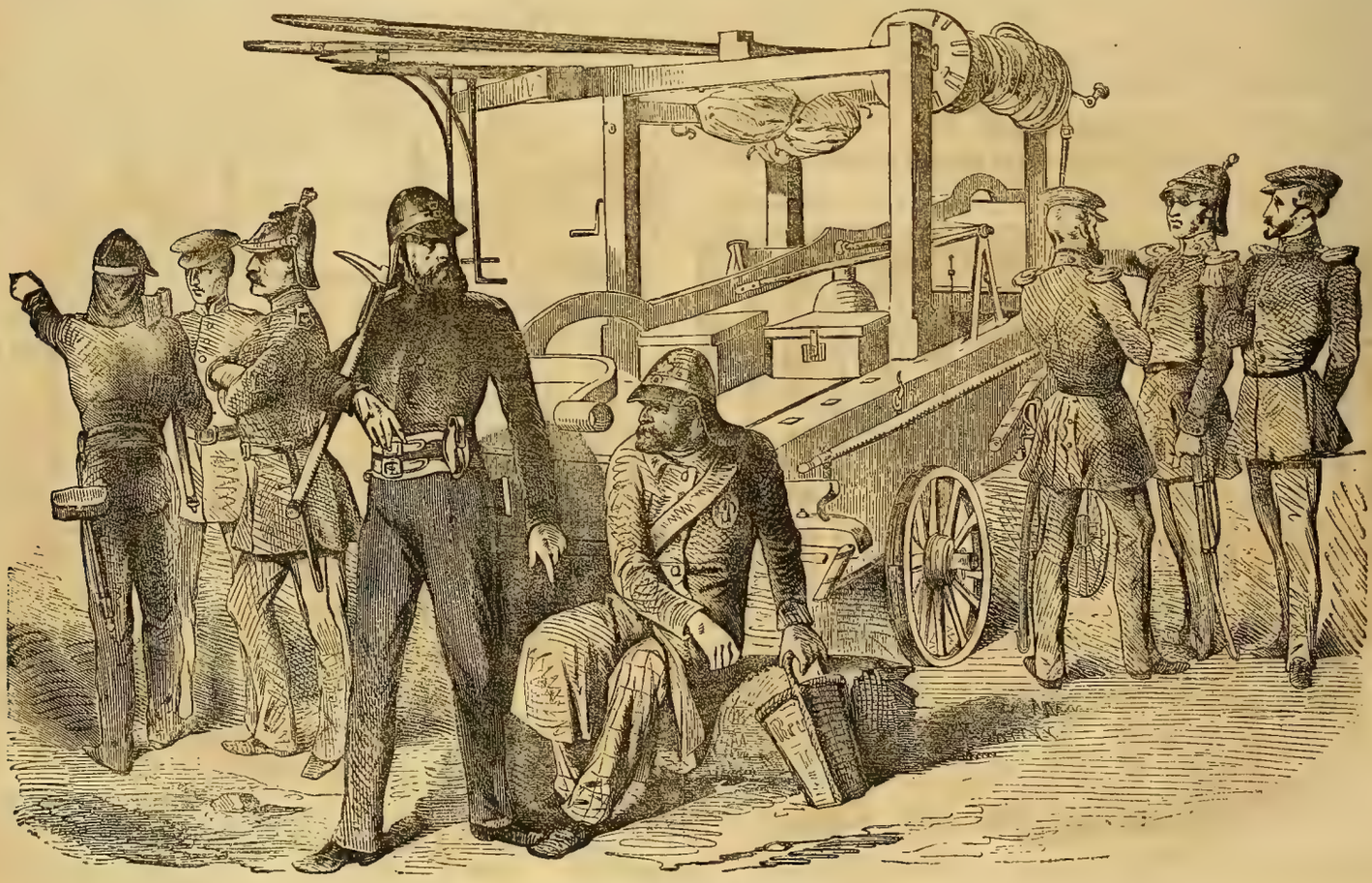
We give the readers of the *Pictorial*, this week, a series of views of the celebrated Fire Department of Berlin, Prussia. It consists of a little more than 600 men, under the main organizer and head of the establishment, who is likewise director of buildings, etc. The military character of the nation and its institutions pervades the Fire Department even, and that to a remarkable extent, as will be seen by this description. Under the chief are five fire-directors, fifty upper-firemen, 220 *firemen*, consisting chiefly of carpenters, builders, bricklayers, blacksmiths, bell-smiths, slaters or tilers, and other tradesmen of a similar kind, whose qualifications, arising from the nature of their business, render them peculiarly suitable for the service—and 360 *engine men*. To this corps it is provided, that there may be added 360 men belonging to the department of the street-cleaning, which is subject to the same *head* officer, although separately officered, regulated and managed in detail. The firemen and the engine-men (so called) are two distinct bodies, but both subject to a particular drill and discipline. The former are chosen from amongst mechanics having a certain fitness, from previous knowledge and habits, for the business; the latter are only required to possess health and strength. The corps is provided with an uniform, and arms or weapons, the latter varying according to the different purposes for which they are designed. The helmets are very strong, yet light, and well calculated to protect from injuries to which the wearers are exposed from falling bodies, as stones, timber, etc., which may be considered the worst enemies of the firemen. It will be seen, also, that the neck and shoulders are preserved from fire, burning coals, hot ashes, and other contingencies, by a leather cape. The axes are about the usual size of a carpenter's axe, but to this is added a pick (in short a pick-axe): to the handling and carrying this weapon belongs a regular drill exercise, as will shortly be observed. They have also bill-hooks, which are very useful and effective weapons. Attached to the leathern girdles on each side there is a strong iron hook, by means of which the firemen can expeditiously and securely fasten themselves to the ladders, and leave their arms at liberty. As for the rest—the engines, hose, buckets, ladders, etc.—not personal implements, they belong to the establishment, and form, as it were, an artillery corps, together with the so-called *engine men*. The different corps being under their own officers, and subject to peculiar training, and drill organization, and regulations, extending not only to dress and deportment, but personal cleanliness. At the time of actual operation, in the case of extinguishing fires, every operation is regulated by word of command with the alacrity and precision of regular soldiers. To this end the head establishment of the city is fitted up for all the exercises connected with the various operations of the firemen, the command being communicated by notes of a fife. Although on reading a description of these exercises they might be deemed frivolous or unnecessary, yet far different is the effect produced on witnessing the wonderful perfection which is attained by this practised skill, uniformity and exactitude in every movement and operation. Hands and feet, body and mind, are taught to work together in the same manner as with the best drilled troops. All the various performances that may be required at a fire, are rehearsed and practised systematically at this gymnasium, until the actors are rendered perfect in their parts, and act with all the order and efficiency of



FIRE DIRECTOR.

MASTER ADVISER.

FIRE INSPECTOR.



BERLIN FIRE ENGINE AND MEN.

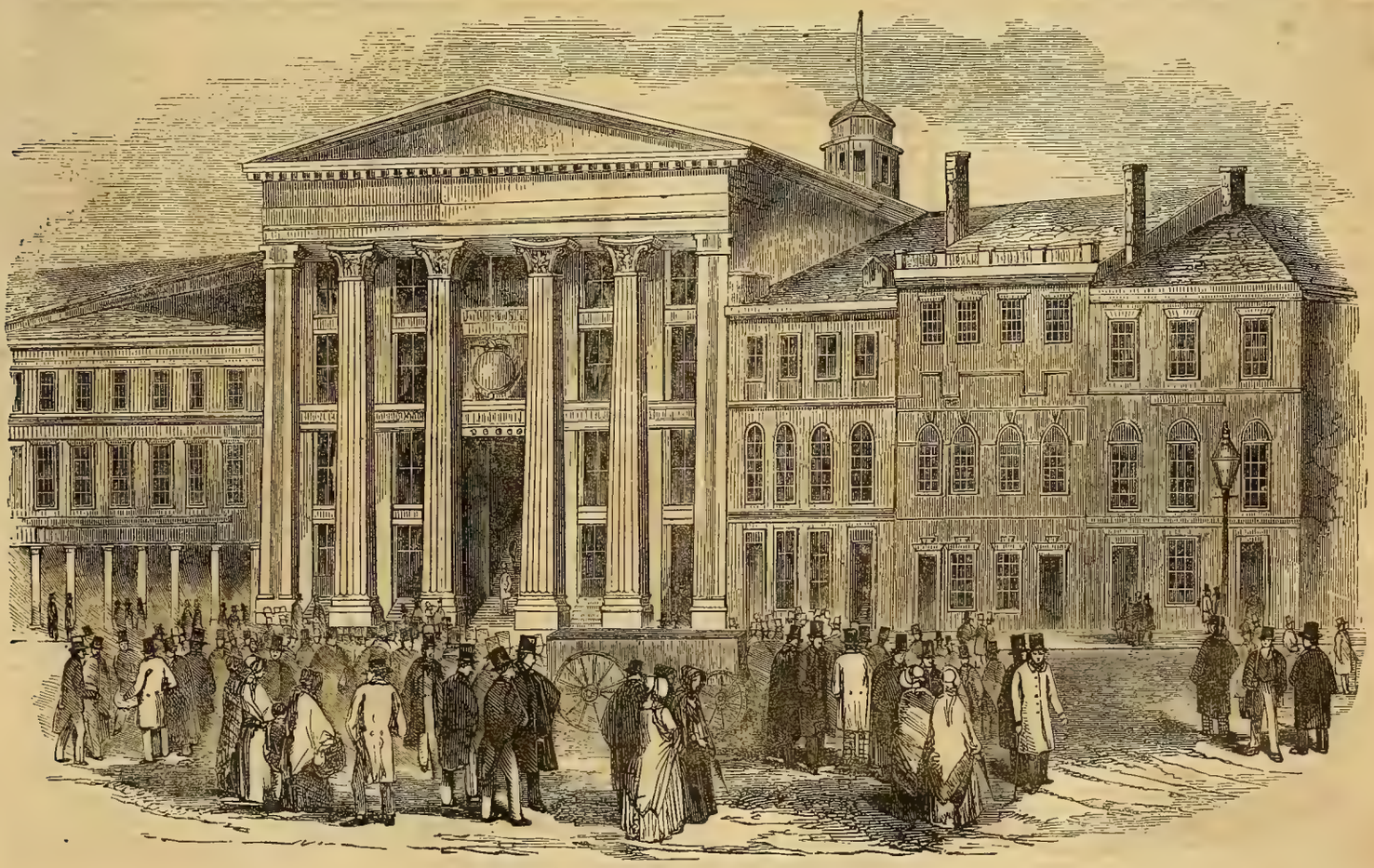
THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OF BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

well accustomed veteran troops. It would not generally be inferred, but it is true, that the ladders employed are very short, reaching only to the height of one story. In this particular, with some improvement, they have adopted the plan and model of Paris, and rejected the use of long ladders, as formerly practised, which was found to be attended with many inconveniences, particularly in narrow streets and other confined localities. Amongst other exercises, the handling, affixing, and mounting these ladders to a four-story house is practised at the head-quarters of the Fire Department, where there is a building used for the express purpose. These ladders, each of which can be managed by a single man, are provided with a pair of strong iron hooks, by means of which they are easily hung on to the window sills. At a given signal four (or more) of these ladders are applied to the lower range of windows. The panes of glass give way before them, and they hang securely. They are simultaneously mounted, the man bestrides the window sill, and from thence with his right arm affixes his ladder to the window in the story above. This occupation is repeated still higher up, and in this manner the windows of three stories may be gained simultaneously in the course of less than five minutes, at moderate speed, and it is frequently done on the exercise ground in less time. Each movement is made with the uniformity, exactitude and celerity of a trained band, and resembles the drill of a cavalry regiment. The city is divided into eighteen fire wards. Each ward has an engine, its complement of men, and all requisite belongings, in constant readiness. Eight or nine of these engines, etc., form one group or company belonging to one large district, of which there are five. All of these wards are connected together by means of electro-magnetic telegraphic communication, also with the head police department and the establishment of the Fire Department. When a fire is discovered, it is made known simultaneously at all these stations, and it may be reached from the nearest station in two or three minutes, and from the rest proportionately, according to relative distance. The most remote fires may be arrived at from the central point within a quarter of an hour at very farthest. It is almost unnecessary to add, that when at the scene of action, every proceeding, from the first *reconnoitre*, is conducted with all the forms, discipline and regularity of military movements. It is also evident that great advantage is derived from the system, which harmonizes every movement, and brings into play well-trained and practised skill, order and obedience.—In the United States, the idea of a military organization as connected with the Fire Department of any of our large cities, would be scouted at. Here such service must bear on its crest the words "voluntary aid," or else it loses the main feature which characterizes its spirit in America. And yet we can see some propriety in such a plan, and especially in European countries, where the military system forms so large an element of the principles of government and police regulations. System is imparted to the efforts of the body of firemen thus organized, in a more sure and reliable manner than can possibly attach itself to a volunteer corps of men. Such a plan would find few advocates, we imagine, if adopted in this country.

FIRE MASTER.

FIREMAN.

ENGINE MAN.



MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, STATE STREET, BOSTON.

[See page 139.]

THE FRIENDS OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

The friends of our childhood! O, where are they now,
With joy in each heart and smiles on each brow;
With bosoms that never had heaved with a sigh
For hopes disappointed and pleasures gone by;
Whose laughter within our loved home was heard,
Like the sound of glad music, or song of the bird?

The friends of our childhood! Why are they not here,
With their glance of affection, their love so sincere;
With the tones of sweet friendship we dreamed would last
When life's summer had blossomed, its autumn passed,
And over our thin locks, so scattered and spare,
Chill winter was strewing the snow-flakes of care?

The friends of our childhood have gone like the day
When the last blush of sunset has melted away,
The clouds piling dark o'er the face of the sky,
And the winds sadly moaning, "The tempest is nigh."
The friends of our childhood, all, all have departed,
And we go on life's journey alone, broken-hearted.

They're gone—and the star of our hope is now set,
Our souls with the chill dews of sorrow are wet;
Our pathway is shrouded in darkness and gloom,
Though we feel 'tis approaching the verge of the tomb.
Loved friends of our childhood! We think of you now,
When the finger of death is laid cold on our brow.

THE CORSAIR AND PRIVATEER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE FLYING ARROW.

"AND did you know all this?" said Warren to Almont.

"And you?" he asked of Clara, who was near.

"To be sure I did," she answered archly.

"But I thought you never kept secrets from me, Clara?"

"And never have I, dear Warren, till this one," she said in a tone as if half reproaching herself for the surprise she herself had proposed and carried out.

"You will grant me one favor, dear Warren?"

"Name it. I will."

"May I give the name to your beautiful vessel?"

"You shall, lovely girl, and as long as I have the command of her, she shall bear the name you give."

Clara handed him a roll of vellum paper. "Within you will find the name I would give," she said, as Warren took the package.

"Thy choice shall be mine," said Warren, as he broke the sealed ends of the roll. A flag of the brightest blue unfolded to the gaze, and the light fabric floated on the breeze.

"A Flying Arrow!" said Warren, as the device met his eye. "A more beautiful or appropriate device you could not have chosen, dear Clara, you have named my vessel the—'Flying Arrow.'"

Seymour affixed the beautiful flag to the ensign halyard, and in a moment it was flying at the "main" of the schooner, and for the first time waved over the deck of the privateer.

We will, in a few words, explain to the reader, what to Seymour appeared more like a dream than aught else.

A short time before he fell sick, his father calculating, from the position of affairs, and confident in his own mind that a war was inevitable, determined to purchase or have built, a small substantial vessel, intending to present it to his son, whom he had often heard express a desire to be master of a craft of his own. He accordingly engaged the services of Mr. Wildon, who had been an experienced ship-master and builder, to purchase or superintend the building of a schooner of about two hundred tons, suitable for privateering. In a short time a "Baltimore Clipper," of the first-class, was built under the direction of Mr. Wildon, and ere Warren had recovered from his sickness, was anchored in Boston Bay. At the suggestion of Clara Wilson, who had been made acquainted with the purpose of Mr. Seymour, Warren was kept in ignorance of the affair, to make his surprise the more complete.

Ere the perfect recovery of her lover, Clara Wilson had embroidered the beautiful flag, from the device of which the beautiful vessel took its name. To young Almont, Mr. Seymour had first disclosed his intention, and several weeks ere Warren stepped on board of his own vessel, Almont had engaged a crew of a hundred young and daring fellows as ever sailed the sea.

It was after their return home that the whole was explained to Warren, and one week from that time he had taken leave, in high spirits, of his many friends, among the hundreds of spectators that had assembled upon the pier, to witness the departure of the Flying Arrow. To the lovely, weeping Clara, he had spoken the last farewell; he had taken the last fond look of the fair being whom he loved beside all else on earth. He turned from her, and descended the boat that was to take her commander to the deck of the beautiful vessel that lay anchored beyond; when a deep voice, in a hoarse, low whisper, sounded in his ear words of strange meaning. "The hawk is on the wing, let the timid dove beware its stoop." He turned, but he who uttered the strange words was gone,—naught met his penetrating gaze but the smile of friends. The boat shot rapidly from the wharf as he waved his last adieu, and in half an hour the Flying Arrow was flying rapidly before the stiff northwester to the ocean beyond.

The description of the privateer and her crew, and the departure of the beautiful vessel was more fully described in the opening chapter of our story.

In the splendid cabin of the schooner sat Seymour, his elbow resting upon a beautiful marble slab before him, his hand supporting his brow, while his face was expressive of the deepest and most intense thought. His eyes were fixed with a steady yet vacant gaze upon the carpeted floor of the cabin, as if spell-bound and rivited in their sockets. Thus he sat since his first entrance, and had not moved. At length his deep and silent thoughts seemed to give way before the utterance of speech; and in a slow and deeply thoughtful tone he spoke.

"Those words—those words—what could they have meant? What can they forebode? Evil? Heaven grant not. Yet, they were wild and terribly spoken; and thrilled the blood to my very heart. And that voice—never did I hear so terrible a one. Yes,—once; once I heard a voice as deep and terrible. 'Twas my brother's when he swore his last fearful oath of revenge; the last words I heard him speak. It must be he—none but he could have uttered those terrible words—'twas he—my brother—nay, it cannot be—he is dead—dead! Might not this have been some false tale? May he not now live? Yet for what object his death was made known, I know not."

For a few moments he again seemed lost in thought; then repeated the mysterious words: "The hawk is on the wing; let the timid dove beware its stoop."

"The hawk—who should he be but my brother. The dove—who but my loved Clara. By heaven! the sentence hath more meaning than the words betray. If for a moment I thought harm were threatened her, the Flying Arrow should retrace the distance she has run. Yet it cannot be—mortal could not have uttered those words, or he could not have escaped me. If it were fiend, she is as safe while I am on the sea as if I were beside her. Yet, those words—I heard them as plainly as I do my own. And that voice,—it was my brother's, or I never heard him speak."

With this he started to his feet. Almont stood before him.

It will be remembered, in the first chapter, that he had been requested by Seymour to come to his cabin as soon as the vessel was well on her way. Seymour, so deeply engaged in thought, had not noticed his entrance; and Almont, surprised at the unusually thoughtful manner of his friend, had listened in silence to his strange words.

"Almont, I know not when you entered. How long have you been here?"

"Ten minutes."

"You have then heard from me what I heard from my brother."

"Your brother! I heard you speak of him, but knew not your meaning."

"Almont, we believed him dead. He is not dead, but lives!"

"Impossible! Warren, the excitement of the past week has wrought upon thy mind, and I fear a relapse of those fearful spells of absence, if you give way to thoughts like these. Discard them entirely. Depend upon it, Warren, it was imagination that forced itself upon your mind."

"It might be; I will believe it was," said Seymour, as if relieved by his friend's words. "It was imagination."

Almont was inclined to believe, however, what Seymour heard much real and came from mortal lips, he nevertheless dispelled the idea from the mind of his friend; and ere they returned on deck, Seymour's thoughts were on naught but his beautiful vessel. The City of the Three Hills was fast disappearing, as the two friends gazed from the bulwarks of the schooner, and ere a long time the naked eye could not discern it. On and on glided the privateer; on, like a winged arrow she shot through the foam-lashed waves of the ocean; while upon her decks fell the snow-white spray like showers of silver rain—glistening in the flashing rays of the sun with all the hues of the rainbow.

"By heaven! I had never dreamed of speed like this!" exclaimed Almont, gazing at the sparkling foam which seemed boiling around the bows of the vessel.

"Light and free must be the craft, and with speed like the wind, to keep in the wake of the waves," again spoke he in admiration of the bird-like velocity with which the privateer skimmed the waves.

"There is one upon the seas which has never had her match. Heaven grant I may cross her track," said Seymour, thoughtfully.

"What is her name?" inquired Almont.

"The Black Vulture."

"The Devil's Own! By heaven, she well deserves her name if she can outstrip the Flying Arrow. But from the commencement of the war, she has not been heard of or seen upon the Atlantic. She has chosen another field for her demon career, or else she's no more."

"I pray Heaven she's beneath the waves. But if she floats, may it be my fortune one day to meet her."

CHAPTER VII.

BOB, THE SHARP GUNNER.

A YEAR passed—the war yet raged.

Of the many American privateers that roamed the waters of the Atlantic, none had gained such celebrity as the Flying Arrow; both on account of her successful capture of many richly-laden prizes; and more especially the matchless speed of the privateer. Every where had her name and fame spread on this side of the Atlantic; and on the other, it was told that the fastest sailor on the deep was an American privateer, called the Flying Arrow. Never, since the day of her sailing, had she found her match in speed. Never had a chase escaped her. Often was she cursed by the British sailor. Cursed for her matchless speed, for her extraordinary success. But her career was not marked by dark, sanguinary deeds of bloodshed, like many of the privateers that ploughed the ocean, themselves little better than lawless pirates.

We would now transfer our readers to the deck of the Flying Arrow, which for eight and forty hours had lain becalmed, about fifty miles outside the Bermudas. It was noon—the calm, unruffled ocean, without the slightest ripple, lay like a golden mirror beneath the dazzling and powerful rays of the noon day sun, reflecting his radiant splendor like an immense layer of burnished gold. Not a breath of wind had been felt, nor the slightest cloud seen since she was first becalmed. Yet, within a few hours, in the south and west, the sky had assumed a dull and hazy appearance, momentarily increasing to a darker and more threatening hue; and appearances in that quarter were indicative of an approaching storm.

"By the Lord! three hours more will find us here," exclaimed young Almont, who had been for some time watching the horizon in breathless silence.

"We shall soon have wind, and enough of it, or I am mistaken," and even as he spoke, a light puff of wind stirred the locks on his brow. Another and another succeeded at intervals, till a light, steady breeze had sprung up; cool and refreshing to the heated brow.

A short time—and the smooth, glassy, mirror-like surface of the waters was ruffled by the light wind, and the sparkling ripples now played o'er the whole vast expanse of ocean.

The greater part of the crew of the privateer were at this time reposing beneath an extensive awning upon the forecastle, little dreaming of being disturbed; when the shrill whistle of the boatswain started the loungers to their feet; and the next moment came the order:

"All hands make sail!"

The order was quickly obeyed by the surprised crew, and hardly any time had elapsed ere the Flying Arrow felt the influence of the breeze. Slowly, and almost imperceptibly at first, she glided from her watery bed, each moment increasing her speed till she flew with her accustomed rapidity over the snow-capped waves.

The gentle breeze, so faintly perceptible at first, within the hour had ripened into a gale, and lashed the mighty ocean with a whitened sheet of foam. With almost fearful speed the privateer bounded over the snow-crested waves; her slender topmasts bending like reeds before the furious blasts of the powerful gale. On, and on, with lightning-like velocity, bounded the gallant vessel, as if she spurned the very waves beneath her, and ere night-fall was many miles from where she had been becalmed, and pressing on with unabated speed over the trackless deep.

The sun was fast sinking towards the foaming ocean, over which it cast a broad glare of golden radiance, when there came a cry from the look-out of—"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" shouted Seymour.

"Right on our lee," was the answer.

All eyes were instantly directed in that quarter, and in the distance was faintly discovered a sail, but so distant that it could not be made out.

Seymour sprang into the rigging and levelled a glass at the distant sail. It was some time ere he, with the glass, was able to make out the stranger. When satisfied as to what she was, he gave the glass to young Almont.

"See what you can make of her," said he, as the young man levelled the glass at the stranger craft.

"An English corvette of twenty guns," said the young man. "There goes her colors,—the cross of St. George, at her peak."

"An invitation to show ours," he said, as a bright jet of flame burst from the bows of the ship.

"Show them the gridiron at the 'fore,' and ours at the 'main,' said Seymour, quickly, as the report of a gun came to his ear.

The stars and stripes, and the beautiful flag of the privateer were bent to the ensign halyards, and in a moment fluttered aloft at the mast head. In a short time the English cruiser was in fair sight, and, as Almont had said, mounted about twenty guns, and her course bearing the same as the privateer.

The two vessels, sailing on an angle, were rapidly converging to a point, each moment lessening the distance between them. They had kept on their course, exactly opposite each other, for half an hour, neither gaining any apparent advantage, when the privateer was observed to be gaining on her adversary, and ere the hour expired, shot directly across the bows of the Englishman, full one mile to windward.

"They'll not let us pass without a shot," said Almont, who had scarcely averted his gaze from the Englishman since he had first seen her, to Seymour, who was near him.

Before he could reply, a bright jet of flame issued from the bows of the cruiser, and a column of light blue smoke rolled most beautifully upward. A second, and the report of the gun was heard, and some distance astern flew its iron messenger like lightning over the water, one moment several feet above it, then dashing into a wave, would scatter the glittering spray high in the air, reflecting as it fell the brightest sunlight, like drops of golden rain. Thus alternately appearing and disappearing, the globe of iron at length sunk in the waves half a mile to the windward of the privateer. Another flash, and another ball went whizzing over the waves, and ere it sunk a third report was heard, and the ball skimming over the waves, fell as wide off the intended mark as its predecessor.

Seymour laughed as the third unsuccessful shot was fired, and in a loud tone ordered the schooner to be hove to, and the long Tom to be cleared away for action. In a short time the ponderous instrument of destruction, old Thunderbolt, was cleared and ready for use.

"Now, Bob, send them your card; show the Englishman what you can do in the way of making an impression," said Seymour to a short, stout, burly looking individual, with a sparkling eye and jovial countenance, which looked as though 'twas never troubled with care, or beset with aught but good humor.

This individual was about five and twenty years of age, of extremely low stature, and among the crew invariably went by the cognomen of "Bob-Short." He was possessed of great strength, of which he was proudly conscious, but prided himself the more on being the best gunner

and the most skilful shot on the waters. To this pride he had a right, for there were none who could excel, and but few who could equal his accurate aim. Beside the huge gun, with a lighted match in his hand, stood Bob.

"All ready!" he inquired.

"All ready!" was the response of the seaman who directed the movements of the gun.

For a moment Bob let his eye range along the sight of the piece.

"Up a little," said he quickly.

"Up it is," responded the seaman, elevating the sight of the piece.

"A very little to the left," said Bob.

"To the left it is."

"Steady, now."

"Steady 'tis," was the response.

Bob ran his eye again along the sight of the gun, then with a look at the cruiser, he said—

"I'll down with that Englishman's jib in the wink of an eye. Blow me tight, if I do not spoil her sailing qualities for an hour. Here's my best respects."

Whirling the match in the air several times, he was about to fire, when a ball flew over the decks of the schooner, within twelve inches of the mainmast, forward.

"By heaven! they begin to find their mark," said Almont, as he heard the whizzing of the ball as it cut through the air.

"And I'll find mine," said Bob, with a laugh.

The lighted match touched the powder. The privateer trembled to the very keel at the discharge of the heavy gun. A cloud of thick smoke enveloped the decks of the schooner, and the missile of death and destruction sped on its message. The wind soon cleared the decks of the smoke, and the Englishman was seen standing on, under full sail, unharmed.

For once the invincible Bob was foiled—for once he had missed his aim. A low, suppressed murmur of disappointment came from the crew of the schooner; but soon it was changed. The corvette, which for a moment stood on apparently unharmed by the discharge of the long Tom, of a sudden slackened her speed. Her foremast seemed unsteady and wavering in its place; it swayed—tottered—and in an instant fell forward upon the bowsprit with a crash that was plainly heard on board the schooner; carrying in its fall the flying jib-boom, sails, rigging, and all—all was one complete wreck.

On the instant there burst from the crew, as they beheld the destruction which Bob had caused with his single shot, three loud and deafening cheers, which were borne to the ears of their foes upon the breeze.

"Three shouts more for Bob, the matchless," exclaimed one of the crew, as the first three died away.

In the instant, three cheers more rang out upon the air, in compliment to Bob.

"Now," said Seymour, as all again became silent, "three cheers for Boston."

Again the united shout swelled long and loud upon the air; and filling away with a flowing sheet, the privateer was soon bowling merrily over the waves upon her course; leaving the disabled corvette to make the best of her wrecked situation; ere the sun had wholly veiled the light the Englishman was lost in the distance.

It was now the intention of Seymour to proceed immediately to Boston, whither we will precede the Flying Arrow.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.

It was on a lovely evening, several days subsequent to the scene in the last chapter, that a long, low, not black, but a beautiful bright green-sided schooner, an American privateer, was seen in the inner harbor, standing in for the city. She was a topsail schooner of about two hundred tons, and carried an enormous spread of sail, which a vessel of any the less breadth of beam would have capsized under. She sailed like a witch; not the inmates of the sea beneath her could cleave the waves faster than did the schooner.

Upon the wharves were hundreds of spectators watching the privateer; for she had announced her arrival with her guns; and was now within half a mile of the city. Among the spectators upon one of the piers, was Mr. Seymour and Mr. Wildon and his daughter, who had repaired hither, as they had done several times before, when the arrival of any vessel was announced, in the hope that it would prove to be the Flying Arrow. And it was rumored on this evening that the approaching vessel was the one they ardently wished it to be.

"I hope we shall not be again disappointed," said Clara, as the approaching stranger began to appear plainly in view. "I pray Heaven this may be the Flying Arrow."

"I also hope this may be my son's vessel," said Mr. Seymour. "But see! her hull is painted green. It cannot be his," he said, as the vessel, wearing on her course, revealed her green sides.

"We shall have to bear with another disappointment," said Mr. Wildon, with a look at the schooner. "My word for it, that's not the Flying Arrow."

A shadow rested on the face of Clara for an instant, but, as if under the impulse of some new hope, it quickly vanished.

"Yet for all this, dear father," she said, looking into his face, "it may be the Flying Arrow, Warren may have altered the color of his vessel. You know his taste was not consulted in any one thing about the schooner. Painted black as she was, she might have bore—as she did in my eye—too strong a resemblance to a pirate, to suit his fancy."

"It may be, we shall soon see," said her father, appearing to coincide with her ideas. "He may, as you say, have altered the color of the hull. And by my faith, I hope 'twill prove to be his gallant craft.

Swiftly onward came the privateer, leaving behind a foaming wake; and her wide distended sails gilded by the last rays of the setting sun. A beautiful craft. At her peak waved the stars and stripes, but she showed no flag or signal by which her name could be learned. The sun had been some moments down when she came to anchor in the stream. The clouds which had imbued the gorgeous hues of sunset, still retained their tinted glories, and were reflected below the waters of the bay. As the schooner came to anchor, a flag had been run up to the foremast-head, on which her name was displayed, "The Rambler."

Motionless upon the waves she now laid, over which, but a few moments before, she bounded with the speed of the wind. Her tall, raking masts, long, tapering bowsprit and finely moulded hull, were all mirrored in the depths below. On the quarter deck, with an easy, careless gait, paced a young man richly dressed in a naval uniform. Yet, on his face a reckless and devil-may-care expression ever rested, and a continued smile on his lips. His carriage was easy and indifferent, his air independent; and the blue cap with a band of gold, on his head, set saucily on one side, set off his appearance to a charm. In his hand he carried a long, slender sword, which he twirled rapidly in the air with his fingers, as if merely to kill time. This young man was the privateer captain. Suddenly he stopped in his promenade, and sheathing his sword in the rich scabbard that hung suspended from a shining black belt round his waist, he said,—

"Lower away the cutter!" in a tone so careless that seemed to imply that if the order was not obeyed it was all the same to him.

"Cutter's away," said the boatswain immediately.

And in a moment the captain's gig was alongside, and the young man having first placed in his mouth a lighted cigar, (for in those days it was no violation of the law to smoke) he seated himself lazily in the stern-sheets, and the boat shot towards a pier to which he had pointed.

Clara, her father, and Mr. Seymour, once more disappointed, were about leaving for their homes, when the boat from the schooner touched at the very pier on which they stood, and the young officer ascended; and with several young men, one of whom bowed to Mr. Seymour, passed up the wharf. They had passed some distance up, when they stopped, and the young man who had bowed to Mr. Seymour, together with the young officer, turned and walked rapidly back.

"You will see this young privateersman face to face now," said Mr. Wildon to Clara, as the young officer and his friend neared them. To the surprise of Mr. Wildon and his daughter, the young man in company with the officer accosted Mr. Seymour, with whom he was acquainted.

"I beg leave, Mr. Seymour, said he, to present to you my friend, Mr. George Fitz Alwyn, commander of yonder schooner. He was acquainted with your sons, and but now inquired for you, as he has letters from Warren."

Mr. Seymour cordially shook the hand of Fitz Alwyn, and presented him and the other young man to Mr. Wildon and his daughter. Clara blushed somewhat as Fitz Alwyn saluted her. Taking her hand within his he pressed it to his lips.

"Forgive me, Miss Wildon, if I am rude," said the young privateersman. "But 'tis the fashion with us sailors; and a liberty we claim," he said, laughing.

"O, I forgive, on condition you take no more such liberties," said Clara, archly; at the same time withdrawing her hand from his.

Fitz-Alwyn now turned to Mr. Seymour, and said, "I have to fulfil a promise made your son, and deliver you a package entrusted to me by him. He was well when last I saw him, and hopes soon to be with you."

Mr. Seymour received the package enclosed in an envelope, heartily thanking the young man for his kindness.

"These letters," said Fitz Alwyn, "will tell you who I am, and when next we meet we shall be better acquainted."

Having first promised Mr Seymour that he would call the next evening at his house, Fitz Alwyn took the arm of his friend, and bowing to the three, left them to join the young men in waiting.

The package contained three letters, one each to Mr. Seymour and Mr. Wildon, and the other to Clara his daughter.

The two former were letters of introduction, and Warren in one to his father said:

"Dear Father:—The young man I introduce to your notice is George Fitz Alwyn, captain of the American privateer schooner Rambler, and as fine a fellow as ever trod a vessel's decks. But for him and his gallant vessel, me and mine would have been beneath the waves. In a short time I hope to see you, and you shall know all. My friend you will receive as a son, as you would me. Remember that to him I attribute the saving of my gallant vessel, till I see you, farewell."

That which Clara received was a brief, passionate epistle, every line breathing a spirit of hallowed devotion and love; closing by recommending to her notice his friend Fitz Alwyn, to whom he awarded the highest praise as a brave and daring young officer, to whom he should ever feel bound by the deepest gratitude.

"But for him, dear Clara," he said, "the hope that I now enjoy, that of clasping thee to my bosom, would not have lived within me. But for him, one who loves you with a heart's truest devotion, myself, would not now have penned these lines. Till a short time, dearest, farewell."

These letters, coming from the one they did, were likely to kindle in the breasts of those who received them, an ardent attachment towards the friend of Warren, and insured to him a cordial and heart welcome reception.

As he promised, Fitz Alwyn the next evening proceeded to the residence of Mr. Seymour, where had arrived before him, Mr. Wildon and his daughter. He was received in a kindly and courteous manner; and the evening passed off pleasantly to him; enlivened by the presence of Clara, the hours wore rapidly away. At a late hour, Fitz Alwyn promising another visit, departed.

It was his fourth visit to the house of Mr. Seymour, as he was about to depart, that he said:

"I have to say this is my last visit. On the day after to-morrow I sail from here. I have invited on the morrow a number of my friends and acquaintances on board the Rambler, for a pleasure sail outside the harbor. It is my wish that you and your friend Mr. Wildon be of the company."

"And you, Miss Wildon," he said respectfully, "must not fail to honor us with your presence, as there is to be several young ladies on board. My vessel, crew, and myself, I place at the service of my friends, and everything in my power shall be done to make the sail a pleasant one. I shall expect you all."

The invitation of the young officer, so politely extended, was accepted with pleasure by the two gentlemen; and Clara also promised to accompany her father.

Gallantly imprinting a kiss upon the hand of the fair Clara, Fitz Alwyn took his leave.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Be patient under the reproofs of thy master; and when he rebuketh thee, answer not again. The silence of thy resignation shall not be forgotten. Be studious of his interests, be diligent in his affairs, and faithful to the trust which he reposeth in thee.

MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

This edifice (of which we give a representation on page 137) on State street, Boston, is too well known to require any extended description. It is, beyond question, taken in all its parts, one of the most thoroughly constructed public buildings in the whole country; being at once convenient of access, ample for the transaction of the business that daily goes on within it, fire-proof, and presenting, on the street, an appearance second to that of no other edifice of the kind in the country. At a certain time of the day, State street is blocked up with people of ever pursuit and appearance; and our artist has chosen that time to sketch the building. As the Post Office is located in the Merchants' Exchange, that adds still more to the daily bustle of the place, and tends to call many people thither, who would not otherwise help make the colors of the crowd so motley. The structure is of Quincy granite; the fine pillars of which stone, seen in the front, are wonders of stone-quarrying. Up stairs is the large and elegant reading-room of the merchants, situated in the rotunda, and exactly under this is the Post Office. The rest of the building is taken up with offices for the transaction of business of all kinds.

A FEMALE CRAFT IN DISTRESS.

The following particulars of a singular disaster that occurred during the late gale, on the ice, between Albany and Troy, are related by the Albany *Express*:—A lady attempting to cross the river on the ice, the nor'wester drove her from the rough path on to the glare ice, her ample crinoline serving as mainsails, top-sails, mizzen-sails and all sorts of sails. On she sailed, at the rate of several knots an hour, when all of a sudden her lower spars gave way, and down went the whole craft in a promiscuous heap of hull and rigging. Yet the merciless gale forced her forward, in her wrecked condition, with no other alternative from future injury, to haul up and repair damages. She righted up, and again capsized; again and again she rose, and again went over; at last she cast anchor—(flat on the ice)—in apparent hopeless despair, to freeze to death! At that moment a sail hove in sight, in the shape of a benevolent gentleman, who took her in tow, and piloted the pretty craft safely into port. Several other crinoline craft had a rough time of it, but they saved themselves by timely taking in sail, before putting out to sea!

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS FORBIDDEN.

The destruction of all birds, except game to eat, has been recently prohibited in many of the small German States, on the Rhine and in parts of Germany. The motives urged are these—wherever the farmers have killed the rooks, jays, and even sparrows, the crops have been less than where they had been unmolested. Very able naturalists have examined this, and have reported that the vast quantity of noxious vermin which the birds destroy, greatly exceeds the small quantity of grain they destroy in searching for the insects on which they feed.

Investigation in this country has developed the same fact. The destruction of the birds gives hosts of insect tribes a chance for life, and these feed upon the crops, and cause a far more general destruction of fruits, vegetables, and cereals than is occasioned by the birds themselves. Now as the spring approaches, and with it the time of the singing of birds, measures should be taken to protect these warblers from murderous attacks.

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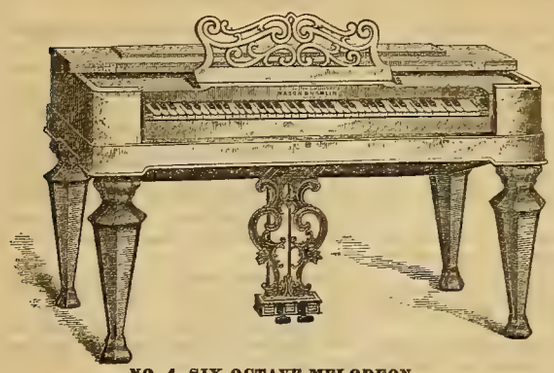

NO. 4. SIX OCTAVE MELODEON.
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NO. 7. FOUR-AND-A-HALF OCTAVE MELODEON.
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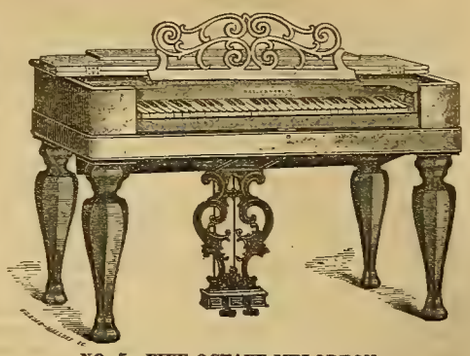

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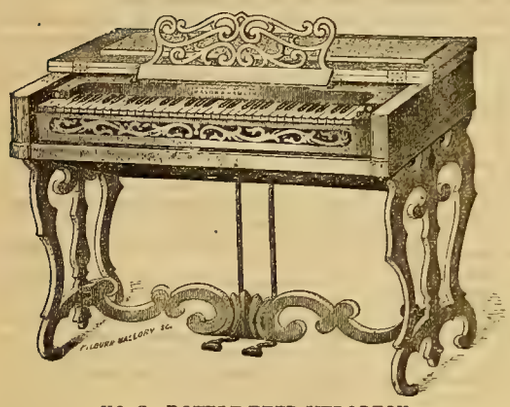

NO. 3. DOUBLE-REED MELODEON.
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NO. 6. FIVE OCTAVE MELODEON.
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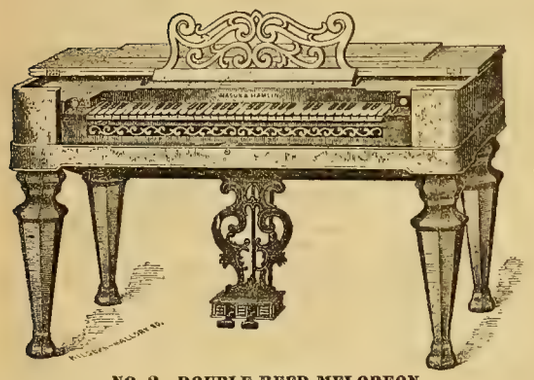

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TWENTY-THREE FIRST PREMIUMS AWARDED THESE INSTRUMENTS SINCE 1856.

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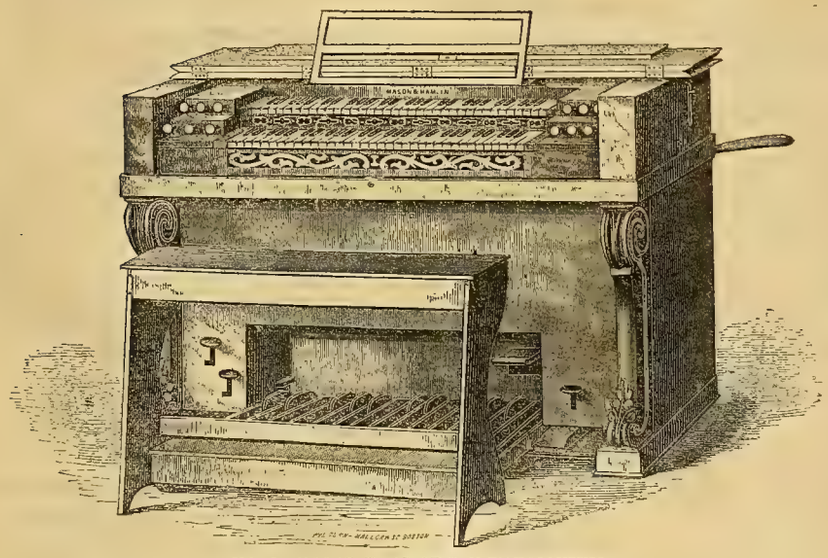
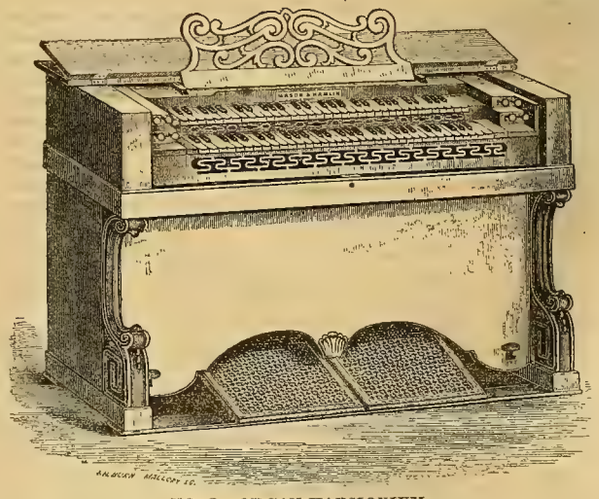
Piano Style.



NO. 1. PEDAL BASS ORGAN-HARMONIUM.



NO. 2. ORGAN-HARMONIUM.

MASON & HAMLIN'S MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS, FOR PARLORS AND CHURCHES.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

FREDERICK GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

THE POOR JAPANESE.

A correspondent writes home from that far-off country, of the people, their habits and their prejudices, in a strain like the following: "There are a thousand little things, which one must see to understand, that tend to excite hatred between the Japanese and foreigners. For example, the Japanese chambers, you know, have no furniture. The Japanese sleep, sit and eat on mattings, which are kept very clean, as they serve for table, chairs and beds. A Japanese would never dare enter the house of the humblest workman without taking off his shoes. But the Europeans go everywhere with their muddy boots, which is as disgusting to the Japanese as it would be to us to see a man walking on a table where a dinner was to be served. At first the Japanese made strenuous objections when we attempted to enter their houses with our boots on. But drunken sailors have beaten them, and merchants laughed in their faces, until they dare not remonstrate, and the Japanese is in terror of this horrible stranger, who tramples upon what the Emperor himself would respect were he to visit one of his subjects."

MASON & HAMLIN'S MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS.—On the opposite page are presented faithful representations of the celebrated parlor and church instruments manufactured by Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN, of this city. The reputation of these Melodeons and Harmoniums is second to that of no similar instruments, and their quality is sufficiently evinced by the fact that they have been constantly exhibited at the leading fairs, and never failed to take the first premium from all competitors. The instruments of this firm have also received the endorsement and preference of our highest musical authorities, among whom are Thalberg, L. Mason, Webb, Root, Bradbury, Morgan, Bruce, Satter, Wilcox, Bancroft, Zundel, Zerrahn, W. Mason, etc. Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN have recently issued a complete catalogue, containing a cut and description of each style and size of their instruments, which they will be happy to mail to any address on application.

The London *Times* published an article recently to prove "how necessary China is to Great Britain." It then goes on to show why, on all economical and moral grounds, the war in that country should be pushed with such energy that there will be no need of sending a second army thither. In other words, it urges government to cut the Celestial throats there with such expedition, that the poor Johnnies will cry mercy and agree to come inside the circle of civilization without any more urging.

A GOOD PAPER.—We are in receipt of Gleason's "Literary Companion," published by F. Gleason, Esq., Boston, Mass. It is one of the best literary papers in the world—crammed full with tales, poems and essays; containing sixteen elegant pages, as open and fair as any reader's eye would desire to feast upon. We wish our friend Gleason all the success he merits. —*Weekly Journal, Brownsville, Tenn.*

A clergyman in New York, not long since, preached a discourse on "Absalom, or the Fast Young Man." He is satisfied they had such in excellent King Solomon's time. We would n't like to dispute it.

Miss Siddons, a lineal descendant of *the* Siddons, is about to make her debut on the London stage as Lady Macbeth. We hope indeed that she may prove Siddons *redivivus*.

There is nothing so good for a man as keeping out of debt. It's a wonderful tonic. He can say he is rich if he can say he owes nothing.

The Philadelphia *Press* intimates that the Empress Eugenie received the idea of reducing crinoline to moderation from Philadelphia.

It is said to be against the law to smoke in the town of Salem on Sunday.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

This great work has long since come to be regarded as the final standard of appeal, both in this country and in England, in all important questions of English Lexicography. Indeed we had come to feel that the work was so full and perfect as hardly to admit of improvement. But the new pictorial edition of this Dictionary, which has been placed upon our table, shows conclusively that the enterprising publishers are alive to the fact that ours is a living and growing language, and this a progressive age, and that they will never suffer this noble monument of American literature to fall behind the demands of the age in any particular. The new features of the work are fifteen hundred pictorial illustrations of the various subjects included in the Dictionary, a table of more than two thousand synonyms, nicely discriminated, nine to ten thousand new words and their definitions, besides more than eight thousand names of distinguished individuals of modern times, with their pronunciation and nationality indicated, and many other valuable improvements. We predict for the great pictorial a popularity equal to that which the unabridged has already attained on both sides of the Atlantic, and wherever the English language is spoken. This great work is a fixed fact, a living entity, and will maintain its place as the most complete and accurate Dictionary of the language extant. It is now the recognized standard, constantly cited and relied on in our courts of justice, in our legislative bodies, and in public discussions as entirely conclusive. The great majority of our popular school books are based on Webster's system, and he is more generally regarded as the standard authority than any other.

We occasionally come across a chance and unsolicited notice of some well established medical remedy which conveys more than the most elaborate notice. A case in point occurs in the following extract from N. P. Willis's description of a visit to Washington Irving, at Sunny Side. "The honored invalid complaining a little of hoarseness in his voice, I mentioned to him an alleviate I had lately chanced upon myself for a similar trouble—asking accidentally for some help to my hoarseness in an apothecary's shop, and getting a lozenge with a most mysterious name, which I had since found an invariable throat deepener for three notes in the gamut. I contrived to call to memory the Ossawatamytic inscription on the box, ('Brown's Bronchial Troches,') and I was amused with the affectionate playfulness with which Mr. Irving called on one of his nieces, (explaining aside, 'this is my doctor,') to remember the name of the medicine."

We promised in our previous issue, to speak more particularly of Mr. Gleason's new paper, the "*Literary Companion.*" In artistic beauty and finish it has never been excelled or equalled in the newspaper world. It is of just the right size to be bound and preserved, making at the end of the year, a valuable volume of eight hundred and thirty-two pages, comprising an inestimable amount of sound, common sense reading. The paper is good—the impression excellent, and the matter second to no paper in the country. It cannot be too highly eulogized, and should be taken and read by every family in the United States. Mr. Gleason deserves much credit for this, his last great and successful effort to please the reading public.—*Western Literary Museum, Cleaveland, Ohio.*

Johnny Bull is very accommodating. He says the San Juan difficulty with us can be settled in no time. How do you think, reader? Why, by just giving up the island in dispute *to him*, and taking the other islands about which there is *no* dispute! If that is not effrontery, we shall look no further for a specimen of the article!

Miss Stebbins, an American artist now in Paris, has just completed a pair of statuettes, twenty-eight inches high, which are attracting much attention. The one is a miner, and the other a sailor, the idea being to characterize two of the chief industrial pursuits of the United States.

The small pox has been raging in St. Johns, N. B., with terrible destructiveness. It has not been known, either, to be so widely spread in New England for a great many years.

Burton's death calls out a good many notices from the papers. He left numerous friends. "Cap'n Cuttle" will radiate upon us no more with his weather-worn countenance.

Wayside Gatherings.

Business in Nantucket is exceedingly dull.

The "Heart of the Andes" was visited by thirty thousand persons in Boston.

Over one hundred thousand pine wood shoe-boxes are annually made in Lynn, Mass.

The venerable Rembrandt Peale has resumed the exercise of his pencil.

It is proposed to get up a handsome testimonial to Mayor Saunders of Lawrence.

Indolence often assumes the appearance of patience.

The superficial extent of the Russian empire is 853,467 geographical square miles, containing a total population of 71,243,616 souls.

Mr. Paul Akers, the distinguished American sculptor, was, at last advices, lying dangerously ill at Lyons, France.

Telegraphic communication has been established between Chicago, Illinois, and Halifax, N. S.

The superintendent of the Water Works at Lake Cochituate caught in that lake, a few days ago, a pickerel weighing *over seven pounds.*

Philadelphia papers say the grand ball in the opera house there, recently, was the most brilliant fete in that city for many years.

Captain Harrison, who was drowned at Southampton, England, crossed the Atlantic safely one hundred and eighty times.

The amount of gold thus far received from Pike's Peak is, as nearly as can be ascertained, $460,000.

The explorations of Captain Page, of the South American exploring expedition, have been extended to the head waters of the Paraguay, two thousand miles above tide-water.

An American dentist who went to Nice to set the teeth of the Empress of Russia, performed his work so satisfactorily that the royal lady gave him a diamond ring worth $12,000.

Mr. Parsons, at New York, just from Europe, has procured an immense stock of Italian bees with which to harvest the now wasted sweets of our vast meadows and prairies.

Two thousand bushels of catfish were taken from Horicon Lake, Wisconsin, recently, in one day. They were purchased by farmers at 25 cents per sleigh load to feed the hogs.

The steamship Arago, at New York from Havre, brought $3,000,000 worth of dry goods, all comprised in 850 tons measurement, about enough to load a ship of 500 tons.

There is a sunny side in each one's lot, though ever so bleak. Even the prisoner in his dungeon hath penitence and the hope of a better future.

Some of Lord Seymour's cotemporaries, old acquaintances who set out in life with him, clubbed together, and purchased 100 bottles of his best wines at the recent sale in Paris. They were twenty gentlemen in all.

As an illustration of the vicissitudes of fortune, it is stated that Leonard Wells, a few years ago one of the wealthiest citizens at Hudson, N. Y., is now gaining a scant livelihood by peddling candies in Albany.

Fifty stoves of the ordinary size for house-warming, it is asserted, will not burn, or chemically change into its elements so much air as one pair of human lungs; therefore the effect of stoves in this particular is not so frightful as many have supposed.

A small importation of wine from Australia has been received in London, and the *Sun* says they will soon be enabled to announce the advent of a pure, generous, and wholesome wine from that country, in large quantities and at a reasonable price.

Foreign Miscellany.

The twelve marshals of France are to have twelve large palaces built for them in Paris.

The government of Prussia intends to have none but Prussian people in the army.

Count Cavour now stands again the foremost man in Italian affairs.

The rifle fever in England would seem to have nearly died out.

The friendly feeling between England and France is complete.

Louis Napoleon's letter to the Pope was but little relished at Rome.

Italian independence all the while looks more and more promising.

The Great Eastern Steamship Company are still undecided what they will do.

It is said that Macaulay left no manuscripts, and that no more volumes of History would ever appear from his pen.

The London *Times* has a close criticism on the "English" of the Queen's late speech to Parliament.

The banished dukes will probably never regain their governments in Italy. The people find they get along better without them.

Austria hardly thinks now of re-opening the war in Italy. But she protests against the non-restoration of the Grand Dukes in the Italian States.

Couriers have been sent from London and Paris to inform the Sardinian Cabinet that those two powers see no objection to the annexation of Central Italy to Sardinia.

Sands of Gold.

A large heart expands the chest; it is a great deal better than gymnastics.

Let no man be ashamed to speak what he is not ashamed to think and to feel.

There is nothing so elevating to a woman as the love of a truly great and noble man.

To be a man of the world, we must view that world in every grade and in every prospective.

Love is a plant, which may bud in this life, but must open and bloom and flourish in another.

Let infancy look forward, and age backward; this seems the true significance of Janus's double face.

It is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun.

The leaves of the forest, touched by the autumn frost, are like our joys—seem brightest when departing.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Passionate wooing is like summer dust, it lies on the ground a little while, and then a slight wind comes, and away it is gone.

The lively and mercurial are as open books, with the leaves turned down at the notable passages.

There are a good many pious people who are as careful of their religion as of their best service of china, only using it on holy occasions.

Joker's Olio.

One ought to have dates at one's finger ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

Why is an andiron like a yardstick? Because it has three feet.

Women are like breadstuffs—when they are very scarce, they are very dear.

A good way to light some cities with gas would be to set fire to their editors.

To put Puss into boots makes her a very tall cat; she stands four feet in her boots.

"Are you still boarding, my friend?" "No, I'm keeping house, I'm *above board.*"

"What are you looking after, my daughter?" "Looking after a son-in-law for you and father."

A teacher of penmanship, in twelve lessons, taught a lawyer to read his own writing.

A revising barrister having asked a voter the value of a house, the answer was, "That depends upon what sort of a wife there is in it."

It's very pleasant to slip down on the pavement opposite the house of your mortal enemy, and see him grinning at you from the window.

Those men who are in perpetual fear of their wives are undoubtedly fine specimens of sheep-husbandry.

A chap, on being asked what he would do if he were banished to the woods, said he thought he should *split.*

The bailiff and the undertaker look upon a failing man with the same hope—namely, to take the body.

Never do things by halves, unless it is sending a bank note by the post, or paying a cabman his demand.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL
WEEKLY.

This paper presents, every week, an agreeable *melange* of the notable events and literature of the time. Its columns always contain a goodly store of popular Original Tales, Sketches of Adventure on Sea and Land, and Poetic Gems, by the

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Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE TRULY GREAT.

BY E. ANNA RAWSON.

There is a noble, gallant band,
Who live not for themselves alone;
Who will not idly reap of what
Another hand has sown.

'Tis they who weep for others' woe,
Although their hearts are firm and brave;
Whose lives are consecrate to man—
Whose watchword is to save.

They shrink not from the gathering storm,
But with their pennant high unfurled,
March on to stem the tide of wrong—
The workers of the world.

The widow and the sorrowing one,
Treading the thorny, rugged way,
Wait for their coming, as the sick
Watch for the breaking day.

In prisons dark and sombre vaults
They seek to soothe the prisoner's woe;
Awaking tones of other days
In music soft and low.

They've lived in every age as now,
Uprising by their hidden might,
Lethargic souls that round them slept,
To nobler vows of right.

Upon the altar of their souls
There burns seraphic fire,
That may be quenched when mute
Becomes the seraph's lyre.

Thank God for earth's devoted sons,
Who, while redeeming her fair fame
From those dark blots that stain her page,
Write in the heart their name!

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE HUSBAND'S RUSE.

BY J. HENRY SYMONDS.

THERE was a time when Charles Anderson was a bachelor. There is nothing strange, I admit, in declaring that a person was not married at the same instant that he was born; but then I make the statement for the purpose of drawing a line of demarkation between the periods of his single and his double existence.

Charles came to the city—a country boy—for the sake of getting employment, and he labored hard when here for promotion. At last he became a master mechanic, and then he labored for his support. By untiring industry and perseverance he gained the confidence and esteem of married men, and eventually became one of the first builders in the city. Then he considered with a great deal of self-gratulation, his rise and his present position; and he, rather tired of his single life, thought it exceedingly irksome and dull; and thinking himself perfectly competent, in a pecuniary point of view, to support another beside himself, he began looking about him for a smart, tidy woman, with an idea of matrimony.

Fortune at this time brought him in contact with a young lady named Sarah Hawkes, whose pretty face and pleasing manners took him captive. The chance acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and Anderson soon became a constant visitor at her father's house. His visits were received with seeming pleasure by the young lady and her parents, and everything possible was done to make them pleasant and agreeable. Rooms were arranged to suit his tastes, suppers were served with especial reference to his palate, and his opinion was asked upon a thousand points, which proved beyond a doubt that he was a welcome guest, and would be a very acceptable lover. Miss Sarah took every opportunity to inform him that she made the tea biscuit—asked him to try some cake of her baking—induced him to taste the preserves which she had prepared—and after tea begged him to walk into the parlor and excuse her a few moments while she was washing up the supper dishes.

It did not take many visits to convince the young man that Miss Hawkes was a model girl, and his visits became more frequent; and one evening he asked her a question which, having been expected, the answer was readily given; it was "yes." Anderson was a happy fellow, and Sarah was a happy girl; and the next morning when they heard of it, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes were happy. That forenoon, when Charles called upon the father to gain his consent to the engagement, he was received with a hearty shake of the hand and a "God bless you!"

For a number of weeks there was a great deal of unusual bustle and activity in and about the humble abode of Thomas Hawkes; then there was a wedding, and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson commenced housekeeping in another part of the city. They had a neat, pretty house, furnished tastily with every requisite, but there was nothing extravagant, nothing useless. It was just such a home as any man who had to labor for his daily bread might be proud of; and Charles was proud of it, and his wife appeared happy and contented. Mrs. Hawkes pointed with a great deal of pride to her children, and said, "They are the finest couple in the city."

But happiness, like blossoms, will droop, if the sun shine too bright upon it. When every one told Mrs. Anderson how happy and contented she must be, she began to look about her to find something to be unhappy and discontented about. At last she became acquainted with Mrs. Sanders, who occupied a house in the same street. She was the wife of a man who lived well and easy, and who dispensed his income to that sole end and to make a show of his good living. Mrs. Sanders kept a servant-girl in the kitchen, and spent her own time in the parlor between her piano, the latest novel, and some new-fashioned article of worsted-work, and she lived such an easy, care-for-nothing sort of a life, that Mrs. Anderson thought that she must be supremely happy, and began to envy her her lot, and then to repine at her own. In this way she soon worked herself into a fine fit of discontent and ill-humor; then she began to complain to her husband, and wish that she had a servant-girl. Charles remonstrated; he said he could not afford it, and for awhile nothing more was said of the matter; but one day she received a call from her easy-living neighbor, after which the matter was revived with more than its original ardor. In vain Charles expostulated and argued; his wife plead indisposition and an inability to do all the house-work, and he finally promised to procure the services of a girl.

A few days later he said to his wife at the dinner-table:

"I shall bring you home a servant-girl to-morrow, Sarah."

"O, I am so glad, for then I shall have time to make you a dressing-gown and work you a pair of slippers like Mr. Sanders', and I can make myself a morning-dress and work a pair of lamp-mats, and crochet some tidies for the parlor-chairs."

Charles looked at his wife's smiling face a moment, then quietly remarked:

"I trust that you may realize all the pleasures that you anticipate."

"Why, of course I shall, Charles."

Nothing more was said then, but the next day Mr. Anderson brought a girl home with him, and introduced her to his wife as Jane Fields. After dinner she was shown about the house and installed in the different duties expected of her, and Mrs. Anderson commenced to try to ape the lady. For weeks she spent her time exclusively in the parlor, scarce looking into the kitchen. She could not play the piano, and she had none to play if she could; so she devoted her time to books and worsted; she read through a score of works and scarcely remembered the title of one. She was not very successful with her worsted work, and would have given it up in despair, but Jane, anticipating her difficulty, explained how it should be done, showing a greater proficiency in that line of industry than her mistress possessed; and from that time Mrs. Anderson became jealous of her, and allowed herself to be very miserable indeed in consequence. She said nothing to her husband of the cause of her jealousy, but asked him if he did not think her rather a poor cook, and a little slovenly about the house, a trifle inclined to meddle with that which was none of her business, and decidedly saucy,—to all of which questions he replied in the negative. Then Mrs. Anderson commenced to scold her domestic for every short-coming, real or imaginary; but Jane was so quiet and pleasant that the very act of scolding only provoked the mistress more than before. She was getting sick of trying to be a lady, but she did not like to admit as much to her husband; so—as she was not very well pleased with Jane—she determined to be rid of her; then she would go into the kitchen with another girl. To effect this she said to her husband one day:

"Don't you think that Jane is a very poor cook?"

"On the contrary," replied he, I never ate victuals that I thought were better cooked."

"Mrs. A. was slightly disconcerted, but after a moment's hesitation she said:

"I do not like Jane, and I have decided to discharge her."

"I am sorry," responded the husband, "for I rather like Jane."

"You like Jane?" asked the lady, apparently excited.

"Very much. In fact, if I was single, I do not know of any lady that I—" and Mr. Anderson stopped.

"That you would what?" asked the wife, the tremor of her voice betokening her excitement.

"O, nothing;" and he tried to look as unconcerned as possible.

"O, Charles, you will break my heart!" and Mrs. Anderson leaned back in her chair and sniveled a little, and sighed two or three real genuine sighs, for she was extremely wretched.

"There, don't cry," said the gentleman, quite coolly; and he walked out of the room and into the kitchen.

His act of going into the kitchen was such an uncommon one that his wife listened to his step with a suspicious ear, then jumped from her chair at the table, brushed the tears from her eyes with her handkerchief, and followed him. She stepped through the entry softly, and opening the kitchen door quickly, she caught her husband and Jane kissing each other. For a moment she gazed at the parties, then screeched at the top of her voice:

"O, you wicked Anderson!"

"It wasn't me, marm," exclaimed Jane.

Anderson stammered out something about his wife's not making a fool of herself as he passed out of the room and then walked out of the house, leaving her to be very miserable all the afternoon. A dozen times she was on the point of going to the kitchen and ordering Jane to leave the house, but then she feared that she would go straight to her husband, so she desisted, and sat by herself longing for, yet dreading her husband's return. During the afternoon she counted up the amount of crockery that had been broken since Jane had been installed as domestic, then her wages, and the other items of expense which might have been evaded by doing without a hired girl, and the sum-total in round numbers completely astonished the good woman. She had no idea that it was so expensive for a poor woman to be a lady.

When Mr. Anderson returned that evening, he entered the parlor as calmly as though nothing had occurred, and asked:

"Do you want to take a sleigh-ride this evening, Sarah?"

Mrs. A., thinking the invitation given merely to soothe her for the insult offered at noon, answered with a very short-spoken "No."

"Mr. Tilton intends taking his wife, and he said that he would call for us about half-past seven," said Anderson.

The lady wished to go very much, but she had no idea of yielding to her husband very readily, so she said very indifferently:

"I do not feel like going. Perhaps you had better take Jane."

"So I can," replied Anderson. "I did not think of that;" and he went directly to the kitchen and told her to be ready for the ride.

After supper Mr. Tilton's team drove up to the door, and Mr. Anderson and Jane rode off, leaving Mrs. A. alone, very miserable and much vexed. For a few moments she gave way to tears; then she dried her eyes and put on her bonnet and shawl, intending to visit her mother and tell her of her troubles; but it was a cold, dark night, and her mother lived at the extreme opposite end of the town—so she was frightened out of it before she started. For an hour and a half she was very unhappy; she thought over the happy days of courtship, when her husband was so kind and attentive to her—of the pleasant months passed since matrimony, before a hired girl darkened their doors, and regretted exceedingly her folly in leaving the kitchen for the parlor. She decided to induce her husband to discharge Jane, and allow her to return to the kitchen again. Sometime before he had returned from his ride, she was prepared to receive him pleasantly; and when he came in she asked, with a smiling face:

"Did you enjoy yourself, Charles?"

"Very much," replied Mr. A.

"We had a capital time, didn't we, Charley?" interrupted Jane.

A red flush passed over the face of the wife as she heard this remark, which deepened as her husband replied:

"A first rate time, Jennie."

She bit her lip, however, and said in as pleasant a voice as she could command:

"I am very glad of it."

Mr. Anderson and Jane exchanged glances, and the latter left the room. For some moments the husband and wife sat together in silence. At last the lady asked:

"Don't you think that we can do without a girl any longer, Charles?"

"Why, do you think that I can do the work?"

"O no, I want to do it myself again."

"Why, I thought that you were tired of housekeeping."

"So I thought; but I have tried being a lady to my satisfaction, and I am very sure that I am happier in the kitchen than in the parlor."

"Well, Jane shall go to-morrow," said the husband.

Mrs. Anderson was very happy at that announcement, but she was much happier the next morning, when Jane's trunk was strapped to the back of a hack, and its owner was seated inside. Mr. A. only bade her a friendly good-by, and his wife was as polite to her as possible; then he went to his work, and she went to the kitchen, both of them a great deal happier than they had been for some weeks before. For a number of days nothing was said in regard to the late domestic. Sarah went about her daily round of duties with a light heart and smiling face, and her husband greeted her cheerfully as he came home, and bade her good-by with a kiss when he returned to his work again, as of old. But a curious woman cannot always resist the inclination to ask about a subject of which she is continually thinking; and one noon, not many weeks after the departure of Jane, her name was introduced at the table.

"I hope that you will excuse me, Charles," said Mrs. Anderson, "but I feared at one time that you loved her."

"So I did," replied the gentleman.

"You did love her?" asked the lady, in a trembling voice.

"Yes, I've loved her a great many years."

"Then you have been acquainted with her a great many years? I didn't know that before."

"Ever since she was born."

"Then she must have come from your native town?"

"Yes; she is a relative of mine."

"What—a cousin?"

"No—nearer than that."

"Why, what, pray?"

"She is my only sister. Her name is Jane Fields Anderson. Now are you jealous of me for loving her?"

"No, Charles, I am not. Hereafter I will trust and obey you, and I hope both you and your sister will forgive me."

CHINESE PROVERBS.

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own doors, and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

By a long journey we know a horse's strength; so length of days shows a man's heart.

Do not love idleness and hate labor; do not be diligent in the beginning and in the end lazy.

The generations of men follow each other, as the waves in a swollen river.

The spontaneous gifts of heaven are of high value; but the strength of perseverance gains the prize.

In the days of affluence always think of poverty; do not let want come upon you and make you remember with sorrow the days of plenty.

As the scream of the eagle is heard when she passes over, so a man's name remains after his death.

If there be a want of concord among the members of the same family, other men will take advantage of it to injure you.

He whose virtues exceed his talents, is the great or good man; he whose talents exceed his virtues, is the mean or small man.

SAGACITY OF THE BEAR.

That wild beasts of all kinds are scared away by fire is a well known fact, but the hungry bear is of so cunning a nature that it even sets at defiance the flaming circle, which would at other times afford a secure protection to the sleeping traveller. It is true that the bear does not venture to cross the fiery barrier, but it contrives to avoid the difficulty in a most ingenious manner. Going to the nearest stream, it immerses itself in the water so as to saturate its fur with moisture, and then returning to the spot where the intended prey lies asleep, the animal rolls over the flaming embers, quenching the fire, and then makes its attack upon the sleeper. This curious fact is well known among the natives of Siberia, so that they have good grounds for the respect in which they hold the bear's intellectual power.

Time is a file that wears and makes no noise.

QUENCHING THIRST.

Nearly a hundred years ago, Dr. Lind suggested to Captain Kempedy that thirst might be quenched by dipping the clothing in salt water, and putting it on without wringing. Subsequently, the captain, on being cast away, had an opportunity of making the experiment. With great difficulty he succeeded in persuading a part of the men to follow his example, and they all survived, while the four who refused and drank salt water, became delirious and died. In addition to putting on the clothes while wet night and morning, they may be wetted while on two or three times during the day. Captain K. goes on to say: "After these operations we uniformly found that the violent draught went off, and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, while we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment." The bare possibility of the truth of the statement makes it a humanity for any paper to give it a wide publicity, since there are not many readers in any hundred who may not go to sea and be shipwrecked.

MEN AND OAKS.

All men might be rich, and live in abundant ease and leisure, if they would observe the simple rule which they themselves subscribe as a necessary condition of a thriving plant. A young tree, in order to secure its growth to perfection, is secured against the intrusion of other plants, and the soil around it carefully cleared of everything which would abstract from it the necessary fluids and other alimentary matter. There is a certain limit beyond which there can be no profitable crowding of plants or men. It is possible to plant a thousand acorns under the shadow of one full-grown oak; but, inevitably, nine hundred and ninety-nine of them must perish before one of them can come to perfection.

A POLITE BOY.

The other day we were riding in a crowded railway carriage. At one of the stations an old man entered, and was looking around for a seat, when a boy ten or twelve years of age rose up and said, "Take my seat, sir."

The offer was accepted, and the infirm old man sat down.

"Why did you give me your seat?" he inquired of the boy.

"Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy," was the reply.

The passengers were much pleased and gratified. For my part I wanted to seize hold of the little fellow and press him to my heart.

A GENTLEMAN'S DIARY OF HIS WIFE'S TEMPER.—*Monday.*—A thick fog, no seeing through it. *Tuesday.*—Gloomy and very chilly, unseasonable weather. *Wednesday.*—Frosty, at times sharp. *Thursday.*—Bitter cold in the morning, red sunset, with flying clouds, portending hard weather. *Friday.*—Storm in the morning with peals of thunder, air clear afterwards. *Saturday.*—Gleams of sunshine, with partial thaw, frost again at night. *Sunday.*—A light southwester in the morning, calm and pleasant at dinner-time, hurricane and earthquake at night.

Nature disposes of time as she needs it, and may employ in her task the entire life of the universe.

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President CUMMINGS, of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct., says, Jan. 9, 1860:—"I thank you for the splendid copy lately received of the illustrated edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. I had already procured for constant use a copy of this truly great and national work. Having used each successive edition, I am prepared fully to concur in the high recommendations bestowed on it by many of the most eminent men of the age. I regard the recent additions as increasing still further its value. They present in a convenient form information ever needed by the general scholar, but not readily elsewhere recured."

President GOODWIN, of Trinity College, says, Dec. 31, 1859:—"I am free to say that I regard this present edition of yours, with its illustrations, its tables, its indexes, and vocabularies of names, etc., as the most complete apparatus of the kind that the student can keep upon his table."

President BALLOU, of Tuft's College, Medford, Mass., says:—"In common with the most of those who have paid much attention to our language, I have long regarded Webster's Dictionary as excelling in the clearness and accuracy of its definitions. The additions which have been successively made to it, particularly the very distinct Illustrations, the Table of Synonyms, and Pronouncing Vocabularies of Modern Geographical names, and names of distinguished persons, greatly increase the usefulness of the work. In your present edition, the work seems to be a complete apparatus for all purposes of reading and understanding English and American literature. It is difficult to conceive of anything that could be added, to fit it for these ends."

President WOODS, of Brunswick College, Maine, says:—"It gives me pleasure to express my high sense of the zeal and enterprise of the publishers and editors, in carrying that excellent Dictionary to a still higher point of excellence. The portions prefixed and annexed add materially to the usefulness of the volume."

President GALE, of Galesville University, Wisconsin, says, Jan. 9, 1860:—"In 1850 I purchased Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which has ever since been my constant companion in my practise at the bar, and for the last five years upon the bench. I have ever found it a safe counsellor, and an indispensible help in the preparation and decision of cases.

"In the new edition of Webster, I recognize many additions of great importance, which tend to a completeness that makes it a library of itself.

"Its mechanical execution is a living monument of the art of book-making, and leaves us in doubt which the most to admire, the vast learning on its pages, or the eminent skill in its display and tangibility.

"I shall place it in the University as a book for everyday reference by the teachers and students."

President JACKSON, of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., says, Jan. 10, 1860:—"Webster's Unabridged, which I have long had in daily use, comes to me with new titles to esteem and veneration. The Pictorial Illustrations, the Table of Synonyms, and the very full list of names of celebrated persons in modern times, accurately marked for pronunciation, are very important additions, to say nothing of the great enlargement of its vocabulary. But even as it was before these improvements, I never found any work which so uniformly satisfied my inquiries for information such as a dictionary ought to supply."

President CLAMPI, College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., says, Jan. 7, 1860:—"The faculty of this college have always preferred Webster's Dictionary to any other in the language. I had judged the former edition of Dr. Webster's Dictionary almost beyond improvement. But I have now no hesitation in asserting, that the new Pictorial edition stands unquestionably pre-eminent, and will be esteemed an inseparable companion by every English scholar. It will form a necessary part of the library of every teacher."

"GET THE BEST."—GET WEBSTER.

G. & C. MERRIAM,

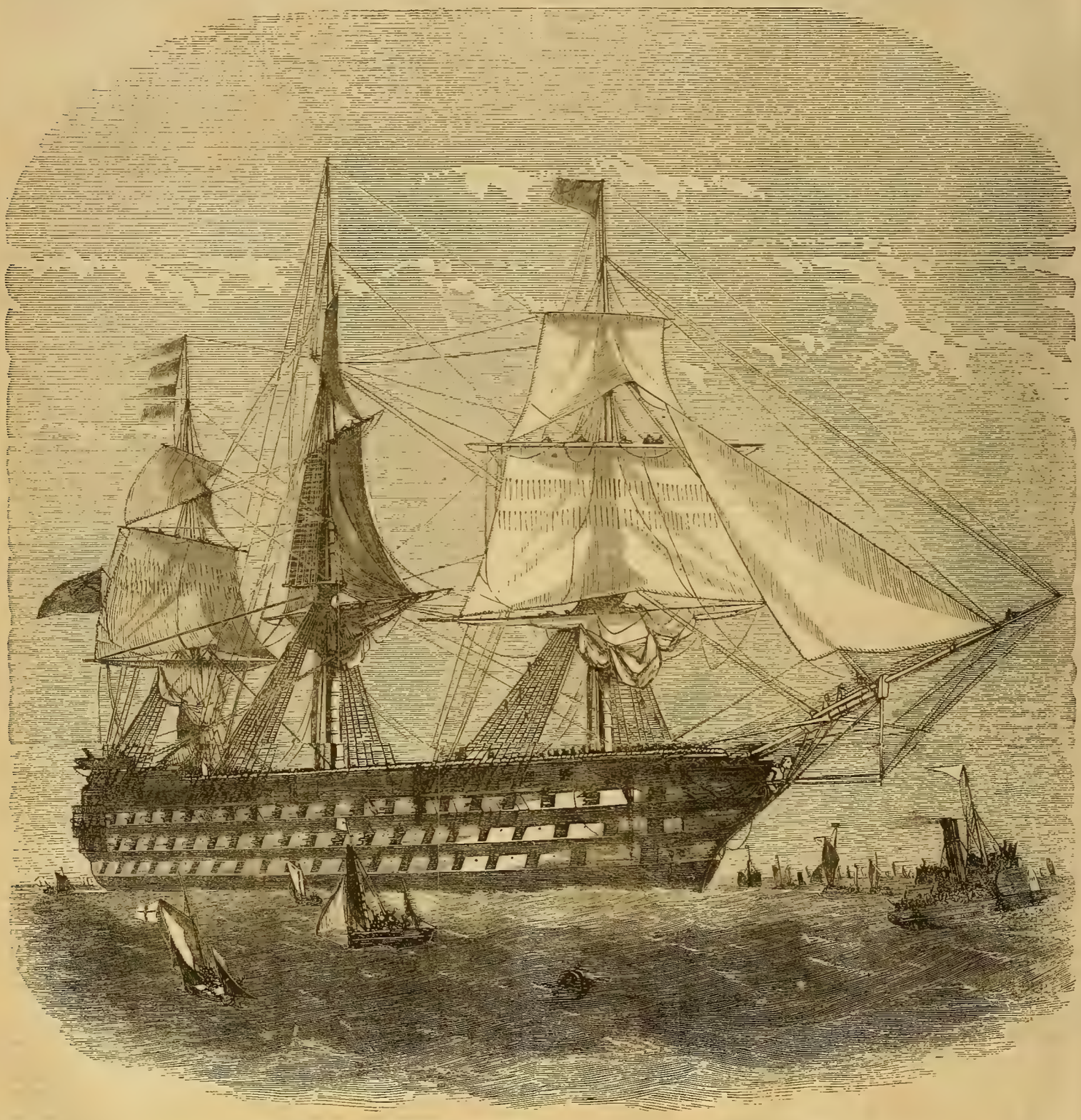
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Specimen pamphlets of the new features sent by mail on application.

March 3, 1860. 1w

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

This noble man-of-war, the noblest specimen of fighting craft in the whole English navy, is known to all the readers of the PICTORIAL. She is a three-decker, and was the flag-ship of Vice Admiral Charles Napier, when she led off the British navy into the Baltic, during the Crimean War, against the Russians. Being a screw-steamer, she is not dependent on her sails alone for propulsion, but is able to make her majestic way against wind and tide, and in the teeth of obstacles of the largest magnitude. The picture represents her as she is about to weigh anchor; and a finer sight is not to be looked for anywhere on the water. The "Duke" was a prominent actor in the disappointed "Baltic fleet," and her gallant commander sent home to the Department several communications that were thought, at the time, to be much more pointed than discreet. But your fighting man makes but a poor writing man; and so it proved in the case of "Charley Napier." Whenever the French papers of to-day have occasion to allude to the English navy, they do not forget to speak of the gigantic screw line-of-battle ship "Duke of Wellington." She is a mammoth in the navy, and was projected to do the service of a marine behemoth. To fancy such a vessel bearing down on a frigate, or a sloop-of-war, and preparing to rake her clean with a regular broadside, is to behold, in vision, as complete a destruction and as rapid a sinking of an unfortunate craft as possible. It is questionable if these monster productions of the shipwright are calculated to do as effective service for a national navy as smaller vessels, that draw less water and can be taken into places where the giants cannot go. These latter, too, are rather unwieldy, as a sailor would say, to "handle," and cannot manœuvre with that expedition which is so characteristic of lesser craft. But in the line of battle, when the storm of war is about to prove terrible, and there is need of main force and strength to repel its opposite, such bulwarks of national power are needed, and all depends upon the manner in which the last shock is given and taken. There is no ship-of-the-line afloat that surpasses the "Duke," and she would doubtless sustain a hostile onset with the same steadiness and strength with which her military namesake withstood, in solid squares, the fiery charges and intrepid dashes of the brave troops of Napoleon the First.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, FLAG-SHIP OF VICE-ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

Old-fashioned mothers have nearly all passed away with the blue-check and homespun woolen of a simple but purer time. Here and there one remains, truly accomplished in heart and life, for the sphere of home.—Old-fashioned mothers—God bless them! who followed us with heart and prayer all over the world, lived in our lives, and sorrowed in our griefs; who knew more about patching than poetry; spoke no dialect but love—never preached nor wounded; made melody with their hearts, and sent forth no books but living volumes—honored their authors and blessed the world.—The old homestead! We wish we could paint it for you as it is—no, we dare not say it is—as it was, that we could go together from room to room; sit by the hearth, round which that circle of light and love once swept, and there linger till all those simpler, poorer times returned, and we should grow young again.—And how can we leave that spot without remembering one form that occupied, in days gone by, the old arm-chair, that old-fashioned mother—one in all the world, the law of whose life was love; one who was the divinity of our infancy, and the sacred presence in the shrine of our earthly idolatry; one whose heart is far below the frost that gathers so thickly on her brow; one to whom we never grow old, but, in the plumed troop, or the grave council, children still; one who welcomed us coming, blessed us going, and never forgets us—never! And when in some closet, some drawer, some corner, she finds a garment or a toy that once was yours, how does she weep, as she thinks you may be suffering or sad. And when spring

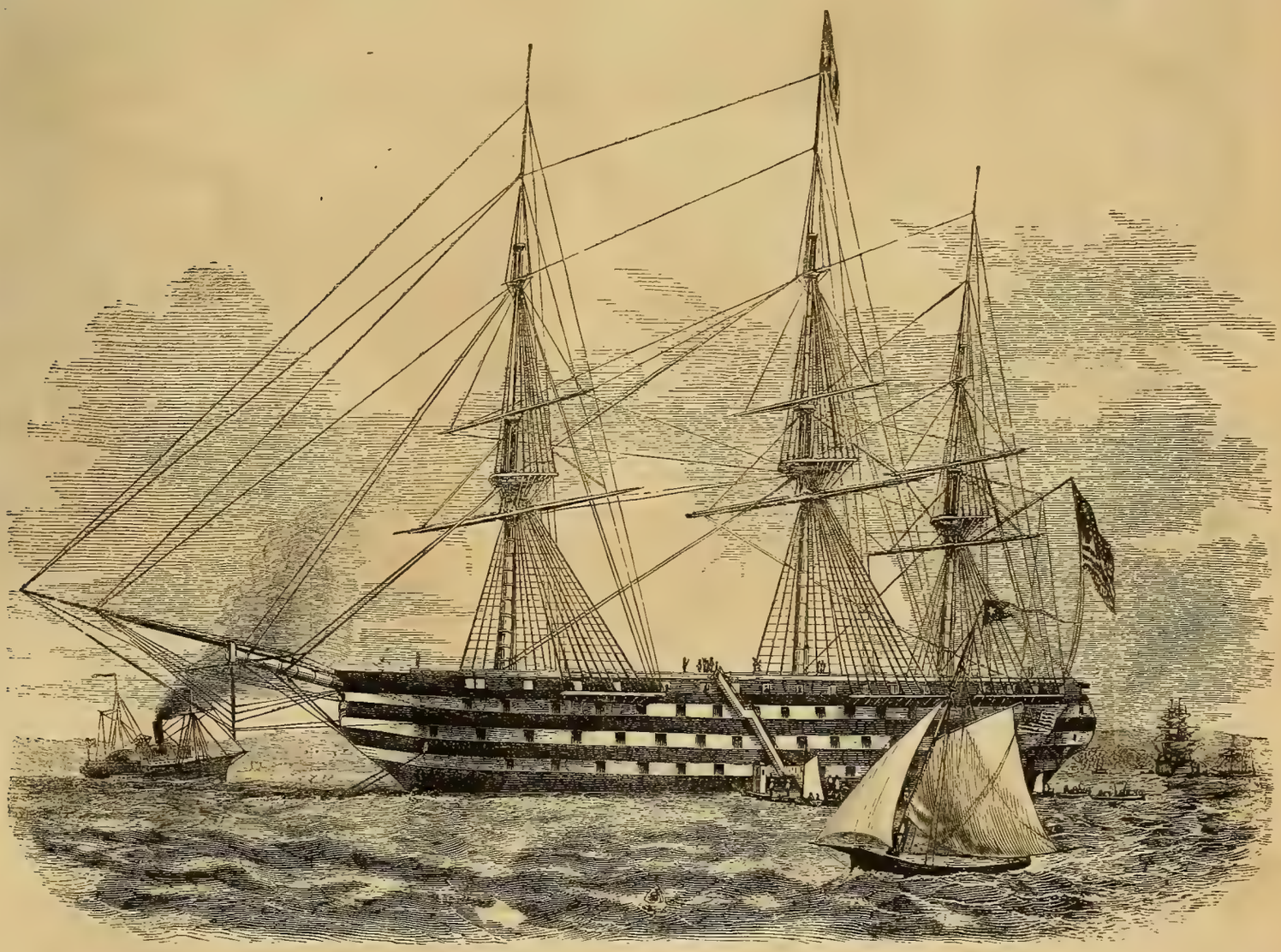
"Leaves her robes on the trees,"

does she not remember your tree and wish you were there to see its glory? Alas! alas! we all of us live long enough to learn the true value of a mother! No other relationship is so close,—there is none that can less easily be supplied.

Vol. II.—No. 10. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860. Price Four Cents.

U. S. SHIP PENNSYLVANIA.

The navy, though never the pet of the general government, has always been regarded with peculiar affection by the people of this country. It was called into existence by the force of circumstances alone, and having served its turn nobly and well, it was at once suggested by our public men that it should receive little or no further government patronage. It has never enjoyed the consideration bestowed upon the army, though there is no question that its single achievements in the last war with Great Britain, feeble and single-handed as it was, gave shape to our final success, and shed fresh lustre on the national name. After that time the American standard was as much the representative of national power everywhere on the seas, as it had before become upon the land. Our fame had suddenly ripened on both sides; the two hemispheres of it had come together. What an array of illustrious names had not our navy to boast of,—second, certainly, to none in any other naval organization on the globe. And yet we were but a small beginning, while our opponents repeated the boast of Admiral Von Tromp, that with their naval broom they swept the seas. But what we lacked in vessels, we more than made up in valor. Where we were wanting in tonnage, we made up in men. If our guns were not the heaviest, we nevertheless were their equals in the weight and strength of our cause. The world was electrified with the brilliant successes of our little navy. It seemed incredible that a handful of extemporized vessels should have suddenly shot out from our harbors, bays and creeks, and boldly bearded the greatest naval power on the earth, on her own element. It was for this, and because, too, we had the sympathies of the world on our side, that the tidings of our new achievements thrilled all Europe with a profound sensation of joy. Slowly has the American Government built up a navy worthy of its name from that small, but most valiant beginning; a strange jealousy has pursued its growth; its offices and honors have often stood in the way of its true advancement, by reason of the petty private squabbles that have taken place over them; and not until very recently, amid troubles of all kinds, coming from every quarter, has the national character of our naval force been so fixed that we may begin henceforth to rely upon its overshadowing influence, wherever it carries the national flag, to protect and defend the national interests and name. Of the largest class of ships belonging to the navy, the Pennsylvania, whose representation is given with great accuracy below, is as worthy of note as any. She was built and launched at Philadelphia; is a three-decker, and is rated at 120 guns, but will mount 140. Her burthen is 3000 tons, and her canvas, when fully spread, will cover seven acres of land. Her age is 23 years. She is at present stationed at Norfolk, and devoted to the uses of a receiving-ship. None of the floating bulwarks of the nation are of nobler proportions than the Pennsylvania. Four tiers of cannon, grimly staring with a Polyphemus eye each from its port, is no silly sight for an enemy to look upon. But though we do not hold to the opinion that the very largest ships always perform the best service, it is necessary to have enough to rely upon.



UNITED STATES SHIP-OF-THE-LINE PENNSYLVANIA.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

SONG OF THE PIONEER.

BY U. T. HOLMES.

With sturdy hands and earnest hopes,
And hearts on Heaven relying,
We come adown the mountain slopes—
The haunts of men we're flying.

We come with sickle, scythe and plow,
To aid us in our labor;
All idleness we disallow—
Each one assists his neighbor.

Our watchword's "Onward—ever on;"
Instruction's light is beaming;
The wilderness shall bloom anon,
And all with life be teeming.

THE BANDITTI

OF THE

CASTLE OF HARDAYNE.

BY H. L. STEVENS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love.—THOMSON.

THE name of Giraldus was now lost in that of the Earl of Montville, but his heart remained unchanged by the splendid title. The advantage which he might derive from it in the eyes of the baron, was, however, a pleasing consideration. Not that he imagined he could be influenced by any vain or sordid motives; he knew the generosity of his disposition too well; but he reflected that he might now bestow the hand of his daughter, without feeling those restraints which the opinions and prejudices of the world have imposed on even the most liberal minds.

His knowledge of the disinterestedness of the baron was gathered from daily observation; but he scarcely knew the extent of it. Accustomed to weigh well the motives that influenced his conduct, and to abide by those decisions which appeared most just and laudable, his actions were seldom governed by prejudice. He detested the name when it interfered with his schemes of happiness, and wisely combated it, whatever shape it might assume.

The mutual love between his daughter and Giraldus, had been long observed by him, but the emotions of pride which arose with the first discovery, soon subsided with cool reflection. His estates were ample, more than sufficient for every purpose of happiness; want of rank he considered as no essential ingredient, and in every other respect the object of his daughter's affections was highly deserving. Thus convinced, his determination had long been fixed, but he deferred its communication for various reasons, and chiefly that time might enable him to decide on the permanency of this youthful attachment.

The earl suffered the greatest part of the following day to pass away ere he communicated the intelligence to Elvina. His heart beat with emotion when he reflected on it, and he scarcely knew how to introduce the subject. At length he drew her aside, and requested that she would accompany him in a short walk, as he had something of importance which he wished to make known to her.

As soon as they had reached the wood, "I have solicited your company, my Elvina," said he, "as what I have to communicate will, I trust, yield you some degree of pleasure. You have ever been my friend, my tried friend, in the hour of adversity. Since my youth have I beheld you unchanged by the varying circumstances of my capricious fate, and O, my Elvina, it was but lately that I was blessed with an avowal of your esteem and love. The words will for ever remain engraven on my heart."

Elvina looked at him, as if to ask the purport of this preface. "Make no improper request," said she; you well know the motives which have hitherto guided my conduct; do not seek to subvert them."

"No, lovely Elvina," he eagerly interrupted, "I will not seek to subvert those principles that have long been my admiration. All I have to request is, that you will transfer that love which you have so generously avowed for the destitute and persecuted Giraldus, to him who will ever remain your equal slave—to one who doats on you—if possible, to a greater degree—to the Earl of Montville."

"To the Earl of Montville!" replied Elvina, her face overspread with crimson.

"Yes, loveliest maid; for him alone have I now to solicit; for him whose persecutions you have long witnessed with compassion—for him who now stands before you."

Elvina stood for some moments gazing on him, with an expression of mingled resentment and incredulity. "What is the meaning of all this?" said she. "You surely cannot mean, by taking advantage of a weak and imprudent confession, to treat me with derision."

"With derision," he replied with emphasis, as he sunk on his knee, "no, ever adored mistress of my soul, my words are sincere. In me you behold the Earl of Montville, from whom his enemies have long withheld his right—who, by a late event has obtained the knowledge of his rank, and who only feels pleasure from the acquisition, in the hopes that he may share it with her on whom his happiness or misery must ultimately depend."

The astonishment of Elvina still increased. She seemed yet almost to doubt his sincerity, and he acquainted her with the intelligence which had been sent him by Lord Albert.

"And now, my Elvina," said he, when he had concluded his relation, "may I hope that your esteem will feel no abatement? May I hope that you will be mine? Hitherto restrained by those circumstances under which it would have been highly improper for me to have indulged the blissful idea, I determined to suppress for ever the flattering illusion. I saw you the daughter of my first friend; I saw you at a distance, too high for my presumptuous thoughts to dwell upon, and every exertion was vainly used to conquer a hopeless passion. Now when propriety forbids not the request, permit me to cherish the ecstatic hope that you will be mine. Permit me to make known to your father the state of my heart. He has ever been a most indulgent friend; he will not refuse me."

The shades of evening had now approached, and the twilight concealed the countenance of Elvina from his view.

"Speak, my angel," he resumed; "do not suffer me to linger in this state of suspense. Pronounce but one word of comfort, and make me the happiest of men."

"O, Montville," she at length replied, "you know full well how much, how greatly I esteem you. You know my sincerity, but do not press a measure which I have never yet sufficiently considered. Let us retire to the castle."

"Do not leave me thus, loveliest maid. Give me but a single hope that you will not reject me at last: say that you will be mine, and I will leave everything else to your decision. You have been my guardian angel when affliction hung heavy on my heart; you have been the bright planet that has ever directed my dark steps. In you alone all hopes of happiness have ever rested, and now when fortune has smiled upon me, I would reject her gifts with scorn, should she deprive me of her who can only render them valuable."

Again, while he pressed her hand, he urged his request with fervency. Elvina beheld the object of her early and constant love kneeling at her feet, and her heart was oppressed with emotion. She saw him suddenly raised to a rank superior to her own; but uninfluenced by his circumstances she yielded her consent, as she had before done her love, to him, who in a low estate she had deemed worthy of it—to the humble, the tender, the affectionate Giraldus.

Transported with her assent, he gave way for a time to the emotions of unbounded joy and gratitude. Expression was inadequate to convey an idea of his feelings, and he accompanied her back to the castle with a heart thrilling with sensations of exquisite delight.

The baron heard of the discovery of his rank with unfeigned pleasure. He congratulated him on the subject with every mark of the sincerest esteem, and the blissful evening passed on, while pleasure diffused itself over the castle, and shone in every countenance.

Lord Albert, the kind and long-tried friend of the earl, returned on the following day, and experienced all that generous satisfaction from the information, which friendship such as his can only feel. At the desire of his friend, he recounted those circumstances that had taken place after his departure from the cottage, where Fitzwalter had been conveyed.

As soon as he had recovered from the fainting fit into which their sudden appearance had thrown him, he made eager inquiries concerning the Earl of Montville; but the attendants, thinking it only the effect of his delirium, paid little regard to his questions. The next morning, however, he still persisted in his demands to see him, and grew so vehement that they at length sent for Lord Albert. At his entrance he became more calm, and after ordering all the rest to withdraw, requested, in the most solemn manner, that he would inform him whether the Earl of Montville had not been in that apartment on the preceding evening.

Lord Albert assured him that he had not, and endeavored to reason him out of so strange a fancy; but the baron, regarding him with a sullen and stern look, demanded who the stranger was that had entered the room with him.

"It was a friend," replied Lord Albert, "with whom I was travelling, when I discovered the fire at your castle, and who assisted in rescuing you from the fury of the flames."

"Will you inform me of his name," said the baron, "and where he is at present?"

"His name is Giraldus; this morning he returned—"

"Giraldus?" repeated the baron, with looks of horror. "He was drowned."

"It was thought so," replied Lord Albert, still more surprised at his emotion, "but through providence he escaped."

The baron uttered not another word. He sunk on his pillow and seemed greatly agitated. After Lord Albert had quitted the room, he sent for pens and paper, and wrote at intervals, as his strength permitted, for the greater part of the day.

The surgeon, when he arrived in the evening, was greatly displeased at their having indulged him. He was evidently much worse, and his fever continued to increase; his delirium soon became dreadful, and it required great exertions to confine him to his bed. On the second day, Lord Albert, at his request, entered the room. He had recovered the use of his reason, but his death was evidently approaching.

"Tell your friend," said he, as he drew near, "that you saw me in this state; deliver this packet to him. It contains something that may yield him both joy and grief. You see my hour is approaching—bid him not curse my memory—tell him that you saw my punishment—that it was terrible—tell him—"

He would have proceeded, but the exertion overcame him; he fell into convulsions, and expired in a short time.

Every one was shocked at this account of his death. The earl forgot all the injuries which he had sustained, and thought of him only with pity and compassion. The rest admired the ways of Providence, which had brought the guilty by various means to long delayed punishment; and protected the innocent, through all the deep laid schemes of artful villany.

On the succeeding day, the earl disclosed his passion to the baron. He described the progress of his love from early infancy, and the line of conduct which he had adopted and pursued, to check its increasing influence, and concluded with praying him not to withhold his consent to an union, on which alone his future happiness entirely depended.

The baron listened with attention to his recital, though part of it was already well known to him. When he had concluded, he informed him of the observations which he had before made, and of his intentions, and acknowledged that his newly-discovered rank had not more endeared him to his heart, nor at all influenced that consent which he now freely gave.

The generous conduct of the baron on this and every other occasion, excited the deepest sentiments of gratitude and veneration in the earl. He attempted to express his sense of the obligations under which he lay, but his words died on his tongue; his countenance alone displayed the feelings of his heart, and painted with animation where utterance failed.

The time when their union was to take place was fixed at the distance of a month; and the baron, indulging that spirit of philanthropy which ever strongly characterized his actions, determined that all his tenants and dependants should be partakers in the general festivity. The preparations for this event were, therefore, immediately commenced, and Lord Montville traced each hour of the intervening time with eager impatience, fearful lest some unforeseen accident should destroy the flattering prospect, and sink him from his present state of felicity to one of exquisite misery.

The return of Henry St. Austin from his travels, at this juncture, added greatly to the happiness of the whole party. His regard for the friend of his youth remained unimpaired by his long separation. He had heard with the deepest affliction of his supposed death, and his joy was proportionably augmented, when he discovered the error into which he had been led, and the pleasing reverse of circumstances that had taken place.

The artful measures of Fitzwalter, however, were already well known to him, and the knowledge of them hastened his return from abroad. Travelling one day through a village in France, near the Mediterranean coast, he alighted at a small inn to procure some refreshment. As he was about to depart, the landlord perceiving he was an Englishman, informed him that there was a poor man of his nation then in the house, who had been left on the coast by some pirates, in a state of extreme wretchedness; that he was now almost at the point of death, entirely destitute of everything, and without a single friend to aid or assist him.

Henry, accompanied by the landlord, immediately visited the forlorn stranger, in whom he at length discovered the supposed uncle of Giraldus, but so much had illness reduced him, that it was some time ere he could recollect his countenance. The wretched man made a full confession of his guilt to Henry. He informed him of all the deep laid schemes of the Baron Fitzwalter, and closed his account with the melancholy event which had at length completed the destruction of Giraldus.

Already tottering on the brink of the grave, a few hours terminated the existance of this miserable man. Henry saw him interred; and with a heart greatly oppressed with the intelligence which he had received, hastily returned to his own country, with a view of seeing immediate justice executed on the murderer of his friend.

Thus had the last remaining agent of Fitzwalter fallen a victim to the successful villany of his employer; and Providence, by various means, had turned the baleful effects of every project against the heads of those by whom they were formed.

The day at length arrived, which was to witness the union of the Earl of Montville with the lovely and blooming Elvina. The ceremony was performed in the private chapel belonging to the castle, in the presence of two young ladies, her father, brother, and Lord Albert. The earl now beheld the accomplishment of all his wishes; he felt himself the happiest of men. Every heart seemed to participate in his felicity, and every face wore the smile of joy and gladness.

As they advanced to the hall they were met by a band of tenants, one of whom, in the name of his companions, made a short address on the occasion, in which he expressed their gratitude to the baron, and of the fervent wishes for the happiness of the wedded pair.

When he had concluded, the party withdrew in the same order as they entered, and repaired to the side of the lake, where, under the shade of oaks, an ample table was spread for their reception. The baron presided for a short time, and after giving them his blessing withdrew.

Rural sports and diversions occupied the afternoon, and the evening was spent in dancing. A large bonfire, which threw its strong reflections from the opposite side of the lake, and lights depending from the brances of the trees, illuminated the gay scene and rivalled the splendor of day. The company at the castle enjoyed the pleasing spectacle; mirth and hilarity diffused itself throughout the select party, and heart-felt pleasure beamed from each countenance.

Revolving weeks witnessed the increasing happiness of the Earl and Countess of Montville. Their frankness and generosity gained them the universal esteem and love of ther acquaintance; and no one who saw their mutual felicity, but acknowledged how greatly they were deserving of those blessings which heaven had showered upon them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Here melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose.—POPE.

THE castle Hardayne yet remained a pile of ruins, or the few desolated apartments only afforded a doubtful shelter to the fowls of the air.

Neglected by all, its former splendor was forgotten: the peasant, as he viewed it, felt no emotion but that of superstitious horror, and its total annihilation seemed fast approaching.

This state of the ancient and magnificent abode of his ancestors now struck the earl of Montville: the venerable ruin seemed to accuse him of neglect, and to demand his renovating hand; reflection frequently returned to it as to an unperformed duty, and he at length fixed his determination to commence without delay the execution of his designs.

Lord Albert, to whom he now made known his intention, was struck with the circumstance, and for the first time communicated the contents of the ancient manuscript which he had formerly discovered at the castle, and which, from the intervention of other matters of moment, had been laid by and almost forgotten.

The sight of it yielded both surprise and pleasure to the earl. He admired with reverence the directing hand of Providence, and beheld in himself, after all the strange vicissitudes of his life, the instrument that was destined to accomplish the predictions. He therefore, accompanied by his friends, took an early opportunity of revisiting the castle, in order to decide on such plans as it might be most proper to pursue.

The parts that had suffered least, particularly the eastern side, became the first object of his attention. Workmen were collected from the adjacent country to remove the rubbish and rebuild those parts that had fallen; and the room over the well, where he had taken up his abode on the first night, was, by his particular orders, prepared for his own use, as a place where he might remain for the night, should unfavorable weather, at any time, prevent his return home.

In a few days only, the castle had assumed a new aspect; the rubbish was removed, the court cleared, and the spacious apartments might be readily traced out by their remaining foundations. Each day witnessed the exertions of the earl: already was the work greatly advanced; the turrets, cleared from the incumbent ivy, again displayed their ancient magnificence, and the eastern side was rendered almost habitable. In this situation, a stormy evening at length compelled the earl once more to become an inmate at the castle, and to take possession of his newly appropriated apartment. His servants occupied an adjacent room, and strove by conversation to dissipate those terrors which, at the approach of night, ran shivering through each heart.

A large blazing fire, and lights, dispelled the damp and gloom that had long reigned in these apartments, while the storm beat violently without. A slight supper was early served up, and the servants then retired.

About to remain for the night in the room where he had once before been compelled to seek for shelter, the mind of the earl was fully occupied with reflections on the various incidents that had befallen him in so short an interval of time; it appeared like the effect of some vision, whose frightful commencement was capriciously associated with a blissful termination. He saw himself possessed of every wish that he could form, and conscious happiness excited the most fervent gratitude.

His thoughts then turned to the mysterious appearance that he had beheld in this apartment; it dwelt on his mind, nor could he wholly divest himself of some small degree of terror; but he strove to shake it off and to direct his mind to other subjects.

The wind howled round the castle and shook the casements, and he frequently started from his reflections at imaginary sounds. As he felt no inclination for sleep, he paced the room for some time, looked through the wide window over the lonely heath, and then sat down again to meditate on his intended improvements; but his thoughts wandered to other subjects, in spite of every endeavor to fix them.

He thus remained for a considerable time, and the hour of midnight was approaching. All was still as death, except when the sudden blast tumbled the loosened fragments from the building above and disturbed the feathered inhabitants of the towers. His reflections were appropriate to his situation, and he had insensibly sunk into a deep reverie, when a hollow grating sound aroused him with a sudden start.

He instantly turned towards the door, and beheld one of the panels of the wainscot sliding aside and the figure of a man in complete armor entering the room.

Terror had so possessed his mind that he was incapable of speaking. By an involuntary motion, however, he drew his sword and stood on the defensive, while his eager looks seemed to demand an explanation.

"Sheathe your sword," said the stranger, in a voice of mildness, "I offer no violence."

"Whence this intrusion, then," said the earl; "for what purpose do you, at this late hour, break in upon my retirement?"

"I come," replied the stranger, in a solemn tone of voice, "to demand by what authority you take possession of this castle."

"My title," said the earl, "is unquestionable; but at the same time it may be proper to ask by what authority you demand it."

"Answer me!" said the stranger, warmly.

The earl viewed him with a fixed and earnest gaze for some moments, and he repeated the words. At length, "If it is of importance that you should hear it," said he, "as your manner seems to bespeak, know that I am the younger son of the late earl of Montville, and that I possess this castle as the heir of my deceased father."

"The son of the earl of Montville!" eagerly repeated the stranger, as he seized the light and advanced towards him. "Gracious heaven, do I then behold him once more! It is—it is indeed my son."

Then throwing away the light, he clasped him to his breast and wept over him in silence.

The amazement of the earl was so great that he knew not how to return his caresses; he felt utterly incapable of reply or reflection. At length, in some measure recovering himself,

"O, my father," said he, with emotion, "if such indeed you are, how has the indulgent hand of Heaven rewarded me for all of my sufferings; what bliss is it daily pouring upon me. O! say why you have been so long concealed from the world. What chance has restored you, when your death was deemed inevitable?" He sunk on his knees, and bedewed the hand that he held with his tears.

The emotions of the earl exceeded those of his son. He stood reclining over him, unable to stem the torrent of sad reflections which at once poured upon his heart. He felt subdued by the violent conflict, and for some moments stood the image of silent despair. The eager inquiries of his son aroused him at length from his melancholy reverie.

"Rise, my dear Edgar," said he, "rise, and I will inform you of all my misfortunes, and why I have so long concealed myself among these ruins." He arose, and they seated themselves by the fire.

"Twenty years have now elapsed," said the earl, "since I left this castle. Ah! fatal period! which blackened every gay prospect of life, and changed the smile of happiness to the sad gloom of ceaseless anguish. I quitted a wife whom I loved and adored, I left two infant children, and returned only to mourn their loss; to behold this castle, once the pride of the surrounding country, a desolate heap of ruins. But let me not dwell on this subject—maddening reflections arise when I call it to mind. Tell me, my son, how have you been preserved. The report of your death was spread abroad, and believed by all. Sure no villany?"

He hesitated, and his son gave him a brief narrative of the conduct of Fitzwalter, suppressing, however, whatever related to the manner of his brother's death, judging it, in the present state of his father's mind, as improper and unnecessary.

The earl heard his relation with various emotions. Fury, regret, affliction, were alternately depicted in his countenance, and it was some time ere he became sufficiently calm to proceed on the recital of his own misfortunes.

"I left this castle," he at length continued, "which had witnessed six years of blissful domestic enjoyment, to participate in the dangerous honors of war. I quitted certain happiness for a delusive propensity, and fondly hoped that a short time would restore me to the arms of my beloved Matilda. Vain, vain hope, that shortly fled forever, and bade despair and unavailing sorrow possess this anguished heart.

"Eager on our arrival to signalize myself, I undertook, in opposition to the wishes of my friends, a secret expedition, the event of which too truly verified their expectations. I found myself suddenly surrounded by the enemy, who had received previous notice of our intentions, and to submit or die were the only alternatives. I chose the latter, and fell encompassed by my faithful band.

"When I recovered my recollection, I perceived with pleasure that I was attended by my own servant Walter, who, by my orders, had remained at the camp on the day of our unfortunate expedition. He informed me that we were then prisoners, and gave a long account of the means he had employed for my preservation; but his narrative was frequently interrupted by expressions of that immoderate joy which he felt at the recovery of my faculties.

"It seems that when the intelligence of our defeat was conveyed to the camp, the poor fellow had alone sought out the place of action, with a view, if possible, of regaining the body of his deceased lord. Thinking, as he wept over me, that he observed some small symptoms of life, he had repaired to the neighboring village, where, by the generous exertions of a French officer, I was quickly conveyed. I further learned, with great surprise, that a month had elapsed since the time of the engagement.

"My first care on the recovery of my senses, was to endeavor to convey intelligence of my safety to England. But in this I met with some delay, and was at length compelled to commit the execution of this business to my faithful Walter.

"More than a fortnight passed away ere he returned. I counted the flying moments and frequently chided his tardiness; but alas, he returned too soon—too soon the fatal intelligence reached my ears. O, my son, judge of my feelings at that moment, when the recollection at this remote period drives me almost to distraction. In the short but fatal interval since I had left my home, my loved Matilda, my children, all were swept away by the ruthless hand of death."

The earl trembled with the violence of his emotions. He fixed his eyes on the countenance of his son, seized his hand, and pressing it to his burning forehead, gave loose to the afflictions which rent his soul: his mind was overpowered by the recollection of that dreadful time, and he remained for some time incapable of utterance. At length the solicitations of his son aroused him from the stupor of grief, and he became somewhat more calm; but delaying a further communication for the present, each retired to his couch, with various and mingled emotions.

Early in the morning they arose, and the earl resumed his narrative.

"All care of life was now fled, and naught but death seemed capable of alleviating the insupportable burden of my sorrows. A long insensibility blotted out the remembrance of my misfortunes. During this time my poor Walter watched over me with affectionate and tender anxiety, till reason once more returned. My recovery was gradual, though by me unwished for. I sought only death, but he fled from me.

"At length, at the earnest entreaties of my servant, I undertook a long journey through France: he hoped that change of objects might wear away the deep impressions of my afflictions, but it was impossible. I wearied myself in vain; peace was forever fled, and I determined once more to return to my native country and bury myself in some solitude, far from the sight of every friend.

"Prompted by my feelings, I bent my course to this castle. But how shall I describe my despair when I again beheld it! Desolation, alas, had swept it with a heavy hand. My imagination called back the remembrance of the happiness which I had there enjoyed and abandoned; I felt a horrid void in my breast; tears streamed from my eyes and bitter grief overwhelmed my heart.

"In its present state of desolation I felt something congenial with my own soul. Here, said I, will I take up my abode; here indulge, while life remains, those sorrows on which the world would look with a heedless and unpitying eye.

"My determination was soon fixed. A private room, which was only known to myself, had escaped the flames, and now offered a friendly asylum. I gave my servant orders to provide whatever was necessary; then taking my remaining valuables, I requested his acceptance of them, with my blessing and wishes for his future prosperity and happiness.

"The grateful fellow refused my offer; and falling on his knees, besought me to suffer him to serve me during the remainder of his life. I reasoned with him on the absurdity of his request, but he remained deaf to all that I could urge, and has since continued to visit me at intervals, as my necessities required.

"Often, indeed, have I been disturbed in this retreat, in spite of all my caution. One evening soon after my arrival, as I sat lost in a mournful reverie among these ruins, I was suddenly surprised by the approach of two peasants, whom curiosity had led to the castle. My sudden disappearance (as I afterwards learned from Walter, who resides at one of the neighboring villages) was productive of great terror to them; the castle was reported to be haunted by some supernatural being, and the useful superstition freed me for a long time from every disagreeable intruder.

"A horde of banditti next occupied the subterraneous vaults, and sometimes endangered the safety of my servant; but as they seldom remained here for any great length of time, he the more easily eluded their vigilance. One evening, after the noise of a distant scuffle, I several times fancied that I heard groans; they seemed to proceed from this apartment, and I was twice on the point of entering it, when other sounds from within prevented me. At length all became quiet, and I then pushed aside the sliding door, and proceeded towards the opposite corner, from whence the sounds seemed to arise. It was totally dark, and I often stopped to listen, when suddenly I heard a footstep advancing quick towards me. Judging it to be one of the banditti I immediately withdrew, and heard him pacing the room for some time afterwards. A loud crash at length succeeded, and then all remained quiet during the night.

"In the morning I again heard the voices of men in this apartment; and on the second succeeding day, some one seemed to be carefully investigating every part of it, as if in search of the private door. I supposed this to be the same person whom I had before heard, but was uncertain whether he belonged to the banditti. At length he gave up his search, and retired. In the evening, however, my servant was surprised by him, and chased to the vaults, where he scarcely eluded his eager pursuit.

"A short time after this, an incident occurred which gave me some surprise. Rambling, one night, through the vaults, in the firm persuasion that no one except myself remained at the castle, I was preparing to open a door that leads from the passage, to which some concealed steps from the secret apartment descends, when I was suddenly aroused by the voice of a man, who called out loudly from within. Alarmed at this unexpected circumstance, I retired; but on the succeeding evening a conjecture arose that it might probably be some person who was confined there by the banditti, and I determined once more to descend to the vault.

"On opening the door I could just discern by the faint glimmering of a lamp, a young man, who was seated on some straw. He started up on perceiving me; then approached, and sunk with a frantic air on the knee. I understood not his incoherent expressions, but was preparing to speak, when I heard footsteps advancing hastily, and at the same moment the light of his lamp was extinguished.

"I retired to the passage to observe the issue. There I had not long remained, when two men suddenly entered. It was impossible to avoid them, and I stood awaiting their approach with my drawn sword. In one of them I thought I recollected the countenance of a servant whom I had left at the castle. Probably he remembered me at the same moment, for he gave a sudden scream of horror, and they both returned with haste.

"The sound of horses' feet convinced me that the banditti had arrived. I therefore forbore to renew my visit that evening, but determined, if possible, to find out, on the succeeding one, the cause of this young man's confinement. I was, however, disappointed, for when I opened the door of the vault I perceived that was entirely deserted.

"Different troops of horse arrived in the course of that night; and on the following day I learned from my servant that the secret residence of the banditti had been discovered, and the whole party had been slain by the officers of justice. At the close of the day, therefore, I repaired to the court-yard, and stood for some time against the pedestal, in melancholy contemplation of the sad scene that surrounded me; when, issuing from among the ruins, I beheld a man with a dark lantern. I was much surprised at this circumstance, at a time when I had been led to conclude that the castle was entirely deserted, and hastily withdrew by the secret passage that opens into the area at the foot of the pedestal. Since then, however, I have

met with nothing to disturb my solitude, till your meditated improvements, by rendering a longer concealment impossible, compelled me to demand the authority by which you had taken possession of the castle.

"Little, indeed, did I expect that my son, that my dear Edgar, still remained alive to claim the abode of his ancestors. It is now yours, but that little which I already possess must be still appropriated to my use. I have vowed never more to mingle in the world, or quit this last asylum, and my determination is irrevocable. Reserve to yourself that title which would naturally descend to you in a very short time, and suffer me to remain undisturbed by those scenes of gaiety which can now only excite aversion and disgust."

The earl ceased, and his son explained to him those circumstances which had chiefly excited his surprise. He then endeavored, by every method he could devise, to draw him from his determination, but all his efforts were fruitless. Long accustomed to indulge his melancholy in total solitude, all relish for the enlivening pleasures of the world was lost, and his son was compelled to forego his hopes and his solicitations.

The earl now led him to the room which he had so long inhabited: it was small and vaulted, and a lamp depending from the centre, faintly illuminated the dusky scene. It had two entrances, one leading by a private staircase to the vaults, and the other by a sliding door, strongly plated on the inside, opened into the adjoining apartment.

The earl strictly adhered to the resolution which he had formed never more to quit the castle of Hardayne; and Lord Edgar, finding how useless it would be to combat this determination, was compelled to return alone—his heart at once deeply impressed with delight and tender melancholy.

His absence, though short, had proved a source of alarm and anxiety to his beloved Elvina, and she welcomed his arrival with tears of joy; but when he informed her of the surprising discovery of a long lost father, mingled sensations of amazement, pleasure and pity, filled her heart; and every moment she became more anxious to pay an immediate visit to his solitary abode.

On the succeeding day the whole family repaired to the castle of Hardayne. The earl received them with melancholy pleasure—he wept over his lovely daughter. It reminded him of those happy days which were now forever fled; and the sighs that burst from his heart, bespoke the violence of that emotion which the sad recollection never failed to excite.

By the indefatigable attention of Lord Edgar, the castle was at length completed; and, accompanied by his numerous vassals, he again took possession of this ancient abode of his ancestors. Loud and unceasing acclamations hailed his return; joy was displayed in every countenance, and the court once more resounded to the voice of mirth and gladness. The earl enjoyed the pleasing spectacle, and for a time seemed almost to have forgotten his sorrows.

In a short time vegetation spread itself over the barren heath. It seemed as if the hand of enchantment had been laid upon it. The majestic beauty of the castle was restored; the prophecy was completely fulfilled, and the name and virtues of the earl and countess of Montville were long remembered with respect and veneration.

The Baron St. Austin participated in the happiness of his children. Blessed alike in a son and daughter, he experienced equal enjoyment from the society of either; and his time was occupied in alternate visits, and in the pursuit of those beneficent designs from which the most heartfelt pleasures must ever arise.

The generous Lord Albert spent a large portion of his time in the company of his friend. He frequently spoke with warmth of the manner in which they had been first connected, and blessed the event as the most happy incident of his life. Succeeding years gave increased force to their mutual esteem, and the friendship of the Earls of Montville and Glenderwen became proverbial, even to distant ages.

[THE END.]

Mrs. Smike says the reason children are so bad this generation, is owing to the wearing of gaiter shoes, instead of old-fashioned slippers. Mothers find it too much trouble to untie gaiters to whip children, so they go unpunished; but when she was a child, the way the slipper used to do its duty was a caution to snakes.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

LINES.

BY MAUD IRVING.

Bind not upon my brow
The roses fair,
Twine not the lilies pale
Amid my hair;
Urge me not to sing
Of love's bright hue,
Ask me to chant a dirge
Of death's cold dew.

I'll sit alone to-night—
My brow so pale
Shall bathe in soft moonlight
That fills the vale;
My heart is broken now,
All joy hath fled,
Soon, soon this form will be
Among the dead.

THE BARBER'S GHOST.

A gentleman, travelling some years since in the upper part of this State, called at a tavern and requested entertainment for the night. The landlord informed him that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He persisted in stopping, as he, as well as his horse, were almost exhausted with travelling. After much solicitation, the landlord consented to his stopping; provided he would sleep in a certain room that had not been occupied for a long time, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reported to have been murdered in that room some years before.

"Very well," says the man; "I'm not afraid of ghosts."

After having refreshed himself, he inquired of the landlord how and in what manner the room in which he was to lodge was haunted. The landlord replied, that shortly after they retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard, in a trembling and protracted accent, saying:

"Do you w-a-nt to be sh-a-ved?"

"Well," replied the man, "if he comes he may shave me."

He then requested to be shown to the apartment, in going to which he was conducted through a large room where were seated a great number of persons at a gaming table. Feeling a curiosity which almost every one possesses after having heard ghost stories, he carefully searched every corner of his room, but could discover nothing but the usual furniture of the apartment. He then laid down, but did not close his eyes immediately, and in a few minutes he imagined he heard a voice saying:

"*Do you w-a-nt to be sh-a-ved?*"

He arose from his bed and searched every part of the room, but could discover nothing. He again went to bed, but no sooner had he begun compose himself to sleep than the question was again repeated. He again arose and went to the window, the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent. After a few moments of anxious suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly, and, convinced that it was from without, he opened the window, when the question was repeated full in his ear, which startled him not a little. Upon a minute examination, however, he observed that the limb of a large oak tree, which stood under his window, projected so near the house that every breath of wind, to a lively imagination, made a noise resembling the interrogation—

"Do you w-a-nt to be sh-a-ved?"

Having satisfied himself that his ghost was nothing more nor less than the limb of a tree coming in contact with the house, he again went to bed and attempted to get asleep; but he was now interrupted by peals of laughter, and an occasional volley of oaths and curses, from the room where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking that he could turn the late discovery to his own advantage, he took a sheet from the bed and wrapped it round him, and taking the wash-basin in his hand, and throwing a towel over his arm, proceeded to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door, walked in, exclaiming, in a tremulous voice:

"Do you w-a-nt to be sh-a-ved?"

Terrified at the sudden appearance of the ghost, the gamblers were thrown into the greatest confusion in attempting to escape it, some jumping through the windows, and others tumbling head over heels down stairs. Our ghost, taking advantage of a clear room, deliberately swept a large amount of money from the table into the basin, and retired unseen to his own room.

The next morning he found the house in the utmost confusion. He was immediately asked if he rested well, to which he replied in the affirmative.

"Well, no wonder," said the landlord, "for the ghost, instead of going to his own room, made a mistake and came to ours, frightened us out of the room, and took away every dollar of our money."

The guest, without being the least suspected, quietly ate his own breakfast and departed, many hundred dollars richer by the adventure.

PAT IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Pat. (entering.)—Is Misther House in?

Clerk.—No such man lives here. You must have made a mistake in the door.

Pat.—Och, now! don't you ye be comin' any of your blarney. Sure, an' didn't I rade *House's Tillegraph* on the outside?

Clerk.—Ah, I understand. I attend to Mr. House's business.

Pat.—Och! ye do. Well, can ye send to me brother Mick, in New York?

Clerk.—Yes; have you a written message?

Pat.—Oh, bother! Niver need of givin' a missage in writin', at all, at all. Niver a word can he rade. Just give him this five dollar bill, sure, to pay the fine the blackguards put upon him.

Clerk.—Oh, we can't send money by telegraph. Money must go by mail.

Pat.—Sure, an' what 'ud I go buy male for? An' isn't it three pecks of illegant male I have in me house already?

Clerk—No; you don't understand. I mean by post.

Pat.—Post, is it? In a letther? An' ye can't send it by tillegraph?

Clerk.—No. All we can do, if you have a message, we can send that. That is, we charge the wire with electricity, and make it write in New York.

Pat.—Make it right, is it? Well, now, bedad, that's the thing intirely! Just make it right with Mick, and here's the money.

Clerk, (angrily.)—We can't do anything of the sort. I mean we can write, w-r-i-t-e, print the words you want to say to your brother in New York.

Pat. (scratching his head with a puzzled air.)—If ye can do that, just be after discoorsin' wid him soon as ye like.

Clerk.—But I tell you you must write the message you wish to send, on this bit of paper.

Pat.—Och, bad luck to it! Niver a bit can I write, sure!

Clerk.—Well, I'll do it for you. What's your brother's name?

Pat.—Mick.

Clerk.—What is his other name?

Pat.—Same as me own. Sure, we're brothers.

Clerk.—Yes, yes; I know that. But what is he called?

Pat.—What is he called, is it? Well, in the ould country they called him "Shillelah Mick," bekase of the mighty fine taste he had at swingin' that bit of a twig; an' many's the sconce, sure, he cracked like an old tay-pot when—

Clerk, (angrily.)—Oh, nonsense! I don't want to know anything about his fighting propensities. I want to know his other name. It is Mick what?

Pat.—Och, botheration, no! Mick Watt is my cousin—bad luck to him!—as lives in the county Kerry, an' he's been dead these five years.

Clerk.—Confound it! Can't you tell me your brother's other name? He has one besides Michael, hasn't he?

Pat.—Oh, yes, sure; why didn't ye be afther tellin' me that's what ye wanted, before; for sure as my name's Pat. Finnegin, ye should ha' been towld the family name of my ancestors, without blushin'.

Clerk.—Ah! Finnegan is the name!

Pat.—No, jewel—Mick Finnegan. Niver an R. Finnegan in the family, savin' Rory. He's listed for a soger.

Clerk.—No matter about that. Now for the message. *(writes)* "To assist you in paying the fine imposed on you, I will send you five dollars, by mail." There, that will do. Here are eighteen words; the first ten will cost you fifty cents, the others twenty-four—making sixty-four cents in all.

Pat.—Oh, bother the first tin words! Sure Mick 'll niver miss 'em. Send the last.

Clerk.—We can't do that. You must pay forty cents, at any rate.

Pat.—Sorra a bit can I do that! Sure, you may tell Mick the rason of his gettin' no missage from me was owin' to the occasion of the money it cost; and that'll explain the rason of his not hearin' from me at all.

Clerk.—We can't do any such thing. You must pay forty cents, or we shall send no message at all.

Pat.—Och! bedad, it 'll never matter. Sure I'll pay niver a cint to send a missage over your ould dhirty wire machine of a tillegraph.—[*Exit muttering.*]

GENEROSITY OF LA FAYETTE.

In the 1787, there was a destructive fire in Boston, in consequence of which many of the inhabitants were reduced to want. The Marquis La Fayette, who was then in France, having heard of the calamity, immediately wrote to his friend, Samuel Breck, of Boston, expressing his sympathy for the sufferers, and directing him to draw a bill on him for 300 pounds sterling, to be applied towards their relief. The bill was accordingly drawn, and the money was received and applied according to his directions.

Mr. Breck's son still preserves this letter as a precious memorial of the philanthropy and *American feeling* of La Fayette.

This American feeling has been indeed been manifested throughout his whole life. His only son bears the name of George Washington, and his two daughters are called Carolina and Virginia.

I'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO GO.

"I've got orders—positive orders—not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so womanish—come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? Come show 'em to us, if you can. Show us your orders."

John took out a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulling out a neat folded paper and showing it to the boys; they looked, one of them read aloud, "Enter not into the path of the wicked man. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going with you. They are GOD's orders, and by his help, I don't mean to break them."

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

An experiment was tried on board the leaking bark Orestes, a few days ago, which may often prove a great service in cases of vessels springing a-leak at sea. To discover the locality of a leak in a ship, take a sound cask, bung it up tightly and bore a gimlet hole in the head. When the cask is placed directly over the leak, it will emit a distinct ringing noise, caused by the water rushing through the leak in the vessel. The cask will only emit the sound when directly over the leak. The sound is evidently conveyed by the timbers to the cask, and in some way becomes augmented in passing through the hollow cask. This phenomena is as singular as it is sure. The experiment was witnessed by Captain Peterson, of the Phantom, and several others. Captain Mason, of the Orestes, first made a trial of it, having heard of its being resorted to before. It may often prove the means of saving a vessel when at sea.

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Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

DR. PEAPILL'S COASTING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

LAST winter, soon after the first fall of snow, the fine little village of Wheatwold was thrown into an unusual commotion. A new family had removed to the brick house near the Common—a family from the capital city of Concord, and the female members of this same family believed in coasting.

Mr. Bell's whole household practised the science—from little five year old Nellie up to Mr. Jonathan Bell, Esq., himself. And as the Bells were rich, and supposed to be fashionable, it behooved every individual in Wheatwold to follow their illustrious example, and mount, not the winged Pegasus, but a hand-sled. Young and old, without distinction, took flying trips down the steep hills, on the snow, over the icy lowlands, and across the glittering breast of the river.

Cold weather exercise was conducive to health, the colder the air the more bracing to the lungs, so said the Esculapius of the village, Dr. Peapill; and of course all the ladies were bound to believe it, for Dr. Peapill was about twenty-eight years of age and unmarried. Perhaps cold-blooded utilitarians will see no reason in this fact's having any influence on the reception of the doctor's professional opinion, but all persons of inquiring minds will readily observe the connection.

And immediately after the expression of these sentiments, which took place before the Wheatwold Lyceum, young ladies, who for years had not dared to wash the dishes, or dust the rocking chairs, for fear of rupturing a blood vessel, were out of doors all day long, in the fashionable exercise of drawing a heavy sled up an angle of forty-five degrees, for the sake of going back over the inclined plane on the sled's back.

Not only the ladies, but Dr. Peapill—in his own august importance—his long legs elevated over the pole of his sled to hold on, his green spectacles on his Roman nose, his fur collar around his neck, "to protect the bachelor from the influence of sudden chills"—this man set the example, and led off the line of sleds with consummate skill. And happy the girl who had the individual honor of being invited out to coast by Dr. Peapill!

Miss Marietta Prescott had long indulged a *penchant* for the doctor. Her predilection had been fed and strengthened by the gratitude which she owed him as the grand alleviator of her nervous headaches, and the inexhaustible deposit of sugar plums and peppermints—these latter not charged in the bill. Generous and free-hearted Peapill! When shall we behold thy like again?

Well, the doctor ordered Miss Marietta to coast—it would make the sluggish blood course with renewed activity through her veins; plant the glow of immortal roses on her cheeks; make her eyes to sparkle with the brilliancy of the diamond, and work wonders generally.

"Law me, doctor! You don't mean it!" cried Marietta, all in a flutter, as the doctor proposed that they should go out together on the following morning, and try the sledding on Blaisdell's hill. "I should be so ashamed! Goodness me! to be seen out in the fields with a—a gentleman. What would people say?"

Miss Marietta was a particular pattern of propriety, probity, and probable virtue. No man had ever obtained a hold on her virgin affections, as she told Dr. Peapill later that same day. Her heart was a new-blown rose, with the morning dew yet fresh upon it; untouched as the snow upon the summit of an Alpine glazier.

Dr. Peapill hemmed and spit on the carpet, a thing no other *genus homo* could have done without invoking Marietta's wrath, in the form of the poker on his head. But learned men are prone to be absent minded, and this broad plea excused the doctor's breach of decorum.

After considerable dexterous coaxing on the part of the doctor, Marietta blushingly consented to make him happy, by trusting herself to his protection the following morning; and as soon as he was gone she set about planning a proper toilet for the momentous occasion, which she had no doubt was to decide her destiny.

Heroines who figured in Marietta's favorite novels, invariably wore white muslin and curls, but a thin dress in the winter was sure to give Miss Prescott an attack of the rheumatism, and of course was not to be thought of. She had one garment, the especial pride of her heart, a red merino skirt and basque, trimmed in black velvet, but she did not like to run the risk of ruining this by wearing it out on such an expedition as the one proposed. But in this, the turning point of her fate, she surely ought to be willing to sacrifice something for appearances' sake, and the red merino was at last decided upon. It was exceedingly becoming to her complexion, Marietta thought, and though there might be different opinions touching this point, the lady herself was satisfied and we are obliged to be.

The much-wished for "next morning" arrived, clear and frosty. Marietta was out of bed—we beg pardon—*she arose* at three o'clock to see if it was fair, and spent the time until breakfast in arranging her hair, and rubbing her somewhat sallow complexion in flour. By eight she was arrayed in the red merino, which darted defiance at the red of the Eastern sky, and with her blue shawl and green hood lying on the sofa, she awaited with blushing expectancy the sound of the doctor's footsteps on the frozen snow.

That individual was punctual. He came briskly up the street, holding the pole of a sled in each hand, and keeping the corners of his fur collar together by his teeth.

Marietta was soon ready—the blue shawl and green hood shone resplendent, and Dr. Peapill showed his admiration of her costume by saying that she looked like a daughter of Iris. Old Mrs. Prescott, who sat by, did not exactly understand this mythological comparison, and called the physician to an account.

"A darter of Ira!" cried she. "Ira who? Ira Walker, I'll bet! Doctor Peapill, my darter don't look a mite like Sal Walker. Sal has got green eyes, and a cow-lick on her forrud. You'll jest have to take your words back, young man."

She advanced rapidly toward the doctor, with menace in her very cap-border, which, catching the irate spirit within, rose up in fiery defiance. The doctor commenced "backing" at the first onset, and as the old lady followed him up, he slipped back, until at length, so closely did she charge, that the unfortunate Peapill made one desperate tread the posterior way, and backed down cellar—the door of that region having been left open by Mr. Prescott, who had descended to get a mug of cider for his guest. Mr. Prescott had just reached the bottom of the stairs on his return—mug in hand, and did not particularly relish the unexpected visitor, who came down upon him "like a thousand of brick."

"By King Solomon's piper!" exclaimed he, "I'll settle this matter," and he flung the mug, cider and all, at Peapill's head. The unlucky young man was in no condition to observe the hostile demonstration—on he went, bumpty, thumpty, bump! from one landing to another, till at length he brought up in a huge iron kettle filled with ashes. To the soft reception which he met he owed the safety of his limbs, and after a brief period spent in recovering his faculties, and wondering if he was in the crater of Vesuvius, or old Job Prescott's ash-bin, he crept forth, and was just shaking himself, when Marietta came flying down the stairs, all lesser emotions swallowed up in apprehension for the doctor's well-being.

"O, Mark! Mark! My dear Peapill, are you killed? are you dead? O, heaven of heavens! speak to me, if only to say farewell," and with this frantic adjuration, Marietta flung her arms around the gentleman's neck, and planted a kiss on his cheek that made the ashes fly out of his whiskers in a blinding cloud. There was some fervor in a kiss like that. Worth a score of your milk and water concerns.

"My dear Miss Prescott," stammered the doctor, "I am yet alive, thank you. I am happy to say that I regret this unfortunate accident exceedingly. I hope you will think none the less of me for it—for you see, I was absent-minded at the time of its occurrence, or I should have noticed that the portals leading thitherward were open. I am inclined to be a little absent-minded when engaged in abstruse speculations; and, I must repeat it, I hope both you, Miss Marietta, and your excellent parents, will pardon my uncourteous descent into your subterranean regions, for I was a little absent-minded."

"Indeed we ought to ask pardon ourselves!" exclaimed Marietta, with a blush. "I was so carried away by my sympathy and pity for you, that—that—I forgot my maiden modesty, and saluted you; but as you say of your fall, I hope you will not think the less of me for it, for I solemnly assure you that it was the first kiss that ever my virgin lips gave to man."

"My dear Marietta!" cried Peapill, and again the ashes flew like snow in the breath of the winter tempest.

It took a long time to get the doctor in trim after his ascent to the kitchen. There was a great deal of brushing and dusting—Marietta officiating with the clothes brush, Mrs. Prescott with the feather duster, Mr. Prescott with the broom, all zealous in the work they had undertaken.

The Iris misunderstanding was explained; Mrs. P. begged pardon for the mistake; Mr. P. begged pardon for the cider-mug onslaught; Marietta begged pardon for her forgetfulness in the cellar; Dr. Peapill begged pardon for his absent mindedness, and the very wag of the dog's tail, as he sat on the rug before the fire, savored of apology.

By nine o'clock the doctor and Marietta set forth for Blaisdell's hill. Marietta held the right arm of her escort to support her steps on the slippery ice, and that gentleman dragged the two sleds with his left hand. The hill was reached in safety—how people did stare from the windows! and how Marietta did enjoy it!

The sliding place was alive with boys and girls—each, individually, the proprietor of a sled, and great was the sensation produced by the arrival of the doctor and his lady.

Marietta was gallantly seated on her sled by her attendant; the skirt of her red merino was tucked up to her satisfaction; the rope attached to the runners was in her hand; her right foot was struck out ready to direct her course, and all things were in working order. The doctor sprang upon his own cutter, touched Marietta's "barque" with his stick, and off they went together.

Together! yet ere long to be separated by fell Chance, or rude, unfailing Destiny! Marietta kept out her foot, as Dr. Peapill had recommended, ready to steer clear of obstacles; and directly an obstacle appeared, in the shape of a small boy climbing the hill with a sled in tow. Marietta gave a vigorous punch of her No. 6 India rubber into the snow, her sled "slewed," struck a large lump of ice, groaned and cracked, took a leap into the air like a goaded living thing, and bounded completely over the doctor's head, coming down a rod or more in advance of him, hind part before, and Marietta clinging to it like a crab to the finger of a fisherman. Live or die, she was bound to stick to the wreck.

On, and still onwards went the spirited sled, sometimes stern first, sometimes prow first, sometimes sideways, and sometimes in no particular way. Marietta's red merino streamed out over the snow, torn and tattered; and the green hood had long since left her head, and was sailing out over the coast on a voyage of discovery of its own instigating. Dr. Peapill could not endure this. He was a man of true courage, and in duty bound to go to the rescue of the distressed woman. He sprang from his sled, and started after her as fast as his long legs would carry him. It seemed as if he wore the Seven League Boots, so rapidly did he gain upon the flying fugitive. One stride more—his foot caught in the trailing red merino—over he went—six feet of the snow was measured, and the doctor's profile was cut, like a cameo, in a snow drift, while Marietta sped on like an arrow. But Peapill was not easily discouraged. No, not he. He arose, felt of his spectacles, felt of his nose, an organ of which he was very proud, and finding both that and his spectacles safe, he set off again at full speed.

Marietta, faint and breathless, clung to the sled—she neared the river—one bound more, she glided over its glassy surface, and with a bold curve the capricious sled turned upon its course into a little cove—principally used in summer for the dwelling place of a colony of frogs, now covered with an exceedingly thin ice. Upon this treacherous element she was borne, the ice parted, the sled parted "amidships," and fell through, taking in Marietta between the bars. It was not the first grand affair that had fallen through, nor was Marietta the first worthy individual who had been taken in, but we venture to affirm that no human being was ever enclosed in a dirtier, muddier little puddle than the one which held our heroine.

The doctor, meanwhile, resolved to win, through thick and thin, came on with courage undismayed, his long hair streaming in the wind, but suddenly his course was stayed. (This is no poom, reader—rhymes are accidental errors.) A trap, set by the village boys to catch muskrats, imprisoned his foot and shut its jaws upon it. The doctor swore. We are sorry to have to chronicle this thing of our hero, but truth compels us to admit that he not only swore, but cursed and stamped, and kicked in a way exceedingly unbecoming in a gentleman. But in spite of all his exertions, the trap held on with unrelenting rigor.

Marietta screamed "murder" at the top of her voice, and Peapill had nothing for it but to join his screams and yells for help to hers. An honest woodman was coming down the river with a load of logs, drawn by a pair of wild steers, and hearing the outcries he was hastening to the rescue, when unluckily the steers heard them too. With a mad bellow they set out upon the gallop—horns high in air and nostrils extended—and turning suddenly about they unloaded the logs with expedition, and streaked it in the direction of home, the sled bottom-side up, and their owner trotting after them vociferating: "Whoa there! Whoa hish!"

Thus it seemed that Peapill and Marietta must be given up to Fate. But the valorous doctor was not disheartened, and immediately he set about working his way up to the tree to which the trap was chained—probably to prevent the expected muskrat from running away with his prison. After considerable exertion the doctor succeeded in getting the chain off, and then upon "all fours" he set out for Marietta in the bog-hole. It was rather a humble manner for a conquering hero to come and set his lady-love free, but Marietta welcomed him, despite the method of his arrival.

"O, Dr. Peapill!"

"O, Marietta!"

"Are you hurt? What is it? O, Mark! and I the cause!" cried Marietta.

"A cursed trap is hanging to my foot like the very deuce," cried the doctor, forgetting the accustomed elaborateness of his diction, "and if you don't help me take it off I swear by—"

"Hush, hush, don't swear. It is very wicked. I am delighted at the prospect of being able to assist you."

With commendable patience considering his uneasy predicament, the doctor instructed her in her *role*, and in a very little while the foot was released.

"Hurrah!" cried Peapill, tossing the trap high in the air, and dancing round like a puppet. "Hurrah for the States and Territories! But good gracious! where's my spectacles? I can't see a wink without 'em."

"Don't leave me—I shall die," shrieked Marietta, splashing the water into a fury with her hands and feet.

"I beg your pardon—I had forgotten—I was a little absent minded. I beg your pardon."

And to prove that he really did feel for the unfortunate lady, the doctor plunged into the mud and brought Marietta forth in triumph on his back, where she had perched herself. The two pleasure-seekers, disgusted with coasting, made the best of their way to Mr. Prescott's, taking an unfrequented route, as in their present *dishabille* they were anything but decent-looking objects.

The whole of Marietta's red merino skirt was torn off; she had lost both over-shoes and one slipper in the mud-hole; her bonnet was gone; her shawl rent from side to side, where it had caught in the bars of the sled; and to crown all, her wet skirts clung to her "skeleton," and showed the attentive observer very plainly "twenty-one springs with adjustable bustle."

The doctor was minus hat, spectacles, and gloves; his clothes dripping wet; and moreover, he was lame as a horse with the ring-bone spavin.

However, it all came around right in time. Marietta became a Peapill before the close of the winter; but if you'd like to listen to a string of forcible exceptions, ask the doctor to go coasting with you.

IRISH WIT.

"Come here, Pat, you truant, and tell me why you come to school so late this morning," said an Irish schoolmaster to a ragged and shoeless urchin, whose "young idea," he had undertaken to teach "how to shoot." "Please your honor," replied the ready-witted scholar, "the frost made the way so slippery, that for every step forward I took two steps backward." "Don't you see, Pat," was the rejoinder of the pedagogue, "that at that rate ye would never have reached school at all?" "Just what I thought to myself, yer honor," replied the boy, "and so I turned to go home, and after a time I found myself at school."

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE

BRIGANDS OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

A STORY OF VIRGINIA.

BY WM. JARED HALL.

CHAPTER I.

THE BRIGANDS.

On the northern bank of the Shenandoah river, in the State of Virginia, at a particular locality where that river flows along through a portion of the Blue Ridge, and close under the base of a high precipice, was a small table-rock. This projection from the mountain side, was about four feet above the water surface, and from it a magnificent prospect of the most wild, romantic scenery, could be obtained. The location was about sixty miles from Washington City.

One clear, sultry afternoon in the month of July, 18—, a man was standing upon this projection, and his thoughts appeared to be deeply engaged, contemplating the stupendous work of nature here presented.

In the rear, far upward, loomed the lofty mountain, whose precipitous sides no man could ascend; yet along its craggy front were scattering shrubs, which had obtained a scanty foothold in dirt-filled crevices of the rock; while here and there, were clusters of vines, drooping far downwards, and moved by every breeze.

To the right, as the man stood facing the river, his gaze wandered along the channel in which the clear flood came steadily on in its course, following with his eye, far back until the gap appeared like a diminutive pathway cut deep down through the solid rocks; and still farther on, till a slight turn in the river blocked up the view with a mountain terminus.

On the left, about half a mile distant, was an abrupt turn in the rock-bound channel. Here, the water rushed against the mountain side, and was thrown back with such force as to render the passage of a light canoe through the boiling surge, dangerous, even with the most skilful management.

The opposite side of the river, either upon the right hand or upon the left, was one vast heap of massive rocks, piled one upon the other, until they seemed to reach the sky; yet directly in front of the projection on which the man stood, was a deep opening through which a little stream came foaming, as it rushed over the rocky course, and finally mixed with the waters of the Shenandoah.

The person alluded to, had gazed steadily upon all these points mentioned, with palpable indications of uneasiness.

He was a large, powerful man, rising of six feet in stature, with every limb symmetrically developed, and an expression of countenance which exhibited a striking contrast to his warlike accoutrements.

His eyes were quick, keen and piercing; his complexion very light, while his hair was black, and hung in heavy locks upon the collar of his coat. His face was closely shaven, with the exception of a heavy moustache, which had been carefully cultivated.

He was about forty-five or fifty years of age, and there was a cold, haughty air about his general appearance, which indicated a man long used to respect and obedience,—one to whom command and power were alike familiar.

His apparel consisted of dark pants and dark coat; the latter was buttoned up close under the chin, and around his waist was a girdle, to which was attached a brace of double-barreled pistols, the stocks of which were richly mounted with gold. Beside these, there was a long Malayan kreese, (that curved and dangerous weapon, used with such fearful effect by the warriors and pirates of the East Indies.) On his left hip, secured to a silken sash suspended from across his right shoulder, was a short, heavy cutlass, or curved broadsword; and upon his left breast, pinned to his coat, was a large gold star, elegantly carved, and in the centre of which sparkled a cluster of valuable diamonds.

This man was Maguffin, a notorious brigand chieftain, and he was one of the most fierce, desperate characters ever known in this country. He was equally at home in the United States senate or halls of representatives at Washington, —in the gay, grand and magnificent *fetes* given by the *beau monde* of that capital,—in the parlor of the aristocrat, making love to the fair daughter, or in his more favorite haunts among the mountains, leading on his men to some daring exploit, achieving success which, to less resolute men, would have been considered foolhardy attempts. His *nom de guerres* were as numerous as the occasions which required them, and his characters were always sustained with such perfect address, nonchalance, and skill, as to baffle the keenest observation. He was a dangerous man to oppose or offend, for when in a passion his vengeance knew no bounds, and life to him was as naught, when he was roused to anger; yet when friendly disposed, no man would do more to befriend the object of his regard than would Maguffin. A large prize had been offered for his arrest, and on more than one occasion had he, *himself*, held confidential interviews with the chief magistrates of the country, and entered into plans for the capture of the dangerous outlaw.

Having continued his walk for some time, Maguffin discovered an Indian, who was bounding from rock to rock, along the course of the little stream, directly in front of the projection upon which he was walking.

A shade of satisfaction passed over the features of the brigand, yet he continued to pace to and fro, taking no apparent notice of the man, who was approaching.

The Indian soon reached the river bank, stepped into a light canoe that was moored in a small eddy heretofore unnoticed, pushed off from the shore, and in a few moments thereafter was standing upon the rock by the side of the outlaw.

This Indian was a young man of not more than twenty-one years of age. His form was a perfect model of symmetry. Neither too large nor too small, but an embodiment of parts symmetrically developed, and combined into a frame of strength, activity and endurance.

His face was finely chiseled, and his features bore evidence of superior intelligence, for one of his race. His complexion was a dark copper color; his hair was long, coarse, and straight, while his face was beardless. His hands were small, and shaped more like a woman's than those that should belong to a dusky savage of the wilderness.

His apparel consisted of gay, showy equipage, which was arranged *a la mode* in the most approved Indian style. His cap was adorned with feathers, quills and beads, and the lower end of his frock was ingeniously embroidered with silk, in high colors.

Around his waist was a belt of wampum, and to this was attached a pair of heavy pistols, a sheath-knife, and a short sword; while in his hand he held a long and formidable rifle.

"Ah, Wild Panther! What news do you bring?" asked Maguffin, as he halted abruptly in his walk, and gazed steadily upon the face of the Indian.

"The pale-face has departed from the great city," replied the Indian. "Whither he's gone, no one knows. 'Tis thought that he is upon the war-path, pursuing those who captured his white sister."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the outlaw; he'll follow some time before he finds her, Wild Panther. She is in a strong prison-house now; and she will never go hence, except as my wife."

"Chief Maguffin speaks truly," observed the Indian, "when he says that she is in a strong prison; but does the pale flower love the great chieftain?"

"It matters little, whether she loves or hates; she *shall* be mine! I have sworn that such should be the result, and the oath of Maguffin would not be easily broken." These words were uttered with such vehemence, that the desperado failed to detect the peculiar expression which passed athwart the features of his dusky companion.

We will here take a short leave of Maguffin and the Indian, while we precede them into their stronghold. From the table-rock upon which they stood, were projecting stones so arranged along the side of the precipice that a person could ascend, perhaps, ten feet. Here was a large stone, which had fallen away from the side of the mountain, leaving an opening of sufficient width for a man to pass in between them.

Having entered this, a subterranean passage was discovered, which led directly into the mountain. This passage, or fissure, seemed to have been formed by some powerful convulsion which had parted the huge rock, leaving this opening about three feet wide and from six to twenty feet in height.

It was dark after proceeding a short distance, but the sides and bottom being smooth, the course could be travelled without difficulty.

About fifty feet from the entrance, was an abrupt turn in the passage, which being passed, opened into a large cave, lighted by means of a lamp suspended by a chain from a point of rock overhead, and hung near the centre of the apartment. The cave was thus sufficiently illumined to show with accuracy the internal arrangement and occupants.

The cave was about eighteen feet square, and varied in height from three to fifteen feet. There were a few rough benches scattered around, and at one side lay a heap of warlike implements, such as pistols, knives, swords, with many other articles, which had been taken as plunder; and near them, lay a large keg of powder. In this apartment, on the occasion to which we allude, were twelve men. They were stout, muscular persons, well dressed, and each one thoroughly armed.

These individuals composed Maguffin's entire band, and they had been trained by him until they were efficient for almost any undertaking. We shall probably obtain a better knowledge of them and their movements, by listening to the conversation carried on at the time.

"I tell you, comrades!" exclaimed one, who appeared to be a leading man among them, "I will not stand this, no way you can fix it! We have been faithful to Maguffin for many years. We have served him as one man; and now to have this Indian step in and supersede us in the affection of our chief, is more than *I* can patiently endure. What say you, comrades, will you submit?"

"No! No! No!" was the simultaneous shout which came from every throat in the cavern. The first speaker then continued:

"Who knows but what this Indian is an impostor? It's only six days since Maguffin picked him up on the mountain, and already is he above us in the confidence of our leader. How shall we proceed? Shall we fold our arms and sit quietly down, or shall we rid ourselves of the usurper?"

"Kill him! Kill him!" was the response.

"I have a better scheme than that," added the first speaker; when, lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper, he proceeded:

"*Kill them both!* This woman affair will ruin Maguffin for us. I can discover a change already, and she has been here but a week."

This was a bold speech, and imperceptibly every man started, gazed suspiciously around him, and for a moment there was a death-like silence. Those brave men feared their leader, who, on more than one occasion, had given them ample evidence of his wrath when he has opposed.

"Do you hesitate in this matter?" the man continued. "If so, then cower down and let the Indian ride over you."

"No! no! we are resolved!" they replied with one voice.

"Then meet me on the mountain opposite, at nine o'clock this evening, when we will complete our arrangements. Be"——

The speaker was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Maguffin and Wild Panther, when for a moment there was a dark frown visible on the chieftain's features, and his hand rested nervously upon the hilt of his cutlass. In an instant, however, this evidence of anger had passed away, and in a jovial voice he exclaimed:

"Ah, my brave comrades! I am glad to see you at this time. There is work to be done, and a prize for him who is successful. How many of you will enter the list as competitors?"

There was a short silence, when one of the men asked:

"We would know what is expected!"

"Fool!" interrupted the outlaw, with startling vehemence. "Suppose it was to take the life of your father, would you *dare* to hesitate?"

There was an interim of a moment, during which time sly glances passed between the disaffected brigands, then with a bound they came to their feet, each snatched a pistol from his belt, and as one voice, they shouted:

"Yes! we DARE disobey!"

Maguffin had detected the look and movement, when with lightning rapidity, he drew a pistol, pulled back the hammer, sprang to one side of the cave, kicked the keg of powder from the wall, and held the muzzle of his weapon within six inches of the fearful magazine. Then, with a wild, demoniac laugh, he exclaimed:

"Ha! ha! ha! Proceed! Why do you hesitate? Are you afraid of death? Do you wish to die? If so, then carry into effect the purpose which you have contemplated, and that instant I will rend these rocks with a terrific explosion. Ha! ha! ha! we will die together! Fire! fire, you cowards, fire!" and his tone was demoniac.

There was no mistaking Maguffin's purpose, and involuntarily the weapons of the mutineers fell by their side. For a moment the chieftain gazed upon the trembling culprits, then shouted:

"Down! down! every one of you? Down upon your knees! or by the eternal gods, I will blow the cave, and all in it, to atoms! *Down!* DOWN! I say!"

The frightened brigands tremblingly obeyed, knelt before their enraged leader, and were breathless in view of the fearful work which would ensue, if one spark of fire reached the contents of that keg.

"Now promise obedience, and pledge me your lives as forfeit, in case of any opposition to my commands in the future. Will you do it?"

"Yes! yes! was the response.

"Then arise!" continued Maguffin with a forced calmness, replacing his pistol in his belt. "The object which I had in the proposed enterprise, was the capture of one Gideon Harwood. I would have him brought here. He who shall achieve this, shall be my lieutenant. Tarry, my comrades, for a few moments, till I return, when I will give you the necessary information how to proceed, and where he can be found." With this, Maguffin turned short upon his heel, passed into a dark opening off one side of the cave, and disappeared, amid the hearty shouts of his satisfied associates.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTIVE AND INDIAN.

Maguffin proceeded along the dark passage for some distance, when he came to an apparent terminus in the course. Here he pressed one foot upon a loose stone, when a heavy rock-door swung open, and admitted him into an apartment beyond which the space was illumined by means of a large globe-lamp.

Maguffin had now entered a singular cave. It appeared to have been cut in the solid rock by the hand of man, so perfect were all its proportions. The floor, the walls, and the ceiling were as smooth and even as could have been hewn by the pick and chisel.

A small fire-place had been formed in one corner, and here, on the occasion to which we allude a light fire was burning, while the smoke entered a crevice immediately in the rear, and disappeared, leaving the room entirely free from any unpleasant odor.

The dimensions of this cave were about sixteen feet square, and the walls were probably ten feet in height. On the floor was spread a rich carpet, and the furniture was elegant. It consisted of six mahogany chairs, a sofa, a table, a dressing and book-case. The latter was crowded with books, from bottom to top, and twenty or thirty costly bound volumes were piled upon the table.

Hanging against the walls were a number of elegant oil paintings, in heavy and elaborately carved frames. Conspicuous among them was a life-size portrait of Washington, and above the dressing-case hung a large mirror. In one corner stood a bed, most sumptuously arranged.

By the side of the table sat a young lady, eighteen or twenty years of age, who was a person of great beauty. Her form and features embodied every charm requisite to please the eye; her expression of soul and heart, speaking forth in mute language from her frank, open countenance, would have enchained the thought of the beholder, and transformed the real to the *ideal*, until he would have imagined that he was gazing not on the living, but upon some overwrought fancy of a great artist—some exquisite picture of loveliness. No person could have beheld Lemona—for that was her name—but to have admired her beauty; or became acquainted with her, only to have cherished her nobleness of heart.

She had been reading, but as Maguffin entered the cave, the book was closed, and with an imploring gaze, she looked up into the face of the outlaw. A moment, her eyes had filled with tears till they rolled down either cheek, when she exclaimed:

"O, Mr. Barzillai! in the name of all the kindness which you have ever received at the hands of my parents and myself; *do* conduct me from this lonesome dungeon, and let me return home. I cannot! O, I cannot stay here!

You do not know how greatly I suffer;" and she dropped her head, till her brow rested upon the edge of the table, when she sobbed aloud.

"Lemona!" cried the brigand, as he advanced to a position directly in front of her, and dropped on one knee. "You know that it pains me to be thus obliged to detain you against your will. Listen, Lemona, one moment. I am sincere, and assure you that what I say, comes from my heart. I love you devotedly, yet I am not insensible to my position in the eyes of the world. I am a criminal, and an outcast; but I am rich—money is power, and we will go to some country far away, where I would not be known, then we could live in peace. I will ever be kind to you, Lemona; say, can you not love me?"

"Mr. Barzillai, it grieves me to hear you talk thus," interrupted Lemona, raising her face, which was flushed from weeping. "You knew what my mind was upon this subject, even before I knew your true character. If I could not love you then, how could I now, when I know that your hands are stained with the blood of your race? Laying this all aside, my heart is not my own to give. Long years ago, it was pledged to Gideon Harwood."

There was a scowl passed over the features of the brigand, at the mention of that name, and he arose from his knee. He then placed a chair by the table, and sat down. This movement was followed by a short silence, when he said:

"I have placed my expectation upon this object being accomplished, and I cannot give it up. You *must* be my wife!"

"O, do not say so! I cannot! indeed I cannot!" And wringing her hands, she wept bitterly.

"One week from to-day you will be my wife!" exclaimed Maguffin, and his tone chilled the very life-blood of the poor captive.

Lemona shrieked, sprang to her feet, then fell upon her knees before the outlaw, clasped her hands, raised them imploringly, and begged to be conducted home.

Maguffin arose from his seat, and with a cold, haughty sneer, said:

"Remember the time, for so sure as you live, so sure shall you be my wife!" He then turned away abruptly, and a moment afterward had passed from the apartment, leaving Lemona weeping on the floor.

Half an hour later, the outlaws, with the exception of Maguffin and Wild Panther, had left the cavern, having for their object the capture of Gideon Harwood; and to make their success more certain, the brigand chief had added to the promise of office, a large reward in gold, for the body of the young man, either dead or alive.

It was not more than three quarters of an hour after the desperadoes had departed, when Maguffin lay at full length upon a bench, sound asleep. The Indian then approached, and for several moments watched the features of the unconscious chieftain, with a careful scrutiny. He then passed away to one corner of the cavern.

Here he removed a large flat stone, which concealed a narrow opening that led directly downward between the rocks. We then dropped a small stone into the fissure, and listened for a minute, when appearing satisfied with the experiment, he arose, procured the keg of powder, removed the cork, and emptied the dangerous article into the dark crevice.

This accomplished, he lowered the stone to its former position, filled the keg with water from a pail in the cave, re-placed the cork, and set the keg away where he found it, having carefully removed all appearance of water, which might lead to a detection of the exchange from dangerous to less fearful contents.

Again the Indian approached the snoring brigand, and removed the priming from his pistols, then turned short upon his heel, passed from the cave, and entered the one in which was the captive—Lemona.

He found her lying on the floor in a swoon, she having probably fainted at the moment, or soon after Maguffin left her. Wild Panther bounded forward, raised her in his strong arms, laid her upon the bed, and began chafing her temples, hands and wrists.

A few moments, and she began to recover, yet she was not fully aroused, or was aware of any person with her, and in broken accents, she exclaimed:

"Gideon! O Gideon! where are you? I've been dreaming—and such fearful dreams. I thought that I was taken by a frightful man, who was all covered with blood, yet he said that I should be his wife. I thought that he had killed Gideon, and had laid him on the floor before me, that I might know he was dead. I saw a deep wound in his side, and his clothes were all covered with purple gore. I tried to speak, but my tongue would not move. I—, I—, O I screamed! Then there was a strong hand placed upon my mouth, a knife pointed at my heart, and a menacing voice sounded in my ear, saying: 'Beware! another scream, and you die!"

She ceased speaking, turned partly on her pillow, discovered the Indian, and appeared suddenly recovered from her trance, when she continued:

"Wild Panther, have you returned? O, I thought that you had been killed. You promised to come yesterday."

"The pale-flower speaks truly," replied the Indian laconically. "Wild Panther did promise, but his white chief bade him go to the great capital."

"Have you been to Washington?" questioned Lemona, earnestly, as she arose from the bed, and took a seat on the sofa.

"The sun has rose and set twice since Wild Panther left the capital."

"O, why didn't you tell me that you was going? You told me that you was my friend, but that was not friendly;" and she began to weep.

"Let the pale-flower speak less earnestly," continued the Indian. "The chief has long ears, and can hear afar off. Wild Panther saw your friend."

"What! Gideon Howard?"

"Is he the maiden's friend?"

"Yes! yes! Gideon is my best friend!"

"Would he do more to rescue the pale-flower than Wild Panther.

"You have been very kind to the poor captive," replied Lemona, as she noticed the sad expression upon the Indian's face; "but Gideon is my affianced husband,—ought I not to love him?"

"Maguffin has offered a great prize for the capture of the pale-face. Twelve warriors are now upon the war-path, in hot pursuit for the blood of the white man. Should they kill him, would the pale maiden love Wild Panther?"

"O God!" ejaculated Lemona. "What can this man have against Gideon, that he should seek to take his life?"

"Does not the chieftain love his captive? and does not the captive love the white youth? If the pale lover was removed would not the maiden love the chief?"

"What! love him, who would murder my dearest friend? Never! never! Listen, Wild Panther, and I will tell you of the past. I am an only child; my parents are rich, and we have lived in Washington City for ten years. I have been an idolized child, and have had all the advantages in life which money and influential friends could bestow. For two years this man, whom you call Maguffin, was a frequent visitor at our house, but we knew him as Barzillai, and he represented himself as a gentleman of fortune, and a native of Cuba. I was not long left in doubt, however, with reference to his object in seeking our society, and I made a plain statement of facts, which I supposed was sufficient to have convinced him, of my sentiments. My hand was pledged to Gideon Harwood, and I loved him dearly. He was then attending college, and as soon as his studies were completed, we were to be married. This time had arrived, and the day following his return, we were riding together in the country, talking over our plans for the future, when suddenly we were attacked by robbers; Gideon was struck senseless, and dragged from the carriage, while I was made a prisoner and brought here, to suffer more than a thousand deaths. O, I could never change my feelings toward Gideon! but if you will assist me to return home—to escape from the power of this vile, wicked man, your reward shall be great. It——"

"Hush!" interrupted the Indian, starting suddenly, and looking in the direction of the entrance. An instant, and he sprang to his feet, when Maguffin stood before them. Upon the outlaw's features there was a fiendish expression, and in his hand flashed the bright blade of a heavy cutlass.

CHAPTER III.

AN UNEXPECTED EVENT.

With a low, hissing curse, the brigand chief bounded forward, and made a fierce, desperate thrust at the breast of the Indian; yet the weapon inflicted no wound for its point was struck downward by a herculean blow of Wild Panther's sword, which came near dislodging the cutlass from the outlaw's grasp.

The Indian knew that his adversary was the most powerful, and doubtless the most skilful in the use of the sword, which facts only convinced him that it was important to deal in quick and decisive action, if he would accomplish his purpose. Still, it was not his object to take the chieftain's life, unless absolutely necessary in defence of his own.

Wild Panther's movements were like lightning in rapidity; and the point of his opponent's weapon had no sooner fell, than his was raised and descended again, striking the back upon Maguffin's right arm, above the elbow, with such force as to break the bones, rendering his sword arm perfectly powerless.

With a maddened yell the infuriated chief snatched a pistol from his belt, drew back the hammer and pulled the trigger, yet there was no explosion. With a derisive, mocking laugh, the Indian turned coolly from the outlaw, sheathed his weapon, and raised Lemona from the floor, where she had fallen in a swoon, placing her upon the sofa.

A period of twenty-four hours is supposed to have passad by, subsequent to the incidents of the encounter between Maguffin and Wild Panther, when we would again direct the reader's attention to the same subterranean apartment.

Maguffin was seated in a large easy arm-chair, and he appeared to be suffering the most excruciating pain from his broken limb, which had not been properly dressed, though every attention and care had been bestowed upon it which the limited knowledge of surgery that Lemona or the Indian possessed could accomplish.

Lemona, in the fullness of her heart, responded cheerfully to every wish of the wounded outlaw, and in the exercise of her generous disposition, she seemed rather as a child than a captive. She bathed his fevered, swollen arm, and with her delicate hand applied the bandages. Wild Panther devoted most of his time in the outer cavern, and notwithstanding the quarrel between him and his chief had terminated in apparent friendship, yet his movements were singularly strange, insomuch that Maguffin noticed and spoke of them, but invariably received an evasive answer.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the day alluded to, and Wild Panther was in the cave with Maguffin and Lemona, when the shouts of the returning brigands were heard. By the command of the chief Wild Panther repaired immediately to the outer cave, for the purpose of learning their success, and also to have Gonez—which was the name of one of the men, and who was a surgeon—come immediately and attend to the wounds of his chief, who had fallen and broken his arm.

When Wild Panther left the apartment, Lemona became terribly agitated, expecting that the returned outlaws had brought Gideon with them. She thought of her fearful dream, then sat down upon a chair, and wept convul-ively.

When it was known that they had been unsuccessful—that the young man could not be found any where upon the mountain, Lemona breathed more freely, and to a great extent subdued her tears; while Maguffin was terrifically enraged, swearing eternal vengeance upon all of them, and bitterly cursing his own misfortune.

One hour after the arrival of the brigands, two-thirds of their number were drunk, and the other third tolerably well intoxicated. Wild Panther continued to supply them with liquor, and to relate his adventures upon the war-path while with his native tribe, until he created a favorable impression upon his listeners. He then quietly left the cave and passed out upon the table-rock overhanging the Shenandoah. Here he removed an old oar from a deep crevice in the mountain side, took a piece of white cloth from beneath his coat, secured it to one end of the oar, and then placed the other end in a fissure, when the flag was suspended above the water in a position that might be discovered from a point, a distance of two miles up the river.

There was an interim of an hour after the Indian left the table-rock and returned into the cave, when suddenly a body of armed men entered the cavern two abreast, and filed along one side of the apartment.

There was an exciting scene in that cave at that moment. Twenty-five bold, resolute men, with muskets presented, stood waiting the order to fire upon the small handful of outlaws who were before them, and who were entirely unprepared to make any effectual resistance. The half intoxicated banditti huddled into one corner, while Wild Panther placed himself upon the left of the assaulting party, and exclaimed:

"Surrender, and your lives shall be spared; but resist, and you shall be shot down in your tracks."

At this moment Maguffin came hurriedly from the inner cave, and his quick, eagle eye, detected the condition of his own men, and the number of their assailants. With a low curse he sprang to where his men were, snatched a pistol from the belt of the nearest, then bounded to the side of the cave where the keg of powder stood, and holding the muzzle of his weapon against the end of the keg, shouted:

"We die together! Maguffin will never be taken alive!"

There was a moment of painful suspense—a shrinking back—a perceptible dread, when the pistol exploded. Following the discharge a small pool of water gathered on the rock floor. One moment the baffled outlaw gazed upon the object of his failure, then exclaimed:

"Treachery! Treachery! We are betrayed. Men, to arms! scatter! draw your swords and cut down the dogs! Spare not one! *Charge!*"

The odds were too fearful. Those men, bold as they were, hesitated ere they rushed upon the muzzles of those levelled muskets. Maguffin alone resisted, and but for the crippled state of his right arm, he would have been no easy enemy to subdue. Thus were they all secured without the loss of a single life or the shedding of blood.

Lemona heard the discharge of fire-arms, and tumult, and came rushing into the scene. One moment she hesitated, her eye passing from one to the other, when they fell upon the well remembered features of her father, and the next instant she was clasped in his arms, with her head pillowed upon his bosom. The old man wept as he held in his arms the lost one—his pet-child, and he kissed her pale forehead, while tears fell upon the up-turned face of his daughter. Lemona returned his embrace with fervor, then asked:

"Where is Gideon? did he not come? or is he dead? Don't deceive me, is he dead?" and her voice trembled.

"No, no, my child, Gideon is not dead. He is worth a dozen dead men, and waiting to be your husband. Come, Gideon, come and claim your bride. You have won her fairly."

Immediately the Indian—Wild Panther—stepped forward, removed his cap and wig, and extended his arms, when there was a shriek, a springing forward, and Lemona was clasped in the arms of her lover.

A deep, audible curse escaped the lips of Maguffin as this revelation was made, yet he was securely bound and no particular notice was taken of his threat.

After the excitement attending the important arrest, and the re-union of lovers and friends, had somewhat subsided, a general inspection of the different caves was made, under the guidance of Lemona and Gideon. While in the apartment where Lemona had been kept as prisoner, under such fearful circumstances, one of the men proposed that the lovers should be married before leaving the cavern. This proposition met with an unanimous response, when Lemona blushingly consented, and the brigands having been removed into the cave, that they might witness the ceremony, the lovers were united.

Loud shouts followed the conclusion of this romantic affair, and immediately thereafter they all left the caves, *en route* for Washington City, conducting their prisoners with them over the mountains.

One word more and we have done with our story. On reaching Washington the outlaws were thrown into prison, tried, convicted, and sentenced to many years of hard labor in the penitentiary, in which institution Maguffin died.

For years Lemona and Gideon used to make an annual visit to the rock-caves, around which were memories associated which they would never forget; but finally, a large stone fell from the rock overhead, and completely blocked up the entrance to the cavern, thus will their existence be concealed for generations yet to come.

Boys should be very careful how they steer their life-barks, if they would arrive without shipwreck at the Isle of Man.

QUEEN VICTORIA PRACTISING AT THE LEAPING BAR IN THE ROYAL RIDING-SCHOOL AT WINDSOR PARK.

VICTORIA AT THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

The model English queen leaps the bar with as much grace as any rider alive. Her very steed, like the boatman who piloted Cæsar, seems to know who he carries over. Victoria has always set one example to the women of the English nation in the matter of vigorous exercise out-of-doors, and one which their appearance at once shows they have followed. Horseback exercise and yachting she is particularly fond of. The royal riding-house is near Windsor Castle, where she makes a daily practise, at certain seasons, of trying the mettle and training of her favorite horses. Two flags ornament the bar over which her horse is leaping, one displaying the royal arms of England, and the other those of the ducal house of Saxe Gotha. Every possible precaution is taken to provide against accidents: an accident would entail serious consequences upon the nation.

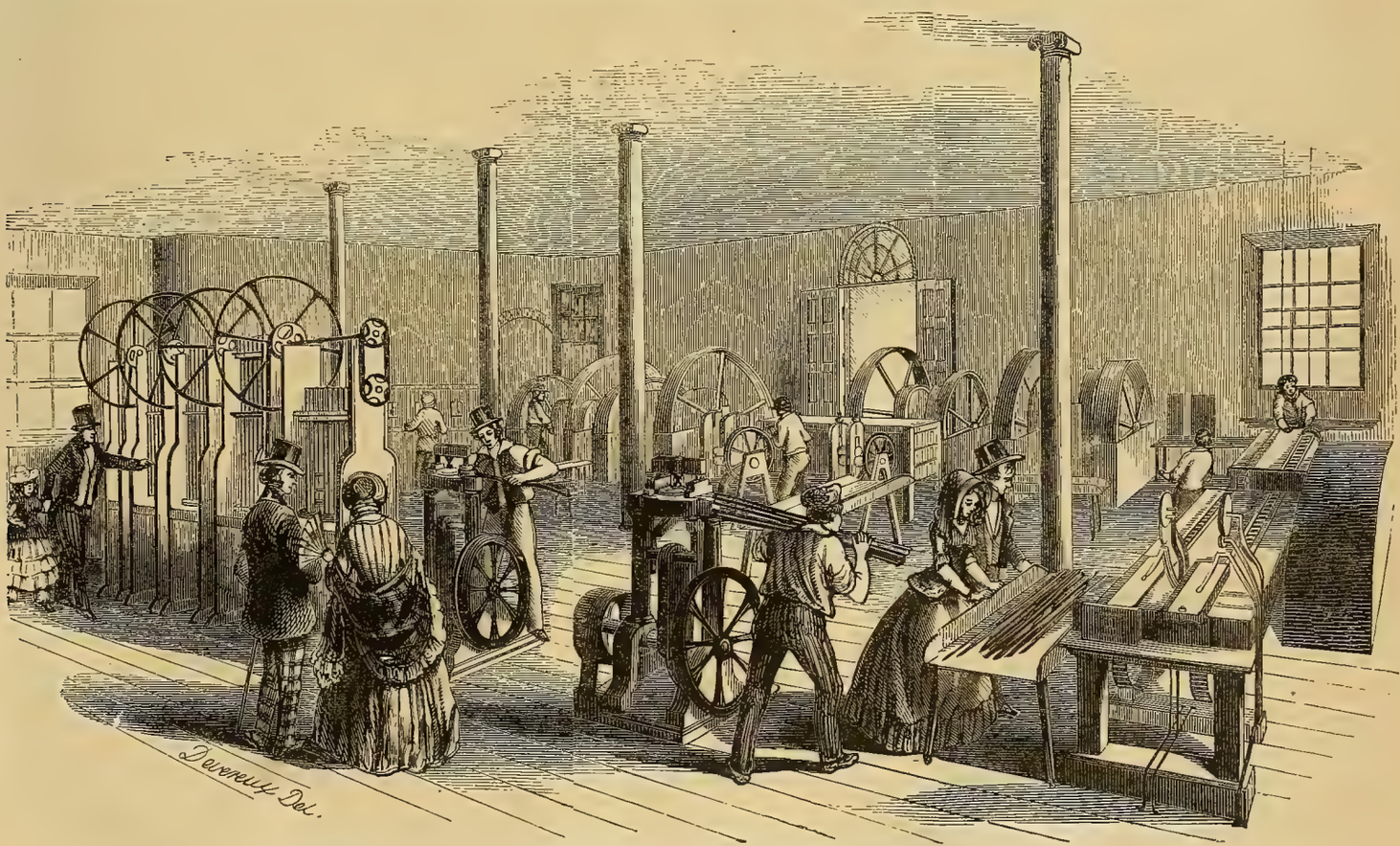
VIEW OF MESSINA, ITALY.

[See Page 157.]

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES MINT, PHILADELPHIA.

THE UNITED STATES MINT.

This fine building, situated in Philadelphia, is well worth a visit from every American who passes through that city. The Mint was established by the general government in 1790, and coining was begun in 1793. This was in the building now used and known as the Apprentices' Library. In 1830, it was removed to the building at present occupied for minting purposes, which stands on Chestnut street, above Olive. It is built of white marble, and the front to the north is 123 feet long. A portico sixty feet in length, with six Ionic columns, ornaments the same on both its north and south sides. The Mint has had an enormous business to do since the discovery of gold in California, the yield of that auriferous portion of our country averaging $60,000,000 annually. A great many visitors are drawn to the place, and regard all the minute and careful operations with an eager interest. The apparatus and machinery employed in the work of minting are, of course, of the most delicate and finished character. The apartments are large, the workmen and women are all orderly and still, and the yellow heaps of the ore and the coin are enough to bewilder the eyes of any chance outsider. The processes are smelting, refining, alloying, and making into bars. Then comes the rolling and stamping—first, rolling out the bars to the requisite thickness of the coin, and afterwards cutting them of the size demanded; and, finally, the stamping part of the work. From seventy-five to two hundred pieces can be executed in a minute. Nearly four millions in value are coined here every month. There is a fine collection of ancient and modern coins in the establishment, of the highest interest to the visitor. The officers are always courteous, and willing to show strangers the remarkable sights that are here to be seen, and none need therefore be timid on the score of intrusion. The cutting of coins with a punch, and their stamping, is a work of singular delicacy and rapidity. After they are cut, they are dropped in a perpendicular tube, seized by the machinery as they pass through, shoved under the stamp, and thence permitted to fall under the machine into a glass-covered box.



GENERAL PRESSING AND CUTTING ROOM OF THE UNITED STATES MINT, PHILADELPHIA.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

WITH FOLDED ARMS.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

With silent lips, with folded arms
I sit and muse the hours away,
Twining the sweet thoughts of the day
To garlands and to true-love charms.

My eyes see visions none have seen;
My ears hear songs where silence reigns;
My feet rove over pleasant plains,
And all my thoughts to fancies lean.

The tumult of the world around
Is heard not in this world within,
And he who would its confines view
Must come with silence, not with sound.

Upon the air no discord falls;
No harp is there with jarring string;
No shrine for sorrow's offering,
No shadow on the pictured walls.

No whirlpool near, no sunken rocks,
No Pharos falls on dangerous strand.—
No broad lagoon of shifting sand,
Where Memory her victim mocks.

But all that can the heart endear,
The eye delight, the senses charm,
Are gathered where no rude alarm
Can startle silence into fear.

And here I come with folded arms,
And sit and muse the hours away,
Twining the sweet thoughts of the day
To garlands and to true-love charms.

THE CORSAIR AND PRIVATEER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE PLOT—RETRIBUTION.

An hour past noon on the following day the privateer schooner Rambler, with a merry party on board, weighed anchor and dropped down the bay. She skimmed lightly over the sparkling waves, swiftly passing the many green islands within the bay, till she launched upon the blue waters of the Atlantic. The party on board were highly pleased with the elegant vessel, and finely enjoyed their sail, and a few never on ship-board before, were astonished at the speed of the privateer. The hours wore merrily off with the party; the excursion proving highly gratifying to all. It was when the land grew dim in the distance behind them, that a few, more timid than the rest, began to show signs of impatience and apprehension from being so far at sea, and expressed a desire to return. But their wishes were disappointed. The schooner still flew rapidly away on her course out to sea. They were destined never again to behold the city in the vessel that had borne them from it. She had left her moorings in the stream never to return.

Fitz Alwyn, who had been during the greater part of the afternoon in company with Clara Wildon, had left her in charge of her father, and now stood by himself upon the forecastle. The care-for-nothing expression that his face usually wore, had given away to a thoughtful, troubled look. He had stood some time in a thoughtful mood, when he spoke in a strange manner.

"By Heaven! it is too foul. She is too good, too pure to be the victim of this hellish plot, of which I am the base and willing agent. Would to God this heart had stopped its beatings; these hands had withered ere I had lent them to this foul play. Would that I had thought, ere it was too late. By Heaven! it shall not be," he said in a low, fierce tone, "she shall never be his victim. I will save her even now. The schooner shall instantly be put about and run for the city. If I fail in this may God save her from harm. I am too late. She's lost."

As he spoke, a shrill whistle was heard, and in an instant a score of men armed with cutlasses rushed from below on deck, and immediately fell upon the crew who had charge of the vessel, making them in one moment prisoners.

"This foul play has begun and I must now act my part," said Fitz Alwyn, drawing his sword, "Treacherous villains! what means all this? By the Lord, what means this mutiny?" he demanded of the mutineers, springing at the same time into their midst.

He received no answer. His sword was struck from his hand, and in an instant he was himself a prisoner.

This sudden and unexpected mutiny struck them with alarm and apprehension for their own safety, momentarily expecting to be bound themselves as prisoners, by the reckless looking desperadoes who now had charge of the schooner. The ladies screamed with fear and clung to their fathers, brothers or lovers for protection, dreading lest they should become the victims of the mutineers. But their fears proved groundless.

As Fitz Alwyn was bound, a gun was fired, and a small schooner which had for some time been in sight, was brought to, and in a few moments lay alongside of the privateer. To the inexpressible joy and relief of the terrified females, the whole party was instantly ordered to leave the schooner; which order they prepared to obey with no little pleasure.

Mr. Wildon and daughter, among the last, were about to leave the vessel when a hand was placed rudely upon the shoulders of Clara, and a voice said:

"Stay, lady, you must not depart."

She screamed with fear, and shrunk from the savage looking ruffian beside her, who kept a tight grasp upon her shoulder.

"Take off thy hand, man or devil," exclaimed Mr. Wildon fiercely; dashing aside from his daughter the hand of the ruffian. "What means this outrage; what would you of her?" he asked.

"That she remain," said the other, in a deep, determined tone, again laying his hand upon her.

With the fury of a wounded tiger, Mr. Wildon sprang upon him and both fell to the deck.

"Oh God! my father! my father!" shrieked the terrified maiden, as she beheld him struggling in the iron grasp of several men, about to thrust him over the side of the privateer.

One piercing cry of agony; and the lifeless form of Clara Wildon was borne below by the two miscreants.

Mr. Wildon had been thrust roughly over the side of the privateer into the smaller schooner, and in an instant springing upon the bulwarks, he said in a frenzied tone, pointing to where Fitz Alwyn lay.

"Tell me, has yonder man aught to do with this foul outrage? Knew he of it?"

"He has had naught to do with it!" answered the leader of the mutineers. "He is my prisoner you see."

"'Tis false as hell!" cried Fitz Alwyn raising himself, bound as he was, to a sitting posture. "I was the sole—"

But ere he could finish he was gagged, and carried from the deck.

"This is some damnable treachery and foul crime," said Mr. Wildon, as he heard the words of Fitz Alwyn. "May the curse of God forever rest on him who was its author. Oh, God," he cried in agony, "My daughter! my daughter! Fiends! give back my child, and I will give ye wealth; all that I possess. But in the name of God, restore my child," and the distracted father wrung his hands in despair. His frantic appeal was of no avail. A loud, mocking laugh was all that was returned. The next moment the two vessels parted.

Overcome by his feelings, Mr. Wildon, burying his face in his hands, threw himself upon the deck, exclaiming in a voice of anguish,

"Oh God! my child, my child! why was she torn from me? why am I robbed of her? Oh, may she die, ere dishonor threaten her. My child, my Clara. I am now indeed alone."

And the unhappy parent gave way to inconsolable and poignant grief. He was raised from the deck by Mr. Seymour, who with words of solace and consolation strove to lessen the sorrow of his friend, but with no effect; the grief of the father was overwhelming, and which time only could soften. The vessels had been separated about a quarter of an hour, when the report of a gun was heard by those on board the smaller schooner, and almost at the same time an affrighted voice exclaimed:

"In the name of God, look there! A pirate! The Black Vulture!"

These terrible words thrilled with horror all on board, and every eye was fixed upon the other vessel. But where was the green-sided privateer? She was gone! and in her place was the low, black hull of a pirate schooner seen. At her peak floated her flag, the terror of the Atlantic. It was a broad field of white, on which the following was represented:

On a rock 'mid the waves of the ocean, with wings extended, stood a Black Vulture. In its talons were clutched the flags of the several nations; the most conspicuous among them was the stars and stripes, tattered and torn. In its beak was a slender staff, from which floated the black flag with the grinning death's head and cross bones. While the flags of several nations were trampled upon the rock; the black flag waved above them.

Such was the flag of the Black Vulture. It waved aloft but a few moments when it was hauled down and gave place to the stars and stripes; and at the same moment, as by magic, the black hull gave place to the green one. All sail was crowded upon the schooner, as if danger was even now to be feared from the pirate, and the distance was rapidly widening between them. Mingled emotions of fear and joy prevailed in the hearts of those on board. All shuddered as the thought of the hours spent in the terrible corsair came to their minds; and all felt a joy at their escape and deliverence. But their happiness was clouded by the sorrow of Mr. Wildon, who would receive no consolation whatever.

"My child, my daughter, in the hands of pirates! Oh horrible! To be a pirate's —— O God! I shall be mad!—mad!" was his passionate exclamation; heightened by the poignancy of his grief.

Several hours elapsed, and the schooner lay alongside of one of the piers of the city; the party had sought their homes.

Two mornings afterwards an American privateer was discovered anchored in the stream. It was the Flying Arrow, she had arrived the night previous. At sunrise she announced her arrival with her cannon, and thousands, in a short space of time, had flocked to the piers to learn the cause of the firing. Cheers upon cheers swelled upon the air as the multitude learned the arrival of the far-famed privateer, Flying Arrow.

In a short time a boat was lowered over the side and manned; and in a moment more, two officers descended. One, Warren Seymour the commander; the other, Albert Almont the lieutenant of the privateer. The boat shot rapidly towards the India pier, where it soon arrived, and the two officers landed amid the cheers of thousands. Two hours afterwards the boat was alongside of the schooner, when Seymour, Almont, and Mr. Wildon came on board. All three wore looks of sorrow. Warren had learned the arrival of the disguised pirate—of the villany of of Fitz Alwyn. He had read the forged letters of introduction by which Fitz Alwyn had consummated his hellish plans. He had learned of the pretended pleasure sail. Of the treachery; and of the outrage. He had heard all the dreadful truth from the lips of Mr. Wildon.

As he stepped upon deck his feelings overpowered him, and he exclaimed in a voice of heartfelt angush, "Oh God! she whom I hoped to have clasped ere now to this beating bosom, is gone—is far away—torn from her very home by a pirate—and perhaps, ere now, sacrificed to the desires of the pirate horde. Oh God! the thought is madness—despair!"

His strange words surprised the crew who had heard enough to interpret the dreadful meaning; and every heart beat with sympathy for their young commander. Young Almont now related to them the whole affair, and Seymour recovering from his agitation, spoke. "Brave friends!" said he, "you have heard from Almont all that I can tell. You have learned that the Black Vulture is yet afloat. That she has been here. My men, this cruise is now up; I have no claims upon you—you are at liberty to go where you will. But listen. I must have a crew. Twelve hours must not pass ere the Fying Arrow stands out at sea. Many of you are now within the very sight of your homes from which it would be hard so soon to part. I shall cruise six months in search of this pirate; and if, in that time I fall not in with him, I return. Mark me, if I fall in with him, I shall fight him at all hazards. I will sink the pirate or the privateer. I pledge myself to give each man a year's prize money, who shall accompany me on this cruise. My friends you have heard me. Shall the Flying Arrow, as the avenger, follow in the wake of the Black Vulture, or shall she remain and retribution be delayed."

"Retribution!" was the deep and firm response of the crew, simultaneously as if it came from the lips of one man. The next moment three cheers for the Flying Arrow rang out upon the air.

"Remember," said Seymour, "some of you may never return. If we fall in with the pirate, some of us must die. Now all who ship this cruise will stand on the starboard side; all who do not, on the larboard."

One moment and not one remained on the larboard side of the schooner. Seymour had not dreamed so unanimous a spirit prevailed among the crew, as was manifested, and their determination gratified him to the utmost.

"You will each and all have three hours' leave; at the end of the fourth, the Flying Arrow must be outside the harbor." A loud and prolonged cheer followed these words, and in a moment all the boats were lowered and filled. In a short time the crew, with the exception of several who remained on board, were landed ashore.

Half an hour before the expiration of the time allotted the crew on shore, a boat was seen standing toward the privateer, and in a few minutes lay alongside. It contained a single individual, who having made the boat fast, sprang upon the deck of the schooner. He was a young man of fair and pleasing look; but a shade of melancholy rested upon his features, and deep-seated sorrow was stamped upon his fine open brow. The sad expression of his face struck the beholder with sympathy. He advanced toward Almont, who was standing alone upon the quarter-deck, and said in a bold tone, yet marked with sadness, "I would speak with the commander of this vessel."

"He is below; I will conduct you to him," said Almont with courtesy, and inviting the stranger to follow him, both descended to the cabin.

Before three hours had expired, the whole crew, to a man, were on board, and ere the sun had crossed the meridian the Flying Arrow had spread her canvas to the breeze, and was skimming the waves of the Atlantic.

CHAPTER X.

THE SCOURGE OF THE ATLANTIC.

The setting sun had lined the western horizon with the brilliant and beautiful colors of the rainbow. The deep, fiery red that stretched far away towards the north and south, gradually lost its brilliancy in a lighter and softer red, which blended beautifully with the tinted hues of purple. The rich purple faded almost perceptibly into the lightest green, which, stretching far upward, was lost in the blue atmosphere above.

The last rays of the blazing sun fell with undying splendor upon the gorgeous banner of Spain, as it floated from a lofty flag-staff upon the frowning walls of the castle Moro, which guards the entrance to the harbor of Havana. Within the offing the eye rested upon a number of vessels becalmed upon the motionless waters, their snow-white sails gilded by the sun and mirrored in the depths below. It was a picturesque and lovely sight. The day-king had sunk in his fiery bed; yet the calm, unruffled ocean, with its islands of green, were glowing with the lavish beauties of a West India sunset. Beautiful as are the evenings in these climes, this was a paragon. At length the grayer shades of evening began slowly to usurp the rich glories of twilight; the stars began to appear from their high homes, and, brightly twinkling, were reflected in the calm, clear depth of the ocean, which had now lost its robe of brilliancy. Darkness was fast spreading in the west; but the deepening shade was soon to be dispelled. An hour before the fiery king of day had sunk in the western waters, the round full moon, the beauteous queen of night, had risen from the east, and had already pierced night's mantle of darkness with her beams of silvery light, which fell glistening upon the ocean. Upward and upward through the starry realms of heaven rose the beauteous orb, casting broad over earth and ocean its mantle of silvery light. Onward and onward, in regal splendor, sailed the queen of night, flooding all below with her silvery radiance, and paling with her resplendent car, the stars, till they burned dim, and shone but faintly in the realms above.

On sailed the moon, till she seemed suspended, like a gigantic lamp of glaring flame, in the very centre of the arching, azure canopy of heaven; when suddenly in the west appeared a faint, red flash of light, deepening every moment to a redder and more fiery hue, as if the sun, bright orb of day, jealous of the rival orb of light, was rising with redoubled splendor from the portals of the west. Deeper and deeper grew the crimson hue in the horizon, casting upon the broad ocean the reddening glare: suddenly two spires of brilliant flame shot upward, and for a moment blazed with intense brightness, then sunk, extinguished in the waves.

At that instant, in the very verge of the hori-

zon, could be seen a schooner, whose snow-white sails, silvered by the moonbeams, were plainly and distinctly relieved against the glowing sky. She was standing towards the south of the island, with an eight-knot breeze, which had sprung up within an hour upon her larboard quarter. She held her way steadily over the now slightly ruffled waves, and seemed in the distance more like a beauteous fairy bark gliding over a sea of molten silver, than mortal craft upon the ocean.

She was making towards the land in the line of the horizon, and, as it seemed, was right upon it, when her course was altered, and she sailed for some time alongside the shore, when she suddenly disappeared from view. No eye could behold her: she was nowhere to be seen. Her disappearance was instantaneous, and as if by magic The illumination in the west had now entirely faded away, and the moon's effulgent light supplied its place.

At sunrise the next morning, Havana was the scene of unusual commotion and excitement, owing to the report of the capture of a Spanish brig the night previous by a pirate, and her crew murdered. The feelings of the populace were roused to the highest state of indignation and alarm at the atrocious piracy, and everywhere were vented deep, bitter curses.

The sun was two hours high, when a fast sailing brig of war, then in port, was despatched to cruise off the island in search of the pirate. At sunset on the fourth day she returned, without having discovered the object of her search, to the disappointment of hundreds who had watched her departure in the hopes that she would return with the pirate as her prize.

Several leagues south of Havana, within an inlet, the entrance to which would have defied the eyes of mortal to discover, lay a schooner, a long, low, rakish-looking craft, of two hundred tons, mounting ten guns, with a long Tom amidships. Her hull was jet black, without the slightest relief; her decks were painted blood red, and the bulwarks inside black. Her topmasts were sent down, and she lay snug and secure from the gaze of man in her hiding-place.

The inlet or basin wherein she lay was hemmed round by dense woods, and the opening from the sea of just sufficient width to admit of her passage, and scarcely discernible from the overhanging bushes on either side, and seemed scarcely of sufficient width to allow the entrance of a common boat. Yet here had passed a vessel of two hundred tons, and lay entirely shut out from observation.

A tall, powerful man, with a visage dark and swarthy, was the only person seen about the schooner, and for an hour he had been pacing the decks alone. His features were American, but a dark, sinister and forbidding expression rested on his face. He wore a broad-brimmed black hat, the brim buttoned up to the crown in front with a button of silver, exposing a broad brow furrowed by deep lines, which told clearly of the darkest passions within. He wore a snow-white shirt, a Spanish frilled bosom, in which were set several magnificent studs; a pair of flowing white trousers, secured round the waist by a black, shining belt, into which were thrust a brace of pistols. Suspended from the belt, on his left side, hung a large dagger or poinard, in the haft of which blazed a jewel of great worth. His hands were small, exceedingly so for one of so large stature, and literally blazed with jewels.

"Ha! Gaspard," he exclaimed, suddenly stopping in his promenade as the figure of a young man emerged from over the bows of the vessel and sprang lightly upon the deck.

He was a fair and slender youth, almost feminine in features, yet the seal of vice and sensual passions was stamped too plainly upon his fair brow. His dress was precisely the same as his companion's. Beneath his arm he carried a splendid spy-glass of exquisite workmanship.

"Well, boy, what hast thou seen? Thou hast tarried long?"

"I have good news," replied the youth. "The brig-of-war has returned, and is now anchored in port, within pistol-shot of the Moro. I have watched from yonder steep these two hours."

"Ha! is this so?—has she returned?"

"I have spoken the truth; she has."

"Then, by the Lord! we must to sea this very night. I am well nigh tired of this dull life. The moon will rise at ten; an hour before we must be away from this."

Placing a silver whistle to his lips, he blew a call—a sharp, rolling sound like the notes of a bird in that wild region. This was repeated three times; when suddenly from a rocky steep before the schooner's bows, and within two feet of the jib-boom, parted a cluster of bushes; a man appeared, who descended by the bowsprit to the deck of the schooner.

A second and third instantly followed; then more, until fifty were counted. A more ferocious-looking set of men were never assembled upon a vessel's deck. Each one wore a red shirt, the collar turned over a black handkerchief, which was knotted in front. White pants secured to the waist by a black belt, black slippers, a red woolen cap, and their dress was completed. Among these dark-browed men upon the deck of the pirate schooner Defiance, stood William Seymour. As he came on board the pirate chieftain—the individual first noticed in our description of the schooner—advanced and addressed him.

"Young man, we leave this place to-night, and put out to sea. I offer you the second command of this schooner. I have proposed it to the crew; they will acknowledge you as the same, if you accept. I have no more to say. This or the yard-arm will be your choice;" and the pirate chief glanced significantly aloft. "Do you accept?"

"I do," said Seymour—"the second in command. 'Tis but one step to the first," he muttered to himself, while a gleam of fearful ambition lighted his eye.

"Enough: you know your duty," said the the chief.

An hour before the moon rose, the schooner was hauled out from the concealed inlet, and, with a free wind, stood out to sea.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MUTINY.

Now we must account for the appearance of William Seymour on board the pirate schooner. Foiled by his brother in his foul attempt upon the lovely and virtuous Clara Wildon, for whom he had conceived so violent and unholy a passion, he immediately set out for New York, where he soon arrived. There he learned he had been disgraced from the Navy, and that his name was everywhere coupled with that of an assassin. He had stood upon the pier, from whence he could view the noble frigate whose decks he had walked a thousand times, and might now have trod, and a bitter smile passed his lip—and bitter thoughts came to his mind.

"Disgraced!" he muttered bitterly. "Ay, disgraced forever from the service of yonder flag which floats so proudly aloft—ha, ha! But here, beneath its folds, I swear eternal enmity against the proud ensign—once the loved, now the hated!"

Two days afterwards, William Seymour had engaged passage in a Spanish brig, then in port, just ready to sail for Havana.

The next day the brig sailed, having a fair wind. She was a new and beautiful vessel of four hundred tons, and an exceedingly fast sailing craft. Her crew consisted of fourteen men, of whom eight were Englishmen and the rest Spaniards. Two months previous, she had sailed from Havana—her first and last voyage.

It was the afternoon of the sixth day out from New York, that Seymour stood watching the progress of the vessel and the foaming wreath ever curling round her bows. He had stood thus an hour, when a sudden and startling thought, to possess himself of the brig, and convert her to his own purpose, flashed through his brain. He had examined every part of her, and found that she could be easily converted into a formidable armed vessel; which, once possessed of, he would roam the waters under the free flag, and bid defiance to all others. It was a daring thought, and it was nourished in the breast of a reckless man.

While contemplating in his mind how to accomplish the fulfilment of the dark thought, his reverie was suddenly broken by a loud oath from the captain, who, as Seymour turned, struck to the deck one of the crew, a young Spaniard. Seymour beheld the look of terrible hatred which the young Spaniard, as he rose to his feet, cast at the captain: he knew by the fearful gleam of his dark eye that that blow would be revenged.

"I'll see he does not forget that blow," muttered Seymour to himself. "If I can read aright, another captain would suit the young Spaniard as well as the present one. At all events, I'll ascertain."

That night Seymour met the Spaniard on his watch, whose words as they parted, were:

"I am yours, heart and hand, in this affair; and I pledge my life that my countrymen are yours also."

Seymour had found him in the mood he wished, and heard the oaths of revenge the Spaniard swore against the captain; and without fear he unfolded to him his thoughts of capturing the vessel, to which he heartily assented, and promised his aid. The second night after, he was informed by Henrique that the Spaniards, to a man, were gained and sworn to their purpose.

"It is upon one condition that I now attempt this," said the Spaniard, Henrique, to Seymour.

"Well."

"It is that I may take my own revenge of this English bully, the captain."

"You shall have that, with pleasure," said Seymour; with this they parted.

An Englishman to whom Seymour had made known the plot had joined the mutineers, who were now eight in number.

All was prepared, the plans of the mutineers were laid; but on the eve of their consummation they were betrayed by the Englishman whom Seymour had trusted. Surprised and overpowered, the mutineers were cast into irons, and the brig held on her way to Havana, where they would be tried and executed as pirates. Once in Havana their doom was sealed. Seymour resigned himself with a forced unconcern to the certain doom that he knew awaited him and his companions, but his rage against the Englishman that had betrayed him was beyond all bounds.

"O! that I were but one moment free," he exclaimed, with fearful passion, "I would pluck his cursed tongue by the roots; and tear his heart reeking from his breast. Ha, ha! this would be vengeance for which I would sacrifice my soul's salvation."

The brig was within a day's sail of Havana when a schooner was seen bearing down upon her. She was a suspicious looking craft, and her manœuvres created no little alarm on board the brig. It was now morning, the brig held on her way till noon, crowding all sail, and as yet the schooner, to appearance, had not gained the least upon her. Three hours more, and the schooner gained on the chase. On and on sailed the pursued and pursuer, the pirate schooner rapidly gaining, and it was evident would soon overtake the brig. Every moment lessened the distance between the two vessels, yet the captain of the brig maintained a hope of escape, as it was now but three hours' sail to Havana. He felt confident that if he could keep clear of the pirate for an hour the brig would be safe, for the schooner, he believed, would not dare approach nearer than two hours' sail of Havana. An hour passed; the sun was setting, and the wind which had for several hours been failing, died away as the sun went down. The brig was doomed. The two vessels now lay becalmed within half a mile of each other; and soon two boats were lowered over the side of the schooner and came rapidly towards the brig.

"We must fight for our lives now," said the captain, "and you," continued he, turning to the mutineers, "I will not leave you to die like dogs—but free you and let you die like men, if die we must."

Seymour and the Spaniards were liberated, and each armed with a pistol and cutlass. It was but a short time ere the boats were alongside the brig, and in an instant several men leaped over the bows on deck followed immediately by others. The foremost had not made three strides across the deck ere Seymour, with the quickness of thought, sprang upon the Englishman who had betrayed him, and seized him by the throat with so tight a grasp that his face grew livid and his eyes protruded frightfully. With brutal force he jammed the muzzle of the pistol into his mouth and fired, and ere the Englishman had known his foe, he fell to the deck a corpse.

"Take that for vengeance, cursed dog," said Seymour, with fearful passion; "but for thee, this brig would have now been mine."

Seymour had hardly accomplished his sanguinary deed, when Henrique, the young Spaniard, sprang with uplifted cutlass upon the captain, and buried it deep in his brain.

But ere he could draw forth the blade, he fell dead with a fearful yell, shot through the heart by one of the English sailors. The pirate chief and his followers stood for a moment surprised, but their bloody work was commenced. The crew of the brig fought with desperation; but vainly; one by one they fell, till not one was left alive. A half score of pirates had met their death, and their bloody corses lay mingled with those of the brig's crew. Seymour had kept aloof from the fearful carnage and was not molested. The pirates, now masters of the brig, proceeded to rummage her, and everything of any value was brought on deck; the sails were cut from their spars and stowed upon deck, and being entirely new, the chief had ordered them to be put aboard the schooner. It was midnight before their operations were completed; during all this time Seymour had applied himself as diligently as any to the work, as if he were one of the horde.

A light wind had now sprung up, and the schooner was bearing down upon the brig, and soon lay alongside; and in an incredible short space of time everything was transferred to her decks. Not a word had been spoken to Seymour till all were about to leave the brig, when the buccaneer chief advanced and said to him—

"Young man, I have noticed that you have taken an active part with us. I know you not, but presume you are not ignorant as to who and what we are. It is needless for me to tell you that we are sons of the sea, who serve no flag but the one that now floats aloft. Beneath its blood-red folds we roam the broad main, on which our fortunes are cast; and as yet, old ocean has yielded bounteously its wealth. Wouldst thou be one of our band?"

"I cast my fortunes with you from this time," said Seymour; "yet I would—"

"I know what you would say," rejoined the buccaneer. "Look there," and he pointed to a ghastly corse at their very feet, "there lies the dead body of my lieutenant. I cannot now promise his berth without the consent of the crew, but wait three days and if I cannot then give it you, and you will accept no other, you are free to leave us. But come, we must stay no longer here."

And as he spoke, a column of flame burst from the hatchway, The brig had been fired. In a short time the fierce flames had wrapped her in their fiery mantle, and in an hour naught remained of the beautiful craft but a smoking, blackened shell, the half-consumed bodies of her murdered crew, and the pirates in and around it.

The piratical schooner had kept in towards the land, and was now hidden within the secret inlet we have referred to; she was the same craft whose mysterious disappearance we related in a former chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

CONSPIRACY AND MURDER.

Within the hidden inlet was a large cave, whose entrance, a stranger with the utmost, strictest scrutiny, would have failed to discover, and known only to the band of freebooters who now possessed it. Here their plunder was from time to time deposited; and immense was the wealth it contained. Here these bloody outlaws spent their time in drunken carousings when not upon the sea.

Four days Seymour remained with the pirates in their rendezvous, participating in all their debauchery and yielding to every excess of intemperance. On the evening of the fourth day, while in the midst of a boisterous carousal the outlaws were surprised by the shrill signal of their chief. In an instant every voice was hushed, and all prepared to leave the cave. The object of their summons has already been described.

Several months passed; and the corsair had travelled many leagues over the broad main, and had twice returned to the secret redezvous with freights of their ill-gotton wealth.

Seymour was yet the second officer of the pirate schooner; but from the first moment he had stepped his foot on board, but one thought possessed his soul; one dark aspiring thought of a fearful nature. He was the second in command—he must be first. It was but a step, but that step was one of uncertainty, and only to be gained by the death of the buccaneer chief, and even then he felt there was no surety that the pirates would acknowledge him as their chief. But this thought had deterred him too long, he had resolved to remove Alvarez, the chief, from his path, and hazard the result.

The very hour he had come to this determination, a Spanish brig-of-war was discovered bearing down upon the schooner, about six miles distant. As this announcement was made from the lookout, Seymour started as if struck with

an electric shock. His eyes blazed fiercely bright, and his face wore a startling and peculiar expression; as if some new and sudden thought was awakened in his mind. It was so. A dark and devilish thought had that very instant flashed through his brain. Its nature and accomplishment will be seen anon.

"I will acquaint the chief of this," said he, disappearing down the companion-way.

Alvarez was seldom on the deck of the schooner except when in chase, or escaping from a foe. His time was spent in the company of Gaspard, the youth he called his son, who possessed a strong influence over the pirate chieftain. Seymour had been gone but a moment when he returned.

"What think you was the order of our chief?" said he, addressing the crew in a low, deep tone.

"We know not," was the reply.

"'Keep the schooner on her course, deviate one point at the peril of your lives.' This was his order. What think you are his motives? Brainless fools; have ye no thoughts? What can it be but our destruction? Listen, if you would not be the victims of treachery. Know ye not an enormous reward is offered by the Spanish authorities for the capture of this schooner and her crew? Ha! ha! your thoughts have come at last. He has doubtless made a compact to betray and deliver the schooner into their hands. By so doing he will secure his pardon and the reward, and also our destruction."

A deep murmur rose from the crew, as he finished, and every hand grasped a shining stiletto. The countenance of Seymour bespoke a hellish joy as he observed this, and he again spoke:

"Alvarez, your chief, has basely deceived you, and would basely betray you. The youth Gaspard, whom he calls his son, is a woman. I discovered this, when I went to tell him of the war brig bearing down upon us. She has tempted and he has yielded to the temptation. Through her influence our chief was made a traitor. Are ye now willing to be delivered into the power of your foes in yonder brig? Are ye willing the traitor should purchase his pardon with your lives. Are ye willing that he and his base mistress shall wallow in your wealth, while your lifeless bodies dangle at the yard-arm, and then thrown to the fishes, or quartered, and hung broiling beneath the blazing sun, as a warning to all who lead a rover's free life."

"Never!" was the fierce, unanimous response of the crew, on whom the words of Seymour had produced a terrible effect.

"Death! death to the traitor! Death to Alvarez; he is no longer our chief."

The Spanish brig-of-war was within three miles, her gorgeous colors plainly in view, when the schooner was put before the wind, and in a few moments showed her superiority in sailing.

"You have now no chief," said the wily young man, again addressing the crew; "who from among your ranks will ye choose as your leader?"

For a moment all were silent; each man of the crew gazed around upon his fellows, as if at a loss who should henceforth be their chief. That single moment was one of the most intense suspense to Seymour. He dreaded lest their choice should not fall upon him. What! if by his own plans to secure to himself the attainment of the dark, ambitious thought, that for months had possessed his soul, another should be chosen chief of the buccaneers. The thought to him was a maddening one, and with quivering lips and heaving breast he waited the response of the crew, on which depended his highest earthly desire.

"Who but Lenardo should be our chief," at length burst in unison from several of the crew. "Who but Lenardo, he has saved us from the treachery of Alvarez?" The next moment the name of Lenardo burst from every lip, as all hailed their new chief.

When Seymour entered the cabin of the chief, he was filled with extreme surprise on beholding a young female magnificently attired, reclining upon a couch, her head resting upon a cushion of crimson velvet, in the lap of Alvarez, who was regarding her face with looks of extreme fondness. A second glance at her features convinced Seymour, that Gaspard and herself were one. The cabin door had been left by accident unlocked; he had surprised them. Both started to their feet as he entered, while a crimsoning blush suffused the face of the woman.

"What wouldst thou?" asked the chief.

"A Spanish brig of war is bearing down upon us, now about six miles distant," answered Seymour.

"Run the schooner within sight of her teeth, and then pay her off before the wind, and show them her name," was the quick, decided response of Alvarez.

"I am sorry thou'rt discovered, sweet Adelaide," said the chief, as Seymour left the cabin, to the blushing woman at his side. "But Lenardo is true, with him our secret is safe."

Ha! ha! little dreamed he that Lenardo was false. Little thought he of being a victim to his treachery.

"Ha! what means that shout," he exclaimed suddenly, "I hear the name of Lenardo shouted loudly. I must on deck."

Ha! ha! little dreamed he of the awful fate that awaited him; so falsely betrayed—that that shout was his death knell. As he ascended the companion-way to the deck he was suddenly seized by four or five of the crew, who brandished menacingly their sharp poinards.

"Hell-hounds! what means this?" he said, in a terrible voice, as recovering from his surprise, he struggled in vain to free himself from those who held him. "Release me, devils, or dread the vengeance of Alvarez," he again said, exerting himself with fearful strength to break free. "By Heaven! tis the first time ye have ever dared to disregard my words. Ye have ever trembled at them till now."

"They will fear you no more, traitor," said Seymour in a fierce tone, advancing towards him, "you are no longer master here; I am now the buccaneer chief."

The betrayed chief cast at him a terrible, withering look.

"False, dastardly wretch," he exclaimed in a voice of unbounded rage, while the fearful working of his face told the depth of the passion within. "By treachery you have attained your ambitious desire, but you are not chief till I am dead."

"To death with the traitor!" said Seymour, madly. "Bury your steels deep in his heart! Strike!"

A dozen blades pierced him; he fell to the deck a bleeding corse. A fearful shriek was at that instant heard, and springing up the companion way, Adelaide, the corsair's mistress, fell death-like upon his bleeding form.

"Bear her below," said Seymour to the men who stood gazing with surprise upon her who had always passed for the pirate's son. "She has been the mistress of one chief, she shall be the mistress of another," he continued in a low tone, as the lifeless form of the woman was borne from the deck.

"I am now your chief, as ye one and all proclaim me," said Seymour to the horde around him. "Let every man dip the blood of yonder traitor with his poinard. Now swear to be as true to me as ye were to him, till he proved false to you—swear!"

"We swear!" was the deep response, while in the right hand of every man was held aloft the ensanguined blade.

"And I swear to be true to you, or may his doom be mine."

CHAPTER XIII.

LENARDO'S FIRST PRIZE.

With a heavy shot attached to each of his hands and feet the betrayed and murdered chief was cast into the sea. Thus ended his career, and with his death began the dark and fearful career of William Seymour, or Lenardo, by which name he was known among the buccaneers.

The schooner was now put away for the secret inlet, then about two days' sail distant. During a short stay here, an outside covering of canvas closely fitting the hull of the schooner, was prepared. This, in a very short space of time, could be drawn over her hull, effecting a complete disguise. It was painted a bright green, with a narrow red line, and descended a short distance into the water, laying close to the vessel's sides. The vessel's name was changed by Seymour, and called the Black Vulture, and the blood-red flag gave place to one wrought by his own hands.

A short time, and the Black Vulture was coursing the blue waves of the Atlantic, which Seymour had determined should be the field of his future career.

The first prize of the pirate was a large and heavily-freighted East Indiaman, which was captured within four days' sail of New York. The Indiaman was fully and ably manned, and the crew fought long and desperately in her defence, but were compelled at length to yield to the overpowering force of the pirates, but not until the gory corses of two-thirds their number were strewn upon the bloody deck. Among those who had fought in defence of the ship, was a young man named Edmund Elmore, a passenger in the ill-fated vessel. He had been for several years a resident in the East; had married the only daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of India. With his fair young bride, and a young and lovely babe, he had embarked in the "Oriental" for his native land. When aware that the ship was brought to by the pirates, he had left his agonized bride for the deck of the Indiaman, and offered his aid in the fearful contest. With his own hand he had sent four of the pirates to their last account. He had fought hand-to-hand with the buccaneer chieftain, and wounded him; but in warding a furious blow his blade was shivered to the hilt, and he stood defenceless and at the mercy of the chief, whose gory blade circling above his head threatened his instant doom. The sweeping cutlass descended, but harmed him not.

"I spare you," said the chief, in a terrible voice, as the point of his weapon, dripping with blood, touched the deck; "I spare you for now."

He was spared but for a fate worse than that which had just threatened him—for agonies far more terrible than death's. Better had the reeking blade of the pirate pierced his brain, than to have spared him then. Leaving the young man in the hands of a number of his crew, the pirate chief descended below. On deck the scene was horrible,—covered with blood and strewn with bleeding, ghastly corses. What few remained of the ship's crew were entirely at the mercy of the pirates, who, begrimmed and blackened with powder, and besmeared with blood, resembled more a troop of fiends than human beings.

Besides young Elmore and his wife, there were a number of other passengers in the ship, among whom were several females, who were subjected to the most brutal violence by the pirates, before the very eyes of their fathers, brothers or husbands, who mourned but dared not murmur. Every jewel, or ornament of any kind or value, about their persons, they were robbed of, and commanded to deliver up all valuables they were otherwise possessed of. Heart-rending cries of the females, and vain appeals for mercy, mingled with the loud vociferous oaths of the pirates, filled the cabin.

Amid this scene Seymour entered the splendid cabin of the Indiaman. The terrified females threw themselves at the feet of the pirate chief, and with clasped hands and upturned faces, with burning tears gushing from their eyes, and with voices choked with anguish, they begged for mercy. But in vain were their supplications. With a face unmoved, and a heart of stone, Seymour gazed upon the agonized beings around him, then turned from the cabin into the state-room, from which he soon passed into another, till at last he came to one the door of which was locked. Low, suppressed sobs came to his ear from within. He listened for a moment, then lightly rapped at the door. In a moment he again rapped louder than before. His summons received no answer.

"Unlock this door!" he said, fiercely.

But his summons was not obeyed. One blow from the pirate's cutlass, and the door flew open. As he entered, a young and lovely woman with a beautiful infant clasped to her breast, threw herself weeping at his feet.

"O, spare me! spare me!" she cried, in a voice of the deepest anguish. "Spare my babe, my infant boy!"

Seymour gazed for a moment at the fair being at his feet, with a look, not of pity, but of fierce, unhallowed passion. His lighted eye, his quivering lip and flushed countenance, bespoke the fiend within.

"By heaven, this is loveliness!" he exclaimed to himself, gazing with deep passion into the face of the kneeling woman. "Never before have my eyes beheld such beauty. By heaven, she shall be mine, and mine only! Rise, fair lady," he continued, taking her fair white hand, and speaking in a tone of voice that belied his heart; "rise, no harm shall come to thee or thy babe."

The beautiful woman rose to her feet. Beautiful in form and feature—beautiful in sorrow—she stood before the pirate chief, a model of all that was lovely. Better had nature never granted her such beauty.

"Thou hast said no harm shall come to my child, or me; but has harm come to my husband—my Edmund? O, tell me—tell me quickly!"

"Thy husband? Then thou art the mother of this child?"

"I am."

"Thy husband,—was he young, fair in look, and brave of heart?"

"'Twas so I thought him."

Seymour gazed down for a moment in silence.

"I fear me, lady, he is slain," he at length said, in a tone of compassion he felt not.

"Slain! O, God! my Edmund—my Edmund dead? No, no, 'tis false; he is not dead! You do not mean it; you trifle with me."

"Lady, I have spoken as I believe."

"O heaven! is it so? Edmund, my loved Edmund, dead—and this poor babe left fatherless? O, would to God!—but it is his will."

Clasping her infant closely to her breast, the young mother sank upon a couch and gave way to the wildest paroxysm of grief. The beautiful infant boy smiled sweetly, unconscious of its mother's sorrow. Any but a heart of stone would have melted. The buccaneer gazed at the lovely, sorrowing woman, but his face betrayed no emotion; his eye relaxed not its guilty, fearful light. He spoke:

"Lady, this wild grief befits thee not, cheer up. Thou mayst yet be happy. Beauty such as thine should not be wasted in sorrow. Lady, thou hast lost thy husband, but gained a lover. Nay, start not. I love thee—wed me, and wealth untold shall be at thy command."

"O, stay thy words, in the name of Heaven, cease. My husband, my Edmund, murdered, and you perhaps, his—murderer. Away, away!"

Frantic was her grief.

"Hold lady, calm your grief. I did but jest with thee to try thy love. Methinks thy husband is not slain, but yet lives."

"Lives! oh, say you so; my Edmund lives? Then shall I behold him; again clasp him in my arms. O, lead me to him, quickly, if you would not crush the hope you have given life, within this bosom." And she cast herself imploringly at the feet of the buccaneer.

"I had spoken his doom; but you shall see him, and save him."

"O! lead me then quickly to him, if I can save him."

"On one condition, you can see him, and save him."

As he spoke, her gaze met his. An expression of terrible meaning she read in his gaze. A fearful thought she realized.

"The condition—name it," she said in a tremulous voice, her cheeks blanched to the hue of death.

"Wed me, and he is saved."

"Never! monster! Thou hast doomed him, thou shalt doom me. And were it my doom to linger and perish beside the corse of him I love, I would embrace the doom, ay, cling to his corse till death, rather than wed thee."

Her flashing eye, impassioned words, and look of bitterest scorn, produced no effect upon the fiend before her, other than it brought a smile to his face.

"Nay; it shall not be so. I will yet win thee." He advanced towards her.

"Back, back, touch me not," she shrieked.

His hand was laid upon her. Quicker than thought, she plucked from his belt a jeweled dagger he carried there.

"Now I am saved; now I am free," she said, as the pirate started back at this sudden, unexpected act. "Advance one step nearer me, and I free myself and babe forever from your power; my death be upon your head."

Spirited and determined were the words of the beautiful woman, as she stood with the dagger raised in her right hand, above her bosom and her child. Seymour gazed at her for a moment with a kindled eye, then said: "By Heaven! thou hast nerve, and spirit too. Ha, ha! thou art well fit to be a corsair's bride, and thou shalt be; I swear it."

He sprang toward her. That moment sealed her fate. Quick as lightning the dagger descended into the bosom of her child, and ere the arm of the pirate could stay hers, the reeking blade was buried to the hilt in her heaving bosom. Mother and child fell lifeless to the floor. Freed by death from dishonor, and beautiful even in death, lay the wife of Edmund Elmore, weltering in her life's blood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

FREDERICK GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Back numbers of both of our Papers, from January 1st, always on hand.

AMERICAN LADIES AT COURT.

Nothing can well exceed the flunkeyism of some people, professing the simplicity of republican manners and principles, too, when in the presence of royalty, whether "legitimate" or not. The persons who go abroad, and come home again merely to tell their friends that the Queen or Emperor spoke to them, number a great many more than is generally known. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Home Journal* hits off one such individual, of the opposite sex, in good style. "A lady stood at our side, who was plump, fat, and forty. She wore a deep rose silk robe, flounced up to the corsage, a wreath of deep rose-colored flowers on her blond hair, and held in her hand a bouquet as large as a market-basket. At the close of a quadrille the Emperor came up and bowed in his easy and graceful manner. The lady courtesied so low that we began to think she would never come up again. Finally, the red wreath made its appearance, and she, by dint of struggling, rose head and shoulders above the waves of her confusion. The Emperor addressed to her a few words. The lady looked up to the ceiling, hung the lids of her eyes upon her eyebrows, and squeezed the reply between her contorted lips so hard that we were certain it would be nothing when it did come. His Majesty kept his gravity, and addressed her again. This time down came the lid of her right eye and up went the left corner of her mouth, while the terrified reply crept out at the depressed angle. The Emperor smiled, bowed, and passed on, shaking with suppressed laughter."

MESSINA.

The view on page 152 of Messina, in Italy, is from the lighthouse seen in the left-hand foreground. This beautiful town lies on the north-eastern coast of Sicily, and only four miles from the Calabrian shore opposite. The town is built, as the picture shows, on the side of a steep hill and along its base on the seashore. Messina enjoys more trade than any other town in Sicily. Silk manufacture is here carried on to a very large extent, several thousand hands being engaged in it. The exports are wine and spirits, linseed, olive oil, oranges and lemons, rags, sumac and corn. On the verge of the hills to the right is the tower in which Richard Cœur de Lion, of England, was once confined, on his adventurous way to the Crusades. The harbor of Messina is the finest by far in the whole Mediterranean.

Rarey, the horse-tamer, has been coining money in Paris. He chanced, one evening, to employ a wretched interpreter, who knew little of grammar, and mixed up the parts of speech with a most lordly carelessness. The audience in the farther benches could not hear him, and so called out, "Louder! louder!" Upon which the interpreter replied, "If you had taken the seats nearer, (which cost twice as much,) you would find no trouble in hearing me!" The impudent fellow was driven out of the ring in no time, glad to go with whole bones.

Speaking of the unfortunate state of the weather, as a general thing, on the 22d of February, the Springfield *Republican* remarks, with wonderful *sang froid*, that the "Father of his Country" was undoubtedly a very clever gentleman, but he was born at a bad time of the year for a pleasant holiday! Too true.

Ubiquitous George Francis Train is going to start a paper in Paris, under the patronage of the French government. It will appear in English, instead of French.

An odd Taste.—It is said that Burton revised an obituary notice of himself, just before his death, to be published in one of the New York papers.

SPRING-TIME.

The blood trips quickly down the stairway of the pulses, when the thought suddenly starts in the mind that a new Spring is at hand! It is in itself enlivening. Instantly green meadows stretch out before the vision, greener than ever before; the brooks run wild with the music of their own gurgling and dashing sound; the cattle low on the distant hills; sprays in the wood are sprinkled with buds, that open like countless parasols to screen the groves from the furious heats of summer; the poultry are alive with excitement, and hens'-nests without number are hunted and discovered in the remaining hay on the scaffold and in the hay; the boy astride the old plough-horse whistles as he drums his dirty feet against the animal's sides, and a long, rich furrow of dark mould opens to receive the genial influences of the sun; dandelions star the lawns, and spangle the roadsides with vegetable gold; trout leap in the streams for adventurous insects and flies; calves bleat in their pens; the old turkeys are off "stealing their nests;" the robins are building in the apple-tree at the corner of the garden; the bees drive afield early, and come back home late and laden; the scent of the lilacs drifts in at the open windows; and another life, newer than any life yet known, appears to have been ushered in.

The return of Spring furnishes, each year, a new and fresh experience. Not a living soul but greets it with a heart overflowing with gladness, and those especially who have worn away the long winter patiently under the heavy hand of sickness and suffering. If we could but imagine a world where Springs came but once to each inhabitant, what a season of merry-making would not the spring-time form! Our Springs are accused of fickleness and sour tempers, we know; but, after all, we get glimpses of a still more beautiful world, now and then, before they leave us, and we sorrow that they have gone so soon.

French wines, which now pay twenty-four cents per bottle when imported into England, will henceforth be admitted at four cents a bottle, which will tend to increase the consumption of claret, and diminish that of port and sherry wines, which are very greatly brandied, to increase their strength and adapt them to the English palate, accustomed to strong wine. The substitution of claret for the fiery wines of Spain and Portugal, (not naturally so, but brandied for English drinkers,) will have a tendency to make Temperance fashionable in England.

Captain McClintock tells us, in his "Voyage of the Fox," that there is no delicacy like *baked puppy*, among the Sandwich Islanders. He says that, during his stay at the islands, he was once invited to a feast, and had to feign disappointment as well as he could when told that puppy was so extremely scarce it could not be procured in time, and, therefore, sucking pig was substituted. The Sandwich Islands wouldn't be such a bad place for some of our *un*-baked "puppies" to go to, for the sake of putting on a finish.

The Literary Companion.—We have before spoken in favor of this weekly paper, published by F. Gleason, Esq., of Boston, but we cannot refrain from again recommending it to the lovers of good reading. It is printed in quarto form, of 16 large pages; and is decidedly the handsomest and best literary paper in the United States. The very best writers in the country are engaged as its contributors. The price is but two dollars a year per single copy, or three dollars for two copies for a year.—*Old Colony Memorial, Plymouth, Mass.*

The Brahmins are said to be very early risers. A convert in this country from among them recently remarked of this habit of getting up betimes, that "if the sun sees one of them in bed, the fourteen generations of his ancestors will be punished in eternity." This is their belief. No wonder the poor dogs can't sleep.

On dit—that Miss Kate Dickens, daughter of Charles Dickens, is to marry Mr. Charles Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins, the novelist.

Not less than four members of the Canadian Parliament are reported to have been on board the lost steamship Hungarian.

A new effort is making in England to promote the cultivation of cotton in Jamaica. It is started by Manchester capitalists.

The inimitable Ravels were last at Charleston.

Wayside Gatherings.

The State government of Oregon is all carried on in the second story of a brick store in Salem.

The annual production of iron in the United States is 850,000 tons, valued at $50,000,000.

At a sale of real estate in London, the property sold at the rate of $4,000,000 per acre.

Among the hostile parties now contending in Africa, there are three Sabbaths celebrated in each week.

Edward Everett has been delivering his oration on Washington in South Boston. It still draws everywhere.

The robber who entered a house in Cincinnati, said the hardest part of his business was to stop a woman's mouth.

St. Petersburg accounts state the financial position of Russia continues to be a subject of much anxiety.

Louis Napoleon has, since he assumed power, added thirty pictures to the Louvre, which cost nearly 1,000,000 francs.

The Philadelphia papers urge the legislature to appoint a gas metre inspector to stand between the public and the gas company.

The business of making watches is to be established at Nashua, N. H., as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

Mrs. Alice Day, of Newburn, N. Y., was lately delivered of four sturdy boys. "We know not what a day may bring forth."

Fifty children, averaging about twelve years of age, were sent off recently to homes selected for them in Illinois, from the New York Juvenile Asylum.

The N. Y. *Herald* starts the canard that General Houston, with fifteen or twenty thousand gallant Texans is about to invade and subjugate Mexico.

The entire village of Stamping Ground, Scott County, Ky., has been laid waste by fire, and the total loss is placed at from $25,000 to $30,000.

Kenney, the well known sculptor of Worcester, is at Washington, endeavoring to get an appropriation for an equestrian statue of Lafayette, to be executed by himself.

The New Orleans *Crescent* estimates the crop of cotton already received at all ports or depots, at 3,618,594 bales, and says the grand total of the season will be 4,400,000 bales.

It is stated as a fact that every President of the United States was, at some period of his life, either before or after his election, a practical farmer.

"The Grape Growers' Association" of Hartford, Ct., at a meeting, January 10th, recommended the following varieties for general cultivation, in the order in which they are named: Diana, Hartford Prolific, Isabella, Concord.

The navy department has received advices from Commodore Tatnall, dated Hong Kong, November 26th. He was preparing to leave there on the 1st of February, with the Japanese Commissioners.

The successful laying of the telegraphic cable between Singapore and Batavia has occasioned the interchange of complimentary messages, not only between the governments of the two dependencies, but also between the merchants of both places.

A French periodical states that a Prefect of Corsica, Monsieur Guibeya, having lately examined the registers of the town of Calvi, has discovered in them the record of the birth of Christopher Columbus—making him consequently a countryman of Napoleon. Genoa has been usually regarded as the birthplace of Columbus.

Foreign Miscellany.

The news from China and Japan is not of importance.

Revolutionary outbreaks are constantly occurring in the vicinity of Naples.

The Spaniards are reported to have taken the city of Tetuan.

The Pope threatens to excommunicate King Victor Emanuel.

Austria has placed the Venetian territory under martial law.

A bill has been passed in the English House of Commons, to abolish the church rate.

Marshal O'Donnell has been created Duke of Tetuan.

The Pope talks of a foreign loan of 50,000,000 francs.

The new commercial treaty between France and England is to remain in force for ten years.

The commander of the French in Italy has been ordered, so it is said, to occupy Tuscany, making Florence his headquarters.

The principal men of Savoy have made an appeal to England, through the papers, against the annexation of that country to France.

Austria has not yet given her answer to the proposal of England relative to the settlement of the Italian question.

Napoleon will probably publish his disinclination to meddle with the affairs either of Savoy or Nice.

The Austrians are engaged in supplying the fortresses in the quadrilateral with heavy rifled cannon.

Sands of Gold.

Believe one who has experience to justify his opinion.

The greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander.

There is no sorrow in the human heart that will not finally fret itself to sleep.

The sea is not a rich soil, yet rich crops are constantly produced by plowing it.

The most skillful deceiver cannot deceive us half so easily as we deceive ourselves.

He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.

God manifests himself to us by the idea of the true, by the idea of the good, by the idea of the beautiful.

Prosperity ought not to build us up of stone. We ought to grow softer, like fruit beneath the ripening sun.

True friends are the whole world to one another, and he that is a friend to himself is a friend to mankind. There is no relish in the possession of anything without a partner.

The great designs that have been digested and matured, and the great literary works that have been begun and finished in prisons, prove that tyrants have not yet discovered any chains that can fetter the mind.

A great advantage of friendship is the opportunity of receiving good advice. It is dangerous relying always upon our own opinion. Miserable is his case who, when he needs, hath none to admonish him.

Joker's Olio.

Which is the heaviest horse on the road? A *lead* horse.

When is a chair like a lady's dress? When it is *sat-in*.

Universal sympathy—When a crew of whalemen cry because they see whale's *blubber*.

Why are shepherds and fishermen like beggers? Because they live by *hook* and by *crook*.

Why did the lady who purchased the dumb-waiter return it next day? Because it would not *answer*.

An Irishman, trying to put out a gaslight with his fingers, cried out, "Och, murder, the divil a wick's in it."

It is observed of a deceased lawyer, that he left but few effects; on which a female remarked that he had but few causes.

If a man is bitten by a dog, he is most likely, whether the animal has the hydrophobia or not, to get mad.

Seeing a cellar nearly finished, a waggish friend of ours remarked that it was an excellent foundation for a *story*.

Old Brown being asked what was the first thing necessary toward winning the love of a woman, answered, "an opportunity."

Among articles daily advertised, are "mahogany children's chairs." The father of this wonderful family must have been one of the "Woods."

The following direction appeared on a letter recently delivered at a post-office "down east." "For Elizabeth Jane Spencer, a tall woman with two little boys."

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Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

GUARD WELL THY WAY.

BY FRANK WATERS.

Guard well thy way—heed not the worldly scorn,
Whose hateful finger would a weaker mind distress,
Try utmost power a noble mind to form,
Cast love around—'twill bring you happiness.

Guard well thy way—let not the jest, the jeer
Of earth's low rabble thy good resolution shake;
'Tis better far to live in godly fear,
Than heed the skeptic, and your God forsake.

Guard well thy way—leave worldly thoughts behind,
Aspire to nobleness of mind and heavenly things;
Seek ye the path the good and noble find,
That pleasure, unalloyed, supernal brings.

Guard well thy way—seek not a wider path;
Rather stand still, than from it proudly stray,
Lest you incur the just, the piercing wrath
Of a justy Deity. Guard well thy way.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

DECIDED AT LAST.

BY J. HENRY SYMONDS.

DAVID PHIPPS was a young man of fine habits, and no person could say aught against his character; there was but one fault with him as a man—everybody said that he was nearly a lifetime making up his mind—that he lacked decision; and, I am sorry to say, that everybody spoke the truth.

When David was a boy, it was said of him that he was offered his choice between a fruit pie from the confectioner's or a melon from the market, and that before he could make up his mind which to take, the one soured and the other grew rotten.

At the age of twelve, his parents received a visit from one of his uncles, who resided in a small town in one of the neighboring counties, who was intending to remain in the city over night, and promised David that he would take him to one of the theatres that evening, which ever one he preferred. The youngster was so delighted with the prospect of a visit, for the first time in his life, to a playhouse—and the attractions to each place of entertainment were so great—that he found it impossible to decide which would prove the most profitable and amusing to him, till nearly an hour after the time for the curtain to rise; so he was obliged to remain at home, and forego the pleasures of witnessing tragedy and farce.

As David grew older the habit grew upon him. He attended schools, and studied certain branches, merely because his tastes were not consulted in the matter; but, after he graduated at Harvard, he was asked what profession he would choose; he wished time to think the matter over, and time was allowed him. Over a year passed by and he had not decided; so, one day after dinner, his father informed him that he might make preparations to enter the office of James Rudley, Esq., the next week, for the purpose of reading law. Phipps read Blackstone and Coke nearly a year, and then concluded that he should never make a lawyer. At this time war was declared with Mexico, and our hero was offered a commission in the army; but before he could decide which arm of the service he would prefer, the forces were full, and the war was half fought. This was rather a severe blow to David, who was becoming fully convinced that there was glory in war, just as he was informed that there was no military title left for him. After this he thought of the Arts a few months; he examined paintings, listened to music and courted the muses; but he became neither artist, singer, nor poet—though he often dreamed that he was all three.

What he would next have turned his attention to is a matter of doubt; for while he was thinking of the matter, previous to a decision, his father died leaving him an orphan, under the guardianship of a worthy uncle in the country. For several months business was not to be thought of; then, one day after dinner, David's uncle informed him that his property was sufficient, but that he must have some pursuit, something to occupy his time.

"Give me two months to think of the matter?" asked the nephew.

So the uncle granted the two months' delay, and David improved the time in making a better acquaintance with his two cousins, Georgianna and Laura—charming girls—with exactly opposite styles of beauty. The two months glided away much quicker than the young man thought for—in such good company—and he was a little surprised one day by his uncle asking:

"Well, David, my boy, what are you going to do?"

"David hesitated, colored slightly, and finally stammered out—"Travel, I think."

"Ah—I see," exclaimed the old man. "You're in love with one of the girls. Well, go away, and be gone a year, think the matter over well, and, when you come back, which ever one you want shall be yours."

The young man thanked his uncle for his kindness, made preparations to leave, and in a few days took the steamer for Europe. During the whole year of travel he was trying to make up his mind which of his two cousins he admired the most. One minute he preferred Georgianna, the eldest, the next he thought Laura the most charming; and upon his return to his uncle's—at the expiration of the year—the was as much in doubt in regard to which of the two he liked the best, as ever. For several weeks after his return he was constantly with the young ladies—he walked and rode with them, talked and sang with them—and contrived a hundred little ways to amuse them and himself at the same time. How long this flirtation would have gone on it is impossible to say; but, one afternoon the three were surprised by the old gentleman, who abruptly asked:

"Come, children, when are you going to favor us with a wedding?"

The girls took flight across the garden towards the house, leaving David biting his lips and blushing in the presence of his uncle. "What is the matter?" asked the latter, after they had stood silent several moments.

"Why, sir, I haven't proposed yet," replied the young man.

"Not proposed yet?" repeated the uncle in astonishment.

"No, I was making up my mind which I should like the best—as a wife."

"Making up your mind? Why, boy, you've been long enough about it to have married a dozen wives!" and the testy old gentleman brought his foot to the ground quite smartly, and followed the girls to the house, where he learned from their lips of David's general and impartial attentions.

That evening, the old gentleman talked of closing the house and spending the winter with his daughters in town. His nephew took the hint, and the next morning announced his immediate departure to England.

But David did not go to England, he only left the villa, and took up his quarters in town. Neither did his uncle close his house in the country; he only cleared it of one whom, he thought, had been imposing upon his good nature. Only one person was sorry for this change in the affairs, and that was Georgianna, the eldest cousin. She loved her eccentric cousin, notwithstanding his little faults, with all a woman's strong pure love. For months she had anxiously waited in hopes of hearing from his lips the longed-for avowal, and its accompanying question. Now that he was away, she bent all her energies in one direction; her aim was to bring him back—to make him prefer her—and propose. To this end she devoted weeks to laying a plan, which it would take months to develope.

The summer came, laden with its gorgeous flowers and its magnificent fruits—followed by autumn, with her golden grain and varigated woods. David heard often from his uncle's; and, as winter drew near, he heard that one of his cousins was about being married, which one he was not informed. A few days before Christmas he received an invitation to attend the annual dinner, and the note seemed to imply that there was something behind the dinner. He alighted from the cars at the little depot, which is some two miles from his uncle's villa, where he met John, the coachman, with the family carriage, ready to take him to the house.

"Are you going to stop until after the wedding, sir?" asked John, respectfully, as they walked towards the carriage.

"Wedding! What wedding?" asked the young man in astonishment.

"Why, Laura's! New Year's Day!" replied John, as he closed the door and put up the steps.

"So Laura is to be married!" soliloquized David, as he rode towards the house. "I ought to have won her myself; but, then, Georgianna is the handsomest and the most accomplished after all, I think;" and he consoled himself by being perfectly satisfied with his choice—when there was only one left to choose from. As he sprang from the carriage on the lawn he met another of the servants, who exclaimed:

"Ah, Master David, you're just in time for the weddings."

"Weddings?" repeated the young man to himself, as he ran up the steps and into the house. He met no one but his uncle in the hall, who greeted him with:

"Well, boy, I'm glad to welcome you back, now that both my daughters are out of danger!"

"Why, are they both to be married?" asked David.

"I hope so!" replied the father.

"I did not know that Georgianna was engaged."

"She has received very decided attentions from a young man for several months."

"When are they to be married?" asked the nephew.

"Well, I haven't heard the day set, but the young fellow received my consent several months ago."

"When is Laura's wedding solemnized?"

"Not till after Christmas."

David went to the room assigned him, to make his toilet preparatory to dinner in rather an unenviable mood; he had never before doubted, for a moment, his ultimately taking one of his fair cousins in marriage—he had only been waiting, trying to decide which of the two he should like the best. When he heard of the proposed marriage of Laura, he thought that he would wed her sister immediately; but, before he could propose, he learned that she was engaged. Then he really regretted his lack of decision; for, by it, he had met with a loss that he severely felt. At the dinner-table he met both the young ladies, they treated him politely, but there seemed to be a lack of that easy, genial manner, with which they generally greeted him, which he accounted for from the fact that they were both engaged. After dinner, while the old gentleman lingered over his wine, David escorted the young ladies back to the parlor, and in a few moments Laura excused herself, leaving her sister with her cousin.

"There have been great changes since I left the villa," remarked David.

"Yes, every place changes more or less," responded Georgianna.

"But changes have taken place that I did not anticipate," continued the young man.

"What has transpired that surprises you?" asked his companion.

"The intended marriage of your sister."

"Why, do you consider her unworthy a husband, or do you think her too young?"

"O, no—neither. Only—I—' and the young man stammered and appeared very confused.

"Perhaps you are acquainted with her intended husband?"

"I cannot say that I have ever heard his name."

"Ah! he is a fine, noble fellow, you should know him—he is a model man—nearly equal to—" and Miss Georgianna stopped short and blushed slightly.

David noticed this, and said:

"Perhaps there will be another wedding, in a week or two, after that of Laura's."

"Perhaps," said the young lady, and she blushed again.

"May I ask who the fortunate gentleman is?"

"Certainly."

"But, I mean, have you any objection to telling me who he is?"

"Yes, one."

"What is that?"

"I should prefer to ascertain myself before I told others," replied the lady.

"What, are you not engaged?" asked David.

"I am not."

"Would you accept the heart and hand of your cousin, who has finally decided that he truly loves you?"

"With all my heart," and Georgianna allowed herself to be kissed, for her ruse had been successful.

On Christmas eve there was a wedding at the villa. After the ceremonies, which made David and his cousin man and wife, the young man stepped up to his uncle and asked:

"Who is the gentleman to whom you gave your consent to his marriage with Georgianna?"

"Her husband," replied the old gentleman, smiling.

"O, I see through it all now. It was a plan in which you have all conspired to catch me; but, I am a most willing prey. Is Laura not to be married though?"

"Yes, sir, if your uncle will give his consent?" replied a fine looking young man, coming towards the group with Laura upon his arm.

"And I give my consent—provided you favor us with another wedding party New Year's Day!"—answered the old gentleman.

PRUDENCE.

Prudence, ladies and gentlemen, prudence! But what is prudence? Not meanness—not to possess a niggardly disposition. To be prudent is not to be wasteful; but to save everything you can for your own and others' use—a pin and a penny, a crust of bread and a potato, a scrap of paper and an inch of cloth. This disposition is far more removed from parsimony, and is a virtue which all should appreciate. It is painful to witness the waste in some families. Large pieces of bread are suffered to mould, and are then given to the hogs; potatoes become sour and are useless, and the leavings of a good meal to-day are thrown away, when they might answer for to-morrow's dinner. With such people it is waste, nothing but waste. Wood is lavishly thrown upon the fire, chairs and tables are broken, and from the garret to the cellar the house looks as if some stray bolt of lightning had been wandering about.

We love economical people—we do sincerely—and never have we had reason to complain of their meanness. Everything about their dwellings looks neat and tidy, and when you sit down to a meal, you can eat comfortably, without thinking of the peck of dirt.

Our young men and women miss it sadly when they expend so much upon their persons.

Every week or two they want something new, before their old garments are half worn out. They must learn prudence, or want at some future day will sit on their door-steps.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Sir Isaac Newton was once riding over Salisbury Plain, when a boy keeping sheep called to him, "Sir, you had better make haste on, or you will get a wet jacket." Newton, looking round and observing neither clouds nor a speck on the horizon, jogged on, taking very little notice of the rustic's information. He had made but a few miles, when a storm, suddenly arising, drenched him to the skin. Surprised at the circumstance, and determined, if possible, to ascertain how an ignorant boy had attained a precision of knowledge of the weather, of which the wisest philosophers would be proud, he rode back, wet as he was. "My lad," said Newton, "I'll give thee a guinea if thou wilt tell me how thou canst foretell the weather so truly." "Will ye, sir? I will then;" and the boy, scratching his head, and holding out his hand for the guinea; "Now, sir," having received the money, and pointing to his sheep, "when you see that black ram turn his tail towards the wind, 'tis a sure sign of rain within an hour." "What!" exclaimed the philosopher, "must I, in order to foretell the weather, stay here and watch which way that black ram turns his tail?" "Yes, sir." Off rode Newton, quite satisfied with his discovery.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

In the battle of———, Colonel Jessup, suspecting that his troops had expended nearly all their cartridges, passing along the rear of the line, to make inquiry as to the fact. Several soldiers who lay mortally wounded, some of them actually in the agonies of death, hearing the inquiry, forgot for a moment, in their devotion to their country, both the pain they endured and the approach of death, and called out, each one for himself, "Here are cartridges in my box—take and distribute them among my companions."

A soldier in the line exclaimed to his commander, "My musket is shot to pieces." His comrade, who lay expiring with his wounds at the distance of a few feet, replied in a voice scarcely audible, "My musket is in excellent order—take and use her."

It is no extravagance to assert, that an army of such men, commanded by officers of corresponding merit is literally invincible.

At a public "Tea Party" recently held in one of our country towns, where "sentiments" were in order, a timid bachelor was bold enough to remind the ladies that leap year was upon them, by offering the following:

Three long dreary years I have waited for this,
Now if you'll pop the question, I'll surely say yes.

To which the lady promptly responded as follows:

The man without courage to do his own wooing,
May do his own washing, and baking, and sewing.

The bachelor looked Despair.

Men's lives shou'd be like the day's, more beautiful in the evening; or, like the season, a glow with promise, and the autumn, rich with golden sheaves; where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

HANDSOMELY TAKEN.

Captain Archibald Weston was a noble specimen of a fine old American gentleman. He kept the handsomest horses and owned the best estate in all the country, and his heartiness of manner and cordiality of soul, made him beloved and honored by his constituents, whom he had repeatedly represented in the halls of the legislature of the State. But Captain Archibald had, like all other men, his weak points, and sometimes he would meet an unscrupulous neighbor who would not hesitate for a moment, if opportunity offered, to turn them to his advantage. One hot day, as he was returning homeward from a visit to a distant field, with a heavy new overcoat—which he had taken with him in anticipation of rain—folded across his arm, he overtook a young sallow-faced man, who was walking in the same direction, and accosted him with—

"Here, Jim, you just carry my coat along a little way, until we reach my gate."

Much to his astonishment, Jim made not a word of objection, but took the coat and walked along beside him in silence. Pretty soon, however, his pace slackened, and he began to lag a little behind.

"Hallo!" said the captain; "if you can't walk faster, I'll take the coat myself."

"Why, you see sir," said Jim, apologetically, "I've just come from the fever hospital, and I aint very strong yet. I reckon you'd better carry it."

"The fever hospital!" shouted the captain, who entertained a holy horror of all contagious diseases. "Did you say that you came from the fever hospital?"

"To be sure I did," said Jim—and his eye twinkled mischievously—"I came out this morning. Here's your coat, sir."

"Keep off! keep off!" cried Captain Weston, his fat frame quivering with excitement. "If you come near me, I'll knock you down! The fever hospital! You rascal! why didn't you tell me before? Don't you touch me! Take that coat away! Burn it, sir! Never come near me again! O Lord! O Lord! what if I've caught the fever! Be off, you villain, be off!"

Poor Jim took to his heels with the coat, and the captain hurried home to dose himself. The best of the joke, however, was that Jim had not been inside of the hospital at all—having only walked there to carry a basket of eggs for the doctor's wife. But the captain never saw his coat again, and he has never to this day heard the last of "that fever."

A literary critic says—"We love a living authoress." That's frank, good brother, but pray, who is she?

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PAUROMAMA, OR MOUNT OF PLEASURE, JAPAN.

MOUNT OF PLEASURE, JAPAN.

The engraving above represents a mountain, or steep acclivity, in Japan, of the sort to which the great men of the nation are wont to resort, as we do to the sea-shore, the lake, or the mountains, for rest and recreation. A temple is erected at the very acme of this odd-looking mountain, in which the Japanese priests are provided for. Here is one of the finest views, that is, for the almond eyes of the Japanese, possible to imagine; cities and villages almost without number, patches of green fields, gardens, verdurous walls formed by plants and trees, and water-courses everywhere working their way between. At the foot of the hill are situated the dwellings of the priests whose temple stands over their heads, together with the governor's residence, and the houses of some of the nobility. But the splendid lake, transparent and tranquil, that stretches away as in a dream below, is to be particularly dwelt upon. On its calm bosom sleeps a variety of Japanese craft, fashioned after their peculiar notions of naval architecture. Places like this are the summer resort of the higher classes of Japan. There seems to be water enough, but the land inclines rather to run up toward the heavens. We have at present scanty means of knowing how deeply the contemplation of natural scenery elevates the popular mind in Japan, or even the minds of the nobility, but shall soon be in the way of enlightenment, when our trade with that nation is at length opened and pushed forward with vigor. The vegetation of the land is profuse. Nothing can well exceed the richness of the growth of palm-trees, tropical fruit-bearing shrubs and vines. The entire land is a garden, as indeed it must be in order to support so vast a population.

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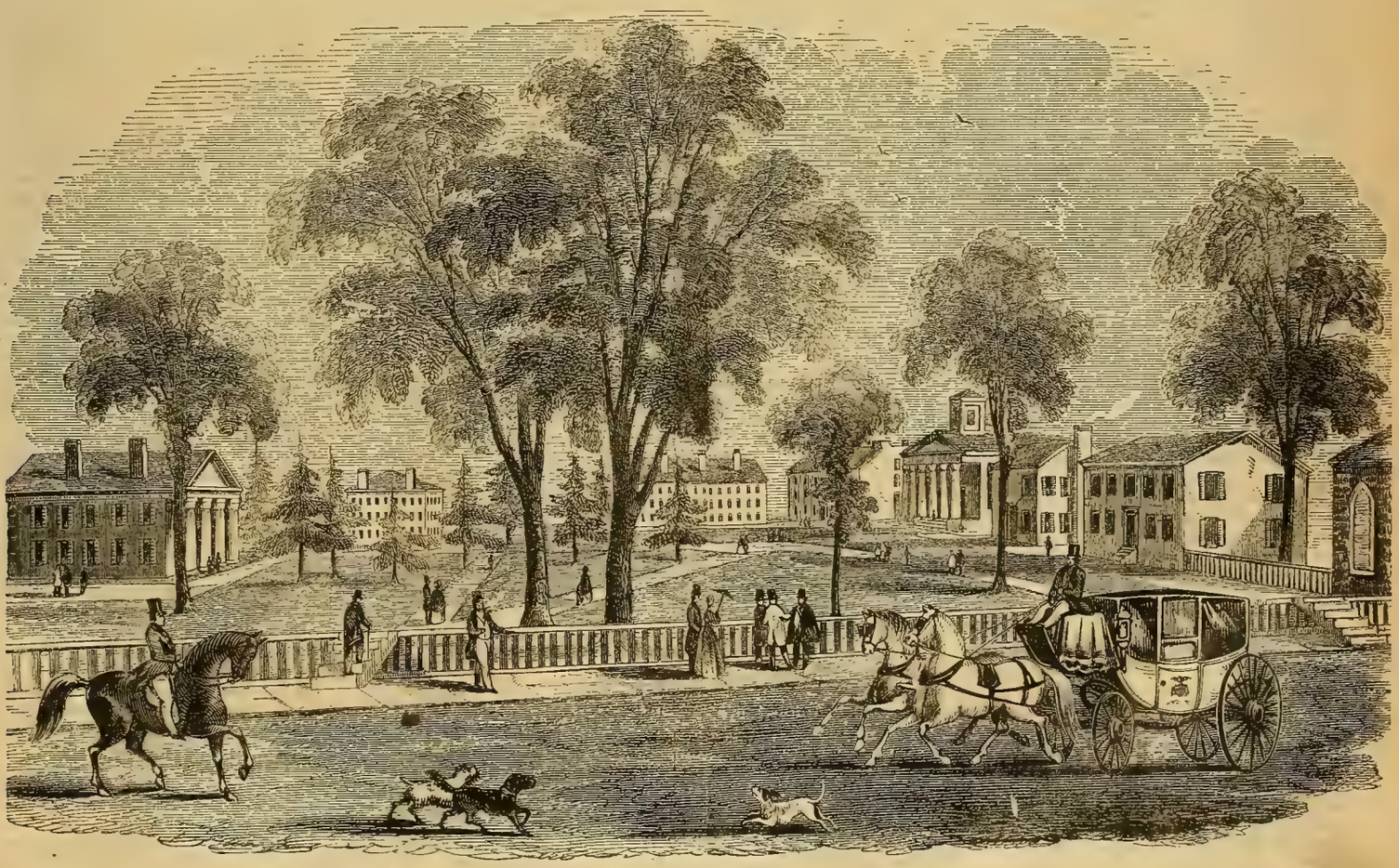
GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

Vol. II.—No. 11. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860. Price Four Cents.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE, ATHENS.

Among the many institutions of learning that are scattered over our country, from the extreme northeast to the farther southwest, none deserve higher consideration on account of their intrinsic excellence and educational value, than the one whose representation is given below. The Southern portion of the United States have taken a deep interest in an exalted standard of culture, ever since their material prosperity and wealth was assured them, as the Colony, and afterwards the State, of Virginia satisfactorily shows. William and Mary's College, the Virginia University, the College of South Carolina, and the college at Athens, Georgia, known as Franklin College, early attested the interest felt by all classes in the regular and comprehensive development of the intellect, and stand to-day noble monuments of the liberality and wisdom of their founders. Franklin College, in Athens, was endowed by the Legislature of Georgia, as early as the year 1779, and sundry measures were then concerted for its establishment, as a university on a liberal basis. Certainly, the legislature was generous in its proffers, and set a noble example for the men of the years following after to imitate. But circumstances did not conspire to favor the final inauguration of the movement until the year 1801, when the college went into operation as an institution for the instruction of young men in the highest range of intellectual pursuit. It of course had various fortunes, practically considered, for several years, as all such projects are apt to have; but it fought its way to public confidence and favor in good time, and, in the year 1829, Alonzo Church, D. D., a graduate of Middlebury College, in Vermont, was called to preside over its fortunes. His presidency has been a long one, and productive of the best fruits for the youth who have resorted thither to receive intellectual and moral discipline. The force of teachers consists, besides the president, of six professors and three tutors, or instructors, and the several departments of the institution are attended by upwards of one hundred and fifty students. The buildings erected for the accommodation of this number of persons, consist of two for the lodging-rooms of the students, a philosophical hall and chemical laboratory, a chapel, library and cabinet, president's house, and three houses for the professors. On the shelves of the library are upwards of ten thousand volumes. No institution of the kind in the country is possessed of a more complete and thorough apparatus for the illustration of philosophical studies, which was secured at a great expense by the generous men who projected the department. Its chemical laboratory is likewise extensive; it has an excellent botanic garden adjoining—a new, but useful thing for a college or seminary; and its cabinet of minerals is at once large, varied, and interesting to the student in quest of scientific knowledge. Like all other colleges, Franklin has its rival societies, of a somewhat secret character, and devoted to literary aims and ends. Each of them has a fine hall, erected at its own expense and for its own use; and their united libraries number about five thousand volumes. There has been considerable discussion, of late years, whether it were better for the purposes of education that our colleges—we can style none of them properly universities—should be multiplied and sprinkled over the face of the nation, or combined and collected, and so made to impart a more efficient force to the purposes for which they were established. We think that much can be said, as indeed it has already been said, on both sides; the principle of concentration has numerous and decided advantages, and so has the opposite system, quite as noticeable in their way, yet not so many. Our older colleges, like Yale and Harvard, already hold out such inducements to students as are not even equalled by any other in the country; they are of longer standing, have accumulated learning and the spirit of learning within their walls, have called around themselves as a common centre the finest minds and the loftiest attainments, and can perform with wonderful facility, all things considered, what young colleges must be years still in arriving at. This is the natural result of maturity everywhere. But, on the other hand, the attention of the student is not so much divided and distracted at smaller colleges, and the single object of his educational course, which is mental and moral discipline, is of necessity more readily attained. But we do not design to enter upon any statement of the arguments in the case. It is gratifying in the extreme to know that the popular interest in plans of education is so active and steady as it is. Not only are new seminaries of learning springing up here and there, but the older ones are perpetually renewing the vigor and energy of their youth. The subject of agriculture is at present engaging the earnest attention of the wisest and best men of our colleges, and no doubt much new light will be gained.



FRANKLIN COLLEGE, IN ATHENS, GEORGIA.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE SECRET.

BY J. ALFORD.

I love him—shall I tell you why?—
Because there's candor in his eye;
No fell deceit his bosom sways,
But honor dictates all he says;
Then why should I be slow to own
I love him for himself alone?

His worth is spotless, bright his fame,
And slander's breath taints not his name;
I've learned, from what I now impart,
The way to value such a heart;
Then why should I be slow to own,
I love him for himself alone?

But you, perchance, may deem me bold,
Unless the secret I unfold;
Then listen, while again I own,
I love him for himself alone;
For, he's my husband! friend and guide,
And I am proud to be his bride.

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SILVER-KNIFE;

OR,

THE HUNTERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

MY YOUTH.

I WAS born where the snows lie deep in winter, and where the winds blow cold from the hills in summer. I was not the child of idleness. I gathered strength from exertion, and my features were embrowned by exposure to the suns of the varying seasons.

I dwelt in a mountain home—faced the cold breath of the stormy north, and braved the blasts of icy winter. I toiled in the field, and wore the coarse garments of the simple rustic.

Indolence could never be reckoned among my sins; but I disliked exceedingly the monotonous life of tilling the soil. My whole nature revolted at the idea of wasting my youth and manhood upon a few paternal acres, yielding just enough for the actual wants of existence. My inclinations did not flow in that channel; for I had marked out another course for myself.

Every person could delve in the earth; but there were some things which every person could not do—which few could accomplish—deeds which required superior daring or superior genius. I believed I possessed these requisites, and was therefore fitted by nature to perform what the great herd of mankind could not. I felt a proud and lofty satisfaction in nursing and encouraging the idea.

Time, whose foot is tireless, went on his way, placing additional years upon my shoulders, witnessing daily my increasing restlessness.

My father, though indulgent, was a shrewd man. He had watched and studied me. He knew I was unfit for my present employment, and told me so. I rejoiced that he had made the discovery, hoping that it would lead to my emancipation from the farm; and my hopes were not unfounded. He resolved I should have a profession, and very coolly informed me that he was about to send me away to study medicine. I was surprised, and rejoiced—rejoiced that a change was offered; though, perhaps, had I been permitted a choice, I might have decided on something else. Medicine I had no great liking for at that time, regarding all doctors as solemn, conceited quacks. I have since learned to love the study of medicine, if not the practice. My own inclinations, however, were not consulted. My respectable parent had decided that I should become a physician, and he was a man who could not be turned from his purpose when once resolved.

I submitted, of course; and before a week elapsed my name was regularly entered with a physician. I pass over the details of my progress in the healing art. I left all competitors behind, and was soon as deep in the mysteries of "Cullen" and "Wistar" as any tyro could well be.

I will now respectfully ask the reader to picture to himself a tall, not bad-looking young man of twenty-two, with the omnipotent characters, "M. D." comfortably appended to his name, making it read Hartley Ferguson, M. D.

But this addition did not seem to astonish the world in the least, and it moved along as usual, insensible, apparently, that my importance had been considerably enhanced.

About two months after my advent as a Doctor of Medicine, receiving encouragement from a friend who resided in that portion of the country, I went to St. Louis with the intention of pursuing my profession.

It was there that I formed an acquaintance with Baptiste Leroy, a personage destined to exercise a strong influence upon my future career.

Picture to yourself a man about six feet three inches in height, with eyes deep-set and piercing, hair, though originally dark, plentifully sprinkled with gray, while the sharp features are wrinkled and weather-beaten. He has been a hunter and trapper, for the last twenty years, and knows every inch of the trail from St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri, as well as he knows his right hand. He has, however, of late years, acted frequently in the capacity of "guide" to parties of emigrants seeking homes in the far West.

He is a man well acquainted with danger and hardship of every kind. He has a family at St. Louis, and is at present recovering from the effects of a wound received in a foray with a war party of Sioux. He had been shot in the leg, and the ball had never been extricated; hence our acquaintance, for I was called upon to treat his wound.

He bore the pain of the operation without flinching, and smiled grimly when I held up the bu'let that had given him so much trouble.

"That red-skin's eye never'll run along the sights again," he said, coolly.

"And why not?" I asked as I drew the lips of the wound together, and thrust a surgeon's needle through the approximated edges.

"He's gone under," he replied.

"What does that mean?"

"Killed, to be sure. I reckon you's never up in the mountains?"

"You are right, I never was. You killed the fellow, then?"

"Yes, and lifted his top-knot."

"That is, you scalped him?"

"Sartin."

"It strikes me scalping is a needless piece of barbarity."

"It's the custom up there."

"And a savage one, too."

"Go and live a while on the Oregon trail, and see. When you are among the Romans you must do as the Romans do. I'm a gettin' to be pretty considerable old now; I've trapped a good many beaver, and killed a great many buffalo, and starved on mule-meat as long as any other man, besides rubbing out a sprinklin' of Injins, and I reckon I know what's what. You've studied medicine, I take it; and larnt to dress cuts, bruises, fractures, and gun-shot wounds, give calamy, and all them sorts o' fixins. Well, now, I gets shot by the red-skins, and employ you to straighten me up; but I don't undertake to dictate to you how it shall be done. I take it for granted you know best. Don't you take the force of it?"

I acknowledged that I did, though by no means convinced that it was right for white people to imitate savage customs.

CHAPTER II.

MADELEINE.

LEROY'S wife was by no means a bad-looking woman. She was a half-breed. He had wooed and won her somewhere near Westport; and "Madge," as he honestly affirmed, "had made him a good wife."

She was small in stature, with coal-black eyes, expressive of intelligence and shrewdness. She had enough native blood to lend her cheek a deeper blush than she could well have borrowed from her French sire. She was now an industrious, sober matron, the mother of two daughters and a son; the latter being the eldest, and now a fine-looking young man of nineteen.

The daughters were called Madeleine and Mary; making it appear that Leroy had a particular penchant for the initial M. There was only the difference of a year and a half in the ages of Madeleine and Mary; the latter being somewhere between sixteen and seventeen, and the older of the two. I shall not be very particular in describing them at this time, hoping to develop their characters as I proceed.

There was a mild, spiritual beauty about Madeleine, which baffles my skill to describe. Quite tall in person, with figure full and symmetrical, features artistically regular, and eyes dark, restless and flashing, is about all the idea that can be conveyed of her *tout ensemble*.

Mary was of smaller stature, and of a different style of beauty. She had hazel eyes, and a calmer and meeker expression than her sister. Her person was faultless in proportion, and a fit model for a sculptor.

Basil, the son, was in every way worthy of his father; straight as a reed, athletic, and lithe as an Indian, with a large share of good sense.

Leroy's wife and daughters had lived in St. Louis for the last eight years. He had removed them thither in order that the girls might have the advantages of civilization and education. This spoke favorably for the head and heart of the trapper, and proved him infinitely superior to many of his rude brethren who lived upon the trail.

In daily attendance upon Leroy, I found much to admire in his character. I may also add that I was pleased with the restless Madeleine and the placid Mary.

I went to St. Louis with but little hope or expectation of getting into practice. My father had provided me liberally with means, and I had no present fears for the future.

It is true I took an office, and put my name on the door, as a physician and surgeon; but I felt little interest in the result. My thoughts were tending another way.

I listened to the glowing description of Leroy. He talked of boundless prairies, upon which the sun sets as it sets upon the sea; of high mountains which are eternally crowned with diadems of ice; of ravines so deep that day could scarcely light them; of the exciting buffalo-hunt; of steeds that leaped wide streams and fallen trees, and swam running rivers, swift as the wind, and fearless of an enemy; of dangers incredible; of bloody struggles with the red sons of the forest; of hair-breadth escapes.

My youthful imagination took fire. I could think of nothing but the Oregon trail, and the Rocky Mountains. With regret I saw Leroy making preparations to leave St. Louis; and that regret was doubly enhanced when I learned that his family would accompany him.

I remonstrated with him, and with Madge, on the folly of taking their children into the savage wilds of the West. But my eloquence was lost. They all had enough of the wandering blood in their veins to make them love the forest, and dare its dangers.

"I drew breath away yonder," said Madge, pointing to the west, "and the graves of my friends are there. I have dwelt here for the sake of my children; but I must breathe the free mountain air again before I die. It is my Horeb, my 'land of Israel,' where my bones must be laid. The skies are not high enough here; there is not room enough; there are no prairies, no mountains, none of my kindred. Leroy loves the trail; so do I. I will follow him to the hills where the graves of my people are. I had rather dwell in the caves of the earth, or the cliffs of the valleys, with him, than share a palace here."

"But your daughters—"

"The blood of the mother circulates in their veins. Their hearts sigh for a mountain home. The voice of nature speaks to them, and talks of the wild West. It is to them as Canaan was to the children of Israel, the land of promise, teeming with milk and honey; and the Jordan that intervenes is a mere brook, which they can pass at a bound."

"Is it so?" I asked, turning to Madeleine.

"It is even so," she replied. "My Canaan is indeed away in the West. I shall seek it, though it may be my lot will prove worse than Hagar's when she despaired in the wilderness, and was ready to perish with hunger and thirst. Yes, I shall love the mountains, and hills, and prairies, and forests; but more than all I shall love to be where my father is. The blood that imparts this darkened blush to my cheeks has a voice; it whispers to me forever of the free hills. As my mother has said, we have no kith and kin here. No eye gladdened our coming, and no eye will weep for our going. Why, then, should we stay, when his home, and his (pointing to her father and brother) is beyond the 'Big Blue'—

'Over the hills and far away'?"

I was surprised. I had not expected this. I had not imagined that the silent and timid girl cherished such thoughts, or that she could clothe them in such language.

I turned to the calm Mary; she smiled, and shrank from my earnest gaze.

"And do you also sympathize with the free-born notions of Madeleine?" I asked.

"I do," she answered. "I think I should love to visit the scenes familiar to my parents. My Indian blood won't let me rest. I wish to see something more of life in the wilderness. You will call it a girlish fancy; but with me it is a passion."

"But you will soon tire of it. Beside, you are not strong enough, either of you, to endure the fatigues and dangers of the long and difficult journey."

"Women and children innumerable are, at this moment, on the Oregon trail. Few of them have experienced guides, either; but that will not be the case with us," replied Mary, looking at her father.

"But even he and Basil may not be able to defend you from the savages. You may lie down in fancied security at night, and before morning those dark tresses may grace the belt of a Blackfoot or a Pawnee," I continued.

"God can protect us in all places. Does He not provide for the sparrows? A hair of our heads cannot fall to the ground without His notice. Have you no faith in the promises?"

I was silent. The daughter of Leroy was a better Christian than the son of my father. I returned to my office with my heart full of emotions I could not analyze. I was pensive and melancholy, dissatisfied with myself and everything else. The meditated Hegira of the Leroys affected me strangely; for I had unconsciously contracted a friendship for them, and I knew their departure would leave a void in my heart.

CHAPTER III.

A LETTER.

THE Leroys departed, and I was left solitary and sad. I could not banish them from memory. At night I dreamed of the danger that would attend the long pilgrimage of the two girls. I saw every contingency with a feverish trembling. The tales of the old trapper, too, were not without effect. I resolved to follow the Leroys. I was several days in forming this resolution, but, when once decided, I lost no time in putting it into execution.

I procured a double barrelled rifle, bullet-moulds, shot-pouch, and ammunition, and writing a hurried note to my friends to advise them of my purpose, set out for Westport by the steamer "Fire-Fly," intending to finish my outfit after my arrival.

As I was stepping from the levee, a letter was thrust into my hand by a man closely wrapped in a Spanish cloak. His hat was slouched over his eyes, and only the lower portion of his face visible, and that was covered with a shaggy beard.

When we had swung out into the river, and were fairly under way, I went into the cabin to examine it. It proved to be a curious document, written in a dashing, legible hand, and the style was bold and abrupt. It read as follows:

"TO HARTLEY FERGUSON:

"Your thoughts are of Madeleine Leroy. I advise you to forget her, for she can never be anything to you. She will be the bride of another,—who, I will not say. To follow her will be a waste of time, and expose you to innumerable dangers. If you are wise, you will abandon a pursuit which can end only in madness. Your hope will be like the deceitful mirage which tantalizes the thirsty traveller upon the desert waste with the sight of water. The object of your ceaseless solicitude will vanish, as suddenly as that illusion sinks from the vision of the sojourner upon the arid sands.

"Let the knowledge which this note must assure you I possess in relation to your movements, convince you that I shall still keep myself advised of them. Of course you understand me. I have observed and studied you closely for the last few months, and I am vain enough to think myself an adept in the study of human nature. You please yourself with the idea that you are a man of courage and discretion; but you have very little of either,—just enough of the one to free you from the charge of cowardice, and of the other to keep you out of fire and water.

"You may possibly pass yourself off upon those who do not know you as a thorough man of the world and a gentleman; but pardon me when I honestly affirm that I never shall do violence enough to my feelings to call you either.

"To use a nautical phrase, you have no ballast; you are all on one side. You will never succeed in anything, and are certainly no part of a physician.

"But I will not waste words. I merely wish to show you that you are not deserving of Madeleine Leroy. You have not sufficient stamina to contend with that influence which will continually be exerted against you; so abandon the pursuit, and go home like a good boy.

"Yours, VIGILANCE."

Despite all my philosophy, I felt excessively annoyed at the cool impudence of my anonymous correspondent. He certainly had some knowledge of me; that I could not doubt; one allusion of his had proved it.

For a few minutes, I felt like making an assault and battery on the first unlucky object that circumstances should throw in my way; but such feelings soon subsided. I began to regard the letter as a thrust from some individual whom I had offended; and, putting it in my pocket, thought but little more of it until I reached Westport.

Great was my disappointment, on making inquiries at that place, to learn that the Leroys had gone; and an old voyageur informed me, they had started the day before towards the Kansas.

They had a good outfit, and were amply provided with horses and mules, the latter being used to draw a baggage-wagon. The voyageur assured me it would be an easy thing to overtake them in a day, if tolerably well mounted.

I hastened to make arrangements to follow the trail of my friends. It was not difficult to find a large, powerful horse, fit to bear the fortunes of a prince. He was a fine, coal-black, restless fellow. I named him Wyandot, in honor of his former owner, who was an Indian of the Wyandot nation. My steed proved, as the sequel will show, as good as he looked. Beside my double-barrelled rifle, I had brought an excellent pair of rifle-pistols and a revolver from St. Louis. I now procured a pocket-compass, and such other articles as I could well carry, and the nature of the case seemed to demand. I thought of purchasing two horses, one to be employed as a pack-horse; but I renounced this idea upon reflection, believing I should soon overtake Leroy, who had, in all probability, an ample supply of provisions, and would be glad of the acquisition to his strength; moreover we should be passing through a portion of the wilderness abounding in game. In order to make my debut as a hunter and backwoodsman in appropriate style, I encased myself in dressed deerskin pants, a buckskin coat, and a *Montero* of most approved pattern. When mounted upon the impatient Wyandot, with my rifle slung across my back, my belt profusely ornamented with pistols and knives, and my valise, with other things, lashed to the crupper, I imagine I did not present a very pacific appearance.

I attracted much admiration, no doubt, from the mixed population of Westport, which, by the way, consisted of Spaniards, Frenchmen, Indians, Negroes, Half-breeds, and every shade of human nature, from the darkest to the whitest.

Leaving the dirty log-cabins and huts, I spurred boldly forward on the trail. As I did so, I fancied I saw the same cloaked figure, the same moustached face, with the hat slouched over the eyes, that had appeared to me when the paper was thrust into my hand. I felt quite confident of it then; but circumstances that have transpired since have put the matter beyond doubt.

Whether I really heard a low, derisive laugh, as I passed him, or whether I imagined it, I am unable to decide.

I galloped on, and when an abrupt turn hid me from view, he was still standing there, like a bird of evil omen.

I am not naturally superstitious, but the sight of that sinister form, fixed and statue-like, made me nervous for hours after.

Following the Oregon route, I kept on toward the Kansas. I went forward at a round pace, not fearing but I should soon overtake my friends, and surprise them not a little. It was a bright, beautiful July morning, and a ride of half a day braced up my nerves and restored my cheerfulness.

CHAPTER IV.

SILVER-KNIFE.

I WAS not destined to be long without adventures. I should have been sorely disappointed had it been otherwise; for, like the valorous knight of La Mancha, I had gone forth to seek them.

The day passed without interruption. The sun was sinking lazily behind the distant hills. A feeling of loneliness began to steal over me. I was not yet upon the open prairie. My way thus far had been over a rugged and broken country, interspersed with shrubs and trees of various kinds. The trail now led through a thicket of birch and low pine. Contrary to my expectations, I had reached the Kansas.

A more gloomy situation cannot be imagined. I gave the rein to Wyandot, and dashed on as fast as possible; but the way was treacherous, and I was glad to moderate my speed.

The sun said his lingering "good-night," and darkness and clouds shut down upon his track. Wyandot suddenly stopped, and snuffed the air. I knew something was wrong. Quickly leaping from the saddle, I put my eyes as near the earth as possible; I was off the trail. Knowing it would be folly to attempt finding it until morning, I began to look about me for the most eligible spot whereon to pass the night. But the ground was swampy and wet, and augured poorly for a comfortable night's rest.

Taking Wyandot by the bridle, I led him forward toward an eminence on my left, upon which grew a cluster of trees of large growth. The dumb animal pricked up his ears as I advanced, hung back upon the bridle, and manifested a decided aversion to that locality. As I proceeded, I saw smoke curling up through the branches of the trees.

"So we are to have neighbors," I said, patting the arching neck of Wyandot, "and, perhaps, we shan't like them."

Fastening the horse to a tree, I undertook to reconnoiter in Indian style. Getting upon my hands and knees, I wormed myself forward with the greatest caution. After going on for some time in this painful posture, through a vista in the trees I was enabled to see a person cooking meat over a blazing fire. A closer scrutiny convinced me it was not a white man. His figure was indeed striking and noble—stately as Saul—tall as the cedars of Lebanon.

He might have been forty years of age; possibly younger. His dress seemed above the condition of his red brethren. He wore a tunic of deerskin dressed, and white, fringed at the bottom and about the wrists. His leggins were of the same material. The moccasins were of a stouter fabric, and wrought with the quills of the porcupine. His hair was arranged in a style less fantastic than common with his people.

But his features were most remarkable; lofty in their expression, yet calm and self-possessed.

But little time was allowed for further observation. I caught an imperfect view of a dusky figure beyond; saw several arrows strike the noble-looking savage; heard the report of a rifle, and a loud war-whoop. In an instant, several Indians sprang from places of concealment, and attacked the lone warrior.

Without a moment's hesitation, I caught a revolver from my belt, and with as loud a shout as strength of lungs could afford, rushed to his assistance.

Only those who have had experience in that way, can tell the terrible effects of a revolver in a determined hand. Two strong bounds took me to the scene of action. Thrusting my "six-shooter" in the face of a grim savage in the act of striking with a hatchet, I pulled. He went down without a cry.

Finding himself so suddenly reinforced, the lone "brave" uttered a defiant war-hoop, and fought like Richard of the lion heart. And there was need, for there were only two to six.

I also caught the noisy mania, and yelled like all the fiends. And now the revolver showed its qualities, and cracked three times in an incredibly short space, while as many of the enemy acknowledged its fatality, by starting off on a spiritual tramp to the "Happy Hunting-grounds." The remaining three turned their wrath upon my hero, who, though he struggled manfully, was fast sinking from loss of blood. They approached him at three different points, and that moment would have been his last, had I not interfered in his behalf. Another of the painted rascals died in the act of striking his hunting-knife into the old warrior's shoulders.

I shot him in the lungs; he rolled over and over, bit the dust, and yelled horribly in the protracted death-struggle.

The other two, seeing the fate of their companions, fled, but not unscathed.

The crack of my pistol upon their track hastened their flight.

The lone Indian and myself stood face to face, regarding each other with a degree of interest which the peculiar circumstances of the case would well justify. He held out his hand; I grasped it, and gave it a hearty shake.

"Good!" he articulated, in a voice from which all traces of excitement had fled.

And that was all he said. His tall figure swayed to and fro for an instant, like the lofty oak that clings tenaciously to its last fibre, while the axe is busy at its heart, and then totters to its fall.

The next moment he lay senseless upon the earth. I hastened to examine his hurts. The most serious was a gun-shot wound in the breast, from which the blood streamed in dark-red torrents. I was prepared for just such an emergency. I had a small case of instruments in my pocket.

It was not without a feeling of deep solicitude that I probed the wound. To my great satisfaction, it had not entered the lungs, but glanced upon the ribs, following their general course toward the spine. In two minutes I held the bullet in my hand. I then dressed the wound as well as circumstances would permit, after which I wet his lips with brandy, and had the pleasure of seeing my patient revive.

Taking a long draught from the bottle held to his mouth, he appeared wonderfully refreshed. Knowing I could do no more for him at present, I turned my attention to Wyandot. Finding an open spot where there was considerable feed, I made him fast, giving him rope enough to provide for his comfort by nipping the tender grass.

When I returned, the red man was sleeping profoundly. Loss of blood had disposed him to rest. I put out the fire, for fear our enemies might return and shoot us by its light,—an operation I had no great relish for.

Wrapping my blanket around me, I sat down to keep watch through the dark night. In about three hours, upon looking at my patient, I found he was regarding me attentively.

He thought it very singular, probably, that a white man should take so much interest in one of his race. His countenance indicated, however, that he was not wholly at a loss to account for it; that he understood something of that great bond of sympathy which reaches through every grade of humanity.

My case of instruments was lying on the ground near him. He pointed to it, saying the magical words:

"Medicine man."

I assented.

"Good!" was the deep response.

I now proceeded to inquire how he felt, and whether he suffered much.

He replied in very good English:

"Some pain here," putting his hand upon his side. "Shall be better when the sun rises. The red man is strong, and his blood is good. The Happy Hunting-ground is a long way off. The Great Spirit has not spoken to Silver-Knife. When he speaks, the red warrior will go."

"What tribe?" I asked.

"The Nez Perce. My lodge-fire burns far beyond the Big Blue; and the young braves of Silver-Knife are there. I left the great hills to lead the pale-faces upon the trail. When the sun came up, this morning, I started for the home of my people. But the Shawnees are treacherous; they love blood, and hate the Nez Perces. Silver-Knife owes his life to the pale medicine man. He will not forget. White man's memory is bad; but the red man remembers forever."

"My red brother has spoken well. There is no sin like ingratitude and a bad memory."

Saying this, I produced a meerschaum, which I brought with me, filled it in grave silence, took a long "pull," and while exhaling the fragrant smoke, passed it to Silver-Knife.

And thus we smoked the pipe of peace.

"Who keeps the lodge-fire bright, in the absence of Silver-Knife?" I asked.

"The Morning Star and the Singing Bird," he replied.

"Those are the daughters of my red brother?"

Silver-Knife nodded assent.

"Has my red friend no squaw, and no sons?"

"He has both. They are upon the buffalo-hunt. Where is my white brother going?"

"Away to the big mountains to hunt, and to see the customs of his red brothers."

"Let my white brother turn back when the sun has risen, or he will lose his scalp. The red man is the enemy of the pale-face."

"Is the pale-face a squaw, that he should fear to meet his enemies? His heart is young and strong, and his scalp is safe. He will not turn back."

"Good! My brother has a big heart. Our great father will make him a war-chief."

Having smoked our pipe, and it being the opinion of Silver-Knife that the two natives would not trouble us again, I spread my blanket upon the ground, and slept. In the dreams that followed, I saw the "Morning Star" and the "Singing Bird," fair as the daughters of Rechab, and dignified as the sons.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRAIRIES.

IT was broad daylight when I awoke. The first object that met my gaze was Silver-Knife sitting by a blazing fire. At a short distance from him, suspended from the branch of a tree, were the scalps of the Indians we had killed.

He was regarding them with evident satisfaction while the morning's meal was cooking by the fire.

I ate with a good relish; and Silver-Knife, despite his wounds, had lost nothing of his appetite.

After smoking a while in silence, it was agreed that we should go forward in company. This arrangement was very agreeable to me, for several reasons.

I found Wyandot rather restless, having cropped all the grass within reach.

The horse of Silver-Knife was discovered at a short distance, "hobbled" in true Indian style. It had fortunately escaped the rapacity of the Shawnee visitors. It was a very superior animal, in every way fit for a companion for Wyandot.

We soon reached the Kansas, and had no difficulty in crossing upon a raft. We stopped at Fort Leavenworth only long enough to inquire about Leroy. He had passed there twenty four hours previously, and I was doomed to disappointment once more.

We met several Kansas Indians during the day, and encamped at night by a small stream. We kept on for eight days without interruption, and reached the Platte river without hearing anything of Leroy. I grew impatient. We had travelled rapidly, and must have passed them on the way. We were now, to the best of our judgment, about three hundred miles from Westport; and I began to be sensible of the error of such precipitate travelling.

I resolved to wait a day or two where we were, to give Leroy time to come up, providing I was correct in my conjectures. To this Silver-Knife made no objections. We had seen signs of buffalo during the last day's ride, and were determined to have a hunt, and lay in a store of meat for future use.

For security against the Pawnees and other roving bands of Indians, we constructed a camp of small cotton-woods. This could not have been accomplished without the aid of Silver-Knife's hatchet, and we were not a little proud of our rude dwelling, when completed. When this was done, Silver-Knife went forth to kill a buffalo, leaving me to guard the premises.

It was near the night-time. On one hand a boundless prairie stretched away toward the setting sun, while a thick growth of cotton-wood was upon the other. I grew thoughtful. Where were the daughters of Leroy—the restless Madeleine, and the calm Mary? Perhaps they had already fallen victims to savage cruelty. I shuddered at the thought, and felt that I could not remain in suspense much longer without being positively wretched.

And why should I be wretched? Sure enough? What was Madeleine Leroy to me? Nothing of course; but, in common friendship, I felt it my duty to protect her, so far as it was in my power to exert any agency in her behalf.

I caught Wyandot, and saddling him, mounted and galloped away over the prairie, without any fixed purpose. Perhaps I had a vague hope of meeting Leroy, but no thought of danger. Well mounted, and well armed, as I was, I felt myself equal to a dozen redskins in fair fight.

I dashed on for about half an hour, when I saw a single horseman coming down upon me at a pace equal to my own.

The cause of his haste was soon obvious. A score of enemies were in headlong pursuit. The pursuing party were gaining, their horses being in better plight.

One, far in advance of the rest, was within twenty yards of the solitary rider, whom I was about giving up for lost, when he suddenly faced about, and I saw a puff of smoke curl up, while at the same moment, the pursuer dropped from his horse.

The pursued turned and spurred on, loading as he came. It was Silver-Knife. Wyandot reared and plunged, while his eyes shot fire. "He snuffed the battle afar off."

I gave him the rein, but not the spur; he was too eager for the fray to need that. I never felt so much of the mad demon in my blood before. With a snort and a bound, Wyandot sprang toward Silver-Knife. The hoofs of the noble animal spurned the ground, as if he disdained to touch it.

"Good!" exclaimed the brave old chief, as I thundered up to his side; and then he quickly added, "Pawnees."

"How many?" I asked.

"Twenty."

"Then we will destroy half of them," said I.

The old man looked in my face with a grim smile. The iron rigidness of the muscles of the mouth told him that my purpose was fixed and dangerous.

"The white devil is up," he muttered, while, at the same moment, he drew the driver from his rifle, turned in his stirrups, and shot down the foremost of the enemy.

"Another one will soon be in range," he added, coolly, and sent home a ball.

I slackened my speed, and another did come within range, and never got out of it. I aimed right between his wolfish-looking eyes, and when my rifle cracked, the poor painted wretch leaped straight up from his horse, without a single sound to tell that the death agony was upon him. Quivering an instant like a galvanized corpse, he sunk down upon the waving prairie grass, without a pulse of life or a nut-shell full of breath in his body.

"There is a scalp for you," I said to Silver-Knife, as another native bore rapidly down upon us.

We were now likely to have sharp work of it. The main body was close at hand, whooping and howling, as though the infernal regions had burst their bounds, and released their inmates.

I now spurred forward as fast I could, to gain time to load once more before they got too near for rifle practice.

Before I had sent home another charge, Silver-Knife fired for the third time, and the unearthly yell that followed told with what effect. It did not prove so dead a shot as mine; for when I turned in the stirrup to let drive again, an Indian was rolling about as though he didn't care but little how much he bent down the tall grass.

"I shot him in that way to scare the rest," said Silver-Knife, who was the coolest Indian in fight that I ever saw during all my experience among the Rocky Mountains.

Several of our pursuers were armed with rifles, and bullets began to whistle about our ears. One gigantic fellow was preparing to fire as I cast my eye over the prairie in search of another victim.

I did not feel like adopting Silver-Knife's style of killing; and so thought I would learn from actual experiment whether my large friend's *os frontis* was bullet proof. But I under-shot; the ball took effect in the centre of his proboscis. He tried to utter the war-cry of his people, dropped his gun, threw up his arms, and fell back over his horse's tail. That was the last I saw of that Indian.

An Indian is a coward so long as he sees a loaded rifle before him; but the moment it is discharged witnesses a complete transformation in the animal—he becomes as brave as the bravest. It was so in this case. I had held three or four in check with my rifle before I fired, but the instant they heard the discharge they rushed toward me, yelling horribly, with uplifted hatchets.

I felt a sort of unnatural joy in thinking of the surprise that was in reserve for them. The first one that was near enough acknowledged the superiority of "revolvers" by tipping out of his saddle in a very ungentlemanly manner.

And now the others thought they were sure of me, seeing me, as they believed, holding out and menacing them with an empty pistol, and they laughed in savage scorn

A stout, black-looking fellow, with a profusion of bears' claws strung about his neck, several scalps at his belt, and more profusely bedevilled than any of his companions, thought it would be a good plan to impale me upon his long spear, and thus make me an example to all other pale-faces.

I did not approve of such a procedure, not wishing to be spitted like a turkey for a Thanksgiving festival. Because he had cherished such an unkindly thought, I passed instantly over to the stomach-and-lung-shooting system of Silver-Knife, and let him have it through the sternum, just below his necklace of bear-claws.

How he howled and tore up the grass! He was floundering there when I was too far away to see him, or offer a word of consolation.

The third came to a dead halt. He never went forward again, if I accept a lofty tumble over his horse's head,

There was a temporary cessation of hostilities. The Indians seeing the fate of so many of their warriors, held back and huddled together on a little eminence, like sheep. They were probably holding a council. I looked about for Silver-Knife; he was scalping the dead.

This edifying employment was soon completed, for an Indian will rid an enemy of his hair in an incredibly short time.

I was differently engaged—re-loading my three empty barrels.

"They're about to charge upon us," said Silver-Knife. "I don't feel very strong—sore from wounds—better run for it, and get 'em scattered about the prairie."

This was very good advice, and we scampered away as fast as our horses would carry us; and that was at a dashing rate, for Wyandot was in good condition, and the chief's horse was not blown.

There are many things which a man of action and adventure meets with which are exceedingly hard to describe. In a particular manner is this true of the adventurer in the Rocky Mountains. For instance, it is difficult to convey a correct or definite idea of a dozen savages, mounted on fleet horses without saddles, and many without bridles, mad with repulse, eager for vengeance, and bedaubed wickedly with war-paint. To be fully impressed with the wildness of such a spectacle, one must see with his own eyes. Mere ink-drops cannot picture the scene; it is exciting, madly exciting.

Our enemies were again in motion. If they had been indebted to shouting and howling for their motive power, they would have been victors in the race. When a savage can do nothing else, he can yell bravely.

The result of all this racing was what Silver-Knife had predicted and wished; our foes were soon scattered over the plain, although they kept as near together as they could; but some were better mounted, and left their less lucky companions in the rear. We reached our camp of cotton-woods in safety, while the savages drew up at the distance of about three hundred and fifty or four hundred yards, to devise means for dislodging us. Our horses were taken into camp, and we prepared to act on the defensive.

"I think I will try a shot at one of those fellows while they are taking counsel together," I said.

"Too far," replied Silver-Knife. "Ball won't hold up—shoot the ground."

"I'll decide that," I answered; and, stepping into the open air, rested my rifle upon the limb of a scrubby birch.

The Indians laughed in derision, and one of them expressed his unmitigated contempt by some very insulting pantomime.

"You don't know the mettle of a Yankee rifle, my gentleman," I muttered, as I took a steady aim at the "brave" who had figured so conspicuously in dumb show. I fired, and never saw a pair of heels fly up into the air any quicker than did his. His astonishment could not have been greater had he been struck down by some electric agency; at least, that was my opinion at the time, and I still retain a vivid impression of it. Had he practised ground and lofty tumbling all his life, he could not have gone through a series of gymnastic exercises with greater expedition.

The ærial part of the performance soon ended, and he finished the whole by a few spasmodic kicks, as he lay prone on his back.

"They didn't expect that," said Silver-Knife, laconically. "They think you one grand medicine."

"What do you think they will do?" I asked.

"If they get courage enough, they will charge upon us; if not, they will wait till dark and try to surprise us."

The opinion of the Nez Perce seemed prophetic, for, with one startling whoop, they all tore away and were soon out of sight.

The last streak of daylight faded from the darkening west, as the last of the painted figures swept from view.

CHAPTER VI.

A REUNION.

A FEELING of sadness stole over me as I gazed on the track of the departing foe. My philosophical speculations in regard to their claims to an immortal soul were interrupted by hearing the sound of a woodman's axe.

"White man," said Silver-knife.

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"White man strikes heavy and regular; axe bigger than Indian hatchet."

The sounds were close at hand. Desirous of knowing who was camping near us, I led forth Wyandot, and trotted away in the direction whence they came.

A great burden of anxiety was lifted from my mind when I saw Basil cutting vigorously into a tree, and a baggage-wagon drawn up a short distance in the rear. He seized his rifle when he heard the unexpected tramp of a horse; but dropped it in sheer amazement when he saw who came.

"Well, I reckon the gals 'll be glad to see you," he said, giving my hand a hearty shake. "It beats all!"

"How are your father and mother?" I asked, rather awkwardly.

"They're well enough. Why don't you ask how the gals are?"

"How do your sisters do, then? And how do they bear the fatigues of the journey?"

"First rate; they like it a heap; mention your name every day. Come, let's find 'em."

With a trepidation for which I was at a loss to account, I followed Basil.

"Go and surprise 'em," he added, pointing to two figures reclining upon the grass at a short distance. Before they had any warning of my approach, I stood confronting them.

"Hartley Ferguson!" cried both, with a start of astonishment.

"The same," I replied, bowing with mock formality. "Did you expect me?"

Madeleine blushed.

"I cannot say that I ever expected to meet you again," she murmured.

At that moment we were joined by Leroy and his wife, and I was obliged to relinquish the hands of the girls for theirs.

"Turned adventurer, at last," said Leroy. "I always thought that you were of that make. We are glad to see you."

"And we shall not consent for you to leave us," added Madge.

After asking and answering questions for some time, I related the principal events of my journey, and invited them to share my camp, for greater security against the savages.

"I thought the Pawnees were getting civilized. I always know'd the creturs would steal, and were too lazy to work, but they haven't given me much trouble of late. You can't trust 'em, though. They're desperate deceitful and cunning."

In half an hour we were all safely at camp. Felling some more cotton-woods, we made a shelter for the horses and mules. This precaution was rendered necessary by the proximity of the Indians.

When we had strengthened our position as much as possible by every expedient which the experience of Leroy or Silver-Knife could suggest, we sat down to a cup of coffee and a roast of buffalo-meat with a good appetite.

Leroy and Basil were soon on the best of terms with the Nez Perce chief. They had met before. It struck me that they were fitly mated. Well armed and fed, they would be of themselved a host, and might travel the whole Indian territory in comparative safety.

Both had a very accurate knowledge of the predatory and vicious habits of the dwellers in the wilderness. The noble figure of Silver-Knife, his frank and open expression, native dignity and bearing, and the honest, hardy features, and tall, sinewy frame of Baptiste Leroy, could not fail to produce a favorable impression upon the thoughtful observer.

Quite a change had taken place in the external appearance of the girls since I last saw them at St. Louis.

Over their ordinary dresses were tunics of soft, white deerskin, dressed by a skilful hand. They wore Indian moccasins ornamented very beautifully with porcupine-quills. Instead of bonnets, gypsy hats were tied beneath the chin with ribbon.

They were cheerful and smiling; and their appearance was interesting as well as novel. My coming had put them all in good humor. There was only one damper upon our enjoyment, and that was the fear of another visit from the Indians.

"I know the disposition of the varmints well," said Leroy, while he proceeded to put his weapons in order. "They wont let us rest long, you may depend on't. They burn to avenge the death of their companions. We must keep a sharp lookout, or some on us will go under afore morning."

"Long-Rifle (it was thus Leroy was known among many of the Indian tribes) has spoken well. The red men will not rub the war-paint from their faces. The young men have fallen, and their scalps hang in the wigwam of my white brother. They will come for blood before the sun rises. Silver-Knife has spoken. Let the young medicine man speak."

"My red brother is wise. He follows the war-path of his enemies, and returns with many scalps. He can hunt the buffalo, trap the beaver, and teach his young men to bend the bow. He hath spoken well," I answered.

As soon as the evening meal was despatched, the fire was extinguished. Silver-Knife and Leroy were in earnest council together for some time; the latter looked serious.

When they had ceased speaking, Silver-Knife took his rifle, tightened his belt, and walked quietly away.

"Where is he going?" I asked of Baptiste.

"To reconnoitre. If there are any varmints round, he'll find 'em. Nobody can follow a trail, or read Injin signs, like that old Nez Perce chief."

"He is brave, too," I remarked.

"None bolder. As a general thing, I aint fond o' copper-skins; the best of 'em will steal your horse and take your scalp; but he's an exception. There's somethin' kind o' human-like in his countenance. I'd trust that heathen Injin as soon as I would some white men—and a heap sooner."

"He'll go under to-night, if he aint careful," said Basil. He and Ferguson have made tearing work with the two-legged animals—and they aint the most forgetful cattle in the world."

"That Nez Perce wasn't born to be rubbed out in that way. He'll die like a human cretur, in his wigwam. That's my belief. Now, Hartley, you and the women-folks can go to sleep as soon as you please, and Basil and I will watch. If there's any trouble, you'll be likely to hear on't."

To this I objected. I resolved to watch also. I was too much interested in the safety of Madeleine and Mary to lie down quietly to my dreams. And now, for the first time, I noticed they were both armed. A pistol and a dagger graced the belts that encircled their waists.

From the daughters I glanced to the mother; she wore the same weapons.

"The garrison is well armed," I said, with a smile.

"Of course," answered Madeleine. "You do not expect, do you, that we are such useless dolls that we cannot make a even a show of resistance? Shame upon the girl who has not spirit enough to strike a blow in defence of those she loves, and for the safety of her own person!"

"Very well spoken," I replied.

"Perhaps I may act well, too, in a moment of danger. Females are not cowards. If they grow pale, or sometimes faint, it is not for themselves; it is for those they love."

"Who taught you such chivalric sentiments!" I asked, still smiling.

"Why should you ask such a question, Hartley Ferguson? Nature taught me the feelings I have attempted to express in words. Don't blaspheme your own perception of right and wrong, of nigh and low, by affecting not to understand me."

"I do both understand and admire," I replied. "I can picture a woman endowed with the high qualities you have spoken of, and something more than a doll. I have never cherished the opinion that females are deficient either in moral or physical courage. But we are the slaves of

habit; circumstances govern, and make us what we are. We naturally conform to those influences by which we find ourselves surrounded."

"Those sentiments are worthy of you."

"Now, tell me, how have you fared thus far, on your way to the promised land?"

"Quite as well as we could expect, and perhaps better than we deserve. We have been menaced with danger in one or two instances; but our lucky planet has prevailed. This morning we met half a dozen Sioux, whose movements excited the suspicion of my father. He said they were glad to see us, and that mischief was probably intended. One of the number, Basil affirmed, looked like a white man, despite his paint and Indian finery."

When Madeleine spoke of a white man, I could not help thinking of my moustached friend at St. Louis and Westport. Perhaps he would do as he threatened. It would be an easy thing, for a person disposed to mischief, to dog our footsteps. The present of a few beads or knives, or a few yards of gaudy ribbon and cloth, would be a sufficient inducement for the Indians, or half-breeds, to become his emissaries.

There was nothing very exaggerated in such an idea. Some reckless libertine might have seen Madeleine, and loved her—if the word love can be employed in such a connection without profaning it.

She would reject his overtures, of course. Angry at rebuff, he would seek some means of retaliation.

I resolved to question Basil in regard to the supposed white man. I sought him; but he was gone, and had not been missed. I expressed fears for his safety. If Leroy felt any apprehensions, he did not express them, but smoked his pipe in silence.

After a time, he condescended to remark that the had probably knew what he was about; but, at the same time, appeared uneasy.

"Everything is ordered by Providence, and can't be changed," he went on to say. "Such as are for the sword, to the sword; such as are for famine, to famine; and such as are for captivity, to captivity. Thus saith the scripter."

This, I dare say, was excellent philosophy, and very Christian-like, but under the circumstances was not very consoling.

Several hours of the solemn night wore away. A few straggling stars came out, to shed an imperfect light upon the scene. They reminded me of those faint hopes which dawn upon our darkest prospects. Their silvery, delicate beams were just sufficient to reveal to each an indistinct and dreamy outline of the other.

All were wakeful and anxious.

The tall form of Leroy stood fixed and motionless by the camp-door. His right hand rested upon the muzzle of his long and deadly rifle. It had been his favorite for many years; it was his friend, his companion; he had proved it. Next to his wife and children, that weapon was dear to him. It had been with him in hours of danger; it had thinned the ranks of his enemies; had brought down the buffalo, the elk, the antelope, when he was perishing with hunger.

What could supply the place of the rifle? Nothing. Without it he could not pursue the wandering life of which he was so deeply enamored.

CHAPTER VII.

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

SUDDENLY a lofty figure darkened the door. It was Silver-Knife.

"Any signs?" asked Leroy, in a low voice.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Away toward the sunset."

"How many?"

"Perhaps twenty-five, perhaps thirty."

"How soon before they'll be down upon us, do you think?"

"In half an hour you will hear their war-cry, and see the paint upon their faces."

"Well, let 'em come. There won't many go back again. This bit of old iron 'll speak a word to 'em they don't like. You may put it down as sartin that they won't stay long arter they've found out old Ironsides is here."

By "old Ironsides" he meant his rifle, which he had named, very appropriately, as he believed, after the ship Constitution, upon the theme of whose exploits he was sometimes very eloquent.

"I an't the man that loves to kill human creturs, because life 's precious, and they mayn't be prepared exactly for the change: but when I rub out one o' them painted heathen, I don't feel as though I'd committed a crime, that's sartin. But, Silver-Knife, you an't like the rest of 'em. I can hail you as a feller-cretur. You're what I call a true man, and I'm the old hoss what would stick by ye to the last. Here's my hand on't."

Silver-Knife took the proffered hand, and shook it gravely. Then, after a pause, said:

"There are pleasant lands beyond the big hills. They abound with game. The Indian's corn and the white man's grain will grow there. The Great Spirit has given those fertile valleys and wide prairies to the Nez Perces. They find it a goodly place to dwell in. There is room enough for my white brother. He shall go there and fulfil his days in peace. His wife, and his son, and the Pale Lilies, shall go with him; and the great medicine man shall not tarry behind. My people will give them the hand of friendship. They will build lodges for them near the pleasant hunting-grounds. The colds of winter shall not freeze them, and the suns of summer shall not burn them. There is wood to make the lodge-fire bright, and grateful arbors formed by the branches of trees, to ward off the fervid suns of summer. When they are hungry, they can go forth and hunt; when they are thirsty, they can drink from the running streams. What says Long Rifle, and the pale medicine man?"

For a time we were silent, touched with the magnanimity of the chief. A smile played over the features of Madeleine. Even the calm Mary gathered a spark of enthusiasm from the war-chief.

Old Baptiste Leroy passed the back of his rough hand across his face, as if to brush away the clouds and make his vision clearer.

"Long Rifle has heard the words of his red brother. They have sounded to him like the pleasant murmuring of waters when one is thirsty," answered Leroy. "Silver-Knife has a great heart. The heart of Long Rifle says, Go to the pleasant lands. Let the others speak."

"I love the counsels of the war-chief," said Madge. "I will follow him beyond the big hills."

"Good," said Madeleine, with comic gravity, while she held out her hand to the chief. "The Pale Lilies will go with him. Their lodge-fire shall burn near his. I give you my hand—henceforth we are friends."

Silver-Knife laid the fair hand of Madeleine upon his heart.

"The daughter of Long Rifle is comely. The heart of her red brother is toward her. The Morning Star and the Singing Bird shall welcome the Pale Lilies. Women speak better than the rough war-chief."

"The Morning Star and the Pale Lily shall sing together," I added.

"You are perverting Scripture," answered Madeleine, archly. "But you have not said you shall go with us beyond the hills."

She stood very near me—I could feel her breath on my cheek while she spoke. I could not resist taking her hand, and pressing it in mine.

"I shall not leave you—*I will go with you*, wherever it may be your destiny to wander."

My voice was low and deep; for the words were not "the words of poor, common courtesy," which are such a "very mockery."

The little hand seemed to shrink and wither as it lay in mine; and the next moment it was withdrawn. What did it mean? Years of life appeared to be placed upon my head in a moment of time.

I was moody and dissatisfied. All anxiety in regard to surrounding danger faded away, as a minor consideration.

Mary stole cautiously to my side, and said she feared for the safety of Basil. Silver-Knife warned us to silence and watchfulness. Leroy had been observing some moving object for the last few minutes, which proved to be the object of our solicitude—Basil. He crept in with the noiseless tread of an Indian. He had news for us; a party of savages were creeping slowly toward the camp on our right.

We now disposed ourselves about the camp according to the advice of Leroy. Our cottonwoods had been so arranged, one upon the other, that rude loop-holes had been left for an emergency. We thrust our rifles through these upon each side of the camp, Leroy and myself being upon that where the attack was first expected.

We had not been long in this belligerent attitude when my companion solicited my attention, by a touch upon the arm. He directed my gaze with his finger. At no great distance I could plainly see some object in motion. It did not require much stretch of imagination to determine it an Indian brave. His movements were as stealthy as a cat's, proving him an adept.

"He expects to find us sleeping," whispered Baptiste.

The scout was soon within a few yards of the camp. Seeing that all was dark and still, he grew bolder—arose to his feet, and advanced. Imitating Silver-Knife and Leroy, we stretched ourselves upon the ground and feigned sleep; but the lids were not quite closed, for all felt the necessity of sleeping with one eye open. It would seem that the scout was bent on a piece of bravado. With noiseless tread, he came to the camp door and looked in. The tall, gaunt figure stood there nearly a minute. Perhaps he thought seriously of coming in, and taking a scalp, and thus immortalizing his name. It was not very light within, and I do not imagine he could tell our number accurately. He stalked away, at length, as silently as he came.

"Good!" exclaimed Silver-Knife, with that peculiar guttural sound that characterizes his race.

"He will soon be back with more," said Leroy, in answer to my look of inquiry. "They will come up boldly, thinking to surprise and slay us without resistance; but old Ironsides 'll have a word to say about that. They'll come down upon us on this side. Don't fire till they get close to the muzzles of our rifles. Don't waste any powder—let every shot tell. Aim at the eyes. Gals, keep back there, out o' the way of the balls. Them varmints don't stand for shooting women, or children either. Now, let every one shut his mouth, and keep his tongue between his teeth."

We were well prepared for an enemy, armed to the teeth, beside being fortified. I had a double-barrelled rifle, a revolver, and a brace of common pistols. The latter I lent to Silver-Knife, as he needed them more than myself.

Leroy had regular horse-pistols of astonishing calibre, and they had seen service as well as old Ironsides. This was not all. He had two double barrelled shot-guns, carefully loaded with ball. I felt but little anxiety in regard to the result, for five times our number could not well dislodge us.

What Leroy had predicted proved sooth. First, the spy showed his painted visage, and then another and another of his brethren, until we could not count them.

There never was a finer opportunity for an effective shot. As they advanced they covered just enough ground to allow each of us to single out his victim.

They came on in silence. There was no misgiving, no hesitation, no doubts in their minds in regard to the results. They considered us sure game—had already counted our scalps. Soon were they undeceived.

When they were so near that the whites of their eyes were visible, we fired.

It was truly a deadly volley, followed by a shriek of agony, and a prolonged cry of rage and disappointment. I discharged both my barrels simultaneously, and have good reason to suppose they took effect.

To our consternation, the cries of the savages were met by answering yells upon the opposite quarter. We sprang to meet them. A volley from our pistols and the smooth-bores repulsed them. It was now one continued scene of attack and repulse. Wherever a copper visage revealed itself, a rifle-ball found its owner.

They attempted to fire the prairie grass, and the wood upon our left, but both were too green to burn. It was a fortunate circumstance, for it would have driven us from our covert, when we should have been exposed to a destructive volley. The females did not fail to perform their share in the night's exploits. They reloaded our empty weapons with a coolness and dexterity worthy of emulation.

After the first onset the enemy took shelter in the cotton-woods, from whence they poured upon us a continual shower of balls; but we were protected by our little fort, upon which the harmless lead kept pattering incessantly.

In their several attempts to storm us, they were glad to scamper back to the shelter of the trees.

"Old Ironsides" was fearfully busy. When *that* cracked, a fiercer yell rang out upon the night air.

"I told you they know'd this bit of iron," said Baptiste, wiping the burnt powder from the pan. "They've been acquainted with it goin' on twenty years, and they know its voice as well as I know Madge's. It's spoken to a heap on 'em, and the heathen creturs are ready to jump c'enamost out o' their skins when they hear it. I've made longer shots with old Ironsides than has ever been made on the prairies afore or since. I can fetch down a buffalo at four hundred yards; but when it comes to them red Injuns, I pepper 'em at six. I can crease one on 'em two hundred yards further than I can a buffalo or a wild hoss. But three hundred yards is about the right thing, as it gives a feller a chance to display a little more science like. I shoot 'em in the eye at that distance, and the gentile creturs don't like that style of finishin'. It's rayther my opinion, if you should go out and turn over some of the varmints in the morning, you'd find a hole in their greasy features right where an eye ought to be. That's my mark. I'm sure to make it in the day-time, and they know it. I never knew but one chap that could do that, and that was an old hoss from Texas, and he'd do it every time. He said there was a heap o' fun in it. He come all the way up here to practise, and thought no more of rubbin' out a heathen than you would of knockin' down a turkey-buzzard."

When the first beam of daylight reddened the west, with a loud whoop the savages left us. They had gained nothing in the encounter; but, on the contrary, lost many of their numbers. They had carried away but few of their dead, and we found them stark and stiff, scattered in all directions. The spy laid on his face near the camp.

"I'll wager my traps that that Injun cretur is shot in the eye," said Leroy.

With his foot Basil turned him over. It was even so; the ball had entered the organ of vision, and found its way out the back of the head. His exit had been sudden and easy. Many Christians die harder deaths than did that poor Indian.

Silver-Knife relieved him of his scalp with remarkable dexterity; and that interesting operation he performed for several that morning.

"Does no good," he said, in a moralizing way, "but it's the custom of my people. Old habits strong. Red men can't get civilized all at once, as the pale medicine man thinks."

We did not think proper to move forward that day, as we might fall into an ambush. Those with us were precious, and we did not wish to expose them unnecessarily. I would have faced death any day for Madeleine, although I felt there was an insuperable barrier between us.

What that barrier was, I knew not; but I feared the worst—that she could not regard me as other than a friend. Nothing had been said of love, it is true; but she could not help knowing that she was more to me than a friend.

But my friendship was not selfish. I felt as deep solicitude for her safety as I should have done had she lavished upon me all the wealth of her affections.

We ventured out but little during the day. Basil brought in a finger that had evidently been shot off during the skirmish. Silver-Knife examined it.

"That grew upon a white man's hand," he said, passing it to Leroy, with a shake of the head.

The old guide scrutinized it closely.

"That bit o' human flesh never came off o' one of them Injun creturs. It growed on as white a hand as mine, or the doctor's. Pity it hadn't been his renegade head. I'd kinder like to bring old Ironsides to bear on him once. If the truth was known, I've an idee he an't much better than them copper-skin individooals, nor hardly so good."

It was now my turn to look. It was indubitably a white man's property. But what was he doing with the Indians?

This was a question which would bear several constructions. To me it was another link in the chain of evidence I had been collecting of a lurking enemy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An "honorary member" of the First Surrey Rifles, famous for cracking a joke, asked a jocose friend, who was going to join the *corps* at drill, if he could tell him what the uses were to which the "honorary members" were to be put? "O," said the son of Mars, "you honoraries are just to be for targets that we reals may practice at." "I'm glad of that," said the wit, with a cock of his eye, "I shall be less in danger there than in the ranks." The rifleman changed the conversation.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE RAIN.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

In the silence of the night,
When darkness reigns instead of light,
We listen to the low footfall,
That sounds outside the oaken wall.

We hear the footsteps of the rain,
Pattering on the window pane,
In the silence of the night,
Like the footfall of a sprite.

We hear them pattering on the leaves,
That lie against the cottage eaves:
How they come like an endless train,
The little footsteps of the rain!

We hear them now upon the roof,
Low, like Fate shearing Life's woof,
They pass along; we hear them now,
And feel their moisture on our brow.

In the glorious summer time,
When the cluster's ripe upon the vine,
We've strolled along the river's side,
And seen them walk upon the tide.

Simple, ofttimes, are our dreams;
Ofttimes simple poets themes;
And from simply seeing drops on the pane,
We simply wrote about the rain.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

AUNT KESIAH'S SPECULATIONS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"If there's anything on this mundine spear that I hate and despise, it's a *grab-bag!* I've tried my luck in 'em, time and ag'in, and I never got a red cent's worth, nohow; so you needn't talk to me about your Fair that you're a-goin' to have, and your tablets, and your shaybrads, and your pantrymines, and grab-bag, and post-office, and sich—for I vow to Moses, I won't have nothing to do with 'em. If you catch me there, you'll catch a white blackbird!

"Tickets only fifteen cents, eh? Well, who keers? If they warn't but ten cents I wouldn't go! I wouldn't give the snap of my little finger to see the hull consarn. Fairs is the biggest humbug of all the big bugs in existence. Get your minister a new coat by selling black rag babies, and re-furniture the parsonage by cheating folks into buying pieces of sugared squashes in mistake for frosted cake! Humph! a mighty religious way of doing good! The end don't justify the means—no, not by a great sight!

"I'm a good, honest, Christian woman, I hope; anyway, I belong to the church, and the most of folks thinks *that* is enough to save 'em, no matter how they cut up. But I don't hold to no sich doctrin'. I think the Bible is about the best schoolmaster, and when the parson sez anything that don't egzactly corrispond with the book, I jest conclude that ministers is nothing but men after all, and dredful shaller ones at that—some of 'em! As fur as I am consarned, I try to do to folks jest as they ought to do to me; and when they don't come up to the mark, I'm purty apt to give 'em a leetle of my 'pinion on the subjec'. And as I'm a Christian woman, and hope for a better place to live in, bimeby, I do declare that I think sich carryings on as fairs is abominable, and ought not to be endured in a pious immunity like this!

"They had a levee, or a fair, or whatever you're a mind to call it, over to Bagville, last winter, and Miss Perkins and I, we went over. Miss Perkins is a famous hand to go to all kind of scrapes, and she kinder persuaded me to go, agin my own predictions. The levee was in Bagville Town Hall, and they had it trimmed from top to toe in evergreen and snow-drops. And then the master sight of things on tables; and the awfullest string of baby's stockings, and a heap of letters to sell for ninepence apiece, as big as a two-bushel basket. I kinder thought—like a fool as I was—that I'd buy a letter; it was jest after your uncle died, and I felt sorter disconsolit, and in need of sympathy. I asked 'em if they'd got a letter for me the minit Miss Perkins had gone away to see the grab-bag, for I didn't want her to know how shaller I was.

"'What name?' says the feller inside the curtain.

"'Mrs. Kesiah Small,' says I.

"'O yes,' sez he, 'here's one just arriv' by the last mail from Californy. Ninepence, marm.

"'Good gracious!' sez I, 'from Californy! Why, that's where Uncle John Ham went to seek his fortin. I aint got a ninepence, but here's two cents and two five cent pieces, if that'll do;'

"'Yes, marm,' sez he, 'that is just the change;' and he pocketed it as though he didn't expect to see the color of a mite of money agi'n for a year.

"'Sakes alive!' says I to myself, forgettin' that them post-offices was all a sham, 'I'll warrant Uncle John has sent me some gold dust! He was allers a generous critter; and if he has, I'll buy me a delaine gown, and some vases to set on the mantle-tree!'

"The feller in behind the counter overheerd me, and laffed to himself, but I didn't keer; I felt purty shure there was something of consequence in that letter, it was so thick and hard. I tore it open, and out fell a pair of trowses on a small scale—about big enuff for a boy doll. Tied to one of the legs was a scrip of paper with these lines writ on it:

'My gentle lady, pray give heed,—
Keep these to wear in time of need.'

"This kinder made me mad, and I hove the letter, breeches and all, at the grinning clerk's head, and found my way to another part of the room. The firs. thing I come across was Sary Ann Jackson, with her red hair all in curls and dangles, and a libel pinned on her shoulder, with these words in blue letters—'*Kisses ten cents each!*' And as true as you're alive, there was fellers enuff there that was fools enuff to shell out the money and kiss her. She sold over ten dollars' worth.

"'Goodness!' sez I, to John Smith—the little lawyer, who was kinder hangin' round—'I believe I'll set up in that bizness myself. It seems to pay well.'

"'Don't, Mrs. Small," says he, 'don't; I'll give ten cents not to kiss you!' and with that he pulled out the cash and passed it over to me. I took it and put it in my pocket.

"'Hope it won't burn a hole through,' sez I. 'I've heern it said that stolen money was apt to act so, and if I didn't steal it, I reseaved it, and the reseaver is as bad as the thief.'

"'What! what do you mean by that?' sez Mr. Smith, coloring up like a turkey-cock.

"'Why,' sez I, 'who ever knowed a lawyer that got his money honestly?'

"'Mrs. Small,' sez he, 'you're a—an insulting female!' and with that he paddled off, and I had all the laff on my side.

"That ten cents went towards buying this gown that I've got on; but it seems as if a cuss had follered it, all on account of that bad money. It's been the most misfortunit gown that ever I had. I'm allers burnin' or tearin' on it, and only last week I spilt a pail of soap on it and took every speck of color out of the front breadth. That's what I wear this long apron for. I shall try and make it last this year out, and then twill do to line a petticoat. I am in favor of economy,—a savin' woman is an ornament to any place.

"Miss Perkins was terrible well pleased with the performances; she said the tablets was fust rate, but I didn't see nothin' but a parcel of fellers and gals stuck up behind a piece of red calico, as still and stiff as stone statues. I gin five cents to put my hand in the grab-box, and I drawed out a dead mouse and a black pertater. Miss Perkins got a bag full of split peas. John Smith drawed the picter of a jackass, and I couldn't help tellin' him that it was the very doggerotype of himself. Sary Ann Jackson got a leetle tinty cradle, and I guess she's felt the need of it afore now, for she's got two of the squallinest babies that ever I seed, and Sam Bunker, her husband, is wuss than the measles and toothache together. He's a politicioner, and all his talk, from mornin' till night, is about what he calls 'the great perliti al tissues of the country.' Sary Ann says she often wishes she didn't live in no country, or else she lived in one that hadn't no tissues; and I declare I don't wonder at it. For my part, I don't keer a button who's the president. I don't expect it'll make any difference in the quantity of milk that my cows give, nor influence the laying of my hens; so I jest keep still on that pint.

"But I was speakin' of humbug. Now there's fortin'-tellin' and lotteries; they belong to that rase as well as fairs. I used to have faith in keerds and tea-grounds, but I hope I've got past that. I was soft enuff once to have my fortin' told every six months; and I was in a continual fluster all the time for fear it hadn't been told right. Old Miss Lane, the witch, said I was to have seven children and a drunken husband; Mr. Rand, the weatherwise, was posertive that I should be an old maid, and die in my thirtieth year; and Professor Lord, the celebrated astrolopper, said that I should have been married at sixteen, but my pretended partner was killed in the war of 1812. So you see, they was a pack of know nothin's all together.

"This last June I went down to Deacon Brown's store one day and got a pound of candles. I use kerosine ile gin'rally, but for a light to carry round house, give me a candle. There's no breakin' lamps and blowin' up with camfine; and if you have a candle-stick with a hook to it, you can hang your light up anywheres; so I bought them candles a purpose to carry about the house. While I was onrapping of 'em after I got home, I seed some very big letters on the paper, that kinder took my eye, and I got my specs and read 'em all over. They was at the top of a chastisement of a lottery out in York S ate; and though the same thing was told over and over again, rite in a row, all up and down the paper, this was the amount of the notice:

'THE ROAD TO WEALTH!

$10,000 IN GOLD!—RARE CHANCE!—Buy one bottle of Murphy's Grand Stomach and Diagram Elixir, and be cured! Only two dollars a bottle, and a sure remedy for every disease under the sun! A present worth from fifty cents to ten thousand dollars, GIVEN AWAY with every bottle sold! Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the money! Send your orders! First come, first served!

'Address W. H. Y. G. Mortimer & Co., Albany, N. Y.'

"I read this over and over again—it sorter fascernated me, and before I hardly knowed it, I to k out my pocket-book and went to counting over the money. There was one two-dollar bill that looked dreadful tempting. It was jest the change egzactly, and I fairly itched to try my luck with it.

"Who knows but I may get the ten thousand dollars?' sez I to myself. 'I'm as likely to be the fortunit' one as somebody else; and if I should be, won't I show the folks round here how things is done? I'll give the meetin'-house a bell and an orgin, and Parson Grinwell shall have a new coat, and I'll buy Ichabod that 'cordeon that he's crazy about; and I'll have a black silk shawl, and a mantilla, and—

"Well, I thought of a good many things that anybody could buy with ten thousand dollars, and I got so befuddled in my mind that I sot rite down and writ a letter to Mr. W. H. Y. G. Mortimer & Co. I told 'em I was a poor widder woman with two children, and the dispepsy and brownkeetis; and I should like a bottle of the elixir, and all the cash they could spare with it. I did it up in style, and put in the two dollar bill and sealed it with a piece of paper that came off from a spool of thread.

"Well, for the next week I was in hot water all the time. I didn't know whether I was agoin' to be rich or poor. I couldn't tell whether I was Mrs. Small or a ten thousan'-dollar hairess. I was in a terrible state of hope preferred, and things was at sixes and sevens in the house all the time. I couldn't seem to wash my dishes or make my beds, I was so tuk up in thinkin' about my two dollars that was to do so much for me. Time passed on, and Saturday night arriv'. Ichabod sot out for the post-office right after supper. He's been very constant there ever since Lucy Gray, the city music-teacher, was up here visiting last summer. I've tried my best to put a stop to proceedings in that direction, but it's like spittin' agin the wind Ichabod's higher than a steam-ingine when his grit is up.

"Well, he went to the post-office, and I sot down to picking over beans for Sunday's dinner. I most allers cook bears for Sunday; it aint proper to work on the Sabbath, and beans can be ate without any fuss and onnecessary labor. I'd got them beans nigh about finished, when the door was flung open, and in bounced Ichabod with a big roll of somethin' in his hand. My heart fluttered; I knowed as well as could be that the hour had come. He handed it over to me, and I managed to take it as onconsarned as if I didn't know nothin' at all about it. How desateful folks is!

"'What is this?' sez I, as cool as a cucumber.

"'It's a sassige stuffer or a spy-glass, I don't know which,' sez Ichabod, 'but I rather guess it must be a spy-glass. Your eyesight's gettin' rather poor, you know,' sez he.

"'Git out of this room, you impudent jackanapes!' sez I; 'my eye-sight was never better than at present, and it's onabedient in you to mention it,' sez I, a leetle riled; for ye see, Ichabod seems to take perticular delight in preluding to the failure of my orgins of optics. I s'pose he wants to make me think that I'm too old to be married ag'in, and he means to keep me here to look after his consarns. I guess he'll find he's mistaken.

"He went off out into the wood-shed, and the minuit he was gone I ondid the bundle. It warn't no small job, I can tell you, for there was more than forty different papers, all full of stiffykitts of oraculous cures performed by the remarkable elixir. It was a long time before I got to the bottle, and when I did, it didn't look as if it was worth so much trouble, no way. It didn't hold more'n a half a pint, sartin, and had on it a paper with the profile of a crooked-nozed man, holding a big stick over the skull-bone of another chap that didn't seem to have no flesh on him, and carried a scythe in his hand.

"To have read anything that was printed on them ere papers, you'd a concluded that nobody that could raise two dollars need to die or be burrid, any more. It would nigh about bring the dead to life; and there was an account of one man that was ate up with the canker that took some of it, and all his flesh come right back in a day or two. It made nothing of curing consumption, and as for dispepsy, hydrofoby, cataplasm, etc., one dose was sufficient to do for them diseases entirely. It was to be used intarnally, extarnally and etarnally, Ichabod said. It was a sure anecdote for pisen,—in fact, it cured all the complaints that ever I heerd tell on, and a good many others not laid down in my physician's cullender. The man that invented it was of more importance in the world than the Jar of all the Rooshes; and the fellers that had got the right to sell it was the benefactories of their race.

"There was a little note wrapped up in a piece of paper, and tied to the bottle. I ondone it, and out popped a brass thimble. The note said that my name was entered on the books of Mortimer & Co. agin No. 41,821,000, and that on lookin' at the gift belonging to that number, they had found that I was entitled to a magnificent thimble, which they sent with the elixir. I examined the wonderful present, and if it warn't egzactly sich a thimble as you could buy down to Deacon Brown's store for two cents, then I'll be switched! I was so mad that I hove the thing into the fire, and if I'd 'a had Mr. W. H. Y. G. Mortimer there, I'd have thrashed the breath out of his body, and he might have brought himself to life with his medicin, for what I had keered.

"I was mad enuff to break somethin' or rather, but I kinder didn't want to ruinate anything that cost the money, so I struck the dog with my foot and punched the fire. Howsomever, I kept the elixir, and we tried it for almost everything. Ichabod used it on the calves to kill lice, and I used it for the newralgy. It didn't seem to do no good, nor hurt. It was as mild as rain water. I asked Mr. Sniffkins, the druggist, one day, what it was, and he said nothin' on airth but sweetened water and brandy. I told him I couldn't believe it—he must be mistook; but he said no, he warn't, and he'd prove to me that he warn't; and with that he clapped the snout of the bottle into his mouth and drinked every drop out of it. I expected nothing but what he would drop down dead, but he didn't do no sich thing. He was purtier than ever. I should have been invoked with most men, but Sniffkins is a widder, purty well to do in the world, and has got a nice house down to Bagville. Folks do purtend to say that he's round after a second wife. I shouldn't wonder if he was. Sich things do happen, sometimes.

"But to git back where I started from. This Fair of your'n! As fur as I am consarned, I won't bake a single sweet-cake for it, so help me Moses! There, you've got my opinion!"

INALIENABLE RIGHTS.

Every woman has a right to be any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every one has a right to wear a moustache who can. Every woman who makes puddings has a perfect right to believe that she can make a better pudding than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to think of himself, by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

Chilo, one of the seven ages, being asked what was the hardest thing in the world to be done, answered: "To use and employ time well."

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

LINES

Addressed by a Lady to her Husband, who objected to taking her to California, on account of the hardships she would encounter.

BY MRS. A. M. BUTTERFIELD.

Take me with thee! Life were too lonely
Were I not by thy side!
Am I not all thine *own*, thine only,
If weal or woe betide?—
Thine, when the hours are brightly speeding,
Thy happy home to bless,—
Thine all the more, when thou art treading
The lonely wilderness.

Take me with thee! 'Tis daily dying
To wait for thee alone,—
In sadness and in sorrow sighing
For thy familiar tone;
And when the wintry storms were sweeping
Over the land and sea,
With only vain and fruitless weeping,
To think where thou *might'st* be!

Take me with thee! When thou art striving
The means of life to seek,
Who 'midst thy toil a full heart giving,
A gentle word will speak?
Wert thou in pain and sickness lying,
Far from thy fellow men,
Vainly for aid and comfort sighing,
Who would watch o'er thee then?

Take me with thee! Deem not that fearful
I of thy lot should be,—
Or though thou now dost see me tearful,
That I should burden thee.
Stood I not by thee at the altar,
Speaking the marriage-vow?
And thinkest thou my heart will falter,
Or that I fail thee now?

Take me with thee! The faith I plighted
Have I not truly kept,—
Whether the sun our pathway lighted,
Or if the storm-winds swept?
I have stood by thee still true-hearted,
In sadness or in bliss;
But better die than to be parted—
I can bear aught but this!

Take me with thee! The strength that lieth
Deep in my true heart set,
And pain and grief for thee defieth,
Thou dost not know it yet.
How with thine own proud strength still blending,
A blessing it may be;
The *reed* thou deem'st would break in bending,
A *staff* may prove to thee.

Take me with thee! Life were too lonely
Were I not by thy side!
Am I not all thine *own*, thine only,
If weal or woe betide?—
Thine, when the hours are brightly speeding,
Thy happy home to bless,—
Thine all the more, when thou art treading
The lonely wilderness?

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE MANAGING WIFE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Ezra Newton had just finished looking over his yearly accounts.

"Well," asked his wife, looking up, "how do you come out?"

"I find," said her husband, that my expenses during the last year have been thirty-seven cents over a thousand dollars."

"And your income has been a thousand dollars."

"Yes, I managed pretty well, didn't I?"

"Do you think it managing well to exceed your income?" said his wife.

"What's thirty-seven cents?" said Mr. Newton, lightly.

"Not much to be sure, but still something. It seems to me that we ought to have saved instead of falling behind."

"But how can I save on this salary, Elizabeth? We haven't lived extravagantly. Still it seems to have taken all."

"Perhaps there is something in which we might retrench. Suppose you mention some of the items."

"The most important are house-rent one hundred and fifty dollars, and articles of food five hundred dollars."

"Just half."

"Yes, and you'll admit that we can't retrench there, Elizabeth. I like to live well. I had enough of poor board before I married. Now I mean to live well."

"Still we ought to be saving up something against a rainy day, Ezra."

"That would be something like carrying an umbrella when the sun shines."

"Still it is well to have an umbrella in the house."

"I can't controvert your logic, Elizabeth; but I am afraid we shan't be able to save up anything this year. When I get my salary raised, it will be time enough to think of that."

"Let me make a proposition to you," said Mrs. Newton. "You say that one half of your income has been expended on articles of food. Are you willing to allow me that sum for the purpose?"

"You guarantee to pay all bills out of it?"

"Yes."

"And relieve me of all care on that point?"

"Yes."

"Then I will shift the responsibility upon you with pleasure. But I can tell you beforehand that you won't be able to save much out of it."

"Perhaps not. At any rate I will engage not to exceed it."

"That's well. I shouldn't relish having any additional bills to pay. As I am paid every month I will at each payment hand you half the money."

The differing characters of the husband and wife may be judged from the conversation which has been recorded. Mr. Newton had but little prudence or foresight. He lived chiefly for the present, and seemed to fancy that whatever contingencies might arise in the future he would somehow be provided for. Now trust in Providence is a very proper feeling, but there is a good deal of truth in the old adage that God helps those who help themselves, and in proportion as they are disposed to help themselves.

Mrs. Newton, on the contrary, had been brought up in a family which was compelled to be economical, and although she was not disposed to deny herself comforts, yet she felt that it was desirable to procure them at a fair price.

The time at which this conversation took place was at the commencement of the second year of their married life.

The first step which Mrs. Newton took, on accepting the charge of the household expenses, was to institute the practise of paying cash for all articles that came under her department. She accordingly called on the butcher, and inquired, "How often have you been in the habit of presenting your bills, Mr. Williams?"

"Once in six months," was the reply.

"And I suppose you sometimes have bad bills."

"Yes, one third of my profits on an average are swept off by them."

"And you could afford, I suppose, to sell somewhat cheaper for ready money?"

"Yes, and I would be glad if all my customers would give me a chance to do so."

"I will set them an example, then," said Mrs. Newton. Hereafter whatever articles are purchased of you will be paid for on the spot, and we shall expect you to sell as reasonably as you can."

This arrangement was also made with others, who it is scarcely needful to say, were very glad to enter into the arrangement. Ready money is the great support of trade, and a cash customer is worth two who purchase on credit.

Fortunately Mrs. Newton had a small supply of money by her, which lasted till the first monthly instalment from her husband became due. Thus she was enabled to carry out her cash plan from the beginning.

Another plan which occurred to her as likely to save expense, was to purchase articles in large quantities. She had soon saved enough from the money allowed her to enable her to do this. For example, instead of buying sugar a few pounds at a time, she purchased a barrel, and so succeeded in saving a cent or more on a pound. This perhaps amounted to but a trifle in the course of a year, but the same system carried out in regard to other articles yielded a result which was by no means a trifle.

There were other ways in which a careful housekeeper is able to limit expense which Mrs. Newton did not overlook. With an object in view she was always on the lookout to prevent waste, and to get the full value of whatever was expended.

The result was beyond her anticipations. At the close of the year, on examining her bank-book, for she had regularly deposited whatever money she had not had occasion to use in one of these institutions, she found that she had one hundred and fifty dollars besides reimbursing herself for the money expended during the first month, and having enough left to last another.

"Well Elizabeth, have you kept within your allowance?" asked her husband at this time. "I guess you have not found it so easy to save as you thought for."

"I have saved something, however," said his wife. "But how is it with you?"

"That's more than I can say. However, I have not exceeded my income. That's one good thing. I find I have exactly spent all. But I can't see how you have saved anything. We have lived full as well, and I don't know but what better than last year when we spent five hundred.

"It's knack, Ezra," said his wife, smiling.

She was not inclined to mention how much she had saved. She wanted some time or other to surprise him with it when it would be of some service.

"She may possibly have saved up twenty-five dollars," thought Mr. Newton, "or some such trifle," and so dismissed the matter from his mind.

At the end of the second year Mrs. Newton's savings, including interest, amounted to three hundred and fifty dollars, and she began to feel quite rich.

Her husband did not think to inquire how she had succeeded, supposing as before that it could be but a very small sum.

However he had a piece of good news to communicate. His salary had been raised from a thousand to twelve hundred dollars.

He added, "As I before allowed you one half my income for household expenses, it is no more than fair that I should do so now. That will give you a better chance to save up a part of it than before. Indeed I don't know how you have succeeded in saving anything thus far."

As before Mrs. Newton merely said that she had saved something, without specifying the the amount.

Her allowance was increased to six hundred dollars, but her expenses were not proportionally increased. Indeed they were scarcely increased at all, so that her savings for the third year swelled the aggregate sum in the saving's bank to six hundred dollars.

Mr. Newton, on the contrary, in spite of his increased salary, was no better off at the end of the third year than before. His expenses had increased by a hundred dollars, though he would have found it difficult to tell in what way his comfort or happiness had been increased thereby.

In spite of his carelessness in regard to his own affairs, Mr. Newton was an excellent man of business, and his services were valuable to his employers. They accordingly increased his salary from time to time, till it reached sixteen hundred dollars. He had steadily preserved the custom of assigning one half to his wife for the same purposes as heretofore, and this had become such a habit that he never thought to inquire whether she found it necessary to employ the whole or not.

Thus ten years rolled away. During all this time Mr. Newton lived in the same hired house, for which he had paid an annual rent of one hundred and fifty dollars. Latterly, however, he had become dissatisfied with it It had passed into the hands of a new landlord, who was not disposed to keep it in the repair which he considered desirable.

About this time a block of excellent houses were erected by a capitalist, who designed to sell or let them, as he might have an opportunity. They were more modern and much better arranged than the one in which Mr. Newton now lived, and he felt a strong desire to move to one of them. He mentioned this to his wife one morning.

"What is the rent, Ezra?" inquired his wife.

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars for the corner houses; two hundred for either of the others."

"The corner ones would be preferable, on account of the side windows."

"Yes; and they have a larger yard, besides. I think we must hire one of them. I guess I'll engage one to-day; you know our year is out here next week."

"Please wait, Ezra, till to-morrow, before engaging one."

"For what reason?"

"I should like to examine the house."

"Very well; I suppose to morrow will be sufficiently early."

Soon after breakfast Mrs. Newton called on Squire Bent, the owner of the new block, and intimated her desire to be shown the corner house. This request he cheerfully complied with Mrs. Newton was quite delighted with all the arrangements, and expressed her satisfaction.

"Are these houses for sale or to let?" she inquired.

"Either," said the owner.

"The rent is, I understand, two hundred and twenty five dollars."

"Yes. I consider the corner house to be worth twenty-five dollars more rent than the rest."

"And what do you charge for the house to a cash purchaser?" asked Mrs. Newton, with subdued eagerness.

"Four thousand dollars," was the reply; "and that is but a small advance upon cost."

"Very well; I will buy it of you," said Mrs. Newton, quietly.

"What did I understand you to say?" asked the squire, scarcely believing his ears.

"I repeat, that I will buy the house at your price, and pay you the money within a week."

"Then the house is yours. But your husband said nothing of his intention, and, in fact, I did not know—"

"That he had the money to invest, I suppose you would say. Neither does he know it, and I must ask you not to tell him for the present."

The next morning Mrs. Newton invited her husband to take a walk, but without specifying the direction. They soon stood in front of the house which he desired to live in.

"Won'dn't you like to go in?" she asked.

"Yes. It's a pity we haven't got the key.

"I have the key," said his wife, and forthwith walked up the steps and proceeded to open the door.

"When did you get the key of Squire Bent?" asked her husband.

"*Yesterday, when I bought the house*, said his wife, quietly.

Mr. Newton gazed at his wife in profound astonishment.

"What on earth do you mean, Elizabeth?" he inquired.

"Just what I say. The house is mine, and what is mine is thine. So the house is yours, Ezra."

"Where in the name of goodness did you raise the money?" asked her husband, his amazement still as great as ever.

"I haven't been a managing wife for ten years for nothing," said Mrs. Newton, smiling.

With some difficulty Mrs. Newton persuaded her husband that the price of the house was really the result of her savings. He felt when he surveyed the commodious arrangements of the new house, that he had reason to be grateful for the prudence of his managing wife.

SHARP PEASANT.

Louis XVI., in his journey through Normandy, heard a peasant in the environs of Coen singing a popular jovial song, and was so pleased with it that when it was finished his Majesty cried "Bis! bis!" The peasant inquired what that meant, and was told that it signified again, or once more. Accordingly he sang the song a second time, on which the king gave him a piece of gold. The peasant cried, "Bis! bis!"

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F. GLEASON.

VIEW OF THE ALMSHOUSE, DEER ISLAND, BOSTON, MASS.

ALMSHOUSE, DEER ISLAND.

This view of the City Almshouse, at Deer Island, in Boston Harbor, is accurate and spirited. So much is, and has been, said of this well-known institution, we believe a description of its interior and exterior will not prove uninteresting to the general reader. If it be true that none of us know how soon we may find occasion to look up accommodations in the almshouse, we shall think we have discharged a high duty by showing people, where at least they can find such an institution of this kind as will be likely to give them a perfect satisfaction. The form of this structure is that of a "Latin Cross," having its four wings radiating at right angles from a "central building." The central building is four stories high; the lower story (on a uniform level with the cellars or work-rooms of the north, east, and west wings) contains the bathing-rooms, cleansing-rooms, furnace, and fuel rooms; the two next stories contain the general guard-room, to be used also as a work-room; the next story is the chapel; and the upper story is the hospital. The south wing is four stories high; the lower one contains the family kitchen and entry of the superintendent's family; the second is appropriated for the family parlors of the superintendent, and a room for the use of the directors, together with the entrances and staircases, and the openings or carriage way for receiving paupers. The staircases communicating with the guard-room, and with the cleansing-rooms in the lower story of the central building, are also located in this story. The two remaining stories are used for the family sleeping-rooms—together with the entries, passages, closets, and staircases. Each of the north, east, and west wings is three stories high, with basements and attics over the whole surface of each wing. The basements are for work-rooms. The remaining stories, including the attices, contain the wards, hospitals, and day-rooms for the inmates, together with the sleeping and inspection rooms for the nurses and attendants. There are eight circular towers attached to the exterior walls of the north, east, and west wings; they contain the water-closets requisite for the inmates of the building; two of them contain staircases. The dimensions of the building are as follows, in round numbers: The centre building is 75 feet square and 75 feet high, each perpendicular corner being subtended by the section of a circle. As paupers arrive, they are received by the superintendent, and placed in the several parts of the building to which they may belong.

A CALIFORNIA CABIN IN THE MINES.

See Page 173.

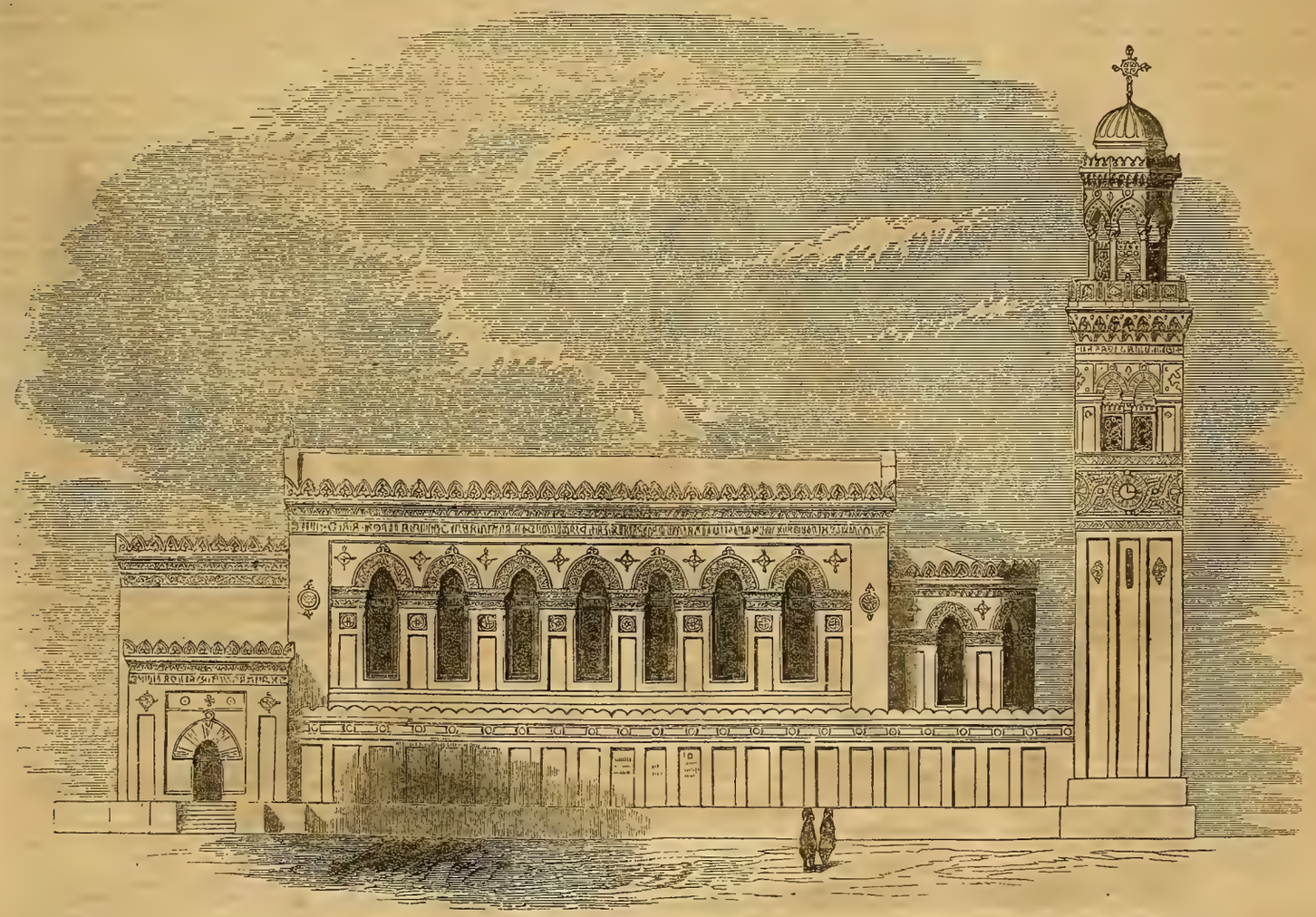
REPRESENTATION OF A HERD OF REINDEER.

REINDEER.

We need not speak in terms of praise of the spirited picture our talented artist has given above. A herd of reindeer is as beautiful as it is, now-a-days, a striking sight. The deer is not a common animal in our wilds now, the advance of settlers making sad havoc with them. We hear of their being hunted occasionally along Cape Cod, and many are annually sent up to Boston markets from the wilds of Maine; but the race is fast departing. A reindeer and a Laplander are associated naturally; when we speak of one, we think of the other. The Laplanders harness them to their light sledges, and force them to travel as many as an hundred miles a day. They make as much of them as the Arabs do of their horses, and find them quite as docile and teachable. The deer is said to weep on occasions; a circumstance that admits of some doubt.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH.

This elegant church structure owes its existence to the liberality of British residents in Alexandria, Egypt. They had felt the want of an edifice in which public worship might be conducted after their own forms, and resolved at length to erect this. A subscription for the purpose was, accordingly, opened in the year 1838. The following is an architectural description of the building:—A nave seventy-six feet long and thirty feet wide, and a chancel twenty-three feet long; a western porch twenty feet by sixteen feet, and a vestry on the other side of the same size. The whole height of the church is about fifty feet, and the height of the campanile one hundred feet. Our illustration represents the south front. The frontage ground is 326 feet by 112 feet in depth, and admits of the edifice being isolated, and surrounded by a parapet wall for its protection.



ST. MARK'S CHURCH, AT ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

STANZAS.

BY A. E. WALTERS.

False, fleeting Joy!
Whither, in the realms of night,
Hast thou taken flight—
Whence cares and doubts and fears annoy,
Here where I'm doomed to dwell,
Why hast thou bade farewell?
O, I would hear again thy voice,
To bid my heart rejoice.

Frail, fickle Hope!
Dwelling in the realms afar—
Transplanted to some star—
Seen through Faith's kaleidescope;
Wherefore fleest thou
From my lonely dwelling now,
With thy smile so sweet and fair,
Why leave me in despair?

Departed Love!
Whither, in the realms of shade,
Art thou lowly laid?
Or, in the glorious realms above,
Dost thou still appear
To shed affection's tear?
O, I would hear thy voice once more,
And feel my sorrows o'er!

THE CORSAIR AND PRIVATEER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VICTIM.

FOILED in his damnable design, muttering an oath, the pirate stooped down, and bending over the bleeding corse of his victim, grasped the hilt of the dagger to draw it forth. As he did so a piercing cry of wildest agony smote his ear.

"O God! my wife, my child!" were the words of young Elmore, uttered in a startling tone of horror as he at that moment sprang into the room. With a wild cry he sprang toward his murdered wife, and then as if withheld by an unseen hand, he stood motionless and unmovable, a statue of marble. The point of the cutlass he carried pierced the floor; the hilt was firmly grasped in his right hand, while his left was buried in the flowing locks of his hair. His face was dreadfully pale; his lips colorless and quivering; his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, so intense was their gaze. He stood—the picture of despair; and as he gazed at the corse before him, his look was terrible. Thus he stood for a moment, as if chained immovably to the floor. Suddenly the spell that bound him was broken; his face relaxed the rigid, fearful look; and life, which seemed to have fled for a moment, now gave him motion. He sank to the floor beside the corse of her he so fondly loved, and clasping her hands, exclaimed in a voice of anguish:

"Louise, Louise, my loved, loved wife! awake! speak, thou art not dead! 'Tis Edmund, oh speak! Live, oh live for him; my heart's loved idol."

In agony he pressed her hands within his own; kissed her cold fingers; to her lips, yet warm, he pressed his. Yet no answer came from the lips of his loved Louise. Her sweet voice he never again would hear. Again and again he pressed her hands; again and again he pressed those lips that had often returned the kiss, but now were sealed forever; he laid his hand upon her fair brow—the seal of death was there; then, upon her heart—but no life was there. His babe lay dead upon its mother's breast, over which its life's blood had welled: he placed his lips to its face, it was cold, and he shuddered as he gazed.

"O God!" he exclaimed in agonizing woe, "my wife, my child, my infant boy—dead!—both dead. O God! was this thy will?" Burying his face in his hands, upon the bosom of his wife, he gave way to the most poignant and heart-rending grief. Suddenly he started; drew forth the dagger from the breast of the corse, and grasping the cutlass that lay beside him, he sprang to his feet; changed, fearfully changed. Casting one look at the bodies of his wife and child, he turned to the buccaneer, who had stood with folded arms, a few paces from him during the sad scene. A devilish smile played round the lips of the pirate as he met the gaze of the young man.

"Monster! inhuman, hell-born fiend! this is thy work; this is thy deed. Look there!—if thou hadst a heart 'twould melt at the sight. Thy myrmidons themselves, accustomed as they are to scenes of cruel slaughter and bloodshed would weep at this sad sight. But thou, fiend incarnate! canst look with an unpitying eye, an unmoved face; but thy crimes are done: thy deeds are ended. By heaven! vengeance shall now be mine." With a force which desperation alone could give, he sprang with uplifted cutlass upon Seymour, who received the fierce blow upon the edge of his own weapon, but so powerful and instantaneous was the shock, that he staggered several paces back, and with a vain effort to recover himself, fell prostrate to the floor. With one foot upon the breast of the pirate, young Elmore stood; a faint smile played on his lips as he gazed down upon him. With a nerved arm he raised his cutlass. One moment and his vengeance would be completed. Poised above his head for a moment his weapon fell, but an interposing blade received the blow intended for the pirate chief, and saved his life.

At that very instant young Elmore was seized in the powerful grasp of several of the pirates who had been drawn thither by the clash of weapons, and the heavy fall of their chief, who now freed, rose to his feet, and in a voice of unutterable rage said:

"Bind him quickly and convey him to the schooner. Let him not escape on your lives; I have to do with him."

His order was quickly obeyed, the unhappy young man was conveyed on board the pirate schooner, immediately followed by Seymour and his crew. Their inhuman work was ended. The ship had been thoroughly rummaged by the pirates, and as much of the most valuable part of the cargo as could be conveniently stowed away in the schooner had been taken by them. The schooner was now cleared from the ship, and in an hour was lost to view. It was noon on the following day that Seymour was pacing the deck of the schooner: an angry flush overspread his face, and his countenance betrayed the existence of some terrible thought within. Suddenly in a fierce tone, he ordered a boat, which had been taken from the Oriental, to be lowered away, and a running noose to be affixed to the foreyard arm. The orders of the chief were quickly obeyed.

"Now the prisoner: bring him on deck."

A moment elapsed and young Elmore, led by two of the pirates, stood upon the deck. With an unfaltering step he walked between the two ruffians, to within a few feet of where the chief stood. His face bore the stamp of deepest sorrow, yet he gazed with an eye undaunted into the face of the buccaneer; and as he caught sight of the yard-arm a slight smile parted his lips, and he cast at the monster before him, a calm yet scornful look of defiance. He knew he was doomed; yet his eye quailed not; he scorned to betray fear or emotion.

"Young man," said Seymour in a chiding tone, "you are to die! your death alone will appease those by whom you are now surrounded. Four of my crew, who but yesterday walked this deck were slain by you; and now your time has come. But you shall have the choice of the manner of your death. It was for this I sent for you."

Taking forth a small phial filled with a colorless liquid, and holding it forth in his hand, Seymour said:

"This contains the deadliest poison; one drop and life is fled. This, the yard-arm, or an open boat, are the three alternatives, of which you will have your choice. Decide quickly."

The eye of young Elmore rested for a moment upon the phial containing the fatal poison—one drop brought sure and speedy death. He glanced his eye aloft: the yardarm with its dangling noose met his gaze. Death there was as sure as the poison, yet not so instantaneous and far more terrible to the mind: he thought of the boat, adrift upon the open sea; with starvation, the most horrible of deaths, staring him in the face. Yet there was a ray of hope—faint, yet it was hope. For a moment he thought—his choice was made.

"Have you decided?" asked the chief.

"I have."

"Your choice?"

"The boat."

"'Tis well! yet methinks my choice would not have been thine. Comrades, he has made the choice. The boat—away with him."

Instantly the young man was seized and thrust over the side of the vessel into the boat.

"Am I to have no food?" he asked, as the fiends were about to cast him adrift.

"None?" answered Seymour.

"Water?"

"None," he again answered, with a fiendish smile upon his lips, as he leaned with folded arms against the bulwarks.

"Inhuman monster! this is worse than death;"

"It was thy choice," said he, "'tis too late to retract."

"Be it so, fiend, but I will yet live for revenge, revenge."

Seymour with his own hand cast the boat adrift; as he did so a flask of wine was thrust into the hand of young Elmore, by one of the crew, the only one among them who betrayed a look of pity. This caught the quick eye of the chief, and a terrible frown darkened his brow. Drawing a pistol from his belt, he fired, and he who had been guilty of pity, fell to the deck a corpse.

"That, for thy interference, fool!" he exclaimed in a voice of rage, as he returned the smoking instrument of death to his belt—"He'll make food for the sharks; over with him," he continued in a fierce tone. "Such be the fate of all who meddle with my purposes."

Elmore uttered an exclamation of horror, as the corpse sank into the waves at the side of the boat, and in a voice that smote to the hearts of all on board the schooner, exclaimed:

"May God's curse descend on you in your dying hour for this."

A moment more and the schooner was beyond the reach of his voice. A short time and the boat was but a speck upon the ocean; then was lost to the sight. With naught to protect him from the chilling air of night, or shield him from the burning heat of day; without one morsel of food, one draught of water, was young Elmore left to his fate.

Such were the scenes that marked the first capture of the Black Vulture. Such were the deeds that commenced the fearful and bloody career of William Seymour. From that time and for nearly a year the Black Vulture ploughed the Atlantic, the curse and scourge of its waters; and of her terrible fame we have alluded to at some length in the former chapters. Seymour had hoisted the free flag in defiance of all others; but towards the stars and stripes was his enmity the more exclusively directed. He had sworn himself forever an enemy to the flag of his country. He had sworn to become a terror to the Atlantic; his oath was kept.

For nearly a year, until the breaking out of the war, was his career marked by crimes of the darkest dye. Bloodshed and rapine everywhere followed his appearance. Favored by the superior speed of his schooner as also the disguise he had prepared for her, he roamed the Atlantic with impunity, and many and fearful were his piracies; till at length with the commencement of the war the Black Vulture disappeared from the waters.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PLOT.

THE war between the two countries had been a year carried on; when, towards the close of one of the loveliest days of summer, an American privateer schooner entered and came to anchor within the broad bay of the harbor of New York. At her peak floated the stars and stripes. At her main waved a small white flag, in the centre of which was represented the letter "R."

A thousand eyes had watched the schooner from the first moment she hove in sight, till she came to anchor in the bay; when a thousand voices swelled high upon the air with repeated cheers. The schooner was of the most beautiful model, and commanded praise from every lip. Her hull was painted a bright green, beautifully relieved by a narrow red ribbon around her waist. Her snow-white topsails, furled with all the nicety and precision of those of a man-of-war, contrasted vividly with the dead black hue of her yards and masts. The schooner had been half an hour at anchor, when a boat was lowered over her side, and in a moment put off from her. Upon one of the slips, amongst the numerous spectators who had been watching the privateer, stood Fitz Alwyn, arm-in-arm with a young associate.

"Ned, I believe she is making for this slip," said Fitz Alwyn to his companion, pointing to the boat now half way between the schooner and the slip, and making as he said towards the latter.

His conjecture was right; but a few moments elapsed, ere the boat touched at the slip, and a young man, neatly clad in a pair of snow-white flowing pants, and round, blue jacket, leaped lightly in the midst of the spectators, who gave way to the right and left, allowing him a passage. As he passed through their midst, his eye glanced upon the hundreds whose gaze was fixed on him, as if he sought recognizance. He had nearly cleared the crowd, when his eye fell upon one, who started as he met his gaze.

"Fitz Alwyn!" he exclaimed, springing towards the young man and grasping both his hands, "Fitz Alwyn, is this you? by Heaven! you are the one above all others whom I most wish to see."

"Good God! is this Bill Seymour?" exclaimed Fitz Alwyn, in a tone that expressed the deepest surprise. "It is, as I live."

"You have guessed aright," said the other. "But my name, not quite so loud here, if you please. How is this, Fitz? I see you don't sport the navy blue. How is it? has Uncle Sam graciously presented you your time, in consideration of past services, or did you leave him without his leave?"

"Why, to tell the truth, Bill, that little affair of ours, by some means, got wind, and some terribly knowing ones asserting their suspicions that I had to do with it, made quarters rather too hot for me, so to save Uncle Sam the disagreeable duty of discharging me I discharged myself. Several days after, I had the agreeable pleasure of reading in one of the prints, of one George Fitz Alwyn being cashiered from the U. S. N."

"Ha, ha! that pleasure was mine once, and I've had"—and he whispered in the ear of Fitz Alwyn—"revenge. But enough, Fitz, an hour before midnight meet me at Black Ben's. Will you?"

"An hour before midnight, yes I will."

The two young men now parted, and Seymour, walking rapidly through several streets, turned at last into a narrow and darkened lane, till at length he stopped and knocked at the door of a low building.

"Who's there?" asked a gruff voice in answer to the summons of the young man.

"Open the door, and you will know," answered Seymour.

"A bolt was withdrawn, and the door was opened by a tall negro, with a visage ugly and frightfully black.

"De Lord! Massa William, dis you. Bress me if I ever I spec to see you. Grasping the young man by the arm, he drew him within and bolted the door. "Lord bress you, whar you come from. Ya, ya, old Ben lubs to see old friends—old Ben lub Massa William."

"I know it," responded Seymour, "you're the same old boy; black as ever, and have the same good heart. But Ben, I'm here on business now. I want a room, and pen, ink and paper. Here, take this," and he placed in the negro's palm a shining, yellow coin.

"You shall hab dem, Massa William, you shall ham 'em, cum wid me."

Seymour followed the black into a small room, where in a few moments were set before him the materials he had requested.

"An hour before midnight," said he to the negro, "Fitz will be here to see me. Bring him here when he comes."

"Massa Fitz, he cum see me berry offin. I bring him when he cum."

At the appointed hour, Fitz Alwyn repaired to the house of Black Ben, and was shown by that personage into the room with Seymour. As he entered, Seymour grasped his hands and shook them heartily, and after gazing into his face for a moment, said—

"You are the same Fitz as you were two years ago when I last saw you. But tell me how does the world go with thee? Does fortune smile or frown?"

"Dame Fortune and myself are hand in hand," said Fitz Alwyn.

"And how does she use thee?"

"Well, a cool thousand she has yielded me this night, since three hours ago we met,"—and he spread out notes and coin to that amount.

"Fortune, indeed, smiled on you to-night; tomorrow, and she'll play thee false. Fitz, you should lead a freer life—one like mine."

"Privateering?" said Fitz, in a tone half-inquiring and half-sneer.

"The privateer wars with the flag her country wars with; there are freer flags afloat, Fitz." Seymour spoke this significantly, and he bent

his keen eye upon Alwyn, who uttered a single exclamation—"Ha!"—he glanced his eye at Seymour, and a sudden, dark suspicion, flashed through his brain.

"Seymour, what mean you?"

"Mean? that there are flags that war with all others; such a one is mine. Is my meaning now taken?"

"It is. By Heaven! you mean you are a pirate?"

"If thou canst not find a term more courteous, why call me—pirate."

Springing back several paces, Fitz Alwyn gazed with a look of deepest surprise at him, while yet an expression of doubt rested on his face.

"Fitz, have you ever heard of the Black Vulture?"

"The Black Vulture? I have, and who has not?"

"Did you ever see her?"

"No."

"You have. Fitz, I will speak plain and boldly. I am her commander; and she lies at anchor not a mile from here."

"Good Heavens! you the commander of the Black Vulture?"

"Ay! How would you like the life of free rovers of the sea?"

"Well, by Heaven!" exclaimed Fitz Alwyn, his eyes flashing fire.

"Will you join me? you have the second command?"

"I will. I am yours," said Alwyn, offering his hand to Seymour. It was hastily grasped by him, who said—

"Fitz, we are now one. I have placed myself wholly in your power. I am yours; you can betray me or not, as you will, yet I ask no oath of you. It was solely to find you that I came here. I have you, and as I wished; I have that in my mind which can only be accomplished by your aid. Can I rely upon it?"

"You can."

"Then listen. Fitz, I loved passionately, ay, madly loved a fair and beauteous maiden. I had a rival—he was my brother. To him she gave her heart. The maddening truth that she loved me not, but him, I heard from her own lips. I swore to thwart him in his love. I sought her, and would have ruined her, but he saved her. I fled, but swore terrible revenge. Fitz Alwyn, she must and shall be mine! It is now two years since I left home; and since then they have not heard of me save of my death—"

"Your death?" exclaimed Fitz Alwyn, with surprise.

"Ay, they think me dead. List—a year ago and more, in New Orleans, I was challenged—I fought and killed my man. He was a stranger there; none knew him or me. I gave my name for his, and so it was reported. In a disguised hand I wrote my brother informing him of his brother's death. The letter was received, as I learned afterwards. One year ago I was in Boston, a short time after this war commenced. There I saw my father and her whom I once loved. I saw my brother—my hated rival in love. I whispered one sentence in his ear that thrilled the blood in his very heart. I had but uttered it, when he turned—his eye met mine, but he knew me not—that sentence paralyzed for a time all bright thought within; it was a meaning one, and has yet to be fulfilled. It was thus: 'The hawk is on the wing; let the timid dove beware its stoop.' Such were the words I whispered him, just as he was leaving the pier, on which I stood, for a schooner that lay anchored beyond—a privateer; her name was the Flying Arrow, and he, as I learned, was her commander and owner, from his father. I saw the schooner depart; she was a beautiful craft, and had she been modelled after mine that lay anchored—disguised as she now is, within pistol shot of her—two crafts could not have been more like. I would have followed—would have fought him; but his schooner was manned by an hundred men, I had but forty. For twice that number I would have given worlds, had I possessed them. Revenge was beyond me then; I will seek it now at my soul's peril. Ere three suns have set, the Black Vulture shall be anchored in Boston Bay. My brother is doubtless now upon the ocean; if he is, Clara Wildon is mine."

"How and by what means will you accomplish this?" asked Fitz Alwyn.

"Easily, and by means of these," answered Seymour, throwing down as he spoke three letters upon the table, each bearing a superscription; "listen—your name, Fitz Alwyn, has often been spoken at home, as a friend, both by Warren and myself, and is familiar with those to whom these letters are directed. They are written in my brother's hand, and by heaven! he himself would own the writing, and yet forswear it. My plan is this. You are to have the command of the Rambler, as I call my schooner when in disguise. You noticed that her hull was painted green!"

"I did."

"It is but a covering that hides the blackest hull that floats the sea. But as I said, in this enterprise you are to have the command of the privateer schooner Rambler, and run her into Boston Bay. These letters you will deliver as they are directed. One to my father, one to the father of Clara Wildon, and the other to Clara herself. Hers is a tender epistle of love; love! ha! ha!"

Seymour laughed bitterly as he spoke, and tossing the letter to Fitz Alywn, said,

"You can read them all, then I will seal the one to her. I have written them this evening, and had but finished hers as you entered. These letters," continued he, as Fitz Alwyn finished them, "will gain for you the most cordial friendship from those who receive them, filled as they are with warmest praise from Warren, from whom they purport to be. After several days have passed, inform your friends that you will have to sail on some near approaching day, and invite them on board the Rambler for a pleasure trip. Invite a goodly number, and fail not in obtaining the consent of Clara Wildon to be one of the number. Once upon the deck of the Black Vulture she is mine, and forever. You have heard my plan and all I have to say. Are you mine in all this, or will you retract?"

"Retract! no, by heaven! I am yours. I like the game, and long to begin the play, were it this very night."

"You shall not wait long; ere to-morrow's sunset the privateer schooner Rambler shall be on her way to Boston. Meet me to-morrow at noon, at the slip we met to-night, or rather last, for it is morning now. I had not dreamed the time so far advanced. An hour past midnight I had ordered my men to come for me where they landed me—they wait for me. Fitz, remember, to-morrow noon; I will be there for you."

Both now left the house of Black Ben and separated till the morrow, when at the hour appointed Fitz Alwyn repaired to the slip where were in waiting Seymour and half a dozen of his crew, with a boat, into which he stepped, and in a few moments stood upon the deck of the Black Vulture.

"Come below, Fitz," said Seymour, taking the arm of the young man. "You must see the cabin. Get the schooner under weigh," he ordered, as he descended the companion-way.

As Fitz Alwyn entered the cabin, he was struck with astonishment at the lavish splendor that met his gaze, and he uttered an exclamation of wonder. The cabin of the Black Vulture was furnished in a style of gorgeous splendor and magnificence, that would have done honor to the seraglio of an Eastern prince.

"What think you of my cabin?" asked Seymour, after a few moments' silence.

"Had I been taken here without any knowledge of where I was, I should have sworn it was the boudoir of a queen rather than the cabin of a ——"

"Speak it out, Fitz; you mean the cabin of a pirate craft, do you not? ha! ha! You have paid it a compliment, Fitz, how think you it will please the taste of the fair Clara?"

"Why, as to the luxurious splendor that is here, a queen might be content. But a bird ensnared, and imprisoned within a gilded cage, would but pine for liberty; leave it a chance to escape and it would quickly leave the gilded prison-house for freedom and the green woods again."

"Sentimental, Fitz, but right, I suppose," said Seymour, with a laugh; "but there is no refuge upon the broad blue sea, if once the bird is imprisoned here."

"Ay! but first catch the bird—then keep it," said Fitz Alywn, in a tone that savored slightly of raillery.

"Well, I've set the snare; catch the game if I can. But come, let us on deck, the schooner is in motion." So saying, they left the cabin.

The schooner was well under weigh as they came on deck, and at sunset of the second day afterward was anchored in Boston Harbor. The arrival of the privateer schooner Rambler, the introduction of Fitz Alwyn, the delivery of the forged letters, and the too successful termination of the damnable plot of William Seymour, for the abduction of Clara Wildon, have already been recounted in a previous chapter, as also the sham mutiny on board the Black Vulture, and her departure with Clara Wildon, the victim of Seymour, on board and in the power of the pirate.

When torn from her father by the two ruffian pirates, she swooned, and was conveyed below to the cabin, where Fitz Alwyn was, who had been released as soon as he was taken from the deck. Depositing the lifeless form of Clara Wildon on a couch, the two men were peremptorily ordered to leave the cabin by Fitz Alwyn, who instantly proceeded, by every means devised, to restore the inanimate form of the young maiden to consciousness. He chafed her snow-white hands, laved her temples, and the most powerful aromatic drugs he applied to her nostrils, but without the slightest effect. For a time his efforts were unavailing. The seal of death seemed set forever upon her fair brow. When suddenly a slight shudder ran through her frame, followed by a violent trembling—a fearful start—and her eyes opened, and with a wild, vacant stare, she gazed round the apartment.

"O God! where am I?" she wildly exclaimed, "that dream—oh, it was a terrible dream. Methought I was torn from my father by savage men—but this place, it is so strange to me," and again she gazed round the room; her eyes fell upon Fitz Alwyn, who had started back when first she had revived.

"Fitz Alwyn!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet, "you here! Then it is no dream—oh, God! it is reality. My father, oh where is he? O, tell me, is he safe? is he unharmed? Yes, when too late," she added, bitterly.

"It *was* too late, indeed; but the order to tack and run the schooner for the city was upon my lips, when the signal for the foul outrage was given. The order was useless then: I should have betrayed my purpose, and been without power to befriend you now. As it was, I had well nigh lost all, when I gave the lie to him, who was interrogated by your father, as to whether I had aught to do with the base deed. What I thought had betrayed me, proved to have a favorable though mistaken impression upon one who, had he thought that I would play him false, would order me, without the slightest hesitation, to swing at the yard-arm. Yet I *have* played him false; he knows it not, that I have sworn to frustrate his damnable design."

"O, tell me, is my father safe?"

"He is," said Fitz Alwyn.

"Thank God, he is safe! but save me, Fitz Alwyn, from these dreadful men."

"I will, lady, I swear it."

"But you were thrown to the deck and bound, and now are free."

"It was so, Miss Wildon," said Fitz Alwyn, drawing near to her, and speaking in a low voice, "it was the work of treachery. Listen to me and you shall know all. It was through my agency, monster that I am, that you were placed here, and in the power of one who seeks, ay, one who has sworn your ruin. Who he is, you may not now know, but shall ere long. I lent my aid in this foul play, freely, as mere sport. O, that I had withdrawn it ere it was too late. Nay, reproach me not, fair lady, I would have saved thee ——"

CHAPTER XV.

THE COUNTERPLOT.

"WHO is he of whom you speak?" asked Clara of Fitz Alwyn.

"Not now, but to-morrow, I will inform you," answered he. "I must now depart. But remember, Miss Wildon, in me you have a friend. No harm shall come to you, while Fitz Alwyn breathes. Six hours ago I was his friend, now I am his sworn enemy, and thy friend; you will rest here to-night without fear. There is none who dare enter here but one, and he will not this night, and never if I can prevent it. To-morrow noon I will be here again; rest and fear not."

Fitz Alwyn left the cabin. Left alone, Clara threw herself upon the couch and burst into tears.

"O, cruel, cruel fate!" she exclaimed in her grief; "why was I torn from my home, from my only parent, whose grief is now perhaps greater than mine, My father, oh, why was I torn from thee? perhaps forever! The thought is torture. O, Warren! why were you not there to save? In whose power I am I know not, yet I fear—yes, I mistrust Fitz Alwyn along was the author of this deed. His words to me I fear were false. The one of whom he speaks, I believe none other than himself; yet he spoke with the semblance of earnest truth. He has said that he aided, but was not the originator. He says he is my friend, that no harm shall befall me, while he lives. May Heaven grant him the power, if his words are true, to protect me. O God! if he has spoken false, I fear a dreadful fate awaits me; I know not what. O! cruel, unaccountable destiny!—but I should not murmur; 'tis the will of One who watches over all."

She rose from the couch and paced the floor; and gave way to grief she could not banish. Hours she paced the floor of the cabin; rest came not to relieve the sorrowing maiden; sleep closed not her eyes, that long night of harrowing grief to her, till breaking morn, when nature, exhausted by her poignant grief, gave way; she sank into a gradual and profound slumber.

When Fitz Alwyn left the cabin, he went on deck; the sun was down, darkness was fast mantling the waters, and the schooner was flying rapidly before the wind, which swelled every inch of canvas. He walked forward and met Seymour, who thus accosted him:

"Well, Fitz, the bird is caged now, thanks to you. Ha! ha! she is mine now, and none can dispute it. Thus far my revenge is attained. Would to God I could see my brother when he returns; when he leaves the schooner, proud with the laurels he has won, for the home of his loved, betrothed bride; when he leaves his schooner buoyant with hope and love, to find her, whom he fondly loves, gone! torn from him forever. Ha, ha, would I could witness his agony when he learns the fate of Clara Wildon. Could I but see the burst of frantic, agonizing grief that will possess his soul, and rend asunder all bright hopes within him; then would the hatred that has long rankled within me, be assuaged; then would revenge, which has long burned here," and he smote his breast as he spoke, "be accomplished. Death and fury!" he exclaimed, suddenly and fiercely, "I have missed half my revenge. Why did I not reveal myself, when I had my prize secure, and made known into whose hands she had fallen, that he, my brother, might have known. But 'twill be enough for him forever. Ha, ha," bitterly he laughed, "will he not remember the words I whispered him? Will he not think those words of evil omen fulfilled? But enough, Fitz. How did you leave my fair captive?"

"I left her recovered from her swoon, but overwhelmed with the deepest grief," answered he.

"That, of course, was to be expected," said Seymour in a light and heartless voice. "Fitz, what if I visit her to-night and make myself known."

"It were not best, I think; wait till her grief somewhat subsides; to-morrow, or it were better if you would wait longer. To reveal yourself while grief bends her soul nearly to despair; would be a greater shock than her nerves could sustain. Be not now too rash, and foil yourself, Seymour—leave it to me; I will prepare her mind to receive you, that your first visit shall not be an unwelcome one. That it shall be wholly unattended by the slightest fear, or shrinking on her part, which you otherwise might. I will tell her of your love; the first, warm, passionate love, you bore her. I will tell her it was love unrequited, rejected, that made you what you are. I will tell her, that within your breast, love yet burns as brightly for her, as when rejected first. That if she will but consent to be yours, you renounce from that moment the life you now lead, and devote yourself wholly at the shrine of love, and live but to contribute to her happiness. I will tell her all this, Seymour, and if I do not succeed in getting you into her favor, why, then you can take your own course, for she is wholly in your power."

"Tell her of my wealth, Fitz; gold is a talisman seldom rejected."

"I will speak of your wealth. Gold has a powerful charm, I know. It has turned the heads of kings. Priests have sold their faith for gold. It has bought religious converts. It has triumphed over honor. Friendship is but its monitor. Truth has yielded to its irresistible charm. It has turned justice from its course. It has shut the eyes of the law ere now. It has compromised the darkest crimes. Gold has done all this, but it never bought the love of woman."

"It has bought her hand, and her consent, ere

now, Fitz," said Seymour with a light laugh, "but I leave the management of this affair to you, for a spell, Fitz, as you request it." He turned and walked aft.

"And I will manage to foil your hellish designs, monster!" exclaimed Fitz Alwyn to himself as Seymour left him. "To me she owes her unhappy lot, and for her safety will I sacrifice my own life."

The sun was just rising the next morn, when Seymour came on deck; he paced it several times, then descended the companion-way and stopped at the door of the cabin. He tried it—it was locked. Placing his hand against the door, he pressed firmly against it for a moment just above the small panel which, as he pressed, sank down without noise from sight. He looked for a moment through the aperture, then thrust in his arm and turned the key. Replacing the panel he opened the door and entered. Clara Wildon lay asleep upon the couch before him. He stood for a moment gazing at her, then noiselessly approached to where she lay. The long dark hair of the young girl was unbound and fell loosely over her shoulders. Her hands were clasped across her breast, her long silken lashes were moist with tears. Upon her cheek lay trembling a single tear-drop, and glistened like a pearl thrown upon carnation's richest bed. Seymour gazed in silence at the lovely maiden before him; a bitter smile of triumph passed his lips.

"She sleeps,—I'll not disturb her now, but yet I will not deny myself what she would deny me."

Bending over he imprinted upon her lips a kiss. She smiled in her sleep and whispered the name of Warren. A sweet dream was upon her. Seymour drew back.

"No, not Warren, but William!" he uttered in a bitter voice, which betrayed the unutterable hate with which he heard his brother's name. "Sleep on, fair maid, you are mine, sleep on. Your eyes will never again behold him. Dream on! dream you stand at the altar—his; wake and find you are mine. Ha, ha, this is my triumph."

Bestowing one glance more upon the sleeping maid, he left the cabin.

Eight days passed away from the time Clara Wildon had been torn from her home, during the greater part of which time Fitz Alwyn had been in her presence, as Seymour supposed, with a view of creating in her mind an interest in his behalf. And as Fitz Alwyn had told him, he had succeeded beyond his expectations."

"I have so wrought upon her mind," said he, "that I believe she has half forgotten Warren, and would, if you were to make an open and honorable offer to wed her, I believe accept it."

"Do you think so, Fitz? Faith, I have half forgotten my hate, and love her again. I would wed her even now, though I had sworn when in my power, she would sue in vain for that boon. I will see her."

"Not yet, I have gained an inch of ground in your favor, be not over hasty and take a foot. Wait, and I shall yet stand at your wedding."

Thus he had kept him day after day from visiting Clara; and held him in suspense. He had informed Clara into whose power she had fallen, of the whole damnable transaction, the success of which he had been instrumental in effecting. At her feet he had begged her forgiveness and received it. He tried in vain to have Clara receive a visit from Seymour, without betraying her abhorrence of him, as the only means of her safety. He knew that Seymour would not brook much longer delay; and would know that he had played him false. He knew that he had played him false. He knew that he was bearding the lion in his den; but he had sworn to keep inviolable the person of Clara Wildon at the hazard of his own life. He knew that Seymour would wreak his vengeance upon him in a terrible manner when assured of his treachery. But for this he was prepared. Of the seventy who formed the crew of the Black Vulture, thirty were bound to him by the most fearful oaths in any service he required of them. He had determined, when he could no longer stay the impatience of Seymour, to fall, with the men sworn to his purpose, upon the rest of the crew and gain the schooner into his own hands.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

We must look downwards as well as upwards in human life. Though many have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

WORDS SPOKEN IN A KINDLY TONE.

BY WM. H. DAVIS.

Words spoken in a kindly tone
Have power to ease the heart's distress,
And, like the songs of summer birds,
Fill it again with happiness.
As music ofttimes drives away
The cares that will beset us here,
So words, kind words, have power to stay
The soul's deep griefs and falling tear.

Words spoken in a kindly tone
Will make more fair the life of those
Who wander friendless and alone
Borne down with earth's incessant woes;
They are to the o'erburdened heart
A blessing rich in Sorrow's day,—
And when the tears ofttimes would start,
Kind words will wipe them all away.

ATTACK OF A BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

A CLOUD of gorgeous light flushed over the sky, spread upward and abroad, and, for a moment, the rich colors of an Eastern sunrise pictured themselves upon the horizon like an arch of fretted gold and powdered gems, broken and irregular—now standing out in abutments of fiery light or sinking back to the depths of the sky in caves of crimson, purple and pale violet, then flinging up turrets of amber and soft rose color to the zenith, and at last melting away in a sea of sheet gold, as the sun rose from behind the green trees of Hindostan. It was the hour of worship; the dawn had scarcely broken over the Ganges when the snowy temples and picturesque mosques which stood bedded in the foliage, and crowned the rocks which shot over the stream with their drapery of creeping vines, were flung open. From every casement and airy lattice were lavished forth showers of locus blossoms, with glossy green leaves and buds of full odor, the Brahmins' tribute to the holy waters, till the river, from shore to shore, seemed bursting into blossom beneath the warm sunshine. While the crested waves were trooping forward like crowds of bright-winged spirits sporting and rejoicing together among the blossoms thus lavished upon them, a budgero, or state barge, followed by a train of baggage-boats, shot out from the shadow of a grove of banian trees, and with its silken penants streaming to the morning air made its way up the stream.

It was a princely sight—that long, slender boat—as it flashed out into the broad sunshine—its gilded prow curving gracefully up from the water in the form of a peacock with burnished wings, jewelled crest and neck of scaly gold—the sides swelling gently out at the bows and sloping away to the stern, till they met in two gilded horns of exquisite workmanship, the smaller ends twisted together and forming the extreme point of the boat. The rose colored mouths curved gently outward, from which a hoard of fruit, colored and carved to a perfect semblance of nature, seemed bursting away over the foaming waters as she cut her path gracefully through them, leaving a long wreath of foam, curling and flashing in her track. In the broadest part of the deck stood a small pavilion, its dome paved with mother of pearl and studded with precious stones; its pillars of fluted ivory half hidden by a rich drapery of orange and azure silk, fringed and festooned to the fretwork of the dome, with ropes of heavy silk, twisted and tasselled with silver.

Within the pavilion, on a carpet glowing with the rich dies of Persia, half-sat, half-reclined, an elderly native, robed in all the splendor of an oriental prince, with his eyes half closed and apparently dropping into a quiet slumber. The mouth-piece of his hooka lay idly between his thin lips, its jewelled lengths glittered against his silken vest and then burst away, coil after coil, like a serpent writhing in a bed of flowers, till it ended in a bowl of burning opal stone, from which a wreath of perfumed smoke stole languidly upward and floated among the azure drapery like clouds moving in the depths of a summer sky. Directly opposite, on a pile of orange-colored cushions, lay a female, young and beautiful as a houri. Her robe of India muslin, starred and spotted with gold, was open in front, betraying a neck of perfect beauty and but half concealing the graceful outline of her person; her bright hair was banded back from her forehead with a string of oriental pearls, and fell over the silken cushions in a multitude of long black braids, as long as almost to reach her feet while she retained her reclining position. She had the full large eye of her fiery clime, long cut and full of brightness, but shaded with heavy, silken lashes, which lent them a languishing and almost sleepy softness. A smile was continually melting over her full, red lips, and the whole expression of her face was one of mingled softness and energy. Behind her cushions stood a youth of slender, active form, with a high, finely moulded forehead, and eyes kindling with the fire of a proud but restrained spirit. Yet, though his port was almost regal and his bearing princely, he was in the humble costume of a Hindoo slave. The hand which should have been familiar with the sabre hilt, was occupied in waving a fan of gorgeous feathers above the reclining princess. Occasionally, when the fair girl would close her eyes as if lulled to sleep by the musical dipping of the oars, he would fix those expressive eyes upon her, as the devotee dwells upon the form of his idol. The bold menial had dared to look upon the loveliest maiden and the loftiest princess in all Hindostan, with eyes of love. And she, the brightest star of her father's court, the affianced bride of a prince, as proud and as wealthy as her own haughty sire,—had she forgotten her lofty caste to lavish her regard on the person of a slave? Those who had looked upon the expression of those soft eyes, unclosing beneath his passionate gaze, as the starry blossoms open to the sunbeams, might have read an answer which spoke much for the warm-hearted woman, but little for the dignity of regal birth.

The old Rajah, as he reclined, apparently half asleep, marked the mingled glances of the youthful pair, and a wicked, crafty expression stole over his face; a light gleamed out from his half-opened eyes, which told how dark and subtle were his secret thoughts,—he lay like a serpent nursing its venom for a sudden spring.

The day was becoming sultry, and the train of boats made its way slowly up the shadowy side of the stream. The oarsmen bent wearily over their oars, for the atmosphere, which slumbered about them, had become oppressive, with the perfume which rose in clouds from the oleander thickets, and the thousand budding vines that flung their garlands over the water, and chained the tree-top into one sea of blossoming vegetation. A short distance up, the high bank curved inward, and a little cove lay glittering in the sunlight, hedged in by a sloping hill which was covered with rich herbage and crowned by a thick grove, heavy with ripe bananas and other Eastern fruits. On the lower swell of the bank, two lofty palm trees shot up into the air, branching out at the top, in a cloud of thick green foliage, impervious almost, to the hot sunshine, which fell broadly on that side of the river.

The old Rajah fixed his eyes on the stately palms, as the boat gradually neared them; while he gazed, the glittering branches which had hitherto remained motionless, began to tremble and wave to and fro. The leaves shivered; a low, rustling sound was heard, as if a current of wind had suddenly burst over them; and then the head and half the body of a huge serpent shot up from the mass of leaves, swayed itself back and forth in the sunshine for a moment, and then darted back with the same rustling sound into his huge nest of leaves. The old Rajah's eyes kindled with a subtle fire; and he commanded his attendants to enter a baggage-boat and proceed to the banana grove for a supply of fresh fruit. "Moor the boat in the inlet beneath the two palms, and let Jaje remain with her," he commanded, pointing to the handsome slave who stood behind his daughter. The slave made his salam, and was about to step into the boat, when the princess called to him: "Thou shalt not remain idle," she said with a smile, "let thy task be to gather some of those lilies which spring up from that bed of white sand, just within the cove, and scatter them over my cushions should I be asleep when the boat returns, their perfume will bring me pleasant dreams."

The slave bent his turbaned head and sprang into the boat. The princess half rose from her cushions and watched the party as they drew towards the shore. The slave, Taje, moored the boat and brought an armful of the beautiful white lilies she had desired, and laid them carefully in the prow, where he seated himself to wait for his companions. Her eyes were fixed with a kind of dreamy abstractedness on the cove, when she saw the tops of the palm trees in commotion; the heavy leaves began to shiver again and the slender branches crashed, as with the force of a hurricane. As she looked, that huge serpent began to coil itself like the stem of a great vine, downward, around the palm; his neck glistening, his head thrust out a little from the trunk, and his hungry eyes fixed on the slave who had dropped asleep in the boat. The princess sprung to her feet with a cry of horror, and then stood motionless, and white as death; her fingers locked and her pale lips moving, but speechless. She was striving to cry out, but her voice was choked in her throat. She saw the monster thrust his head far out from the trunk of the palm, and then the horrid glitter of his back as he unfolded coil after coil, and flung half his length into the boat, gleamed before her distended eyes. With a cry, that rung over the waters like the shriek of a maniac, she fell upon the deck, and with her face buried in her hands lay quivering in every limb like a dying creature.

"Peace!" thundered the old Rajah, lifting her form from the deck and flinging it on the cushions, "Peace, ingrate! What is the dog of a slave to thee? Look up and witness his just punishment!" As if nothing could appease his thirst for vengeance, he tore the hands from the shuddering creature's face, and again half lifting her from the pile of cushions, forced her to look upon the appalling scene. The serpent had coiled itself around its victim, while yet one part of its huge length was twisted about the palms. She gazed with a dizzy brain on the mottled folds as they writhed glistening and swelling eagerly around their struggling victim. She saw the glossy neck flung upward with a curve that brought the head with its fierce gloating eyes, and its forked tongue quivering like a fiery arrow from the open jaws, over the crouching slave. A low smothered cry of mortal agony arose from the boat, then a shout and a rush of men from the grove. She saw the gleam of their hatchets and pikes as they fell upon the monster. She saw the horrid folds that begirt her lover relax, and then with a faint gasp she fell back in her father's arms sick and entirely senseless. "Dog!" cried the fierce old man, seizing the rescued slave as he ascended the side of the barge, pale and haggard as a corpse, yet bearing the lilies which his mistress had ordered in his arms—"Dog! crocadile! Thou hast escaped the serpent, but who shall save thee from the vengeance of a disgraced father?" The old man's cimeter flashed upward as he spoke. The slave drew his fine form proudly to its height and fixed his stern calm eyes full on the old Rajah's. "Rash old man," he said, "what would you of me? True, I have won the love of your daughter, but if you seek vengeance for the wrong, claim it not of Taje, the slave, but of the prince Arungzebe, her affianced husband, for, by the holy stream which hears us, I am that man!"

The Rajah's eye quailed beneath that stern glance and the cimeter fell to the deck with a ringing sound. The youth calmly put away the hand which the fierce old man had fixed on his arm, and taking a sealed parchment from the folds of his turban gave it to him. The Rajah took it with a shaking hand—glanced at the signature and then opened his arms to receive his son-in-law. The youth leaned for a moment on his bosom and then they went into the pavilion together. When the princess awoke from her swoon, her father was sitting on his carpet smoking his hooka, as quietly as if nothing had happened. The scent of freshly gathered lilies hung about her cushions, and her rescued lover was bending over her. "O, I have had a terrible dream" she said passing her slender hand over her eyes, "a—but you are very pale, was it real?" She started up and looked toward the cove. The two palm trees stood towering in the sunshine, the bark here and there torn from their trunks, and the thick branches broken and dangling in the air, like rent banners streaming over a battle field, the heavy grass was trampled and soiled with blood, and a huge boa-constrictor lay stretched upon the white sand mutilated and dead.

THE RED SEA.

The name Red Sea is derived from large portions being covered with patches, from a few yards to some miles square, composed of microscopic vegetables, or animalcula, particularly abundant in spring, and which dye the water an intensely blood-red. When not affected by these organic beings, the deep waters are intensely blue, and the shoal waters shades of green.

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THE LIBRARIES.

We can boast, as yet, of but few large libraries in the United States, comparatively speaking, but we are coming up as fast as we conveniently can. The increased stimulus given to learning of late years is doing its own work rapidly. Of European libraries, we have the following interesting facts in our possession:—The largest library in the world is that of the British Museum, and contains forty miles of shelves. The Imperial Library of St. Petersburg stands next in size, and contains about 580,000 volumes. The Imperial Library of Vienna probably contains somewhat under 400,000 volumes, including MSS. The Royal Library of Berlin, about half a million; Munich somewhat fewer; Copenhagen about 400 000; Breslau, 350,000; Dresden, 300,000; the University Library at Gottingen, 360,000. The famous Library of the Vatican is less remarkable for the number of its volumes, than for the value of its MSS., and the inaccessibility of its treasures. The number of printed books is variously estimated at between 300,000 and 500,000! The former, however, is considerably nearer the truth. The value of the manuscript collection, believed to number about 25,000, cannot be over-estimated. The books are kept in closed cases, and there is no catalogue—two great causes of the mystery which surrounds the collection.

A CALIFORNIA CABIN.

The picture of a California cabin, which is furnished on page 168, vividly recalls the experiences of thousands to their minds again. It is a gay scene, and as primitive as any in any history. Xenophon, at the head of his famous ten thousand, could fall to and split up wood for kindling, and straightway all follow his example; how many scions of "first families" on the Atlantic side, have kneeled over the fire, like the young man in the picture, and cooked excellent meals for his hungry companions, we should not like to undertake to say. The accommodations are scanty, but a lucky strike makes up for that; these earnest fellows are only getting together something that will secure them permanent accommodations where they came from. The scene is crowded with life. Look at the poor fellow asleep in his bunk; the visitor, with the pistols, to whom the others are exhibiting a newly found lump of gold; the bottles and other utensils; the fire blazing in the chimney; all tell their stirring story, which, years hence, will be a wonder to all who shall read them.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.

Not to have been weighed on a pair of these famous scales, is not to have been weighed at all. The reader will get an idea of them, from a cut on another page. These famous scales have made their inventors' names as common over the country as the phrase—"*E Pluribus Unum.*" Their accuracy, whether for scruples or tons, is undoubted. The works of the Messrs. Fairbanks are among the places of public note in New England, being situated in St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

The book publishing business holds its ground, though not a great deal is looked for in that quarter at present. It wouldn't do us all any harm, to stop and run over the books that have been published already.

We should not have dreamed of such a thing, only a few years ago, as that the prairie hen of the West, would constitute one of our chief winter delicacies here at the East.

The reception one meets with when, dropping in, self-invited, one happens to be the thirteenth at dinner, is termed—*artificial ice.*

It is commonly said that all men are ready to give their opinions. A slight mistake; *lawyers* always *sell* theirs.

"I DARE NOT!"

The spirit of this little phrase has made a great deal more than its share of mischief in the world. So many people make their "I dare not" wait upon their "I would," that they accomplish next to nothing. Some men get up a courage by a sort of physical, rather than mental, effort: they start to their feet, sing or shout aloud, thrash their arms and legs about, and, on the whole, feel quite ready to march up to the task before them. Such have never yet penetrated beneath the rind of their own natures. Others require to get into a tumult of feeling, or else an outright passion, before they can quite come to the point, and then go off with a report like that of a pistol. Such have not yet attained to the possession of a calm courage, growing still calmer as it grows deeper.

But we are all of us afraid of our shadows. Our ill-educated imaginations, at best but an ebb and flow of diseased feeling or fear, take the very nerve out of our hearts, and make our best actions hollow and pithless. If these could be kept under, or, like certain kinds of playful fish, turn to us only their bright side, we should trust to reason and wil more, and be altogether more sensible creatures. It is wrong to begin with frightening children with bugbear stories; they work in the nature as long as breath is left in the body. Let men and women be brought up to fear nothing, and in time there will be no timidity left to make people such fools. It is a poor excuse indeed for a man, that he pleads want of courage; and when we know it to be so much a matter of training and acquirement, there is no reason for anybody's going long without its invaluable aid.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

If it be true—as no one can doubt—that a popularity of long continuance is a proof of sterling merit, then the famous SEWING MACHINES of I. M. Singer & Co. are the best articles of the kind known. The name of Singer as much belongs now to a Sewing Machine as that of Napoleon does to France. The firm manufacture a great variety of sizes of their wonderful apparatus, at prices to match. They have done the noblest service for the professional sewing-woman, and relieved hundreds and thousands from suffering; besides this, they have, by their own operations, like the locomotive engine, created a demand for themselves. They all make the interlocked stitch with two threads—the best stitch known. All kinds of work are performed by these witches, and no sewer who has ever played on these delicate and facile instruments would consent to do without them while she lived. They have wrought a wonderful revolution of themselves, and held their ground against the most skilful competitors.

THE CREEDS OF THE WORLD.

It has been carefully estimated that, if we set down the population of the world at 1,300,000,000, the Asiatic religions number 600,000,000, or about 40 per cent.; the Christian religion 335,000,000, or about 25 per cent.; Pagans 200,000,000, or about 15 per cent.; Mohammedans, 160,000,000, or about 12 per cent. The 335,000,000 Christians are again divided into 170,000,000 Roman Catholics, or about 50 per cent.; 89,000,000 Protestants, about 25 per cent., and 76,000,000 Greek Catholics, about 22 per cent.

The sixth number of GLEASON'S LITERARY COMPANION has come to hand, and we unhesitatingly pronounce it to be, not only one of the best, but the very best Literary paper in the United States, without any exceptions.

In this number, that thrilling and intensely interesting story, entitled "The Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe," by Major POORE, is concluded, and is by far the most interesting story that we have had the pleasure of reading for a long time. Subscribe for it, by all means, if you want one of the richest gems in the literary world.—*Princeton, Mo., Reporter.*

Out of all the royal and imperial wives of France, there are but thirteen on whose memory rests no stain. Of the fifty-four others, eleven were divorced; two died by the executioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly treated; three were exiled; the characters of three were very bad, and the prisoners and the heart-broken made up the remainder.

They say they have no hydrophobia in Cyprus and Egypt. We needn't have here, either.

Wayside Gatherings.

The name of Mr. Hawthorne's new book is The Marble Faun.

Asparagus and strawberries were for sale in Savannah Feb. 27th.

The internal improvements of Texas are advancing with rapid strides.

There were fifteen murders in New York city last year, and fifty-nine suicides.

During the last fiscal year the total imports of wine, as officially recorded, were 2,954,232 bottles.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton is so dangerously ill that very slight hopes are entertained of her recovery.

It cost the members of the N. Y. Seventh Regiment $20 each to go to Washington to help inaugurate the statue.

The stones on the corner of the Merchants' Exchange, in Boston, are larger than any single stone in Cleopatra's Needle.

The new war steamer Pocahontas, at Norfolk, has been ordered to the Gulf of Mexico, under the command of Com. Hazard.

The Newburyport *Herald* announces that ship building revives a little as an increased demand for vessels encourages the merchants.

The shipment of smelts from Bath and vicinity this year is but little, if any, short of one hundred tons, at five cents per pound.

The Fire Department of New York reports that there are many stores, warehouses and manufactories in that city which are very insecure.

Charles Smith of Newburyport, has an apple tree in his garden that bears a mixed fruit, one side of each apple being sour, and the other sweet.

Somebody (Prentice, perhaps, he says so many things) says the life of a newspaper, like human existence, is dependent upon "the circulation."

A gentleman in St. Louis with a pistol shot an apple from the head of another gentleman in a pistol gallery a few days since. They stood ten paces apart.

The Gothamites have become such inveterate frog eaters that an enterprising citizen of New Jersey has prepared ponds for propagating frogs for the table.

With a view to revive something like a taste for pure English comedy, a spirited London manager is about to offer one thousand guineas for an original one.

It is rumored in England that M'lle Piccolomini will soon leave the stage. It is said that she does so in accordance with the solicitations of her family and friends.

Mrs. Stowe, when in Switzerland, asked a poor peasant how he would like to emigrate to our far-famed America. "Ah," said he, "I have lived too long in view of noble old Mont Blanc!"

The foreman of the New York bonded warehouse has "departed,"—taking $30,000 worth of diamonds with him, which were seized by the U. S. Marshal some time since as smuggled property.

A descent was made upon a gang of counterfeiters at Lexington, Mo., who were caught in the act of altering bills on the Farmers' Bank of Rhode Island to Farmers' Bank of Wisconsin, and raising the denominations of other notes, including the Farmers' Bank of Lexington, to twenties.

Foreign Items.

The Spaniards are preparing to attack Tangier.

Two Paris papers have received official warnings.

Several political reforms are about to be inaugerated in Australia.

Lord Elgin is going to China a second time on an errand of peace.

Russia does not consider the proposals of England a settlement of the Italian question.

The Pope's emissaries in Germany have had poor success in agitating for their master.

Prussia is likely to fall in with the views of England on the Italian question.

Sir Wm. Napier, the author of the History of the Peninsular War, is dead.

The French soldiers in Rome have been informed that all furloughs are suspended.

The Spanish Cabinet will listen to no proposals of peace from Morocco until Tangier has been taken.

Austria will not desert the peace basis on which she claims the treaty of Villafranca was established.

There are reports in Paris of an approaching Congress of the Five Great Powers, without Austria, relative to the English proposals.

The Spaniards are determined literally to "carry the war into Africa." They mean to fight the Moors till the latter cry—Enough!

A proclamation is in circulation exhorting the Sicilians to rise and reinstate Southern Italy with her former rights in Europe.

Throughout Austria, every Prince will receive a separate constitution and an administration according to the wants of the different nationalities.

Sands of Gold.

Society has need of poets, as the night has need of stars.

The weapons of the mind are sharpened by collision.

What we suspect, often effects us more than what we experience.

The pupil of the eye is small, yet all heaven is painted there.

If you shut up birds in cages, you rob the woodlands and you rob the birds.

Some men make all their progress in life as witches say their prayers—backwards.

Meditation lifts the human soul out of its prison, and makes it breathe the air of heaven.

The archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it.

Without entire confidence, friendship and love are but mockeries, and social intercourse a war in disguise.

Idleness is the very source of sin. Standing pools gather mud, and nourish and feed venomous creatures.

A good-hearted fellow may willingly lend a crutch to halting humility, and yet take delight in tripping up the stilts of pretension.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding, by experience; the most ignorant, by necessity; and brutes, by nature.

How many pleasant reminiscences revive in our memories whilst thinking of a departed friend, like secret writing brought out by the kindly warmth of the fire.

Joker's Olio.

Boots—The made of awl-work.

A silent wag—The wag of a dog's tail.

Winter comfort for lawyers—Coke on fire.

Gambling Banks—The Mississippi banks are great in Bluff.

The way the Highway Commissioners feather their nests—By robin.

Odd—That rivers should be so full just where they *empty* themselves.

The real New England Revolver—The spinning wheel.

Uniform love is now defined as the love of a girl for a cadet.

If a small boy is called a lad, is it proper to call a bigger boy a ladder?

The Vermonter who attempted to snuff out the gas-light with his fingers, screamed "Bloody murder, your pesky candlestick's a fire!"

If Virginia is the mother of Presidents, then Pennsylvania must be the father, for it is universally known as Pa.

The young lady who saw a baby without kissing it, has acknowledged that her friend's bonnet is handsomer than her own.

We like steamboat officers and hate rascals; but we will always thank them both alike to give us "a *wide berth.*"

Isn't it singular that an ill-natured shopkeeper should ever offer to sell his good will when all the world knows he hasn't any?

A notorious political editor boasts that every number of his paper "tells." Unquestionably it does, but not *the truth.*

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Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

LIFE.

BY BOLIVAR J. HOWE.

O, what is life? A busy scene,
Where each and all must act a part;
Where joys are few and far between,
While sorrows crush the feeling heart;
And yet this scene will soon be o'er,
And we shall tread the stage no more!

O, what is life? A gliding stream,
Whose current bears us swiftly on;
Its shores awhile with pleasure gleam,
But soon their radiant hues are gone;
And all its waves, so glad and free,
At length are lost in Time's wide sea.

O, what is life? A transient day,
Whose morning hours are quickly past;
Noon comes with bright, meridian ray,
But noontide splendors cannot last,
And Night with its oblivious pall
Comes round us and o'ermantles all.

O, what is life? A beauteous flower,
Beneath the smiling summer sky,
Which blooms its bright but fleeting hour,
Then hastens to decline and die;
And not a single sign nor trace
Ere long is left to mark its place.

Such is life! And man should learn
To seek a more congenial clime;
His thoughts to loftier themes should turn,
And look beyond the bounds of time,
To that unfading world of bliss
For which we should prepare in this.

For no loved scene shall pass away,
No stream be lost in ocean's wave,
No day shall close,—no flower decay,
In that bright land beyond the grave;
But, blest with new, unfailing powers,
A happier life shall there be ours.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

HENRY FIELD'S LEGACY.

BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

"MASSY sakes alive, child! what's got into you? You've actilly poured milk into your plate, and put butter in your tea!"

Such was the remark made by Mrs. Hepsibah Walker to her daughter Lucy, the time being at breakfast. Lucy looked up in confusion, and said—

"I was thinking, mother."

Thinking! Well, if you was thinking, how did you happen to do it?"

"I mean I was thinking of something else."

"And I should like to know what that something is. It must have been something more than common, or you wouldn't have acted so. I never heard of such a thing."

"The truth is, mother," said Lucy, with a rosy flush on her pretty features, "I've had an offer."

"La me, child, an offer!" exclaimed the widow Walker (for such was her situation.) "Who was it? Tell me, quick."

"It was Henry Field," said Lucy, in a low tone, giving a side glance at her mother's face, to see how she received it.

The fact was, that the young man was by no means indifferent to Lucy, and she had about made up her mind to accept him; consequently, she was a little anxious to see how her mother appeared.

"Oh!" returned Mrs. Walker, in disappointment. "I was in hopes it was Alfred Jones."

"Alfred Jones is a gawky, a disagreeable fellow, and I can't bear him," said Lucy, warmly.

"He's worth four times as much as Henry Field, Lucy," said her mother, reprovingly. "The farm his father left is worth as much as eight thousand dollars, and he's got enough money besides to make it up to ten. So 'taint best to fly out ag'in' him so much."

"I don't care how much he is worth, mother," said Lucy. "Precious little good it will do his wife, if he ever gets one. They say he is as tight as—well, I don't know what; and he don't dress hardly decent."

"Well, I can't give my consent to your marrying Henry Field," said Mrs. Walker.

"What is your objection to him, mother? Isn't he steady?"

"Well, yes, so far as I know on," admitted the widow.

"And handsome, and pleasant, and good?" urged Lucy, rapidly.

"I always said that my darter should marry rich," said the mother, obstinately; "and Henry Field haint got nothing but the little cottage he lives in and the garden belonging to it."

"He has a good trade, mother, and can support a wife as well as I care to be supported."

"Massy sakes, child, haint you got no ambition?" asked the mother. "I want you to live genteel when you are married, and not in that little cottage."

"Isn't it better to have a good husband and a small house, than a large house and a husband you hate worse than poison?"

"It aint no use talking, Lucy. I like Henry Field well enough. He means well, but he wont never be rich; and when you do get married, I want you to have a pianner and black stuffed chairs, and keep a horse and shay. I've set my mind on your being genteel, Lucy, and I want you to regulate your marriage accordingly."

I suppose the reader by this time can judge as well of Mrs. Walker's character as I can. She was a very good sort of a woman, but not very strong-minded. She had a weakness in favor of gentility and show, and wanted her daughter to elevate the family by a marriage which would place her at the head of a large establishment. Lucy was very little like her mother. She bore a stronger resemblance to her father, who had been a plain, straightforward man, and whose own good sense had kept his wife in check.

Lucy was now placed in a quandary. She did not like to disobey her mother, wrong as she thought her to be; nor, on the other hand, did she feel willing to give up Henry Field, who, she was sure, loved her truly, and whom she was warmly attached to. The mental contrast between him and Alfred Jones, a young man of narrow mind, and with a reputation for stinginess, and who, besides, was far from handsome, (and this had some weight with Lucy,)—I say this comparison only inclined her the more strongly in favor of Henry Field. Her mother's disapproval, however, perplexed her not a little, and she went out to walk, pretty sure of meeting on the way with Henry, with whom she wished to consult.

It was not long before she really met her lover, who, as a matter of course, was anxious to learn how his suit prospered.

Lucy, in reply, mentioned her mother's objections, and the grounds which she alleged—viz., that he was not so rich as Alfred Jones.

"I don't know but I have a prospect of becoming so," said the young man, smiling. "I have had a legacy since I saw you last."

"Indeed!" said Lucy, eagerly. "What is it?"

"It is a Newfoundland dog, that belonged to my Aunt Rachel. She bequeathed it to me, together with a fund of a hundred dollars, the interest of which is to be devoted to the dog's maintenance."

"Is the dog a large one?" asked Lucy.

"Yes."

"Then it may be called a large legacy."

"Yes, I suppose so—though it will not probably make me much richer."

"Never mind, Henry," said Lucy, her eyes sparkling with merriment; "do just as I tell you, and that legacy may induce my mother to give her consent to our marriage."

"How do you mean?" inquired Henry, looking a little puzzled.

"This is what I mean: In the first place, you are not to mention what this legacy is to any one; you can merely say that you have had one. I will go right on to Nancy Sparks, and tell her about it, and you may rest assured it will be all over the town in a short time. Among the rest, it will get to my mother's ears, and if she don't hear what the legacy is, she will look favorably upon our suite."

"Capital!" exclaimed the young man, laughing. "I never expected to feel so grateful for the legacy as I shall be, if this plan is successful."

In pursuance of her plan, Lucy at once proceeded to favor Miss Nancy with a call. That lady welcomed her with great demonstrations of delight, declaring that she was a great stranger.

"By the way, Miss Sparks," said Lucy, after a while, "I suppose you've heard the news?"

"News! Good gracious, no!" said the spinster, with the greatest earnestness. "Do tell me what it is. Who is it about? I am dying to know."

"About Henry Field's legacy."

"You don't say he has a legacy! Who was it from?"

"From a relation, I believe."

"And how much was it?"

"Mr. Field doesn't seem disposed to tell. I understand, however, that it is a *large* legacy."

"Good gracious! aint he lucky? Has it got round much?"

"No, I presume not. I learned it from him, and he had told no one else, I believe."

This assurance made the news much more valuable to Miss Sparks, who liked exceedingly to have the exclusive retailing of a piece of news.

Accordingly, when Lucy had left the house, as she considerately did within a very short time, she at once threw on her bonnet and shawl and ran over to her next neighbor, Mrs. Baker.

"O, Mrs. Baker, have you heard the news?" she inquired, half out of breath.

"What is it, Miss Sparks?"

"Henry Field has had a great legacy left him by one of his relations. He doesn't tell exactly how much it is, but it is thought that it can't be less than five thousand dollars."

"Goodness gracious! you don't say so, Miss Sparks! Well, some folks is lucky. I only wish somebody'd leave me that amount."

"So do I, Mrs. Baker. But he'll be quite a catch for the girls now, wont he?"

"So he will; but then, I always considered him a fine young man. But wont you stay longer, Miss Sparks," observing that the spinster was putting on her bonnet and adjusting her shawl.

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Baker. I only called in for just a minute. I've got several calls to make this afternoon, but I thought I'd just look in upon you."

"I'm glad you did, Miss Sparks. You always seem to know what's going on, and a body likes to hear, now and then."

"So they do, Mrs. Baker. I don't know how it is, but, somehow, I manage to keep up with the times."

On her way to her next calling-place, Nancy Sparks encountered Henry Field himself.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Field," said she, "on your handsome legacy."

"Thank you, Miss. Sparks. So you have heard of it!"

"Yes; a little bird came and told me. But I haven't heard the amount."

This was said insinuatingly, and meant to elicit an answer.

"I am not prepared to tell the amount at present, Miss Sparks," said the young man, courteously. "But this I may say with truth, that it is a large legacy."

"Well, I am sure, Mr. Field, you beat all for luck. Have you come into possession yet?"

"Not yet; but I expect to within a week."

This was enough for the spinster. She was content to know that she was as much in the young man's confidence as any one else, and forthwith set out once more on her round of gossip.

It may be safely said that, in the course of a couple of hours, there were comparatively few in town who were not in the secret of Henry Field's accession of fortune. Among the rest, the widow Walker heard of it. By the time it reached her, the legacy had swelled to ten thousand dollars—and it might be more: that, however, was reported as certain.

It is wonderful what a difference this made in the good widow's estimate of our hero. He at once rose a hundred per cent. in her estimation, and became a more desirable match for her daughter than Alfred Jones.

"Lucy," said she, "I've been a considerin' about what you told me yesterday about Henry Field, and if you and he choose to marry, I don't know that I have any objection ag'in' him. I always thought he was a fine young man."

Lucy was not slow in communicating this welcome intelligence to her lover and, it may be added that he was not very long in acting upon it. But the widow always shakes her head whenever she thinks of her son-in-law's large legacy.

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE.

A certain king of Spain had promised to bestow relief upon the people of the country round Burgos, who had been ruined by war. They flocked to the palace, but the door-keepers would not let them in except on condition of having half of what they should get. Having consented to this, the countrymen entered the royal hall, where their leader knelt at the monarch's feet, and said, "I beseech your Majesty to command that every one of us here shall receive a hundred lashes." "An odd petition truly," said the king; "why do you ask for such a thing?" "Because," said the peasant, "your Majesty's Chamberlain and the door-keepers insist on having half of whatever you give us."

HANDSOMELY TAKEN IN.

Captain Archibald Weston was a noble specimen of a fine old American gentleman. He kept the handsomest horses and owned the best estate in all the country, and his heartiness of manner and cordiality of soul, made him beloved and honored by his constituents, who he had repeatedly represented in the halls of the Legislature of the State. But Captain Archibald Weston had, like all other men, his weak points, and sometimes he would meet an unscrupulous neighbor who would not hesitate for a moment, if opportunity offered, to turn them to his advantage. One hot day, as he was returning homeward from a visit to a distant field, with a heavy new overcoat, which he had taken with him in anticipation of rain, folded across his arm, he overtook a young sallow-faced man, who was walking in the same direction, and accosted him with:

"Here, Jim, you just carry my coat along a little way, until we reach my gate."

Much to his astonishment Jim made not a word of objection, but took the coat and walked along beside him in silence. Pretty soon, however, his pace slackened and he began to lag a little behind.

"Halo!" said the captain, "if you can't walk faster, I'll take the coat myself."

"Why, you see, sir," said Jim apologetically, "I've just come from the fever hospital and I aint very strong yet. I reckon you'd better carry it."

"The fever hospital!" shouted the captain, who entertained a holy horror of all contagious diseases. "Did you say that you came from the fever hospital?"

"To be sure I did," said Jim; and his eye twinkled mischievously: "I came out this morning. Here's your coat, sir."

"Keep off! keep off!" cried Captain Weston, his fat frame quivering with excitement. "If you come near me I'll knock you down. The fever hospital! you rascal; why didn't you tell me before? Don't you touch me! Take that coat away! Burn it, sir! Never come near me again. O, Lord! O, Lord! what if I've caught the fever. Be off, you villain, be off."

Poor Jim took to his heels with the coat, and the captain hurried home to dose himself. The best of the joke, however, was that Jim had not been inside of the hospital at all—having only walked there to carry a basket of eggs for the doctor's wife. But the captain never saw his coat again, and he has never to this day heard the last of "that fever."

A SMILE.

Nothing on earth smiles but man. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and a mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile. There is a charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile nor any other living thing. It is the prerogative of man. It is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to the father, husband, and friend that is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile, is like a bud that cannot bloom and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day. Sobriety is night, and a smile is twilight, that hovers between—more lovely than either. But all smiles are not alike. The cheerfulness of vanity is not the smile of love. The smile of gratified pride is not like the radiance of goodness and truth. The rains of summer fall alike on all trees and shrubs; but when the storm passes, and every leaf hangs drooping, a gentle puff of wind brings down the showers, and every drop brings something of the nature of the leaf or blossom on which it hung. The road side leaf yields dust, the walnut leaf bitterness; some flowers poison, while the grape blossoms, and the rose and sweet brier lend their aroma to the twinkling drops, and send them down perfumed. And so it is with smiles, which every heart perfumes according to its nature. Selfishness is acid; pride is bitter; good will sweet and fragrant.

INTERESTING ASTRONOMICAL FACT.

Two persons were born at the same place, at the same moment of time. After an age of fifty years, they both died, also at the same place, and at the same instant, yet one had lived one hundred days more than the other. How was this possible? Not to keep our friends in suspense, the solution turns on a curious, but with a little reflection, a very obvious point in circumnavigation. A person going around the world toward the west, loses a day, and toward the east, he gains one. Supposing then, two persons born together at the Cape of Good Hope, whence a voyage round the world may be performed in a year; if one performs this constantly towards the west, in fifty years he will be fifty days behind the stationary inhabitants; and if the other sail equally toward the east, he will be fifty days in advance of them. One, therefore, will have seen one hundred days more than the other, though they were born and died in the same place and at the same moment, and even lived continually in the same latitude, and reckoned by the same calendar.

Irving used to tell a story illustrative of the Yankee talent at "making things pay." A man who sent turkeys to market also swept chimneys for a living—tying a cord around the neck of the bird so as not to choke it too suddenly, and then drawing it up and down the chimney, so that the flutter of the expiring struggle might do the sweeping.

COUGHS.

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Cures any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.
Relieves the Hacking Cough in Consumption.
Relieves Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh.
Clears and gives strength to the voice of Singers.
Indispensible to Public Speakers.
Soothing and simple, Children *can use them,*
As they assist Expectoration and relieve Hoarseness.
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March 3, 1860. 4w

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March 17 3w.

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March 17—4w. No. 52 Washington Street.

SCROFULA, OR KING'S EVIL,

Is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings: and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

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MARCH.

MARCH.

All are glad enough to exclaim—Spring! whether the blander airs have arrived that lick up the snow-drifts or not. March sounds a loud horn up and down the roads, and rattles shutters, blinds, windows and doors, with all his might, too; he is a terribly noisy fellow, yet an absolutely necessary one. He dries up the mud for us, so that we can go across roads without plunging in to the waist. He irritates the buds, so that as they itch they swell, and the April rains and May suns bring them out like magic. Our artist's representation of the month will strike every one as being an exceedingly happy idea. Much plowing is done during this month, and large breadths of ground are broken up to receive the later sowing. Though the trees are still bare the day of their glory and greenness is not far off. Life will soon begin about the farms in good earnest, of which the poultry, pigs and cattle give evidences even now. In March, we may live our May and June in advance, if we will; in imagination, the warm days of March conjure up at once all the glories of opening summer.

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GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

Vol. II.—No. 12. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860. Price Four Cents.

WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE.

At Drennon Springs, in Kentucky, are located the buildings and grounds that form the above well-known institution. The location is both healthy and romantic, engaging the enthusiastic attention of all who travel that way. Perhaps we can no better lay before our readers a description of this establishment, its character, object and progress, than by quoting out of a circular letter of its commandant; it will thus become apparent, what facilities for a thorough military training Old Kentucky offers the youth of that section of the country. Says he: "Most colleges devote their whole attention to the cultivation of the intellect, and both health and morals suffer sometimes grievously, unless the habits of the student have previously been formed on a sound basis. Experience has fully established the fact, that to enable young men to attain the greatest amount of utility and happiness, of which they are susceptible, their physical, moral, and intellectual faculties should be equally cultivated. For this purpose the manual labor system has been attempted, in some places, but usually without a successful result. The military system has been proved effective, both in developing the physical energies, in inducing habits of order and obedience, and in placing the student always under the supervision of those who represent his natural guardians. At the same time, it does not preclude, but is much aided by, a due admixture of the parental with the military control. In other words, although the rules and regulations are very strict, every pains should be taken to convince the cadet of the necessity and propriety of these rules, and to prove that they are administered impartially, kindly, and for his benefit, as they would be by a judicious parent towards his son. The students are encouraged to view their professors as their friends, and to consult them freely on all occasions. In addition to the above advantages, we secure for the cadet, during the three or four years of his college life, a thorough acquaintance with tactics and military discipline, sufficient to make him, at any time, a good citizen-soldier, when his country requires his services. The system here laid down, we find our location, in many respects, admirably adapted to facilitate, in its practical carrying out. We are several miles distant from any village, and nine miles from the nearest town; yet through the aid of steamboats, plying one and a-half miles from us on the Kentucky river, we can, at most seasons, have tri-weekly communication with Louisville or Frankfort, and bi-weekly with Cincinnati, besides facilities for annual inlay of coal, etc. At other times, the railroad between Louisville and Lexington, enables us to obtain supplies by about twelve miles wagoning. It is also not improbable that the contemplated railroad between Louisville and Cincinnati may pass near here. The situation, as will be perceived, from the accompanying engraving, is picturesque, and the buildings are ample and commodious. The locality has also proved itself healthful, as we have had very little serious illness. Our discipline and police is modelled on the same plan as that of the United States Military Academy. We are thus enabled to offer to the student, at a moderate expenditure of time and money, a full course of education, physical, moral, and intellectual, calculated to prepare young men for any honorable career they may afterwards select. And we feel encouraged in our arduous undertaking, by perceiving that it meets with the approval of those officially appointed by the State to watch over us; as well as by the gradual increase in our numbers, since the first establishment of the Western Military Institute, by Colonel T. F. Johnson, in Georgetown, Kentucky, up to the present day, when, in addition to our numerical strength, we are justified in feeling gratified by having among our cadets the descendants of some of our illustrious men, who took prominent part in the great revolution, which led to our national independence. That our Institution may send forth to the various States of the Union (from sixteen of which we already receive cadets) young men similar to these great prototypes, who will aid in establishing, on a permanent basis, the rights then secured, and in disseminating truth, knowledge, and liberal and generous sentiments throughout our vast and ever-to-be-cherished republic, is the ardent wish and steady aim of the Faculty and Professors of the Western Military Institute." Some such element as that of physical training ought to be introduced into all the colleges of the land; but where, as in this case, a classical, practical and physical education can be obtained, we do not see how it can well languish for want of support. Graduates of such establishments are apt to be thorough *men*, thoroughly educated.

WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE, DRENNON SPRINGS, KENTUCKY.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

MELICENT.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

She passed away—
Like a fair star lost on the brow of Day,
Like the echo of laughter sweet and gay—
Like the perfume which died out yesterday;
As Evening's silver dissipates Day's gold,
As the rich music of a tale oft told;
As the red clouds that round the mountain fold
Are changed to gray,
She passed away.

She passed away—
As the soft sunshine of an autumn day,
As the mist-wreaths from off a sunlit-bay—
As the light footstep of a woodland fay—
Like the young rainbow spanning the dark sky,
Like thistle down when demon winds are high—
As the hope-light, born in a weary eye,
Flees at grief's stay,
She passed away.

She passed away!
Glad in the dawning of the great New Day!
Led by white angels up the heavenly way,
To the bright radiance of Love's holy ray!
Guided by gold lamps to the green field calms,
Where they are chanting mellow organ psalms—
Where the whole air is full of healing balms,
Like flowed-gemmed May!
She passed away!

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SILVER-KNIFE;

OR,

THE HUNTERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

If my thoughts and suspicions were tending to the right point, every step we took in the Indian country would be attended with some new danger. I felt the need of counsel. Silver-Knife was cautious and discreet.

I took him aside, read him the letter, and told him my suspicions. I did not forget the fact that Basil had seen, or thought he had seen, a white man with a party of warriors, which, taken in conjunction with the letter, the man I had seen at Westport, and the severed finger, tended to make out quite a case.

The war-chief heard me without interruption. After a long silence he shook his head gravely, and said:

"White man very bad. He loves the Pale Lily. Let the pale medicine man beware. If serpents went upright, we could see them; but they crawl in the grass, and no sound gives warning of their approach. Very dangerous is the snake in the grass."

In the afternoon Silver-Knife went out to reconnoitre. The night closed in before he returned. He had seen no enemies. The hours of darkness passed unmolested, and we were on the "winding way" early in the morning.

I will not dwell with tedious minuteness upon every step of our march. It would tax the patience of the reader too severely. After six days' travel from our camp of cotton-woods, we reached the North Fork of Platte river. Nothing worthy of notice occurred during this time. It was now the 20th of July. Upon looking over my papers, I found the following in my diary:

"July 20th.—I have now sojourned twenty days in the wilderness. And for what? I cannot tell. Danger lurks in every step, and yet I go on, and cannot turn back.

"Is Madeleine Leroy the magnet that attracts me hither? No, it cannot be. But she is very comely to look upon; yes, more than comely—beautiful. And there is music in her voice, too. When she speaks, I wish to hear no other sound. There is a restless light in her eye which flashes out at times like sunlight. I am always near her—never tire of riding at her side. She is a skilful horsewoman, and never looks more graceful than when in the saddle. A charming girl on horseback is a pleasant sight, and dangerous also.

"21st.—I must think no more of Madeleine. I must fly from her. It is dangerous to linger longer at her side; but I am happy only there; yet I talk more with the placid Mary than with her. I feel a reserve in her presence, which increases daily. There is a native dignity about her that awes me. I believe I really blush in her presence. I cannot approach the subject nearest my heart.

"22d.—This is unmanly. I was never abashed in the presence of ladies of the highest refinement. I do not tremble to meet an enemy; and yet am awkward and silent beside this child of nature—this demi-savage. * * * * * *

"Silver-Knife is still with us. He is the noblest specimen of his race. He says we are now in the Sioux country. We travel with great wariness. This morning I saw a horseman far away in the distance. He has hovered about us ever since. My telescope tells me he is not an Indian. He seems an accomplished horseman, and is well mounted. What can he be doing alone in this hostile region? I cannot imagine."

Upon the afternoon of the 23d, the horseman mentioned in the diary was seen slowly approaching. As he advanced, he was an object of much interest. He maintained his seat in the saddle with ease and dignity. In person he was somewhat above the ordinary size. His expression was grave to moodiness. His features could not justly be called handsome; but they were noble, notwithstanding the deepened color which the prairie suns had lent. In his dress there was no attempt at gaudiness or show. If he had any peculiarity in this respect, he went to the opposite extreme.

His buckskin frock was without any pretensions to ornament; but it had strength and durability. The same will apply to his deerskin breeches, and moccasins. His head was covered by a light foraging-cap. A rifle, the workmanship of which proved it a costly one, was slung across his back. He wore side-arms, according to the custom of the backwoodsmen. The animal which bore him was of an iron-gray color, of the largest proportions, and obviously a steed of spirit and bottom.

There was something like *hauteur* in his manner when he returned our salutations, and I felt that he was a proud, moody man. He seemed startled when he perceived there were females with us, and I thought his eyes rested longer upon Madeleine and Mary than was absolutely necessary. My brow contracted. Perhaps he noticed it, for his finely-chiselled lips curled as if in scorn. Wyandot evidently excited his admiration, for he proved a connoisseur in horseflesh.

"Where is your camp, stranger?" asked Leroy.

"Where the night finds me," he answered.

"Where's your companions?"

"I have none."

"I reckon you don't mean to tell this old hoss that you're all alone among these heathen creturs."

"I meant as I said, sir. I have no companions—a brave man needs none."

"Good!" exclaimed Silver-Knife. "The white brother has a big heart."

"What keeps you from being shot by the varmints?" asked Leroy.

"He who keeps the universe. During the time I have been a pilgrim in these wilds, I have learned wisdom by experience. I seldom pass a night very near the trail left by emigrants and adventurers. The Indian naturally looks for his human game there. I seek haunts untrodden. When I lie down for the night in places of peril, I kindle no fire unless it is very cold. Many prefer comfort to safety, and are scalped by the light of their own fire. I do not, but am no coward; no man dare call me such. I value life but lightly, and it would cost me scarcely a regret to relinquish it; but I would not die by the knife of a savage."

This was said in a voice neither condescending nor haughty, but quiet. If Leroy had been a man of any pretensions, he would not have said so much. I read enough of his nature to know that.

"Have you been long a wanderer in this wilderness?" I interrogated.

The sound of my voice seemed to awaken him from a dream. For a moment his eyes dwelt upon my face in earnest scrutiny, and then that inexplicable change in his expression passed away, leaving his visage stern, dark and moody, as before.

I had to repeat the question before he appeared to hear it.

"Longer than I care to name," he replied.

"You are well acquainted, then, with the vicissitudes of an adventurer's life."

"I am, doubtless."

"And this life has its charms for you?"

"Quite as many, probably, as the desert had for Ishmael, or as the land of Nod for Cain. No matter where, or in what, I find the elements of my happiness. It pleased me to come here—I came."

I understood well the hint contained in this rejoinder; but I was not disposed to let him off thus.

"You had no particular object in quitting the haunts of civilization, and coming hither?" I said, looking him steadily in the face.

"Yes, I had an object in coming here. You will ask me next what that object was."

"That is the very point toward which I was verging," I answered.

"And that is the very thing I shall not tell you," replied he, firmly. "Were I, in turn, to ask you all the questions you have put to me with so much ease and assurance, what important facts should I become the possessor of?" he added, after a little hesitation, and in rather a sneering tone.

"You would learn, sir, that you are in the society of a gentleman; that his name is Hartley Ferguson; and, furthermore, that he is on a tour to the Rocky Mountains."

"And for what?" exclaimed the stranger, with more interest than he had hitherto exhibited.

"That is a subject upon which I cannot be very explicit."

"For the good reason that you don't know, yourself," retorted the stranger.

"Exactly. But perhaps you can tell me," I said, ironically.

"Yes, I could tell you more of your own heart than you dream of, and of your objects also. But I will not. Go and see how you'll prosper. Imagine, if you will, that no one can penetrate your motives (if you have any); that you have no enemies, no obstacles to overcome; that the future is spread out smooth before you, like this prairie."

The stranger said this in a more serious tone.

"I like the 'plain language.' I was never good at enigmas. I am too well taught to allow any person to gain an ascendency over me by mysticism, and the assumption of knowledge which cannot in the nature of things be his," I rejoined.

The stranger's face grew darker. The heavy brows gathered a deeper frown.

"Young man, you don't know what you are saying, or whom you are addressing. I am not in the humor for jesting, and I seldom jest; badinage will do for fools, but not for men. I have said nothing but what you have provoked me to say; and, I will add, nothing but the truth. I did not question you—you questioned me; and now you coolly denounce me as a pretender—an impostor."

He paused. Then, drawing his fine figure erect in the saddle, and fixing his eyes sternly upon me, added in a deep voice:

"Look at me; scan me from head to foot; do I look like the miserable charlatan you have called me? Can you read impostor in a single line of my face? If you say you can, you utter a vile calumny. Do you suppose a man created in God's image, gifted with a living soul, and breathing the free air of these vast plains, prairies and mountains, could become the petty pretender you have represented me to be?"

The bold, noble bearing of the man, his dignified yet impetuous language, all combined to produce an effect in his favor.

"I confess," I answered, "that you have the seeming of a man of honor; and, were it not for the knowledge you have assumed to possess in regard to myself, I would make your quarrel my own against any odds."

"Well, we will not bandy words. It is of little moment to me that you believe, or disbelieve; but with you it is not so. It *is* important for you to believe what I tell you; that is, if I see fit to tell you anything. I said I knew more of you than you dreamed. I *do*. Whether the knowledge I possess will be of any use to you, let the future reveal. I do not wish to alarm you, but—"

"I am not alarmed."

The stranger bit his lips, and proceeded:

"I do not wish to alarm you, but there is danger near, the nature of which is unknown to you. I doubt if you have a knowledge even of its existence. I fear I am speaking to faithless ears; but time determines all things—let it decide this. I shall see you again. We shall meet often—often when least expected by you. Perhaps you will lay aside a portion of your pride, and feel that you need me. Whether I am a friend to you or an enemy, I shall not tell. Be assured I am one or the other. I am an earnest man. I am either hot or cold. Upon any subject worthy of my thoughts, I am never indifferent. There are but very few things in this world which I meddle with. I am not within the pale of the world you have just left. I care nothing about it, because I am cut off therefrom, and don't wish to mingle with it again. I ask no questions in regard to the lives of other people, and wish them to observe the same silence in relation to myself. I think I render myself intelligible. I warn you to look to your safety and the safety of those with you. We part now. You will not have time to forget me before we meet again."

The stranger bowed, and before I had well recovered from the surprise occasioned by his words, he was far away.

On the evening of the 23d, the following was written in my journal:

"Evening.—We are encamped on the North Fork of the Platte. On one side the prairies, with their countless acres, stretch out like the open sea. The winds come creeping softly over them to play solemn dirges in the low pines and the stunted oaks that grow by the water. The music is low and wailing, and fills my heart with memories of the olden time. I am dreary, restless, and my thoughts are incoherent; they wander away, and then return—return to Madeleine Leroy. Yes, my heart is full of Madeleine. I can conceal it no longer from myself; but I will not write the word that trembles in the ink-drop upon my pen. For the present let it be unwritten. It is enough that it is written in my heart

"But this stranger! Who is he—whence came he, and what is he to me? This is another mystery! Who may say it shall not make another chapter in my history? But this is absurd; my curiosity is too easily aroused. I am growing weak, credulous———. But I will forget. The human will is omnipotent (so they say), and I *will* away my memory.

"He said something of danger. I must look to it; no evil must come upon these maidens. Would that I had questioned him, as oracular as he seemed. But I was too proud to do that. To-night I must be wakeful. Yonder I see the object of my solicitude; she smiles, she beckons to me, and I go."

* * * * * * *

The evening passed pleasantly in the society of Madeleine. A portion of her reserve appeared to have been dissipated. I was also more like my true self than usual. I tried hard to make myself agreeable, and succeeded. I did not take her hand, for I remembered how she withdrew it, and how it shrank and trembled in mine.

As I sat by the fire, I noticed Silver-Knife sitting by himself. His countenance was gloomy and sad. I touched him upon the arm, but he did not heed me.

"The thoughts of the war-chief are away in the big hills, with the Morning Star and the Singing Bird," I said.

"The pale medicine man is wrong. The thoughts of the red chieftain are here. He has read the signs of the Great Spirit. The howl of the prairie-wolf tells him of danger near."

"The prairie-wolf howls because he is hungry. Why should the heart of my brother be heavy?" I said, in reply.

"The medicine man is young. He is fresh upon the prairies. He cannot interpret the signs which are plain to the red man. Not so with Silver-Knife. He has dwelt in the wilderness from infancy to age. He knows when the prairie-wolf speaks of an enemy, or when the boding owl tells of disaster. 'Tis thus the Great Spirit reveals himself to his red children. He speaks to the white man in written books. The Indian cannot read the books, and He makes himself known to him in a different way. He has a language for all people. He talks with them through things familiar; and in this he shows his wisdom."

"It may be thus. I will not presume to say how the Great Spirit shall communicate with his red children. He knows best how to speak to the different tribes and kindreds of the earth," I answered.

"The prairie-wolf has told the war-chief that an enemy is lurking near. The cry of the boding owl has warned him of trouble. This is why his heart is heavy."

The Indians have many such superstitions as these, and I did not try to shake his belief in omens, knowing it was useless; and, truth to tell, I was a little tinctured with that leaven myself. Pondering upon these things, I wrapped

myself in my blanket, and, placing my saddle for a pillow, resolved to be wakeful.

I remember keeping my eyes open for a time, and gazing upon the stars; finally, the stars seemed to twinkle dimly, and go out like an exhausted candle. Then the figure of Silver-Knife sitting by the blaze appeared to grow indistinct and fantastic, until it was a dark, undefined object, having no outlines but darkness.

I remember being aroused from a pleasant dream by the discharge of fire-arms, and loud shouts. I have a confused recollection of springing to my feet, of a terrible shock, and nothing more. When the dark, dense shadows rolled back from the brain, the sun was shining. My obscured sight grew clear. I put my hand to my head. My hair was saturated with blood. I raised myself slowly to a sitting posture, and looked about me. No person was in sight. I was alone. Scattered around me were tokens of fight—an arrow-head, a hatchet, a splintered ramrod, a pistol broken from the stock, and a savage stark and stiff.

With a vague idea of the calamity that had befallen me, I arose to my feet. The baggage-wagon was where I last saw it, but most of its valuables were gone. One of the mules I saw grazing at a short distance, and, a little further, Wyandot.

Where were my friends? was the query that pressed itself upon me with overwhelming force. Alas! the answer was but too evident.

I threw myself upon the earth, and a full sense of my wretchedness and desolation came home to my soul. All my buoyancy of spirit, all my hopes of the far-stretching future, all the freshness and elasticity of youth, seemed gone. I begged for tears, but they would not come. O, no! I could not weep, though my eye-balls were burning. There is solace in tears, though it be unmanly to weep.

The breezes that floated in wavy undulations over the green prairie-grass came like accusing spirits, to mock me with the utter hollowness of all human expectations. The flutter of the leaves, as they turned themselves joyously toward the smiling sun, was to me as the last note of a funeral dirge, which tells us we shall see the face of the loved no more. The monotonous dash of the waters, in their pilgrimage to the sea and the haunts of civilization, told me that I also was to be a wanderer, seeking the rest I was never to find.

I heard the birds sing in the branches of the pines; but there was no more melody in their notes. The breath of the balmy West, laden with the perfume of the fern, the wild sage, and the thousand flowers, was no longer grateful to my nostrils. The senses were closed against every gentle artifice of nature to beguile me of grief. I was only alive to one consciousness—that of having lost something which had become so dear to me that I could not exist without it. I was selfish—I confess it. My thoughts, my fears, my agony, were only for Madeleine. Even the good Mary was forgotten in the greater solicitude which I felt for her sister.

CHAPTER VIII.

WICKLIFFE.

I AROSE and looked to the sky. The sun had performed three hours of his diurnal journey. I had given way to unmanly weakness, and sat down to lament, when I should have girded my loins for action.

I went down to the river's bank, drank deeply of its cool waters, and washed the red stains from my matted hair. My thoughts took a more natural tone. Something tangible in relation to what I ought to do stood out before me.

I now looked about for something to strengthen and invigorate my outward man; not that I felt the gnawings of appetite, but because I had a purpose to fulfil, and wished for strength to accomplish it.

I found enough dried buffalo to answer my purpose, and, having swallowed with some effort my simple fare, I was sitting upon the earth indulging yet one moment longer in the luxury of sorrow, when a sound caused me to look up.

The stranger, whom I had met and parted with the night before, stood near. He was holding his horse by the bridle, having approached unheeded.

"I told you we should meet again before you had time to forget me," he said, calmly.

A sudden thought crossed my brain, and I acted upon it as suddenly.

Approaching the unknown, I laid my hand quietly upon his shoulder; but my quietness was significant of a fixed purpose. With my right hand I pointed to the smouldering camp-fire, and the deserted camp.

"Do you know aught of this?" I asked, looking him sternly in the eye, while my voice was thick and hoarse with contending emotions.

"See what you see," he answered.

"Do not evade me. To-day I am not in a mood to be trifled with. It would have answered yesterday, but it will not now. Your language of last eve leads me to suspect you."

"Of what?" asked the unknown, in the same unmoved tone.

"Of foul play," I answered, tightening my grasp upon his shoulder.

"In short, that I incited the Indians to attack and scalp your friends, I suppose you mean," he added.

"I *do* mean that."

"Then you wrong me, for I did not."

There might have been something of bitterness in the manner in which he uttered this, but there was also much of earnestness, and something else which I could not understand at the time.

With an exclamation of contempt, I pushed him from me, and turned away.

"Stay!" said the unknown.

I paused.

"What do you intend to do?" he asked.

"You say you understand my movements; why do you ask? You are the very man, of all other men, who ought to know all about it," I retorted, with a sneer; but he stood calm and quiet.

"You probably intend to find the Indian trail and follow it. Did you ever follow an Indian trail?"

"No, I never did," I answered, mechanically.

"How, then, can you expect to succeed?"

This was by no means an unreasonable question, and I made no reply.

"And, providing you should follow the trail, and come up with the Indians, what would you do then?" the stranger continued.

I was still silent.

"You would probably be killed and scalped before you had time to say your prayers."

"What would you have me do?" I asked, doggedly.

"I would have you be a man. Be prudent, cool, resolute, and by no means refuse the help of a strong arm and a practised eye."

"Where shall I find the strong arm and the practised eye, you speak of?"

"Both are here," replied the stranger, pointing to himself.

"But I care not to trust you. I am suspicious of you. Where the intention is good, there need be no mystery. I hate mystery."

"No matter if you do. Get your horse and prepare to go on the long and dangerous trail."

"Then you really intend to bear me company?"

"I do, although it is likely to prove a thankless piece of business. See! your fine animal is grazing quietly yonder, and the sun is far up. Remember, every momont spent in inaction is a moment lost."

"First tell me your name," I replied.

"Wickliffe; you may know me by that name. Now get your horse."

I am naturally a reflective person. The storms which crush the spirit, and bow the stout heart, pass quickly over, leaving me calm as a statue, and unflinching as iron. Could one look into my soul, he would still find traces of the tempest; but upon the brow, and in the eye, he would discover no sign.

It was thus with me at that crisis. The sudden evil that had befallen me and my friends had prostrated me at first, but two hours of reflection restored my manhood. I was strong, if not hopeful, and I will not say I was not even hopeful; for hope clings to one in every extremity. I was now ready to act, as well as think.

It was evident (to me) that the catastrophe had been brought about, not by the Indians solely, but by the instigation of a white man.

I had several reasons for this belief. If it had been the work of savages alone, my friends would have been killed, and scalped on the spot; or, at least, such would have been the fate of some of them.

The females possibly might have been spared, but that was extremely doubtful, as they did not scruple to imbrue their hands in the blood of both sexes.

Where were Silver-Knife, Leroy, and Basil? If they were slain, where were their bodies? If they were living, why did they desert me? The Indians might have commenced the attack so suddenly that the females had been captured before a blow had been struck, and I had been awakened by the first alarm. My friends, seeing me fall, and supposing I had already departed on the trail of death, pursued the flying foe to rescue the captives. All this looked reasonable. I felt quite sure the whole affair had been planned and executed by a white man, with a view to get Madeleine and Mary into his power.

A white man had undoubtedly participated in the other night attack, as the severed finger would attest.

The next query that arose was, who is Wickliffe? Can he be trusted? If he had not had the usual number of digits, I should have said no; but he was not deficient in that particular.

Although there was something about the man which marked him superior to deceit, I resolved to watch him. Wickliffe looked like a true man, and I could not but confess it to myself.

Influenced by motives which I could not fathom, he had volunteered to guide me on the Indian trail—a very difficult and dangerous mission.

He took the lead, as if he was to be the principal actor, as a matter of course. The trail, at first, it required no great sagacity to find, for the imprint of horses' feet upon the prairie-grass was very legible, bearing away to the right of the Platte.

Our progress was not very rapid, as Wickliffe had to dismount often, and lead his horse by the bridle, in order to be certain that we were on the trail.

"Some of your friends are on the trail, for a certainty," said he, as he examined attentively the horse-tracks.

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"By the iron hoofs," he replied.

I examined the ground, and the imprint of a horse-shoe was distinctly visible.

"It is evident, at any rate, added Wickliffe, "that your friends' horses have gone this way, whether they were in the saddles or not. But it is my impression that they went of their own accord, and as free men; for in many places I notice that the iron tracks are not on the trail, as they would naturally be had they been prisoners. Instead of following its windings, they take a straight course, and come upon it at the next sweep. No person but an old trapper could do that, or, rather, would run the risk of doing it, for one inexperienced might lose the trail altogether."

This was cheering news to me. If Silver-Knife, Leroy, or Basil, or all of them, were in pursuit of the victorious party, I had much to hope. In that case, cunning and ability were happily united. Few backwoodsmen could hope to succeed where they had failed. We traversed the wide prairie during the day, and encamped upon it when it became too dark to see the trail. Our preparations for camping did not require much time. We gathered a few dry limbs, kindled a fire, ate our hunter's fare, and wrapped ourselves in our blankets. Our beasts fared better than ourselves, for the grass was abundant.

A night on the open prairie is lonely enough under ordinary circumstances, but in the situation in which I was placed it was rendered doubly so. The hours rolled solemnly away, and sleep refused to visit my eyelids.

The one idea of Madeleine in danger was ever present with me. I pictured her in every variety of suffering. I saw her in the power of savages, toil-worn and bleeding. I saw her dragged forth for the torture. I saw the lurid flames licking up her blood. And then I beheld her in the power of a disappointed and remorseless libertine, perhaps the very person I had seen at St. Louis and Westport.

You can easily imagine, with all these fancies crowding through my brain, my dreams were few. About two o'clock I sank into one of those slumbers in which the mind loses but half its consciousness.

I was aroused by Wickliffe, who shook me by the shoulder.

"You have been groaning in your sleep for the last half hour," he said. "The sun is rising. It is time we were on the way."

Our breakfast of buffalo-meat was soon despatched. A smart ride of three hours took us off the prairie into a country broken by hills and ravines, studded with oak, cotton-woods, and walnuts.

The difficulties of the trail now commenced. The Indians had probably covered their horses' feet with buffalo-skins; and the iron hoofs of my friends' animals could be no longer seen.

We were now at fault. The trail lost its individuality, and scattered in all directions. This was a device of the Indians to avoid pursuit.

"Your friends lost the trail here, or adopted the Indian plan, and wrapped their horses' feet in the buffalo-skins," said Wickliffe, who never appeared at a loss to account for everything he saw. It was now that he evinced his deep knowledge of Indian character. No object escaped his attention. A stone displaced, a spire of grass trodden down, a bent twig, were sufficient to mark the trail. But at first, with me, these things passed unnoticed. By noon we reached a spot where the Indians had evidently camped.

"I think they must be a war-party of Crows," said my companion. "The place which they selected for their lodge, and the manner of building a fire, makes me pretty certain on this point. If I am right in my conjectures, their course is towards the Big Horn river."

The cautions of the pursued party increased at every step. About four o'clock in the afternoon, after toiling up a long hill, we descended into a deep valley, traversed by a brook of considerable width. The trail had been growing fainter for the last hour, and we now lost it altogether.

For a moment Wickliffe was at a loss; but when he perceived the brook his countenance cleared up.

"Ah! I see how it is," he said. "They have taken to the water."

He now informed me that this was a stratagem frequently adopted by war-parties to baffle pursuit, and that they often walked in the bed of a brook, or shallow stream, several miles, being careful not to disturb the stones or weeds at the bottom, or splash the water upon the banks. I had read of such things, but did not really think they were true,—now I was convinced.

Wickliffe directed me to cross, and follow upon the opposide bank, while he went forward upon the other. By observing the signs, we hoped to discover when the trail left the bed of the brook. We dismounted, led our horses, and walked on in silence for an hour, without finding any signs of a trail. Wickliffe now crossed the brook.

"Here is grass," he said. "Our beasts are hungry. Let them feed here, and I will go forward while you watch them."

CHAPTER IX.

A PANTHER.

I HOBBLED the horses, and sat down beneath a sycamore, while Wickliffe went on. I was very weary, and my eyes were heavy for want of sleep. The monotonous murmur of the brook, the leaves sighing in the soft wind, the birds singing in the trees, soothed my senses and lulled me into a slumber.

What a pity that, when the overwrought mind thus forgets its burden of misery, the spell could not last forever—that the weary soul might sleep out the years of its eternity without one interval of waking!

Why had it not been appointed that when the worldly struggle is over, the aching lids should close in death, as the tired child drops its playthings and falls to sleep in some sunny spot.

Why must we feel

> "The sickness, the nausea,
> The pitiless pain,"

and that

> "Horrible, horrible throbbing?"

I have thought of it nights and nights, and wondered why a living, breathing creature, called man, was invoked into life to writhe and die like a wretched worm.

From my deep sleep I was aroused by a noise at my side. Upon opening my eyes, the two horses were crowding close to me, as if for protection, while they trembled in every joint. I looked about me, but could see no cause for alarm, and concluded they had been frightened by some animal while feeding at a distance, and had not yet recovered their spirit.

The sun had just settled away behind the blue ridges of the distant Sierra, and the time of twilight had come; and a soft, dreamy, mellow twilight it was. It was to me just what I had

pictured an Italian sunset. But little time was allowed me to please myself with such an illusion, for my attention was again called to the strange conduct of the horses.

They pressed as near me as possible, while their expanded nostrils, glowing eyes, trembling limbs, and low neighs, attested extremest fear.

I now began to be sensible there must be a cause for such demonstrations, and mechanically followed the direction of their fixed eyes with mine. Heavens! I saw a sight which sent the blood tingling through my veins as if it had been commingled with atoms of ice. Standing upon a branch of a large sycamore which grew on the opposite side of the brook, was one of those animals so dreaded by all, and so terrible to Indians—a panther, large as a tiger, fierce as a hyena.

It will be impossible for me to forget the sensations that overpowered me at that moment, though they were not of a nature to explain and dilate upon.

The eyes met my gaze like two living coals set in a seal of darkness, and emitted burning sparks. I saw the hissing jaws open, and a tongue like a heated iron thrust out. There was that peculiar fury and malignity leaping from the cat-like visage that tells of a purpose too fixed and deadly to be delayed.

I tried to summon all my firmness, to look back his hate without flinching. The power of my eye appeared to arrest him in the act of springing. He turned and walked back and forth on the limb, with quick, nervous, restless motions, lashing his sides with his long tail, and uttering low, threatening growls.

At length he came out on the limb toward me as far as possible, and stood still, save a slight wavy motion of the tail, and a quivering of the lips. I knew enough of the nature of the animal to be aware that he was preparing to spring upon me. It was a fearful moment, and the poor dumb Wyandot participated keenly in the intense interest thereof; but the panther did not make the fearful leap. He turned and walked back once more on the limb, as if on purpose to tantalize and keep me in horrible suspense. After this act of bravado, he assumed his former attitude, looking more threatening, if possible, than before. His back was gracefully curved, and every hair appeared to stand erect, while he gradually and slowly settled back upon his haunches. I knew what that meant, and brought my double-barrelled rifle deliberately to my shoulder. There was a single white spot upon his breast. It was a beautiful mark, and I levelled the "sights" down to it with a calm hand.

I fired, and the next instant was prostrated by a huge, hairy body, which came against me like a gigantic ball. With loud snorts, the horses ran away as fast as their hobbles would permit. Though somewhat stunned and confused by the shock, I gathered myself up as quickly as possible. The panther lay at my feet in the last spasm of death. I was standing beside the quivering mass of flesh when Wickliffe made his appearance.

"That was well done," he remarked in his usual unmoved manner. "You exhibited nerve worthy of an old trapper."

"What makes you think so?" I asked coolly, quietly blowing the smoke from the empty barrel, as though nothing more than ordinary had happened.

"Because I saw it all. My rifle has been levelled on that animal for the last three minutes. If you had not fired when you did I should have saved you the trouble. The panther is the most fearful animal on the prairies, save a Camanche or a Blackfoot," replied Wickliffe.

Upon measuring the animal with my ramrod, he was found to be about thirteen feet from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail.

Wickliffe assured me it was one of the largest-sized American panthers.

"Well, what success?" I asked. "Have you found the trail?"

"No, but I have killed a buffalo, and brought away his hump in triumph; so, with your consent, we will kindle a fire, and test our gastronomic powers."

We soon piled a heap of fagots, and a cheerful blaze leaped up. I ate with a better appetite than I had felt for the two preceding days; for a buffalo hump is a delicious morsel for a hungry man.

Wickliffe was more companionable than usual. A portion of the chilling reserve which had characterized him hitherto seemed forgotton; but he was still dignified, mysterious, and self-possessed.

That was one thing I had against him—he was too self-possessed. It was annoying, and gave me a feeling of inferiority, to see a man so calm and self-reliant on all occasions. It appeared like one's setting himself up for more than he was worth.

But that night Wickliffe was modified and mellowed down to something like an equality; and that too, without any effort. In short, nothing, apparently, cost him an effort.

I was desirous of knowing more of him; what brought him to the desert; whence he came; who he was; what he had been, &c.; but such questions he evaded, and considered impertinent.

What on earth could induce him to take such an interest in me? for in me he obviously did take an interest. Though he had not declared himself my friend, I no longer felt suspicious or fearful of him. His actions had done more to reassure me than his words; for of words, those playthings so cheap with everybody else, he was chary.

"I wonder you never took to a profession," I remarked, as we sat by the blazing fire.

"What are professions?" he said with a sneer. "They are solemn lies. The majority of professional men are miserable quacks. An honest man among them is a black sheep in the flock. It is so with the three learned professions—Medicine, Divinity, Law. All stuff—the profession of an honest man is worth them all."

"Remember, sir, that I am a professional man," I rejoined, with some asperity.

"Know that *I* am something of a professional man also, or at least was; but I disclaim the whole of it now, and hourly strive to forget what I learned years ago."

"And wherefore?" I asked.

"I could tell you," he replied, contracting his brows darkly, "but what would it avail. Medical students are vampires; they have no fixed principles of right; they do not respect the dead. Go into those horrible shops of human butchery, and see what I have seen; go and see miserable tricks played upon the dead; go and see them insulted, till their dead hands seem ready to lift up and protest against the living; go and hear the remorseless gibes, obscene jests and revilings, that are poured forth daily in those festering shambles."

"You forget that I have been through the mill," I retorted, with a forced laugh. "You wanted nerve, man. You would never have answered for a resurrectionist. The first touch of the cold human clod would have sent you shuddering away," I added.

"Not so, sir," he replied, sharply. "To my everlasting regret, I once performed that most terrible of all midnight operations—the raising of a body. I was not afraid; I never was afraid of the dead. I can take hold of a dead man's hand as calmly as I can take yours. If there was not a higher and holier principle involved, I could unearth a human body as calmly as I can eat my supper. But there is something that whispers to the inward consciousness, and says, 'Let the dead rest.' I have heard it ever since, and cannot turn therefrom."

"Tell me the story. It will serve to beguile the long night hours before us. Anything is better than bad dreams."

"I will," he answered, "in the hope that it may forever deter you from such practices. Do not think I take pleasure in telling you; it is anything, everything but that. Like Cardenio, I cannot bear interruption; therefore do not say a word after I commence."

It was quite dark; for the moon and stars shone dimly. A deep stillness settled down upon the woody wilds, broken only at long intervals by the distant bark of the prairie-wolf. The bright fire burned fitfully, and, leaping upward in forked jets, seemed feeding upon air; but, as the fagots that gave it life crumbled and grew smaller and smaller, it took a steadier and more solemn mood, and varied as Wickliffe's story varied.

CHAPTER X.

WICKLIFFE'S ADVENTURE.

"I WAITED several days for a dark, rainy night," said Wickliffe. "But no dark, rainy night came. The sun set without a cloud. The moon came up serene and beautiful, and shone down upon the new-made grave. The girl had slept longer than Lazarus; for she had been shrouded and earthed a week. I knew well where she lay; I saw them when they placed her there, and flung the clods upon her; and afterward I saw them go there at mild eventide to weep. The mound had been raised with great care. Green turf had been cut and laid over it, with mechanical nicety. Love could do no more than this; for the weepers were poor. Affection would have reared a column of marble, but poverty sternly forbade it. The name of the sleeper was written only in tears, and her memory embalmed only in loving hearts.

I was thirsting for knowledge. My sharp scalpels had never tasted human gore; I had never imbrued my fingers in human mortality. I longed to look into the organs of mind, to trace aqueducts of the heart wherein courses the subtle principle of animal life, and examine the infinitude of nervous expansion and ramification. I had waited long for an opportunity, and struggled with my better nature. An 'opportunity' was now offered.

It had been whispered to me that she was wasting away, and dying. The thought flashed through my mind with the rapidity of lightning—the thought which some will call fiendish—to wrest her from the grave when she was given over to the worm. The suggestion seemed too cool and deliberate, and I strove to banish it; but it was in vain. I found myself almost involuntarily maturing and carrying out the idea. At first there was something terrible in it. It was too much like waiting for Death, and encouraging him to a deed which he was in no haste to accomplish. At length the idea became familiar. I inquired daily of the villagers if she was dead.

The struggle was over at length. The spirit went back to its origin, and the earth to its kindred clods.

The slow, solemn pealing of the bells startled me. I seemed to have had some agency in the death of the girl. There was something reproachful in the woe-begone appearance of the humble mourners as they passed me with their stricken heads low bent. I followed the funeral *cortege*. I saw the body lowered to what they destined to be its final resting-place.

The prayers said for the poor are brief; and those were. The mourners tottered away from the sound of the falling earth, more crushed in appearance than before. I was ready to forego my purpose; for those sobs and those tears were directed at me.

An hour over 'Wistar' and 'Bell' restored me to myself and my purpose. But time did not favor me. I wanted, as I have said, a dark night; for the church-yard was in the heart of the village, and I could not perform the deed without a mantle of darkness around me.

Several times it clouded up in the morning, and I flattered myself that a favorable night would set in. But no; the clouds lifted, the fine misty rain ceased to distil, and the sun went down leaving a clear sky and starry nights; and the benign moon still looked upon the new-made grave. For a week the shrouded girl waited for the worm.

The seventh night was propitious. Dark clouds coursed across the heavens, and a drizzling rain came down. With the necessary implements for exhuming the body, I awaited the hour of midnight in my office. Various emotions filled my bosom, as I paced impatiently up and down, and across my room. Melancholy sounds crept through the keyhole. Chilly gusts of wind sighed fitfully through the window-casements, and made spiteful dashes at my lamp. The fire burned with a sort of moody solemnity, and made uncouth shadows upon the wall, which danced about like living things.

I tried to sleep in an arm-chair until the hour arrived; but I heard the clock tell all the hours, and, though I closed my eyes, the shadows on the wall flitted before me, while my ears were open to the dirges the wind seemed singing for the departing minutes.

I was conscious of mysterious influences, hitherto unfelt, unknown, and unfeared.

Reason came to my aid. I thought of the course I had marked out for myself, the great arcana of science which it was mine to explore; and strove to brush away the illusion I had conjured into life, as I would brush away cob-webs.

The clock struck twelve, at last, and I made preparations to go forth. First I drew on a large overcoat (borrowed for the occasion), which covered me from head to heel. Through the handle of the spade I passed a handkerchief, which was made fast about my neck. Over this I buttoned the capacious coat, which effectually concealed it from view. Then taking a chisel and mallet in my hand, and a large coffee-sack under my arm, I opened the door and stepped out into the dark midnight. The gusty breath of the dreary storm met me with a mysterious chilliness, as if to warn me back.

Slouching my hat over my eyes and grasping my implements tighter, I directed my steps to the grave-yard. I crossed a long bridge, keeping assiduously in the middle instead of on the walks at the sides, for fear the wind, in a sudden fit of anger, might lift me up and dash me down into the tumbling waters beneath.

A thousand whimsical and exaggerated ideas and fears rushed into my brain at once, to deter me from the contemplated deed; but I was nerved up to it. My thirst for knowledge had become a mania, an impulse capable of bearing down anything in its way.

My own footfall upon the bridge had an indescribably hollow, sepulchral sound—something like the first clods falling upon a coffin in midwinter, when the ground is frozen. I quickened my pace, and felt relieved when I could no longer hear the sullen roar of the waters, and the solemn echoes. No lights were gleaming in the streets, and none from the windows, save where friends kept untiring vigils by the sick. The whole village, as I caught dim and shadowy outlines thereof, took on the air and aspect of some ancient burial-place. I looked about me for the ghouls and gnomes that flit mournfully about uncanny places.

As I neared the last home of mortality, I felt a sickly coldness at my heart, as though an icy hand had been laid thereupon, checking its free and healthful motions. I passed the old church where prayers had been said over the girl before they laid her away to sleep. In fancy I heard the subdued tone of the man of God, and saw the bereaved ones pressing close to the coffin as they came out.

Without pausing I clambered over the gate which opens only at the approach of death. When would it make space for me to enter? The Maker of the world only could answer, and He was silent; for why should He commune with the earthly born?

I stood among the graves—I who hoped one day for a peaceful grave. How dismal that night was! what awful whispers came on the wings of the wind! I groped along cautiously, stumbling over the graves.

Strange sensations are experienced in walking among the graves at midnight—an undefinable creeping of the flesh, which it is utterly out of my power to describe. Few have the coolness and courage equal to the nameless terrors of such a situation.

I fell upon a mound, and, by a rapid operation of the mind, measured it, and knew it to be precisely my own extended length. There was something revolting in the consciousness that my length corresponded with that of the grave. I sprang from the wet ground as though a deadly serpent had fastened his fangs upon me.

I stood beside *her* grave, at last. I knew it by the new turf that had been laid thereon.

It was the year's Autumn. The earth was slightly stiffened with frost which the misty rain had not yet thawed. This circumstance was against me, for the cut and approximated edges of the turf were frosted together, and could not be replaced so as to assume their present appearance, and would not until cold nights had again exerted their influence.

I hesitated; but it was for a moment only, Throwing off—or, more properly, striving to—the superstitious fears that assailed me, as I threw off my overcoat, I strove to imagine myself as calm as the marble monuments about me, or as those who slept beneath them.

Upon my knees, and bending over the grave until my face nearly touched the earth, I examined it as well as the intense darkness would permit. A flat stone, vertically placed, marked the head. With my hands I carefully removed the turf about one-third the length of the grave. Fortunately, the sods clung together so tenaciously that the piece was not broken, but retained its peculiar and original form.

Grasping the spade with a kind of desperation, I forced it into the ground with my foot. How loud the harsh, grating noise sounded! How it jarred upon my nerves! I threw out spadeful after spadeful, until out of breath. Reeking with perspiration, I paused to rest. As I stood there a large mastiff, belonging to one

of the nearest dwellings, came out, and putting his fore paws upon the fence, barked and howled furiously. He was large enough to tear me limb from limb, and the idea occurred to me that such was his intention.

But I had met the fellow several times in the village, and he had always recognized me with a good-natured leer of the eye, a friendly wag of the tail, and a manifest desire to cultivate my friendship; what, then, ailed the dumb creature, and why such demonstrations of hostility!

Did he know I had no business there? It would seem so, for he kept up such a fierce barking and growling that I began to fear for the safety of my enterprise. I sat down upon the grave and remained perfectly motionless, in a frame of mind which no living creature could envy—not even the dog who bayed at me.

After what appeared an interminable age of suspense, the savage mastiff ceased his noise. Congratulating myself thereupon, I recommenced operations with an energy almost superhuman.

An agonizing fear of discovery, and its terrible consequences, together with a feverish wish to succeed, and certain unaccountable, nameless terrors, were sufficient incentives to such exertions. Imprisonment and disgrace would be the inevitable results of detection. I knew all this; and what a blow it would be for me! But, happily, it was very dark. And that moment I looked up, and, to my consternation, the rain had ceased to fall; the clouds had lifted, and the round, full moon was looking down upon the grave I stood in. I dropped the spade in sheer vexation and alarm. A score of the villagers might look out of their windows and see my operations. My ruin seemed inevitable. What should I do? Should I steal from the grave-yard and leave my work unfinished, or should I risk all by staying to accomplish it?

I quickly decided on the latter course. The very desperateness of the undertaking gave me strength, and an irresistible desire to succeed. My nerves grew firm, and my mind became calm. I weighed all the chances for and against me, and looked the danger in the face without flinching. If I succeeded,—exhumed a body in the middle of a populous village on such a night, within a stone's cast of a dozen dwellings,—I should accomplish a deed of daring no other person would have thought of. I grasped the spade, and worked as I have never done before or since, save on one occasion, when I worked for life at a pump, with a sinking ship beneath me.

I had soon heaped the cold, damp earth all around me. A nauseous odor, oozing through the porous earth, came from a neighboring grave, the occupant of which had been longer with the worm and winding-sheet. O, what a sickly savor of mortality! Poor human nature, to what vileness dost thou sink at last!

A sound indescribably hollow and disagreeable assured me that my spade had struck upon the coffin. I scraped it bare as far as the lid turned back. Friends had taken their last look of the dead face by means of that same lid.

This done, I commenced cutting through with the chisel and mallet; but here another difficulty excited my alarm—my blows might attract too much attention, and lead to my detection. To avoid this, I wrapped my handkerchief about the mallet, which deadened the resonance of the blows. This expedient answered my expectation. In a short time I had effected my object, and removed the movable portion of the lid. I involuntarily started as I caught a glimpse of the winding-sheet—the dress of Death.

But a more terrible sensation crept over me when, stooping, I put my hand into the coffin, and laid it upon the cold, cold face of the dead girl. Merciful Father! would *my* body ever become as icy in its coldness?

With a half-expressed wish that God would pardon what I was doing, I wound my fingers into the long black hair, lifted her head from her hard pillow, and dragged her forth. The aperture I had made was small, and it required all my strength to wrest the body from the grave. Once I thought I should not succeed; but, throwing my arms about the corpse, I wrenched it away with a sudden effort.

I laid her down by the desecrated grave, and the quiet moon and the twinkling stars threw their pale beams upon the wasted face. How white and ghastly it was, with the contrasted hair lying disordered upon the cheeks!

Conscience-smitten and awe-struck, I stood irresolute, and gazed upon her who came forth 'bound in her grave-clothes,' though not as Lazarus. But it was no time for mere reflections. Thrusting the body into the sack, I turned my attention to other matters. The grave was to be re-filled, and all traces of my work obliterated. Adjusting the lid as well as I could, I threw back the earth as fast and with as little noise as possible. I was not long in accomplishing this; then, laying aside the spade, I scraped up the loose earth with my hands, and replaced the turf I had removed, with the greatest care. This part of the transaction required patience and coolness, and the exercise of no little ingenuity. It was accomplished at length, and I breathed easier. I examined what was so recently a grave from every point, and straightened up the grass I had trodden down.

I had still a dangerous part of the business to perform—carry the subject through the village upon my back. Putting on the overcoat which had answered my purpose so well, I arranged my implements as at first, and then, lifting that strange burden, threw it across my shoulders.

How heavy mortality is!—how the living flesh shrinks from it! I have carried many burdens, but never one like that. It was thin and wasted too; but the laws of gravitation seemed to act upon it in a wonderful degree. I asked myself with a shudder if the 'spirits that walk in darkness,' and the vampires that suck up human gore, were not seated on my shoulders, to weigh down and tantalize me.

That load of mortality chilled me; and I constantly changed its position, the sensation was so unpleasant.

Once, when I stumbled and came near dropping it, by some 'cantraip art' the bony arms appeared to grasp and cling to me. I instinctively quickened my pace, as for fear the uncanny beings who had power there at midnight, and who had been beholding my work, and menacing me, would not permit me finally to escape.

I reached the bridge without interruption. To my alarm, I saw a man pacing back and forth upon it like a sentinel. Laying down the 'subject,' and crouching by it, I observed him for some time. Once he came within ten feet of me, and I was obliged to lie flat upon my back, and motionless as stone.

When nearest, I recognized him. It was S——, an acquaintance, who had evidently had his suspicions excited by some of my movements, probably by seeing a fire in my office so late. Perhaps the fellow saw me go toward the grave-yard, and was congratulating himself in the idea of a grand discovery, and a fright.

Now, as good luck would have it, there was another bridge, about a quarter of a mile below, by which I could reach my office. When S—— turned on his heel and walked from me, I availed myself of the opportunity to walk off toward the other bridge.

A cold sweat stood on my forehead when I reached my office, and I felt a weary ache in my eyes. I deposited the body in a box prepared for the occasion. Strange sensations come over me as I stood there alone with the dead, in the dim lamp-light.

Often since that night, in the illusions of dreams, and the delirium of fever, the vision of that pale, wasted face, and the dishevelled waves of contrasted hair, has been present with me. I could not forget them; they were always at my pillow—ever pictured on the field of mental vision. I have seen *her* everywhere. Yesterday I met her in the street; last night I saw her in dreams; and I shall to-night. She never speaks; but her look tells me, 'You have broken my rest.'

I never meet those who wept for her, when I can avoid it. I shun them as I shun my enemies. They are my enemies, and their presence seems to accuse me of some crime. One of those who went to the grave, 'to weep there,' had her eyes, and her face, and I never look at her. I feel reproved, guilty, unhappy, when she is near.

But I will dwell no longer upon this picture. I will not write of the weary, dreary nights I spent over that poor body. Deeply the features became engraved upon my memory. For many weeks I was alone with her and the scalpel. I sacrificed my best feelings to my thirst for knowledge; I hardened myself to the work; but I shall never do it again—never wrest the dead from the 'still house,' where loving hearts have laid them. I will not say it is a crime; but it is revolting.

When I sleep, like Lazarus, in the 'cave' of death, and the 'great stone' (which is affection) is rolled up to its mouth, let me rest there with my sleep unbroken, save by the bright dreams which eternity may reveal."

I was silent for a moment after Wickliffe had ceased.

"And you renounced the profession of medicine," I said, at length.

"I did, and have never taken a scalpel in my hand since. I am sick of the traffic in human bodies. I wish to think and hear of it no more. Never mention it again to me, especially within hearing of an Indian."

"And why not before an Indian?"

"They would shun me as they would the pestilence that walketh in darkness. They dread and hate a man who has violated a grave."

"This," added Wickliffe, after a pause, "you may consider rather a melancholy story, and, if you do not yet feel disposed to sleep, I will relate another, of a different character.

I signified that I should like to hear, being too restless to think of slumber. Having heaped fresh fagots on the fire, Wickliffe proceeded as follows in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TWO WAYS.

THE WRONG WAY.

"Father," said a woman to her husband, one morning, "the boys want some new shoes."

"Want, want—always wanting!" said the man, in a cross tone. "I've got no shoes; if you want them, *get* them."

"I don't know who should, if *you* can't," answered the wife, catching the spirit of her husband; and the spirit once caught, she carried it down stairs into the kitchen, where she quickly saw that breakfast was in a backward state. "Sally," she cried, "why in the world is not breakfast ready? The mornings are long enough."

"This awful green wood!" cried Sally, who until now has been doing her best, but catching her mistress' tone, she quickly lost her temper. "The wonder is breakfast's got at all," she muttered, while her mistress went out, and little Joe came in from the wood-house.

"Tie my shoe, Sally," said he; "the string has tripped me up awfully."

"Go away," cried Sally, "and don't pester me at breakfast time."

"Cross creature!" cried little Joe, pouting and pulling of his shoe, which for mischief, or not knowing what else to do, he flung at the cat lapping her milk. The shoe sent the cat one way, and the cup another, and the milk in a puddle.

"You mischievous puppy!" cried Sally, giving little Joe a shake, and sending him off to the sitting-room.

Joe, in a terrible pet, fell upon his little sister, who was playing with a woolly dog, a toy her auntie gave her, making it bark in a wheezy tone no real sensible dog was ever guilty of.

"Give it to me,'" cried Joe, snatching it from her hand; whereupon Susy burst into an angry cry. Joe's mother struck him for it, and he set up a howl equal to any young cub in a bear's den; so that by the time breakfast was ready, the family sky was as dark and squally as it could well be; for crossness is catching, and "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water."

THE RIGHT WAY.

"Father," said a woman to her husband, one morning, "the boys want some new shoes."

"Yes, I suppose it is most time," answered the husband, "but I can't so well spare the money just now. I wonder if I could not black them up nicely, to make them answer a little longer. Let's see now."

"Do not trouble yourself with them, husband, said the wife. "Let *me* try and see what a gloss I can put on them; maybe they'll look as good as new," and away she tripped down stairs into the kitchen.

"Sally," she said, "you are a little behind in breakfast, but I'll help you. No wonder; the green wood troubles you, I'm afraid."

"Please no," answers Sally; "I'll fetch breakfast on the table in a minute;" and Sally stirs about with cheerful briskness, while little Joe comes in and asks to have his shoe tied.

"In a moment, dear," answers Sally, "while I run down and get some kindlings; your ma wants breakfast."

"Let *me* go," says little Joe; "I'll bring you some beauties," and away scampers the little boy, who soon returns with an armful. "There, Sally," he says, "won't that help you?"

"Yes, deary," cries Sally; "now let me tie your shoe;" and while she does it, Joe is looking at pussy lapping milk.

"Pussy's had her breakfast," said Joe, "and I'll take up her cup, lest somebody should step on it and break it. Come, pussy, go with me," and he carries her into the sitting-room.

"Pussy has had her breakfast," he said to sissy. "Now, will she think your woolly dog is a real dog? Let's show it to her."

Sissy put down her plaything, a little woolly dog, and sure enough, puss, as soon as she saw it, bushed her long tail and backed up her back, just ready for a fight; but pretty soon she saw her mistake, and ran under the table, as if afraid to be laughed at.

How the children did laugh; and what a pleasant breakfast that was, where kindness is the largest dish, for "pleasant words are as a honeycomb—sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."

DR. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin, in the early part of his life, and when following the business of a printer, had occasion to travel from Philadelphia to Boston. In his journey, he stopped at one of the inns, the landlord of which possessed all the inquisitive impertinence of his countrymen. Franklin had scarcely sat himself down to supper, when his landlord began to torment him with questions. He, well-knowing the disposition of those people, and knowing that answering one question would only pave the way for twenty more, determined to stop the landlord at once, by requesting to see his wife, children, and servants, in short, the whole of his household. When they were summoned, Franklin, with an arch solemnity, said: "My good friends, I sent for you to come here, to give an account of myself. My name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer, of nineteen years of age; reside at Philadelphia, and am now going to Boston. I sent for you all, that if you wish for any further particulars, you may ask, and I will inform you; which done, I hope you will permit me to eat my supper in peace."

BUILDING HORSES.

Not many years ago, a pair of miserable lean horses, that looked as though the next gust of wind would take them into the air, and who were already waiting to have their *understanding* secured by a few nails, attracted the attention of a wag, while passing by a blacksmith's shop. The fellow paused a moment, and examined these objects of anatomy, then stepped into the shop, and gravely accosted its occupant with—"Do you build horses, sir?" "Build horses!" exclaimed the astonished son of Vulcan, taking off his paper cap and lengthening down his round good-natured face—"Build horses, sir! what do you mean?" "Why," replied the wag, "I saw a couple of *frames* standing at the door, and I thought I'd just inquire."

What the world calls "innate goodness," is very often a full stomach; and what it terms vice, is quite as frequently an empty bread-basket. So says a friend of ours.

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THAWING OUT.

BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

What sweet lingering music cometh
From the fenland and the grove,
Where the mournful partridge dreameth,
And the timid lambkins rove;
Nature's happy, joyous creatures,
Skip and frisk and dance about,
For old Winter's ice-ribbed features
Are thawing out.

Blackbirds in the croft and bushes,
Pipe and whistle all day long;
Robins, katy-dids and thrushes
Trill a ceaseless, joyous song;
Swallows twitter near the house-eaves,
Or in circles fly about;
Every little throat in bird-dom
Is thawing out.

Mountain-moss shoots up its fresh hoards
Of bright oleander, tiny leaves,
While the woodbine 'mong the clapboards
Its long, creeping tendril weaves;
And the violet 'neath the hedge-rows,
Looks with meek eyes all about—
Every bulb of Flora's kingdom
Is thawing out.

While the gay earth-spring rejoices
In its flowers, and sun, and song—
In its gifts of leaves and voices—
In its myriad insect throng,
Does the heart-spring bud and bloom?
Do its dried leaves freshly sprout?
Are its chilled and frozen strivings
Thawing out?

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE;

OR,

YANKEE CIRCUMVENTION.

A STORY OF SAVANNAH.

BY WM. JARED HALL.

CHAPTER I.

ZEDEKIAH JENKINS DOWN SOUTH.

One pleasant afternoon in May of the year 1819, on the road leading westerly from the city of Savannah, Georgia, was a lone traveller, who proceeded leisurely along, gazing carelessly upon the scenery by which he was surrounded.

His apparel was decidedly peculiar, being remarkably novel and antique in style, and presenting a wide difference from the prevailing fashion of the country in which he was travelling.

This singular personage had reached a distance of about one mile from Savannah, when he arrived in front of a large splendid farm residence, which was situated upon the southern side of the road, and located some twenty rods from the street.

The scene in front of this residence was magnificently beautiful. The taste exhibited in the order and harmony of the ornaments, were strikingly picturesque and appropriate. Trees, shrubs, flowers, clean smooth walks, and vine-clad arbors, interspersed at regular intervals, formed an enchanting and delightful view.

Our hero had proceeded but a short distance along the centre or main walk, when a large, powerful negro, stepped out from the shrubbery on one side, and stood directly in front of him.

They gazed upon each other for a moment, in silence. The white of the negro's eyes presented a clear circle, while, his chin having fallen and his lips parted, two prominent rows of ivory were revealed, exhibiting a striking contrast to his ebony-colored features.

The object of the African's amazement returned the look with equal interest, then coolly set down a small bundle which he carried, leaned partly upon a stout, heavy cane, and exclaimed:

"Waal, I swow! if you aint the blackest nigger I ever saw, then I hope dad'll whip me tu death when I git hum, blasted if I don't. I say, Cuff, when'd yeou cum deown, hey? Ha! ha! give us a grip!" and the Yankee extended his hand familiarly toward the African.

"Guess mas'r am distaken 'bout dis pussun!" replied the slave, rallying. "De indiwidual who am now 'dressin' yer, on dis 'ticular occasion, am named Washington General La Fayette, after one ob de most greatest men dat ever libed, so mas'r Ellsworth says, an' he knows all 'bout dese t'ings, cause he's been general hesef."

"Whew! yeou don't say so! Why, who in thunder'd ever tho't yeou wus such a feller as that? But look a-here, my name's Zedekiah Jenkins, an' when I'm tu hum, I live up in Manchester, in Vermount. I've cum deown here on a kinder speculation, an' spect tu make my fortin in 'bout tu weeks. Is the boss ov this ere place tu hum?"

"Yes, mas'r Ellsworth am in de house," answered the negro, eyeing his questioner with a peculiar native expression. "Does de gemman want ter see um?"

"Waal, yes, guess I du!" responded the Yankee, with a slight exhibition of pomposity at the appellation of "gemman." "I've cum clean down from Manchester on purpose tu see him, and I calkalate I ain't goin' back till I du."

"Washington General La Fayette would avail hesef ob de pleasure ob showin' de gemman whar mas'r Ellsworth am."

"That's talkin' 'beout as't should be. Neow yeou jist lead the way, an' Zedekiah Jenkins 'll be rite 'long. Blast my eyes if 'taint kinder hansum 'reound 'beout here. Don't see no such fixins up in Manchester, where I cum from; tu pesky cold weather, 'spose!"

Leaving the Yankee and his sable companion, we will precede them into the residence, and make the acquaintance of Mr. Ellsworth and family, who owned and occupied the premises.

In a large airy apartment, or wing-room of the mansion, sat three persons—Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, and their only daughter—a young lady of about twenty-five summers.

Mr. Ellsworth was about fifty-four years of age, and he was a peculiar character. He was rich—worth at least half a million of dollars—yet he continually labored under the impression that some person was about to rob him of all his property. This strange idea had been so long uppermost in his mind, and had engaged his thoughts until he became a monomaniac on the subject.

Aside from this difficulty, he was a victim to another, which, though altogether different, had become quite as settled an eccentricity as the former. It consisted in his manner of speaking, invariably repeating one or more words in each sentence two or three times in succession, and often gesticulating with great vehemence on slight provocation.

Mrs. Ellsworth was a meek, inoffensive woman, and a devoted Christian. She was conscientious to a fault, a good neighbor, and a kind, indulgent parent.

Lavinia Ellsworth was a pleasant, intelligent, and agreeable person. She was not the most beautiful featured lady in the world, yet she possessed a heart and soul, far more valuable than rubies or gold. Unassuming, quiet, meek, and affectionate, was Lavinia. There was, however, a shade of sadness and an expression of melancholy, which revealed the existence of some misfortune, perhaps, unspoken in words, yet legibly visible on her features.

The family was engaged discussing some subject of considerable moment, and their attention appeared deeply interested.

"I cannot love either of the gentlemen," observed Lavinia, continuing the conversation. "You know what my situation is, with reference to this matter, and you ought to know that when once my heart became enlisted, it would never change. I shall not marry, unless Sidney Winston returns—an event altogether improbable."

"I don't know, husband," added Mrs. Ellsworth, "what you think of these men, but I am suspicious that Don Carlos Dubois is an adventurer and an impostor, notwithstanding his flattering letters of recommendation. Volney La Tourette would be my choice, if I were to choose between the two."

"Yes, yes, it's all very well to talk; but this picking up a poor husband, so as to fleece, fleece, fleece me of every penny I've got, in a setting out, ain't quite so nice."

Mr. Ellsworth had arisen to his feet, and was about to continue as the door opened, and Washington General LaFayette entered, doffed his hat, and exclaimed:

"Mas'r, dar am a gemman in de hall,—shall dis pussun conduct de indiwidual in?" and there was a broad grin on the negro's face.

"Yes, yes, yes! Another beggar, I'll bet. All after money, money, money! but he'll get none of me. They'll ruin me, get every cent, cent, cent I'm worth, and then hang me because I've got no more."

By the time this sentence was concluded, the slave returned, followed by Zedekiah Jenkins, who held his hat under one arm, his bundle under the other, and with both hands crammed into his pantaloons pockets, he came smilingly into the apartment, and bowed familiarly to Mr. Ellsworth.

CHAPTER II.

A VILLAINOUS PLOT.

In order to understand the peculiar relationship existing between Lavinia and her two admirers, we shall have to go back a few hours, to the evening previous.

It was nine o'clock, at which hour two persons were seated in an arbor in the lawn in front of Mr. Ellsworth's residence, and they were conversing in low tones. One was Lavinia, and the other, Volney La Tourette.

"I told you that I would, this evening, give you my decision," observed Lavinia, her left hand resting confidingly in that of her companion's. "That you may fully realize the position in which I am placed, I will relate certain incidents of my life. Ten years ago, while attending school in Savannah, I became acquainted with a young man named Sidney Winston. I was then only fifteen years of age—young and inexperienced, but warm-hearted, and excessively fond of society. Our intimacy soon blossomed into love; and ere we were aware, our hearts had ripened into affection, and were pledged to each other. A year rolled by—a happy, short year; yet how much happiness there was crowded into that period. Those few days were the brightest and shortest of my life.

"Sidney was three years older than myself—tall, slender form,—frank, open features, and a bright, intelligent expression upon his countenance. His face was smooth and soft as a woman's, and his hair hung in dark clustering curls around his snowy brow.

"We had managed, thus far, to keep a knowledge of our relationship from our parents. My mother, however, knew of our intimacy, but did not know the extent to which it had been carried I hesitated to tell her, for fear of my father, who I was sure would oppose us, from the fact that Sidney's parents were not wealthy.

"By-and-by the tale was told, when father immediately dispatched a servant for Sidney. He came with trembling emotion, and well do I remember the expression upon his features, as he entered the presence of my stern, indignant father.

"I wept, and begged in Sidney's behalf, during all that brief interview; but my father was inexorable. He did, however, make one conditional promise, which was, that Sidney could have his daughter, when he was worth fifty thousand dollars.

"Tears were rolling down Sidney's cheeks, as he left the presence of my father on that occasion. I followed him to the main hall as he departed, fell into his extended arms, and we wept together. After a few moments, he asked me if I would make him one promise. I answered 'yes, yes! anything, anything!' He then asked me to wait twelve years for him. If at the end of that period I heard nothing from him, I might consider that he was dead, and think of him no more, only as a dear one departed.

"I fell down on my knees, clasped his right hand, pressed it fervently upon my throbbing heart, and promised that I would do as he wished. He quickly drew me up, kissed my flooded cheek, poured his blessing upon me, and implored me to remain faithful during his absence, and a moment later he was gone, gone. Since that day I have not heard one word from him, yet he will come back. I feel, I know, he will return. Sidney will come back to me again.

"I then had a brother, William, who was one of Sidney's best friends. They were as brothers, and immediately after Sidney left, William, who was older than me, attempted to induce my father to consent that Sidney might come and visit me. The result of that interference was a fearful scene, and William was banished from his father's house. Not one word have we heard from him since he left us nine years ago. God only knows where they are. I think, however, that they are together, and probably in Mexico, as they used to often talk of that country. Thus you have the facts in my case, and when I tell you that my affection for Sidney has never wavered, you will pardon me, when I say that we can never be more to each other than on the present occasion."

At that moment, a tall, dark figure crawled cautiously around one corner of the arbor, crouched close to the earth, and listened with apparent interest. The movement was unnoticed by those within, and their conversation was continued.

"I honor your principle," replied Volney La Tourette, "and extol your faith. Far be it from me to advise you to do that for which some day you might be sorry. Henceforth I withdraw my suit, yet I shall claim you as my friend, and your family as a place of resort where I may come and while away a lonely hour. Never again will I trespass, either in thought or word, upon constancy like yours."

"You shall ever be welcome," she responded, "and we will be pleased to see you at any and all times. Had not my heart and affection been thus engaged, I know of no reason why I could not love you. This I am free to say; but as it is, you shall be numbered among my dearest friends."

"Thanks! noble Lavinia," he continued, as he raised her hand to his lips. "I am satisfied, but O what joy, what happiness, were I but the lucky one to have possessed so priceless a gem! 'Tis late; let us return to the house."

"Yes, time has flown fast; we will go. You remain with us till morning, do you not?"

"I think that I will return to the city, as I have some urgent business to attend to at quite an early hour in the morning."

With this they arose, Lavinia leaned upon the arm of her companion, when they passed out on a circuitous walk, and moved slowly on toward the residence.

They had reached a distance of not more than two rods from the arbor, when a man stepped forth from behind some bushes, near the path, and gazed steadily upon their receding figures. He did not move from this position until Lavinia and Volney had passed around the corner of the building, and were out of his sight. He then turned short upon his heel, and walked hurriedly toward the street.

This man was Don Carlos Dubois, the other suitor for the hand of the rich planter's daughter. Perhaps it would not be amiss to say a few words with particular reference to these men, ere we proceed farther with our story.

Volney La Tourette was a young man about thirty years of age, and a person of more than ordinary attainments. His countenance was pleasing and intelligent, and his features were full and rounded. Black eyes, black hair, heavy whiskers and moustache, with a carriage of person, and grace of manners, easy and accomplished. He was an excellent conversationalist, and appeared conversant with different parts of the world. His mind was well cultivated, and stored with valuable information. He had been in Savannah four months, had obtained an introduction to Lavinia Ellsworth, at a social entertainment which they were both attending, and through her he formed the acquaintance of her family. That acquaintance had resulted as we have noticed. He represented New Orleans as being his native home. Of his family, wealth, and connections, he presented satisfactory evidence.

Don Carlos Dubois was a man of leisure. He represented himself as being a Spanish nobleman, and brought with him from Spain letters bearing the royal signet. He was taking a journey of the continent, but having obtained the acquaintance of Lavinia Ellsworth, he was dazzled, either by her person and accomplishments, or the prospect of the dower which might fall to her in case of marriage. He had been in Savannah six months, the last four of which he was a frequent visitor at Mr. Ellsworth's, where he had often met Volney La Tourette.

He was a tall, dark-complexioned man; had bright keen eyes, quick, active motion, and wore a jet black moustache and imperial. There was a vast difference between the actions and conduct of these two men. Lavinia and her mother were not slow to mark the contrast, while Mr. Ellsworth appeared flattered with the nobleman's attention, and openly favored his suit for the hand of his daughter. This man was about twenty-eight years of age.

Having thus made an explanation, which we think will give the reader a better understanding of the characters introduced, we will now return to the time when Zedekiah Jenkins appeared before Mr. Ellsworth and family, as was narrated at the close of our previous chapter.

The Yankee surveyed the scene before and around him, with a cool, careless gaze, much to the amusement of Lavinia and her mother; and for a moment, there was a contracting of the muscles on Mr. Ellsworth's face, exhibiting evidence that no little exertion was necessary to prevent an open manifestation of amusement at the man's singular conduct and appearance. After a few moments of delay, however, his old habit returned, and breaking forth into a fierce passion, he exclaimed:

"Well, well, what do you want? If you have come begging, begging, begging, then the best thing you can do is to leave. I won't give a copper! Do you understand? *I won't give you a copper!* I shall be ruined, ruined! ruined!! Before I know it, I shall be a beggar myself. No, no, I've nothing to give—not a penny;" and he waved his hand for the man to depart.

"Waal, neow, Square, yeou needn't take on so mightily offul, an' throw yourself intu nuther such a fix as that wus, on my 'count; 'cause yeou see, I'm pleased to tell yeou that I've all the money I need fur the present. Dad gin me ten dollars when I left hum, for spendin' money, an' 'taint more than half gone this minit."

Lavinia and her mother could not restrain their mirth, and Mr. Ellsworth allowed a smile to rest upon his features, when he asked,

"Who are you? where did you come from? and what do you want?"

"Thar, blast my eyes, if you ain't comin' rite to the p'int. I'll dispose ov them questions as they cum. Fust—is, who are yeou, meanin' me ov course. Waal, I shall answer that in this case—by sayin', my name's Zedekiah Jenkins, the eoldest son ov Pelig Jenkins, Esq. Secondary wus—where'd yeou cum from. Neow, it's easy nuff tu tell that. All a feller's got tu du, is tu say—Manchester, Vermount. Thirdamost, is jist the question I wanted axed. I've cum deown here tu make my overlastin' fortin. I want tu work, can du e'enamost anything, from field-work tu washin' dishes, or knittin'. I've dun lot's o' mittens 'fore neow, an' sole 'em up in Manchester."

It was an interesting afternoon at Mr. Ellsworth's, following Zedekiah's advent on the premises. He kept them in one constant roar of laughter, even Mr. Ellsworth appeared to forget his imaginary trouble, and laughed heartily.

When bed-time arrived, our hero was conducted to a small apartment on the ground-floor, located in one corner of the mansion. The lower sash of the window being raised, he could look out on the lawn. It was quite late when he went to the room, but he did not retire. He sat with his head bowed upon the window casement, and his thoughts in a deep reverie. Sometimes he would arise, fold his arms, and walk to and fro, with slow, measured tread.

A clock struck twelve, still he had not retired. It was bright starlight, a cool breeze moved the green foliage on the bushes near his window, passed in through the open casement, and fanned his fevered brow, as he stood gazing forth upon the scene without.

He then turned away, undid his bundle, took therefrom a small cap, placed it upon his head, and passed cautiously from the room out by the window. A moment later he entered the arbor, and sat down.

Half an hour after this movement, a man was creeping softly along in the shade of the mansion, and entered the building, through an open window in the wing-room.

This man gazed anxiously around him, then moved off into a hall, up a flight of stairs, and listened. The stillness of death surrounded him, not even a breath could he hear. Again he moved forward, opened a door, entered a bedchamber, and paused. Here the sound of a person breathing could be distinctly heard.

There was an interim of perhaps twenty minutes, when the man re-appeared outside of the mansion, bearing in his arms the form of a woman, wrapped in a light coverlet. This man had no sooner set foot on the ground, with his cumbersome burden, than two men stepped quickly forward, and assisted in conveying the lady toward the street.

It was the work of but a few moments, till she was placed inside of a covered vehicle, which stood close to the front gate. Two of the men then took seats inside, while the third mounted the box. As this last individual was in the act of gathering up the lines, a singular figure skulked through the gateway, passed behind the carriage without being discovered, and as the horses dashed off toward the city, a pair of long, lank legs were dangling from the footman's seat.

CHAPTER III.

COMPLICATED.

On the following morning, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth arose later than usual. Breakfast had been waiting some time, when a servant was dispatched to learn the cause of Lavinia's delay, she having not yet made her appearance.

The servant returned after a short absence, bringing the startling intelligence that Lavinia was not in her room. Her clothes, which she wore the previous evening, were lying upon a chair, where she had doubtless placed them herself before retiring.

A servant was then sent to the apartment which had been assigned to Zedekiah Jenkins, and a moment thereafter he returned, stating that the man's hat and bundle was there, but the room was unoccupied.

The scene which followed these revelations were startling in the extreme. The conclusion to which they came, however, was, that the Yankee had been "playing 'possum"—so to speak—and during the night had decamped, taking Lavinia with him. Mr. Ellsworth was in a towering passion, while his wife trembled for the fate of her daughter.

In the midst of the excitement, Volney La Tourette called at the mansion. He appeared completely confounded when told of the incident, and the manner in which it had been probably effected.

It was fearful to behold the passion and witness the exclamations of unchecked rage with which Mr. Ellsworth expressed his feelings. He stormed, raved like a madman, and walked the floor, making the most fierce gestures, while Mrs. Ellsworth sat the very picture of despair, her low sobs and moans scarcely audible in the din of her husband's clamor.

About twenty or thirty minutes after Volney came, Don Carlos Dubois arrived with a carriage, for the purpose of taking Lavinia out on a morning ride.

He seemed to be dumb with astonishment when told of what had taken place, and the circumstances had to be repeated the second time before he could fully understand them.

Mr. Ellsworth's overseer, and every negro on the plantation was summoned to appear forthwith at the mansion. Here each one was separately questioned, yet no clue could be obtained as to the probable whereabouts of the lost daughter. There appeared to be but one conclusion, and that was not very favorable toward our Yankee friend. After a more calm deliberation, they came to the decision that he was the cause of her mysterious disappearance.

While they were debating upon some course to pursue, the outside door to the room where they sat was thrown wide open, and Zedekiah Jenkins rushed into the apartment. He held his cap in one hand, and his coat in the other, while upon his face were large beaded drops of perspiration, and his garments were dusty and soiled.

He dropped his coat on the floor, tossed his cap into one corner of the room, threw himself down upon a chair, and caught up a fan, commenced fanning himself vigorously, while his gaze passed rapidly over each person in the apartment.

Mr. Ellsworth was the first to speak after the Yankee entered their presence, and he said:

"You—you—you scoundrel! what have you done with my daughter? Tell me where she is, or I'll kill you! Don't come a begging—begging—begging forsooth—but to steal my child. *Where is she?*"

"Waal, thar, square; yeou needn't go for to pitchin' in neow, 'cause yeou see I'm kinder tuckered eout, an' 'twouldn't be mor'n half a fight, no heow. If yeou'll only jist wait till I git sorter rested, I'll take yeou wonst at back holt. I consider I'm pretty good at that. But, Lor'! I'm all gin eout; I couldn't run nuther minit, tew save my life;" and the Yankee continued diligently with his fan.

"Tell where you carried Miss Ellsworth!" exclaimed Don Carlos, gruffly, and with a haughty gesture, "and not sit there like a fool!"

Zedekiah gave the speaker a peculiar glance, but made no reply.

"Let the man have time to rest; he looks fatigued," interrupted Volney La Tourette.

"Yes, I should think he would be," growled Don Carlos, evidently displeased at Volney's remark.

The latter bit his lip slightly, yet took no further notice of the ill-feeling exhibited.

"I don't egzactly understand what yeou're drivin' at," observed the Yankee, "but I reckon Zedekiah Jenkins has run 'beout as narrer a chance for his life as ever he did afore. If dad an' mam only knew on't, wouldn't they bawl some? Yeou never saw mam cry, did yeou? Waal, she's the awfullest cretur tew cry yeou ever saw or hern tell ov. She cries all over to wonst, an' yeou can hear her plain from eour house deown tew the village, a good clean mile an' a half."

"Well, well, well!" interrupted Mr. Ellsworth, impatiently. "We've heard enough of that. Do you know any thing about where my daughter is? She was stolen—stolen—stolen from me last night, and I'd chop the man who did it into mince meat if I could find him."

"Neow yeour talkin' sens'bly; but dod rot my picter if I know anything 'bout the darter. It tuk me every minit ov the time tu take care o' myself, and I cum near steppin' in it at that, neow I tell yeou."

"What we wish to have explained," remarked Volney La Tourette, pleasantly, "is, what happened to you last night after you were shown to your bed-chamber, or room where you were to sleep."

"Ah, y-e-s! Mister Whatsyourname, I'll du so," continued the Yankee, with another sly glance around the room. "Blast my eyes, if I knew what yeou's at 'fore. Waal yeou see, I went tu bed only I didn't. I set deown by the winder an' got tu thinkin' ov hum, an' all the folks up thar what I used tu know. Then I got tu lookin' eout ov the winder. 'Twas sorter moonshiny, so I tuk my cap, put it on and crawled eout ov the winder, leavin' my Sundy-go-tu-meetin' hat in the house, thinkin' as heow the du mighten wet the nap an' spile the 'hole thing, knowin' I'd catch fits when I got hum fur doin' it. Arter I got eout I went intu a little house all cuvered with leaves an' sat deown. Don't know heow long I staid thar 'cause I got 'sleep. Then a feller jist stuck a rag intu my mouth till I thought he'd chuck me tu death. I gag'ed like all creation but couldn't spew the tarnal thing eout. The upshot ov the matter wus I wus tuk clean away off, an' 'spected I wus goin' tu be killed; didn't calkalate I'd ever see hum agin. Howsumever, I got away from them an' run like a streak o' greased lightnin' clean here; that's why I'm all cuvered with durt an' flutteration."

At this moment Lavinia, the lost daughter, entered the apartment; her hair was disheveled, her dress disordered and ill fitting, but rushing across the room she fell into the arms of her mother. Then followed a thrilling scene—a scene in which all took an active part except the Yankee. He continued to fan himself, entirely heedless of what was going on in the apartment. When the excitement had somewhat subsided, Lavinia, by request of her father, related the incidents which had befallen her since the hour of her retiring on the previous evening. Her narrative was as follows:

"I was awakened in the night by a bandage being bound tightly across my mouth. I was terribly frightened yet could not speak, and for a few moments I thought I would smother in spite of all I could do. My captor was a large, strong man, and he handled me as though I were a child. I was rolled up in a coverlet and carried from the house. When outside, there were two other men who assisted in carrying me to a covered vehicle of some sort, when a few moments thereafter I felt the motion of the carriage, and realized that I was being taken away, by whom and where I could form no idea. It seemed but a very short time till the carriage stopped, and I was taken out; yet the blanket was so wound around me that I could not see or scarcely breathe. I was carried into a house, up a flight of stairs, and into a room where I was placed on a bed. I heard a woman's voice, and could detect angry expressions. A few moments afterward I heard the door closed with a violent slam, and locked. Immediately thereafter I was released from my uncomfortable position, and ordered to dress myself. I found that I was in a small, well furnished apartment, and with me was a young woman of about my age. To all my inquiries she would give no answer, but maintained a sullen, indifferent appearance. The clothes which were provided for me were those which I now have on, yet I was thankful for even them. Five minutes after I was dressed I heard loud, boisterous voices, seemingly in the hall or room below, followed by considerable tumult. While I was listening to learn if possible the cause, there was a sudden crash, and the door leading into our room was torn from its hinges. The same moment a man stood in the apartment, and in either hand he held a pistol, while his look and movements were fierce and determined. One wild, defiant glance he cast around him, then bade me take his arm and follow. I needed no second bidding, and as we passed down the stairs we were confronted by two men, but my conductor raising his weapons, threatened them with instant death if they dared to oppose him in his passage from the house. Those weapons, and the language of him who held them, cleared the passage, and I breathed more freely when I stepped on the sidewalk out into the street. My brave, generous conductor, escorted me to a hotel, where I was made as comfortable as my situation would allow. From that house I was brought home in a carriage, accompanied by him who rescued me from the hands of my enemies."

"Who—who was the man? and where is he? I would see him. Yes, I would see him!" exclaimed Mr Ellsworth, rubbing his hands together and moving uneasily in his chair. "He shall be rewarded—rewarded. Demme, he shall be rewarded! Where is he?"

With a smile Lavinia approached the Yankee, who immediately arose and offered her his arm. She accepted it, and together they moved up in front of Mr. Ellsworth. The moment Lavinia could command her voice, she remarked:

"This is the gentleman who rescued me, and under whose protection I have been able to return home in safety."

"Your—your reward shall be ample. I say, Mr.—Mr. Jenkins, your reward shall be ample, ample!" and the speaker grasped the hand of the Yankee with a hearty shake.

"Waal, neow, square, yeou'r a fust rate chap, an' if yeou'll be after doin' tu things which I shall mention hereafterways, then I'll call it quits, an' won't ax any money ov yeou either."

"Name—name it! Demme, name it, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Ellsworth, delighted with the idea of settling the affair without the expense of money. You have my promise."

"Allow me," interrupted Lavinia, still leaning upon the arm of the Yankee, "to present to you my—long—lost—brother William."

Had a bombshell burst in that apartment, it would not have caused more sudden excitement, than did this simple announcement. Its effect was powerful upon the mother, who sprang forward, and hung weeping around her son's neck. The father sat back on his chair, and swayed to and fro like a man in distress; while the amazement of Volney La Tourette and Don Carlos Dubois can be better imagined than described.

The moment that the Yankee who was, but now William Ellsworth, had exchanged greetings with his father and mother, and renewed it again with his sister, he stepped forward, and, grasping Volney La Tourette by the hand, exclaimed:

"Sidney! Sidney! I am glad to see you here, though I discover that you, like myself, have returned in disguise. If you would hide from me, you must change those eyes. Sister Lavinia, this is Sidney Winston; and father, my reward for services rendered, are, that you will bless them, and receive me back as your son."

One moment there was a frown upon Mr. Ellsworth's features, but the next it had disappeared, and he returned the fervent pressure of Sidney's hand, and bid his own son a hearty welcome.

William then turned toward Don Carlos Dubois, and pointing significantly at the door, said:

"There, sir villain, is the entrance by which you probably entered this room. If you remain three minutes longer, I will forcibly eject you. Your rascality is all known. I rode to town last night on the same carriage which conveyed you and your two accomplices, together with my sister. Your scheme was shallow, ill-planned, and bunglingly executed."

Don Carlos Dubois required no urging, but beat a hasty retreat from the apartment, followed closely by the toe of Mr. Ellsworth's boot.

It was remarkable what a change took place in the affairs of that family during the short space of a few hours. The day began with tears, sadness and mourning, and ended by feasting, hilarity and the greatest enjoyment.

AN EMBRYO WHALEMAN.

The *Monthly Rose* says: "Passing through Nantucket last summer, we stopped at an out-of-the-way-house for a drink of water. As we approached the half-opened door, we beheld the following scene, which excited our risibility at the time to a considerable extent. An urchin, some six years old, had fastened a fork at the end of a ball of yarn which his mother was holding, which he very dexterously aimed at an old black cat quietly dozing in the corner. Puss no sooner felt the sharp prick of the fork, than she darted off in a jiffy, while the experimenter sung out in high glee, "Pay out, mother, pay out; there she goes through the window!"

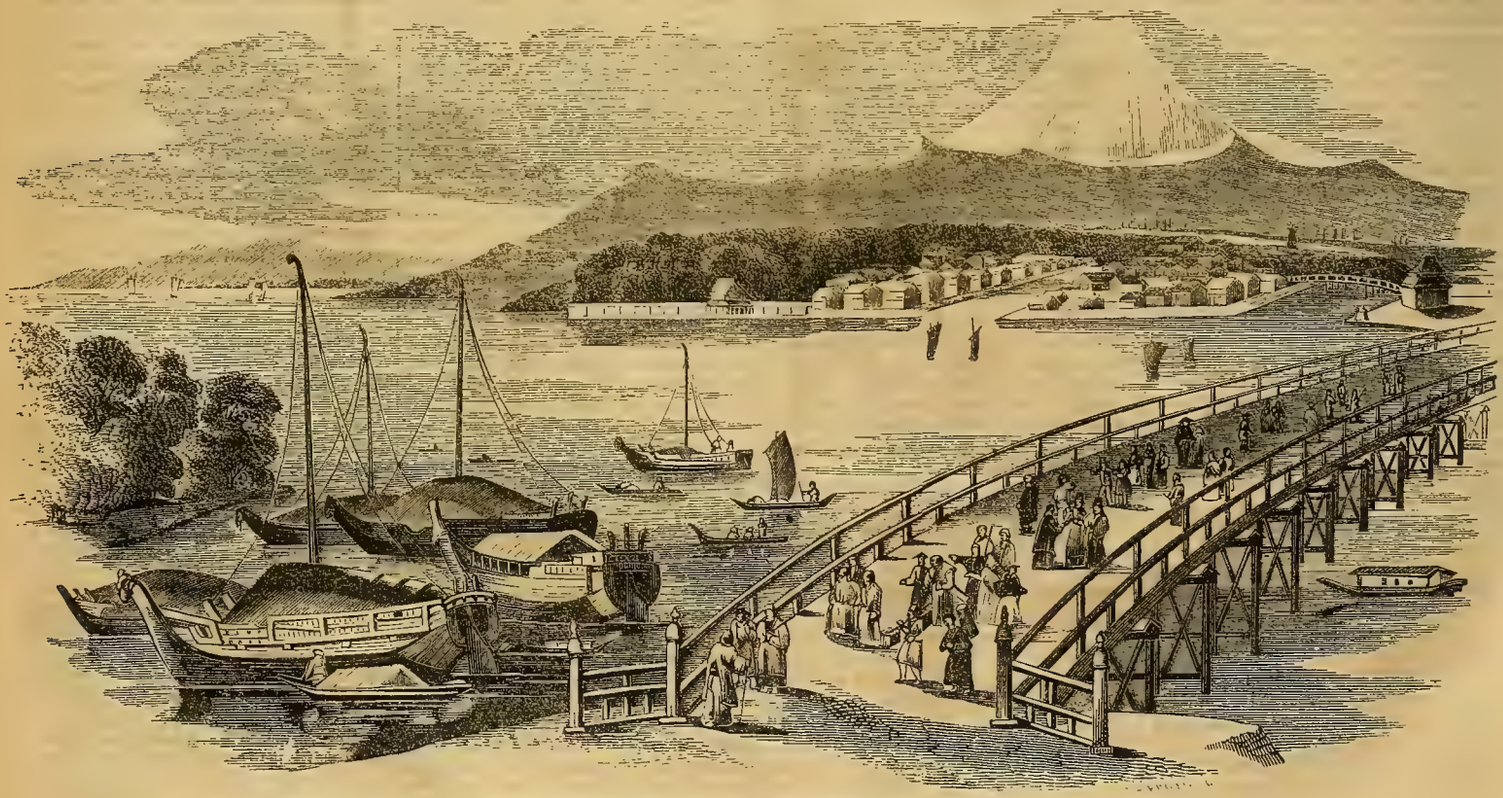
VIEW OF BLOCK ISLAND FORT, ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

BLOCK ISLAND FORT.

Such a rude, but firm and almost impregnable structure as our artist has sketched for us above, is but one of the many well-known defences whose partial ruins are still to be found all along the banks of the Upper Mississippi, on one of which this of Block Island is situated. It stands on the brow of one of the bold bluffs that strike the voyager with wonder, reminding him, in a moment, of what he has read or may have seen of the castles along the precipitous banks of the Rhine. The extreme tower beetles over the bank, as if it would maintain its post even against the encroachments of the "Father of Waters. The scenery above is suggestive of the varied life which this magnificent river ever presents to the eye of the traveller. There is wildness, vastness, and a rugged strength in it, associated rather with nature than man, that is the best record of the ages through which this gigantic stream has run its course. The rapids seen nearly opposite the fort are of common occurrence in the upper part of the Mississippi, and, with the bluff on which the fort itself stands, stamp the picture at once as belonging to the Far West of the country. If the walls of this brave old fortress could speak, what stirring tales of barbarity and endurance, of inhumanity and sacrificing courage, of hardihood and suffering would they not tell! But such landmarks remain in few places now; they are vanishing with the red men whose hostilities rendered them necessary.

JEDDO.

The capital of Japan must, at this particular moment, have unusual attractions for all readers. In one respect, it is a sort of second Venice, the city for its whole extent being intersected with canals and ditches, with such branches in this direction and that as are necessary for more perfect intercourse. The city is located on the south-east shore of the island of Niphon, at the bottom of the bay of Jeddo, and its population has been estimated all the way from 700,000 to 1,500,000. The bridge seen in the engraving fairly represents the means of transit from one quarter of the city to the other. Jeddo is the chief and largest city of the empire of Japan, and the residence of the Emperor. It is not laid out, for obvious reasons, with the regularity of most of the other cities, the canals and bridges rendering it impossible; yet its streets are long and clean, and as wide as might be looked for. Fires are frequent, because the houses are built of wood, and are of two stories. Here are several convents and public buildings; the Emperor's palace is spacious, and occupies a large tract of ground. Until we become better acquainted with Japan through the operation of our new treaty with that empire, nothing can be written in detail of its capital, or the amount of its business. Its harbor is spacious, and large ships may come up with ease. The bridge in the engraving is called *Nippontas*, and is the principal one in the city.



VIEW OF JEDDO, THE CAPITAL CITY OF JAPAN.

HENRY A. HALL, ESQ.

For the information of those of our numerous readers who are not personally acquainted with the enterprising young man with whose likeness we present them in this number, we propose to give a brief outline of his history, since he engaged in the India Rubber business, which we know cannot fail to interest all, as it shows the result of enterprise, indomitable energy and sagacity well united and applied. Mr. Hall, during the year 1856, came here from New York, (where he had spent the two years previous,) and commenced the India-Rubber and Gutta-Percha business directly in the face of competition which would have dissuaded a man of less energy from attempting it; but by well directed efforts to his legitimate business, he was enabled to *live*, and entered the disastrous year of 1857 with encouragement that the worst had passed, and confidently sought for the business to which his efforts entitled him. The scarcity of money and other causes over which he had no control, combined to render the business of that year but little more satisfactory than that of the preceding, and with the commencement of the new year he resolved to open some channel through which he could *start* the business, and make it *remunerative*. With this resolution he labored with renewed zeal, and, during the summer of that year, succeeded in perfecting a Gas Balloon, which met with an unprecedented sale, and from which he realized quite a fortune. Our readers, especially in New England, will recollect that these Balloons were carried into almost every household, and every conveyance, of any nature, which left this city, carried them. It was impossible to meet the demand for them, although many persons were employed night and day, *incessantly*, in preparing them. They were really beautiful, and a credit to the inventor. Encouraged by the result (which was far more profitable than he anticipated) of this invention, and wishing to become familiar with the manufacture of India-Rubber fabrics in Europe, and to make arrangements for importing their productions if they were adapted to this market, Mr. Hall went there; and as the trip was somewhat remarkable, we copy an account of the same from our well-known cotemporary, the Boston *Journal*:—"Mr. Hall, the senior member of the enterprising firm of Henry A. Hall & Co., dealers in India-Rubber and Gutta-percha goods at 146 Congress street, recently made a trip to Europe and back, which for dispatch we are inclined to think is without a parallel. He left Boston for Liverpool August 25th, per steamer Niagara; arrived in Liverpool September 4th; spent a day in Liverpool, and proceeded to London, where he passed two days, and thence to Paris, where he remained two days more. He returned to Liverpool and took passage in the same steamer for home, reaching Boston September 24th, having been absent from home *less than a month*. This was a business trip, and perhaps is no less remarkable for the amount of business transacted than for its quickness. Mr. Hall succeeded in obtaining the appointment of selling agents for Charles Mackintosh & Co., the celebrated India-Rubber manufacturers of London, and for other prominent manufacturers in London and Paris, thus securing unsurpassed facilities for the business of his firm." Since that time his business has rapidly increased, and now extends into every part of the Union; and his present facilities for supplying India-Rubber or Gutta-Percha goods of American or English manufacture, together with the basis on which his trade is established, places him in a position where he fears no competition. We take pleasure in recommending our readers to the advertisement in the present number of the *Pictorial*, which partially enumerates the different articles of utility which are now manufacturing from India-Rubber and Gutta-Percha.

HENRY A. HALL, ESQ.

A WRECKING VESSEL.

The frequent disasters we are called upon to record along our coasts, to vessels overtaken by sudden gales or striking upon reefs and rocks, renders the engraving of the craft furnished the reader below, of more than common interest. She has a remarkably square bow, and a flat bottom, so that her draft may be as light as possible, and her hold upon the water, when engaged in her work, as strong as it could be made. The loss so recently of the steamship Hungarian, brings the necessity of such vessels vividly to mind. When help was sent for in this case, none was to be had until the gale had spent its force; whether from fear or inability, has not been so plain. The very name of a craft of this character suggests saddening reflections. It seems lamentable that such aids in the business of navigation are needed. We involuntarily think of widows and drowned men, of shapeless corses washed ashore, and costly merchandize made the plaything of the wild sea. To remedy the greatly increased dangers from steam navigation within our inland waters, and along our coasts, Congress passed an act in 1852, providing that the duly appointed inspector should, each year, within his own district, carefully inspect the hull of each steamer belonging to their respective districts and employed in the carriage of passengers, and shall satisfy themselves that every such vessel submitted to their inspection is of a structure suitable for the service in which she is to be employed, has suitable accommodations for her crew and passengers, and is in a condition to warrant the belief, that she may be used in navigation as a steamer with safety to life, and that all the requirements of law in regard to fires, boats, pumps, hose, life-preservers, floats and other things are carefully complied with; and, if they deem it expedient, they may direct the vessel to be put in motion, and may adopt any other suitable means to test her sufficiency, and that of her equipment. The want of these wreckers, properly furnished, is greatly felt; and it would be for the interest of underwriters to make them as plenty as possible.

THE GOAT.

A gentleman who had taken an active share in the rebellion of 1815, after the battle of Preston, escaped into the West highlands, where a lady, a near relative, afforded him an asylum. A faithful servant conducted him to the mouth of the cave, and furnished him with an abundant store of provisions. The fugitive crept in at a low aperture, dragging his stores along. When he reached a wider and loftier expanse, he found some obstacle before him. He drew his dirk, but unwilling to strike, lest he might take the life of a companion in seclusion, he stooped down, and discovered a goat with her kid stretched on the ground. He soon perceived that the animal was in great pain, and, feeling her body and limbs, ascertained that her leg was fractured. He bound it up with his garter, and offered her a share of the bread beside him; but she stretched out her tongue, as if to apprize him that her mouth was parched with thirst. He gave her water, which she took readily, and then ate some bread. After midnight he ventured out of the cave; all was still. He plucked an armfull of grass and cut tender twigs, which the goat accepted with manifestations of joy and thankfulness. The prisoner derived much comfort in having a living creature in this dungeon, and he caressed and fed her tenderly. The man who was intrusted to bring him supplies fell sick; and when another attempted to penetrate into the cavern, the goat furiously opposed him, presenting her horns in all directions, till the fugitive, hearing a disturbance, came forward. This new attendant giving the watch-word, removed every doubt of his good intentions, and the amazon of the recess obeyed her benefactor in permitting him to advance. The gentleman was convinced, that had a band of military attacked the cavern, his grateful patient would have died in his defence.

The devices of the goat to hide her young from the fox are very remarkable. She discerns her enemy at a great distance, conceals her treasure in a thicket, and boldly intercepts the formidable marauder. He seldom fails to approach the place where the kid is crouching, but the dam, with her horns, receives him at all points, and never yields till spent with fatigue and agitation. If a high crag, or stone, should be near when she descries the fox, she mounts upon it, taking her young one under her body. The fox goes round and round, to catch an opportunity for making a spring at the little trembler, and there have been instances of his seizing it; but the goat thrust her horns into his flank with such force as to be often unable to withdraw them, and all three have frequently been found dead at the bottom of the precipice. It is a singular fact, that the goats know their progeny to several generations, and each tribe herds together on the hills, or reposes in the cot in separate parties.

If you would cease to worry about "hard luck," get the pleurisy. Nothing shows the emptiness of wealth like pain.

A WRECKING VESSEL IN BOSTON HARBOR.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

WHERE I WOULD RESIDE.

BY NELLIE ATHERTON.

You ask me where I would reside;
If in some lordly hall,
Or in some stately mansion,
Near rushing waters' fall;

If I would live in castle fair,
Or in some cottage home,
Half hid beneath the clustering vines,
Where care can never come;

If I would choose America,
Or Italy, or Spain;
If I would live fair freedom's child,
Or own a monarch's chain?

I fain would live in Italy,—
Home of earth's fairest one;
I'd seek my pleasure and my joy,
Beneath her ardent sun.

I love her dark-eyed daughters,
Her proud and earnest sons;
She boasts the loveliest rivers
Of all that sparkling run.

I'd choose a lovely cottage home,
Near some fair, laughing stream,
Whose silvery rippling seems
Like voices in a dream.

O, Italy! bright Italy!
The fairest spot on earth;
Alas! on thy bright, lovely shores
Fair Freedom ne'er had birth!

The only thing that bids me not
Turn my life-bark to thee,
Is, thou art still in servitude,
Thou'rt not yet wholly free!

THE CORSAIR AND PRIVATEER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

A STARTLING INCIDENT.

It was the afternoon of the eighth day, a terrible thunder storm had burst upon the Atlantic, and had raged with fearful and unabated fury for several hours. The rain fell in unceasing torrents, mingling the waters of heaven with the briny spray of the ocean waves, which dashed in maddening fury high, as if to rear their snowy-crested tops into the blackened, frowning heaven above. The lightning was frequent, and its flashes intensely vivid. The thunder burst in fearful and incessant peals from above, and rolled heavily away.

The pirate schooner under close reefed topsails was driven with fearful velocity over the mountain waves; now borne on the very crest of a towering wave, high aloft; now sinking into the trough of the sea, while high above her reared the snowy crests. Yet like a feather she rode the waves, and seemed to scorn their tumultuous fury. In the cabin of the Black Vulture, upon the couch, with her face buried in her hands and in a posture half reclining, was Clara Wildon. She had always experienced during a thunder storm the most abject terror, and was now more dead than alive with fear. At every flash of lightning that lit the cabin from its two windows, at the stern of the schooner, she would start, and an involuntary exclamation of fear escape her lips. Each successive peal of thunder would send a fearful shudder through her frame. Her sufferings during that terrible storm were intense; alone, with no endearing friends around, imprisoned, and tossed upon the raging waters in that frail vessel, which every succeeding wave that bore it on, threatened with destruction. She had but thrown herself upon the couch, when suddenly, at the door of the cabin, was heard a loud knock. She started to her feet, but did not approach the door,—"O, God! if that should be him!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, while her face betrayed the wildest terror. Another knock. With a faltering step she approached the door. "Who is here?" she inquired with deepest agitation in her voice. "Fitz Alwyn," was the answer returned from without. Clara turned the key, and Fitz Alwyn entered. He closed the door and locked it. "Miss Wildon," said he, advancing toward her, "I have come with words which I fear to speak."

"Mercy! is the schooner in danger? Is it that, Fitz Alwyn?" she exclaimed, as she seized his wrist with a convulsive grasp. The tone of her voice was fearful; for the words of Fitz Alwyn had created in her imagination a sudden thought of a terrible nature.

"No, it was not that," said he, suppressing a slight smile that forced itself to his lips, at her vehement words and look of fear with which she regarded him. "I have to tell you, Miss Wildon, that Seymour has resolved to see you. I can no longer stay him. He will be here within a short few moments. I have stayed him till now, to further a plan I have in view. For your sake I would have stayed him longer, but could not. He has resolved to see you, and I could as well withhold a hungry tiger from his prey, when about to spring upon it, as Seymour, when he has resolved. You must see him; but, in God's name, receive him with a slight assumed show of courtesy, if you value ought your life. Promise me that, Miss Wildon, for your own sake, and I will thank you?"

"Never! Fitz Alwyn. To you, for the care you manifest in my behalf, I am sincerely thankful. Your advice, given as you gave it, for my welfare, I cannot accept. Never will I assume a falsehood, in word or in bearing. No, Fitz Alwyn, I scorn and abhor William Seymour; and with scorn and abhorence will I greet him, though the worst should befal me." Her form dilated with excitement, and her eyes flashed with unwonted fire as she ended. Her spirit, determined words, and manner struck Fitz Alwyn with surprise; he seemed for a moment to doubt them; but a gaze at her now glowing face, a glance at her firm closed lips convinced him her words were not merely spoken, but sealed with determination.

"If this be your mind—if this is your resolve, may heaven protect you from the power of the pirate Seymour," said he in a voice that betrayed fear for her safety. "Here, Miss Wildon, take these, they may be of service to you; quick, Seymour is already at the door." He spoke suddenly, and in a hurried manner, at the same time tendering to Clara a pistol and a dagger. She started back at the sight of the weapons. "Nay, take them," said Fitz Alwyn, in an earnest manner, "they will at least save you from dishonor, if you fear to use them in your defence. Conceal them quickly, in the name of heaven. If this should fail, the dagger will at least be true," said he, as Clara took the weapons with fear and trembling.

A slight rap was at that moment heard at the door.

"Remember, Miss Wildon," said Fitz Alwyn in a low tone, "I shall be near you; if he offers violence, fire the pistol—if you fear to fire upon him, fire at random. I shall hear the report, which will be the signal for that which will draw his attention from you on the instant. His conduct here will determine whether he or I is the master of this vessel."

He now approached the door and opened it. The buccaneer chief entered; a smile was upon his face. He advanced toward the trembling Clara, and knelt with one knee bended at her feet.

"Monster! kneel not at my feet," she exclaimed in a tone that spoke the deep scorn and loathing with which she beheld him.

Had he knelt upon a writhing viper and felt its deadly sting at his vitals, the pirate would not have started quicker to his feet, than he did at the words of the maiden before him. Mortification and rage were depicted on his face.

"Monster!—ha! This was not the appellation I had thought to receive from you, proud one," said he in a bitter tone, while a smile of fearful expression rested upon his lips. "Fitz Alwyn, how is this?" he turned, but Fitz was gone. He turned to Clara! his gaze was fiend-like and fearful. He spoke in a bitter ironical tone, "if you have no other term for me, proud beauty, why, call me monster; I like the term, it suits me well, as you will find it does. Let me hear it again from those pouting, ruby lips, ere I taste their sweets. Speak once more the mild term, pretty one. I see how it is," in an altered voice, "I have been the dupe of Fitz Alwyn. But bitterly will he repent the hour he played me false." The dark eye of the pirate gleamed fiercely bright as he spoke, and his face was wrought with dreadful passion. "He played me false; but it matters not, since he and you, proud beauty, are in my power. What was his purpose, I know not, but it has availed him naught. He has wrought his doom. You, too, shall know your fate; you are mine—and neither Heaven nor hell shall snatch you from my grasp. Mine, in spite of earthly power, Clara Wildon." Terrible was the voice, and terrible the look of the buccaneer as he spoke. He advanced a step towards Clara, extending his hand as if to grasp her. She shrunk from his approach.

"Touch me not, thou fiend in form of man! Advance one step nearer to me, at your peril," she said in a spirited voice, casting at him a look of scorn. The threatening danger of her situation had roused within her a courage to confront it, she knew not she possessed. Her eyes flashed bright as she gazed at the fiend before her. He stood silent for a moment; her manner and words confounded him. Gazing at her an instant, he sprang toward her, while a derisive laugh escaped his lips. Quicker than thought she drew from her bosom the pistol, and aimed it at his breast. He sprang to its very muzzle, but quick as lightning darted back. He saw the meaning attitude of the maiden; the pistol aimed at his breast; he laughed not again. He saw she was not the easy victim he thought. And he muttered a curse as he gazed upon her—foiled, and at her mercy. One movement of her finger would wing a bullet to his heart. He moved slightly:

"Approach one step nearer me, William Seymour, and you peril your life," said Clara in a firm tone, taking a deadly aim at his breast.

Seymour ground his teeth in rage, and his eyes flashed with hellish fire.

"Am I to be thus baffled, and by a woman? No, by all the gods! I'll not," he exclaimed in a voice of fury. "I dare the danger." He made a sudden furious spring toward her. The click of the pistol-lock was heard, but the pistol missed its fire. Seymour grasped the weapon and dashed it to the floor. "Ha, ha—you are foiled, and are yet mine," he exclaimed with a burst of savage joy, as he grasped her form in his arms.

She struggled in vain to free herself from his grasp, when she suddenly drew from her bosom the dagger given her by Fitz Alwyn. She raised the glittering blade above his head. He released her from his hold, and started back, but the point of the weapon aimed with fatal precision slightly pierced his breast, and he fell to the floor. At that very instant a flash of lightning, intensely vivid, lit the cabin, and the fearful light seemed to linger for a moment there. The flash was followed instantaneously by a terrific, deafening peals of thunder; as though the very heavens were rent asunder. Clara uttered an exclamation of terror, and sank almost fainting to the couch. Seymour started involuntarily, as though with fear. Hardly had the terrible burst of the thunder-peal smote his ear, ere the cracking and rending of timbers were heard, and on the instant a fall and crash, that shook the vessel to its very keel. So heavy was the crash, that it seemed to rend the schooner in every joint. With a sudden bound he sprang from the cabin, and darted up the companionway to the deck. The sight that met his gaze, drew from him an oath and curse too fearful to repeat. The mainmast of the schooner had been struck by lightning, and was shivered from its head to the deck. The long Tom was torn from its carriage, and was half buried in the deck. The bulwarks on the starboard quarter for a number of feet had been ripped up, and three of the guns lost overboard. Two men lay crushed beneath a portion of the mast. They had met with a sudden and terrible death, and their mangled bodies struck the crew with horror as they gazed at them. Such was the scene that Seymour beheld. With an oath he fiercely ordered, "All hands to clear the wreck." Hardly had the order died upon his lips, ere a cry from the look-out of "Sail-ho!" smote his ear.

"To windward, on our starboard bow," was the answer returned.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FEARFUL COMBAT.

Turning his eye in that direction, Seymour saw through the storm a schooner, with reefed topsails, bearing down and not a mile distant, he ordered a glass, and springing into the fore-rigging levelled it at the approaching sail. He suddenly exclaimed:

"By all the gods! I should know that craft. 'Tis the Flying Arrow—my brother's. The furies seize him!" he exclaimed fiercely as he sprang to the deck. "He is bearing down, thinking we are in danger, to offer aid, which, were I sinking, I would not accept from him. Curse this wreck—were it not for this, I would put to the test the speed of the Flying Arrow. I would leave the wake of the Black Vulture for her to plough, till her keel should wear away in the pursuit. He knows not my craft; the fiends be praised for that."

The approaching schooner was now within half a mile, and bearing down with the wind's speed. A few moments more brought her within hailing distance; yet, no voice of hail was heard. On she came, dashing aside the salt spray; her bows now buried to their head in the waves, now rising, and her stern sinking in the hollow of the sea. What his brother's intention could be, the pirate chief could not conjecture. A few fathoms now only separated the two vessels.

"Hell and furies! will he run me down!" wildly exclaimed the buccaneer, while his voice betrayed a fear as he spoke.

The situation of the pirate schooner was critical in the extreme. The other had dashed on within a perilous proximity of the pirate, and bearing directly upon her starboard bow threatened to run afoul. The pirate schooner careened over the wreck of the mainmast, which had not been cleared away, obeyed not her helm, and collision seemed inevitable. Breathless anxiety pervaded all on board, as they watched the other schooner.

"Keep off, or you will sink us," shouted Seymour in a loud, vehement voice, as at that moment the privateer was borne to the top of the waves that threatened to dash her with terrible force on to the pirate. His words came too late. Destruction seemed inevitable.

A cry of horror burst from several of the pirates. The vessel had struck—no. When right upon them, as it seemed, the privateer was laid, by a skilful manœuvre, broadside with the pirate, her stern with the bows of the latter. Grappling irons were thrown from the privateer, and the vessels were in a moment bound firmly together. Before they could recover from their surprise, the deck of their vessel was crowded with three score of privateersmen. So suddenly, so unexpected had been their movements, that the pirates were taken completely by surprise. But a few of them were armed sufficiently for the fierce contest that must ensue between them and their foe. But these were instantly engaged with the privateer's crew, who were formidably armed for a fierce encounter, while the others rushed precipitately aft, and hastily arming themselves, joined their fellows in the commencing fray. Seymour, who had gone below when his vessel was boarded, now came on deck with a score of followers, and rushed furiously upon the privateersmen. One loud, wild yell burst from the pirates, and the fierce, sanguinary contest began in terrible earnest. The pirates pressed upon their foes with savage fury; now receding in a body to gain impetus for a furious charge, which the privateersmen bravely encountered, and in turn pressed hotly and with equal force upon them.

Thus they receded alternately, like the waves of the ocean, neither gaining any apparent advantage. For half-an-hour the fearful carnage raged, and terribly.

The deck was strewn with the corses of pirates and privateersmen. Dead and dying lay heaped upon the gory deck, and were trampled by the feet of the fierce combatants. Every moment increased the fierce heat of the battle, and added to the number of the wounded and slain. The storm yet raged with unabated fury, and added to the din of carnage. The privateersmen with their commander, Warren Seymour, and his friend, Almont, at their head, fought bravely against their savage foes. Wherever the fight raged the fiercest, Warren was in its midst. His blade had thinned the pirate rank of a number. He confronted danger with a courage and daring almost fatal to himself. Several times during the conflict he had caught sight of his pirate brother, and had striven in vain to near him. To cross blades with the buccaneer was his earnest wish. Their eyes had met, and the fierce fire that blazed in those of the pirate, and the look of hatred which he cast at his brother, told that the wish of the one was the wish of the other.

The battle still raged. The pirates fought like devils incarnate; expecting no quarter, they fought with reckless desperation and fury. They had partaken freely of rum mixed with powder, which imparted a ten-fold fury to them. Their faces streaming with gore, their eyes gleaming with unearthly fire, and the fierce yells they uttered, gave them the appearance of a troop of madmen. Their ranks momentarily thinned; yet they fought now with tiger-like ferocity—

asking no mercy, giving none. With an impetuosity nought could resist, fought the crew of the privateer, against those fiends in human shape.

Among them was one who, by his reckless daring, had made himself the terror of the pirates, and conspicuous among those with whom he fought. "Who he was, was unknown." He wore a black mask, concealing his face from view. Who he was, or how he came into the ranks of the privateer's crew, was a mystery to them. His unequalled daring elicited surprise from all. Seymour had noticed him among his crew; he had seen the terrible effect of the death dealing blade of the stranger. He had watched him with surprise. He had seen several of the pirates fall beneath the fatal stroke of the stranger's blade. Thrice during the fight he had hailed him; but the unknown kept aloof, and fought and felled his foes. The din of battle and storm increased. The ringing and clashing of steel—the loud, incessant report of pistols—the cries of the wounded as they were trampled to the deck by friends and foes, rose in wild confusion upon the air. The fierce lightning leaped from horizon to horizon along the frowning sky; darting to and fro in zigzag streams of liquid fire—then quenching its fiery bolts in the raging waters. The deep-toned thunder burst in awful peals, and rolled heavily along the frowning sky—the wind howled loudly, and the angry roar of the surging billows was continued and monotonous. The elements of fire, air, and water seemed striving in fiercest war—the blackened sky seemed like a gigantic funeral pall suspended over this scene of Nature's wildest commotion, and fiercest human strife. The deadly combat yet holds fiercely on. Neither of the opposing foes do yield. Victory hangs suspended, and sides with neither.

Mark the combatants. See how furiously their reeking blades fall around! Their blows, how terrible and fatal: the clashing steel rings upon the air! How the fire flies from their well-tempered blades! Mark, the red blood follows the ensanguined blade: how the wild cry of agony bursts in piercing accents above the din of battle! See how they reel—fall—how they writhe in the last fearful agonies of death! A shout! Look there; the privateersmen give way before a furious charge of the pirate horde! But it is momentarily; they recover, and with a force irresistible, in turn drive back their demon-like foes, and pile their corses upon the gory deck. Another shout rings out upon the air. The privateersmen gain—conquer; they press hotly upon their savage foes, driving them forward to the very bows of the vessel. They yield! Look—the rival chiefs have met—the buccaneer and the privateersman: face to face the brothers stand. One moment and their weapons cross—clash. Again they cross—now raised high, descend with terrible force; edge meets edge; and again resounds the clash of their weapons. The battle on both sides had voluntarily ceased; the crews of both vessels watched with intense anxiety the fierce contest between their respective leaders.

The brothers fought on. Many and fearful were the thrusts made at each other—but neither gained advantage. Both plied their weapons with equal skill and dexterity. Their forms dilate—their eyes flash fiercely bright; every nerve and muscle is brought into action, and strained with fierce excitement. But at length the thrusts and lunges of the buccaneer became more frequent and furious. With mortal hatred gleaming in his eyes, he sprung with the fury of a demon upon his brother, who now stood on the defensive. He withstood the assaults of the buccaneer with firmness and courage unyielding, and parried with coolness and dexterity the frequent and terrible passes made at him by his brother, who in his mad fury lost in a great degree the skill with which till now he had fought, thus giving to Warren the advantage.

Of a sudden he bounded upon his brother, whom he fancied for a moment was off his guard, and aimed a terrible blow at his breast. But the ever ready blade of Warren foiled the blow, and the pirate's weapon fell ringing to the deck. With the quickness of thought he stooped to recover it; but in so doing he missed his footing upon the deck, slippery with human gore, and fell one knee upon it.

"Now yield thee, monster, or take thy doom!" said Warren, poising above the head of the fallen pirate his heavy cutlass. "Yield; monster as thou art; I would not be my brother's murderer."

"Yield to thee! Never!" said the buccaneer. "Strike if you will a fallen foe—strike deep to my heart; it were a deed that would well befit thy coward heart. Strike; or, if you shrink to do the deed, give me my weapon, and I'll show thee I can be a brother's murderer!"

The bitter taunting words of the pirate were uttered in a voice that spoke vividly the deep and deadly hatred he bore his brother.

"Take thy weapon," said Warren, dropping his own to his side, and stepping back a pace. "Though I give no heed to your words of bitter taunt, yet you shall have the trial over."

The pirate grasped his weapon and sprung to his feet.

"Remember, now," said Warren, placing himself in an attitude of defence, "it is life or death with us. Be it fair or foul I will not again spare you, nor will I ask of you to stay your hand if you should prove the victor."

A moment more, and the two brothers were again engaged in single combat. It was a fearful struggle, but brought suddenly to a close. Warren by a powerful, dexterous blow dashed aside the blade of his brother, and smote heavily upon the breast, and pressing upon him, bore him to the deck.

"Now your time has come; brother though you are, that brother's doom I seal. But ere thy guilty soul has fled, I would ask, though I expect no answer but that which will tear afresh the agonizing wound that gnaws my bleeding heart, caused by a brother's deed; I would ask of you what of her whom you so foully tore from her home? Speak! and relieve thy soul of one dark, guilty deed, I would know her fate."

"Thou shalt know. You shall have my answer," said the buccaneer, writhing beneath the foot of his brother, planted firmly upon his breast, "you shall know her fate. I would see how well your nerves could meet the shock. Know then that she of whom you speak is lost to you forever. She is thy brother's mistress. A foul, dishonored woman; corrupted by one who hated her and thee; to gratify revenge. Ha! ha! ha! I swore revenge, and living, I attained it; and dying, I have revenge gazing at thee."

"And I will avenge her, fiend," cried Warren, raising for the deathblow, his weapon above his brother's head.

The words of William fell terribly upon him; his nerves received a fearful shock.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

For a moment he poised the weapon in the air; the pirate writhed in agony; he knew his doom was sealed; the blade descended, but thrust between it and the pirate's breast was another blade. Quicker than lightning the pirate sprang to his feet, again respited. Warren was thrust aside at the moment, and between him and the buccaneer stood another form. Mark the pirate's cheek, now bursting, red with rage. See! It blanches to the ghastly hue of death. The color's fled his lips; they quiver. His eyes are fixed in a frightful stare upon the form before him. He speaks—wildly—in accents of mortal fear that come deep from his soul.

"Does the sea give back its dead? Art thou form of flesh and blood, or a phantom come to mock at me?"

"I am flesh and blood; no phantom!" was answered in a deep and thrilling voice. "Ha, ha," wildly laughed the form. "You are mine, mine only, for vengeance! I have lived, prayed for this—this moment—it has come. For the worst of deaths you doomed me, I escaped to live for vengeance. For wealth, the greatest; for honor, the highest; for fame, the noblest; no—not for the proudest kingdom on the globe would I barter this moment of revenge that is now mine. Take up thy blade, and couldst thou invoke the powers of darkness to thy aid, and clothe thy weapon with all their powers, I would foil the charm."

He who was now the pirate's foe, and who spoke so terribly, was Edmund Elmore. The pirate grasped his weapon and the next moment it was crossed with that of his foe. Fearful is the clash of the weapons; fierce and deadly is the struggle. Thrice the blade of the pirate rang upon the deck, dashed from his hand. As it fell the third time, Elmore whirled his high in the air, it fell, and the two lay across the deck. More sudden than the lightning's flash, upon the buccaneer he sprang. One arm he winds with a convulsive iron grasp around his waist—his right hand is upon his throat; how hard he presses, how he gasps for breath; he staggers.

"Come with me, fiend, to the ocean depths below," said a terrible voice.

Two forms dashed through the air and fell into the maddened waves—a wild hysterical laugh broke loud above the storm, then died away. Again it was repeated, and again; thrice, as the two forms rose to the surface of the waves—they sink for the last time. The raging billows now close over them forever—the doomed and the avenger. Such was the terrible revenge of Edmund Elmore. This sudden, terrible mode of revenge thrilled for a moment all on board with horror.

But ha—what is that? is it smoke that rises from the hatches?—it is. "The schooner is on fire!" were the thrilling words uttered by a dozen voices.

There was a rush for the deck of the privateer. From the companion-way of the pirate schooner a column of black and stifling smoke rolls upward. A moment more and it is pierced by the red flame as it shoots up from below. Fearful must have been the progress of the flames.

"My daughter, she is not saved!" exclaimed a voice in startling accents.

Wringing his hands in an agony of despair, Mr. Wildon sprang upon the pirate's deck.

"Good God! it is too late! O God, must she die thus?"

A form rushed past him; sprang down the companion-way—it was he who wore the black mask upon his face. An involuntary thrill of horror shot through the hearts of all who saw the form disappear down the passage to inevitable destruction. Clara Wildon had paced the cabin floor in breathless trepidation during the time battle lasted. Clara had been informed by Fitz Alwyn that it was her lover who had given fight to the pirate. Although cheered with the hope that her lover would be the victor, by Fitz Alwyn, who had come to the cabin several times during the battle, yet a fearful anxiety pervaded her soul, as she thought how the battle might turn.

"The fight is ended; why does he not come? Oh God! if the pirate has triumphed," said Clara, in a tone of apprehension.

A moment more and the door was burst open, and he who wore the black mask stood before her.

"Come, lady, we must quickly leave this place. No, not there, the flames have cut us off. The window, the window! 'tis our only way of escape. Follow me," and as he spoke the flames burst into the cabin. He dashed open the window and let himself out, till he hung by one arm over the furious waves, which dashed him several times with violence against the schooner's stern. With fear and trembling, Clara emerged through the window. Her form was half way out; her head swam. Entwining his right arm around her waist, her preserver and herself dropped—the roaring waves received their forms, and for a moment closed over them.

When it was found the flames could not be subdued, the privateer was cast free from the pirate, yet there remained upon her deck, Warren Seymour, Almont and Mr. Wildon.

"In the name of Heaven leave this vessel," said Almont, grasping the arm of Mr. Wildon; "'tis madness to remain here longer. Leave, oh leave, I pray you, I beseech you."

"Away, away," said the father, "I will not go. I will perish with my daughter," and he tore himself from the young man.

Almont turned to Seymour.

"Warren, if you love me, in God's name leave this vessel. With your aid we can get him into the boat. Fly ere it is too late. Ha, what is that? Look, those forms, they again appear. One is a woman. She is saved! Thank God! your daughter is saved!"

The words of young Almont were uttered in a voice of rapture. Mr. Wildon and Warren turned their gaze in the direction Almont pointed, and they saw two forms tossed upon the waves. Almont and Warren leaped into the boat, and, with a wild cry of joy, Mr. Wildon followed, and exclaimed, "We can save them." The boat was pushed from the burning vessel, in a few moments, Clara Wildon, and he who had so nobly striven to save her, were rescued, and in as short a space of time the boat had reached the privateer. As soon as they reached the deck, the unknown stranger sank exhausted; the black mask fell from his face, and exposed the features of Fitz Alwyn. He was carried to the cabin; it was an hour ere he recovered. When he started up from the couch, exclaiming.

"Oh God! I am dying!" He grasped the hands of Warren and Clara, and said, "Forgive, oh forgive me, lady, for the foul wrong I have done you, and I die relieved. You too will forgive me, Warren? I have wronged you both. Let me know I am forgiven and I die happy."

His breathing became heavy and difficult; the seal of death was upon his brow; he sank back upon his couch; one convulsive start, one piercing exclamation of agony, and death closed his sufferings; but not until he received the full forgiveness of those whom he had wronged. He had worn the black mask during the fight, that the pirates might not know him.

It was but a few moments after Fitz Alwyn had been conveyed to the cabin of the privateer, that the fierce flames had burst above the deck of the pirate craft. One by one her guns had bursted from the intense heat, and their thunder sound boomed far over the water. What few of the pirates had escaped the carnage, had betaken themselves on the first discovery of fire, to a boat, and put off. The boat was not six times her length from the schooner, when she swamped in the heavy sea, and every one on board found a watery grave.

It was a sight thrilling to the blood, to behold the burning vessel tossed by the mad waves to and fro; the flaming mass relieved against the blackened sky, with intense brightness; the flames have now licked up the foremast, wreathing round and round like a fiery serpent, to its very head. Now they wrap the yards in their embrace, and shoot forth a thousand forked tongues of flames in every direction. The fore and fore-top yards fall, and the mast, with the top-gallant yard now stands a cross of flaming fire. A moment more, and it falls to the deck, when at the same instant, ten thousand burning fragments are hurled high in the air, and fall extinguished in the waves. The schooner had blown up. Nought now remained of her once beautiful hull but the blackened fragments that strewed the sea.

The sun was two hours risen on the following morning, when Fitz Alwyn was consigned to the grave of the sailor—the ocean wave. Not an eye but wept at the burial of him who had sacrificed his life in atonement for a deed he could not forgive himself.

In a few words we will account for the appearance of Edmund Elmore on board the pirate craft. Cast adrift by the pirate crew, he was tossed three days and nights upon the sea, when he was picked up by a vessel, and thus snatched from the jaws of death. He was the same young man who had boarded the Flying Arrow, when she was about to leave in pursuit of the Black Vulture; and whom we alluded to at the close of the "Rival Brothers."

The privateer, with happy hearts aboard, now held on her way to Boston, where she arrived in safety. One year afterward, in the mansion of Mr. Wildon, a bridal took place—the bride and bridegroom were Clara Wildon and Warren Seymour.

MAGNANIMOUS BANDIT.

The leader of a gang of banditti in Corsica, who had long been famous for his exploits, was at length taken, and committed to the care of a soldier, from whom he contrived to escape. The soldier was condemned to death. At the place of execution, a man coming up to the commanding officer, said, "Sir, I am a stranger to you, but you shall soon know who I am. I have heard that one of your soldiers is to die for having suffered a prisoner to escape. He was not at all to blame; besides, the prisoner shall be restored to you. Behold him here! I am the man. I cannot bear that an innocent man should be punished for me, and have come to die myself; lead me to execution." "No!" exclaimed the French officer, who felt the sublimity of the action as he ought; "thou shalt not die; and the soldier shall be set at liberty. Endeavor to reap the fruits of thy generosity. Thou deservest to be henceforth an honest man."

TOOTH-DRAWING IN SPAIN.

A recent traveller in Spain describes an itinerant dentist, in the public square of Cadiz, to whom a patient, in the shape of a pain-stricken muleteer, came, griping at his jaw, for assistance. The grave quack did not dismount, hardly stooped in his saddle, but, with one experienced, far-sighted, keen glance at the cavernous tooth, drew a long Toledo rapier, with a curious twisted steel hilt, that hung by his side, slipped the point under the black fang, and scooped it out with a single twitch. With military precision he wiped his sword, slipped it back into its sheath, held out his hand for the twopenny fee, touchd his hat, and rode gravely off.

WESTWARD HO!

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

Droop not, brothers!
As we go
O'er the mountains
Westward ho!
Under boughs of mistletoe,
Log-huts we'll rear,
While herds of deer and buffalo
Furnish the cheer!
File o'er the mountains—steady, boys!
For game afar
We have our rifles ready, boys!
Aha!
Throw care to the winds,
Like chaff, boys!—ha!
And join in the laugh, boys!
Hah!—hah!—hah!

Cheer up, brothers!
As we go
O'er the mountains
Westward ho!
When we've wood and prairie-land,
Won by our toil,
We'll reign like kings in fairy-land,
Lords of the soil.
Then westward ho! in legions, boys!
Fair Freedom's star
Points to her sunset regions, boys!
Aha!
Throw care to the winds,
Like chaff, boys!—ha!
And join in the laugh, boys!
Hah!—hah!—hah!

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"I KIN tell ye what it is, Miss Lay, if ye don't have ivery cent of the rint riddy for me by to-morrow evenin', ye'll tramp—ye an' yer baby sister too, both of ye. I aint a goin' to lose what's my honest dues when plenty of decent people stan' riddy to take the room at iny hour. Jist remimber, now; for when Judy McFarlan says a thing she manes it!" And slamming the door after her, the rude, unfeeling landlady went clattering down the rickety stairs.

Not until the last heavy footfall was lost in the distance, did Maggie Lee stir from her kneeling posture beside her thin straw pallet; but then she sprang hurriedly to her feet, and paced the narrow room with frantic steps, the tears which she had kept back so long deluging her pale cheeks.

"How can I raise it?" she cried, pitifully, pausing at length before the single window, into which a few faint sunset rays were streaming. "How can I raise it? Haven't I worn the shoes off my feet in going from one shop to another seeking employment? Haven't I begged and plead with those wealthy ladies who were once my friends, for work? Haven't I sold my last trinket, even the locket that held my father's and mother's sainted faces, to keep even this wretched roof over my head? Haven't I pawned my last decent clothes to buy bread for my baby sister? What more can I do?"

She sat down upon the cold, bare floor, and tried to think; but she was too weak, too nervous and exhausted for calm, quiet thought, and could only wring her wasted fingers and sob.

Suddenly, by one of those curious mental phenomena which none can account for, a vision seemed to flit before her tearful eyes, and as she gazed, it became a perfect picture. There rose before her sight a stately mansion, with marble front, balconied windows, and plate-glass casements. The carved rosewood door swings back, and reveals a lofty hall with tesselated floor, and staircase that seems almost a ladder into heaven, so wondrous fair are the statuettes that fill the niches on the one side, and so sweet and rare the flowers that twine the curiously inlaid railing. Ascending, new beauties open to her. Parlors whose walls are frescoed with such art that they seem stretching out into golden vistas, whose floors are hidden by medallion carpets so soft and thick that the heaviest footfall is hushed to stillness, whose windows are draped with crimson damasks, softened down to a pale rose by hangings of cloud-like lace, whose mirrors are each one a fortune, and whose other furnishings are of satin wood from far-off eastern isles; a library, whose carved shelves bear proudly up the costliest volumes of these and other times, in blue and golden bindings, with marble busts of the great and good, with rare engravings, mother-of-pearl portfolios, silver inkstands, and golden pens with jewelled handles; a picture gallery, with brilliant sunrises, crimson sunsets, soft moonlights, rushing rivers, broad lakes, green islands, "the heart" of sublime and beautiful views the wide world over, and rarer and fairer far, meek cloistered faces—holy Madonnas and penitent Magdalens. Farther up, there is a boudoir which a princess might covet for her use, and opening from it a suite of rooms which might well be called the bridal chamber, with such exquisite taste are they all fitted up. A child's crib stands in one corner—a low, graceful thing, with pillows frilled with laces, with counterpane of soft, white silk, and dainty lavendered linen. A light breath of wind—a soft, summer wind—lifts the drapery thrown over it, and looking on its downy bed, Maggie sees her own baby sister sleeping.

It fades, the beauteous vision, and then a fearful struggle goes on in the young girl's heart. That home, with all its rich adornings, may be hers at any hour. She has but to say the word, and the millionaire who owns it will send snowy velvets, costly laces and fragrant orange wreaths, and come for her in his liveried carriage, and make her his bride before God and man. Yet she has hungered, thirsted, gone weary and cold, rather than go there—rather than sell her womanhood for gold. But never was her case so desperate as now—never. She has no crust to give the little Lillie when she wakes; no fire to warm those little purple feet and fingers; and to-morrow night will have no roof to shelter her from the winter winds.

Heaven only knows how great was the temptation. Angels only can pity her, for they know how every heart-string quivered.

"I will do it!" she said at last, and her face, pale before, became white as summer lilies. "I will do it—sell myself for gold—nay, nay, for food, light, fire, raiment, for my baby sister!"

Seizing a bit of pencil and her last sheet of paper, by the fading twilight she traced these lines:

"EDWARD STANTON:

"Sir:—I have thought—as you said I would—better of your generous proposals, and will become your wife, if you wish, within the next twenty-four hours. In time, I may learn to love you as you deserve. If I do not, though, I will be kind, tender, dutiful and faithful, and strive to make your life happy and your home blessed. MARGARET LEE."

"I will carry it there to-night—yes, within an hour."

She spoke firmly, and put on her shawl and bonnet. Going to the straw pallet, she drew the scanty covering close over the baby form, kissed the little dimpled face, left something on it that was strangely like a tear, and went down—down—down, four flights of stairs, and out into the narrow, noisy street. A rapid walk of half an hour brought her before the marble mansion she had seen in her vision. She glides up the broad white steps, and lays her hand on the silver bell-handle. It is cold, deathly cold, and as she touches it, every nerve in her thrills as when one lays his hands upon a corpse.

As an electric shock will sometimes vivify a palid limb, so that cold, icy touch rouses her sleeping memories; and screaming wildly "I cannot! O, I cannot sell myself!" she rushes down the steps and off, off into the distance.

What shall she do? She ponders on the question when she has grown calm again—ponders it over and over again as she paces the brilliant and crowded thoroughfares, but gets no answer back. The city clock chimes eight. Lillie will waken soon, and cry for bread. What shall she do?

"*Beg.*" She says it over many times, for in all her trouble she has never yet asked charity. She has often said to herself she would starve first. But Lillie—can she see *her* die before her eyes for want of food?—hear those baby lips with their last quiver murmur "bread?"

"I will do it!" she cries, with frantic accents.

But ah! she does not know how hard it is for one reared as she has been to beg! Her white lips refuse to accost the passers-by, and she shrinks and cowers at the glances they throw upon her when she tries to speak.

"Nine!" The city clocks all chime it. She seems to hear the little Lillie cry, "Maggie! Maggie!"

Two gentlemen come down the steps of a hotel, and go towards a waiting carriage. One of them enters, but as the other puts his foot upon the steps, a woman's hand seizes his garments, and a woman's voice, plaintive and weak, cries out, "Charity; one penny, to save me from starvation!"

"Why not say a shilling while you are about it?" he answers, rudely. "A penny would not save a bird."

"For shame!" says a rich, manly voice. "Let me by. There was agony in that voice; it was no common beggar pleading." And he thrust his hand into his pocket. "Here, woman——Good heavens, George, she has fainted! Help me to carry her in——No, go on; I will join you in an hour." And tenderly as though she were a sister, he bore her up the steps and into the lighted hall.

"Bring water—yes, and wine," he cries to a passing waiter, and hastens to untie the bonnet-strings.

The brilliant light from the hall chandelier falls full on the pale, still features. There is a revelation in that golden glow, and the beggar girl is clasped close, close to William Herbert's heart, while his lips, colorless almost as hers, exclaim, "My own lost Maggie!"

"Go for a physician!" he says in a hoarse voice to the attendant, as he brings wine and water.

One is soon there, and kneeling beside the luxurious couch to which she has been borne, William Herbert waits in almost breathless suspense the verdict.

"It is exhaustion, chiefly—a sudden mental shock; but she will live. Ah! she breathes even now. Quick—moisten her lips with cordials; chafe her hands; bathe her forehead. She is coming to fast.

"Give her wine every few moments for an hour; then, if she rouses up, some light food, and then let her sleep. I will come again early in the morning."

"Lillie! Lillie! Where are you, darling?" and the hands grope wildly over the couch. The next moment she is sitting upright, looking, half in wonder, half in terror, at the rich surroundings.

"Maggie."

"Who speaks? Do I dream? Where—O, where am I?"

"Maggie, darling!" and strong arms are clasped about her, and warm lips pressed to her cheek. "It is William—your own William—your bridegroom, Maggie, who has sought you far and wide. Speak dearest—only one little word."

"*Beloved.* But my baby sister, William; she is awake long before now, and, cold and hungry, cries for me. I must go to her."

"No, Maggie; you are too weak and sick. I will go."

"But you cannot find her. O, you do not know how destitute I am, and to what a wretched home my poverty has driven me."

"Give me the street and number, Maggie; and you drink up this cordial, and sleep, if you can, and in an hour Lillie will be here."

Gold will do anything, almost, and a coachman was soon driving furiously up that narrow street which Margaret had paced five hours before.

Up—up—up the rickety stairs went William Herbert, a lantern in his hand. He opens a door; low sobs greet him—stifled sobs, such as children utter when they have just cried themselves to sleep. He bends over the straw pallet a moment; then lifts the little one carefully, folds his shawl about her, and goes quietly down. Mrs. McFarlan meets him at the front door.

"Who be you, enterin' my house at this time of night? and what have ye there?"

"Miss Lee's baby sister. Miss Lee has found a friend, and I am carrying the child to her."

"She owes me a month's rint; and I ought to have it, too, for I'm a poor widow, with five children."

Herbert thrust a half eagle into her hands, and went off bearing "the blessing of the Holy Mother."

"Sister Maggie!"

"Lillie, my baby sister!" and the little one is nestled to Margaret's heart.

A few words more, and I am done. There was a crash in the commercial world a few weeks later, and the first house to feel it was Edward Stanton's; and in a day or so the red flag of the auctioneer floated from a balconied window of his stately mansion.

William Herbert was the purchaser, and three months from the evening of her fearful temptation, Maggie Lee—Maggie Lee no longer, but Mrs. William Herbert—entered that lovely home as its fair mistress; and that night a baby face looked up from the lace pillows of the crib she had seen in that vision of the past, and the bride smiled upon it, and said, pleasantly—

"Sleep, Lillie; I will never leave you more."

JUDITH.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

'Tis midnight! and God from his throne in the sky
Casts over creation his all-seeing eye;
The voice of the reckless, the music, the jest,
Are sunk in the sea of silence and rest.

The chieftain lies stretched 'neath the purple rich pall,
A babe now in sleep, in war, monarch of all;
And the flame of the censer in gloom sinketh fast,
Like the beam of the day in the hurricane's blast;

While the lovely of Israel upon him doth gaze,
And weeps as she thinks of those innocent days;
In the tower of Bethulia, sweet home of her heart—
"Jehovah! Jehovah! thy aid, O, impart!

Nerve my hand to the deed, let the blow surely fall,
No pity, no feeling of mercy appal
My bosom of woman—'tis done!—hark!—that groan
Tells the life of the tyrant forever is gone!"

Lo! the mighty have fallen! that form once the fear
Of the heart of the Hebrew, is stretched on its bier;
On the blood-deluged ground it lies headless and pale;
Weep, children of Assur, weep, tremble and wail!

Thy might hath departed like foam from the wave,
The flower of thy warriors is gone to the grave;
While the God of the righteous o'er Israel holds reign,
Their buckler and sword 'gainst oppression and pain.

THE SPORTING DRAMATIST.

A certain wealthy nobleman invited Sheridan to visit him during the hunting season, at his country seat. He went, but being no sportsman, found it rather dull work. At length, one day finding himself left alone, he concluded to take a gun and fixings and try his luck. An attendant gamekeeper proffered his services, which were peremptorily declined, determined that his want of skill should not be made the subject of remark in the servants' hall. The result of his tramp might be anticipated, and he found himself returning home without even a feather for his trophy, convinced of one or two things, to wit: either that his gun was a poor one, or that he did not understand its use.

Crossing a field, in the centre of which was a pond, around which was gathered a large flock of geese, ducks, hens, etc., he noticed a farmer leaning upon the fence, watching their gambols, and was seized with an irresistible desire to try his skill upon the feathered objects of his attention. Accordingly, he went up to the farmer, who seemed quite indifferent to his approach, and thus addressed him:

"My friend, what shall I give you for permission to discharge both barrels into the midst of the flock?"

"Wull," answered the north countryman, "ai dun know; art thou much iv er shot?"

"Much of a shot? O!" (slightly embarrassed), "middling—only middling."

"Wull, how far wilt thou stan' off?"

"How far? O, say about twenty yards."

"Wull, ar shood think thou might's give I half a ginny."

"Half a guinea! Pretty good price; however, I'll do it."

Accordingly, the ground was measured, Sheridan took his stand, and, with a deliberate aim, discharged both barrels, killing and wounding more than he anticipated.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, picking up the spoils, and approaching the old farmer, who seemed quite undisturbed by the result, "you didn't expect I should kill so many of them, did you?"

"Wull, no, I can't say I did; but still, yer know, *it's nothin' to I, yer know, becos they don't belong to I.*"

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

A boatman, while engaged in conveying salt on the Onondago lake, a few years since, saw a large gray eagle cutting his gyrations in the air, apparently seeing some prey in the lake beneath. In a moment he poised, and darted from his altitude into the water, from which he was unable to rise. A continued flapping with his broad and extended pinions kept him from being drawn under, and proved that his diamond eyes had not mistaken their object. He approached the land slowly, the unknown creature below acting as propellant and helmsman. The boatman grew interested in the affair, and landed. The eagle, on touching terra firma, showed himself fastened to a fine salmon. Our hero, thinking it time to take his share of the plunder, cut himself a stout cudgel, and approached the imperial bird of Jove; which, having his talons fast, was unable to rise, advance or recede. Three times was the club raised to strike, but the noble bearing of the regal bird, and his undaunted front, made even the boatman quail. He could not assault imprisoned majesty. The eagle exhibited no signs of fear, but occasionally nibbled the gills of his prize, and indignantly glanced at the intrusive boatman. At length the talons of one leg became released, and, by a dexterous turn, those of the other, when he soared away to his thunder-clouds on high, leaving the much coveted salmon to the boatman, who, on weighing it, found it to balance twenty-six pounds.

Women are only told that they look like angels when they are young and beautiful; consequently it is their persons, not their virtues, that procure them this homage.

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SUNDAY IN CUBA.

The Cubans make a holiday of Sunday; so different from the observance of the time by ourselves. A very readable letter from the editor of the *South Carolinian*, who has been passing a little time at Trinidad de Cuba, contains such sketches of Sabbath doings in that place as the following:—"In business matters, there seems to be no difference between Sundays and other days—the stores are all open, and things hawked about the streets as during the week. Sunday is the great day for amusement—bull-fights and cock-fights and balls being given on that day. Passing by the theatre last evening, on returning from a walk, an immense crowd induced an inquiry into the cause of it, when we found that there was a *dignity ball* of colored folks going on. A man standing at the door had just communicated the information that the house was full, and no more could be admitted. At these balls the colored ladies vie with their betters, though not recognizing them as such, and dress in the extreme of fashion. The colored gents have equal pretensions, and their style of dress is a prominent feature in the picture." It must be a great change, coming from a Sunday there straight across the seas to a Puritan Sunday in New England!

The *Post* won't go over the Sabbath without having its joke. Speaking of the war now waging in Boston over a certain book relating to Mr. Choate, it says:—"There is a literary indignation tilt going on just now, which reminds us of the mental agony of a squaw who was weeping frantically at the loss of her husband, and gave as an excuse for her excessive grief that he died nine years before, and she couldn't hold in any longer."

Every man has his particular "vanity," and so somebody has wisely said before us. Dumas, the famous French romancist, has his. He is very fond, on gala days, of wearing some dozen or more decorations, consisting of ribbons or crosses. A friend recently protested—"Why, Dumas, you look stupid—you're a walking rainbow with these ribbons, which are the color——" "Of the grapes *we read of in the fable*," interrupted Dumas. The friend vamosed.

SOON OVER.—In Memphis, Tenn., a gentleman and lady who were riding out together, met a Judge, who was astride of a donkey. They at once accosted him, and requested him to unite them in the holy bonds of wedlock. He acceded to the proposition, and, without dismounting, performed the ceremony, making the occupants of the vehicle one, and having for witnesses the mule and two or three persons who were passing at the time.

We have received the first number of Gleason's LITERARY COMPANION, and pronounce it the best family paper that we have ever yet seen. For beauty of style and workmanship, its equal has never yet reached us; besides which it is filled with the choicest reading matter. We bespeak for it a tremendous circulation.—*Argus, Lafayette, Ind.*

The *Home Journal* gives it for a fact, that a club-boat has just been built, which is so nicely balanced, that the rowers are obliged to be particular in parting their hair down in the middle, to keep their balance.

The English continue to complain, because we won't throw open our magnificent coasting trade to such competitors as they would make. Ah, Johnny! stop rubbing your nose so with your finger!

The prices of living in Vera Cruz are about the same as in New York. Money is plenty in Vera Cruz and the people are gay as larks. There are many Americans in the city who are chiefly engaged in mercantile pursuits.

THE PROFIT OF READING.

None but those whose own experience has already taught them, know just what sort of pleasures, deep and lasting, flow from a love of reading. We style our age the age of refinement and civilization; but there are many, even among those who windily praise our modern progress, that are as yet but little acquainted with the literature of their own tongue. The great bugbear with too many persons, who would really like to make a beginning in this matter of self-culture, is that they are at a loss *where* to begin. Then we say to them—begin anywhere. Only begin. Read this book, especially if it relates to some particular period of English history, and it will be found to suggest just the other books needed. The law of association runs through all things, and the awakened mind will soon find out what it wants by coming to discern and understand that law.

It is food and nourishment to every man's mind, to be supplied with proper intellectual aliment. Otherwise it rusts. A full mind lightens common labor, which would otherwise be but drudgery; it imparts fresh hues to the sky of the soul; it reduces perplexities and difficulties to their proper place and proportion; it exalts the individual, dignifies his pursuits, purifies and simplifies his tastes, suggests infinite enjoyments to him as he goes along, and, above all, strengthens his character with that high sense of worth and self-respect which every character requires to give it proportion and force. Besides, a man with his books is sure of always having the best company at his hand. The wise men, and the men of fancy and taste, sit down and freely converse with him, from whom he cannot but receive both delight and improvement. It is one's own fault, in this day, if one is not a person of culture; worse than that, it is one's lasting misfortune.

We have been shown a document signed by the Mayors in office of the cities of the United States and Canada, certifying to the superior excellence of Dr. Ayer's compound Extract of Sarsaparilla and to all his remedies as articles of great public utility. Such evidence from such high sources bears us out triumphantly in the position we have long maintained with regard to Dr. Ayer's Preparations, or more particularly advertisements of them. No publisher need be more opposed than we are to the promulgation of quackery in any shape; but we knew when we began that his remedies were above any suspicion of deception—that they were about the best it is possible to produce for the cure of disease, and that they have the confidence of all communities where they are known. Not alone because the Mayors of the whole country believe them useful to their people, but because we know from experience that they are so to ours, do we believe we are rendering a substantial service to our readers in making their virtues known to them.—*Courier, Princeton, Ky.*

EUGENIE.—Somebody has been writing a little "hifalutin" about the Empress of France—such a tall notice as few ladies of her good standing happen to secure. He tells how, at the Tuileries, her swan-like neck rose out of a bed of diamonds, and her soft auburn hair lay back upon a diamond of the most exquisite *facon*. She wore diamond bracelets; but so well does she know what to do with her hands, that one scarcely notices them. She was a beautiful picture, encircled in a soft, ethereal atmosphere—an atmosphere of beauty and soul, of delicacy and refinement.

Prof. B. A. Gould, in a recent lecture at the Smithsonian Institution, on the Science of Probabilities, stated, as the result of a broad scientific investigation of the subject of playing on chance, or gambling, that "every gambler loses more, the more he plays, unless he cheats." So, the gambler's defence of himself, that he plays upon chance, as merchants play upon probabilities in buying and selling, falls to the ground; for, if successful, science proves him a cheat, and if unsuccessful, he would not follow the profession.

The Art Commission appointed by authority of Congress for the adornment of the capitol, have reported their decision; they recommend an appropriation of $167,000, to be expended for statuary and pictures for the ornamentation of the same. They suggest that a preference be given to American artists, and that the embellishments should be of a purely national character.

The people of Havana are all taken up with the late victories of the Spanish over the Moors.

Wayside Gatherings.

A man named Bontright was recently married in Cooper county, Mo., to his tenth wife!

Fifty-five thousand copies of Michelet's *Love* have been sold in Paris since its publication.

During a skating match in Montreal, two skaters accomplished fifteen miles in forty-five minutes.

The National Theatre, in Chatham street, New York, has been turned into a cheap lager beer saloon.

There is much doubt if the Great Eastern sails for this country at all. She will be likely to go to India.

Messrs. Cutting & Butler, of the Aquarial Gardens, have made arrangements to procure a pair of living walruses from the Arctic Seas.

During the month of February, in one ward in Philadelphia, 1498 homeless human beings were furnished with station-house lodgings.

A lunatic recently escaped from an Ohio asylum by sawing with a set of false teeth a hole through a floor, and afterwards picking a lock with a pin.

The railroads in actual operation in the United States, if extended in a continuous line, would reach round the earth, and from the Mississippi to England beside.

It is estimated that at least two hundred persons now live in Hingham who are upwards of seventy years of age. Very few places exhibit so large a proportion of old people.

The German Turners have been showing the New York people how to use certain apparatus for saving life and property at fires. They performed before a large street audience.

This year there is an increase in the British Army Estimates of nearly two million sterling, (say $10,000,000,) the chief items of which will go for warlike stores by sea and land.

Drs. Martin and King, both Americans, quarrelled at the dinner-table of their hotel in Saltillo, when the former was instantly shot dead by King, who made his escape.

The departure of two war steamers for Cuba under the Mexican flag, excites attention here, as it is believed they were fitted out by Spanish authorities to co-operate with Miramon against Vera Cruz.

The railroad companies between New York and Washington are considering plans for filling up the three gaps that break the through connection of the route, at Philadelphia, Havre de Grace and Baltimore.

It is stated that the new marble stores now being finished on Broadway, New York, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, barely twenty feet wide by one hundred deep, are to be rented at $12,000 each.

In Crittenden county, Ark., a woman has been arrested for the murder of her husband, who was shot dead in his own house. She confessed that she had hired her lover's brother to do the deed for $100.

There are individuals in New York who speculate in graves and coffins. Digging up handsome coffins, they carry them to warehouses for second sale, placing the disturbed bodies in pine shells and in cheaper graves.

Several public meetings on the subject of the cattle distemper have been held at North Brookfield, and some propose that wherever the disease appears all the cattle on the farm shall be killed, to stop the spread of the contagion.

Foreign Miscellany.

Heavy gales have prevailed, of late, off the English coast.

A report is current that a plot against the Emperor Napoleon had been discovered.

It is believed that the recent treaty with France will be ratified by the British Parliament.

The construction of armaments in Piedmont were being accelerated.

Hanover has consented to submit the question of the Stadt dues to a general conference.

A steamer from Dublin for London came in collision with a schooner, and sunk with some fifty persons.

It is rumored that Victor Emanuel is about to issue an address, not, however, over his own name, calling Naples and Sicily to insurrection.

The Spanish press are unanimous in demanding an energetic policy on the part of the government against Morocco.

It is reported that Russia and Prussia have joined in a proposal for a conference of the five great powers.

It is reported that the French government will agree to certain modifications of the coal stipulations in the commercial treaty with England.

A convention has been held at the Vatican, at which it was decided that the King of Sardinia should not be excommunicated, whatever political events might transpire.

Ministerial Circulars have been promulgated by the government of France, demanding obedience to the laws of the Empire from the clergy on the Roman question.

A Madrid telegram states that the garrison of Melilla had made a sortie, in which the Spanish had 33 killed, 146 wounded, and 21 were missing.

Sands of Gold.

In this world truth can wait; she's used to it.

The lump may be made of diamonds, yet die without oil.

Children are earthly idols that hold us from the stars.

Habitual intoxication is the epitome of every crime.

Sarcasm is an ugly cur kept in the house of Malevolence.

Money is like the air you breathe; if you have it not, you die.

That which is capable of perfection, is never perfected.

A state of sickness is but a partial life—as a sick man is more or less dead.

There are two things that modest men should never undertake—to borrow money or study law.

He declares himself guilty, who endeavors to justify himself before accusation.

Nature is a pattern maid-of-all work, and does best when least meddled with.

A Good Life—How beautiful can Time, with goodness, make an old man look!

Self-defence is the clearest of all laws; and for this reason—the lawyers didn't make it.

Christianity makes its true professor a gentleman. Paul, before Agrippa, was courteous.

A young liar will be an old one; and a young knave will only be a greater knave as he grows older.

He who follows his recreation instead of his business, will in a little time have no business to follow.

Joker's Olio.

What did a blind wood-sawyer take to restore his sight? He took his horse, and saw.

Laughing after dinner, is a better "stomachic" to promote digestion, than cheese, champagne, or pills.

An eminent artist of this city, is about getting up a "panorama of a law suit." It opens in the year one, and closes with doomsday.

"Why," asked a little girl, "is Fred like a man that has fallen off a tree and is determined to go up again?" "Because he is going to try another clime!" Not bad for an eight-year old.

An old bachelor, who is very cynical upon the subject of female fashions, says that people could get out of church a great deal better if there were not half so much *bustle* at the door.

A young gentleman from the "rooral districts," who lately advertised for a wife through the newspapers, received answers from eighteen husbands, informing him that he could have theirs.

The most amusing man in the world is a Frenchman in a passion. "By gar, you call my vife a woman two three several times once more an' I vill call you the watch house, and blow out your brains like a candle."

A western preacher, after stating that tea, coffee, sugar, spices, pickles, preserves, milk, meal, snuff and tobacco were adulterated, stretched himself up to his full height, and with great emphasis exclaimed: "Who then will dare to deny the fact this is a wicked and adulterous generation?"

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F. GLEASON.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY W. E. PABOR.

Without, the winter wind I hear
Surge wildly through the leafless trees,
It carries with it naught of cheer:
Few are the hearts its sound can please.
Within, a pleasant voice I hear
Float gently on the tide of speech;
It is the voice of one most dear;
One who alone my heart can reach.

Without, the white snow lies along
The hillside and upon the plain;
It has been oft a theme for song,
This chilled twin-sister of the rain.
Within, a sweet face meets my own
With smiles so sweet, I look and say,
"O Love! thy sunny smiles alone
Could tempt to song on any day."

Without, Dame Nature's face is drear
And desolate; and all her charms
To memory alone are dear,
Locked in last Summer's withered arms.
Within, a pair of sweet blue eyes
Give back to mine each glance I send,
And on the electric current flies
Words that love more perfect tend.

Without, the dreary winter reigns;
Within, the perfumed summer blooms;
Without, the snow lies on the plains;
Within, affection sheds perfumes;
Without, are symbols of decay;
Within, are signs of hope and truth;
Without, the ice-king rules the day;
Within, love guards the vows of youth.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

Two considerations led Mrs. Muggs to think of taking a lodger. One was that she had one room which would not otherwise be occupied, as she did not require it for her own use. The other—and perhaps the most important—was that she needed the money to be obtained from this source to help defray her current expenses.

Accordingly, she inserted the following advertisement in a widely-circulated daily paper:

"To Let.—A single gentleman can be accommodated with a pleasant and commodious room within an easy distance from the business part of the town. Applications by letter or in person will receive immediate attention if directed to Mrs. Paulina Muggs, No. 176 X street."

On the morning succeeding that on which the advertisement first appeared, Mrs. Muggs' door-bell rang violently, and her servant was forthwith despatched to the door.

A gentleman of about thirty was standing on the steps.

"Is Mrs. Muggs at home?" inquired the new comer, in a deep tone.

"Yes sir, and would ye be wishing to see her?" inquired Bridget, the maid of all work.

"You have divined my wishes," was the reply.

"What was you a saying, sir?" inquired Bridget, her eyes wide open.

"I beg pardon," said the visitor. "I should have remembered that yours is one of those untutored minds that were never taught to stray far as the solar walk or milky way. Briefly, if Mrs. Muggs is at home, I should be glad to see her."

"Yes sir," said Bridget, who now understood.

"Who is it, Bridget?" inquired her mistress.

"It's a young gentleman, mum, with such illigant mouse tushes," answered Bridget, with enthusiasm.

"What business have you to know about moustaches, I should like to know?"

"Shure, and hasn't my cousin Pat O'Dougherty got one?"

"What did he say he wanted?"

"He wants to see you, mum."

A little excited by curiosity, Mrs. Muggs went down stairs and confronted the visitor.

"Mrs. Muggs, I presume?" interrogated the stranger.

Mrs. Muggs inclined her head in the affirmative.

"I understand by an advertisement in one of the daily papers that you have a room to let. May I inquire if it is engaged?"

"No, Mr—"

Mrs. Muggs hesitated and coughed. The stranger perceived that she desired to learn his name, and accordingly helped her out with the word "Newman."

"No, Mr. Newman, it is not yet engaged. Would you like to look at it?"

Mr. Newman intimated that it would be agreeable to him to do so, and farther added that he was in search of a room in the locality, and that if the room of Mrs. Muggs suited him, that he should be glad to hire that.

They proceeded to the room in question, which was really quite pleasantly situated, and proved very satisfactory to Mr. Newman—to such a degree, indeed, that he engaged it on the spot, and promised to send his baggage in the course of the day. On Mrs. Muggs' intimating that if it was just as convenient she would be glad to be paid in advance, he made not the slightest objection, but tendered the money.

This looked well, certainly, and when Mrs. Muggs had consulted the Counterfeit Detector—which she did directly after Mr. Newman left the house, and ascertained that it was genuine beyond a doubt, she began to think he was a very nice young man indeed, and to congraulate herself on having him for a lodger.

Mr. Newman entered upon the occupation of his room the next day, his trunks being brought by an expressman.

What impression he subsequently made upon Mrs. Muggs may be best learned from a conversation which transpired a week afterwards between Mrs. Muggs and her confidential friend and gossip, Mrs. Bennett.

"And how do you like your new lodger, Mrs. Muggs?" inquired the latter, who had come over to spend the afternoon.

"What do I think of him? I don't know what to think," was the reply, accompanied by a mysterious shake of the head and a rolling up of the eyes.

"Goodness gracious, what can you mean?" inquired Mrs. Bennett, her face all alive with curiosity, hitching her chair at the same time a little nearer that of her friend. "Goodness gracious, my *dear* Mrs. Muggs, what do you mean?"

"I don't know what to make of him, I'm sure."

"Tell me all about it then, do! I am dying of curiosity, and perhaps I can help you to guess what he is. Folks always said I was pretty sharp for finding out folks' characters. Aint he a good paying lodger? Don't he settle his bills regular?"

"O yes, there aint no trouble about that. I asked him to pay me in advance, and so he did, without making any objection. It aint that."

"What is it then?"

"Listen to me," said Mrs. Muggs, with grave emphasis. I suspect—mind, I don't know—but I suspect that he's out of his head."

"Good gracious, you don't though!" ejaculated Mrs. Bennett.

"Yes, but I do," was the decided reply.

"What makes you think so, Mrs. Muggs? Don't have any concealments from me. I won't tell a living soul."

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Bennett. The first thing I noticed was the morning after he came here. I heard a great noise from his room, and on going up stairs I heard him talking to himself in a very loud voice."

"What did he say?"

"I couldn't rightly make out, but he kept running on from one thing to another, and I couldn't make no sense of what he did say. But I'll tell you what, Mrs. Bennett, I put my eye to the key-hole, because of course I felt it to be my duty to see that nothing happened out of the way—and there he was a standin' in the middle of the floor, flinging his arms round, and scowlin' and makin' up faces and shakin' his fists and cuttin' up ever so many didoes."

"You don't say so, Mrs. Muggs! And how did he look? You saw him afterwards."

"He seemed just as usual, Mrs. Bennett. Nobody'd ever have known that there was anything the matter with him, but I s'pose it comes in fits, and then goes off."

"Jest so, Mrs. Muggs. And has he had any more of them fits since then?"

By way of answer to this question, and before Mrs. Muggs had time to do it, there was heard a great noise in the lodger's room.

"He's got one of 'em now," said Mrs. Muggs, with a look of terror on her broad face, which made it look irresistibly comical.

"My gracious, what shall we do. Hadn't we better go up and see what he's about?" suggested Mrs. Bennett, whose organ of curiosity—as the reader may have remarked—was very large. Indeed, I have no doubt that any phrenologist—provided he were honest—would have marked it seven. But to be altogether candid, this was a quality of which Mrs. Muggs herself was by no means destitute, and she accepted the proposal of Mrs. Bennett with alacrity, the more so that she was a little apprehensive of going alone, and felt that her visitor would be in some sort a protection to her.

Holding each other by the hand, they silently ascended the front stairs, and stood on the landing outside Mr. Newman's apartment.

It did not take them long to discover that Mr. Newman had a visitor, since occasionally his voice also was heard, and that in no gentle tones.

It appeared that they were quarrelling. At any rate, this seemed to be the natural inference, from what they could hear. By way of letting the reader understand the state of affairs, we will transcribe a little of the conversation.

"Villain!" exclaimed Mr. Newman's visitor. "By yon high heaven, I charge thee with being the head and front of this atrocious crime. I charge thee, fiend, with murder!"

"Did you hear that?" said Mrs. Muggs, turning pale. "O, that I should have a murderer for a lodger!"

"O, it's dreadful!" chimed in Mrs. Bennett. "Poor dear, how I do pity you. I couldn't sleep nights if I were you. I should expect to wake up some morning and find my throat cut."

"I expect I shall," said Mrs. Muggs. "But hear what he says to it.

Here the sonorous voice of Mr. Newman could be heard as follows:

"'Tis true, old man, I slew him. Yea, more, I glory in the deed. And well he merited his fate. I need not tell the wrongs he has heaped on me. 'Twere needless now. Enough, I slew him!"

"Then, wretch, will I slay thee!" was the answer, and an instant afterwards there was heard a clashing of swords.

"O, dear!" said Mrs. Muggs, in a terrified whisper, "did you ever hear of such awful doings? There'll be another murder, and in my house; and if there is, no doubt it'll be haunted. What shall I do?"

"Let's go down stairs," said Mrs. Bennett, frightened lest the door should be thrown open, and the combatants should rush out. "Let's go down stairs and call the police."

This struck Mrs. Muggs as very good advice under the circumstances, and she acquiesced.

Accordingly they summoned a policeman and gave him a terrific account of the combat that was going on above stairs. He summoned two companions, and the whole force, with the female auxiliaries, ascended to the scene of action. The noise had ceased, and the two looked as if nothing had happened.

"What's the row?" asked one of the policemen, roughly.

"Nothing," said Mr. Newman, quietly.

"You'd better say that," broke in the provoked Mrs. Muggs, "when you confessed only two or three minutes ago that you had committed a murder and gloried in it!"

Mr. Newman laughed heartily.

"My dear madam," said he, "I may relieve your anxiety by informing you that I am an actor, as this gentleman is also, and that we were only rehearsing for this evening."

The two ladies straightway looked very foolish, and the policemen laughed. I may add, that since that time Mrs. Muggs has not been troubled with any suspicions of her lodger.

CALL-BIRDS.

The call-birds employed by bird-catchers manifest a most malicious joy in bringing the wild ones into the same state of captivity. Their sight and hearing infinitely excel those of the bird-catcher. The instant the wild birds are perceived, notice is given by one of the rest of the call-birds; after which follows the same tumultuous ecstasy and joy. The call-birds, while the bird is at a distance, do not sing as a bird does in a chamber; they invite the wild ones by what the bird-catchers call short jerks, which, when the birds are good, may be heard at a great distance. The effect of this call or invitation is so great, that the wild bird is stopped in its course of flight, and if not already acquainted with the nets, lights boldly within twenty yards of perhaps three or four bird-catchers, which otherwise it would have noticed. Nay, it frequently happens, that if half a flock only are caught, the remaining half will immediately afterwards light in the nets and share the same fate; and should only one bird escape, that bird will suffer itself to be pulled at till it is caught, such is the fascinating influence of the call-birds.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

ANNE BOLEYN'S DREAM.

BY SYBIL PARK.

The summer moonlight softly fell upon the dewy flowers,
And lingered, as a fairy spell, o'er heaven's garden bowers;
Rich pealing laughter on the breeze went gaily floating by,
With murmuring of restless leaves, and evening's faintest sigh.
Afar the old ancestral hall shone out a blaze of light,
For good Sir Thomas' guests were all of honored birth that night.
Within those walls a gorgeous scene of festive beauty lay,
As brilliant as the sunset gleam which lights the close of day;
Rare crimson hangings, quaintly wrought with shining threads of gold,
Swept downward, and new lustre caught amid each silken fold.
The banquet-feast was widely spread and crowned with fragrant flowers,
While over all a light was shed, bright as the noon-tide hours;
And when the foaming wine was poured—when music's witching spell
Stole proudly o'er the festal board with grand triumphant swell—
Youth's dark eye flashed a deeper light, the lips a warmer glow,
And roses gathered pure as bright, on beauty's cheek of snow.
Apart from all the merry throng, within a quiet glade,
Where now and then a gush of song crept through the oaken shade,
There came alone two noble hearts—the beautiful and brave—
Pure as the first pale bud that starts beside the crystal wave,
They, who in after years became, so lost in sin and care;
The same—and yet not all the same—true souls united there.
Brave Harry Percy! lofty pride lit up the noble brow,
But on his lips a pleasant tide of sunshine nestled now;
His words of low devotion fell upon the lady's ear,
Such as each rosy blush would tell, her fond heart loved to hear.
Sweet Anne! her every look was grave, though timid as a bird;
You read each thought upon her face, whene'er her soul was stirred;
And now the first brief dream of youth her young existence bound;
The founts of love's abiding truth within her soul was found.
But still a shadow softly lay about the dreamy eyes,
As if they sought to hide away some sorrowful surprise.
Ah, listen! now the sweet lips ope, and accents sad and deep
Rise mournfully, as though each hope of life were hushed asleep:
"O, Percy! thou art come again, so faithful, trusting still;
I almost deem my vision vain, a phantom of the will!
That dream! it haunts each waking hour; a cold and fearful blight;
I tremble that its fearful power should whelm my soul in night!"
"Nay, dearest, trust no idle dream; 'tis not for thee to weep;
Sunshine and gladness ever beam for those whom angels keep.
Is not a *Percy's* plighted word more than a dream should be,
That thy pure heart can thus be stirred to doubt my love for thee?"
"O, no, it was not doubt which bade the burning tear-drops fall;
'Tis something darker casts a shade of blackness over all;
But I will tell thee of the scene I saw in slumber deep;
I know it was a foolish dream,—strange I should wake to weep! [hung,
Methought it was a minster dim, with martial banners
And crowd on crowd came pressing in the sacred aisles among—
While strains of thrilling music rolled in gushing waves of sound,
That swayed each white and crimson fold which gaily floated round.
One glance above that mighty throng,—my soul drank in the scene;
Before the shout rang loud and long, 'We hail thee, England's Queen!'
I saw but one!—whose form?—thine own—in that wild heaving sea;
What reeked I then a monarch's throne, apart from love and thee? [of fate,—
Those purple robes—that regal crown,—stern messengers
O, how they crushed my spirit down, with such a clinging weight!
This was not all; another sight upon my vision burst,
Veiled in a mystic boding light, more awful than the first.
Methought I saw a scaffold high at morning's dusky gray,
A victim kneeling there to die before the rosy day.
It was a woman's form that bowed to meet the fatal stroke,
And there before a gazing crowd her quivering heart-strings broke!
My face? my form? Yes, Percy, *mine*,—so bowed with shame and care,— [glare!
Grown harsh and faded at the shrine of royal pomp and
Great God! I feel the anguish now that wrung my tortured heart;
I feel the drops upon my brow in fearful coldness start!"
And shivering she nearer clung to him—the strong and brave— [wave;
While yet the silvery moonlight hung above the crystal
As if that hour might be the last they two should ever share—
As though dark clouds were gathering fast, to break in chill despair; [gloom
They were; the grief of coming years was deepening into
The shadow of warm blinding tears—the type of early doom.

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— AND —
GUTTA PERCHA.

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INDIA RUBBER,
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Gutta Percha

is produced from the Isonandra or Gutta Tree, is of a brownish color, and when exposed to air soon solidifies, and forms the Gutta Percha of commerce.

VULCANIZATION.

The term "vulcanized" is applied to fabrics of India Rubber, or Gutta Percha, which have been tanned or cured by submitting it to a high degree of artificial heat—the object being to change the nature of the Gum, so it will not be af.erwards affected by heat or cold.

India Rubber is vulcanized to reduce its elasticity, and give it more *firmness* than is natural to the crude material. India Rubber, when *properly* vulcanized, will not *decompose* or become sticky, and is free from unpleasant odor. India Rubber, when vulcanized, is a perfect repellant of Liquids. Gutta Percha, when vulcanized, soon becomes *brittle* and is unfit for further use, as many samples in our warehouse will prove. Gutta Percha in its crude state is indispensable for Surgical Splints, Acid Trays, &c. It is prepared in sheets from 1-32 inch to 1 inch in thickness.

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March 17 1w

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℞ A compound remedy, designed to be the most *Alterative* that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:

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This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which foster in the blood at that season of the year By the timely expulsion of them, many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this pabulum of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has—and deserves much—the reputation of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or anything else.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever Hence, bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound Sarsaparilla, and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. And we think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle.

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DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
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Price $1 per Bottle. Six Bottles for $5.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed. As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all it has ever been found to do.

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FOR THE CURE OF

Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price 25 cents per Box. Five boxes for $1.

Great numbers of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of these remedies, but our space here will not permit the insertion of them. Our Agents furnish gratis our American Almanac, in which they are given, with also full descriptions of the above complaints, and the treatment that should be followed for their cure.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S, and take no others The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

All our remedies are sold by Druggists and dealers in medicine every where. March 24—copm.

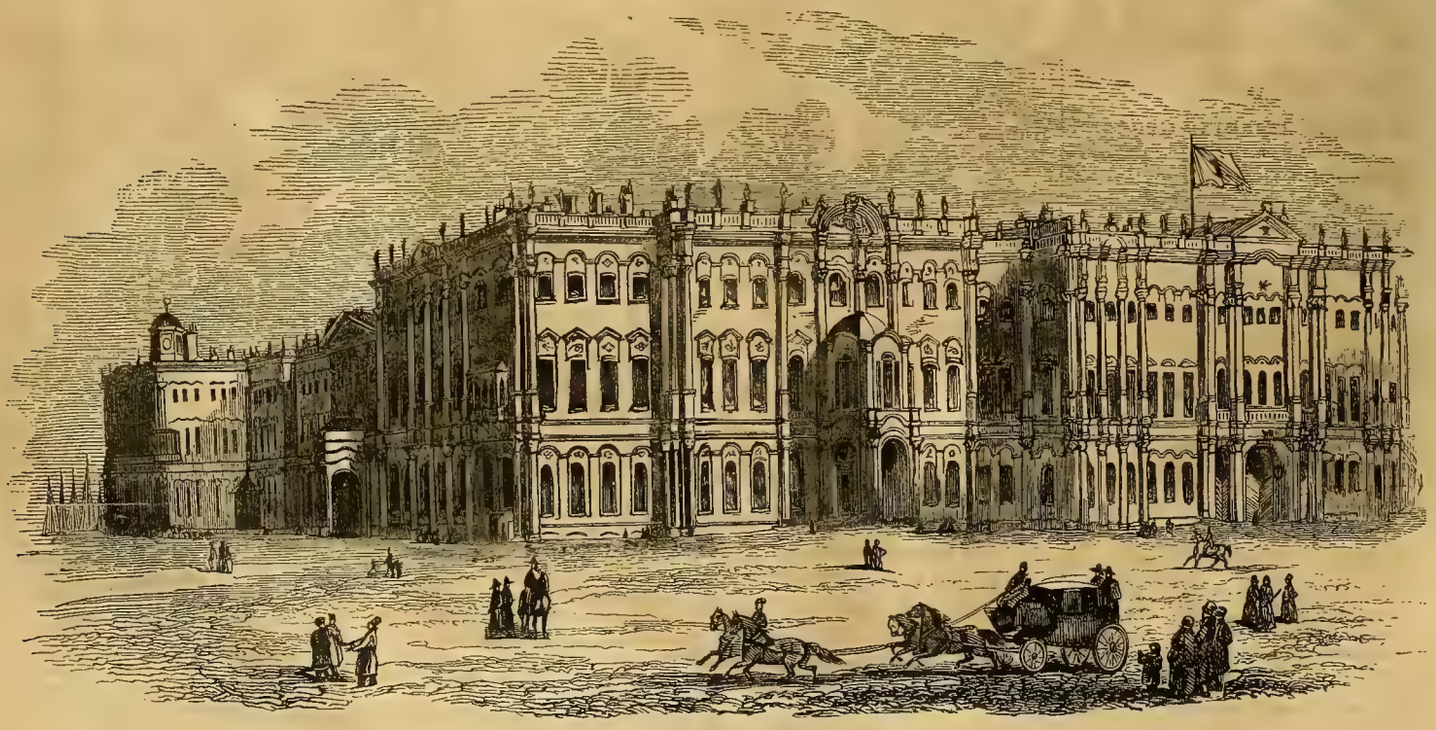
MILLS' STATUE OF JACKSON.

The equestrian statue of Washington, by Mr. Clark Mills, inaugurated on the 22d of February with great ceremony, recalls its companion to the memory of the reader. The Jackson equestrian statue was the first thing of the kind ever attempted by Mills, and he undertook even this against his own wishes, and with a decided distrust of his own ability. This is the first statue ever cast without some sort of support, other than that of the hind legs, for the horse; no other artist has ventured on the daring experiment of poising his steed for himself, and making him preserve his centre of gravity unassisted. Jackson, too, was the first cast ever made in this country, excepting, perhaps, Bowditch at Mount Auburn Cemetery. The action of the horse is very spirited, and the observer must at once admit that the artist has been strikingly happy in his conception. It forms one of the noblest ornaments to the large open squares of the Capital, all of which are fast being occupied with worthy memorials of the departed great of the country. We have seen it stated recently that the Art Committee, appointed by authority of Congress, for the decoration of the new Capitol, has reported as their opinion, that, in all future undertakings, the artist employed shall present none but *American* subjects. We are glad this is so. Our public places are now filled up with pretentious imitations and pie-bald caricatures of some person that lived long ago, or some event that had no visible connection with our national history; and the people, instructed from these examples alone, come to look upon Art as a curious sort of thing, which a few men agree to admire, but which they can see no plausible sense in.

BRONZE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL JACKSON, AT WASHINGTON, D. C

PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

We have ever been on excellent terms with Russia. The late Emperor Nicholas did not omit to improve every proper occasion on which to speak favorably of a continuance of the friendship the two nations enjoyed through his day. The accompanying engraving represents his St. Petersburg Palace—a splendid and imposing pile, truly, and one with whose magnificent proportions and appointments his imperial heart was gratified. His successor, the young Emperor Alexander, now occupies the palace as his residence. Few travellers in Europe but go to see the palace, as much as they would go to see the Kremlin. The European palaces, like the monastic and ecclesiastical piles all over the Continent, are sure to enlist the stranger's attention; and, of the former, there is certainly none more worthy of a visit than the imperial dwelling at St. Petersburg, of the Czar of all the Russias. We have not space for an architectural description, nor would it interest the general reader so much as the student of architecture; but all will say that the vast pile is a noble monument to the taste and generosity of its imperial builder. The famous capital of the vast Russian Empire is now considered, in many respects, as interesting a resort for tourists as even Paris; and the proverbial inclemency of the winters is made endurable by the gay festivities which the Emperor is himself so careful to provide. No Court pays higher prices, for example, for prima donnas, fresh and new, as that of St. Petersburg. The sledging likewise turns the street life from chilliness into one of warm gaiety; and the music of bells, the quick cries of merry voices, and the activity of all spirits, combine to render the Russian capital quite attractive.



ROYAL PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

Vol. II.—No. 13. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860. Price Four Cents.

FOX HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

The very spirited picture we give the reader on this page is a perfect study by itself, especially to such as confess in any degree to a love for the sports of the field. They make more of these matters in Old England than we do, because there is a class of men in their society whose leisure enables them to give themselves to such pursuits with the zeal and earnestness they demand. Besides this, the estates of English gentlemen are so vast, that they have the privilege of chasing game securely within their own preserves, and know very well what is likely to be had, and how and where to find it. In the engraving below, it will be observed that the hunt at last is up. Poor Reynard is in the jaws of his relentless enemies—his speed and cunning, his doubles and dodges, have availed him nothing. After a hard run, as evinced by the condition of the hounds, the frantic pack have overtaken him, and they pour in through the furze and brakes to give him his quietus. The huntsman, rising in his stirrups, is plying his heavy whip. In the distance two gallant horsemen are spurring up at the full speed of their horses to be in at the death. It is a most exciting moment. Fox-hunting costs the gentlemen of England a pretty round sum per annum, for it is most expensive sport. Its advantages are the high health with which it rewards its votaries, the training of a school of gallant riders, and the breeding of a noble race of horses. There is scarcely a cavalry officer in the British service that has not served an apprenticeship by riding to hounds. Fox-hunting has been much ridiculed on account of the insignificance of the game, as if the importance of the prize had anything to do with the ardor of the sportsmen. The game is merely a pretext, and the extraordinary cunning of the animal taxes all the resources of his brute and human pursuers. Fox-hunting calls for indomitable pluck—a quality in which the English excel. We have here in America some few field sports, to be sure, and a glorious use might be made of the grand chances that lie so thickly scattered around us. See the herds of buffalo that range our Western wilds thinned out very much now, we know, yet plentiful enough still to attract crack English sportsmen, of the fame of Grantley Berkley, across the water to *sight* them. Nobler fish cleave the waters of no land on the globe, than those whose attractiveness and weight have been so glowingly described by the pen of the lamented Frank Forester. Deer are left us in places—the partridge, quail, woodcock and rabbit fly and run everywhere in our woods. In fine, we lack nothing here but the love for sport, and that is yet to come; but when it does, we shall know how to protect our game.

ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING.

THE FIRST COMING OF SPRING.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

At length has come the Spring! welcome to me
Art thou, oh! wind, that journeyeth to the sea!—
The south-west wind, whose warm, health-bringing plume,
Wafts odor from a wilderness of bloom;
From groves that bend with blossoms, from broad plains
Clothed in rich garments of a thousand stains—
Blue, crimson, gold, green, azure, purple flowers,
Given in profusion by the beauteous showers.
I have heard stories of thy place of birth,—
Oh! wind, that sheddest beauty on the earth!—
Which make me sad, to think my life must glide
Slowly and coldly by the Atlantic's side.
Thine are the "happy valleys" of our land,
Shut in by mountains, and the South-sea strand;
They never feel the tyranny of frost;
Nor hail, nor snow is on their green laps tost;
For nursed by thee successive verdures spring,
And melts the sceptre of the Winter king!

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SILVER-KNIFE;

OR,

THE HUNTERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

A BEAR STORY.

"I WAS once," he resumed, "encamped in a deep and thickly-wooded dell, near the head waters of Ice river. On either side, high mountains reared their cloud-defying heads. Large rivers and small streams with difficulty found their way into a more open and less broken country, through lonely passes and rocky ravines, known and accessible only to the forest-born, or the daring foot of the hardy free-trapper.

"I had wandered many weeks in that wild and savage region, dared its gloomiest solitudes, and scaled its loftiest cliffs. I had not turned aside for red men and beasts of prey, and had met both.

"Hitherto game had been abundant, and I had not found it difficult to supply all the demands of appetite; but for the past few days I had seen no signs of buffalo, or other game, and, as I seldom prepared anything for future use, I began to be in want of the common necessaries of life. My ammunition was also exhausted, the last charge of powder and ball being then in my rifle. I was far from any civilized beings who could or would supply my wants, Fort Walla-Walla being the nearest trading-post.

"To a man who felt himself bound to the earth by strong and endearing ties, this would have been certainly a dismal prospect; and even to me, as misanthropically as flowed my blood, it was far from cheering.

"But I am not a man to be discouraged when aught depends on my exertions; difficulty and danger give me strength, and my position must indeed be perilous when I cannot modify the adverse circumstances by which I am surrounded.

"I resolved to meet boldly the difficulties which now presented themselves.

"Without food I could not lead the wandering life that suited my mood, and without ammunition how was I to procure the flesh of the buffalo, the deer, or the mountain sheep!

"Already I felt the gnawing tooth of hunger, for I had fasted twelve hours, and during that time travelled many miles over prairies, across hills, and through lonely gorges in the mountains. My faithful steed, exhausted and covered with foam, was feeding near me, in not much better plight than myself; but his troubles would soon be over, for the banks of the river were green with grass of a luxuriant growth.

"My horse turned loose to help himself, my arrangements for camping were soon made; for I had learned from the free-trappers, as well as by experience, that the most simple preparations were the best in a country where white men are considered lawful prey.

"The slight shelter, designed more for protection against the night-dews than for anything else, being completed, I shouldered my rifle and walked away in quest of game.

"It was one of those mild, still days in August, when there is not a breath of wind afloat. The sun was at that point in the heavens which indicates that but an hour more of day-light remains.

"With considerable difficulty, for I was weak with long fasting, I clambered from the bottom of the dell, and gained the higher lands that hemmed it in. From the elevation which I had now attained little could be seen save the rough sides of the Blue Mountains, the summits of which were lost in clouds. Look upward which way I would, naught but wild mountain scenery met my view; while down below me were valleys, gorges, running rivers, and ravines.

'The Bannecks, Eutaws, Shoshonies, Skynses, Flatheads, Nez Perces, and occasionally predatory hordes of Blackfeet, frequented these sterile regions as hunting-grounds. Here also came the white trappers, during certain months, to take peltries.

"Woe to those so unfortunate as to be surprised by the Blackfeet warriors! and they sometimes were, in spite of all their vigilance.

"I strained my eyes in every direction, but saw no signs of game. I put my ear to the ground and listened; the neigh of the elk, and the lowing of the buffalo, I heard not. Disappointed in my expectations, I began to ascend the mountain at the base of which I was standing, in the hope of getting a shot at a species of mountain sheep called the Big-horn, or *ahsahta*, which frequent those latitudes.

"As I was urging my way upward, a deep, threatening growl arrested my steps. I had reached a small spur of the mountain covered with a stunted growth of shrubbery, with here and there a small pine or sycamore, to relieve the monotony. I glanced warily about me to learn whence the menacing sound proceeded. I could see nothing to excite alarm. I made a few steps forward, when my ears were hailed a second time by the same ominous growl, and it was nearer and more distinct than before. I knew it did not proceed from a wolf, for wolves are cowardly, and run at the first approach of danger. The animal that flies not from the presence of man is to be dealt with caution. Directly before me was a birch of considerable size. I stepped a few paces to the right, in order too look beyond it.

"As little as I cared for life, and as worthless as the world seemed, a feeling of dread crept over me as I perceived, full in my path, at about the distance of twenty yards, a grizzly bear of enormous growth. He stood in a defiant attitude, and greeted me with a growl of still fiercer meaning. I had presence of mind enough to meet his eye boldly, without any signs of shrinking. He regarded me with a cool, inquisitive look, by no means satisfactory; and, putting forth a large, red tongue, tasted my flesh and blood in perspective. My position was a most embarrassing one. To fly would be folly, to fire would be the signal for my destruction; for what is a single rifle-ball in the shaggy hide of a grizzly bear? My only safety, then, was in maintaining my ground, and looking Bruin out of countenance—certainly a very discouraging and unpromising task, in this case.

"A movement on the part of my antagonist called back my attention to him, and, as my eyes wandered to meet his once more, they fell upon a painted face, and eyes that glittered like a serpent's. I comprehended the extent of my danger at once. The red visage was that of a savage, but of what tribe I could not then determine; nor did it matter much, so long as it was obvious that his presence boded no good.

"If I escaped the teeth of Bruin, I was doubtless fated to fall by the hand of the Indian. Here was indeed a dilemma which required much coolness and considerable philosophy. To be eaten by the beast was at a variance with all my notions of 'coming to an end,' and to be scalped by a savage was equally repugnant to my feelings; for I had a mortal aversion to those free-born rovers, of whatever name. In my dealing with the red-skins, I had experienced but little save treachery and deceit; although, in one or two instances, I had been befriended by the Shoshonies and Skynses. To determine what course to pursue was the work of a few seconds only. I resolved to give the savage the benefit of my last charge, and take my chance with the bear, let the consequences be what they would. I raised my rifle slowly and levelled it at Bruin, who testified his disapprobation of the act by a threatening display of teeth, and sundry ill natured snarls.

"During this movement I was careful to keep my eye on the Indian, who, perceiving that I was about to fire, stretched his long neck from behind the tree that concealed the greater part of his body, to watch the result, anticipating, unquestionably, rare diversion. In his eagerness to see the sport, he stepped entirely from his hiding-place. Now was the favorable moment. Wheeling suddenly, I brought my rifle to bear upon him, and fired.

"The Indian staggered a few steps, and fell.

"The bear reared savagely upon his hinder feet, opened his mouth to a frightful width, and emitted a long, angry growl.

"Dropping my rifle before the smoke had ceased curling from the barrel, I grasped the lower branches of the tree which I have alluded to, and climbed with such vigor that I was soon perched upon the highest limbs capable of sustaining my weight.

"This demonstration on my part put Bruin in a towering passion. Two or three clumsy bounds took him to the foot of the tree, the bark of which he tore off with his teeth, while with his sharp claws he dug up the earth, and sent the dirt rattling among the leaves.

"I began to congratulate myself on my lucky manœuvre, while Bruin attempted to climb the pine. This put a new face on the aspect of things, and I ceased to glory in my good fortune. But my enemy was a little out of his sphere at this business. He was too heavy and clumsy an animal to climb a tree, like the common black bear; and the limbs would have prevented his ascent, even if he had sufficient agility to climb at all. So, after making himself ridiculous for some ten minutes by his awkward exertions, he desisted, and laid himself quietly down, like a dog, beneath the tree, as much as to say, 'I'm in no particular hurry; I can eat you just as well in the morning, and I dare say my appetite will be better.'

"I now considered myself in a state of siege, and never was a poor fellow in a worse condition to sustain a siege than I. I had neither food nor water, and if my adversary kept his ground, I should eventually be obliged to capitulate, and, in fact, surrender unconditionally, trusting wholly to the magnanimity of my conqueror.

"I disposed of myself as well as I could amid the boughs, expecting it would be my lot to pass the night there. The rays of the setting sun gilded but faintly the mountain peaks. The owl had already commenced his nightly hootings, and the dismal notes of the wolf went echoing through the darkening gorges. The stillness of the air was broken by gentle winds from the west, that put the leaves in motion, and made a mournful sighing through the trees. These sounds, coupled with my own unpleasant situation, awoke no comforting reflections.

"But all these things were disregarded by the besieging party. He seemed measuring my size and weight, and calculating how long I might last with careful economy, providing he took late breakfasts and hearty dinners. Not sympathizing greatly with the *gastromancy* of Bruin, I turned my eyes toward the spot where the Indian had fallen. From my elevated position I could see him distinctly. The wound had not proved mortal, and, with much exertion, he had succeeded in raising himself from the ground, and getting upon his hands and knees. Strange as it may seem, the 'grizzly' did not look toward him, or honor him with any attention.

"With a slow and difficult motion he dragged himself along, the blood oozing from a wound in his chest at every effort. The object of this movement was soon obvious. Near the foot of the tree where he had been concealed lay his gun, and he was working himself gradually towards it.

"What if he should have life and strength enough to reach it? Would he shoot me or the bear? Having a knowledge of Indian character, it required but little shrewdness to determine this somewhat important question. He would follow my example—leave Bruin unmolested, and shoot me as I had shot squirrels in my youth.

"I had a good opportunity to observe the motions of the wounded savage, and I did so with feverish interest. Every inch of ground he went over cost him a pang. Fierce hate and intense pain were expressed upon his face with an energy I shall never forget. Once he paused, and the agony that shook his stalwart frame, I flattered myself, was the last struggle of his robust heart with death; but it was not so. Resting upon his knees, with tremulous hands he unloosed the girdle at his loins, brought it upward over his chest, and drew it tight over the wound, to stay the bleeding.

"There was something sublime, yet terrible, in the strength with which he conquered his pain to perform this operation, in order to treasure each sand of life for an act of vengeance. At first he seemed a little faint from the effect of this rude application; but the momentary sickness and dizziness of the brain, produced by the sudden stanching of the blood, passed away, and he appeared stronger and more dangerous than before.

"Lost to everything but the thought of vengeance and the torture of his wound, with his burning eyes fixed intently upon his charged weapon, he wormed himself along and reached it. He threw back the lock, took off the old cap, and replaced it by another; this done, he attempted to lift the gun to his shoulder, but he could not; his hands were too weak and unsteady to hold it.

"The disappointment consequent upon this discovery was terrible, and he gnashed his teeth in the fury of his rage. He now worked his way close to the root of the tree, dragging his gun after him by the muzzle. When he had reached the spot that suited best his purpose, he stretched himself on the ground upon his face, and with considerable labor placed the barrel of his piece upon a small limb about two feet from the root of the tree.

"His grim features, despite the pain he suffered, lighted up with fiendish joy. I endeavored to screen my body behind the trunk of pine, but it was impossible to protect one part without exposing another. I had already fastened myself to a stout limb by means of a leather strap I wore about my waist, so that, if I were mortally or dangerously wounded, I should not fall and be torn in pieces by my choleric friend beneath. All I could do now was to 'stand fire' as best I could.

"The idea of a tumble of some twenty feet, and the reception I was likely to meet with after my advent, filled me with emotions far from enviable, and such as I sincerely hope you may never experience. I like a joke as well as any man, and can give and take one with considerable grace; but to be shot like a barn-yard fowl by an Indian, whom I had considered 'as good as dead,' and then to be eaten (without sauce) by an ill tempered beast whom I had never seen before, struck me as being a very beggarly, absurd, and scurvy joke. To suppose that my mother had reared me for such an end was an insult to my better feelings and my pride! But a truce to pleasantry on a subject like this.

"I felt that my hour had come, and saw no possible means of averting my fate. I saw the Indian adjust his piece most carefully, and take deliberate aim. I looked to see no more; but screened my head as well as I was able behind the tree. A moment of breathless silence followed. The wind seemed to die away and the owl and wolf ceased their clamor. The Indian fired; the bark and splinters flew about my head, and the ball grazed my right temple.

"I was not so ungrateful and sick of life as to be unthankful for this escape, and I doubt not but I uttered some words of heartfelt thanksgiving.

"Relieved of a dreadful anxiety, I turned my attention once more toward the savage. He was glaring at me with the malignancy of the fallen one himself, and, with a trembling and eager hand, commenced reloading.

"The sun had set, and pale twilight prevailed. I now hoped that it would be too dark for him to see me before he finished the—to him—painful and laborious task of charging his gun; or that his fast wasting energies would fail altogether before he had accomplished that object.

"Old Bruin had started up at the sound of the discharge, uttered a few discontented growls, and then quietly resumed his former watchful attitude.

"The shadows of night fell rapidly; but through the darkening atmosphere I plainly saw the persevering Indian pour the powder into his brawny palm, and thence into his piece, then place a ball upon the muzzle and attempt to drive it down with the 'driver;' but his strength did not seem equal to the task, and when the dense darkness finally hid him from view, he was still laboring, with the feeble remnant of his powers, to send the bullet 'home.'

"The night that ensued was to me a long and cheerless one. Sleep, I did not wish to; but, before morning, my drowsy eyelids closed, and my imagination ran wild in dreams, not much preferable to a waking state.

"It was broad daylight when I awoke. Bruin

was no longer in sight, and had probably thrown up the siege. The Indian's gun, ball-pouch and powder-horn, were lying on the ground; but I looked for his body in vain. I reconnoitred carefully, fearing the absence of the besieging party might be merely a *ruse de guerre*; but, seeing nothing to justify this suspicion, I descended. I found my rifle where I had dropped it after firing my last charge. I now walked to the spot where the savage had fallen. His gun, which proved to be a smooth-bored rifle, lay upon the earth with the rammer in the barrel, and the ball about one-third of the way down. The powder-horn and ball-pouch I took possession of without ceremony, believing they would be more useful to me than to their former owner, whose lifeless body I doubted not, I should find in the vicinity, unless he had been dragged away by the bear.

"Loading my rifle, I followed the blood-spots which marked the way he had gone. I was somewhat surprised, after going some distance, at not finding him. He had evidently crept away on his hands and knees, for the leaves were stained with blood. I kept on, and traced him until I reached the *Fourche de Glace*, or Ice river, a distance of half a mile, when nothing more could be discovered. He had doubtless thrown himself into the water, in order that I might not be permitted the triumph of seeing his body."

"Wickliffe having finished his story, I wrapped myself in my blanket, and soon slept."

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW CHARACTER.

When I awoke, Wickliffe was standing near, regarding me with an expression so singular, that I could not but observe it. The habitual frown had softened down into sadness, and traces of emotion were visible upon his face.

He turned quickly away when he perceived I was conscious of his scrutiny, and his usual sternness returned.

"Then he is not a man of iron," I exclaimed to myself. "He has his moments of relenting and human weakness. But why that strange look?—why that softening of the hardened lines upon the brow?"

I asked these questions, but there was no person but myself to answer them. That I could not do, and the mystery remained.

My journal of the 20th has the following note:

"To-day we have followed the trail with much difficulty. It has required all the sagacity of my new friend to distinguish it at all. The savages have scarcely disturbed one blade of grass in their flight.

"Wickliffe seems dubious, and thinks we may be nearer the war-party than we really imagine; but I am not backwoodsman enough to determine. My heart is full of the image of Madeleine. How madly I have loved her without being conscious of it! I know not why I came hither. I did not understand my own impulses; but now all is plain as sunlight.

"It was the magic of her voice and her eye that attracted me; and I still hear and see them. The voice speaks to me at night in dreams; and, though soft as the tones of the harp, it tells me I am pursuing a phantom—a vision that will fade. I take her hand in mine as on that night when hope was present with me, and sunny thoughts had life; but it shrinks from me again, and I feel desolate as a lifeless forest. Strange the human heart takes its sunshine from the eyes and smiles of another! strange there is no such thing as happiness in the abstract!

"I am impatient of this slow march; it is but a snail's pace at best, and I cannot brook it. I sometimes imagine that Wickliffe is lagging on purpose—that he does not mean I shall rescue Madeleine.

"Once I was on the point of telling him so; but I met those calm eyes of his, and forgot my purpose. He smiled, too, as if divining my thoughts."

On the night of the 26th we built our fire at the base of a long ridge of hills. We had strained every nerve to get forward, but probably had not travelled over twenty miles that day. Being so well mounted, and having no baggage to encumber us, we could have made twice that distance, had we given ourselves no trouble about the trail.

Scarcely had our fire begun to blaze, when a visitor unexpectedly made his appearance. He came stalking up to us, with his rifle on his shoulder, with a swagger and nonchalance worthy of a prize-fighter.

His figure is worthy of some description. In stature he was very short, but was amply indemnified for that oversight in nature by thickness. His shoulders and chest were remarkable for breadth.

His head was set upon said shoulders without regard to the neck; and, probably, a trapper in that wild country could get along just as well without a neck. He was certainly a greasy, hairy-looking specimen of human flesh. He wore a greasy fur cap, a greasy buck-skin coat, greasy leggins, greasy moccasins, to which you may add a greasy mouth and beard,—and, in short, greasy everything.

He was just the man to subsist on raw fish; and, when necessitated, cou'd eat an Indian without salt. Such, at least, was the impression his appearance was calculated to make.

The rifle which he carried had the same greasy look in which he luxuriated—was very heavy, and of the largest calibre; it would carry a half-ounce ball. His hunting-knife was very long, and its edge was sharp enough, no doubt.

"Wah!" he articulated, bringing the breech of his rifle violently to the ground, and peering at us through his shaggy eyebrows; then added immediately:

"Any grub?"

Wickliffe signified that we had, and produced a portion of the buffalo he had shot the night previous.

The adipose man seated himself coolly by the fire, cut a stick from a fagot, and sharpened the end. Slicing off a monstrous piece of the meat, he thrust the stick into it, and held it over the blaze, with great apparent satisfaction and perfect self-possession.

When about half done, or, to speak more to the point, when about warmed through, he commenced eating it voraciously, without a word. The secret of his greasiness was soon evident.

When he had satisfied, in some degree, the demands of his gastric region, he began to show premonitory symptoms of sociability, by wiping his mouth with his coat-sleeve, and sundry startling yawns.

"How are you, white folks?" he said, looking at us with the air of a man who suddenly and unexpectedly finds himself better.

Wickliffe assured him that we were in the enjoyment of good health, which fact seemed to relieve him very much.

"Got any of the *weed?*" he asked.

"Don't use it much, but always carry it," replied Wickliffe, offering a generous quantity of the filthy drug.

"That's said like a christian," replied the greasy man, proceeding in silence to fill a villanous-looking pipe.

"How's peltries?"

"Don't know—care nothing about peltries," said Wickliffe.

"Ugh!"

Here a vast column of smoke curled out of the greasy man's mouth.

"How is bufferlers?"

"Care nothing about buffalo."

More smoke.

"Sent out into these parts by government?"

"Care nothing about government, either."

"How's Injins?"

"Can't find them—am on the trail."

"Been stealin'?"

"Yes."

"Horses and mules?"

"No, women."

"Old women?"

"No, very young."

"Harnsum?"

"As handsome as ever the sun shone on."

"Con-*sarn* their red skins!" cried the stranger, grasping his rifle in one hand, and his ruffianly knife in the other. "May I be trodden to death by wild bufferlers, if some of 'em don't lose their fakilties for that before the Injin corn gets growed! Young and harnsum gals! Confound the red niggers! If it had been old women, whose sands was e'namost run out, it would seemed a little kinder different like; but young gals is another thing. Them's jest my feelin's. Con-*sarn* 'em!"

"You speak like a philosopher," replied Wickliffe.

"You're sure they're young gals?" continued the trapper, without heeding the remark of Wickliffe.

"I *know* it," said Wickliffe.

"My dander's risin' like a yeast cake; and them sort is so scarce here, too. I don't know but I shall exterminate the whole race o' painted niggers from the face of the airth. I have been vegetatin' in these diggins a little more than a long time, and I reckon I've rubbed out more on 'em nor I have bufferlers,—and bufferlers are mighty plenty hereabouts. You can't scarcely stir a step without startin' more nor less. A good sprinklin' of the varments in this here region calls me the 'Grizzly Bear,' and I reckon they'll call me more nor that afore they see the last on me, unless I stick my toes up sooner than I kalkilates."

"What does he mean by sticking his toes up?" I whispered to Wickliffe.

"Dying," he replied. "It is a cant phrase often used by such people."

Perceiving the "Grizzly Bear," though rough in exterior, was a man to be trusted, I related to him all that had happened to my friends and myself. His interest increased when he heard the name of Leroy.

"I've knowed that man for these dozen years. His heart's bigger than a bufferler's. It 'll jest about break up his constertution to lose his gals in that unchristian way. Now, I'm a rough man and a great sinner; but I an't intirely without nateral feelin'. I know that my ways an't altergether pleasin' and perlite, and all that; and I *am* a great deal like a wild Injin, that's a fact; and there *is* considerable grease and stuff of that natur' on my huntin'-shirt; but, may be, there is a leetle good left in me yet. When I sees a feller-cretur in distress, or knows he's in distress, there an't a man on the trail that would put out his hand to help him quicker nor I would, although I says it myself, when perhaps I hadn't oughter. I wouldn't valley sendin' a half-ounce ball through sev'ral of the nateral varmin of this uncultivated sile, for old acquaintance' sake."

"Which way are you from?" asked my friend.

"From the nor'-west."

"Seen any signs of Indians, or whites either, in that direction?"

"Reckon I have. I crossed the trail of some of my color no longer ago than this mornin'. Yesterday I see one of the varmin, an' if he hadn't a-taken himself out o' range mighty sudden, he'd been likely to have lost his fakilties—his mem'ry in perticerler. And, come to think on 't, I picked up this bit of cloth and put it in my pocket, because it looked kinder femernine like."

Here the trapper produced a small strip of stuff, of a curious fabric, which I recognized as being a piece of a dress I had seen Madeleine wear.

I snatched it hurriedly from the hand of the stranger, and would have pressed it to my lips, had I not seen the eyes of Wickliffe fastened upon me.

"Perhaps you's in a great hurry to git that piece of figured stuff, mister; you an't a goin' to swaller it, I presume." And then he added, addressing himself to Wickliffe, "I hope he doesn't allers take things in that onharnsum way. I'd bet all my peltries that that youngster's got a hankering arter the gal as used to wear that strip of stuff."

"A pretty strong one too, old fellow," rejoined my friend.

"Where did you find this?" I asked.

"Away in that direction, about half a day's travel," answered the trapper, pointing to the north-west. "That is to say, about half a day's journey for Camanche."

"Camanche is your horse, I suppose?"

"Yes, I call him Camanche, because he used to belong to a Camanche brave, who suddenly lost his fakilties and tumbled off his back. Fine animal—tougher nor a bufferler—swifter nor an antelope. If I whistle, he'll leave his grass and come directly. It's my opinion you don't often catch a free trapper without a hoss."

"Take us to the spot where you found this piece of stuff, and I will reward you handsomely," I said.

For the space of a minute the trapper smoked away fiercely, without reply.

"Perhaps you don't know me," he said at length, "and perhaps you don't want to. A great many people in this world judge a person by the way he looks outside. If he's got on an old coat, and leggins rather the worse for wear, they set him down as nobody; but, on the contrary, if he looks slick and nice, they say he's somebody. But that an't my way. I don't mind how a man looks, providin' allers he's all right in side. It's the intarnal arrangements that makes the man. That's *my* religion; and it's a kind o' religion which you think I don't know nothin' about. I don't believe in hiring a chap to do his duty; and it kinder goes agin the grain to have a person offer to reward me harnsumly for tryin' to rescue a feller-cretur from the savages, especially when that feller-cretur is a femernine. Them's my feelin's."

I perceived at once I had made a great mistake. Instead of the unfeeling and unprincipled man I had expected to find hidden in those soiled and unseemly garments, I had stumbled upon a real diamond, though rough and unpolished. How we deceive ourselves by judging by appearances! I hastened to repair my error.

"Pardon me, my friend," I said; "I have done you some injustice. As you say, it is not right to judge one by the cut of his coat, or the quality of its material. I perceive that your heart is precisely where it ought to be. The sentiments you have uttered are worthy the proudest potentate."

"I don't know nothin' of potentates; I shouldn't know one from a pertater; but I do know somethin' about nateral honesty, and the nateral religion of the heart. So, don't talk no more about hirin' me to go arter Leroy's dartars, that are dearer to him than all the world beside. I'll stake all I'm worth—and that an't much—that there an't an hour in the day when his heart an't ready to break; and he stands six feet and two inches in his stockin's."

"Enough—here's my hand. We will be on the trail before the morrow's sun has shone upon it five minutes."

"Here's a hand on that, and prehaps it an't a very smooth one; but it's seen real service in its time, notwithstandin', and is allers ready to grow rougher in a good cause."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE UNKNOWN.

My journal of the 27th discourses as follows:

"The strange trapper has kept us company all day. His name is Sutler, and he is perfectly at home in these wilds. Wickliffe seems to puzzle him, and he is obviously at a loss what to make of him. It is quite evident he did not expect that a person who appeared so much a gentleman as Wickliffe possessed such an accurate knowledge of the country and Indian practices.

He had thought to find a man fresh upon the prairies, whereas Wickliffe is not. When we set out this morning, Sutler took the lead, and issued his orders like an old general; now, things begin to change their aspect; he consults Wickliffe, and gives his opinion with more caution.

"Sutler has designated the spot where he found the piece of stuff. Both he and Wickliffe affirm that there are two trails, which occasionally intersect each other. One of them, we believe, must have been made by our friends; and to me there is joy in the thought. To-morrow we are resolved to follow what we suppose to be the white trail.

"Wickliffe is calm and distant, as usual. Nothing appears to work any change in him; he is either above the common whims of mankind, or scorns to acknowledge them.

"How inexplicable are some men!—how deep is the study of human character! But Wickliffe is one of those characters which baffle study. I have considered him from every point, and from every altitude of my intellect, and he is an enigma still.

"My impatience to get forward increases hourly. I murmur at the darkness of night, because it retards our progress. But I suppose we must eat and sleep, and our weary beasts must rest; yet it is hard to lose a moment when so much is at stake.

"It is twilight; we have taken our evening meal. I feel an irresistible desire to be alone, where I can think freely, without the searching eyes of Wickliffe being fastened upon me. I shall take my rifle and walk quietly away."

A few stars twinkled in the skies, as I walked slowly from the camp, and the moon came up lazily, lending a softer hue to the night.

Leaving the ravine where our fire blazed, I ascended a long hill, which, rising in gentle swells, attained, at last, a considerable altitude. The black walnut, the poplar and the maple, grew in clusters upon its sides; but a liberal growth had been denied them, for the soil was not favorable to their full development, or the prevalent fires of that region had scathed them.

I did not pause in my walk until I had attained the summit of the hill. With a feeling of freedom, for which I am at a loss to account, I stood there alone in that solitude. I could now commune with myself, undisturbed by the strange gaze of Wickliffe. But why should I commune with myself? What new hope should I teach my heart to feel? What unknown philosophy could I gather from the breath of the mountain air? Could I think of Madeleine more calmly, with less distraction, with more stoicism? Would my spirit feel more of the "touch of joy," or less of the agony of woe?

I turned my fevered eyes upon the newly-risen moon, which as it lifted itself from the prairie, seemed rising from the bed of the ocean. There is something tranquilizing in the influence of the moon, when it looks down upon us with its full, round face. A whisper is borne upon the mild, mellow rays of its light, which bids the earth-wanderer be calm. Like the spirit which answers prayer, its voice is audible in every land. It is heard by the dweller upon the prairies, as well as by the inhabitant of the crowded city.

In that moment of dreaminess, I strove to bow my head and be calm. And then I strove to think of Madeleine as one dead, and lost to me forever. But it is very hard to give up those we love, even when hope has waned until it has ceased to cast a shadow upon our pathway. It costs the heart a bitter pang to part with the loved, even with the hope of meeting again; but when there is little hope of a re-union and the fate of the darling object is a mystery deep and painful, how much is that bitterness enhanced! In that struggle to forget, my spirit turned to Madeleine, as the magnet to the pole. The idea which I had nursed and encouraged had grown too strong to combat with.

With a sigh I averted my eyes, and the revery passed. As my gaze sank down and rested upon the broad, open prairie, stretching out from the base of the hill, extending I knew not how far, I saw a slender, white column of smoke spring up, and mount against the sky; and soon a bright blaze leaped after it, and shadowy human figures were visible. In the state of mind I was then in, I knew no such word as danger; —I had forgotten it; my thoughts were raised infinitely above it. I scorned the thought of peril; was as careless of the future as I was dissatisfied with the past. With feelings like these, I threw my rifle across my arm, descended the hill, and stalked moodily toward the dim outlines of the men, revealed by the light of the fire. My movements were silent, like the ghosts of the departed, when they flit among the graves at midnight. No inadvertent step gave warning of my propinquity: and, at the distance of a few yards, I stood erect, and looked into the faces of the strangers. There were two—one an Indian, but the other belied his garb, and was not.

I knew his features—they were too deeply impressed upon memory to be forgotten, however much they were changed with paint and Indian finery; it was the same sinister face I had seen at St. Louis and Westport, though shorn of its hair. For a moment I stood stupefied with this strange and unlooked-for discovery. My first impulse was to raise my rifle and shoot him through the head, and I never had a steadier hand than when I brought the sights to bear upon his frontal bone; but I changed my purpose, even when my finger was upon the trigger. What should I gain by killing him, was the question that pressed itself home upon my conscience, and stayed my hand. Nothing,—and perhaps I may lose much, was the answer which reason gave.

A knowledge of his movements would benefit me more than his death; a single moment's reflection convinced me of this, and I brought my rifle once more to the hollow of my flexed arm, with an inward regret that I could not carry my first impulse into execution. His right hand was wrapped in a cloth; and, if I had doubted before in regard to the severed finger, I doubted no longer. The lurking enemy, the author of my misfortunes, was before me, without question. With a strong effort, I walked away to a considerable distance from the fire, and traced, as well as I was able by moonlight, the following lines upon a blank leaf in my pocket-book.

"Unmanly schemer! your movements are watched; you cannot stir a step without the knowledge of one who only delays your punishment for purposes of his own. Do not think to escape, or flatter yourself with success. You know what this means, and why you deserve to die. When you lay down you may be sure that the pull of a trigger may send you to your last account. An unerring barrel has been levelled at your head this very night, and may be at the precise moment when you are reading these lines. I could have slain you much easier than I have sent you this note of warning; but your time is not yet—it will come sooner than you will be ready; let that suffice; so lie down and sleep calmly to-night, if you *can*."

Tearing out the leaf on which I had written these lines, I fastened it to a small stone with a strip of my handkerchief. When I had done this, I retraced my steps noiselessly to my first position near the unknown, and, bending forward, cast the stone so that it fell at his feet.

With an exclamation of surprise, both seized their weapons; but the white man's eye had caught sight of the paper. Casting a suspicious glance around him, he stooped, took it and commenced reading the lines.

A change came over him as he read; he was no longer the swaggering ruffian of a few minutes ago. He seemed to shrink and grow smaller as he held the bit of paper in his hand; appeared stupefied, uncertain, and undecided; cast hurried, nervous glances around, as if expecting a shot from some unknown agency. Once or twice, apparently, he was upon the point of rushing away to meet or shun the danger, and then the hazard and folly of such a step restrained him.

Thus tossed with fear and uncertainty, he threw himself down with his face to the earth, and felt, probably, what the guilty only can feel. Satisfied with what I had done, I was walking toward the spot where blazed the fire of my friends, when the tall figure of Wickliffe suddenly stood beside me.

"*You* here?" I asked, with a start of surprise.

"Yes, I am everywhere. What did you write on that paper?"

"You saw me, then?"

"Of course I saw you; what is there I do not see?"

I repeated to him what I had written.

"That will do very well; if he is a coward, he will suffer more to-night than if you had shot him through the head, as you thought of doing in the first instance."

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"As long as you; what course do you think of pursuing in relation to the white man and the Indian?"

"That is a subject which I have not fully considered. I crave your advice. The former knows more of the fate of my friends than we do, I have no doubt. He is the man who gave me the letter at St. Louis, of which I have spoken."

"Since you have asked my advice, I will give it. Shoot the red-skin, and take the white man alive. If he knows aught of the Leroys, we can wring it from him by fair means or foul."

"I don't greatly like the idea of destroying the poor Indian," I replied. "He is but an instrument in the hands of a designing man, and we can expect nothing better of him. What would the death of that miserable wanderer avail? Nothing; it would be like slaying the starving wolf merely because he is a wolf, and not something better."

"Not so," replied Wickliffe. "If he escapes through our mercy, or inability to capture him, he will bring scores of his tribe upon us before we have accomplished our object. If he dies on the spot, no word goes to his people of his end or our movements; and we have only one prisoner to look after, instead of two. Indians are proverbially a slippery race; cold lead only can keep them from getting through one's fingers."

"I think we can manage them both," I answered. "With Sutler's assistance, it will be an easy matter to make them prisoners."

"Well, let it be so," rejoined Wickliffe.

At that moment we were joined by Sutler, who had also seen the fire. I explained to him the condition of things as well as I could; but it was with difficulty I could restrain him from shooting the Indian. "There was such a good chance, and it was so much like an act o' mercy."

After further deliberation, we decided to forego, for the present, the idea of capturing them, and, instead thereof, follow and watch their movements so long as we could do so successfully. This was more in accordance with my views, for I believed it presented a better prospect of success, and I wished to play with the guilty fears of the unknown. It would give me a stern joy to be near him by night and by day, and be a witness of his ceaseless, corroding vigils, his sleepless anxiety. Having formed this resolution, Sutler took it upon himself to find and dispose of their horses. They were found hobbled at no great distance. They suffered themselves to be approached without difficulty, and were soon in our possession. This was no wanton act; the safety and success of our plans required it. Were the objects of our suspicion permitted to retain their horses, they might elude us; but on foot we could follow them.

Sutler wrapped the feet of the captured animals in buffalo skins, and rode them away to a considerable distance. Wickliffe and myself stationed ourselves in a growth of sycamores at the base of the hill I have mentioned, to watch the movements of the parties by turns, until morning.

The unknown and his red friend were greatly mortified at the discovery of the loss of their horses. Knowing it would be vain to spend much time in looking for them, they struck off in a north-westerly direction, toward the White-Earth river. We followed them at a safe distance for two days, while Sutler kept in the rear with the animals. A portion of this time they kept the trail, which we had been tracing with so much trouble; and at other times they left and crossed it again, after several hours.

My journal of the 29th reads as follows:

"For the last forty-eight hours we have traced the footsteps of the unknown with untiring assiduity; he has not been an hour from our sight. It is evident that he suffers; his manner is ever restless, and his eyes wander continually over the prairies and hills, as if in momentary expectation of meeting misfortune. He is never at ease, is nervously impatient to get forward,—feels that he is watched, his steps dogged by those who wish him no good,—makes no fire at night, and would no doubt travel during the hours of darkness if his strength would permit. He is probably straining every nerve to overtake his Indian accomplices. * * * *

"We have again crossed what we believe to be the trail of Leroy and Silver-Knife. What a piece of good fortune it would be to overtake them!

"I still dwell upon the memory of Madeleine, and cannot cease to hope; but what can she be to me, even if we succeed in wresting her from the power of these wild men of the wilderness? In vain do I strive to teach my heart a new philosophy. There is no philosophy for the affections; they are as uncontrollable as the winds. Those sick of life, or too old to enjoy, may talk of philosophy, but not the young and hopeful.

"30th.—As soon as it was light this morning, we discovered that the Crow (the white man's companion) had given us the slip. Wickliffe looked disappointed and serious, and said it boded no good. I suggested the propriety of pursuing him on horseback, and trying to cut him off; but Wickliffe shook his head, and remarked that he was far beyond our reach. To-night we are resolved to make a prisoner of the unknown, as nothing is likely to be gained by putting it off longer. The disappearance of the Indian causes us much uneasiness. We consider our position a very critical one. If the Crow camp is not at a great distance, we shall have visitors before long. My ill-timed clemency has endangered our whole enterprise. I am ready to shoot myself for my folly. What can we do with this white man, if we deprive him of liberty? He will only be an incumbrance; but we may at least learn the fate of the Leroy family, though even that if doubtful. * * * * * * *

"We have crossed the White-Earth river, and are reposing upon its bank. This is the third river we have crossed since leaving the Platte. What will be the end of these wanderings?

"I have been low-spirited all day; my mind is filled with foreboding; evil is near—I feel it; every whisper in the air assures me of it. Perhaps my end is near, and these are but premonitory flashes of what shall be; but what does it matter where I fall? There is a time and a season for all things, saith the preacher. If there is a time to laugh and be merry, there is a time also to die. Who is ready for that season? Is it thou, of woman born? Then lie down in the dust without a murmur, and let the worm cover thee. Alas! though tired of earth, we turn with no eager eye to Heaven.

* * * * *

"Man is naturally superstitious; hears and sees things which never were and never will be; terrifies himself with a thought, and pleases himself with a shadow, which has no substance. Why, then, should I seize these vagrant fancies, and fasten them upon paper? I cannot tell. * * * One hour later. This unaccountable depression of spirit still continues; it is very singular; for I was never a man of dark thoughts. As for marvellousness, I have but a small share; and reverence is smaller, I fear, than it ought to be; but every person has, unquestionably, his moments of weakness, and these are mine. I have read of the strongest minds believing in premonitory flashes. * * * * I shall give my papers to Wickliffe, that they may be forwarded to my friends, should anything befall me; he will sneer at the idea, no doubt; he is too cold to be superstitious—too proud to acknowledge it if he is. * * * * The unknown is a prisoner at last—is silent and sullen. No threats can wring from him any knowledge of the Leroys. He is a man of powerful frame, and struggled fiercely when seized. He is by no means fresh upon the prairies. I have seen his wounded hand, and one finger is indeed gone. If he knows aught of Madeleine, he shall divulge it, by heaven! I cannot and will not bear this uncertainty much longer. I hope he may not tempt my mood too much, for I wish not to have the blood of a fellow-creature upon my hands without good cause. I dare not trust myself to question him, for fear my impetuosity may get the better of my prudence. Let me remember it is a terrible thing to dismiss a human soul from its clay tenement to its God; because there is no repentance in the grave, and the spirit shall return no more."

* * * * *

I intrusted my papers and other valuables to Wickliffe; and all for the forebodings mentioned in my journal. He received them more graciously than I had expected, although it was obvious to me that he felt no little contempt for the proceeding.

"You will probably think this a piece of folly," I remarked as I handed them to him.

"Far from it," he answered. "This is not the first transaction I have known of the kind."

"Tell me about it?" I said.

"There is but little to tell. I was hunting in the vicinity of the Blackfeet country, with an old guide by the name of Williams. He had been a dweller in the wilderness for many years, and possessed an accurate knowledge of woodcraft and savage habits. He had just enough of the French blood in him to make him gay under every kind of privation. His spirits never flagged, and his good humor could not be outdone. But one afternoon his gayety vanished of a sudden; his brow grew thoughtful, and his face became serious in its expression. The song and the joke no longer passed his lips. I could scarcely suppress a smile at his woe-begone visage.

"'What is the matter now?' I asked.

"'I don't know exactly,' he replied, 'but I kinder think I'm wanted.'

"'Wanted where?'

"'Up there,' he answered, pointing solemnly to the skies.

"'Going to die, you mean?'

"'I feel something in here,' (putting his hand to his breast) that kinder tells me I shan't trap a great many more beaver. I reckon as how I'm bound to another sort o' huntin'-ground, where the streams are flowin' with the waters o' life. But it's doubtful to me whether I taste o' them delicious waters. They warn't made for the like o' me. You know I've been a wicked, swearin' man, carin' for nobody, although it may be nobody cared for me. I never had much trainin'. My father was somethin' of a Frenchman, and my mother was an out-an-out squaw, and p'rhaps they won't expect much from such a cast-a-way child o' natur.'

"'Nonsense!' I said; 'nothing but a fit of the blues. Cheer up, now. A buffalo hump will set you all right.'

"'We *have* eat a good many bufferler humps in our time; but we shan't never eat no more of 'em together. In course, I may be wrong, and these feelin's may wear off; but I don't believe they will. I've got a few things in my pocket which I want you to take, and, if anything happens, they are yourn. Here's a few bank-notes, and some other things, which wouldn't be any good to me, if I should get my quietus from one o' them savagerous critters.'

"To please the old trapper, I took his bank-

notes, etc., thinking it was but the cloud of a moment.

"One hour from that time we stood on the summit of a hill. The guide was leaning on his rifle, looking mournfully at the setting sun. I saw him wipe an unusual moisture from his eye, and cross himself. He seemed in the act of turning to speak, when the sharp report of a rifle rang out upon the air. The guide tottered, smiled, fell, and died without a struggle. I bent over him an instant, but there was no sign of life, and I attended to my own safety by hastening from the scene. His scalp hung that night, no doubt, in the lodge of a Blackfoot brave."

This tale had a contrary effect from what might have been expected. It aroused my pride; for it appeared to me that he had devised the story on purpose to play upon my fears.

"I will take back my papers," I said, coolly, as soon as he had finished.

"O, no!" he replied, quietly, "I want to read them by-and-by. I have no doubt but they give a fair and unprejudiced history of your progress in the Indian country."

"Well, keep them; but my mood has changed, and I care nothing about it. I am subject to the blues; but they are gone now, and I am all right. To prove my words, I am going to take a stroll up the river."

"No, don't do that!" he said, earnestly. "I expect we are in a dangerous neighborhood, and none too safe when all together."

"I am no coward, Wickliffe, and I really don't intend to run into danger. But, since you have told me that story, I shall go out, merely to show you I do not heed it."

Whistling a favorite air, I shouldered my rifle and marched leisurely away. Though I was thus calm outwardly, I was not easy at heart. Thus far I had not been very successful in my exertions to rescue the maiden Madeleine. I had followed the trail for a number of days, and was now no nearer my object than at first, and perhaps further from it; for the escape of the Crow would warn the marauders of pursuit, when they would either send out a war-party to exterminate us, or take good care that we should not effect our purpose.

What now could be done? We had taken what we believed to be the party most deeply implicated in the transaction; but what should we do with him? He was sullen, and refused to give us any information. The letter, which I had good reason to believe he had written, was still in my possession. As I thought of the threats and taunts contained therein, and the malignity with which he had dogged our footsteps to do us evil, my passions rose to an un governable height. I felt my heart beating tumultuously, and the veins swelling like cords upon my forehead. My eyes were burning, and my face was hot and fevered. I stalked back, and stood before the unknown with a scowl of defiance upon my brow. For a moment I contemplated him, and then motioned Wickliffe and Sutler to withdraw.

They did so.

"We are alone," I said, sternly, drawing a pistol from my belt. "There are a thousand miles of wilderness between us and the marks of civilization. If a human being perish here, what bird will fly with the news, over the woods and over the wilds, to call for retribution?"

I paused to give my words time to take effect. The man's cheeks grew pale; he knew I was dangerous.

"I have a few questions to ask, and your life depends on the answers you make," I continued. "What are you called?"

"O, you want an introduction," he replied, rallying, and putting as good a face upon the matter as possible.

"What are you called?" I repeated, in the same tone.

"Well, if you insist on knowing me, my name shall be Burrill, at your service."

"Let it be Burrill, then; perhaps in an hour hence you won't *need* a name."

"But you surely don't mean to assassinate me? O, no, you are facetious—you intend it as an excellent joke; but jokes lose their edge, you know, when carried too far; and the *law*, you know—the LAW ——"

"Don't waste your breath before the time; you will want it all before long; and breath is precious sometimes, especially towards the close of one's life."

I drew the crumpled letter from my pocket, and held it before his eyes.

"A very fair specimen of chirography," he said, at length, with affected composure; but his voice trembled.

"Did you write this?" I resumed, emphasizing the words deeply.

"Why, really, sir, you are inquisitive and impertinent withal," he rejoined, with the same desperate effort at calmness.

I cocked the pistol, and held it about six inches from his head.

"I shall not repeat the question," I said. "If you do not answer, and answer truly, you die on the spot. Don't lie to me, for I do not wish your blood on my hands."

I know I must have been a fearful object as I stood before him, with my flushed face, my set teeth, compressed lips, flashing eyes, and veins like knotted whip-cords.

"I don't deny an agency in that; but, my dear sir, it was all a joke—a mere joke, nothing but a joke ——"

"I have another question to ask, of the utmost importance; and I charge you, as you value life and the repose of your immortal soul, don't hesitate to tell me correctly. But first look at this dissevered member; it is the one you lost."

I had preserved the finger in a small bottle of brandy, and now produced it. The effect upon him was obvious. His face gathered a deeper pallidness, and his bravado spirit seemed stricken down and humbled. He perceived that I had a chain of evidence against him, and that a flat and unqualified denial of all knowledge of the Leroys would do no good, and might be productive of the worst of consequences.

"Where is Madeline Leroy?"

He hesitated, and trembled from head to foot.

"You are a devil!" he muttered.

"Yes! I *am* at this moment; and have some of the devil's own work on my hands. You perceive, I presume, that this dangerous weapon is cocked and levelled at your right eye. A slight pull of the trigger—it is a hair-trigger, and my finger is on it, and I am rather nervous — would send a leaden messenger crashing through your head."

"This is too cool and blood-thirsty!" cried Burrill, shutting his eyes, horrified at the prospect of death. "Take away that devil's plaything!

"I shall not repeat a question three times; you know what I require. This minute is yours; the next shall be mine."

"Your question is too hard. What should I know of the persons you name?"

"Remember the letter, and the threats it contains. You do not deny the authorship of that. This weapon, you see, is very near—the least carelessness ——"

"Hold! stay your hand. The two maidens are unharmed; they are now with my friends."

"Who are your friends?"

"The Crows—and I saved their lives. They would have been slain immedi——"

"No lies! no lies!" I cried, stamping furiously upon the ground. "Let me read from your letter. Listen! 'Your hope shall be like the deceitful mirage which tantalizes the thirsty traveller upon the desert waste with the hope of water.' And again: 'You have not sufficient stamina to contend with that influence which will continually be exerted against you.' I know that 'influence,' and have felt it, and you shall learn if I have strength to struggle with it. Whither have the savages gone with the maidens?—make a clean breast."

"That I know not. Ask something that I know."

"Harkee, Burrill! Hear you the howl of the wolf that prowls about the camp? It is hungry for blood; its gaunt frame is pinched with famine; it eats human flesh. Were you left dead here to-night, there would not be two joints of your frame together by to-morrow's sun."

"Horrible!"

"Very true; but you have forgotten to tell me where your Crow friends have gone?"

"To the Black Hills, son of Satan!—now release me."

"Release your spirit, perhaps, but not your body. What was the fate of Leroy?"

"He perished—I could not save him."

"*You* save him! Cease to blaspheme the truth. So the wolf saves the lamb, and the hawk the chicken; so the vulture scorns carrion, and feeds upon the choicest dainties; so the fox forgets his cunning, and the snake to crawl upon its belly on the ground."

I laughed savagely, and my laughter seemed to terrify him.

"I believe you are deceiving me about Leroy," I continued. "If you are, remember you are in my power, and, if I discover your complicity by any circumstances which the future may develop ——"

"I tell you, he perished."

"Well, let it be that he perished—all must perish. What was your object in abducting the maidens?"

"I deny the charge."

He was sitting upright upon the earth, for his bands did not permit him to assume a standing position.

"Take that for your hypocrisy!" I shouted, and dealt him a stunning blow upon the head, which laid him senseless upon the ground.

CHAPTER XIV.

CAPTIVITY.

As I walked away and left him, I saw a purple stream welling from his temples. I passed Wickliffe and Sutler without a word, for it may be easily imagined that I was not in a mood for words. They saw my excited manner, and suffered me to go my way without question. I felt the need of cool air, for it seemed hot and suffocating where Burrill was, as if he had rendered it so by his presence. I believe the breath of one villain will create an atmosphere foul enough to sicken a dozen honest men. I met the balmy winds that came sighing down the river, and they were as grateful to my burning brow as a bath of cold water to him upon whom the fever demon has laid his scorching fingers.

Just before me was a high bluff, one of many such. Upon the water side it arose perpendicularly to the height of thirty or forty feet. It resembled those rocky headlands I have seen upon the seashore. I mounted to the top of this bluff, and seated myself where I could look down into the waters of the White-Earth. I sat there and watched the stars as they came out, one by one, to gem the diadem of night, and my brain teemed with thought. As I listened to the voice of Nature, while she spoke through the winds, and the birds, and the running waters, I grew calmer. Aided by the gentle moon and her satellites, I took out my tablets and wrote, or attempted to write, lines like the following. I cannot recall them, word for word, because they were lost; and, indited at that hour, could have been scarcely intelligible if pre-erved; but the overtasked mind seeks anything for employment.

"I have been angry—it may be, cruel; but what I have done was for the sake of Madeleine. I have solved the mystery at last, and the ruffian's name is Burrill. I shall compel him to lead us to the maidens. He begins to know me for what I really am. The wicked are ever craven-spirited. * * * Madeleine is unharmed. It is possible I may see her again. * * * But why these forebodings? I thought they had passed, and given place to more manly impulses. * * * It is hard to tell what new mood I may take. The imagination is a wayward thing. Perhaps I shall become a disciple of Don Quixote, and believe in enchantment and other extravagances. * * * I need sleep, and this relapse into the *dismals* may owe its origin to that. * * * Very mild is the night. The air cool and balmy, and the breezes seem to chide me for my moodiness. The nightingale is singing his song, and the waters flash and sparkle far down below me. * * * Has Burrill seen and spoken to Madeleine? Has he insulted her with offers of love? Why was he away from her? Time perhaps will show. Good angels defend the restless Madeleine and the calm Mary! May the time when I can strike a blow for her ——"

I was interrupted—a hand was laid upon my shoulder. I sprang to my feet—a painted warrior stood beside me.

"White man walk woods," he said, meaning that I was his prisoner, and should go with him. For a reply I planted a blow between his eyes that stretched him upon the ground.

But that was only the commencement of my trouble; another was upon me before I had time to recover myself. He was a strong fellow, and I was likely to have the worst of it. I had incautiously left my hunting knife, and now felt the want of it bitterly; for I perceived the Indian was trying to get his from his belt. Resolving not to die alone and unavenged, I consecrated all my physical powers, and, lifting him in my arms, leaped from the bluff, and we went whirling down the dizzy height. I had no thought but death—I did not expect to escape; but the waters proved deeper than I had thought. I arose to the surface after a terrible plunge, still held by the nervous arm of the Indian. Grasping him firmly by the throat, I held his head under until his hands relaxed their hold, and the limbs straightened out; then pushed him from me and swam to the shore, faint and exhausted. Meanwhile the brave upon the bluff had recovered from the stunning blow I had dealt him, and now sent forth his shrill war whoop, which was answered from the adjacent wood by a hundred savage throats. My rifle and revolvers, also, had carelessly been left at the encampment. I had only a brace of common duelling-pistols in my belt, and they were now rendered useless by their recent drenching. If I could not fight, I must run; and so I made the attempt, but it was only an attempt, for I was hemmed in on every side. Despairing of escape in that way, I threw myself down upon the earth, among a growth of ferns and reeds, in the hope that I might happily be overlooked.

I had scarcely assumed that position when I heard the terrible voice of Burrill, and felt my case was indeed a precarious and hopeless one. The Indians had released him unquestionably, and he was inciting them to vengeance. I reproached myself bitterly that I had not slain him on the spot, and that through my means his Crow friend had been suffered to escape to bring his people to destroy us. They came very near, and I heard them pass on every side. I was in an agony of suspense, and prayed fervently that my fate might be decided quickly. Not the least painful thought was, what will become of the Leroy family, in case of my capture? Once the tide of dusky figures rolled away in another direction; but it speedily swept back again. And Burrill came also, foaming with rage, exhorting the Crows to activity, and to look behind every tree, and beat every bush. Several times he passed so near my hiding-place that I could have touched him with a yard-stick, or dashed my pistols in his face with but a slight exertion of the arm. I will not assert that I was entirely composed; or that I did not feel a sickly, painful anxiety in regard to the result. I should have been something more than human not to have experienced sensations of a character extremely unpleasant, and bordering on the horrible.

The knight of La Mancha himself, although a very proper and valorous knight, had he been placed in just such a situation, would have envied the low estate of Panza during the blanket-tossing, or the discipline of the pack-staves. I do not think I am a coward. I never acted the part of one in positions of danger, and I have braved death more than once; but, as I lay there amid the ferns and reeds, and heard the cries and footsteps of the wild sons of the wilderness, the perspiration rolled from my face in great drops. Lying there like a dog was a different thing from facing the enemy like a man, and having the question of life and death resolved at once. Suspense makes the boldest heart tremble, and the certainty that follows is a relief, let that certainty be of whatever character it may.

I had a presentiment, after I heard his voice, that Burrill would be the man to discover me; nor was I mistaken. He approached the spot where I lay, and his eyes gleamed upon me like a basilisk's. I did not give him time to commence an atack, but, leaping from the earth, knocked him down with a pistol, and ran for dear life. I should have done very well had I continued running; but unfortunately I ran against a Crow warrior, and a rough-and-tumble engagement took place, during which we both rolled over and over an infinitude of times. I succeeded finally in getting him beneath me, and freed myself from him by dashing his head against a stone several times with all my strength, which I have reason to believe deranged his mental faculties more than several touches of the nightmare! As I continued my flight, I saw Wickliffe and Sutler in the distance, fighting like lions; and they were not alone. I heard the crack of a rifle that sounded like old "Ironsides," and a war-cry that reminded me of Silver-Knife; but in that moment of excitement I was by no means sure I was right in my conjectures; yet the bare possibility of being right gave me a thrill of pleasure.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The New York papers state that a noted California ticket swindler who, after much trouble and delay, has been at last sentenced to Sing Sing, is worth $70,000, the result of ten years' swindling.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

DO YOU EVER THINK, LOVE?

BY WILLIE WARE.

Do you ever, ever think, love,
Of the little mountain cot,
Of the climbing rose vines,
And the sweet forget-me-not,
Of the clover red and white,
Of the hare-bell azure blue,
That I often used to gather,
Gather, darling May, for you?

Do you ever, ever think, love,
Of the gentle mountain stream,
Where we often sat together,
To converse, and muse, and dream,
When the moon shed silvery light,
And the stars filled heaven's blue,
When the soft, sweet summer zephyrs
Whispered, darling May, to you?

Do you ever, ever think, love,
Of the mountain path that leads
To the silent resting places
Of the quiet, holy dead—
Where our mother's sweetly sleeping
'Neath the branches of the yew,
Where white pearly tears were shed—
Shed my darling May by you?

Do you ever, ever think, love,
Of those hours of long ago,
When the waters of life's river
Ran with peaceful, quiet flow,
Ere our sun of life was clouded,
And our sky was bright and blue,
Ere the weight of disappointment
Fell, my darling May, on you?

Do you ever, ever think, love,
Of our home in heaven above,
Where our mother waits to welcome
The dear children of her love;
Where a crown, a crown immortal,
A crown of love divine and true,
Will surely, surely be awarded
Darling sister May to you?

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"It is a good night for a story, grandfather," and I placed my little stool upon the soft, rich hearth rug, and sitting down upon it, leaned my head against the old man's knees and lifted my brown eyes wistfully.

A wild winter storm was raging about the old farm-house, drifting the snow high on the window sills, fastening it to the deep panels of the doors, sifting it through the crevices of the mossy roof, and heaping it up into broad ridges all along the pathway and over the garden beds. But indoors all was bright and of a summer's warmth, the generous hickory fire blazing high and ruddy on the ample hearthstone, casting a genial light and glow into the farthest corner of the large room, and scintillating on the dark ceiling like polar flashes on a midnight sky.

It was a pleasant, cheerful picture, that old-fashioned parlor, and I have but to close my eyes to see it just as it locked to me there, with its rich, pearl-tinted paper-hangings, its low, oaken ceiling with its heavy and highly polished beams, its crimson window-curtains closely drawn, its quaint mahogany furniture, its soft, flower-patterned Turkey carpet, its massive silver candlesticks, with their tall, snowy waxen candles, its blazing fire-place, with its flashing fender and sparkling andirons, and my dear old grandfather in his carved arm-chair, wrink'es upon his brow, crow-feet about his eyes, furrows upon his cheeks, frost upon his head, but smiles upon his lips and a cheery look in his gray eyes.

He had known many sorrows, the dear old man, but he was now very near to heaven, that blest and beauteous home where there is no more weeping, and so he seldom spoke of the saddened past, but often of the bright to-come.

I was the only grandchild left him. The rest slept here and there, in nearly all parts of this wide earth, for he had had many sons and daughters, and they "had gone out from him," and found homes in other lands; homes and graves, for not one remained to cheer his declining age. The "auld wife" had gone too. Hand in hand they had climbed the hill of life, and hand in hand tottled nearly to its foot, when she grew pale and weak and left him to go down alone.

I was his only comfort now, he said; his only stay, and dearly did the old man cherish me, his one ewe lamb.

"You can remember one, can you not, grandfather?"

"What shall it be about—say, darling."

"O, something horrible to-night; something about your early days; about the times when all this country was a wilderness; something that is true, grandfather."

"Let me think, Carrie," and he covered his eyes with his thin, brown hand, and seemed for some moments lost in thought. I did not hurry him, for I knew when he did that he was looking into the far-off past, and what he saw clearly there he would tell me. He spoke at last:

"I was but eight years old when my parents moved here. Not an axe had ever rung then in this country, and where this house stands the trees grew so thick together that the sunlight could scarcely find its way to the grass upon the ground. There were about a dozen families in all, who emigrated here at the same time, and scattered themselves over the township. There were miles between each cabin save ours and my uncle James'. We lived close together, and his two little boys and myself were of course fond playmates.

It was three years after we came, before we had a school. Our fathers were too busy felling trees, grubbing stumps, building fences, ploughing and sowing, to take time to think of an education for their children. But on the fourth summer, there came a young lady into the place, the sister of one of the emigrant's wives, who had been a teacher in her old home and who offered to open a school here for low wages. So the men clubbed together one time in May, and got out logs and threw up a school house. It was a rough affair, with its puncheon floor, its little square holes for windows and its hard slab-seats. But we children learned to love it very dearly, for our pretty Anny Lee, was fond of us all, and knew how to make the six hours full of both pleasure as well as profit.

It was three miles from our cabin, but I thought nothing of the distance in those days, and never once missed going through all that summer-time. Indeed I rather enjoyed that walk, through the dense forest, for there were lovely wild flowers all about our path, gay singing birds forever floating over us, little nimble squirrels chattering from every tree top, while now and then a spotted deer would leap just before us, and turn around and look at us with its bright eyes, so strangely human. Sometimes too, we met Indians with bows and arrows, and curiously wrought blankets and leggings and dusky squaws, with little pappooses strapped to their backs; but they never frightened us, for they were all friendly, and accustomed to come to our cabins and exchange their moccasins and baskets for corn and meat.

My two little cousins always accompanied me, and many a merry playspell did we have in those old woods.

It was the last day of school, and we had lingered later than usual beside the teacher's knee, listening to her farewell words. She had given us each a little primer, with colored prints and our hearts were very buoyant, though our eyes were wet, for such gifts were then rare things for us children.

We had hurried home, for we were anxious to display them, and run till we were quite tired out.

"Let us sit down on this old log and rest us," said I to my cousins. "My feet ache and they are very hot too. I mean to hold them in the brook awhile;" and seating myself on the mossy oaken tree which a storm had laid low, I dipped my feet in the cool waters of the running stream and as it gurgled over my dusty toes, I opened my new book and looked at the pictures. Tommie and Harrie leaned over my shoulders and many minutes passed quietly by, so intent were we upon the colored fruits and flowers.

Suddenly there was a slight noise in the underbrush on the other side of the brook. We looked up hastily, thinking it might be a deer, but to our surprise and joy, it was my good dog, Keeper; a beautiful little spaniel, with soft, silky ears of a dark brown, tipped with white, and a speckled skin which it was my delight to keep smooth and glossy.

Leaping the water, he jumped upon us playfully, and we soon forgot the new book in caressing him. But in the midst of our wild merriment, he started from us and running a little to one side, began to bark fiercely. We turned our heads carelessly, thinking to see some frightened rabbit, but instead, we saw the mad eyes of a panther glaring fiercely upon us.

How we sprang from the log, splashed into the brook and clambered up the opposite bank, you may guess. We were not long doing it, but quick as we were the beast was after us, for we were choice morsels and he had rated on our boyhood for a dainty feast.

As we ran, Keeper kept up his noise, an angry, defiant bark as though his will was good, if his flesh was weak. Right over him leaped the panther, and was on our trail. But the dog, faithful to his love, sprang up and bounding over the stream, ran a few steps before him and then turned and faced him, yelping with all his might.

The path here was broad and well worn, and turning involuntarily to see how close behind was our terrible foe, I saw him crouching just on the bank, as though he meant to spring upon the dog and crush him at once. I watched him, frightened though I was and running still, and in a moment saw him bound upon my little spaniel, as I had seen a cat pounce upon an unwary mouse. But the dog too had marked his posture and at the very second that he sprang, ran fleetly on in our footsteps for some rods, and then turned again and set up his defiant noise. Again the beast crouched low and again sprang forward; this time catching hold of the tip of one of Keeper's ears. But like lightning the dog escaped him, leaving the little silken morsel in the sharp teeth, and as though infuriated by the wound, he barked louder than ever, still opposing himself to the huge panther. Again the wild creature bounded, and this time I thought my faithful little guardian, would lose his life entirely, for the fangs were fastened in his shoulder, and forgetting my own peril in the agitation of the moment, I stood still, the cold sweat oozing from every pore, and the tears streaming down my cheeks.

But at that moment there rang the sharp report of a rifle through the forest, and weltering in his own hot blood, the panther rolled upon the grass in dying agonies. I stood transfixed. It seemed too good to be true that my dog was saved, yes and we children too, for we were a mile yet from home, and our little feet too weary to outrun a panther.

"He ugly fellow to meet without rifle."

I looked up. A gigantic Indian stood beside me. "O, I am so glad you shot him. He would have killed my dog."

"Yes, and little white pappoose too. But me on his trail all day. Come and see the dog now; he brave fellow."

I went back, clinging to the blanket of the Indian, very tenderly did he take up the wounded dog, and carry him back to the stream and bathe the torn shoulder. Then, running into the underbrush, he picked here and there a leaf and bruising them in his horny fingers, applied them to the wound, binding it up with strips torn from the high check apron, which I in common with all boys of my age then wore.

"He live now; live to fight more panther," and he gave an expressive *ugh*, and then took the wearied animal in his arms, and telling me to keep close to him, started on.

My cousins had never stopped to look back, but ran on and reached home, giving the alarm and thus, when nearly there, we met the whole of the two households coming out to fight the panther. My father and uncle were each armed with a musket, their two hired men carried each a sharp axe, while my mother and aunt flourished the two keen-bladed meat knives.

I can remember yet how white my mother's face was, and how rigid my father looked. I was their only son, their first-born, and they thought to find me a mangled corpse."

"And did the dog live." I asked the question earnestly. "Yes, child; till he was blind and deaf and toothless. He lived and was cared for too; my mother feeding him the last year of his life, as she would have fed a child and when he died we mourned him as we would a friend."

"And the Indian, grandfather."

"He came often to our cabin after that, and we learned to love him well, for he was one of those noble red men who spurn the white man's vices. My mother spent much time in trying to make a Christian of him, and I believe finally brought him into the fold of the good Shepherd, for when an aged man, he came to die, he sent for her and told her he was going to the Great Spirit of the white man, and would be the first to meet her in the heavenly hunting ground."

He paused and wiped his eyes, as though a mist had gathered on them; then looking up, he said, "In the upper drawer of my secretary, Carrie, you will find a string of wampum. It was his, the Indian's. He gave it to my mother on his death bed. It has been sacredly kept by me, as a memento of that perilous hour. When I die, it shall be yours and as often as you look upon it, think kindly of the red man."

He is dead and buried. Long years ago, I closed his eyes, dear, kind old grandfather and now I am old myself, and an emigrant in the far off West. The Indians are all about me, frontier Indians with the white man's vices, and without his virtues; a race to be feared and almost hated. But I never send them empty from my door; never speak harshly in their hearing. How can I, with that string of wampum, hanging up before my eyes!

ANECDOTE OF TOM SHERIDAN.

Tom Sheridan (who to kindness of heart and sweetness of disposition added social talents which, if not of the high and commanding order of his father's, were infinitely more agreeable to those who knew him,) used to tell anecdotes *for* and *against* himself, one of which we shall take the liberty to relate.

He was staying at poor Lord Craven's, at Benham, (or rather at Hamstead, and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with "only his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the game was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game until unconsciously he entered the domain of some neighboring Squire.

A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him at the top of his speed a jolly comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as if prepared for conflict. Tom took a position, and waited the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you sir," said the Squire, when within half ear shot, "what are you doing here?"

"I am shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the Squire.

"I am here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir," said the Squire, growing angry; "and do you know where here *is*, sir?—these are my manors; what do think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the Squire, "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sherid..n," said the Squire, cooling a little; "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh—well, sir, I could not know *that*, sir—I——"

"No, sir," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan," said the Squire, "you don't know what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been to with them; it's all very well for *you* to talk, but if *you* were in *my* place, I would like to know what you would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in your place, under all the circumstances, I should say, 'I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me, and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshments!'"

The Squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and (as the newspapers say) "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

The cloudy weather melts at length into beauty, and the brightest smiles of the heart are born of its tears!

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Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE MORNING CALL.

BY MARY HENLY.

Dressed in a robe of softest light,
Pale morn through starry eyes looks out.
Come, come, come!
Greet thy waiting bride in her eastern home.
Look at the morning's call;
The king of day appears
With tender beaming smile,
Kisses away her tears;
And a glory covers earth and sky,
As the radiant pair appear on high.
Hark to that echoing song!
How all our being thrills!
Joyous the woodlands ring,
Wide to the echoing hills!
Roused by the morning's call, kissed by the breeze,
That tenderly sighs 'mong the sheltering trees,
Birdling and brooklet in songs of praise,
Charm us with sweetest of harmonies.
Gently fair flowers unclose
To greet the morning bright;
Their grateful perfumes rise
And minister delight.
Freshened and beautiful o'er the wide earth,
Who is not cheered when the morn calls them forth?
O, man, why drink'st thou in
This essence of delight—
O, why partak'st alone
These pleasures infinite—
When these his goodness own,
Bring incense, songs of praise,
Nor attest his love divine,
Thyself more blest than these.
Arouse! morning calls thee; let anthems arise
To the Great Source of pleasure—the God of the skies!

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

ROBERT MORTON'S HEIRS.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

ROBERT MORTON had reached the age of sixty-five. He had no reason to complain of the gifts of fortune, having realized a considerable fortune from the business to which he had devoted the greater part of his life. Five years since, however, he had retired from business, and since then had lived in comparative quiet.

Having been disappointed in love in early life, he had never married, and therefore had no children to inherit his fortune. He had not even nephews or nieces, having been an only son. But he had two cousins, or rather the sons of two cousins, whom he had always regarded as nephews, and to whom he intended to leave his property.

The names of these two heirs' expectant were Thomas Lawrence and Benjamin Temple. Each was between thirty and forty years of age, and each, moreover, had a family. One kept a village store, and was thought to be doing a very good business. The other had a fair law practice. Neither of them, as it will be seen, stood in need of a bequest, though both were money-loving men, and would be very glad to receive one.

I have said that Mr. Morton had retired from active business. But he found that the care of his property continued to involve a great deal of labor, and this led him one day to say to himself, "Why should I wait till my death before dividing the estate between my cousins? All it amounts to is, that I am burdening my old age with taking care of the estate for them. They could do that as well as I, and would gladly relieve me of the trouble. Why should I not at once give them the property, and spend my time alternately at their houses? They will be delighted to have me do so, and I shall enjoy myself with them and their children."

Robert Morton was of a frank, social temperament, and the more he thought of this plan, the more it commended itself to him.

He accordingly sent for his legal adviser, and propounded it to him.

Mr. Burdick, for this was his name, did not appear to look upon it in as favorable a light as his client.

"Do you propose to divide your whole property in this way?" he asked.

"Certainly, that is my intention," was the reply. "Why, since I wish to free myself from anxiety and care, should I not do so thoroughly, and without reservation?"

"You will be placing yourself completely at the mercy of your cousins, and will have no resource in case they neglect to treat you with that consideration which your generosity entitles you to expect.

"You are altogether too suspicious, Burdick," said his client. "Now I have more faith in the native goodness of human nature than you. I haven't the slightest fear but that my cousins will treat me with every consideration."

"You must make allowances, my good friend, for the selfishness which exists in every heart, to a greater or less extent. Don't place yourself in the power of your cousins. That is my advice. At all events, don't do so all at once. Take a year to test them in, and then if you see fit to follow the course proposed, I will not interfere."

"I don't think it at all necessary, Burdick, but you are an old friend, and it is only fair that I should concede some weight to your advice. Let me hear, then, what course you would advise."

"Let me first ask if your cousins are acquainted with the amount of your property?"

"They are not."

"Could they tell within a few thousand dollars?"

"They have no clue sufficient to decide them in this matter."

"Will you then listen to my recapitulation, and tell me if I am right. First, there is this estate, worth, at the least, ten thousand dollars."

"Well."

"Then you have ten thousand dollars out on mortgages!"

"Yes."

"And besides that, you have twenty thousand dollars on deposit in different banks."

"Yes."

"Then let me advise you only to surrender half your fortune to your cousins. To one give this estate, to the other your mortgages, and reserve the bank deposits for a year in your own hands. Let them suppose, however, that you have surrendered your whole property to them, and the better to favor this mistake, stipulate that you shall draw from each a hundred dollars a year, for your wardrobe, and other little expenses. They will conclude that you have no other means, and will, therefore, show what they are."

"Yes, Burdick, they will show how you have misjudged them."

"It may be so. I hope so, I am sure. I certainly take no pleasure in convincing myself or others of the faults and failings of my fellows."

"Very well. Let the papers be drawn up, and my cousins be sent for."

An hour afterwards, Thomas Lawrence and Benjamin Temple were ushered into the sitting-room of their generous relative.

"Well, boys," said the old gentleman, with a benevolent smile, "why do you think I have sent for you?"

"Without knowing, my dear sir, be assured that it gives us pleasure at all times to come and see you."

It was Benjamin Temple, the lawyer, who said this, with a smooth smile, and an air of affectionate respect.

"My cousin is quite right," chimed in Thomas Lawrence, afraid that the lawyer would distance him in the competition for their relative's favor. "My cousin expresses my sentiments exactly."

"Thank you, boys," said the old gentleman, whose superior age led him to employ this youthful mode of address. "Well, not to keep you in suspense any longer, I have got tired of taking care of my property, and as it would go to you eventually, I might as well let you have it now."

The two cousins endeavored not to indicate their excessive delight at this announcement.

Robert Morton continued: "I want to treat you as nearly alike as possible, having no reason to prefer one above the other. I have some ten thousand dollars in mortgages, which I will transfer to you, cousin Temple. Your legal education will enable you to take good care of them. The assessors tell me that this estate is worth about as much, and this I will make over to you, cousin Lawrence. I have observed that the house you at present live in is not altogether commodious."

"How very kind and generous you are!" exclaimed the cousins, in concert.

"Not at all. I am only influenced by the selfish desire to get rid of business care. Besides, I am going to saddle you with myself in return. If you take my property, you must expect to take care of me. I propose to live with each of you six months during the year, and as I shall need to repair the defects in my wardrobe, will trouble each of you for an annual allowance of a hundred dollars, which will suffice for my moderate wants."

"It is the least we can do for you," said the lawyer. "But why not make the allowance larger?"

"If I need more, my dear fellow, I know you will be perfectly willing to give it. But I trust the sum mentioned will suffice. And, by the way, these stipulations I have mentioned, I do not care to reduce to writing. I trust implicitly to your generosity. I prefer to make a free gift of the property to you."

The cousins poured out fervent protestations of their gratitude and affection, and congratulated themselves on the prospect of their dear cousin's society for six months in the year.

Mr. Morton—good, easy man as he was—believed them implicitly, and when they had left the house, the transfer having been effected, said to the lawyer.

"There, Burdick, don't you feel ashamed of your suspicions! Confess, now, how far wrong you are.

"Just wait a while," was the lawyer's wary reply, "I have seen nothing to demonstrate the futility of my suspicions as yet. We will, if you please, wait and see what the future shall develop."

Mr. Morton grew almost angry with his friend, for what he styled his absurd suspicions, but being a good natured man, quickly recovered from his momentary irritation.

It was arranged that Mr. Morton was to alternate between the two houses every three months; spending the first three with Thomas Lawrence, who had received the estate. At first he was treated with great consideration, and regarded as the master of the house, although he had given it up. As week followed week, the attention diminished, but not sufficiently so to be marked.

At the house of the lawyer, Mr. Morton at first met with considerable attention, but in course of time, his wishes came to be less studied. At one time, when some company arrived from New York, Mr. Morton was asked to give up his room to them, and take a much smaller, and more inconvenient one. Mrs. Temple apologized in rather a lame way, when the old gentleman fixed his eye steadily upon her, but persisted in her requisition.

He yielded without a word. At the close of his stay with the lawyer, he applied for a portion of the annual sum which his cousin had agreed to furnish him for his occasional expenses.

"It isn't quite convenient now," said the lawyer carelessly.

"The sum is only fifty dollars," said Mr. Morton, significantly.

"I dare say my cousin will oblige you," returned the lawyer. "At present I have just made an investment, and can't well do it."

Mr. Morton turned away, but said nothing.

He made a similar application to Thomas Lawrence, who with an air of reluctance handed him half the amount, saying he would let him have the rest "before long"

On returning to his old home, he was assigned a room in the third story, and when he offered a little remonstrance, was put off with a shabby excuse.

Slowly the old gentleman awakened to the conviction that his cousins were ungrateful men of the world, whose courtesy and friendliness had all vanished with the idea that he had it no longer in his power to be of service to them.

At this time it chanced that a very pretty estate was offered for sale in the village. A commodious and tasteful dwelling, with well-arranged grounds, and a few acres of excellent land, forming one of the most desirable residences in town, was offered for five thousand dollars.

Mr. Morton privately authorized his lawyer to purchase it already furnished, admitting that he made a mistake in trusting to the magnanimity of his cousins.

The purchase being made, and the dwelling being ready for occupation, Mr. Morton said one morning, at the breakfast-table.

"You will oblige me by having my things removed to the room I formerly occupied in the second story. I am tired of going up two pairs of stairs."

"I can't oblige you in that," said Mrs. Lawrence, coldly. "The room is otherwise occupied."

"Do you refuse me the apartment I desire in the house which I gave you?" asked Mr. Morton, in some heat. "Thomas, do you support your wife in this?"

"My wife is the best judge of these matters," said his cousin, frigidly.

"In that case, I shall leave your house this morning," said Mr. Morton.

"Just as you like," sneered Mrs. Lawrence, "but I apprehend you will scarcely find your con in Temple glad to see you."

"I shall not go there," said the old gentleman.

"Where then?" inquired Mrs. Lawrence in surprise.

"*To the Hersey place, which I have just purchased,*" was the startling reply.

"What!" exclaimed Thomas Lawrence, in consternation. "Did you not give up all your property to us?"

"I should have done so," said Mr. Morton, "but for the wise counsel of my good friend Burdick. He foresaw what would happen, and by his advice, I reserved as much, or more, than I gave up."

"My dear sir," said Thomas Lawrence, "pray don't leave us. You shall have the room you desire, and be our honored guest. You don't know how we shall miss you."

"I have the honor to wish you a good morning," said the old gentleman, contemptuously, "I understand you now."

The mortification of the two cousins can hardly be imagined. They did not enjoy what they had, from the chagrin they felt at having cheated themselves out of the rest. When Morton died, after the lapse of some years, not a cent of his property found itself into the coffers of his selfish relatives.

PRIDE MORTIFIED.

At a ball given in Pyrmont, a celebrated watering-place in Germany, the tutor of a young count, a Gottingen student, requested a young lady to dance with him. Just as the dance was about to commence, the lady inquired of him, "With whom have I the honor of dancing?" "I am the tutor of Count Von Z——," replied her partner. "And a commoner, I presume?" she rejoined; to which he answered in the affirmative. "O, then," continued the lady, as she withdrew her hand from that of the tutor, "I beg you will excuse me, for mamma has forbidden me to dance with a commoner." This rebuff completely threw the modest preceptor out of countenance, for on the continent to be so deserted on the éve of a dance, is to lose caste for the rest of the night, if not longer. It is supposed to indicate the existence of some moral taint discovered by the person who quits the side of another, and which is exaggerated into something heinous by the company, particularly if they are utterly ignorant of what it is. The young man quitted the room, and sought the open air to breathe more freely and collect himself. His pupil followed him, and learned the cause of his distress. "You shall soon have ample satisfaction for this mortification," said the generous count, and hastened back to the ball-room, followed by his tutor. The moment was propitious. Preparations were going forward for another waltz; the young count requested the rejector of his tutor to be his partner in the dance, and she eagerly accepted the proposal, no doubt greatly rejoicing at the immense stride which she had taken from ranking with the humble tutor, to pairing off with the wealthy noble. Just before the dance began, he addressed to her the question which she herself had put: "With whom have I the honor of dancing?" "With the Lady Von B——," she replied. "O, I beg your pardon," said the count, "but papa has forbidden me to dance with any but countesses," and instantly quitted her side. He had the satisfaction of hearing that his conduct was applauded by every sensible person in the room. Few will deny that it was a well-merited punishment.

ORIGIN OF THE TERMS ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR.

"In the time of our Saxon ancestors," says a work entitled, 'Heraldic Anomalies,' "the freemen in every shire met twice a year, under the precedency of the shire, reeve or sheriff; and this meeting was called the Sheriff's Torn. By degrees, the freemen declined giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who did attend, carried with him the proxies of such of his friends as could not appear. He who actually went to the Sheriff's Torn, was said, according to the old Saxon, to go at the Torn, and hence came the word attorney, which signified one that went to the Torn for others, carrying with him a power to act or vote for those who employed him. I do not conceive," continues the writer, "that the attorney has any right to call himself a solicitor, but where he has business in a court of equity. If he chose to act more upon the principles of equity than of law, let him be a solicitor by all means, but not otherwise; for law and equity are very different things; neither of them very good, as overwhelmed with forms and technicalities; but, upon the whole, equity is surely the best, if it were but for the name of the thing." An opinion which we believe will find general adhesion.

A beautiful thought is suggested in the Koran: "Angels, in the grave, will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee; but what good deeds thou hast done, while in the world, to entitle the to a seat among the blest!"

ENGLISH PILOT SERVICE—A LIVERPOOL PILOT CRAFT.

LIVERPOOL PILOT BOATS.

The pilot boats of Liverpool, like those of Boston and New York, are among the finest in the world, and equal to many a first-class yacht. They are twelve in number, and range in length from fifty to seventy feet, more or less, and in tonnage from fifty to upwards of a hundred tons; and carry from fifteen to twenty hands each, including masters, journeymen, and apprentices. There are two cruising grounds, viz., the Hoylake and Westward Stations, the former fifteen to twenty and the latter above sixty miles from Liverpool. Originally they were all cutters, but within the last five years they have got six schooners; so that there are an equal number of schooners and cutters. A good westerly wind gives them plenty to do, whereas a prevalence of easterly winds keeps the ships knocking about in the Channel; and consequently their cruise is prolonged. The wisdom of having so many boats on the station at once will easily be understood—in case of a crowd of vessels coming up, there is always a boat ready to take the other's place. The boats in dock are also in readiness.

NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.

What West Point is to the army, that it is the intention shall be Annapolis Academy to the navy of the United States. The engraving gives an accurate view of this institution, which is located in the north-eastern part of the city of Annapolis, Maryland. The tranquil river in the foreground is the Severn. The circular building, surmounted by a flag-staff, is the old military fort, now forming the gun-battery and fencing-rooms. To the right is the river front; to the left, part of the recitation hall, the captain's house, and the row of professors' houses. In the distance is seen the government-house and hospital under the trees in front of the professors' houses. Previously to 1845 the naval academy was a military post, called Fort Severn, but in the year mentioned it was transferred to the navy, and in 1850 was organized on its present footing. Here the youthful "middies" get their lessons in the art of war, and prepare to back up the graduates of West Point, in time of need, as was the case at Vera Cruz, in our late war with Mexico.

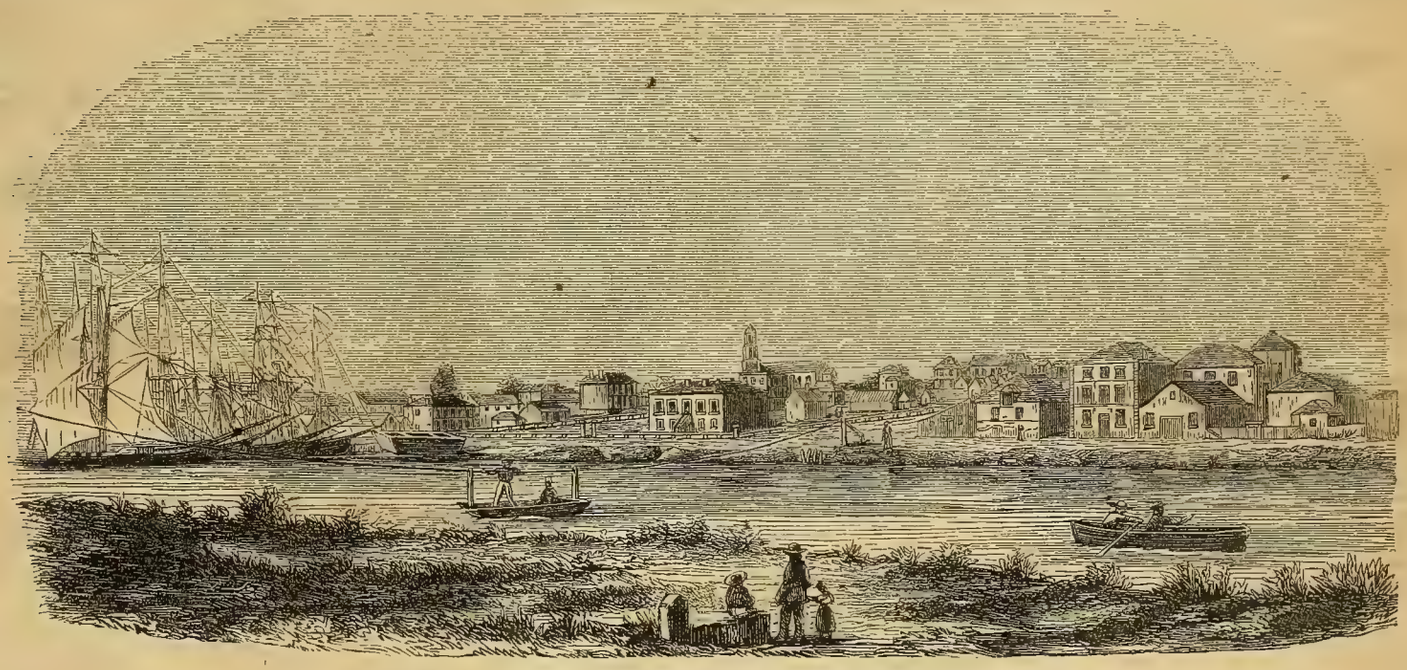
NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

PRINCE'S BRIDGE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

VIEWS IN MELBOURNE.

Before entering Melbourne, you cross the stone structure, called Prince's Bridge, represented in the engraving above. We know not in whose honor it was thus christened. This bridge, of which the inhabitants are very proud, is formed of a single arch, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. It is certainly remarkable as a colonial work, but offers nothing extraordinary to European eyes. It cost $75,000, and was built by a company. It is justly considered as one of the three or four principal monuments of the city. Not very long ago, one could hardly make up his mind to go through the streets of the city after sunset, except on the most urgent necessity, and when that took place, it was deemed necessary to be armed to the teeth, and if any one was perceived to approach too close, it was called out, "Keep off, if you please." This polite invitation, accompanied by the click of a cocked pistol, was commonly treated with attention. The danger of nocturnal parades has sensibly diminished, if not wholly disappeared, since the creation of a numerous corps of mounted and foot policemen. The costume of these officers is depicted in our engraving, given herewith. The former do not differ essentially from their English colleagues, but the horsemen have a peculiar and very elegant uniform. The latter have admitted into their ranks a certain number of natives, whose scent, which equals that of a sporting dog, has more than once, it has been seriously affirmed, proved of the greatest utility. Our limits hardly permit any notice of more refined life in Melbourne; there are a few decent hotels, but it will be easily imagined that their prices suit very few purses, and comfort can scarcely be purchased at any price. Public buildings are numerous at Melbourne; thus, besides a small Catholic Church, a synagogue, and many chapels devoted to different sects, there are two large churches of the Anglican rite, one of St. Peters, at the entrance of the city, near the bridge, and the other St. James, also called the Cathedral, the erection of which cost a great deal of money. This last is situated on the height, near the market-place, in the centre of the engraving represented below. A third church is also in the course of erection. Among the civic buildings are noted the City Hall, the Hospital, the Insane Asylum, two banks, the college, the post-office, the custom-house, warehouses, etc. Few cities in the world can boast as rapid an increase as that of which Melbourne affords an example. In fact, in 1851, only fourteen years after its formation, it contained 23,000 inhabitants, 3056 houses of stone and brick, and 1018 of wood. Since the discovery of the gold mines these figures must have doubled. As for the exports of the Victoria colony, their progress is even more extraordinary. In 1850, their value was $5,000,000, and consisted principally of wood and tallow. They now consist principally of gold, and amount to more than thirty-six millions of dollars. Melbourne is situated on the right bank of the river Yarra Yarra, which is only navigable for vessels under 50 tons, and ceases to be so at Melbourne.

MOUNTED AND FOOT POLICE, MELBOURNE.



MARKET SQUARE, MELBOURNE, FROM THE BANKS OF THE YARRA-YARRA.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

CONSTANCY IN DISGUISE.

BY J. ALFORD.

Unhappy youth, I come to soothe thy woe,
I come to give thy struggling mind relief;
If tender sympathy can balm bestow,
To such a mind o'ercharged with sharpest grief.

Thy heart, which many a bitter pang has borne,
Will yet surmount the past, and hope again:
Thou know'st 'twere vain for bygone days to mourn,
Then look to those which yet to thee remain.

So shall thou see, as hoary time advance,
Life's worth as summer moments shall recede;
And taste the bliss, domestic peace enhance,
A bliss on earth which nothing can exceed.

No longer grieve, for, know the task is mine,
To bring the tidings of thy long lost love!
To touch affection in that sacred shrine,
By thee long cherished, and by her well proved.

Then cease to mourn, nor doubt my words in sooth,
Moved by thy grief I come in this disguise!—
Thy own beloved! in pure and holy truth,
Behold her here! which every doubt defies.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by F. Gleason, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Original.

THE HAUNTED TOWER.

A TALE OF The Times of Cromwell.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOUNTAIN PASS.

It was nightfall. The lightning flashed sharp and dazzling, the thunder broke as if creation were being piled in ruins, the rain came down with a ceaseless roar, deluging the crags, and pouring frequent torrents across the narrow mountain paths. The storm shrieked with tenfold fierceness through the wild passes of the hill ranges on the Welsh borders, low down near the Llynfrewal.

Amid it all a traveller picked his way along, sinking in pools here, tripping over rocks there, weary and toil-worn; the route was dangerous in so wild a storm, and thus he led his steed, looking anxiously all the while for a place of shelter. A vivid gleam at last revealed to him a massive structure, some distance up the mountain side, on his left. The glimpse was but momentary, yet the picture remained upon his mind. The dismantled walls, with their sashless windows; the lofty turrets, broken and spireless; the deserted battlements, all going to decay; only the central tower, or keep, above the gateway, seemed to be in preservation, but even that was without sign of human habitation.

"The haunted tower of the Llynfrewal?" exclaimed the traveller, breathlessly.

He paused and gazed with earnest curiosity, till another flash of lightning brought out the picture more sharply through the night.

"Beyond a peradventure," he murmured, "it is that. There can be no mistake. They told me that when half my weary ten miles across this range were passed I should see it. Had I foreknown this storm I would have brought guides. Now if I go on I shall certainly be lost, and all the interests confided to my care will perish. I can meet no worse fate if I seek shelter here. Perhaps, after all, the stories of this place and its strange dwellers are peasant notions. By my faith I never yet feared man, and if the need be I shall not fear to cope with devils. At all events it is the only way to escape these cursed mountain torrents which roar across my path, and seem to grow more dangerous with every step. So help me, heaven, I will seek shelter in the haunted tower, and summon its inhabitants to open to me, be they men or fiends."

A mocking laugh seemed to echo on his hearing, high above the storm—a wild and scornful laugh, that chilled the blood in his veins, and made him motionless as a statue. Vexed with himself for this momentary weakness, he instinctively grasped the hilt of his sword, and muttered:

"I am a fool. 'Twas only a wind gust roaring among the crags. This cowardice does not become the soldier of a dozen battles. I will seek shelter here, as I said, even if it be needful to bid defiance alike to man and demon."

The next lurid flash revealed to him the mode by which he might attain his object. He turned abruptly from the path, and slowly stumbled on toward the ruin. Twenty minutes were spent in a slow and painful upward progress, and the traveller trod upon the edge of the level plateau where the castle stood. There was an ancient bridle path, leading direct to the great archway, but it was obstructed by a broken gate, and before essaying to enter he paused again to reconnoitre. Nothing but deep and intense darkness, except when the lightning flashed a momentary glare of horrid splendor on the building. No voice but that of the storm sounding in his ears. He lifted up the gate and swung it back just far enough to admit himself and steed.

In a moment ghastly lights appeared in that part of the castle which was going to decay, flitting from window to window like spectres, and to his distempered vision there were pale figures bearing them, whose draperied habiliments bore a strange resemblance to the garments of the shrouded dead. Then the mysterious phantoms and their funereal lanterns disappeared, and all was gloom again.

He stopped appalled, but again that stern, unyielding courage of his nature came to his relief, and grinding his teeth together almost in anger, he led his horse in, shut the gate, and followed the bridle way up to the great arch of the keep. The next instant he strode hastily forward, and with the handle of his sword he struck heavily three times upon the oaken door. It gave back a strange and hollow sound, and then all was still. He waited patiently a little. Then there was a creaking noise. A small window overhead clattered open, and a white face was visible in the darkness. A deep-toned voice spoke:

"Who is this that comes after nightfall knocking at our gate?"

"I am a traveller," replied the stranger, "who has been overtaken and surprised by this sudden storm. Can you not give me and my steed a place of refuge for the night?"

"He must be a bold man who seeks for refuge here. Such visits come few and far between, and are not wont to be repeated."

Sir Leonard thought there was a hidden meaning in these words, which assumed almost the form of warning, but at the thought his lip curled with scorn, and he became the more resolved to enter. Therefore he promptly replied:

"I have faced death too often to be frightened by an idle tale of popular superstition. There were strange stories told me of your tower as I passed the plains below, and I have seen a strange sight to-night, but neither have kept me from calling on you for protection from the dangers of the storm. In the name of heaven, be you saint or demon, open your gates and give admittance."

"Your wish is granted. See, the gate is open Enter!"

Leonard withdrew his eyes from the white face above, and looked straight before him. To his wonder the great oaken door stood wide open. He had heard no bolt grinding in the locks, no creaking of the rusty hinges, and yet there the massive panelled doors had given place and no longer barred his progress. All was yet dark, and with all his courage Leonard paused, not liking to pass within till he was certain what was before him.

"Methinks," he cried, "it would be more profitable to cast some light upon this mysterious entrance of your's. I have no relish for a stumble in the dark over your broken sill or your ancient pavements. Light, light, I pray you, kind friends."

The words were not fully said before the interior of the entrance way was lighted, for a man was seen within bearing a flambeau. The flame flickered and flared with the wind, and cast an uncertain glare on the person who held it, so that a fair discernment of his face was impossible. Besides he held his hand so as to throw his eyes into deep shade. Leonard glanced scrutinizingly at him, with another quick look comprehending the position of objects within, and then led his steed fearlessly in. The horse indeed stumbled over the broken sill, but did not fall. The hoofs echoed on the pavements, and the great doors were passed. How, or by what means, Leonard could not tell, but the next instant he was startled by the shock with which they closed behind him, and he felt that, whatever might betide, he had crossed the barrier, and must take the consequences whatever they might be. He was in a small paved courtyard, entirely covered and sheltered by the tower, with walls on four sides, through which several doorways had been pierced.

"You have a strange way of welcoming visitors!" was his first remark, as he advanced toward the person with the flambeau. "If I were at all nervous I might be disposed to quake for very fear."

A light and merry laugh was the response. The flame of the torch, no longer tossed by the wind, grew still. It was a pleasant and a handsome face that met his gaze, the face of one not far beyond the very prime of life, and there was a gay smile on the noble features.

"We hope to give you better welcome at our board," said he. "Our dwelling is forbidding without, and there be strange perils to bar the way, but for one so brave as Sir Leonard, we have a bright contrast inside our walls. Like the knight in the old story you have conquered the great dragon, Fear, who sat at the castle gate, and now it must be your lot to reap the reward."

"Sir Leonard!" exclaimed the traveller, repeating his own appellation in amazement, "you know my name, then? Pray who are you? I cannot remember that I have ever seen you before. How is it that you know my name?"

"Another mystery!" said the host, evasively. "You will find before the night is through that we abound in them. Your horse will be well cared for. Leave him, and follow me."

The stranger turned. Sir Leonard snatched a pistol from his holster and hid it in his pocket. It was the work of an instant, and he felt certain the action was not noticed.

"I may need it," he muttered, "even though this man's manner and look hath brighter promise for me than what I saw without." He concluded aloud, "Lead on; I am with you."

They passed along a narrow entry; their footsteps echoed up the stone stairs, and in due season they reached a door on what was the third floor of the castle tower. They entered. Leonard halted in astonishment just after they had passed the threshold. The stranger, with a meaning smile upon his lips, shut the door and was gone. Had Leonard seen that smile he would have wondered what it meant.

CHAPTER II.

THE SPECTRE.

It was indeed a scene to fill the brave young soldier with astonishment, coming to him as it did in such vivid and startling contrast with the previous occurrences of the night. Not at all strange was it that he stood motionless when the host had departed. The room was not large, but finished and furnished in a style of exquisite magnificence and beauty. In the fireplace a pile of blazing wood sent its sparkles and smoke in volumes up the broad old chimney, and by the firelight Sir Leonard saw distinctly as by day every object in the room. He advanced to the tented bed, and drew aside the curtains.

"These hangings," he said, "are of the richest make and stuff. How white the linen, fringed with costly laces, too. Every thing around me befits the palace of an eastern sultan rather than a dreary castle in this almost desert region. There must be wealth here that does not seem warranted by the surroundings. Yonder oaken clothes-press, too, has on it rare carvings, such as only years of labor by skilful hands could have produced. Truly, as that host of mine said, if indeed he be the host, this place abounds in mysteries. However, so they do harm me not and let me safely on my way at dawn, it matters not; so I will even rest my weary limbs in this soft-seated arm-chair, and await what may next occur."

Accordingly Sir Leonard wheeled a great oaken chair with stuffed seat up to the fireplace, drew a table to its side, and seating himself, leaned his arm upon the table and stretched his feet towards the fire.

The door opened. Two men appeared. They were habited in closely fitting suits of green, and on their heads were caps, from which thin veils depended, so as to hide their features. Leonard could see the eyes gleaming through the veils. One bore in his hand a candle, just lighted. The other had a tray, on which were platters and cups, with covered dishes and flasks. The tray and the candle were deposited on the table beside Sir Leonard.

"The chief desires that his guest will eat, drink and sleep. Here is food and wine, a light, a fire, and a bed. The door-bolt is strong, the window is high, and the guest may rest in peace till the coming of the morn. The chief regrets he hath no better fare to offer the envoy of a mighty potentate."

"Ha!" exclaimed Sir Leonard, springing to his feet, "how know you that? What diablerie is here that even the secrets that dwell within my bosom are known to you?" He paused abruptly, and a feeling of regret crossed his mind that he had been betrayed by his surprise into so plain and palpable an admission of that which he had supposed was too deep in his soul for any living being even to most distinctly suspect. He remained gazing in wonder and with a questioning look upon the two men.

"What the chief told to me that did I repeat," said one of the men. "He never tells his privacies to us. His place is to command, ours but to obey. Good even, good sir, and pleasant dreams."

The servitors retired, and shut to the door behind them. Leonard was again alone. He remained for a brief space absorbed in thought, with a frown upon his forehead, and the lines of his mouth firmly set.

"By all that is noble and true," he exclaimed at last, aloud, "this is a strange affair! If my mission in these regions becometh known to some, I shall have but short shrift and sharp steel for my deserts, and Prince Street and London Bridge will never hear the echoes of my tread again. I must keep a wakeful eye to-night, and when the daylight comes I will see mine host and demand an explanation. Without the ground before me be made plain, it will be but madness further to advance. Can there have been traitors at work, at home. Surely not, for there be but three who knew my errand, and they are bound up with me in community of interests and community of dangers."

He took off his wet boots, threw aside his outermost garments, and drew his chair and his table closer into the heat of the fire. Of the food he eat but sparingly, and smelt suspiciously of the flasks.

"It smelleth like good wine," he said, "but there be many sweet smelling roses within whose petals lurks the stinging bee. No, no, I will none of it, lest there be treachery. Water is here, and that at least may be pure."

He raised the small water pitcher, and scanned its contents narrowly. Seemingly satisfied with the scrutiny, he was about to pour some of the liquid into a cup. The voice of prudence again seemed to give a warning whisper to his mind.

"Ay, ay," he remarked; "there have been such things as chalice rims drugged for the unconscious mouth. I well remember the fate of the brave knight whom no man could overthrow in conflict, but who fell into a deep sleep after tasting the wine-cup at an inn, and was made a prisoner for life."

Leonard raised the pitcher, and without touching his lips to the rim drank long and deeply. Had he but turned himself around at this moment, he would have seen the door of the oaken clothes closet slightly ajar, and a pair of supernaturally bright eyes glaring upon him from within it, bearing a look of baffled malice in their strange depths. But the oaken closet was behind Leonard, and so, unconscious of the gleaming eyes, he remained in his chair awhile and listened to the howlings of the wild storm in the great chimney top.

At last he rose, and striding to the door bolted it. He glanced under the bed; he tried the window, and though it opened easily, he discovered that there were strong gratings over it. Behind a screen he found some wood.

"I will pile this on the fire," he ejaculated, aloud, as he suited the action to the word; "it will help to keep the room alight through the long hours of the night, and dry my saturated cloak besides to some comfortable state for the morrow's wear."

While thus engaged a noise within the apartment attracted his attention. He raised himself erect and glanced suspiciously about. Then his eye rested upon the oaken closet, and he remembered that he had not investigated its contents. While he so stood the noise was repeated.

"Ah!" exclaimed Leonard, laying down the stick of wood he yet had clasped in his fingers, "this must be seen to. There is no doubt about the locality of that noise. It was from the oaken closet, and I will see what it contains."

To place the candle beyond reach of disturbance, Leonard put it on the mantel. He drew his pistol from his pocket, saw that the priming was all in its place, cocked it, and walked to the

closet. On flinging open the door, he stepped back a few paces with his pistol raised as if ready to fire. At a glance he became conscious that no person was concealed in it. Only a few articles of wearing apparel hung on the pegs within.

"I cannot have been so mistaken," he said, laying down the pistol and stepping up closer. "The noise was beyond a peradventure from this part of the room, and yet we have but this oaken closet on this wall, and no one to be seen. Could it have been in an adjoining room? Let us see if there is communication through."

He struck his fist upon the wall, but no hollow sound was heard, and the marvel grew greater.

"What are these?" he exclaimed, as his eye fell upon the clothes; "female wearing apparel! Surely none of the gentler sex can dwell in the deserted loneliness of these mountain crags. And what a texture! They are garments which might well grace the form of a princess. Cloth of gold and silks! What am I to think of all this? Perchance some lady hath vacated her boudoir for my accommodation to-night; for, truly, since my mission and my title seem known here, I need not wonder at the strangest revelations. Well, there is one comfort in it, that where a woman hath slept in safety perhaps these many nights, there too may I. So I will retire to my rest, and defer till the dawn all further investigation into these mysteries, unless some stranger ones should call me from my couch before the dawn shall break."

Still, however, slightly suspicious in regard to the noise he had heard, Leonard shut to the oaken closet, and pushed the great arm-chair against the door. The table, with its load of platters and flasks, he placed in a corner of the apartment, with the candle upon it, so as that the light should not fall upon his eyes when in bed, and then, partially disrobing himself, he lay down upon the soft couch, and gave himself up to reveries upon the singular position in which he found himself.

From the lofty carved work over the top of the oaken closet, a strangely capped and heavily bearded face and head raised itself, and gazed down upon the bed. Leonard, where he was stretched out at length, could not see the oaken closet. The curtains at the head of the bed hid it from his view, as the curtains at the foot of the bed hid the door of the apartment. Only the huge blazing fire opposite to him could be seen as he lay, with the capacious mantel, and the richly-carved coat of arms above it. The room was nearly square, the door on one end, the closet on the other, and the bed and fireplace on the sides opposite to each other. It was a wild, strange appearing face that looked down upon the bed from the top of the oaken closet. A black head-dress, fitting close like a skull-cap, covered the hair, the ears, and even the forehead, coming low down to the bushy eyebrows. The eyes were large, dark and glittering, with a black ring beneath them that gave them a weird and singular aspect. The long, wiry fingers of one sallow hand were clutched upon the carvings, and all that appeared above the oaken work was that bony hand and that spectre-like face. So the ghostly, death-like countenance remained motionless, as if watching for every movement, as if listening even for the throbbing of the heart and the thoughts of the soul of the adventurous emissary who had dared the ordeal of a night's repose in that abode of mystery.

Leonard, before laying down, had drawn from the pocket of his doublet a paper package; he had carefully examined its contents to see that all his papers were there, and then had hidden it securely on his person, in the folds of the linen shirt next his skin. All this, too, had that sepulchral looking visage from the caverned top of the oaken closet noted with keenest gaze.

Leonard meant to keep awake, and for a long time he did so. Only once he rose, when the fire burned low, and crossed the room to replenish it with more fuel. This time, too, he took his pistol, and laid it on his pillow as a most pleasant sort of bedfellow for the season and the place.

Still from the top of the oaken closet watched that motionless face and those untiring, undimmed eyes.

Thus the minutes went by and added into hours, and the slow moving hours brought the lonely midnight. The noon of night was upon the weary traveller, weighing down his tired spirits with its silence. The storm outside howled more wildly than ever before, as if unhallowed beings had joined their shrieks and shouts to the fierce voices of the midnight tempest and the roar of mountain torrents dashing on their way.

In the dead time when the sheeted tenants of the tomb walk abroad upon the shrinking, yielding air, Sir Leonard's eyes grew heavier, and all unconsciously were closed in sleep, and his waking thoughts gave place to the thousand footed fancies of wayward, restless, ever-moving dreams.

His breath came full and strong, and its vigorous respirations sounded through the apartment. Then slowly rose the spectre face from its tireless watch on the summit of the oaken closet: the form of the lier-in-wait came into view, tall, lithe and slender. Softly that strange spectre slid over the edge of the carving; the feet hung down lower and lower, the hands grasped the edge, and finally the figure dropped lightly and easily to the floor, recoiling up again an inch or two, as if elastic. For a brief space the spectre stood motionless, with head bent one side, listening. One long limb was protruded forward, then the other followed, and with three or more noiseless strides, the figure was at the bedside.

Another pause. Sir Leonard lay calm as an infant. The sallow hand of the spectre first shook out the priming from the lock of the pistol, and laid the weapon all useless down again upon the pillow. Afterwards those lean, lank fingers went softly in at the opening of the slumberer's doublet, and were hidden in its folds. Quite as softly, but more quickly, did they come forth, clutching the package or papers in their nervous grasp, and transferring them to the dress of the spectre.

Sir Leonard dreamed. It seemed that the angel of death had come to him, and with his demon claws was tearing out the very heart from his agonized bosom. Sir Leonard, overcome with the torture of that terrible dream, awoke—to see the very counterpart of the demon of his dream lowering upon him at his bedside. That tall, black-robed, slender form, those awful eyes, those bushy eyebrows, chilled his blood. He raised himself upon his elbow, and sprang back against the wall with almost the rapidity of lightning.

They thus remained face to face and eye to eye. Over the mind of Sir Leonard there rushed all the wild fantasies of goblins and devils which abounded in the literature of the day. His face was pale, and his hair almost stood on end. He uttered not a word: in fact he could not speak just at that moment. But his eyes gradually assumed a menacing, desperate expression; his lips compressed with unmistakable determination; all the powers of his dauntless soul were rallying to the rescue: he reached forth his hand and seized his pistol.

The spectre turned and fled to the door, and the bolt was shot back.

"By my faith, you shall not escape me, infernal fiend!" shouted Sir Leonard, on whom the sudden movement of his singular visitor had acted like a charm. "This bullet shall reach your heart if there be aught human in your composition."

He took deliberate aim, with unshaken nerve, for it seemed as if the necessity of the moment had but rendered him the cooler and the readier in that respect. The trigger was pulled, but, to his astonishment, there was no explosion. The pan was empty of its priming!

At the same instant the door was flung open, and the spectre form dashed out.

"So you feared a bullet," exclaimed Sir Leonard, "and spilled my priming. There must be something of you, then, that bullets reach. I will follow you, if it be to the borders of the grave, and render retribution to your craven body for this untimely intrusion!"

The daring soldier sprang from his bed. Seizing the light he rushed to the door, still bearing in his other hand, club-like, the useless pistol. Disappearing along the corridor, he caught a glimpse of the sable form he was in pursuit of, and hurried on in the same direction. Scarce a dozen steps onward his light went out, unfitted to be borne in so fierce a rush; the door of the room he had just left he heard crash heavily to upon its hinges, and the next instant he found himself rolling and tumbling down a flight of steep stairs; and although he clutched in his fall at the balustrades again and again, he did not succeed in staying his progress till he reached the very bottom of the stairs, and lay in the gloom, bruised and breathless, on the floor below.

CHAPTER III.

THE SLUMBERER.

For a moment after he had fallen, Sir Leonard lay stunned and bleeding, hardly knowing what had happened. But there suddenly rang in his ears that same wild laugh that he had heard once before that evening—a laugh so unearthly, so wild, so hollow, so fiendish, that it seemed as if the gates of death had opened to let in upon his hearing the horrid revelry of lost spirits. It recalled his scattered senses to an appreciation of his situation. The laugh echoed again along the vaulted entries of the ancient tower; it was repeated in a hundred echoes—now far off, now close at hand, as if a score of fiends had joined the chorus, and were riotous with glee at his discomfiture.

"Laugh on, laugh on," he cried, "incarnate devils! But on my soul, I only wish for light and my good sword to give ye battle to the death!"

Another peal of laughter saluted his hearing, and then all was still. With clenched fist and set teeth the bold man waited on the cold stones of the entry, but he heard no more.

"This is a strange adventure," said he. "In truth it is a haunted tower, and the stories that I heard were not all vanity and lies. As yet, however, these demons have not harmed me, and but for this accursed fall and that treacherous light, I might have tried of what stuff one, at least, was made. I was not baptized in blood, to be frightened by a phantom; and I will even rise, if I can, and get me out of this plight, and back to the warm fire and the good bed that I left erewhile.

It was well said, that "if I can," for on attempting to rise, he found that his limbs were sorely bruised, and almost refused him support. Yet he persisted, and leaning against the wall, placed his foot on the lower step of the granite stairway.

"Certes it is that I came down these stairs," he murmured to himself, "and that the nearest way to the place whence I did come will be to go up again, even if it be more slowly than the descent was made. Faith, it is hard moving with such limbs as these. I do believe me that I have not an inch of skin in my whole body that is not bruised black and blue. However, I must make the best of it, and go on. Thank fortune, too, I am not yet defenceless."

This last remark was made as he put his hand into his bosom and felt the hilt of the dagger he wore beneath his doublet. He drew it forth, not knowing what peril might beset him yet; and with the dagger in his right hand, with his left he felt his way up the stairs in the intense darkness.

"It is but slow work," he muttered, "and would be the speedier had I the means to light the way. Ah, what a twinge! I shall not be able to walk for a week to come, if then. But ha! what is that glimmer?"

He paused abruptly, for straight before him, on a dead level with his eyes, he beheld a faint line of light. At first he knew not what to make of it; but a moment's attention enabled him to determine with much correctness its cause.

"I see," said he; "my head is above the level of the top stair, and that is a light from beneath some door—perhaps the chamber that I left. Glad sight! I will avail myself of its invitation."

With a little more alacrity he proceeded; he reached the top of the stair. Stretching out his hands in the darkness, he moved forward across the corridor in the direction of the light he had seen, till at last he came in contact with an object which, by the touch, he was sure was made of wood.

"It is a door. Now will I open it, if it be possible, and if not, my dagger-hilt shall rattle on its panels till it wake the sleepers within, even were they in an eternal slumber."

For an instant he paused. It seemed to him he felt some hot breath upon his cheek, and that some stealthy tread went by him in the gloom.

Fumbling roughly in the dark, he succeeded in finding the latch; it yielded to his touch. He pushed, and the door yielded, and without a moment's hesitation pressed in. Soon as he had passed the threshold, the door swung softly to behind him, as if it were hung aslant to secure that very end.

There was a bedroom. It was not so richly furnished as the one he had left, but it was well lighted; a cheerful fire was in the chimney, and a bed stood against the wall. The curtains were drawn apart. Some one slumbered on the couch. Sir Leonard advanced towards it, intending to wake the sleeper, and state what had occurred. But when within a few steps of the couch he paused abruptly in astonishment, and murmured:

"What have we here? Will mysteries never cease in this enchanted tower? By my faith, this is what of all things I least expected to see. It is, indeed, beauty in a den of lions."

Softly he trode nearer, and gazed upon the lovely form that slumbered on the couch. A fair woman, of exquisite beauty, lay before him, clad in night-robes white as the driven snow, which shrouded neck and bosom, and only left bare the dimpled arms; the eyes were hidden by long, dark eye-lashes; the dark-brown hair was parted back from a forehead of snow; the cheeks were tinged with the rose of health; and for the first time in his life the gallant young knight felt his heart leap with a quicker pulsation in the presence of innocence and beauty. It was a picture such as he had never gazed upon, in its rare loveliness so different from the beauties of courts and cities with whom he, like other gallants of his time, had held converse, and it was not cause for wonder if the pulsations of his heart were quickened and his bruised limbs forgotten, as he looked upon that face. Perhaps the contrast with what he had seen before, and the strangeness of finding such a face in such a presence, rendered the surprise more thorough, and his appreciation of the lady's loveliness more keen; but certain it is, that for some minutes he could not turn his eyes away.

"This will not do," he murmured at last, with an unconscious sigh. "She will wake and find me here, and be more startled than was I, when I awoke to-night, to find that horrid fiend standing over my bed in that haunted chamber. I will leave her, commit the sacrilege of robbing her of light, and seek my rest again."

Reluctantly Sir Leonard turned away; he raised the candlestick from the mantel, and trode softly towards the door. But as he passed the couch a second time the sleeper awoke, and with a cry of terror raised herself half into a sitting posture, and fixed upon him large, dark eyes filled with an unmistakable look of alarm. Sir Leonard turned at once towards her; he noticed the expression of those matchless eyes, and while his heart acknowledged their power over him, he hastened to re-assure her.

"Fair lady, fear not," he said. "I am no spirit come to disturb your rest, but a chance traveller, whom fortune provided with a lodging here to-night. In seeking my apartment I wandered in hither by mistake, and had you not awoke as you did, I should have found my way out again, and left you at peace, save only the loss of your candle—which surely one with eyes so glorious should have no need for even in the darkest night."

The lady seemed somewhat calmed by his manner and words, but she still looked suspiciously at him, and found voice to say—

"Truly, good sir, I did think you were a strange vision to behold at midnight, passing by my bed with dagger drawn and lighted lamp and face besmeared with blood. I did not know that any man could be found bold enough to seek for shelter here on even so wild a night as this, for sooth to say, this castle hath no goodly reputation. I vacated my own room to-night, but I knew not that a visitor was to occupy it."

At this moment the door moved slightly in upon its hinges, and cautiously there came peering in at the narrow opening that same spectral face that had glared upon Sir Leonard in his sleep from the top of the oaken closet. That spectral face now peered in at the partly open door, and Sir Leonard saw it not; he was all attention to the lady. As for her, she too gave no sign which indicated a knowledge of that singular apparition, as it watched them from the threshold with its fiery eyes.

"My bloody face and dagger drawn," returned Sir Leonard, with a pleasant smile, "you might believe to be not strange did you know what a fearful adventure called me from my bed, and what a fearful fall I had adown the stairs in yonder corridor. But as for your castle here, I fear neither man nor devil, and have seen nothing yet to-night to stir my pulses half so deeply as the vision which met me when I found that I had entered a lady's chamber, and stood in so gentle a presence. Surely, if fiends and goblins walk within these castle walls, there is one angel here whose grace and beauty would charm them all to quiet, and to win one smile from

whom I even dare a dozen nights of lodgment like that which was my lot to-night."

The lady's eyes fell, and her cheeks grew of a brighter hue. She felt that in the presence of this man she had no cause for fear. For a moment she looked down, and then asked, with a pleasant smile:

"Do you need assistance to return to your chamber, good sir? I will sound a summons, and bring you aid. I am not so defenceless here as I seem, for at my call there would soon come brave defenders, to defend both me and he who, it seems, is our guest to-night. Shall I bring a guide?"

"Nay, nay," ejaculated Sir Leonard, in no hurry to take the hint, "I pray you not; I can find my way back if it please you to spare this light. And as for the defenders of whom you speak, let me assure you that while I am near you, you will have a defender that will gladly d fy a thousand deaths for your sweet sake."

"You are pleased to jest," said the lady. "I do perceive you are one of those of whom my friends have told me, skilled in all subtleties and affectations, such as with nice art you can apply to charm the ears of those you wish to please. It is not seemly for you longer thus to stay within my chamber, gentle of blood and courteous of speech though you may be. Let me entreat you, sir, to retire. The candle that you hold within your hand you are most welcome to. I shall not want, for when I touch this silver spring, all that I need will come. Go, sir, for I am a woman, and it is night, and you will do me injustice by your presence if you longer stay."

The ghastly face of the watcher at the door protruded farther in, as if to make sure of every word that should be uttered by the twain, and the glittering eyes were fixed with unwavering attention upon the form of Sir Leonard.

"Lady," returned Sir Leonard, speaking most earnest, "you do mistake me if you think that my words are those of idle flattery. I could stay till dawn to give protest against your cruel doubts of the truths that I have uttered. But you have commanded me to retire, and I will obey at once, in token of that obedience which I only wish it were my lot to yield to you forever. Only, I entreat of you, tell me your name, and I will go in peace, content to know that there is one token by which I may make one happy record of this night's experience. Only your name, if you will but deign it, for I may never look upon your face again, except in visions, and your name will be a treasured memory to me."

The lady looked at him with eager curiosity for a moment. She did not seem to understand that sudden earnestness of his. She was not aware, perhaps, of the power of circumstances to bring home to the heart the influence of a fascinating face and voice and manner. She also, it may be, looked upon him as a fitful sentimentalist, who spoke, but felt not, or else was dazzled by every passing ray of light which gleamed upon his path. She softly said:

"My name! If that is all, good sir, I will not long detain you. They call me Lady Laura. Let that suffice, I beg of you. Good night, fair sir, and pleasant dreams."

"Good even', sweet Lady Laura," replied Sir Leonard, in the courtly style of his day, though yet loth to depart. "I cannot say farewell, for by my heart's best blood, I hope to meet with you again, even if though to do so I must dare the dangers of this mountain region once more. Good even', sweet Lady Laura."

At these words the white face and fiery eyes which had been peering in at the door disappeared.

Sir Leonard turned from the fair woman upon the couch, and moved towards the threshold. Did his senses deceive him, or was the door moving to? He could not tell, and believing himself mistaken in what he saw, he moved on. The Lady Laura followed his motions with her eyes till he had opened the door and gone out, and then she sank back upon her pillow in an unwonted mood of thoughtfulness, wondering who this gallant and fearless stranger might be who had thus paid to her his unexpected homage.

TO BE CONTINUED.

In the Register of Deeds, at Cambridge, Nov. 28, 1784, there is recorded a deed in which we find the following as part of the description: "Then southerly on William Smith to a pine in the swamp market W. then southerly on said Wm. Smith to stump and stones where Daniel Harrington licked Wm. Smith."

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE SON'S FAREWELL.

BY JAMES L. PARKER.

It was a bitter, sorrowing tear,
The mother wept that night—
For he, who was to her so dear,
Was going from her sight.

He called her to his couch and said,
"Mother, I'm going where
He dwells, who said, 'Be not afraid,'
And I shall see Him there.

"On His warm, beating, loving heart,
I'll lay this aching head—
And from Him I shall never part,
For thus you know He said.

"So do not weep to see me so—
My pains will soon be gone;
And then, dear mother, then, you know,
I shall join in that 'new song.'

"I seem to hear that song here now,
And see—those angels come!
O, wipe this sweat from off my brow,
And let them take me home!

She wiped the damps and tears away—
She raised his weary head—
Then knelt beside his couch to pray,
And found her son was dead!

WHO IS CONTENTED?

One day, as the dervish Almoran, the wisest of all the followers of the prophet, and the oracle of the chief mufti of Stamboul, was sitting in a shady grove by the side of a bubbling fountain, on the shores of the Bosphorus, trying to find out the road to happiness, in order that he might benefit his fellow creatures by communicating the discovery, his speculations were interrupted by a man, richly clothed, who, approaching, sat down and sighed heavily, crying out at the same time, "O, Allah, I beseech thee to relieve me of life, or the burdens with which it is laden!"

Almoran, who was a sort of amateur of misery, because it afforded him the pleasure of administering consolation, approached the man of sorrow, and kindly inquired the cause of his grief.

"Art thou in want of food, of friends, of health, or any of these comforts of life that are necessary to human happiness? or dost thou lack the advice of experience, or the consolation of sympathy? Speak, for it is the business of my life to bestow them on my fellow-creatures."

"Alas!" said the stranger, "I require none of these. I have all and more than I want of everything. I have all the means of happiness but one, and the want of that renders every other blessing of no value."

"And what is that?" asked the dervish.

"I adore the beautiful Zulema; but she adores another, and all my riches are as nothing. I am the most miserable of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be the greatest of blessings."

Before Almoran could reply, there approached a poor creature, clothed in rags, and leaning on his staff, bowed down to the earth with a load of misery. He sat down, moaning as if in great pain, and casting his eyes upwards, exclaimed:

"Allah, be my star, for I have none other."

The dervish went to him and kindly said:

"What aileth thee, poor man? Perhaps it may be in my power to relieve thy distress. What wantest thou?"

"Everything," he replied; "health, food, kindred, friends, a home—everything. I am an outcast and a wanderer, destitute of every comfort of life. I am the most miserable of mankind; for in addition to my own sufferings, I see others around me revelling in those luxuries for lack of a small portion of which I am perishing."

At this moment a third man approached, with weary steps and a languid look, and casting himself down by the side of the fountain, stretched out his limbs at full length, and yawning, cried out:

"Allah! what shall I do? what will become of me? I am tired of life, which is nothing but a purgatory of wants that, when supplied, only produces my disappointment or disgust."

Almoran approached and asked—

"What is the cause of thy misery? What wantest thou?"

"I want a want," answered the other. "I am cursed with the misery of fruition. I have wasted my life in acquiring riches that brought me nothing but disappointment, and honors that no longer gratify my pride or repay me for the labor of sustaining them. I have been cheated into the pursuit of pleasures that turned to pain in the enjoyment, and the only want is that I have nothing to desire. I have everything I wish, and yet I enjoy nothing."

Almoran paused a few moments, utterly at a loss to find a remedy for this strange malady, and then said to himself:

"Allah preserve me! I see it is all the same whether men want one thing, everything, or nothing. It is impossible to make such beings happy, and may I eat dirt if I trouble myself any more in so vain a pursuit." Then taking up his staff, he went on his way.

A HAIRY SHOPKEEPER.

Upon the banks of the Mississippi, in the State of Tennessee, there once dwelt an old chap by the name of Yadge—Tom Yadge. Now, Tom had been an honest, hard-working man all his life, *but he had never owned a saddle;* but as Tom grew old, his wealth and importance increased, and with it a desire for a hog-skin; so he one day packed up a clean shirt, stuffed a hundred dollars into his wallet, stepped upon a steamboat, and away he started down the river for New Orleans, *to buy him a saddle.* Now this was the first trip Tom ever made; he had lived all his life where he was born, and never heard any other language than that of his mother tongue. In the course of a few days he landed upon the levee at New Orleans.

Poor Tom, little did he know what he had to encounter. The Frenchman was there, the Italian was there, the Spaniard was there, the German was there—some from all parts of the world were crowded upon that levee—and there was Tom with his eyes stretched, and ears open, completely mystified and bewildered at the strange jargon going on around him; he stood it as long as mortal man well could, and at last struck out, with his mind fully prepared to be surprised at nothing he saw, upon his errand of the saddle.

After meandering about the city for some time, he at length found a saddler's shop; Tom, with heart elate, walked in.

The first and only living creature which met his vision was a *baboon* of the largest species sitting upon the counter, playing with the girths, which were hanging from a saddle immediately, over his head. Tom very politely addressed him:

"How do you do, sir?"

The baboon grinned and nodded.

"I wish to buy a saddle," says Tom.

The same expression from the monkey. In a louder key from Tom:

"I want to buy a saddle."

A very polite grin from the baboon.

"I will give you $20 for that saddle," says Tom, at the same time handing him a $20 bill.

The animal, having seen his master put money into the drawer, took it, and hopping along the counter, made a deposit of Tom's $20 note. He returned, however, immediately to his former position.

"Well, hand us down the pig-skin," says Tom.

Very little notice from the baboon.

"Hang it, why don't you give me my saddle? I have paid you for it, so hand it down, or I will take it myself."

An awful chattering from the baboon. Tom, not intending to be fooled with any longer, reached out and caught hold of his property; but no sooner had the poor fellow done so, than the nails and teeth of the monkey were driven into his arm. Tom kicked and swore—the baboon bit and screamed—until, at last, the owner of the shop, a Frenchman, with long moustache, came rushing into the room.

"What you do, sare? What do you want in here, you old rascal? By gar, you shall give me *satisfacshune.*"

Tom, not in the least daunted, but very much exasperated, ripped out:

"You infernal old hairy mouth scoundrel! I believe you wish to steal my $20! I came in here, bought a saddle, paid the money down for it, and now, when I want to be going with it, your *son* there, has refused to let me have it, and has kicked up a fuss about it!"

Tom, however, got his saddle, and returned the next morning in a boat going up the river; but has been heard to swear it was the last one he ever wished to purchase.

STYLE.—Baxter's dying words were—"Only two more stiles to get over, and I am at my father's house." It is a fortunate thing that Carlyle didn't live in those days—old Baxter would have had a hard pull to get over *his* style, anyhow.

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March 31. 2w.

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March 31. tf

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☞ We have in our employ experienced CARPET UPHOLSTERERS, and can execute orders with promptness and in the best manner.
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—OF—
CARPETINGS.
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—OF—
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March 31. 3w.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

FREDERICK GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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AFFAIRS ABROAD.

It is not easy to predict what is going to take place in Europe during the current year. Napoleon's recent speech to the assembly of France was not of a character to calm the fears of men who busy themselves chiefly with speculating in the funds, but rather the contrary. England doesn't like his talk about annexing Savoy to France at all. Austria admits that she declines to interfere in Italian affairs any further, simply because she has no power to help herself, and not because she is destitute of the inclination. It is stated, with something like authority, the latter power is treating with both Russia and Prussia for a more perfect and friendly understanding of matters, probably for the sake of protecting herself, as much as for any other reason. As for Central Italy, it is more than expected that she will be heard from in her own way. There are those abroad who look to catch the flash of Garibaldi's bright blade again this summer, on the plains of Italy, for her redemption. It is difficult telling how the combinations of politics are going to present themselves, even in the immediate future. We must wait and watch, nor will it of necessity be a very long vigil.

GLEASON'S LITERARY COMPANION comes to us regularly, and, as its name indicates, it is a companion in every sense of the word. We know of no work that to us is so valuable as this, not only for information, but for its pleasurable and soul-invigorating tendencies. Gleason has been decidedly lucky, or rather has evinced great judgment in the selection of writers for the *Companion*; no other work of the same kind possesses a list of contributors of superior talent to this. It is just the kind of work for the family circle, and we have yet to see the lady who does not value it above all similar publications. Success attend it.—*Weekly Journal, Owatonna, Minnesota.*

Somebody—who pretends to know all about it—says that the many horrible and tough stories that come from the West, being located now in this State and now in that, are got up by writers who make a regular trade of the thing! It's too preposterous almost to believe, but we know how Mrs. Radcliffe produced her unearthly effects, and we cease to wonder. This is the age in which all sorts of monstrosities, intellectual as well as physical, are allowed a first-rate chance. And here in America,—what may *not* be done in America!

Then "little Pic" is married, at last! What confusion the announcement must make among the many manly hearts that beat such tumultuous music to her singing, while in this country. All those diamonds, concealed in bouquets for nothing! Carriages and cards all gone! Presents of every kind to no purpose! What a hard fate is not that of the infatuated young man, who lies abed till twelve, and goes to the Opera for a living.

Preparations are being made abroad for a grand reunion of scientific men from all parts of the world, to take place in the month of August; and it is understood, that in addition to many of the continental savans, very many of the scientific men of Great Britain and this country have enrolled their names. It is intended that the meeting shall be held annually in one of the capitals of the world.

John Mitchell, just from Paris, delivered a lecture on Louis Napoleon, in New York on the 15th inst. The lecture had for its object to show that Napoleon, in his present policy as the Emperor of the French, is animated by the sentiments to which his uncle gave utterance while a prisoner at St. Helena.

A Liverpool paper says it is intended to raise the cable at the Newfoundland side, that being the locality where the fracture is supposed to exist, and it is thought that the fault is near to the shore.

UPSIDE DOWN.

To a careless and superficial observer, the world of this day seems, sure enough, to be literally turned upside down. All the isms, ologies, titles, and ites are marshalled in the field in full force, each prepared to run a desperate tilt against the vain windmills that have so long kept the ear and locked up the sense of the world. Nothing is settled, but all things are unsettled. The clergy assail and are assailed; physic gets thrusts under every rib, especially under its false ones, in rapid succession; systems of education that have always been thought thorough, for the very good reason that they turned out thorough men, are held up to merciless ridicule; all careful consideration is set down as old fogyism; ladies skate, row, box, and invite the gentlemen to balls and sleigh-rides; boys seriously talk of crowding old men off the sidewalks into the street, and perhaps of stoning them on account of their gray hairs afterwards; females parade the streets on strikes, with military escorts and brassy bands of music; inventors tear the old principles in pieces and apply new ones in a new manner; and, in short, the wave of innovation has suddenly rolled in with such force that it has ingulfed everything.

But we need not despair. There must needs be some little smoke and confusion where the battle is going on. Out of the whole a beautiful order will at length emerge. Chaos engenders system, because it teaches men to be more entirely self-reliant, and to find out and combine the elements for themselves. It is very natural that those who have not been particularly studious of causes should be not a little disconcerted with the strange effects. But there is need that such possess their souls in patience. What they cannot see to-day, may become perfectly transparent to them to-morrow. They must not be hasty, on the one hand, nor timid, on the other. Meantime the racket and confusion goes on. Round and round whirls the world of talk and thought, and along we are all carried with it, at a flying rate of speed. We need not despair of the future, however; there is more solid ground than ever for genuine and abiding faith in that future.

THE NEW SILVER FEVER.

Speaking of the recent discovery of rich veins of silver in California, the New York *Herald* furnishes some facts and comments that are full of interest. It is the opinion of that journal that these discoveries in California are calculated to produce some effect on the money markets of the world. It seems probable that the Washoe mines can yield 500 tons of ore a month, worth from $2000 to $4000 a ton. Scientific men state that the great silver veins, which have constituted the wealth of Mexico for more than a couple of centuries, pursue a northwesterly course from the mining regions of Mexico, through Arizona and Sonora, and finally crop out in California, and that the wonder is that they were not discovered and worked before the gold mines. Letters from San Francisco describe the excitement there as intense and increasing—as might well proceed from a prospect of a new staple export, yielding $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 a year. Some of the ore has been sent to Marseilles to be smelted; a few barrels which were kept have been smelted at the New York Smelting Company's works, on Staten Island, and yield about $3000 of pure silver to the ton.

REMOVAL.—An advertisement in another part of the "Pictorial" informs our readers that William C. Merriam, whose establishment for the manufacture and sale of Men's Furnishing Goods has so long been located on the corner of Washington and Franklin streets, has taken the new store just erected on the same place, and associated with him as partners Messrs. George A. Sawyer and Ira C. Gray. The new firm and new store together attract a large share of public attention.

The Louisville papers are quarrelling about Gazzaniga. The *Democrat* says she is fat, chubby, older than forty, and has a disagreeable ducky waddle. The *Journal*, on the contrary, considers her a perfect lady, a great singer, not fat, and under thirty.

GOOD.—At an agricultural dinner, somewhere, the following toast was given: "The Game of Fortune—Shuffle the cards as you will, *spades* will always win."

Wayside Gatherings.

The Providence *Evening Press* celebrates its first birth-day anniversary by an enlargement, making it the size of a first class daily paper.

Col. Colt's pistols do not go off as fast as they used to; he has $300,000 worth now on hand, and is reducing his manufacture.

Gov. Morrill, of Maine, has appointed April 5th as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, in that State.

A London paper announces that Piccolomini is married to an Italian Prince, a Roman by birth, and a relative of one of the Cardinals.

The official trade statistics of the Hawaiian kingdom, for the year 1859, show a flourishing foreign commerce.

It is stated that Mr. Perry, the agent of the committee on the Horace Mann statue, has received subscriptions to the amount of nearly two thousand dollars.

Nothing but a short and convenient ferry by steamboat now interferes with a direct line of railroad communication between Baltimore and Cincinnati.

Colonel William Schouler has been appointed Adjutant-General of the militia, in the place of General E. W. Stone, and will enter upon the duties of the office on the 1st.

The Carstang and Shaw breach of promise case at St. Louis, is now progressing. So far as heard from, only one hundred and sixteen depositions had been presented.

A deceased Italian Prince has left in his will a bequest of three millions of scudi for the benefit of the Pope, but the money is to be dispensed under the direction of the Emperor of Austria.

The young wife of Garibaldi has arrived at Lucerne in company with an adjutant of her husband. The officer, being challenged to a duel by the general, replied with flight.

The cost of taking the United States census this year will reach fifteen hundred thousand dollars, and the enumeration will exceed thirty-one millions of people.

The Superior Court of New York has confirmed the award of the referee in the Forrest divorce case, giving Mrs. Forrest $4000 a year alimony, commencing from about the time of the first trial.

The Governor of Maryland has issued his proclamation, removing Judge Stump from his office as Judge of the Criminal Court of Baltimore, in accordance with an address adopted by the legislature.

As a rope was being tightly drawn by the onward passage of a steamboat at Louisville, Ky., a few days since, it slipped gradually over the bows, and striking one of the deck hands, shot him like an arrow from a bow with such violence against a pile of freight as to cause his instant death.

Solouque is economical for an ex-emperor. He has recently changed his lodgings in Kingston to save three dollars a month in rent. His wife does the family's washing, a proof that she is an accomplished and worthy lady, able for any emergency.

An act exempting from attachment one sewing machine, of a value not exceeding $100, in actual use by the debtor or the family of the debtor, has passed both branches of the Maine legislature and received the approval of the governor.

It is stated that as soon as the Spanish troops gained possession of the city of Tetuan, they made the Moors clean the streets of the accumulated filth of three centuries. The Providence *Journal* asks would it not be a good idea to invite the Spanish army to New York, and let them try the same experiment with the municipal government.

Foreign Items.

Miramon is not expected now to attack Vera Cruz.

The French army has been reduced by 150,000 men.

Savoy is required by France for the security of her frontier.

England condemns the project of annexing Savoy to France.

The Moors consider the Spanish terms of peace exorbitant.

Commander Jarvis had commanded Miramon not to interfere with Americans.

Miramon is short of provisions and depending on the Havana expedition for supplies.

The *Chronicle* adheres to its statement respecting the treaty between Russia and Austria.

Lord John Russell has introduced his new Reform Bill, in the House of Commons.

A steamer has been lost between Liverpool and Cork, with all on board, numbering fifty or more.

The speech of the French Emperor to the Legislative Assembly has caused general excitement throughout Europe.

The British, Spanish and French ministers have been endeavoring to effect a compromise between Juarez and Miramon.

Carvajal, with two thousand men, has cut off a thousand of Miramon's troops, and the communication of the latter with the capital is entirely cut off.

Sands of Gold.

Pride is the flower that grows in the devil's garden.

Men often blush to hear what they are not ashamed to act.

More are drowned in the wine-cup than in the ocean.

He who buys too many superfluities, may be obliged to sell his necessaries.

You may bind men's hearts with pleasant words more strongly than bulls' horns are bound with ropes.

Genuine kissing is not a mere meeting of the lips; it is a contact of souls rather than of bodies.

Silence is more sociable than false speaking. A dog that we know is better company than a man whose language we do not understand.

All men engaged in the wild and feverish whirl of business, mean to be happy just as soon as they can find the leisure.

No other men are so intolerant as those who have just reformed, just as no other roads are so rough as those that have just been mended.

Those who move in the higher spheres of the world, may be aptly compared to those heavenly bodies in the firmament which have much admiration, but little or no rest.

It is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently; and they know very little of society who think we can bear to be always employed either in duties or meditations without any relaxation.

Joker's Olio.

Drunkard's Maxim—Let *well* alone.

The greatest Revolver on record—the World.

"Do you understand figures, boy?" "O, yes, I am always cutting a fine one."

The Softer Sex.—A woman is like tar—melt her, and she will take any form you please.

A hungry man does right well to eat the egg; for he might starve before it got to be a pullet.

A drunken man, in trying to walk by a lamp-post near our office last night, made a decided hit.

A Word for the Knights of the Lancet—Surgeons, however sober they may be, are always fond of their cups.

A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel, and was called a dog for it. "Ah, you may call me dog, but a live dog is better than a dead Lyon."

One would think that the musquito means to be a scrupulously honest insect—he always gives a song for his supper.

"I thought you told me, doctor, that Smith's fever had gone off?" "O, yes, but it and Smith went off together."

Rowing is recommended as a good exercise for those ladies who wish to develop the bust. Why not call it a Robust exercise at once?

We hear a great deal about Great Britain's poor laws. But we fear that there are a great many laws quite as poor in our own country.

A contemporary thinks "the day may yet come when men will be propelled by steam power, the boilers being placed in their coat tail pockets."

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F. GLEASON.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

"IN MEMORIAM."

BY M. T. CALDOR.

Ay, short and brief hath been thy span,
His life hath measured here,
Just reaching golden age of man,
Nor losing boyhood's cheer.

And yet who dares to sigh and say,
Alas, for his sad fate,
Who saw no youthful dreams decay,
Nor learned to weep and wait.

Through youth's delightful fields alone,
Those springing feet have trod,
Undimmed and clear, that dark eye shone,
Till hid beneath the sod.

The bitter lessons Time must bring,
The losses, pain, and care,
His free young spirit shall not wring,
Nor weary burden bear.

Then smooth above the cold white brow,
Those stirless raven locks,
Content to know his bark is now
Moored safe from mortal shocks.

Who dares to sigh that earthly gleams
Have closed upon his sight,
Who henceforth walks by living streams
In bowers of living light?

How poor the proudest life estate
He haply might have gained,
To the broad fields Death's pearly gates
Unveils to the unstained.

Nay then, send back the flowing tears,
Mourn not the early dead,
He hath escaped life's grief and fears,
Through heavenly pastures led.

Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

MRS. PERIWINKLE'S PARTY.

BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

"You never heerd about that great party I give, Amanda Jane," said Mrs. Periwinkle. "I thought you hadn't. Well, it must be nigh onto twenty-nine years ago. I wasn't quite so old then as I am now, and was kind of ambitious to hold up my head as high as my neighbors. So says I to Mr. Periwinkle one day, 'Them Jones's have been givin' a party.' 'Well,' says your uncle (he was a dreadful slow man,) 'that ain't no news as I'm aware of.' 'Then,' says I insinivatin' like, 'don't you think we'd better give one too, Mr. Periwinkle?'"

"You'd orter have seen the man jump. He was so surprised.

"'Why, Betsy,' says he, 'you're gettin' crazy, ain't you?'

"'Not as I'm aware of,' says I, a little riled.

"'Where's the necessity?" says he.

"'I went on to tell him we'd orter be as fashionable as our neighbors, and that it was a duty we owed to society, and so on till at last he give in, and said we might have it.

"I was tickled, I tell you, when he said that, and the next day I got the schoolmaster to come over and write some invites for me. They was written so fashion:

"'Mr. and Mrs. Periwinkle will give a party on Thursday evening, and solicit the favor of your company on the occasion.'

"There was some trouble about deciding who to invite. However, I concluded at last to invite my particular friends and likewise my particular enemies; the first because I wanted to see 'em, and the second because I wanted to see 'em turn green with envy and jealousy of my superior fashionableness. There was the old maid, Matilda Higgins, with her long yellow corkscrew curls, that she had been settin' as baits to trap a husband with for I don't know how many years. (She once tried to catch your uncle Periwinkle, but when he chose me instead, she began to hate me like pizen, and has ever since.) Of course I must invite her. Then there was them Joneses, I never thought much of them any way, but I thought I'd ask them just so's to let 'em see that I could give a fashionable party as well as anybody. They used to give themselves airs, and give out that their family was awful ancient; I calc'late they thought Adam's last name was Jones. However, I can't dwell too much on them at present, or I never shall get through my account of the party.

"Well, I sent right over and engaged Phebe Ann Wilkins to come and help me about making cake and things for the party. Such sights of sugar and butter as it took, you never did see. For you know I was determined to have enough of everything. I wasn't going to have folks go off and say I had a mean entertainment. But it did frighten me a little to think how much it all cost. I just give a hint to the storekeeper that if it was just as well I'd wait and pay him after the party, for I was afeard—Mr. Periwinkle was a savin' sort of a creetur, and between you and me, a little tight—I was afeard, as I was sayin', that he'd get alarmed, and wouldn't let me have the party after all, which would have made the whole town talk. The shopkeeper didn't make no objection, as he knew we was good for the amount.

"Well, we was in a complete stew gettin' things ready for the great occasion. Mr. Periwinkle kept out of the way pretty much, for which I was very glad, for I wanted to have full swing.

"There was one thing that I was going to have the start of the Joneses in, and that was in having ice-cream. In them times, Amanda Jane, it wasn't much known in the country, and to tell you the truth I hadn't never eaten none myself. But I had a recipe for it, or used to have, that was given me by a city lady, and I thought Phebe Ann and I could manage to make it some way, and even if it wasn't very nice, the company wouldn't never know the difference. Come to look for the recipe I couldn't find the whole on't. Part of it was tore off, and the rest wasn't of much use. However, I thought I'd make a desp'rate effort, and make it without any recipe. So I got some ice, and chopped it up in the chopping-tray, and then poured in some cream and sugar. The ice wasn't very fine, but still it tasted tolerable good, so I put it away in a cool place—this was the afternoon before the party—and waited till I wanted to use it.

"Well, I ain't goin' to tire you out with all the partikelers of my gettin' ready for the party. You may be pretty sure of one thing though, that Phebe Ann and I were considerably tuckered out when the time came, and if it hadn't been for being fashionable, we'd rather have gone to bed and to sleep than have sot up for the party. When I went to dress I remember my face looked like a biled lobster, it was so red with being over the cooking-stove all day;—Phebe, her's looked just about the same, but there wasn't no help for it, but to wait for the company to come.

"The company began to come pretty early. You see parties warn't so common then as they are now. I mean fashionable parties like ours.

"The very first one to come was Matilda Higgins. She was dressed out in a green silk dress that I thought was new at first, and couldn't help wonderin' how the critter could afford it. On lookin' closer, I suspicioned that it was only her old light silk, that she'd had for I don't know how many years, dyed green. She had some long dangling ear-rings that she bought of a pedler that was round a week before, and her curls was stiffer than ever. I s'pose she thought she looked about as elegant as anybody, for she tossed her head as if she felt her oats.

"Next came the Joneses. There was Mrs. Jones, and the three Jones gals, Melindy, Seraphiny, and Sophronisby. They was all fat, dowdy lookin' things, and didn't appear at all genteel. But, law me, if anybody'd a told Mrs. Jones so, she'd have been as mad as our old dog Towser in dog-days. Well, next in order came the minister and his wife, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Holden. Mrs. Holden had on a small figgered caliker, very pretty to look at, but cheap. But it was all she could afford, poor thing, for her husband didn't get any great of a salary, and had half-a-dozen children to feed and clothe. Then there was Mr. Boggs the lawyer, and his wife. Mr. Boggs was a tall, thin man, with a pair of spectacles on. He looked all the time very dignified and majestic, as if he felt above all the folks about him, and so he might be one way, for he was six foot two, and brushed his hair straight up, so as to make him about a couple of inches taller.

"If I undertook to tell you all that was there it would take me all night. So I'll just say in gineral tarms that there was about sixty present. Anyway, they filled our rooms up so that it wasn't very comfortable gettin' round. As for Mr. Periwinkle, he was dressed out in the long-tailed blue with brass buttons that he used to wear when he was corporal of the milishy.

"About nine o'clock I went with Phebe Ann to get the provisions to pass round. Fust the different kinds of cake. The way some of them people ate was a caution, I tell you. There was Mrs. Bascom I caught slily putting one piece of cake into her pocket while she helped herself to another. I began to be alarmed for fear the cake would give out, so I thought I would hurry on the other things.

"Last of all came the ice-cream. I wanted to take 'em by surprise, you know. I was determined to let 'em see that the Periwinkles understood how to do things in style. I just tasted the ice-cream, but it didn't seem quite sweet enough, so I put in about a pound or two of white sugar, and stirred it up. Then I put it into saucers, and sent Phebe Ann to pass it round.

"'La me,' said Mrs. Jones, quite took down as I knew she would be, 'What's that?'

"'That is ice-cream,' said I, 'I suppose you've seen it before.'

"'O yes,' said she, 'of course.' I knew the critter hadn't, but she was too proud to say so. 'Only it don't look exactly like what I've tasted afore.'

"Then the company began to taste the ice-cream, but, would you believe it, they all began to make up faces, as if they didn't like it.

"'They ain't used to it,' I thought, but I concluded to taste it myself, and, good gracious! what do you s'pose I'd done? What I'd put in for white sugar turned out to be salt, and the ice-cream tasted as salt as the ocean. I felt ready to cry, after all the expense and trouble I'd been at, to have it all spiled. So I just apologized as well as I could, and got Phebe Ann to take it off. I saw that hateful Matilda Higgins smilin' as I passed by, and I wasn't at all sorry when Phebe Ann happened to slip just as she passed the old maid, and spilt the whole of the cream in her lap. Lawful suz, you'd orter have heard that critter squeal. She did look a sight, to be sure, with her dress all kivered with the hateful stuff.

"Well, the party didn't last much longer, and I was glad of it. I felt so disappinted I didn't know what to do.

"Next day a boy came up to the door with a note that was superscribed to me. It was from Matilda Higgins, and was as follers:

"'MRS. PERIWINKLE: Ma'am,—At your party last night my beautiful new silk dress was spoiled by the carelessness of your help. As I can't afford to buy new silk dresses every day, I think it only right for you to get me a new one.

'Yours to command,

'MATILDA HIGGINS.

'P. S. The dress cost a dollar a yard, and there were twelve yards in it. I'll throw in the making, and call it twelve dollars.'

"This made me mad, and I sot right down and writ the follerin' answer:

"'MISS MATILDA HIGGINS: I happen to know that your new dress was only an old one dyed. As you've had twenty or thirty years' use of it, it can't be worth more'n half a dollar. If that'll satisfy you, I'll send it by Mr. Periwinkle to-morrow.

'BETSY PERIWINKLE.'

"Miss Higgins never sent for the half dollar. I guess she was so mortified to think I knew about her dress being dyed, she was ashamed to. But would you believe it, the critter had it dyed blue the next year, and passed it off again as new."

NIGHT HATH ITS SONGS.

Have you never stood by the sea at night and heard God's glories? Or have you never risen from your couch and thrown up the window of your chamber and listened? Listened to what? Silence, save now and then a murmuring sound, which seems sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God in Heaven? Did you not conceive that yon stars, that those eyes of God looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that every star was singing God's glory, singing as it shone its Almighty Maker, and his lawful, well deserved praise? Night hath its songs. We do not need much poetry in our spirit to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are bound to the ear—the praise of the mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of Heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.

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March 17—1w. No. 52 Washington Street.

THE SAILOR IN COURT.

Examination of the mate of the Prince of Wales, in a case for damage in consequence of being run foul of by the Lady Elizabeth in the Downs.

"You have already stated that the wind shifted in the evening. What time did the wind shift?"

"The latter part of the dog-watch," replied the witness.

"I ask not during which dog's watch it was; my question refers to time. What hour was it when the wind shifted?"

"About three bells."

"Three o'clock, eh?"

"I never said *three* o'clock," returned the witness, marking the lawyer's mistake, "I said three *bells*—half past five, in the four-to-six watch."

"Three bells. Half past five—four-to-six," iterated Waddy. "What a precise specification of time. Well, then, sir, at three bells—how was the weather then?"

"Greasy looking at the sow-west. Sun, too, looked wild and watery. Any one with half an eye could a-seed a breeze was a brewin'."

* * * * * * *

"When the Lady Elizabeth cast anchor, did she take up a position *properly* apart from the Prince of Wales?"

"She did not, but—"

"Come, no *buts*, sir—answer the question direct."

"Well, then, I says, when one takes into account the sarcumstances as might *deceive* the best man in taking up a distance, I must say as the bark might 'ave taken up a *worse* berth."

"In what way could that deception arise?"

"From the buoy not watching at the time."

"The boy not watching at the time—lazy dog—the murder's coming out," said Waddy exultingly; and then desiring the witness to reply direct to the next question he was about to put to him, and above all to beware of prevarication, he thus proceeded: "I ask you, sir, as a seaman, on your oath, would matters have gone the *wrong* way with the Prince of Wales, had there been a *proper* watch on deck?"

The absurdity of this question, added to the pompous declamatory tone in which it was delivered, excited so much noise and mirth among the nautical portion of the audience, that it was necessary to eject from the court, a couple of Sunderland "skippers." Upon the restoration of order, and the repetition of the question, the witness replied: "There *was* a watch upon the deck."

"My Lud," said Waddy, turning to the bench, "this is positively the grossest case of prevarication I ever met with. Do you persist in swearing," he continued, interrogating the witness, "that a proper watch had been on deck when the wind shifted?"

"I do," replied the mate in an emphatic tone.

"Come you here, sir, to insult common sense? Is it possible you have effrontery enough to tell those intelligent gentlemen [pointing to the jury] that in a vessel situated as the Prince of Wales was—bad weather coming on withal—the watch should have devolved upon a dumb animal?"

The witness looked blank.

"Do you hear?" vociferated the bully.

"I doesn't understand you," replied the deponent with perfect composure.

The question was now shaped anew.

"I ask you, sir, whether it was fitting to entrust a vessel exposed to the elements, as well as the privateers of the enemy, to the vigilance of a dumb animal, a dog?"

"There was never a dog on board," said the witness bluntly.

"And yet, gentlemen of the jury, the witness has had the audacity to assert upon oath, that the wind shifted in the latter part of the *Dog's Watch*."

"Bill, let's bolt," said an auditor to a brother tar, in the rear of the court. "By the Lord Harry, there's no standing that squinting beggar's lubberly lip."

The judge already decided that the witness was bound to state distinctly the *description* of the watch which had been left on deck. The witness said:—"James Thomson, my lord, had charge of the deck, during the whole of the four-to-six watch. A better seaman never puddened an anchor, hauled out a weather earing, or took lead or helm in hand."

"Then how comes it," asked the lawyer of the witness, "that this most excellent seaman was not as competent to prevent the Lady Elizabeth running aboard of the Prince of Wales as the boy of whom you so much boast? [some brat of his own,"] added Waddy aside to the jury.

The witness not appearing to comprehend the question, the judge directed Waddy to repeat it.

"I ask the witness, my lad, if the boy, whose dexterity in taking up a distance he so much extols, could have prevented the dangerous proximity of the Lady Elizabeth to the Prince of Wales—why, then, I ask as a mere matter of precaution, was *not* this matchless, quick sighted lad put on watch?"

The mate remained mute.

"Put it more directly, Mr. Waddy," said the judge. Waddy bowed to the bench.

"Why was not the boy put on the watch?"

"Because 'twaunted bleeding," was the reply.

"Had you a surgeon in the ship?"

At this question, the assumed gravity of the witness was put to test. It was with difficulty he refrained from laughing aloud—he however replied in the negative.

"No surgeon in the ship?"

"Sartinly not."

"Then how, sir, can you take upon yourself to give an opinion upon a medical point? Pray, sir, have you made physic as well as seamanship your study?"

"Can't abide physic, never took a dose in my life."

"Then upon what grounds do you assert that the boy wanted bleeding?"

"Because 'twas full of water."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Waddy, with extended arms——

"Was there ever an instance of greater ignorance betrayed! My lud, the jury never can receive such testimony. Who ever heard of resorting to depletion in a dropsical case?"

"I say it again," said the witness, looking Waddy full in the face, "the buoy wanted *tapping*."

"Never, never, was there an instance of grosser prevarication! Note this, gentlemen of the jury, he first swears that the boy wants bleeding, and now that he finds himself in error, he turns from the operation of bleeding to that of tapping."

"Well, I say so still—bleeding is just as proper a term as tapping—take the turns out that if you can," said the mate in a tone of defiance."

"I can't suffer you to be insolent to counsel," said the judge, addressing the witness in a peremptory tone.

"I'm not insolent, my lord; but where's the man, my lord, as can bear to be bullied and badgered by a lubberly lawyer as doesn't know the main-brace from the captain's breeches?"

This burst of offended feeling excited in the court a sensation not to be described. The sons of the sea were seen rubbing their huge hands with glee and delight, while expressions of surprise, and scowls of indignation betrayed themselves in the tell-tale features of the members of the bar.

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is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which the fluid becomes vitiated, weak and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

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